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LEIGH HUNT'S

LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

VOL. I.

FROM WEDNESDAY APRIL 2, TO TUESDAY DECEMBER 30, 1834.

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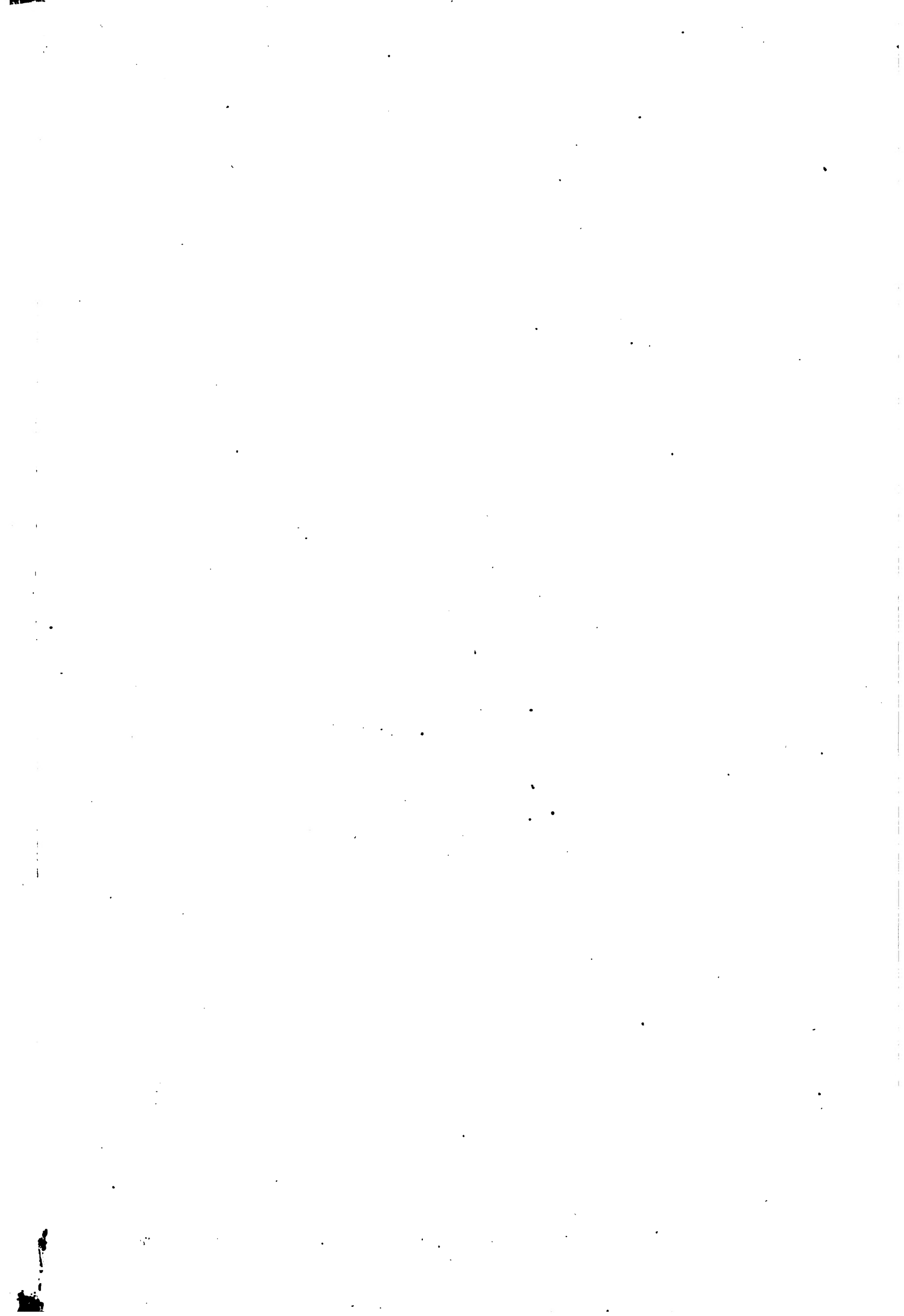
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his dandyism. From all those stores, small and great, nothing but that solitary and sorry impression would he receive.

Of all which his wealth could procure him, in the shape of a real enjoyment of poetry, paintings, music, sculpture, and the million of ideas which they might produce, he would know nothing.

Of all the countries that produced his furniture, all the trades that helped to make it, all the arts that went to adorn it, all the materials of which it was composed, and the innumerable images of *mes*, lands, faculties, substances, elements, and interesting phenomena of all sorts to which the knowledge might give rise, he would know nothing.

Of his books he would know nothing, except that they were bound, and that they cost a great deal.

Of his gardens he would know nothing, except that they were "tedious," and that he occasionally had a pink out of them to put in his button-hole—provided it was the fashion. Otherwise pinks are "vulgar." Nature's and God's fashion is nothing.

Of his hat and his coat it might be thought he must know something; but he would not, except as far as we have stated;—unless, indeed, his faculties might possibly attain to the knowledge of a "fit" or a "set," and then he would not know it with a grace. The knowledge of a good thing, even in the least matters, is not for a person so poorly educated—so worse than left to grow up in an ignorance unsophisticate. Of the creatures that furnished the materials of his hat and coat,—the curious, handicraft beaver, the spinster silkworm, the sheep in the meadows (except as mutton), nothing would he know, or care, or receive the least pleasurable thought from. In the mind that constitutes his man—in the amount of his existence—terribly vacant are the regions—bald places in the map—deserts without even the excitement of a storm. Nothing lives there but himself—a suit of clothes in a solitude—emptiness in emptiness.

Contrast a being of this fashion (after all allowance for caricature) with one who has none of his deformities, but with a stock of ideas such as the other wants. Suppose him poor, even struggling, but not unhappy; or if not without unhappiness, yet not without relief, and unacquainted with the desperation of the other's ennui. Such a man, when he wants recreation for his thoughts, can make them flow from all the objects, or the ideas of those objects, which furnish nothing to the other. The commonest goods and chattels are pregnant to him as fairy tales, or things in a pantomime. His hat, like Fortunatus's Wishing Cap, carries him into the American solitudes among the beavers, where he sits in thought, looking at them during their work, and hearing the majestic whispers in the trees, or the falls of the old trunks that are everlastingly breaking the silence in those wildernesses. His coat shall carry him, in ten minutes, through all the scenes of pastoral life and mechanical, the quiet fields, the sheep-shearing, the feasting, the love-making, the downs of Dorsetshire and the streets of Birmingham, where if he meet with pain in his sympathy, he also, in his knowledge, finds reason for hope and encouragement, and for giving his manly assistance to the common good. The very tooth-pick of the dandy, should this man, or any man like him meet with it, poor or rich, shall suggest to him, if he pleases, a hundred agreeable thoughts of foreign lands, and elegance and amusement,—of tortoiseshells and books of travels, and the comb in his mistress's hair, and the elephants that carry sultans, and the real silver mines of Potosi, with all the wonders of South American history, and the starry cross in its sky; so that the smallest key shall pick the lock of the greatest treasures; and that which in the hands of the possessor was only a poor instrument of affectation, and the very emblem of indifference and stupidity, shall open to the knowing man a universe.

We must not pursue the subject further this week, or trust our eyes at the smallest objects around us, which, from long and loving contemplation, have enabled us to report their riches. We have been at this work now, off and on, man and boy, (for we began essay-writing while in our teens,) for upwards of thirty years; and excepting that, we would fain have done far more, and that experience and suffering have long restored to us the natural kindliness of boyhood, and put an end to a belief in the right or utility of severer views of any thing or person, we feel the same as we have done throughout; and we have

the same hope, the same love, the same faith in the beauty and goodness of nature and all her prospects, in space and in time; we could almost add, if a sprinkle of white hairs in our black would allow us, the same youth; for whatever may be thought of a consciousness to that effect, the feeling is so real, and trouble of no ordinary kind has so remarkably spared the elasticity of our spirits, that we are often startled to think how old we have become, compared with the little of age that is in our disposition: and we mention this to bespeak the reader's faith in what we shall write hereafter, if he is not acquainted with us already. If he is, he will no more doubt us than the children do at our fire-side. We have had so much sorrow, and yet are capable of so much joy, and receive pleasure from so many familiar objects, that we sometimes think we should have had an unfair portion of happiness, if our life had not been one of more than ordinary trial.

The reader will not be troubled in future with personal intimations of this kind: but in commencing a new work of the present nature, and having been persuaded to put our name at the top of it, (for which we beg his kindest constructions, as a point conceded by a sense of what was best for others,) it will be thought, we trust, not unfitting in us to have alluded to them. We believe we may call ourselves the father of the present penny and three half-penny literature,—designations, once distressing to "ears polite," but now no longer so, since they are producing so many valuable results, fortunes included. The first number of the new popular review, the *Printing Machine*, in an article for the kindness and cordiality of which we take this our best opportunity of expressing our gratitude, and can only wish we could turn these sentences into so many grips of the hand to show our sense of it,—did us the honour of noticing the *Indicator* as the first successful attempt (in one respect) to revive something like the periodical literature of former days. We followed this with the *Companion*, lately republished in connexion with the *Indicator*; and a few years ago, in a fit of anxiety at not being able to meet some obligations, and fearing we were going to be cut off from life itself without leaving answers to still graver wants, we set up a half-reviewing, half-theatrical periodical, under the name of the *Tatler* (a liberty taken by love), in the hope of being able to realize some sudden as well as lasting profits! So little, with all our zeal for the public welfare, had we found out what was so well discerned by Mr. Knight and others, when they responded to the intellectual wants of the many. However, we pleased some readers, whom it is a kind of prosperity even to rank as such: we conciliated the good-will of others, by showing that an ardent politician might still be a man of no ill-temper, nor without good-will to all; and now, once more setting up a periodical work, entirely without politics, but better calculated, we trust, than our former ones to meet the wishes of many as well as few, we are in hearty good earnest, the public's very sincere and cordial friend and servant,

LEIGH HUNT.

FIRST WEEK IN APRIL.

The Swallow—the Cuckoo—the Nightingale. Letter from Mr. Fox to Lord Grey, giving his opinion of the Song of the Nightingale.

So extraordinary has been the winter, and full of all vernal anticipation, that it is impossible to expect, as a matter of course, any of the usual coincidences of the season. In the first week of April, swallows may generally be looked for in the south of England, and the Cuckoo and Nightingale may be heard; but we are not sure, that before this paragraph be read, they will not have become guests of long standing. At all events, we are not so likely, as in some seasons, to be too early for them with our notice. The horse-chestnut is already leafing: the fruit-trees have blossomed; flies have been in the houses the whole winter; cowslips, we suppose, have thickened the beautiful carpets of the meadows; the sun is warm on the back of the pedestrian. Everything, therefore, by day, is ready for the swallow and the cuckoo; and, as to the nightingale, if the nights are still cool, that is no objection with him. His glowing nature seems to love a little cold round about him; from the midst of which his serenade rises with the intenser and therefore the graver joy.

So many quotations have been made in the periodical works from the pages of White of Selborne and others,

that we reckon it a piece of good fortune to be able to commence our extracts on these subjects with passages out of a new author, who has a real genius for them. The following notices of the swallows are from the work just published, entitled *The Feathered Tribe of Britain*, written by Mr. Mudie, an original and earnest observer, whom Nature, as is customary with her, has rewarded for his genuine passion, by making it eloquent. Mr. Mudie's pen is one of the most alive we ever met with. The birds rustle, and dart, and sing, and rend in his pages; and the eagle strains his prey with a truly sovereign foot. The passages here quoted, though very good, are by no means among his best. The reader may, therefore, judge how excellent the latter must be.

"Swallows perform their principal moult in warmer countries about the month of February, appear in plumage in the north of England about the first of April, and proceed northward, colouring as they fly, along all the places that are adapted to their habits, till about the end of the month they appear in the extreme north of the country.

"Swallows are delightful little creatures, not only as they come from a far country, the harbingers of the blooming season; but on account of their industry, the celerity of their motions, and the perfect confidence in which they carry on all their operations.

"The most lovely scenes would lose much of their summer interest, if it were not for the presence and lively motions of the swallow. The banks of rivers and the margins of small lakes, are at all times delightful places for quiet contemplation, and for agreeable walks, when the sultry day draws near to a close, or on those stilly and transparent days which immediately precede rain. But there is an excess of repose about them which would soon become monotonous and heavy, except for the evolutions of the swallows, now shooting into mid air, now skimming the surface of the water, and sipping or laving its plumage, as it speeds along, alternately with darting wing and with dart-like glide. Then, when we think of the myriads of gnats and flies which the teeming waters are constantly giving to the air, to sport (and sting) for their few hours, deposit their eggs, and die, making the shores and shallows, which are inaccessible even by the minnow, rank with their innumerable carcasses, we feel how much the swallow contributes to keep sweet and clean those waters over which it glides, quaffing or bathing the while. The air too, is so still, that we hear the repeated strokes of its bill as it captures those insects which, to our sight, are viewless.

"The Swift is the garretier of nature; not that it inhabits the highest grounds (for the very altitude of its place presupposes productiveness in its locality), but where it is found, it spends its time and finds its food above every other creature. Its place of habitation corresponds; for the highest crevices in steeples, towers, and jutting rocks that rise to a considerable altitude, amid fertile places, are the habitations of the swift, and its instinct leads it to adapt the structure of its nest to the elements.

"In dry weather the swifts hawk only towards morning and evening, flying lower down than when the air is different, and occasionally skimming the surface of the pools, and sipping and laving themselves as they dash along. At these times too, they are sportless and silent, and if the drought is of longer continuance, they seem fatigued; but when the upper air relents, they fly high, appear all day on the wing, accumulate in unwonted numbers, gliding, dashing, wheeling, playing numerous antics, screeching to each other, and apparently acquiring more energy the longer they are on the wing. These sportive dashings in the upper air become more numerous and energetic as the time of their departure approaches, as then their care of their broods has ceased, and they have only their own food to find each for itself. The solstitial showers generally give them a farewell feast; and at that time they may be seen on the wing for sixteen hours in the day without once alighting to rest. Their sight has, by experiment, been found to be so very acute, that from a distance of 400 feet, they can discern an object not more than half an inch in diameter, and how much less than that is not known. The same motive of exertion which they often perform in this country without any apparent rest, would suffice to carry them across the widest sea or desert that is in their way, or even from England to Africa in the course of one flight."

Almost every body is now intimate with certain poetical passages about the cuckoo, and with Mr. Wordsworth's beautiful expression, "a wandering voice," so characteristic of what every body has felt who has heard this mysterious bird, now here and now there in the hedges, playing his hiding flute. In our wish therefore not to repeat what has been said so often, and not to hunt for new poetical passages where they do not happen to present themselves at once to the memory, we shall give another extract from Mr. Mudie's book:—

"Why the people of Scotland should have chosen their name for the cuckoo (*gawk*) as a synonyme for a fool, it is not easy to say, for there is more cunning about the

cuckoo than about most birds, though its history, notwithstanding all that has been seen and imagined, and printed, and spoken, about it, is still as obscure as it is singular.

"Every body has heard the note of the cuckoo, or the imitation of it by a Dutch clock, though domesticated in the most birdless part of the city; and in the summer, it is difficult to be in any part of the country without hearing the cuckoo, and even seeing the bird as it flies hurriedly, and to all appearance heavily, from one tree to another, with generally a few of the smaller birds in its train.

The bird has something the air of the hawk, but none of the powers, and it does not seem to have much of the disposition. Its food is insects and their larvæ, especially the larvæ or caterpillars of the lepidoptera; and, as many of these are highly injurious to trees, it is probable that the cuckoo is of great service, as it is with us at the very seasons when, if not thinned, these caterpillars would commit their depredations. It beats for its food in the trees, and it is probable that its peculiar feet, its long wings and great tail, and its soft plumage, enable it to hunt among the leaves, especially on the under sides of them, in places which the smaller insect-hunting birds cannot reach.

"Considering the general distribution and the numbers of cuckoos, the eggs and young have been very seldom seen, probably not one to a million of the birds. When found, it has always been in the nests of other birds, at least in all those of the recorded instances that are received as properly authenticated; and little birds, pipets and others, have been observed most industriously feeding cuckoos, after these had acquired their young or hair-brown plumage, and could fly. But before the habit can be considered as general, there must be numbers of young observed, bearing some nearer proportion to the abundance of the old birds, than have yet been found, although the cases that are recorded appear to be too many to be considered accidental; and the accident, too, is of a kind that rarely happens in the case of any other wild birds—that is, birds in a state of nature. The disproval of the old theory, that the bones of the under part of the female cuckoo were such that it could not hatch, throws at least a doubt on the universality of the habit, which would demand some additional proof on the other side, more than three or four isolated cases in the season; and that is, perhaps, nearly the usual number of young cuckoos that are seen in the nest.

"Still, we may safely conclude that the absolvment of the cuckoo from nest-building and rearing young, which are the severest labours of other birds, is meant to answer, and does answer, some very important purpose in the economy of nature; and that purpose can be accomplished only by employing in some other way that portion of time in the cuckoo, which, in other birds, is devoted to nidification and nursing. That is the grand point to be ascertained: it can be ascertained only by observation of the most careful nature; and till it is ascertained, the history of the cuckoo, unquestionably the most curious bird that visits the island, must remain imperfect and mysterious; as such, we shall not enter further upon it. Conjectures, in any quantity, may be had in the books."

On the subject of the nightingale we think we cannot please the reader better just now, than with giving a letter written by Mr Fox to the present minister, Lord Grey. It is the more agreeable, inasmuch as it lets us into the privacies of these public men, and shews us how like they are to other men, and to very amiable ones too. The conclusion is particularly pleasant. Mr. Fox was, indeed, a man of such a genial nature, that there is reason to believe that his ascendancy over his friends and his disciples was quite as much owing to it, as to his sense and eloquence; and reasonably; for as social happiness, the kindly intercourse between man and man, is the only end of all politics and statistics, however deep, a man like this exhibits the means and the end together in his own instance, and so leaves no sort of convincing omitted.—But to the letter.

"DEAR GREY,

"In defence of my opinion about the Nightingale, I find that Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a merry note; and though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy. It is true, he does not say where call it merry, as Chaucer does, but by mentioning it with the song of the blackbird, and as answering it, he seems to imply that it was a cheerful note. Sophocles is against us; but even he says, lamenting Ilys, and the comparison of her to Electra is rather as to perseverance by day and by night, than as to sorrow. At all events, a tragic poet is not half so good authority in this question as Theocritus and Chaucer. I cannot light upon the passage in the Odyssey where Penelope's restlessness is compared to the nightingale; but I am sure that it is only as to restlessness and watchfulness that he makes the comparison. If you will read the last twelve books of the Odyssey, you will certainly find it, and I am sure you will be paid for your treat whether you find it or not. The passage in Chaucer is in the Flower and Leaf, p. 99.

The one I particularly allude to in Theocritus, is in his Epigrams, I think in the fourth. Dryden has transferred the word merry to the goldfinch, in the Flower and the Leaf, in deference, may be, to the vulgar error; but pray read his description of the nightingale there—it is quite delightful. I am afraid that I like these researches as much better than those that relate to Shaftsbury, Sunderland, &c., as I do those better than attending the House of Commons.

"Your's affectionately,

"C. J. Fox."

How pleasant it is to be enjoying this good-natured statesman's company, long after his death!

As to the question, however, respecting the mirth or melancholy of the nightingale, which he has here somewhat hastily discussed, and which of late years is supposed to have been settled in favour of the gayer side by some fine lines of Mr. Coleridge, it surely resolves itself into a simple matter of association of ideas, and those modified by the hour at which the nightingale is chiefly heard. The word merry, in Chaucer's time, as quoted by Mr. Fox, had not the specific meaning here implied by it, but signified something alive and vigorous after its kind; as in the instance of "merry men," in the old ballads, and "merry England," which did not mean a nation or set of men always laughing and enjoying themselves, but in good hearty condition; a state of manhood befitting men. This point is determined beyond a doubt by Chaucer's application of the word to the organ, as the "merry organ,"—meaning the church organ, which, surely, however noble and organic, is not merry in the modern sense of the word.

The whole matter we conceive to be this. The notes of the nightingale, generally speaking, are not melancholy in themselves, but melancholy from an association with night-time, and the grave reflexions which the hour naturally produces. They may be said to be melancholy also in the finer sense of the word (such as Milton uses it in his Penseroso), inasmuch as they express the utmost intensity of vocal beauty and delight; for the last excessive feelings of delight are always grave. Levity does not do them honour enough, nor sufficiently acknowledge the appeal they make to that finiteness of our nature which they force unconsciously upon a sense of itself, and upon a secret feeling of our capabilities of happiness compared with the brevity of it.

Are not the birth-days of eminent men, and all other anniversaries, previous to the alteration of the old style, marked wrong in the calendars? We fear so. At all events, till we are shewn to be wrong in the opinion, we must act upon it in what we have to date and to state on these points, and, accordingly (to begin with a pleasant name), instead of making Ovid to have been born on the 20th of March, we put his nativity twelve days forward, and make a welcome gift of him to

April 1st.—Ovid born. So that the April Fools have not all the days to themselves. His birth dates forty-three years before the Christian era at Salmo, now Salmon in the modern Neapolitan territory of Abruzzo. He was the son of a Roman knight, had an easy fortune, and (to use a modern phrase) was one of the gayest and most popular men about town in Rome for nearly thirty years; till, owing to some mysterious offence given to the court of Augustus, which still forms one of the puzzles of biography, he was suddenly torn from house and home, without the least previous intimation, and in the middle of the night, and sent to a remote and wintry place of exile on the banks of the Danube. Ovid was a good-natured man, tall and slender, with more affections than the levity of his poetical gallantry might lead us to suppose. His gallantries are worth little, and have little effect; but his Metamorphoses are a store-house of beautiful Greek pictures, and tend to keep alive in grown people the feelings of their boyhood.

A health to Ovid, readers of the London Journal: for immortal men never die. We must speak of them as they still exist among us, and not of their memories.

NEWS FOR THE UTILITARIANS.

MR. BENTHAM'S TESTIMONY TO THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION, AND THE DUTY OF CULTIVATING AGREEABLE THOUGHTS.

We have been favoured with a copy of Mr. Bentham's posthumous and unpublished work on *Deontology*, which has been excellently well put together by Dr. Bowring from the manuscripts of his illustrious friend. In a popular point of view, it will be by far the most interesting of the great jurist's productions, being his guide to

the virtues and amiabilities of private life, and freed by his pupil from that word-compounding, every-thing-stating, and all-possible-objection-anticipating style, which, though highly desirable for the deeper student as omitting nothing which passed through his mind, was not so well calculated to recommend his book to the general reader. It does not appear to us that Mr. Bentham always makes out his case when stating the grounds of some parts of his philosophy, and the extreme easiness of their practice. He makes too little allowance, we think, for natural impulses; assumes too much necessity for individual reasoning, where the improvement ought to result from the progress of government; and is too apt to take for granted that the reasoning would be conducted in a dispassionate manner. This is the more striking, inasmuch as he himself in this very book, just and amiable as it is, is strongly and strangely moved against a philosopher so remote as Plato; who even makes him forget himself so far, as to regret that there is no *Index Expurgatorius*—no list of forbidden books—prohibiting the perusal of certain philosophies! The world, however, will not love the Prince of Utilitarians the less for exhibiting these sallies of emotion; and they will love very much indeed, and be agreeably surprised, at the delightful, amiable doctrines laid down for their conduct in private life, and the advantage of general intercourse. From these we shall extract some excellent passages next week. Meanwhile, we present our readers with something which will still more surprise most of the philosopher's enemies, and not a few, perhaps, of his friends; namely, an enthusiastic testimony borne to the utility of imagination, and to the desirableness of cultivating what we have been writing about in our first paper.

"In the pursuit of pleasurable thoughts (exclaims Mr. Bentham) what infinite regions are open to the explorer! The world is all before him; and not this world only, but all the worlds which roll in the unmeasured tracts of space, or the measureless heights and depths of imagination. The past, the present, the future—all that has been, all that is of great and good, of beautiful and harmonious—and all that may be. Why should not the high intellects of days that are gone be summoned into the presence of the inquirer; and dialogues between, or with, the illustrious dead be fancied, on all the points on which they would have enjoyed to discourse, had their mortal existence stretched into the days that are? Take any part of the field of knowledge in its present state of cultivation, and summon into it the sages of former times; place Milton, with his high-toned and sublime philanthropy, amidst the events which are bringing about the emancipation of nations; imagine Galileo holding intercourse with Laplace; bring Bacon—either the Friar or the Chancellor, or both—into the laboratory of any eminent modern chemist, listening to the wonderful development, the pregnant results of the great philosophical mandate—'Experimentalize.' Every man pursuing his own private tendencies, has thus a plastic gift of happiness, which will become stronger by use, and which exercise will make less and less exhaustible all the combinations of sense with matter, the far-stretching theories of genius, the flight of thought through eternity—what should prevent such exercises of the mind's creative will? How interesting are those speculations which convey men beyond the region of earth into more intellectual and exalted spheres. Where creatures endowed with capacities far more expansive, with senses far more exquisite than observation had ever offered to human knowledge, are brought into the regions of thought. How attractive and instructive are even some of the Utopian fancies of imaginative and benevolent philosophy! Regulated and controlled by the utilitarian principle, imagination becomes a source of boundless blessings."

"In all cases where the power of the will can be exercised over the thoughts, let those thoughts be directed towards happiness. Look out for the bright, for the brightest side of things, and keep your face constantly turned to it. If exceptions there are, those exceptions are but few, and sanctioned only by the consideration that a less favourable view may, in its results, produce a larger sum of enjoyment on the whole; as where, for example, an increased estimate of difficulty, or danger, might be needful to call up a greater exertion for the getting rid of a present annoyance. When the mind, however, reposes upon its own complacencies, and looks around itself for search of food for thought—when it seeks rest from laborious occupation, or is forced upon inaction by the pressure of adjacent circumstances, let all its ideas be made to spring up in the realms of pleasure, as far as the will can act upon the production.

"A large part of existence is necessarily passed in inaction. By day (to take an instance from the thousand in constant recurrence), when in attendance on others, and time is lost by being kept waiting; by night, when sleep is unwilling to close the eyelids—the economy of happiness recommends the occupations of pleasurable thought. In walking abroad, or in resting

at home, the mind cannot be vacant; its thoughts may be useful, useless, or pernicious to happiness; direct them aright; *the habit of happy thought will spring up like any other habit.*

"Let the mind seek to occupy itself by the solution of questions upon which a large sum of happiness or misery depends. The machine, for example, that abridges labour will, by the very improvement and economy it introduces, produce a quantity of suffering. How shall that suffering be minimized? Here is a topic for benevolent thought to engage in. Under the pressure of the immediate demands of the poor, Sully is said to have engaged them in raising huge and useless mounds in his garden. Others have been found to propose the digging holes and filling them again, as meet employment for industry when ordinary labour fails. But what a fertile field for generous consideration is that, which seeks to provide the clear accession to the national stock of riches and happiness which all real improvements bring with them, at the least possible cost of pain; to secure the permanent good at the smallest and least enduring inconvenience; to make the blessings that are to be diffused among the many, fall as lightly as possible in the shape of evil on the few! Perhaps when the inevitable misery is really reduced to the smallest amount, by the attentions of the intelligent and benevolent, the transition will become, in most instances, neither perilous, as it has often been made by riotous violence towards those who introduce it, nor alarming to those whose labour may be temporarily shifted by its introduction."

"It frequently happens, when our own mind is unable to furnish ideas of pleasure with which to drive out the impressions of pain, these ideas may be found in the writings of others, and those writings will probably have a more potent interest when utterance is given to them. To a mind rich in the stores of literature and philosophy, some thought appropriate to the calming of sorrow, or the brightening of joy, will scarcely fail to present itself, clothed in the attractive language of some favourite writer; and when emphatic expression is given to it, its power may be considerably increased. Poetry often lends itself to this benignant purpose; and where sound and sense, truth and harmony, benevolence and eloquence are allied, happy indeed are their influences."

THE LONDON JOURNAL,

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THE best things going forward in the poetical world are the play of the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, (not one of the author's best, but Knowles, as Ben Jonson said of Cartwright, "writes all like a man,") and the editions, in monthly volumes, of the works of Burns and Crabbe. Our living poets just now, with the exception of Mr. Knowles, are as silent as birds in August. One of them, a warbler partaking of the mocking tribe, may be heard at intervals in the *Times*, imitating grave speeches with which we have nothing to do in these columns. Intimations, however, are given of something new from Miss Landon, who (to keep up our metaphor) is the very dove of the modern Castaly, giving out such a perpetual note of luxurious melancholy, that we know not whether to call it sorrow or love. And Elliot, in the magazines, occasionally beats against the iron bars of restriction, and utters his indignant cry. The best poetry we have seen a long time is the prose of Professor Wilson's commentaries on Homer and the Greek Anthology, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. And this reminds us that there is a new poetess who writes in that magazine, and whom, in our ignorance perhaps of many of its former numbers, we never heard of till lately—Miss Hamilton. We know not who she is, except that she is one whom everybody ought to know. Her Muse is a kind of younger and less stately sister of Mrs. Hemans, with less command of images, and yet, we should guess, with a more universal sympathy.

It has been well observed by somebody, that Burns was not so uneducated a man as is supposed. He had jokes, and some good teaching, and was acquainted, at an early period, with some of the best writers. We notice the circumstance chiefly in order to observe, that the intelligent part of what are called the uneducated are apt to be better instructed than is supposed, and that many a workman and peasant would surprise people, if they talked with him, with the amount of his

acquired knowledge, and his habits of reflection. Many years ago a celebrated public speaker, now living, told us that he made a point of talking his best, to whatever multitude were assembled; finding by experience that the emotion and interest of the hearers always found an understanding in themselves equal to the highest things he could say. And since the lapse of that period, how have not the means of knowledge increased with the cheapness of literature! About mid-way betwixt this time and that, we heard a common working-man, as he walked along a country road, say more sensible, superior, and charitable things concerning a hare-hunt that was going on before him, than would have entered into the heads of the best educated men in his village fifty years ago, or perhaps enters into them now; not, of course, for want of equal natural faculties, but because his class have discovered that it is their interest to know as much as they can; while, on the other hand, the richest people are not always equally alive to the necessity of being in advance of that knowledge.

In consequence of the universal reading of cheap literature, Burns, perhaps does not require a glossary for his finest English words with any of those among the working classes in this country, who are respected among each other for their intelligence; and when the Scottish poet wrote English only, he sometimes affected words fine enough. It was the only evidence of a defective education betrayed by his style.

The reader will see in another place our opinion of Mr. Mudie's *Feathered Tribes of England*, and Mrs. Lemon Grimstone's novel of *Cleone*. The new *Review for the many*, entitled the *Printing Machine*, full of sterling sense and acuteness, and admirably adapted to its purpose, requires no recommendation of *Mr. D'Israeli's* second volume of his ninth edition of the *Curiosities of Literature* was published yesterday, and is still more entertaining than the first. Every body that can get it, should read the *Bubbles from the Brunns of Nassau*, by an Old Man, for its sense, spirit, and humanity. But they say it is by Sir Francis Head, who scampered across the Pampas; and how can he be an old man? We cannot conceive of him in any such light. He must be riding and scampering still somewhere, and if he is not, must surely remain as young in his age as Lord Peterborough, who was the greatest poster of his time in Europe, and famous for his vivacity at seventy. Besides, they say that Sir Francis is not old: why then, should he call himself so? Is it his only affectation, and does he do it, like other middle aged seniors, only to make people protest against the epithet, and exclaim, "You old!"

The friends of the gentleman so long and so agreeably known to the circles of taste and literature by the title of "Conversation Sharp," (we believe the name is to be, and can be, no secret with the public) will be glad to find that a collection of his *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse* has appeared. It has this moment been put into our hands. At the second page we meet with the following pleasant foretaste of the rest:—

"Utinam et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus."

"He that would write well," says Roger Ascham, must follow the advice of Aristotle, speak as the common people speak, and think as the wise think."

"In support of this opinion many of the examples cited by you are amusing as well as convincing. The following from a great author may be added—

"Is there a God to swear by, and is there none to believe in, none to trust to?"

"What becomes of the force and simplicity of this short sentence, when turned into the clumsy English which schoolmasters indite, and which little boys can construe? 'Is there a God by whom to swear, and is there none in whom to believe, none to whom to pray?'"

The whole of the volume is very sensible and elegant, and bears out the author's colloquial reputation.

Some of the letters, we should think, will get into the collections.

The First Book of a "Revolutionary Epick," or as he designates it, "*The Revolutionary Epick*," has been published by Mr. D'Israeli, Junr. He says he conceived the idea of it on the "plains of Troy," and that the old opinion of a connexion between Epic poems and the spirit of their age, flashed across his mind "like the lightning which was then playing over Ida." There is more of the same magnificence of announcement, but it is suddenly checked by suggestions of modesty; and the author concludes his preface with humbly asking the public whether he shall proceed or not. It appears to us, from what we have seen of his poem, and of another work of his which we have lately read through, "*The Psychological Romance*," that Mr. D'Israeli has feeling, reflection, and imagination, the last in abundance but not of the subtlest or most poetical order; and that he too often takes splendid common-places, and the conclusions of other men's philosophy, for inventions of his own. His talents have gold in them, but mixed with alloy too obvious for currency, and are coarse in their "image and superscription." There is a sort of Oriental flare about him, which, with a little less thinking of his own glorification, and more of the inner man, would probably subside into a steady and shining light.

Landscape and portraiture of a mediocre rate do not constitute an interesting collection for exhibition, and Suffolk Street has not much else to boast of this year. Not that there is an absolute destitution of talent, but what there is lies chiefly among the young and unfinished, and what there is of mastery is mostly second or third rate. Still there are a few pictures worth seeing. Hancock's "*Old Squire*," pleased us more than any of his that we have seen. Inskipp has some striking pictures. *The last of his name* is very pretty. Childe has many exceedingly good. The effect of night with the deep rich tone, in the moonlight picture, 353, could not be better. The Moorish Tower is a very lively painting, and also the splendid *Interior of a Church*, by D. Roberts. Holines's pictures are not his best; but they are clever as usual. Lance shews us some tempting fruit. His *Lady and Gentleman*, are not quite so happy. Barrett also, and Allen, assist in brightening the walls. 676. *Flowers*, by V. Bartholomew, are amazing for their brilliancy. We must also mention an exceedingly clever picture by W. Derby, facetiously called *Turkey* in Europe, being a dead turkey and other articles in still life, admirably painted. This picture perhaps struck us more than any in the place, from its great reality. We trust that we shall not be thought availing ourselves of an undue opportunity, in stating that Mr. Lawrence, a young artist who promises to do honour to his name, has an excellent likeness of one of the daughters of the Editor of this Journal.

Mr. Huggins, upon his appointment as Marine Painter to the King, had a commission for three pictures commemorative of the battle of Trafalgar; and two of these pictures are now exhibiting at Exeter Hall. To all who are interested in the actions of Nelson, (and few can be otherwise) they are worth the visit. The first presents the state of the action about half an hour after its commencement, the ships still orderly and fresh, ranged side by side, packed together, pouring the heavy torrents of destruction close into each other's fabric. The Victory looks like the noblest personification of its name, for it is already battered, as though it had drawn to itself the fiercest danger, solely that it might satisfy the desire of power, and have more to conquer. Of all modern fighters Nelson is the one to whose person attaches our greatest sense of heroism. So brave, so

his remarkable answer. On the duke's saying, there must be something very odd in the man, Barnard answered, "I imagine he must be mad." "He seems surprised that I should have pistols," his Grace continued, to which he made answer, "I was surprised to see your Grace with pistols, and your star on." "Why were you surprised at that?" "It was so cold a day, I wondered you had not your great coat on," was his reply after a little hesitation.—On reading that part of the letter to him, which mentioned his father's being out of town, he remarked, "It is very odd; my father was then out of town."—This last circumstance struck the Duke more particularly, as the letter had no date. Before they parted, his Grace concluded with saying, "If you are innocent, it becomes you, much more than me, to find out the author of these letters, as it is an attempt to blast your character." Barnard then smiled, and took his leave.

On the strength of these circumstances, it was soon after thought proper to take him into custody. He was indicted, tried on the Black Act, at the Session House, in the Old Bailey, in May, 1758, and after a long and patient investigation, of the circumstances, equally honourable to the candour and humanity of the Duke, and to the impartiality of the judges and jury, acquitted.—It appeared in favour of the prisoner, corroborated by respectable evidence, that, on the day he met the Duke in Hyde Park, he had been sent by his father on business to Kensington. As to his being in the Abbey, a Mr. Greenwood, a person of credit, who, as is before observed, was seen with him there, proved that, contrary to Mr. Barnard's wish he had, with some difficulty, persuaded him to walk with him from Abingdon Buildings to the Park, that morning: that they were going thither without passing through the abbey, but Greenwood recollecting a new monument he had not seen, insisted on his going that way.

Many persons of fortune and reputation appeared: some of whom had dined with him at Kensington on the day above mentioned. These, with many others, had repeatedly heard Mr. Barnard speak with wonder of having twice met the Duke of Marlborough, and the circumstance of his Grace speaking to him being very singular.

They all united in the most ample testimonies of his regularity, sobriety, and pecuniary credit, and his being in the habit of daily receiving considerable sums.

Our authority for the above curious story informs us, that certain circumstances afterwards occurred, particularly a transaction with an East India director, which rendered the guilt of Barnard highly probable. The circumstances are puzzling; but we believe him to have been the man, particularly as he was so brief in his replies, and showed no anxiety to bring the offender to light. A clever man, such as he evidently was, could easily have contrived to make Greenwood appear to have originated the wish to go into the abbey, and even to have made him do so: and as to the inconsistency of the rest of his conduct, there is no end to such inconsistencies in men as at present educated. Barnard might even have been conscious of a touch of the madness, which he attributed to the anonymous person, and which his questions and his strange smile not a little resemble. At the same time it is, perhaps, not unlikely that he had accomplices; that either of them was prepared to come forward, as the case might require; and yet that neither would stir more in it, if unsuccessful, than their knowledge of each other's secrets would render advisable.

OLEONE.

THE NEW NOVEL. AN ENTIRE ABSTRACT.

THIS tale opens with the year 1810 during the assizes at Lancaster, where the hero, Sidney Mountwarren, a briefless barrister, is introduced to us. He is described as exhibiting by his general demeanour, the appearance of one who entertains a proud yet inoffensive consciousness of his own power, together with a disdainful sense of the neglect and privations which merit is ever fated to endure. While he is standing amid the crowd, musing upon his fortune, he excites the observation of an elderly person in the court, who, through a natural sympathy with the pensive melancholy of the young barrister, conceives a strong desire to effect a nearer acquaintance with him. The accident of a fall on the part of the old man, as he approaches Mountwarren, facilitates this object by eliciting the polite assistance of the latter, and the conversation begun with the common-places of good breeding, is continued in the language of friendly feeling. Mountwarren finds in his

new acquaintance a person of singular good humour and affability: his name is Festus Felix Connor, of whom we are told that his blood "was a compound of Irish and Italian," so that the real place of his nativity is left to surmise, though the Sister Isle, upon the whole, seems to possess the best claim. The interrogations of a personal kind which naturally arise in the early stage of this acquaintance, gave occasion to many national reflections, amongst which the following is deserving of notice.

"Were I a North Briton," says Mountwarren, "I should not stand alone as I do. He, no more than a freemason, can remain unsupported among brethren. The claim of common country is stronger with the Scot than the claim of common blood with us. England is sometimes called the stranger's home—it is a pity she leaves so many of her own children shelterless."

This is so true, that the defect reflected upon is one of the most unfortunate from which we Englishmen suffer.—An animated dialogue ensues which affords our authoress the opportunity of developing many features of her amiable philosophy.

Festus Felix Connor, though having, according to his own showing, long since lost the literal title to his two first names, is yet one upon whom the hand of misfortune is incapable of leaving any sensible imprint, and he not only practices the philosophy of contentment successfully in his own case, but is obviously bent upon disseminating the principles of so admirable an art; and impresses his doctrine so well upon the mind of his new pupil, that before the conclusion of their journey Mountwarren is made sensible of the impropriety of the gloomy dissatisfaction he had hitherto permitted to cloud his thoughts and looks.

They arrive upon the banks of Windermere, in which beautiful situation is found the home of Felix Connor. Here the reader is introduced to two other characters the twin children of Connor, Cleone the daughter, the heroine of the story, and her brother Leon a blind child of peculiar intelligence and singularly affectionate disposition. The beauty of Cleone does not fail to make impression on the susceptible heart of the young traveller, whilst the extreme simplicity and unaffected manners of the family excite in him feelings of growing esteem. A Dutch footman and his wife conclude the list, without adding to its attractions. Mountwarren takes up his abode for the night with his hospitable entertainer, who is neither sparing of his cheer nor his philosophy, and both guest and host retire upon the most agreeable terms with themselves and with one another. Upon the day following, in the course of a walk with Felix Connor, Mountwarren accidentally encounters two gentlemen and a lady on horseback whom he immediately recognises as his old friends and former neighbours, the Arfleurs. Sir Edward Arfleur is described as a gentleman of the old school, hearty and well meaning but of no very enlarged views. Frank Arfleur, the son, is a person introduced for so little purpose, and then so suddenly dismissed, as to render it a pity that he should have been called into existence at all; but Rosina his sister, the spiritual Rosina, is a character of more importance. This interview, which is as short as it was unexpected, admits us to a knowledge of some mutual sentiments of the tender kind which formerly existed in the breasts of Rosina and Mountwarren, but which a long cessation of intercourse had interrupted. The love for Cleone, however, having all the force of a new passion in its favour, predominates, and in a visit which our hero pays at the house of Sir Edward Arfleur, he makes no scruple of unfolding to Rosina the state of his affections; an avowal, which is received by her with a composure very creditable to her understanding, but perhaps somewhat disparaging to her sensibility. From the description which Mountwarren gives of his new friends the Connors, Rosina conceives a strong desire to cultivate their acquaintance, a desire which she ultimately succeeds in gratifying, though at first strenuously opposed by her father, who with all the peremptory philosophy of a country squire associates nothing but disaffection and disloyalty with the known independence of Connor, and in answer to Mountwarren's encomiums upon his friend's natural nobility, talks of "levelling principles," and of "standing by the institutions of one's country," &c. But the principal objection entertained by Sir Edward Arfleur, no doubt, is the inequality of fortune between the two families. This "icy barrier" it is for the liberal minded Rosina to dissolve by her free and open address. She visits the Connors, finds in them all the excellent and interesting qualities she has been led to expect, and above all experiences a deep sympathy for the case of the poor blind Leon. If sympathy is akin to love, so is gratitude, and to the heart of the unfortunate sufferer, feelings, arising from this evidence of a regard so new to him in a stranger, are communicated, which rapidly passing over the stages that lie between kindness and passion, convert him from the humble object of Rosina's pity to the ardent candidate for her love. Far from meeting the repulses of prudery or the coquet's heartless indifference, Leon's fate reserves him for the rare happiness of an immediate and complete reciprocity of affection, and though the lovers separate at this period of their history, it is with that mutual declaration which softens the pains of absence.

The Arfleurs' return home into Gloucestershire, and Mountwarren's departure from the lakes, takes place immediately afterwards. An erroneous impression in the breast of the tender Cleone, from which much of the interest of the story depends, takes its rise from this

circumstance. Mountwarren's deliberations upon the prospects of his life conduct him to this resolution, viz. to repair to London forthwith, in the hopes of propitiating Fortune by well-directed exertions in his profession, so long supinely neglected by him, and with the further purpose of soliciting the assistance of his mother, a widow, who, together with his two sisters, is residing at Boulogne; then to return to Cleone on the wings of love, and ask her to share his fortune and his heart. How these schemes come to be concealed from the knowledge of her whom they most concern, it is not easy to suppose. It is a reservation, as it appears to us, more remarkable for its accommodation to the exigencies of the plot than for its consistency with probability. Cleone, in her ignorance of the intentions of Mountwarren, attributes his hasty departure to an impatience of the separation from Rosina Arfleur, whom she imagines him to regard with feelings of love, and to be now bent on pursuing. Her own feelings are those of the most poignant grief, which, the moment Mountwarren has left her is vented in floods of tears. The following pretty passage occurs in this place, and may convey some idea of the pleasing style in which these volumes are written.

"There is no pang like that of unrequited love—so many vulnerable portions of our nature are wounded by it; even pride, ever prompt at the call of offended self-love, brings but late relief, and comes rather to repair ruin than to avert it; while memory, like a very antiquary, picks up sundry little relics that were better left to be buried with subverted hopes."

A few days subsequent to the departure of the Arfleurs and Mountwarren, an event transpires which alters the whole aspect of things. Intelligence of the failure of a bank in which was invested the moderate capital upon which Felix Connor maintained his little household, comes upon them like a death-blow, and beggary stares them in the face. The old man's philosophy is now brought to the test, and is happily found to be of no spurious growth; he bears his reverse like a stoic, or, which is better, like a man, and has the happiness to find his children not behind him in all the qualities that can adorn adversity. They relinquish their home and proceed to London, a movement rendered desirable by the complete state of a treatise on the "Philosophy of Happiness" which Mr. Connor, the author, purposes to submit to a London publisher. Vandorf, the Dutch servant, not sorry to separate from his spouse, accompanies the expedition. Mr. Connor having taken up his residence at Islington, loses no time in seeking Mountwarren. The latter, however, has left his chambers, and is reported to have passed over to France, and Connor's inquiries can elicit nothing more satisfactory. The next object which occupies his mind is the sale of his treatise, and for this purpose he proceeds to various publishers, with whom the description of his interview presents no novelty, for the reason that it only describes disappointment and disgust. At length a bookseller of daring benevolence, goes the length of expressing his consent to see it. The expectation revived in the mind of Connor upon this hint, causes our authoress to exclaim, feelingly, "How little soothes the buoyant spirit of genius; and yet the world is so unwilling to yield that little!"

The wished for object is at last attained, and proof sheets and printer's devils come to gladden the heart of poor Connor. Anxiety, however, had enfeebled the old man, and he suffers a tedious illness. During her father's confinement, Cleone has to act upon her responsibility, and her management of the household affairs, under the combined disadvantages of inexperienced youth and overwhelming poverty, exhibit her in a point of view at once delightful and painful. In the meantime Leon, being able to contrive no other means of contributing to his sister's exertions, decides upon playing the savoyard. Disguised, with Vandorf for his treasurer, he allows himself to be conducted to the different squares, and there by his singing, an art in which he is represented as skilful, he succeeds in collecting something towards his father's subsistence. In the course of one of these peregrinations, having halted opposite to a handsome house, he hears a voice on the steps which he immediately recognized as that of Rosina Arfleur. She is leaving the house; Leon entreats Vandorf to lead him in pursuit of her, that they may discover, if possible, the place where she is sojourning. They miss her, however, and Leon returns home under the influence of the most agonising feelings. His evident sufferings excite the anxious curiosity of his father and sister; and, after much fruitless entreaty Cleone alone is successful in drawing the secret from him. The manner in which this is brought about, as well as the remarks which introduce the dialogue, deserve the utmost praise for delicacy of thought and feeling.

Cleone, with her own desire and her father's consent, now seeks a situation as governess. The scene with Mrs. Hawkins, the advertiser, and her five daughters, is so natural and so well sustained, that we are sorry our limits forbid its insertion. The following passage, however, is short, and happily describes this elegant family

"In the masquerade of life, gravity is the garb in which imbecility loves to array itself; and it may generally be remarked, that those who have least in their own heads are most ready to shake them at others."

"Mrs. Hawkins's five daughters, destined, probably, in after life, to luxuriate, like herself, into rotundity of form, were singularly spare, with shrewd severe faces. Already the frequent frown had antedated their brows the character of age by the agency of unkindness, was

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1834.

No. 2.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

ON A STONE.

LOOKING about us during a walk to see what subject we could write upon in this our second number, that should be familiar to every body, and afford as striking a specimen as we could give, of the entertainment to be found in the commonest objects, our eyes lighted upon a stone. It was a common pebble, a flint; such as a little boy kicks before him as he goes, by way of making haste with a message, and saving his new shoes.

"A stone!" cries a reader, "a flint! the very symbol of a miser! What can be got out of that?"

The question is well put; but a little reflection on the part of our interrogator would soon rescue the poor stone from the comparison. Strike him at any rate, and you will get something out of him:—warm his heart, and out come the genial sparks that shall gladden your hearth, and put hot dishes on your table. This is not miser's work. A French poet has described the process, well known to the maid-servant, when she stoops, with flashing face, over the tinder-box on a cold morning, and rejoices to see the first laugh of the fire. A sexton, in the poem we allude to, is striking a light in a church:—

Boirade, qui voit que la perle approche,
Les arête, et tirant un fusil de sa poche,
Des veines d'un caillou, qu'il frappe au même instant,
Il fait jaillir un feu qui pétillie en sortant;
Et bientôt un brasier d'une meche enflammée,
Montre, à l'aide du souffre, une cire allumée.

Bolles.

The prudent sexton, studious to reveal
Dark holes, here takes from out his pouch a steel;
Then strikes upon a flint. In many a spark
Forth leaps the sprightly fire against the dark;
The tinder feels the little lightning hit,
The match provokes it, and a candle's lit.

We shall not stop to pursue this fiery point into all its consequences, to shew what a world of beauty or of formidable power is contained in that single property of our friend flint, what fires, what lights, what conflagrations, what myriads of *clicks* of triggers—awful sounds before battle, when instead of letting his flint do its proper good-natured work of cooking his supper, and warming his wife and himself over their cottage-fire, the poor fellow is made to kill and be killed by other poor fellows, whose brains are strewn about the place for want of knowing better.

But to return to the natural, quiet condition of our friend, and what he can do for us in a peaceful way, and so as to please meditation;—what think you of him as the musician of the brooks? as the unpretending player on those watery pipes and flageolets, during the hot noon, or the silence of the night? Without the pebble the brook would want its prettiest murmur. And then, in reminding you of these murmurs, he reminds you of the poets.

A noise as of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Sings a quiet tune.—Coleridge.

Yes, the brook singeth; but it would not sing so well,—it would not have that tone and ring in its music, without the stone.

Then 'gan the shepherd gather into one
His straggling goats, and drove them to a ford,
Whose cerule stream, rumbling in pebble-stone,*
Crept under moss as green as any gourd.

Spenser's Gnat.

Spenser's Gnat, observe; he wrote a whole poem upon a gnat, and a most beautiful one too, founded upon another poem on the same subject written by the great Roman poet Virgil, not because these great poets wanted or were unequal to great subjects, such as all the world think great, but because they thought no care, and no fetching out of beauty and wonder, ill bestowed upon

* Rumbling in pebble-stone" is a pretty enlargement of Virgil's "suscitantia" (whispering). Green as any gourd is also an improvement as well as an addition. The expression is as fresh as the colour.

[SPARROW AND CO. CRANE COURT.]

the smallest marvellous object of God's workmanship. The gnat, in their poems, is the creature that he really is, full of elegance and vivacity, airy, trumpeted, and plumed, and dancing in the sunbeams,—not the contempt of some thoughtless understanding, which sees in it nothing but an insect coming to vex its skin. The eye of the poet, or other informed man, is at once telescope and microscope, able to traverse the great heavens, and to do justice to the least thing they have created.

But to our brook and pebbles. See how one pleasant thing reminds people of another. A pebble reminded us of the brooks, and the brooks of the poets, and the poets remind us of the beauty and comprehensiveness of their words, whether belonging to the subject in hand or not. No true poet makes use of a word for nothing. "*Cerule stream*," says Spenser; but why *cerule*, which comes from the Latin, and seems a pedantic word, especially as it signifies *blue*, which he might have had in English? The reason is, not only that it means *sky-blue*, and therefore shews us how blue the sky was at the time, and the cause why the brook was of such a colour (for if he had wanted a word to express nothing but that circumstance, he might have said *sky-blue* at once, however quaint it might have sounded to modern ears:—he would have cared nothing for that; it was his business to do justice to nature, and leave modern ears, as they grew poetical, to find it out); but the word *cerule* was also a beautiful word, beautiful for the sound, and expressive of a certain liquid yet neat softness, somewhat resembling the mixture of soft hissing, rumbling, and inward music of the brook.—We beg the reader's indulgence for thus stopping him by the way, to dwell on the beauty of a word; but poets' words are miniature creations, as curious, after their degree, as the insects and the brooks themselves; and when companions find themselves in pleasant spots, it is natural to wander both in feet and talk.

So much for the agreeable sounds of which the sight of a common stone may remind us, (for we have not chosen to go so far back as the poetry of Orpheus, who is said to have made the materials of stone-walls answer to his lyre, and dance themselves into shape without troubling the mason.) We shall come to grander echoes by-and-bye. Let us see, meanwhile, how pleasant the sight itself may be rendered. Mr. Wordsworth shall do it for us in his exquisite little poem on the fair maiden who died by the river Dove. Our volume is not at hand, but we remember the passage we more particularly allude to. It is where he compares his modest, artless, and sequestered beauty with

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as the star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Is not that beautiful? Can any thing express a lovelier loneliness than the violet half hidden by the mossy stone—the delicate blue-eyed flower against the country green? And then the loving imagination of this fine poet, exalting the object of his earthly worship to her divine birth-place and future abode, suddenly raises his eyes to the firmament, and sees her there, the solitary star of his heaven.

But stone does not want even moss to render him interesting. Here is another stone, and another solitary evening star, as beautifully introduced as the others, but for a different purpose. It is in the opening words of Mr. Keats's poem of Hyperion, where he describes the dethroned monarch of the gods, sitting in his exile:—

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and Eve's one star,
Sate grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone.

Quiet as a stone! Nothing certainly can be more quiet than that. Not a syllable or a sigh will stone utter, though you watch and bear him company for a whole week on the most desolate moor in Cumberland. Thus silent, thus unmoved, thus insensible to whatever circumstances might be taking place, or spectators might think of him, was the soul-stunned old patriarch of the gods. We may picture to ourselves a large, or a small stone, as we please—Stone-henge, or a pebble. The simplicity and grandeur of truth do not care which. The silence is the thing,—its intensity, its unalterableness.

Our friend pebble is here in grand company, and you may think him (though we hope not,) unduly bettered by it. But see what Shakespeare will do for him in his hardest shape and in no finer company than a peasant's:—

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Sleeping on hard stone would have been words strong enough for a common poet; or perhaps he would have said, "resting," or "profoundly reposing;" or that he could have made his "bed of the bare floor;" and the last saying would not have been the worst; but Shakespeare must have the very strongest words and really profoundest expressions, and he finds them in the homeliest and most primitive. He does not mince the matter, but goes to the root of both sleep and stone—can snore upon the flint. We see the fellow hard at it—bent upon it—deeply drinking of the forgetful draught.

To conclude our quotations from the poets, we will give another line or two from Shakespeare, not inapplicable to our proposed speculations in general, and still less so to the one in hand.

Green, a minor poet, author of the "Spleen," an effusion full of wit and good sense, gives pleasant advice to the sick who want exercise, and who are frightened with hypochondria:

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

And this reminds us of a pleasant story connected with the flinging of stones, in one of the Italian novels. Two waggish painters persuade a simple brother of theirs, that there is a plant which renders the finder of it invisible, and they all set out to look for it. They pretend suddenly to miss him, as if he had gone away; and to his great joy, while throwing stones about in his absence, give him great knocks in the ribs, and horrible bruises, he hugging himself all the while at these manifest proofs of his success, and the little suspicion which they have of it. It is amusing to picture him to one's fancy, growing happier as the blows grow worse, rubbing his sore knuckles with delight, and hardly able to ejaculate a triumphant Hah! at some excessive thump in the back.

But setting aside the wonders of the poets and the novelists, Pebble, in his own person, and by his own family alliances, includes wonders far beyond the most wonderful things they have imagined. Wrongly is Flint compared with the miser. You cannot, to be sure, skin him, but you can melt him; aye, make him absolutely flow into a liquid;—flow too for use and beauty; and become light unto your eyes, goblets to your table, and a mirror to your beloved. Bring two friends of his about him, called Potash and Soda, and Flint runs into melting tenderness, and is no longer Flint; he is Glass. You look through him; you drink out of him; he furnishes you beautiful and transparent shutters against the rain and cold; you shave by him; protect pictures with him, and watches, and books; are assisted by him in a thousand curious philosophies; are helped over the sea by him; and he makes your cathedral windows

divine; and enables your mistress to wear your portrait in her bosom.

But we must hasten to close our article, and bring his most precious riches down in a shower surpassing the rainbow. *Stone* is the humble relation, nay, the stock and parent of *Precious Stone*! Ruby, Emerald, and Sapphire are of his family—of the family of the Flints—and Flint is more in them than anything else! That the habitations and secret bosoms of the precious metals are stone, is also true; but it is little compared with this. Precious stone, for the most part, is stone itself—is flint—with some wonderful circumstance of addition, nobody knows what; but without the flint, the preciousness would not be. Here is wealth and honour for the poor Pebble! Look at him, and think what splendours issue from his lair:

Fiery Opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinth, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And self-seen costly stones of great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
Might serve in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity.

MARLOW.

"Sparkling diamonds" are not properly in our list of pebbles; for diamond, the most brilliant mystery of all, is a charcoal!

What now remains for *stone*, thus filling the coffers of wealth, glorifying the crowns of sultans, and adding beams to beauty itself? One thing greater than all. The oldest and stoniest of stone is granite, and granite (as far as we know,) is the chief material of the earth itself—the bones of the world—the substance of our star.

Honoured therefore be thou, thou small pebble lying in the lane; and whenever any one looks at thee, may he think of the beautiful and noble world he lives in, and all of which it is capable.

SECOND WEEK IN APRIL.

A ROOKERY.

THOUGH the re-appearance of the rooks, with their rustic population and good old rough music, does not belong exclusively to April, yet as people about this time begin to walk into the country and first observe them, we have taken advantage of Mr. Mudie's new work to furnish our readers with the best summary we are acquainted with, of their manners and way of life. The niceties of language and description in it we need not point out, from the happy idea of the "wingless rustic," down to the conclusion: but we must not forget to give the author our special thanks for the pains he has taken to do justice to Rook's character, and rescue him from the notion of his being a mere disorderly neighbour and a thief.

The Saxon word *rook* and the Latin word *raucus* (hoarse) appear to come from the same root; though it is curious that neither Latins nor Italians have a name for the rook, distinct from that of crow and raven, as the English have. The same sense, however, of the hoarseness of the bird's voice seems to have furnished the names of almost all the Corsican family,—crow, rook, raven, daw, *corvus* and *cornix* (Latin) *korax* (Greek). We notice this point, because when the rook is mentioned, nobody can help thinking of his voice. It is as much identified with him, as bark with the old trees. The only thing we miss in the description of Mr. Mudie is the kindly chuckle of the young crows, which appears to us particularly pleasant, good-humoured, and infant-like, and is as different from the rough note of the elders, as peel is from bark, or a baby's voice is from that of a man.

Let the reader picture to his mind's eye a hamlet, an old country-house, a rookery, some arable land, and himself walking and looking up to the growing and cawing tree-tops, with their dark blotches made by the nests, and he is in his best condition to relish our author's company:—

"Every body knows the rook; the dark, the noisy, and sometimes the nest-plundering, or, in the early fields, the contribution-levying rook; but still, notwithstanding the cheerful, the orderly, the industrious, the discreet, the beneficent rook. There in the aged and stately trees, he builds his wicker castle, chants his rude and monotonous cry the while, dwells among his brethren and his kindred, and looks down on the lord of the manor with as much self-possession as if it were he who suffered the wingless rustic to toil with heavy steps through the sticks that fall from the nest of his superior.

"Nor does he loiter away his time in the manorial dower. He looks after the estate, and gives a very

broad, and at the same time, poised hint to others, if they would take it.

"When the frost is severe, and the snow lies thick, off he flies to the sea-beach or the river-side, and *inter alia*, inspects the embankments, weirs and dams, to notice if the teredo has bored into the posts, or any other injury has been done by small enemies, that can be productive of damage when the thaw and the flood come. Or he comes nearer the house, and examines the compost, in order to see that when you apply it to enrich the fields, you do not at the same time scatter insects which will eat up your young plants, and deprive you of your crop.

"When the thaw comes, he hurries to the meadows, and examines the debris which has been cast there by the swollen stream; and if he finds in it the germ of any noxious thing, he pulls it out, so that the blessing of the hill may come upon the valley, pure, wholesome, and without offensive addition. Next he goes to the Autumn-sown wheat, and, by a curious instinct, knowing those plants that are sickly, he delves down, and extracts the larva of the cockchafer, or whatever earth caterpillar it may be, which is only waiting for a few gleams of a warmer sun, in order to render your labour abortive, and compel you to plough and sow that field anew.

"Again, he is over the pasture, and every stool of grass and plant of clover undergoes a like patient and well directed scrutiny; and, by the time that 'the day is done,' he returns to his perch, cawing, to inform you that the labour is accomplished and the labourer paid, in less time than you would take in considering how to do either the one or the other.

"The great additional labour of the rooks is the preparing of their nests, and the rearing of those family which are to continue the society, and watch over the state of the fields, after age or casualty shall have given their own feathers to the winds, and their flesh to the raven; and their early rising, their constant labour, and the order and police which they maintain, are all very curious. Their time of commencement is the first of March, a little earlier or a little later, according to the season; and, as the building of the nest, and the instinct by means of which that nest is to be stocked, come to maturity together; so, if the lapsing storm, which, raging on the shores and in the low country, helps to drive these beautiful birds to the moors, be long and protracted, the nest-building is suspended till it blows over, and the rook contents himself in the interim with watching the safety of these sticks that are already placed.

"But if the season goes cheerily on, and there is no interruption, the cawing and the bustle begin at the greyest dawn; and that man is most industrious that can get to his work before the rook. 'Ask the beasts, and they shall tell; the birds, and they shall instruct.' It is good at that season, to be near a rookery. There is no lullaby in their cawing: you cannot sleep; and they will not allow you to be dozing and 'losing thought' in bed. Rise you must, or suffer for it. But they do not annoy you at night. 'Early to bed and early to rise,' is the rooks' maxim, and if you follow them as far as that, the rest will follow of necessary consequence.

"But their admonition does not stop there. The farmer's busy time is their busy time; they feel that he is as necessary to their present profit as they are to his future; or they act as if they so felt, which, in effect, comes to the same thing. If he will not bring out his teams, turn the soil, and expose the worms and the grubs; they caw over his fields, and make the same sort of lamentation that a hungry man does when he knows that there is meat in the house, but the careless servant has lost the key of the larder.

"But if the teams are all a-field betimes, slicing the sward or the stubble, and turning up the fresh and fragrant earth to be mellowed by the action of the sun, there is not a complaining note among all the fieldward rooks. Gallantly they strut, and incessantly they pick up the larva and the worms, so that the returning plough cannot bury and so preserve in the soil a single destructive thing. And you would think that the memory of gratitude was strong in them, and that they know upon whose territory they depend, when their own was locked up by the snow and frost. At that time, he resorted to the shores of the sea, and fed on the pastures of the gull; and now that it is his time for superabundance, the gull comes for a share, and the rook, instead of offering any resistance, mixes with the stranger on the most friendly terms. Even the pigeon comes from the cot or the wood, and the very poultry and ducks come from the farm-yard, and mingle in peace with the wild tribes,—such charms has the timely labouring of the ground.

"The plentiful supply of food which, in the course of a few hours, the rook obtains at that season, enables the one half of them to be always, and the greater part of them to be sometimes, at work in the rookeries. It has been said, though after a good deal of observation I cannot verify it, that the strong sometimes help the weak in the construction of their nests; but it is certain that those which have been detected in flogging sticks from the nests of others, are punished, not merely by the parties they have plundered, but by others. The attachment of the pair during the nesting time is the strongest of their attachments; but there is a feeling towards the society, and even the place; for if part of the trees are cut down, the rooks will accommodate each other upon the remaining others, often so thickly, as to contain two nests in the same fork, without any signs of hostility between either the old birds or the broods. In close

time the male does not take turn in sitting, and when the action of the eggs has begun, the female is never long absent from the nest; but the male certainly does bring food to her, and appears as willing to bestow, as she is grateful to receive. After the young are of such an age as that they can be left, both parents assist in feeding them; and as the working of the land goes on during the time, or if not, the larvae come near the surface of the pastures, an abundance of food for the numerous broods (the average is five), is obtained without much difficulty. The feeding continues after the birds leave the nest and branch; and when there are several broods on the same tree, each parent appears to know its young, and each of the young its parents, with as much certainty, as the ewes and lambs of a flock know each other, though the ewes are browsing and the lambs sporting indiscriminately over the pasture. The pairing attachment weakens, if it does not altogether cease, as soon as the young birds are able to shift for themselves; but the social instinct, which is the bond of union of the rookery, continues not only for life, but through as many generations as the trees continue; and if these are cut down *en masse*, the birds remove *en masse* to a new locality, generally as near the old one as they can.

"The treatment of orphan broods, and the disposal of widowed rooks, are curious points in the domestic history of a rookery; but they are points upon which, from the similarity of one rook to another, it is very difficult to get accurate information. There is little doubt, however, that when any casualty happens to the parents after the brood are of such an age as that they can complain, the others do relieve their wants. Indeed, it is very possible that all species of birds contribute at times to the support of orphan broods of their own species, otherwise, from the casualties to which the parent birds are subject, we should meet with many more instances of young that had died in the nest. As for the widowed ones, there is no doubt that they pair again the next year, so that there is never more than one odd bird in a rookery; and it has been asserted that one of the ways in which new rookeries are formed, is the pairing of the odd birds from existing ones. During the pairing season, one may often observe a rook flying about in a hurried manner, and cawing in a sharper and more anxious key, without carrying sticks, or taking any share in the business of nidification; but whether they be the odd ones, it is not easy to say. Couriers sometimes pass and repass between the different rookeries, upon terms that are evidently amicable, but the messages which they carry are known only to the rooks themselves. There is no doubt, however, that all birds which live in societies have some signals by which they recognise each other; for when the rooks of different rookeries feed together during the day, but go home at night, each party takes its proper course, though occasionally one or two will follow the wrong leader for a time, before they discover their mistake. Rooks have a history which is neither brief nor void of interest; and they are so numerous, and found in so many places, that any one may study it."

"April 11, 1732. At Rheims in Austria, Joseph Haydn, father of the modern instrumental style of music. His compositions are full of taste, learning, and vivacity, sometimes sublime, with an occasional pedantry of ultra-scholasticism, and a graceful pathos. Haydn was a good man, with faith in all good things, and a pardonable reverence for the conventionalities in which he was brought up; though they sometimes betrayed the formal part of him into a confounding of small things with greater. Thus he was not easy when he sat down to compose, unless he was full dressed, and had a ring on his finger that was presented to him by the German Emperor.

"—12, 1796. In the French province of Touraine, Rene Descartes, author of an exploded system of astronomy, which perhaps, however, has not left others quite so settled as they appear. He was a deep and original philosopher, but spoilt for the deductions of science by too lively a temperament. He was also an excellent and noble-minded man.

A pleasant story (which would have amused him as much as any body) is told of the way in which a facetious French clergyman ridiculed the hot disputes that took place between his disciples and those of Aristotle. This reverend wag had brought up four dogs, one of which he called Aristotle, another Descartes, giving to each a disciple, and had found means to keep up the sharpest animosity between each party. Aristotle, at the very sight of Descartes, was ready to fly at him, and tear him to pieces; and Descartes, by his snarling, shewed, that he also longed to have a brush with him. The curate frequently diverted his company with the following scene. He called Aristotle and Descartes, who immediately took their proper places, Aristotle on his right hand, and Descartes on the left, and each of the disciples close by his master; then the curate would speak to Aristotle, persuading him to come to an agreement with Descartes, but Aristotle's latrations, and fiery eyes, bespoke his implacability; then he turned towards Descartes, who manifested the like aversion to the curate's overtures; "Well," says he, "then let us try what a conference may do; then ordering them to come near, and face each other, at first they only muttered and growled, as it were alternately, and seemed to answer each other; but by degrees, their vociferations increased, and terminated in a violent fray, two against two, so that they would have destroyed one another, if the curate, by the authority which he had been careful to maintain, had not interfered. This, with the curate, was a natural image of scholastic contentions."

saw what they were eating, she said to her good man, "Those two men are eating a goose, you had better see whether it is not one of ours out of the oven." The host opened the oven, and lo! it was empty. "Oh, you pack of thieves!—this is the way you eat geese, is it?—pay for them directly, or I will wash you both with green hazel-juice." The men said, we are not thieves: an old soldier whom we met on our road made us a present of the goose."—"You are not going to hoax me that way: the soldier has been here, but went out of the door like an honest fellow—I took care of that,—you are the thieves and you shall pay for the geese." But, as they had no money to pay him with, he took a stick and beat them out of doors.

Meanwhile, as Brother Merry journeyed along, he came to a place where there was a noble castle, and not far from it a little public house. Into this he went and asked for a night's lodging, but the landlord said his house was full of guests, and he could not accommodate him. "I wonder," said Brother Merry, "that the people should all come to you, instead of going to the castle." "They have good reason for what they do, for whoever has attempted to spend the night at the castle, has never come back to say how they were entertained." "If others have attempted it why shouldn't I?" said Merry.—"You had better leave it alone," said his host, "you are only thrusting your head into danger."—"No fear of danger," said Brother Merry, "only give me the key and plenty of brave eating and drinking." So the hostess gave him what he asked for, and he went off to the castle, relished his supper, and when he found himself sleepy, laid himself down on the floor, for there was not a bed in the place.

Well, he soon went to sleep, but in the night he was awakened by a great noise, and when he aroused himself, behold! he saw nine very ugly devils, dancing in a circle which they had made round him. "Dance as long as you like," said Brother Merry, "but don't come near me." But the devils kept coming nearer and nearer, and almost trod on his face with their misshapen feet. "Be quiet," said he, but they behaved still worse. At last he got angry, and crying "Holla! I'll soon make you quiet," he caught hold of the leg of a stool and struck it about him. But nine devils against one soldier were too much, and if he laid about lustily upon those before him, those behind pulled his hair and pinched him miserably. "Aye, aye, you pack of devils, now you are too hard upon me, but wait a bit," and thereupon he cried out, "I wish all the nine devils were in my knapsack," and it was no sooner said than done: there they were; so he buckled it close up and threw it into a corner. Then was all still again; so Brother Merry laid himself down and slept till morning, when he landlord and the nobleman to whom the castle belonged came to see how it had fared with him; and when they saw him sound and lively, they were astonished, and asked, "Did the ghosts, then, do nothing to you?" "Why not exactly," said Merry; "but I have got them all nine in my knapsack. You may dwell quietly enough in your castle now; from henceforth they won't trouble you." Then the nobleman thanked him, and gave him great rewards, and begged him to remain in his service, saying that he would take care of him all the days of his life. "No," answered he, "I am used to wander and rove about: I will again set forth."

Then he went on till he came to a smithy, and he went in and laid his knapsack on the anvil, and bade the smith and all his men to hammer away upon it as hard as they could,—so they did, with their largest hammers, and all their might; and the poor devils set up a piteous howling. And when at last they opened the knapsack, there were eight of them dead; but one, which had been snug in a fold of the knapsack, was still alive, and he slipped out and ran away to his home below in a twinkling.

After that, Brother Merry wandered about the world for a long time; but at last he grew old, and began to think of his latter end. So he went to a hermit, who was held to be a very pious man, and said, "I am tired of roving, and will now endeavour to go to heaven." The hermit answered, "There stand two ways,—the one broad and pleasant, that leads to hell; the other is rough and narrow and that leads to heaven." "I must be fool, indeed," thought Brother Merry, "if I go the rough and narrow road." So he went the broad and pleasant way, till he at last came to a great black door, and that was the door of hell.

Brother Merry knocked, and the door-keeper opened it; and when he saw that it was Merry, he was sadly frightened, for who should he be but the ninth devil, who was in the knapsack, and thought himself lucky to have escaped with nothing but a black eye! So he bolted the door again directly, and ran to the chief of the devils and said, "There is a fellow outside with a knapsack on his back, but pray don't let him in, for he can get all hell into his knapsack, by wishing it. He once got me a terrible ugly hammering in it." So they called out to Brother Merry, and told him he must go away, for they should not let him in. "Well, if they will not have me here," thought Merry, "I'll e'en try if I can get a lodging in heaven,—somewhere or other I must rest." So he turned about and went on till he came to the door of heaven, and there he knocked.

St. Peter, who sat close by, had the charge of the entrance, and Brother Merry knew him, and said, "Are you here, old acquaintance? then things will go better with me." But St. Peter said "I suppose you want to get into heaven." "Aye, aye, brother, let me in; I must put up somewhere. If they would have taken me into

hell, I should not have come hither." "No," said St. Peter; "You don't come in here."—"Well, if you won't let me in, take your dirty knapsack again; I'll have nothing that can put me in mind of you," said Merry, carelessly. "Then give it to me," said St. Peter. Then he handed it through the grating into heaven, and St. Peter took it, and hung it up behind his chair. "Then," said Brother Merry, "Now I wish I was in my own knapsack,"—and instantly he was there; and thus being once actually in heaven, St. Peter was obliged to let him stay there.

THE LONDON JOURNAL,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1834.

We have received a most welcome abundance of good wishes and encouragement upon the appearance of our new undertaking. Letters have showered upon us, like April blossoms. We beg the writers to accept our heartiest thanks, and are glad of their good word for more reasons than ordinary. They help us to enjoy our task for its own sake, as well as for other benefits which it may produce.

Next to the progress of mankind at large in knowledge and goodwill, there is nothing more delightful to think of in the present day than the special advancement of friendship between England and France, and their neighbourly interchange of one another's advantages. We understand that the wood-cuts and letter-press of the *Penny Magazine* are regularly carried over to France, and re-issued there; and our publisher has put in our hands the first number of a *Library of Popular Instruction*, founded on a Parisian work of a similar name, the *Bibliothèque Populaire*, which may be called the publication of the French Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge,—an assemblage of gentlemen containing some of the first names in France for talent as well as rank. The work is not to be a mere rescript or translation, but partly re-written, mixed up with more entertainment, and adapted to English illustrations and theories, which we shall be the more glad to see in the future numbers, because in the one before us there appears to us to be a little too much importance given to Napoleon and the art of war, a great soldier and a very important art (as the world has hitherto gone), but not a man to be selected for his intellectual greatness in a book of philosophy, which is to help to get the world out of the servitude of all false greatness, however mixed up with truth. As for the rest, this first number of the *Library of Popular Instruction* appears to us to be well calculated to effect what it desires, that is to give the hitherto uninstructed reader such an acquaintance with the nature and names of the first elements of science and the arts, as shall excite and enable him to help himself to a knowledge hitherto locked up in learned and expensive works.

Mr. Major's April number of his *Cabinet Gallery*, commences with an admirable scene from Teniers, of three old codgers concluding a bargain; or rather, of two old codgers, and a third younger party, of some knowing thirty years of age, or thereabout, with all his wits, health, and impudence about him, who, with a face of triumphant self-satisfaction, half concealed under a shew of heartiness, is giving a *well-done-my-boy* clap of the hand to the venerable seller of the pigs, who seems hardly to know whether he has been right or not; while the witness looks inclined to remonstrate with this jovial hurry, and to intimate a question to the buyer, whether he can have the face to shatter the old gentleman's faculties in that manner. All this has been better told in other words by Mr. Allan Cunningham. There are one or two fine faces in Leonardo da Vinci's *Christ reasoning with the Pharisees*. Doubt and stubbornness are particularly well expressed in the face, with the large chin and compressed mouth to the right; but the faces are all too long for the foreheads, and that of Jesus, instead of expressing the sublime of benevolence, is a little better than a smooth easy-faced young lady's. We cannot like Mieris's *Dutch Alehouse*, with the unpleasantly drawn-out features of the host, and the insipid ones of the daughter; but we like prodigiously the painter himself, and the anecdote recorded of his giving one of his finest works to a cobbler and his wife, who had saved him from an awkward accident in the streets.

Part the First of *Illustrations of the Bible*, by Mr. Westall and Mr. Martin, has agreeably surprised us by a landscape full of sentiment and grandeur from the pencil of the former of these painters, whose genius in that department of the art we had not been aware of.

The long hull of the ark in the horizon, the threatening and yet relenting clouds breaking apart,—the hopeful, and for the first time, roundly shining sun, again casting its dazzling brilliance over the waters, and the dove stooping towards the tree-top, which looks like a flower of the sea, are all conceived in the freshest and truest taste of the scene. Of the figured designs of this gentleman, elegant, but neither new nor powerful, we cannot speak so highly; and with all Mr. Martin's genius for the material grandeur of rocks and mountains and other magnitudes, (which none more truly admire than we do) he always disappoints us where intellectual expression and the soul of things, are required. His human beings, to say nothing of their incorrect drawing, (though he has an excellent general idea of the characteristic differences of the male and female outline) become like pigmies in his gigantic landscapes. Expression of face (the most heroic and the test of the highest art and epic of all things,) is generally out of the question; and the sentiment of his Paradise is mistaken. It is not Paradisaical. The happy pair are not enclosed and embowered in flowery seclusion,—*"imparadised,"* as the poet says, *"in one another's arms."* They are wanderers in a huge overwhelming amphitheatre of alps and distances; and are crushed by its immensity. It is one thing to give them the place to range in, and another to show them always in the midst of it, and never, as it were, in their own proper persons, having their world in themselves.

Mr. Knight has just issued Part the First, price Eighteenpence, of *The Musical Library*, one of the most pleasing evidences that have yet appeared of the new and extraordinary facilities thrown open to the lovers of taste and knowledge, by providing cheap publications for the many, instead of dear ones for the few. The other day it was difficult to procure a single piece of music, correctly printed, for a less sum than a shilling or eighteenpence. A song of any length cost two or three shillings, and overtures, &c. in proportion. But, says Mr. Knight, Music shall be as cheap, after its kind, as Reading:—there is no reason why fine sounds, like the air through which they come to us, should not be thrown open to all. Accordingly, we have here, for eighteenpence, in an elegant wrapper withal, and printed with admirable legibility in moveable types, *four* instrumental and *nine* vocal pieces! a quantity, that on a rough estimate might have cost a couple of guineas in the music shops, and including some of the finest productions of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, together with those of Purcell, Storace, Callcott, Righini, &c., and Shakespeare's Dowland, the lutenist of the time of Elizabeth. A casket of the very pearls of sound, for one-and-sixpence!

This is literally giving music to the "march of intellect."

A monthly supplement of letter-press, abounding in information, both with regard to the pieces selected and to music in general, is added, for the convenience of those who chuse to get a critical acquaintance with the art. From the hasty glance which we have yet been enabled to give it, it appears to be written with the true relish as well as the scientific knowledge.

ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

II.—III.

STORIES OF MADONNA PIA, AND OF A LADY OF PIEDMONT.

"The following story," says Mr. Hazlitt, in his *Notes of a Journey through France and Italy*, is related by M. Beyle in his charming little work entitled *De l'Amour*, as a companion to the famous one in Dante: and I shall give the whole passage in his words, as placing the Italian character (in former as well as latter times) in a striking point of view.

I allude (he says) to those touching lines of Dante:—

Deh! quando tu sarai tornato al mondo,
Ricordati di me, che son la Pia;
Sienna mi fe: disfecemi Maremma:
Salai colui, che innannellata pria,
Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma.

Purgatorio, Canto v.

[Dante, the great Italian poet, in his imaginary progress through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, meets with a variety of his countrymen and countrywomen who accost him, or speak to others, and in brief but intense words, relate, or refer to their story. In Purgatory he sees a female spirit, who says, "I pray thee, when thou returnest to earth, that thou wilt remember me—wilt remember Pia. Sienna was the place of my birth, the Marshes of my death. He knows it who had put upon my hand the spousal ring."]

The woman who speaks with so much reserve (con-

(times M. Beyle) had in secret undergone the fate of Desdemona, and had it in her power, by a single word, to have revealed her husband's crime to the friends whom she had left upon earth.

Nello della Pietra obtained in marriage the hand of Madonna Pia, sole heiress of the Ptolomei, the richest and most noble family of Sienna. Her beauty which was the admiration of all Tuscany, gave rise to a jealousy in the breast of her husband, that, envenomed by wrong reports and suspicions continually reviving, led to a frightful catastrophe. It is not easy to determine at this day if his wife was altogether innocent; but Dante has represented her as such. Her husband carried her with him into the marshes of Volterra, celebrated then, as now, for the pestiferous effects of the air. Never would he tell his unhappy wife the reason of her banishment into so dangerous a place. His pride did not deign to pronounce either complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in a deserted tower, of which I have been to see the ruins on the sea shore; here he never broke his disdainful silence, never replied to the questions of his youthful bride, never listened to her entreaties. He waited, unmoved by her, for the air to produce its fatal effects. The vapours of this unwholesome swamp were not long in tarnishing features, the most beautiful, they say, that in that age had appeared upon earth. In a few months she died. Some chroniclers of these remote times report, that Nello employed the dagger to hasten her end: she died in the marshes in some horrible manner; but the mode of her death remained a mystery, even to her contemporaries. Nello della Pietra survived to pass the rest of his days in a silence which was never broken.

Nothing can be conceived more noble or more delicate than the manner in which the ill-fated Pia addresses herself to Dante. She desires to be recalled to the memory of the friends whom she had quitted so young: at the same time, in telling her name, and alluding to her husband, she does not allow herself the smallest complaint against a cruelty unexampled, but thenceforth irreparable; and merely intimates that he knows the history of her death.

This constancy in vengeance and in suffering is to be met with, I believe, only among the people of the South. In Piedmont I found myself the involuntary witness of a fact almost similar; but I was at the time ignorant of the details. I was ordered, with five-and-twenty dragoons into the woods that border the Sesia, to prevent the contraband traffic. On my arrival in the evening at this wild and solitary place, I distinguished among the trees the ruins of an old castle: I went to it; to my great surprise it was inhabited. I there found a nobleman of the country of a very unpromising aspect; a man six feet in height and forty years of age: he allowed me a couple of apartments with a very ill grace. Here I entertained myself by getting up some pieces of music with my quarter-master; after the expiration of a week we observed that our host kept guard over a woman whom we called Camilla in jest: we were far from suspecting the dreadful truth. She died at the end of six weeks. I had the melancholy curiosity to see her in her coffin; I bribed a monk who had charge of it, and, towards midnight, under pretext of sprinkling the holy water, he conducted me into the chapel. I there saw one of those fine faces which are beautiful even in the bosom of death: she had a large aquiline nose, of which I shall never forget the beautiful and expressive outline. I quitted this mournful spot; but, five years after, a detachment of my regiment accompanying the Emperor to his coronation as King of Italy, I had the whole story recounted to me. I learned that the jealous husband, the Count of —, had one morning found, hanging to his wife's bed-side, an English watch belonging to a young man in the little town where they lived. The same day he took her to the ruined castle in the midst of the forests of the Sesia. Like Nello della Pietra, he uttered not a single word. If she made him any request, he presented to her, sternly, and in silence, the English watch, which he had always about him. In this manner he passed nearly three years with her. She at length fell a victim to despair in the flower of her age. Her husband attempted to dispatch the owner of the watch with a stiletto, failed, fled to Genoa, embarked there, and no tidings have been heard of him since. His property was confiscated.

"This story," observes Mr. Hazlitt, "is interesting and well told. One such incident, or one page in Dante or in Spenser, is worth all the route between this and Paris; and all the sights in all the post-roads in Europe. Oh, Sienna! If I felt charmed with thy narrow, tenantless streets, or looked delighted through thy arched gateway over the subjected plain, it was that some recollections of Madonna Pia hung upon the beatings of my spirit, and converted a barren waste into the regions of romance."

GOODNESS AND PLEASURE.

"If virtue could be seen as she really is, all the world would fall in love with her."—PLATO.

We proceed to give some of the further extracts we promised from the unpublished work of Mr. Bentham, on the prudential and social virtues—or what is to be pursued and what avoided, for the attainment of individual happiness, and a proper state of intercourse between man and man, consequently, of the very end, of society itself, and of laws and governments. Some of

these virtues, during a condition of society arising out of misconceptions of power and the true value of it, have been thrust into far too low a rank in the moral scale. Mr. Bentham's work will assist in raising them to their just importance. We are loth to mark passages in italics, however great the temptation, because it runs a chance of throwing a slur upon what is not marked; but we have found it impossible to resist on some of the occasions before us, in which the concentrated spirit of beneficence catches up the delighted moral sense with a pungent quickness and fragrant, like that of the new sweet briar in the garden.

Conversational Enjoyment. No man, who has the gift of language can, in the presence of others, pass a single hour, without the opportunity being afforded him of communicating enjoyment. *One principal reason why our existence has so much less of happiness crowded into it than is accessible to us is, that we neglect to gather up those minute particles of pleasure which every moment offers to our acceptance. In striving after a sum total, we forget the cyphers of which it is composed.*

Anger. The irascible affections, as respects others, are of all the most infectious, and ordinarily produce vehement re-action. Let them be directed against whom they may, they diminish the pleasure in serving the irascible person, and with the diminution of the pleasure comes the diminution of the disposition, or the motive to serve him. But what is the effect on the irascible person as disassociated from others? What price has he paid for the short-lived pleasure of being out of humour? He has flattered his temper; he has weakened his powers of judgment; his mastery over his own mind is diminished; he has lost time; he has lost influence; in a word, he is left with a serious balance of loss.

Re-action of Beneficence. It may happen that the effort of beneficence may not benefit those for whom it was intended, but when wisely directed, it must benefit the person from whom it emanates. Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy, an ungrateful return, but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver. *And we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense! Some of them will inevitably fall upon good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others, and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom where they spring. Once blest are all the virtues always; twice blest sometimes.*

Re-action of Malignance. The counterpart of these observations applies to the baneful and immoral qualities. Their influence upon others may be undefinable, not so their influence on the person who exhibits them; he must be deteriorated. Cases may occur in which incivility, asperity, anger, ill-will, may, as far as regards others, produce consequences opposed to their natural tendencies, but they can only have a pernicious effect upon him who makes the foolish experiment of trifling with the happiness of others.

Reproaches for the sake of reproaching. Let useless reproaches in thought be avoided; they may lead to useless reproaches in words, or useless reprobation in action.

Abundance of pleasurable subjects of discourse. The topics (of conversation) are numerous, which, while they are pernicious to no one, are pleasurable to the hearer, pleasurable to the speaker, and pleasurable or useful to mankind at large.

Conversation with all. Let the tone of your conversation be invariably benevolent. Differ without asperity: agree without dogmatism. Kind words cost no more than unkind ones: *kind words produce kind actions*; not only on the part of him to whom they are addressed, but on the part of him by whom they are employed; and this not incidentally only, but habitually, in virtue of the principle of association.

Imperious questioning. There is an instrument of tyranny and consequent source of annoyance, against whose intrusions it is most desirable to find protection. It is that of imprudent interrogation. It assumes various shapes, and sometimes produces evil of no inconsiderable amount. Its powers of annoyance vary with the situation of the person who asks the question, as compared or contrasted with that of him who is expected to answer it; they vary with the topic which is put forward, and with the times or occasions on which it is introduced. Where an individual in a superior situation asks a question of an inferior, which that inferior is known to be unwilling to answer, what is the question but the interference of despotism on the part of the questioner; and what to the party questioned, but a cause of suffering, and of mendacity.

Ascription of motives. The pretension which indicates the motives of others is almost always futile and offensive. For, if their motive be what we suppose it, and the motive be a praiseworthy one, it will be visible by and in the act; and if the motive be blameworthy, to denounce it will but be a cause of annoyance to him to whom the motive is attributed. And after all, we have nothing to do with motives. If bad motives produce good actions, so much the better for society; and if good motives produce bad actions, so much the worse. It is the act, and not the motive with which we have to do; and when the act is before us, and the motive concealed from us, it is the idlest of idling to be enquiring into that which has no influence, and forgetting that which has all the real influence upon our condition.

MEMOIRS OF JUDGE JEFFREYS

We have selected, for our abstract of an entire book this week, the memoirs of this extraordinary product of a monstrous and unhappy system, written with singular impartiality by Mr. Woolrych, a gentleman at the bar, now, if we mistake not, in Parliament. We have no such judges now as Jeffreys, nor (in England) such kings as James the Second. Far different surely are they! Yet it is always salutary to bear in mind the evils from which the progress of knowledge has delivered us; and the example of this poor arbitrary wretch's singular self-delusion, or blustering attempts at it, and his humiliating and frightful fall, may be useful, according to their degrees of peril, to men the most confident of their cleverness and success, when under the temptation of compounding the pleasure of seconding the blows of power with the right to do it.

George Jeffreys was the sixth son of John Jeffreys, Esq. of Acton, near Wrexham, in the county of Denbigh, by Margaret, a daughter of Sir Thomas Ireland, Knt. of Bewsey, in the county of Palatine of Lancaster, and was born at his father's house, about the year 1648.

John Jeffreys claimed descent from Tudor Trevor, Earl of Hereford, and appears to have been a homely frugal person, much respected by his neighbours, with little of his son's ambition, and as little of his cruel eccentricity of character. George's splendour and turbulent train, when he once paid an ostentatious visit to his native place, startled his sober father out of his forbearance. The old man was never chancellor—and the chancellor was never an old man. The father survived the son.

A bully is in general one whom ignorance and dullness of comprehension render callous to all kinds of feeling; he dares, therefore, and assumes what others fear and shame to meddle with. He is like the rhinoceros, whose hide renders him regardless alike of bullets and flower banks, who breaks down the tangled thickets whose heart softens only to the courting of a bed of mud. Such a constitution is, in general, from its very dullness and bull-headedness, destitute of the quality which we familiarly term *tact*—a power of discriminating circumstances, and applying actions appropriate to the occasion; but Jeffreys was in some degree an exception to this rule: rude, indolent, dull, or entirely callous; of a narrow intellect, and base propensities, he still possessed a certain pampered vigour of action, joined to a degree of *tact*. Were our heavy wild beast just alluded to, gifted with about as much mind as a highwayman, he would be an awkward customer to deal with. Accordingly, Jeffreys revelled in the intoxications of executive tyranny, feeding his thirst for action, and impregnable to the assaults of feelings to which he was a stranger. He is much to be censured, not a little to be pitied. With all allowance for habit, education, and natural thoughtlessness, Jeffreys was far other than a happy man. His successes were burdened with many a difficulty, many a price never to be paid. His mortifications—and cruel ones they were—were as numerous as his successes; and he seems to have lived in a perpetual state of unsatisfied desire and exasperating repulse. May not, by the way, the unrelenting booby, under whom he was at school, have tended to increase exasperation of his constitutional ferocity.

A desire of aggrandisement and the profitable state of the law, which raised its drooping head under the influence of restored majesty, seem to have been the inducements that determined his choice for that profession, and, with the assistance of his friends, he set himself to study it, and was entered of the Inner Temple, May 19, 1663. His studentship was more remarkable for varied activity than intense practice. In the course of his computations, he managed to insinuate himself into the society and secrets of a band of malcontents; and this he made serve to the enlargement of his narrow means. Thus, then, though certainly not through youthful enthusiasm, he began his political career as a reformer. He is an ornament to the order of *Rats*.

While he was yet no older than eighteen, being at Kingston, whence the plague, aided by his effrontery, had scared the lawyers, he put on a gown and pleaded, though he was not called to the bar till two years afterwards. This circumstance has given rise to a belief that he was never regularly called to the bar. When he first started in practice, his political associates gave him good support, and he availed himself of the now hacknied, and we hope exploded, stratagems of pushing professional men, such as having his servants come after him to coffee houses and the like. He was of a bold aspect, and cared not for the countenance of any man; his words voluble and clear, and he spared none that were likely to serve his client; his voice was loud, his manners overbearing, and he had a quickness to discover the weak points of his adversaries, upon which he threw all the might of his bull-dog ferocity. He sometimes blundered, and met with more than his match; but the power he acquired over the weak and the unfortunate soon got him notice and fees. Had he encountered no witnesses but such as the one we are about to speak of, his insolence would have been cowed, and much good blood perhaps saved. The following is the first rebuff we find recorded:—

"A countryman who was giving his evidence, clad in a leather doublet, and Mr. Jeffreys who was counsel for the opposite party, found that his testimony was 'pressing home.' When he came to cross-examine, he bawled forth, 'You fellow in the leather doublet, what

have you for swearing?" The man looked steadily at him, and, "Truly, sir," said he, "if you have no more for lying than I have for swearing, you might wear a leather doublet as well as I." Of course every body laughed, and the neighbourhood rang with the bluntness of the reply."

Jeffreys now attempted to push his fortune by means of a union with the daughter of a rich merchant; and he made a kinswoman of the lady to serve as a go-between in the affair. The father, however, discovered the affair, and secured his daughter and her money. The future judge, in a fit of impartiality, perhaps of spite, offered his hand to the kinswoman, and was accepted. Her name was Sarah, the daughter of Thomas Neesham, A.M. She brought her husband three hundred pounds, and proved a careful housewife. By this lady he had several children. As his first practice and success was in Guildhall, he cultivated to the best of his ability a city connection; in so much, that when he was scarcely twenty-three, he was made common serjeant. Having borne this office for some years he made a bold and avowed change in his political opinions, and helped himself to the place of Recorder, which he obtained partly through his intimacy with the notorious Chiffinch. He was then knighted, and October 22, 1678, made Recorder, or as he himself termed it, "the mouth-piece of the city."

A little before his elevation he became a widower, in three months married again (a widow), a daughter of Sir Thomas Bludworth, and in a few months afterwards was presented with a little son; a circumstance of which he was once unpleasantly reminded. Observing a lady who was giving her evidence pretty sharply in a cause which he was advocating:—"Madam," said he, "you are very quick in your answers!" "As quick as I am, Sir George, I am not so quick as your lady." While Recorder, he gave some specimens of his future rigours. A poor bookseller of the name of Smith published a book against the expenses of Mayors and Sheriffs. "Debauchery," said the writer, "is come to that height, that the fifth part of the charge of a shrievalty is wine, the produce of another country." The censures were however so general that the bill was ignored. Somebody scraped out the "Ignoramus," and next sessions it again appeared, and was again indorsed with that equivocal word of rejection. Jeffreys was enraged, and sent the bill back a third time. A third time he read "Ignoramus." "God bless me from such jurymen!" vociferated the city advocate, "I will see the face of every one of them, and let others see them also." And so he ordered the bar to be cleared, that they might be exposed to public view. The jury, seventeen in number, one by one reiterated the word "Ignoramus." They conquered.

When Jeffreys had once planted himself on the track of preferment—being active, bold, impudent, pliant, and unscrupulous, he advanced with a speed that has been seldom equalled. He was called serjeant, Feb. 17, 1668, on which occasion he gave rings with the motto—*A Deo rex, a rege lex*. (The king from God, and law from the king.) About the same time he became a Welch judge, and in the April following, Sir Job Charlton, a worthy old man, was ousted from the chief-justice-ship of Chester to make room for Jeffreys. He was made king's serjeant in May of the same year, and Nov. 17, 1681, was created a baronet. His arrogance increased with his advancement, and in the Kingston midsummer assizes for 1679, he provoked Mr. Baron Weston to severe anger. Some words passed between them upon an occasion when he was endeavouring to browbeat some witnesses, and he complained that he was not treated like a counsellor, being carbed in the management of his brief. "Ha!" fiercely returned the judge, "since the king has thrust his favours upon you in making you chief-justice of Chester, you think to run down every body: if you find yourself aggrieved, make your complaint; here's nobody cares for it." The counsel said he had not been used to make complaints, but rather to stop those that were made; but the judge again enjoined him to silence. Jeffreys sat down, and wept with anger.

In 1680, he made himself very unpopular, by shewing his loyal zeal in endeavouring to prevent the people from petitioning parliament, as their petitions were becoming something troublesome to the Catholic friends of the king. The king was petitioned to remove him from his offices. The only notice the petition obtained was the king's saying, "I will think of it." Eventually, however, Jeffreys had not courage to withstand his enemies, amongst whom the parliament was the foremost, and he resigned his place of Recorder. "He was not parliament proof," said the witty king; and it is supposed that Charles ever after despised him for his pusillanimity. During his disgrace he attempted to return to his old friends the malcontents, but was so roughly received, that he was obliged, in spite of himself, to be faithful to the king, from whom he never afterwards had an opportunity of withdrawing himself. Upon the occasion of the Rye-house plot he was counsel on the king's side, and put the most searching questions during the whole business. The case was likely to fail for want of proof that Lord Russell had assented to the order of the conspirators. This fact, or something very like it, he succeeded in winning out of Lord Howard.

On the 29th of September, 1683, Sir George Jeffreys was appointed chief justice in the room of Sanders, who died of apoplexy, brought on by ale drinking. One of the first trials at which he presided was the trial of the illustrious Algernon Sidney, who was condemned to death for theoretical writings taken out of his desk!

Upon this occasion Sir George's biographer attempts a defence of his conduct. Its heinousness is doubtless exaggerated, as such things mostly will be by a natural indignation; but allowing for the grossest exaggeration, still the chief justice's conduct remains chargeable with insolence and brutality of the worst kind, particularly in a dispenser of justice. He began speciously enough, though in a suspicious tone of adjuration, by reprehending the practice of whispering to the jury. "Let us have no remarks," said he, "but a fair trial, in God's name!" He showed another comparative decency or two in the early part of the trial, which his biographer (naturally, perhaps, enough, considering his subject) would have us take as singular favours. But as the case thickened, Jeffreys, as usual, grew outrageous. Some papers were shown to Sidney.

Col. Sidney.—I do not know what to make of it; I can read it.

Lord Chief Justice.—Aye, no doubt of it; better than any man here. Fix on any part you would have read.

Col. Sidney.—I do not know what to say to it, to read it in pieces then.

Lord Ch. Just.—I perceive you have disposed them under certain heads; to what heads would you have read?

Col. Sidney.—My lord, let him give an account of it that did it.

Be it remembered that it was the judge who thus interfered. When judgment was pronounced, Sidney firmly uttered his appeal to God that the inquisition for his life might be made only against those who maliciously persecuted him for righteousness' sake. "Jeffreys," says the biographer, "as well he might, on hearing this, started from his seat, and lost his temper! 'I pray God,' cried Jeffreys, 'work you in a temper fit to go unto the other world, for I see you are not fit for this.'"

Col. Sidney.—My lord, feel my pulse, (holding out his hand) and see if I am disordered; I bless God I never was in better temper than I am now.

Meantime the Lord Chief Justice lived no temperate life. He would unbend himself, to use the words of North, "in drinking, laughing, singing, kissing, and every extravagance of the bottle." He paid for such indulgences in severe fits of the stone, which increased the violence of his temper. To one of these visitations the writer ascribes his severity on the trial of Sir Thomas Armstrong. Sir Thomas demanded the benefit of the law. Jeffreys exclaimed, "That you shall have, by the grace of God! See that execution be done on Friday next according to law: you shall have the full benefit of the law." Armstrong, finding all he said to be in vain, exclaimed, "My blood be upon your head!" "Let it, let it! I am clamour proof!" returned Jeffreys. Fierce as he was, the chief justice did not always escape without a smart rebuke, any more than the barrister. An old greybeard once displeasing him, he said, "If your conscience is as large as your beard, you will swear any thing." "My Lord," retorted the old man, "if you go about to measure consciences by beards, your lordship has none."

In September 1684, much to the annoyance of decent observers, Sir George Jeffreys was summoned to the cabinet. In 1685 the king died, and James succeeded to the throne. The Judge suited the sullen passions of the new monarch, and Jeffreys was created Baron Jeffreys of Ulem, in the county of Salop. And now Titus Oates, the famous anti-catholic informer, who had formerly behaved with much insolence to Jeffreys when recorder, was to be tried by him for perjury. Jeffreys never forgave any one. Oates said that what he had sworn was true, and if he need were he would seal it with his blood. "Twere a pity," said Jeffreys, "but that it were with thy blood." Oates was convicted upon two indictments, and sentenced to pay a thousand marks upon each, to be stripped of his canonical habits, to stand twice in the pillory, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate one day, and two days afterwards from Newgate to Tyburn, — and! — he was to stand in the pillory five days every year he lived. Oates was a portentous scoundrel, but this was a portentous punishment.

In the autumn of 1685, Jeffreys went forth to execute vengeance on the adherents of the luckless Duke of Monmouth. He took with him the lord chief baron, and three puisne judges, and was guarded by a party of Colonel Kirk's soldiers. He acted upon a special commission, and a second commission gave him the authority of general, so that he might have troops at his personal command. This expedition has been termed "Jeffreys's Campaign," and "the Bloody Assizes;" and bloody work he made of it. He afterwards said, when he was in the tower, that his instructions were severer than his execution of them, and that on his return from the circuit, he was snubbed at court for not acting on them to the full. Be that as it may, the numbers he condemned are reckoned by hundreds. He once boasted to a major that he had condemned about a thousand on one occasion, being as many as the officer's soldiers had killed.

The first place Jeffreys halted at, was Winchester, where Lady Alicia Lisle was awaiting her trial, charged with harbouring one John Hicks, a traitor. Hicks had escaped from Weston Moor, and entreated an asylum at the hands of Lady Alice. She instantly sent information to the nearest justice of the peace, but suffered the man to escape. Jeffreys himself gave evidence on the bench against the prisoner, a poor old lady, seventy years of age, who slept during part of the trial; he wrung a death-sending verdict out of the jury. "If I'd been among you," said he, "and she had been my own

mother I should have found her guilty." It is probable, that Jeffreys looked for a bribe, which, however, was offered too late; and when the king was applied to, he said, that he had promised Jeffreys not to pardon her. Upon opening the assizes at Dorchester, the clergyman spoke of mercy, but Jeffreys laughed both during prayers and the sermon. On a Saturday, thirty prisoners were put to the bar. The same evening, Jeffreys signed a warrant to hang thirteen of them on the Monday. All the rest but one followed soon after. Among the prisoners was a constable, who, having some money in his hands for the use of the militia, was deprived of it by the duke's friends. He objected to the witnesses, who were a woman of ill fame and a Catholic. "Villain! rebel!" exclaimed the judge, "methinks I see thee already with a halter about thy neck;" and he was ordered specially to be hung the first. The crime of another one, Bragg, was being deprived of his horse by Monmouth's party. At Taunton, he sentenced one Tutchin to be imprisoned for seven years, to be flogged one hundred marks, to be whipped through every town in Dorsetshire once a year, and to find security for his good behaviour through life. The ladies in court burst into tears, and the clerk of the arraigns was so much astonished that he could not help observing upon the number of market towns in Dorset: he said, that "the sentence reached to whipping about once a fortnight, and that Mr. Tutchin was a very young man." "Aye, he is a very young man, but an old rogue," said Jeffreys. Tutchin in vain petitioned to be hanged instead. The small-pox, however, saved his bones, and procured him a change of sentence. On opening the assizes in Somerset, he declared, "it would not be his fault if he did not depopulate the place." "I will pay my excise to King Monmouth," said an old lady in jest; she was flogged for her joke. But we must have done with Jeffreys's campaign. We must quote, however, an extract from his charge to the jury at Bristol—it is a piece of characteristic brutality.

"Gentlemen, I am by the mercy of God, come to this great and populous city; a city that boasts both of its riches and trade, and may justly indeed claim the next place to the great and populous metropolis. Gentlemen, I find here are a great many auditors who are very intent, as if they expected some formal or prepared speech; but assure yourselves, we come not to make either set speeches nor formal declamations; for, Lord! we have seen these things twenty times before: no, we come to do the King's business."—"But I find a special commission is an unusual thing here, and relishes very ill; nay, the very women storm at it, for fear we should take the upper hand of them too; for, by the bye, gentlemen, I fear it is much in fashion in this city, for the women to govern and bear sway." Then he told them that he would give them no trouble about points or matters of law, but only remind them of events which had happened; "for I have the calendar of this city in my pocket," he said; and he then complained of the stone, and the unevenness of their roads, which was a bad omen for them. After this, came a long sermon about the blessed martyr King Charles, and rebellion the sin of witchcraft, a panegyric on King James, and an ample acknowledgment of his absolute power as God's vicerent on earth: and then he opened on the Duke of Monmouth by way of antithesis:—"On the other hand, up starts a puppet prince who seduced the mobile into rebellion, into which they are easily bewitched; for I say, the rebellion is like the sin of witchcraft. This man, who had as little title to the crown as the least of you (for I hope you are all legitimate), being overtaken by justice, and by the goodness of his prince brought to the scaffold, he has the confidence (good God! that men should be so impudent!) to say, that God Almighty did know with what joyfulness he did die (a traitor!).—"Great God of heaven and earth! what reason have men to rebel? But as I told you, rebellion is like the sin of witchcraft; fear God and honour the King is rejected by people, for no other reason, as I can find, but that it is written in St. Peter. Gentlemen, I must tell you, I am afraid that this city hath too many of these people in it; and it is your duty to search them out."—"Here the grand jury were in as many words directed to the mayor and aldermen."—"For this city added much to that ship's loading; there was your Tylys, your Roes, and your Wades, men started up like mushrooms, scoundrel fellows, mere sons of dunghills: these men must forsooth set up for liberty and property! a fellow that carries the sword before Mr. Mayor, must be very careful of his property, and turn politician, as if he had as much property as the person before whom he bears the sword, though perchance not worth a groat. Gentlemen, I must tell you, you have still here the Tylys, the Roes, and the Wades: I have brought a brush in my pocket, and I shall be sure to rub the dirt wherever it is, or on whomsoever it sticks. Gentlemen, I shall not stand complimenting with you; I shall talk with some of you before you and I part, I tell you; I tell you, I have brought a besom, and I will sweep every man's door, whether great or small. Must I mention particulars? I hope you will save me that trouble."—"I do believe it would have went very hard with you, if the enemy had entered the city, notwithstanding the endeavours which were used to accomplish it. Certainly they had, and must have great encouragement from a party within, or else why should their design be on this city? Nay, when the enemy was within a mile of you, that a ship should be set on fire in the midst of you, as a signal to the rebels, and to amuse those within! when, if God Almighty had not been more gracious unto you than you was to yourselves, (so that wind and tide was for you.)

for what I know, the greatest part of this city had perished; and yet you are willing to believe it was an accident. Certainly here is a great many of those men whom they call trimmers; a whig is but a mere fool to these; for a whig is some sort of a subject in comparison of these; for a trimmer is but a cowardly and base-spirited whig; for the whig is but the journeyman-prentice that is hired and set over the rebellion, whilst the trimmer is afraid to appear in the cause."—"Gentlemen, I tell you, I have the calendar of this city here in my hand. I have heard of those that have searched into the very sink of a conventicle, to find out some sneaking rascal to hide their money by night. Come, come, gentlemen, to be plain with you, I find the dirt of the ditch is in your nostrils."—[Now he opens upon the chief offence, alluded to by his having the calendar in his pocket,—the selling convicted criminals for slaves.]—"Good God! where am I—in Bristol? This city, it seems, claims the privilege of hanging and drawing amongst themselves! I find you have more need of a commission once a month at least. The very magistrates which should be the ministers of justice, fall out one with another to that degree, they will scarce dine with each other; whilst it is the business of some cunning men that lie behind the curtain, to raise divisions amongst them, and set them together by the ears, and knock their loggerheads together: yet I find they can agree for their interest, or if there be but a kid in the case; for I hear the trade of kidnapping is much in request in this city; they can discharge a felon or a traitor, provided they will go to Mr. Alderman's plantation at the West Indies.

"Come, come, I find you stink for want of rubbing. Gentlemen, what need I mind you of these things? I hope you will search into them and inform me. It seems the dissenters and fanatics fare well amongst you, by reason of the favour of the magistrate: for example, if a dissenter who is a notorious and obstinate offender, comes before them to be fined, one alderman or other stands up, and says, He is a good man, (though three parts a rebel)! Well then, for the sake of Mr. Alderman, he shall be fined but five shillings. Then comes another, and up stands another good man alderman, and says, I know him to be an honest man, (though rather more than the former). Well, for Mr. Alderman's sake, he shall be fined but half-a-crown; so, *manus manum fricat*: you play the knave for me now, and I will play the knave for you by and by. I am ashamed of these things: and I must not forget to tell you I hear of some differences among the clergy,—those that ought to preach peace and unity to others; gentlemen, these things must be looked into."

We must not omit among the enormities of the time, James's gift of Prideaux, a rich man who was in trouble, to Jeffreys. The king's words were, when some one would have interceded for Prideaux, "I have given him to Jeffreys." Jeffreys threatened to hang him; he obtained 15,000*l.*, and, merchant like, allowed 240*l.* as discount for prompt payment.

On his return from the western assizes Lord Jeffreys was made chancellor. "You will find the business heavy," said a bottle companion. "No," said the new chancellor, "I will make it light."

Meantime James began to make advances towards restoring the Catholic religion, and among other experiments, with an apparent reasonableness unsuited to the times, tried to gain admittance for a catholic gentleman into the university of Cambridge without taking the oaths. The University resisted this illegal use of royal authority. The same attempt was made at Oxford, and Jeffreys zealously assisted the king in his designs, though undoubtedly a protestant himself. A sense of interest and desire to shew his power on all about him, were, however, stronger feelings with him than even the habitual feelings of early education. He thus went on from one thing to another, till at length he assisted in the well-known committal of the seven bishops. And now so intimate had he grown with James, that on the birth of his son (afterwards the Pretender) the Lord Chancellor stood upon the step of the bed in which the queen lay. At length the Prince of Orange espoused the protestant cause, and landed in England. James fled incontinently, leaving his servant, like the devil of the witches, in the lurch at the last. He did not even give him notice of his flight.

And now Jeffreys, hated by all parties, was left alone and helpless to the mercy of his enemies. He cut off his eyebrows, which were large and fierce, disguised himself as a collier, and fled to Wapping, where he hid himself in an obscure house, to await an opportunity of quitting the kingdom. His plan was to get to Hamburg by a collier, which was to pretend to be bound for Newcastle, to elude the spies that were set upon out-going vessels. He got on board the collier, but was betrayed by the mate; of which he had a timely suspicion, and so got on shore again to await a safer opportunity. While waiting at a little ale-house, in Anchor and Hope alley, near King Edward stairs, he happened to look out of window. It chanced that a man was passing at that moment, who had once been terror-struck before him, while revelling in power. The man had told a friend at the time, that "he never should forget the terrors of that man's face while he lived." His words proved true; he recognized Jeffreys, proclaimed him aloud, and the rabble burst in upon the fallen tyrant. It is a matter of pure wonder that he was not destroyed on the spot. As it was, they took him to the Lord Mayor, who supplied the place both of protector and guard, till two regiments of the trained bands could be procured to convey him to the Tower.

On the way the people were so furious, that Jeffreys seems to have been quite overcome with fear, lifting his hands first on one side of the carriage, and then on the other, crying out, "For the Lord's sake, keep them off!—for the Lord's sake, keep them off!"

While he was in the Tower, the women of the counties he had visited during the "bloody assizes," petitioned that he might be delivered up to their vengeance. At the same period, an oyster barrel, tightly packed, was sent him as a present; it contained a halter. These were fearful *billets-doux*. He was not long, however, in confinement, for in a little while he fell sick, and the sickness mercifully killed him. There are many conjectures as to the mode of his death, some attributing it to intemperance, others to a diabolical visitation of fears and remorse, but the most probable thing is, that harassment and anxiety brought on severe fits of his old complaint, which killed him. Jeffreys was taken on the twelfth of September, 1688. He was first interred privately in the Tower; but three years afterwards, when his memory was something blown over, his friends obtained permission, by a warrant of the queen's dated Sept. 1692, to take his remains under their own care, and he was accordingly reinterred in a vault under the communion-table of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, 2nd Nov. 1694. In 1810, during certain repairs, the coffin was uncovered for a time, and the public had a sight of the box containing the mortal remains of the feared and hated magistrate.

One remarkable thing connected with his last hours, is that, although he expressed regret for many of his actions, he defended himself to the last from a charge of cruelty on the western circuit, reiterating that his orders were severer than his execution of them.

He was a bad man, a worse judge, and a greater fool than all,—the sure climax of wickedness; for all wickedness is but violent mistake, and the worst men have the excuse of some inconsistent breeding or other, or of a blood half insane.

A HANDFUL OF GOOD SENSE.

From the *Essays and Letters* (just published) of "Conversation Sharp," noticed in our last.

Reenement of Rejected Advice. It is at once an odious and a ridiculous kind of tyranny to take it ill of a friend that he judges for himself in the last resort. "Ah! if he had but followed my advice,"—"I told him what must happen,"—and all such betrayings of wounded vanity, are proofs that good sense and good will have both been wanting.

Indeed, if a selfish and conceited man's object is to gain a character for sagacity, he should be glad when his counsel has been disregarded. Human life is so liable to unforeseen troubles, that whatsoever course may be pursued, we shall often regret the lot that we have chosen. As a bachelor, I can be no judge of a known saying: "If you marry, if you do not marry, you will repent." But this will serve as a specimen of the general language. Herein, however, we must avoid the opposite and prevailing evil practice of asking advice for the sake only of stealing a sanction. I was sincerely pleased by the frankness of a young lady, who being urged to consult me respecting an offer of marriage, replied, "Why should I wait? My mind is made up, and I will not use an old friend so ill, as to trouble him for advice which I shall not be guided by."

Riches and Poverty. In De Rulhiere's *Anecdotes of the Revolution in Russia*, there is a short story exemplifying that decay of the ancient respect for rank, and that growth of a regard for wealth, so observable of late in most parts of the world.

Odarh, a Piedmontese conspirator for Catherine, used to say, "I see there is no regard for anything but money, and money I will have. I would go this night and set fire to the palace for money; and when I had got enough, I would retire to my own country, and there live like an honest man." More than once the Empress offered him a title. "No, madam, I thank you," said Odarh, "money, money, if you please."

He did get money, went to Nice, and there it is said lived as became a gentleman.

Many persons do the poor the honour of expecting them to be spotless. Too often it is deemed a good excuse for refusing them aid that they have failings like our own. There are many advantages in this variety of condition, one of which is boasted of by a divine, who rejoices, that between both classes, "all the holidays of the Church are properly kept; since the rich observe the feasts, and the poor observe the fasts."

To be more serious, it is fortunate for the Christian world that our public worship tends at once to abase the proud, and to uplift the dejected; while a similar effect results in a free country from its elections, where the haughtiest are obliged to go hat in hand begging favours from the lowliest. Nor should the lofty be ashamed; for it has so happened, that the best benefactors of the human race have been poor men, such as Socrates and Epaminondas; such as many of the most illustrious Romans, and the inspired founders of our Faith.

War. So much has been well said against war, that it has the air of a plagiary when any of its unavoidable evils are alluded to. Yet there is a short passage in Dr. Aikin's *Life of Howard the Philanthropist*, placing one of them in so striking a light, that it must excite the most painful reflections in a reader of common humanity. In one of his benevolent journeys, he writes from Moscow, that "no less than 70,000 recruits for

the army and navy, have died in the Russian hospital during a single year."

He was an accurate man, incapable of saying any thing but the truth, and, therefore, this horrible fact cannot but heighten our detestation both of war and of despotism. It has, however, been scarcely spoken of in Europe; while other hateful crimes, though affecting only individuals, have justly become the perpetual objects of pity and indignation. For instance, the cruel murders of the Princesses de Lamballe and Louis the Sixteenth.

The truth is, that despotism is ever destroying its millions silently and unnoticed; while sedition is generally tumultuous, and always dreaded and detested. So many are interested in painting exaggerated pictures of its mischiefs, that the world is kept in perpetual alarm, and even the writers themselves become unable to judge impartially between oppression and resistance, as an artist is said to have drawn the devil so hideous, that he lost his senses by looking at his own colours.

There are few riots without some grievance. "Jupiter," says Lucian, "seldom has recourse to his thunder, but when he is in the wrong;" and at the close of a long military life, Monsieur de Vendome owned that "in the eternal disputes between the mules and the muleteers, the mules were generally in the right."

All our praiseworthy toil and expense in building infirmaries and asylums, cannot save a hundredth part of the lives, nor alleviate a hundredth part of the afflictions brought upon the human race by one unnecessary war. "Next to the calamity of losing a battle, is that of gaining a victory," is reported to have been said by our great commander on the evening of the bloody day of Waterloo.

[If the Duke of Wellington really said this, all true hearts will open to receive him as a brother, however they may differ with him in opinion, or think it their duty practically to oppose him.]

Evil speaking. The most gifted men that I have known, have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes. Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox, were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage; and, frequently, he is as venomous and false when he flatters as when he reviles. He seldom praises John but to vex Thomas.

[Young men, and older ones too, will sometimes be wholesale in their "severity," not out of any real wish to harm the objects of it, but to evince their own shrewdness, and be admired. The former leave off the habit, if they are discerning and generous, or have suffered enough; the latter, deceiving themselves more than others, sometimes retain it out of a notion that it is the only way of proving their sincerity. We append these common-places to Mr. Sharp's remarks, in order to give hope where it may be wished for, and leave a loop-hole for the bad habit to escape.]

TABLE-TALK.

THE PLANT PHYSICIAN.—In the *Irish Gardener's Magazine* it is said, not only that decoctions or the leaves dried and powdered of the common camomile, *Anthemis nobilis*, will destroy insects, but that nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of camomile plants dispersed through it. No green-house or hot-house should be without camomile in a green or in a dried state; either the stalks or flowers will answer. It is a singular fact, that if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover, if you place a plant of camomile near it. Have any of your readers tried the camomile in any way as a remedy for insects in England?—John Brown, *Westerham, Kent*, Feb. 1834.—*Gardener's Magazine*, 49.

A MODERATE FOOD.—How hard is the case of the foreigner among us, who often with a sentiment on his lips that elicits our applause, draws down our laughter, perhaps in spite of us, by an unconscious violation of the king's English. The French and Italians are certainly more amiable than we are in this respect: they can listen with an imperturbable thoughtfulness of allowance; but we appeal to the candid reader, whether the following would not have been irresistible with most of us. An Englishman talking with a German friend, a man of a remarkably philosophical cast of mind, and fond of clothing his sentiments in the graces of classical allusion, the discourse happened to turn upon the mortifications to which those subject themselves who seek after the vanities of this world. Our friend was for stoical independence, and had Diogenes in his eye. "For mine self," he exclaimed, with rising enthusiasm, "I should be quite contentment for to live all my days in a *dub*, eating no-thing else but *unicorns*!" (acorns).

CONVERSATION OF MEN OF GENIUS.—The great Colbert paid a pretty compliment to Boileau and Racine. This minister, at his villa, was enjoying the conversation of our two poets, when the arrival of a prelate was announced; turning quickly to the servant, he said, "Let him be shown every thing except myself."—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*.

POSSIBILITY.—Those things are to be held possible, which are to be done by some person, though not by every one; and which may be done by many, though not by any one; and which may be done in succession of ages, though not within the hour-glass of one man's life; and which may be done by public designation, though not by private endeavour.—*Bacon*.

MARRIAGES.—Previously to the year 1754, the date of the first Marriage Act, all marriages in England were regulated by the canon law, by which modes of contracting matrimony other than in the face of the church were acknowledged. In Scotland the celebration of marriage is still governed by the principles of the ancient canon law. In England there is but one form of contracting marriage, and all marriages not celebrated according to that form are void, with an exception however in favour of Jews and Quakers, where both parties are of the same persuasion. Prior to the passing of the 26 Geo. 2, c. 33. (the Marriage Act of 1754) the publication of banns was merely an ecclesiastical regulation, adopted for the purpose of ascertaining whether the persons about to be married were free from all lawful impediments.

But that statute renders the ceremonial of banns indispensable, in all cases in which a licence is not obtained. Persons not married by banns must be married by licence, and marriage licences are either common or special. A common licence is a dispensation, by virtue of which marriage is allowed to be solemnized in a church or chapel without the publication of banns. A special licence dispenses with the banns, and also with time and place. The same form is used in granting the one as the other, the only material difference consisting in the additional words introduced into the special licence permitting the marriage to be solemnized, "at any time, in any church or chapel, or other meet or convenient place."

Special licences are restricted to persons of condition; indeed, a regulation, dated Jan. 15, 1759, was made by Archbishop Secker, ordaining that such licences should only be granted to peers or peeresses in their own right, their sons and daughters, dowager peeresses, privy councillors, the judges of Westminster-hall, baronets, knights, and members of Parliament. But, notwithstanding this regulation, it has been usual for the Archbishop of Canterbury to grant occasional favours beyond these limits.—*Brady and Mahon's Dictionary of Parochial Law and Taxation*, (just published).

MAN.—The mind is the man; and the knowledge of the mind. A man is but what he knoweth. The sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge, wherein many things are reserved, which kings with their treasures cannot buy, nor with their forces command.—*Bacon*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

What a monstrous thing to have so many and kind correspondents, and yet to be forced to say that the limits of our paper will not allow us to answer them separately! To private communications we answer of course; to the others we say, that they, the writers, must make all the kindest construction of us in the world, at the very time we are seeming inattentive. But we are not so in spirit.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1834.

No. 3.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

LETTERS TO SUCH OF THE LOVERS OF KNOWLEDGE AS HAVE NOT HAD A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

LETTER I.

INTRODUCTION TO A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE GREAT
WRITERS OF GREECE AND ROME, ETC.

DEAR FRIENDS,—It is related of an Italian lady, a poetess, who was addressed by a crowd of lovers, that her disposition was so good and charming, and inclined them all so much to resemble her, that they met one another in perfect harmony, and only contended who should please her best. The case is extraordinary, and will be thought not very possible. But there is one mistress who, in proportion as we love her heartily, is so truly a mistress for our soul, and tends to exempt us so much from those infirmities of envy and jealousy which beset the more animal passions, that all who profess themselves her admirers, may unquestionably be very good friends, and love one another the better, the more they love herself. This Mistress is Knowledge; and this is the reason why we of the London Journal venture to claim you all as friends; and to share with you such helps as we possess, towards the enjoyment of her society.

For "to like the same things, and dislike the same things, that (says a Roman historian) is the friendship after all."

"Namque, idem velle, atque idem nolle, ex demum firma amicitia est."—*Sallust.*

We give you a bit of Latin, that you may see the two languages together, and perhaps chuse to compare the words, and see where you can pick out a meaning. We have heard an intelligent woman say, that when she met with a passage in a book on a scientific or other subject which she could not thoroughly comprehend, she nevertheless made a point of reading it, because it piqued her understanding—made it curious to know more; and she sometimes found that she got a bit of knowledge by the way. In the days of our boyhood, and before we knew the Greek alphabet, we remember how thankful we used to be to Smollett and Fielding, in their novels, for writing their Greek quotations in English letters, and how we used to sound the words, and fancy them something fine. They gave us a regard for the language before we knew any thing about it; like a youth who hears a girl with a sweet voice speak, before he has seen her; and is pleased with her tone and manner, though he does not even know what she says.

We have begun talking with you on other points, before we have stated the main object of our letter; but they are not unconnected with it; and we give you notice, that we shall probably take many of the like liberties of companionship, and endeavour in all respects to be as much at our ease as possible, in order to persuade ourselves that we are as much at home with you as this sort of private publicity will let us be, and that you regard the writer of these letters in the only light in which his addressing himself to you in this way could be bearable; namely, as one who is heartily in earnest for the good and sociality of the world, and who would fain take any steps not calculated to baulk themselves, to promote them. To this end, it has struck him, that by singling himself without reserve into the field, and setting an open example of the bringing into public intercourse the same candour and simplicity that are practised between friends in private, he does something towards breaking down the barriers of many stiff and mistrustful conventionalities which serve to keep men asunder, and therefore assists, however remotely, in hastening the coming of that time, when all men shall say candidly and in friendliness, what they think, and

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nobody shall be thought the better or worse of for speaking in public, any more than he is now for talking in a room, or telling his friends of something which he thinks will please them. The example has been long set in political and other such public matters. It is desirable that public matters should no longer be supposed exclusively to mean politics, or even parish matters (important as they are). They should comprise knowledge of all sorts, entertainment, the interchange of every kind of advantage; and knowledge is fast making them do so. We look upon ourselves but as a bringer of some new means of enjoyment to that large party of friends, the fellow-creatures who do not happen to have quite as much of them as ourselves; just as a man might bring to his native village some curious presents, or new games, from abroad: and fervent is our sincerity when we add, that as hundreds of the scholars now living could go far deeper into the learning of the subjects we are about to handle than we shall go, so there are, of course, as many readers among the average number of those to whom we address ourselves, who, if they had enjoyed the same advantages as the others, would have been our masters in that respect as well as they; perhaps, like many of those others, could have done them more justice on every point. We believe, however, that we know enough to make our remarks welcome and useful; and if love can supply the want of knowledge in this instance, as it does sometimes in others, assuredly there will be no lack of that.

We propose, then, in these letters, from time to time, and with due intervals of other matter, to furnish those who have not had a classical education, and who have heart and sense enough to regret the want, with such help towards the appreciation and enjoyment of the great names of Greek, Roman, and other literature, as translations in general do not supply, and some knowledge, united with the aforesaid love, in some degree may. We shall begin with the most ancient—or those who are nearest at hand,—as the case may happen; and we shall help our helps with all the aids we can get from other men's criticism, and from translations that are really worth anything. To points of mere learning, and such as men who have learning and nothing else devote themselves, we shall, of course, pay no attention; not because they are without their value, but because, fortunately, they are not necessary to our purpose, which is to give the relish of the fruit, rather than the botany of it. We only wish we could give this better, like that of fruits eaten on the spot where they grow, or transplanted into the exquisite hot-houses that exist in the cells of some brains that we know of. And yet, how few readers are there even among the scholarly, who can pretend to thorough perceptions of that kind? and what multitudes are there that know no more of them than the basket knows of its strawberries? We will venture to say, that even with no better helps than it is in our power to afford, and because we judge of the ancient poets as of the modern, and treat them as men and as geniuses, and creatures of perennial flesh and blood, and of wonderful imaginations, and not as things made up of nothing but schoolmasters, and college-caps, and a "gentlemanly reputation," our reader shall know more of them, before we have done, than half the educated men in England. And we look for the special encouragement, to this end, of real scholars, and shall be grateful for any helps with which they may be moved to enrich us.

There are two supposed (for they are not real) extremes of pretension, upon the strange question whether a knowledge of the learned languages, is or is not of use, against which it behoves an uneducated man of sense

and modesty to be on his guard. One is the pretension of those who say that a man can have no idea of the ancient writers, without a deep intimacy with their language: the other, of those who affirm, with equal vehemence, that there is no necessity to know the language at all, and that translations do quite as well as the originals for giving you all that you need be acquainted with of the author's genius.

The former of these pretenders is generally a shallower man than the other, though sometimes it is pure vanity and self-will that makes him talk as he does; he has an over-estimation of his advantages, simply because they are his. He is as proud of his learning as another pompous man might be of his park and his mansion. Such is the case, when he really has anything like an intimacy with his authors; but in both instances he would fain make out his possession to be unapproachable, by all who have not had the same golden key. The common run of the class consists of men who really know nothing of their authors but the words, and who unconsciously feel that, on that account, they must make the best of their knowledge, and pretend it is a wonderful matter. Such a man smiles when you speak of getting some insight into the character of Homer's genius, or Virgil's, by dint of some happy bit of version, or some masterly criticism. He says, triumphantly, that "even Pope" is acknowledged not to give a right idea of him, much less Chapman, and those other "old quaint writers:" for "old," observe, is a term of contempt with him; though "ancient," he thinks, comprises every thing that is respectable. But "old" means a man who lived only a few hundred years back, and who did not write either in Latin or Greek; whereas "ancient" means a man who lived upwards of a thousand, and wrote perhaps a dull book in one of those languages, which has contrived to come down to us, owing to some curious things it contains relative to customs and manners, or to the influence of a succession of these sort of critics, and the long fashion they have kept up by dint of the connexion that has hitherto subsisted between the power of receiving a classical education and the advantages of wealth and rank. When all the world come to share in that education, some singular questions will take place, both as to the genius of the ancient writers, and the moral benefits derivable from portions of them. If our friend, of the above class, is a man of consequence, he looks upon his learning as forming an additional barrier between him and the uneducated. He quotes Greek in parliament, and takes it for an argument. Or he forgets both his Greek and Latin, but thinks he could recover it when he pleases, and that is the same thing. If he is a professed scholar, he is ignorant of every thing in the world but scholarship, and therefore ignorant of that too. He is a pompous school-master, or a captious verbal critic, or in his most respectable capacity, a harmless and dreaming pedant,—a Dominie Sampson. If England had existed before Greece, he would have been an idolater of Shakespeare and Milton, at the expense of Homer and Euripides; or he would have known just as much of the former as he does of the latter! that is to say, nothing. In short, you may describe him as a man who knows that there is another man living on the upper side of his town, of the name of Ancient; and a very wonderful gentleman he takes Ancient to be, because he is rich, and has a large library, and has given him access to it; but what sort of a man Ancient really is, what is the solidity of his understanding, the subtlety of his imagination, or the contents of the books in his library, except that they are printed in certain kinds of type, of all that, our learned

friend knows nothing, and therefore he concludes, that nobody else can know.

Of the other extreme of pretenders, who dogmatise on this subject, that is to say, who pronounce peremptory judgments of Yes and No, and Possible and Impossible, without a due knowledge of the subject,—the best and most intelligent portion sometimes contains persons who know so much on other points, that they ought to know better on this: but out of a resentment of the very want of the other's advantages, affect to despise them. For herein the exalters of a classical education, as the only thing needful, and the decriers of it as a thing altogether unnecessary, set out from precisely the same ground of self-sufficiency. The former unduly trumpet up the education, merely because they have had it, (or think they have), and the latter as readily decry it, merely because they have not. These latter argue, that you may know all that is useful in ancient books, by means of translations; and that the poetry "and all that" may be got equally out of them, or is of no consequence. Their own poetry, meanwhile, such as it is, that is to say, their caprices, their imaginary advantages, and the colouring which their humour and passions give to every thing near them, is in full blossom.

To cut short this question, which we feel more loth to touch upon in the latter instance than in the former, (because more sympathy is due to the resentment of a want than to the arrogance of a possession), we may, perhaps, illustrate the point at once to the readers' satisfaction, by the help of no greater a passage than a jest out of "Joe Miller."

It is related of Archbishop Herring, that when he was at college, he fell one day into a gutter, and that a wag exclaimed as he got up, "Ah, Herring, you're in a pretty pickle!" Upon which a dull fellow went away, and said, "So and so has been bantering poor Herring. Herring fell into the gutter, and so, says Dick, says he, Ah, Herring, my boy, you're in a pretty situation."

Now the pedant, who is all for the original language, and is of opinion that no version of their writers or account of them can give you the least idea of their spirit, is bound to maintain, on the same principle, that it would be impossible to convey the smallest real taste of this joke out of English into Latin or Greek; while every real scholar knows that the thing is very possible.

On the other side the bigotted no-scholar is bound to insist, that the stupid version of the joke is quite as good as the original, or at any rate supplies us with all that is really wanted of it,—that the word situation is as good as the word pickle, and that, therefore, no utility is lost sight of—no real information. It is true, the whole joke is lost, the whole spirit of the thing, but that is no matter. As to confining the notion of utility to matters of information, useful in the ordinary sense of the word, however important; we will not waste our room, at this time of day, after all which has been said and understood to the contrary, with shewing you what you know already. The more we really know of any thing, languages included, the more, as it has been finely said, do we "discipline" our "humanity;" that is, teach our common nature to know what others have thought, felt, and known, before us, and so enable our modesty and information to keep pace with each other.

It will not be supposed by the reflecting reader that we mean to compare the sufficiency of a translation in the above instance with its being all that might be wanted in others, or that the spirit and peculiar fragrance (so to speak,) of such poetry as Shakespeare's, could be transferred through a Greek medium without losing any thing by the way; unless a Shakespeare himself were the operator, or even then. Undoubtedly the peculiarity of the medium itself, the vessel, will make a difference. All that we mean to say is, that some real taste of the essence of ancient genius, far better than what is afforded by the specimens generally on sale, can be given by means of great care and lovingness; and that those who are so insanely learned as to take the vessel itself for the whole merit of the contents, have no taste of it at all.

THIRD WEEK IN APRIL.

THE SINGING BIRDS.

APRIL is full of the beautiful evidences of Spring. March has enough of them to make us grateful, but April, with her profusion of white and green, of her songs, and her bright little wings, confirms the promise. She may be said to have four charming manifestations

of nature's wealth to herself,—the blossoming of the fruit trees, the leafing of the trees in general, the return of the singing birds, and the re-appearance of the butterflies. She is the elder and slenderer sister of May, dressed in more virgin apparel, and her fingers are dabbled with wet; but her colder cheek has still a bloom on it, and she prepares the country for her luxuriant sister with a world of good will.

Of the three principal leaders of the spring and summer birds,—the swallow, the nightingale, and the cuckoo, we spoke in our first number. The trees (if our own leaves last long enough, and thicken into bowers for the reader,—as we have reason to hope they will,) we shall keep till June or July, when their shade will be desirable; and brown and thick shall be a whole wood of them, by the help of their human birds, the poets. The present week, by the help of a book, of which it is difficult to take leave, even for a time, we devote to the song of birds in general, and shall proceed to lay before our readers the following interesting speculations on nature's intention in it, from the pages of the writer to whom we are already so much obliged.

"The purpose (says Mr. Mudie) which the song of birds answers in the economy of nature, is one of those mysteries, which, like the differences of tint in their plumage, human ingenuity has not yet been able to explain. It is not, however, a mere pairing cry, because it is continued till the birds break the shell, and, in some instances, till they are able to fly. We may be sure, however, that it has its use; and, as we can observe that the females of all birds which have that cry, whether it be what we call song or not, are excited when it is uttered by the male, it may be that it produces in the female that heat which is necessary for hatching the eggs. In ourselves there are many sounds which make the heart beat, the blood dance, and the whole body glow, we know not why; and thus we have at least no ground for denying without proof, that the other animals may be affected in a similar manner. Perhaps the more philosophical way of considering it is to suppose that it produces general excitement, and a power of more energetic performance in all the labour which the birds can undertake.

"The connection between the song and the plumage, and the silence and the moult, is also a curious matter, and shows that the whole bird is subject to some general law, which, though it lies deep beyond the power of our divination, governs ever the minutest circumstance,—the production of a new spot or gloss on a feather, the reddening of a comb or a wattle, or the inspiration of courage into birds naturally timid. The birds, in fact, blossom in the spring as well as the plants; and when the purpose of nature is accomplished, the bloom of one is shed as well as that of the other. But if the purpose of nature in continuing the race, is not accomplished, the bloom lingers. If the east wind shrivel the anthers of the peach blossoms, the petals do not come down perfect in that powdery shower which is the sign of a plentiful crop; they cleave to the tree, and languish slowly there. "Wo be to the wind of the black north-east," says the cultivator; "it sheds no blooms;" and so also may the lover of birds lament, if the songs of his favourites are continued through the summer. If the bird continues its song, it at the same time continues its plumage; and the moult, when it does, takes place, partly because it is at a later and colder season, and partly from that part of physiology which has not yet become a science; the new plumage has less of the peculiarity of the male, and more resembles that of the female and the young, than if the bird had been mute and had moulted, in due course.

"That song of sorrow (though to the bird it is rather a song of hope delayed) has not the spirit of the natural song. It is true, that by Midsummer, nature is muffled by drooping leaves, and fallen blooms, and downy anthers; and it waxes fat and rank, so that though it may murmur, it will not "ring clear," (like a moistened flute), as it does in the season of vernal song, when all is fresh and full of sap; but we also can perceive a falling off in the note itself; and we have a corroboration in caged birds, which never give their song with the full glee and power of that of the woodlands. Even in the most admired song that is warbled from the prison-house of wire, an ear tuned and habituated to the free strains of nature, can recognize a blending of the cry of irritation and distress. Nor can it be otherwise. The bird is the child of nature as much as man is, and it loves liberty as well—better, for it will not voluntarily exchange that to be a pampered slave in a palace. It puts one in mind of that exquisitely mournful delineation of the children of Israel, in painful servitude and restraint, even on the palmy shores of the wide-rolling Euphrates; and one cannot contemplate the imprisoned bird, without thinking on the mossy tree, the little nest, and the chirping brood, and feeling the force of the unanswerable interrogatory—"Ah! how can we sing the song of our God in the place of our captivity?"—*Feathered Tribes of the British Islands*. Vol. 1. p. 244.

In another part of his book, where he speaks of the nightingale (respecting whose song we venture to think him on the unorthodox side), Mr. Mudie says, that men

sing in many moods, "but birds sing only when they are merry." Is there not some inconsistency between this assertion and the remarks above quoted? Does he not show us, that birds, as well as human beings, may be moved in their song by melancholy as well as mirthful excitement—not without pleasure, it is true—but still a mournful one, or something allied to it? They sing, he tells us (in this and other passages of his work) from "hope delayed," from want of their mates, and other uneasy circumstances; and he adds an affecting piece of information—worthy the regard of the thoughtful—that an experienced ear can discern a mingling of distress and irritation in the tones of their imprisoned song. Now, in what we cannot help in all this, there is no such pain and melancholy as we need contemplate with any misgivings of nature's good will; for birds generally realize their hopes and their mates, and we heartily agree with the opinion implied by the poet respecting the grounds and intentions of all her works, that

"In nature there is nothing melancholy."

What is unalterable, we may conclude to be best for the general energy of health and pleasure which it includes; what is otherwise, man (and, for aught we know, other creatures too), but man evidently, is incited to alter. Let us never lose sight of that manifest and important fact. But as lovers and bereaved persons sing to their guitars and piano-fortes, not always a song of mirth, so nightingales and other birds may surely warble in the like shadow of a sweet thought, and feel the shade of it as well as the sweetness.

We proceed to give two more extracts from Mr. Mudie's attractive work—the first on the subject of the birds more particularly called the Warblers, or those who return to us from warmer climates with songs unknown to our homesteads; the other, on that joyous herald of the spring, the lark.

"Though all the little birds are interesting, as associated with nature, with innocence, and with beauty, there is a peculiar interest about the warblers. The birds, which remain constantly with us and come around our dwellings in the inclement season, give that season sprightliness by their appearance, and hail with their songs any warm day that breaks out. But the constancy of their appearance takes off some of the interest which, if they were as novel as they are beautiful, they would more certainly command; and as their songs, breaking out as they do in the intervals of the storms, are no certain signs that the life of the year has begun, we do not listen to them with the same attention and satisfaction as to the migrant warblers.

"The song, or the other demonstrations of spring, given by the resident bird, tells us merely of the state of the season in our own country, of which we have other means of judging; but the summer, or rather the spring migrant brings us tidings from afar—intimates that the plains of Africa are burned up with drought, or that the season of growth is advancing in the south of Europe, and will speedily reach us. They are visitants from afar, but they are not strangers; they are our own native birds that retired during winter, leaving the groves, the fields, and the river banks to other races, driven from our own wilds, or from more inclement regions further to the north, so that in the season of penury there might be plenty for those whose structure and powers did not adapt them for flights so far to the southward; and now, when the time of plenty is again coming round, and vegetation is approaching that state in which there is danger to it from those creatures on which birds feed, they return to resume those labours which are alike useful, and those songs which are alike cheering, to themselves and to us.

"They come also to be our near associates, when those that we had with us in the winter are beginning to seek their way to the woods and the wilds. All the warblers love shade and shelter; but, with few exceptions, they seek these among the cultivated lands, or close on their margins. Some are in the grove, others in the coppice; some by the ridgy stream, or the reedy pool, and others in the brake; but they are not found on the wide waste, or in the upland forest; and, generally speaking, a man always partakes in the benefit of their labours, and may hear the melody of their notes. The spaces of which they extend vary, and so do the characters of those places which they most frequent; but it is a general rule, that where the air is most pure, and the soil most fertile, and in the highest state of cultivation, there the warblers are found, in the greatest variety of species, and the greatest number of individuals. Even their voices partake of the characters of their localities. The nightingale sings more sweetly over the gravel in Surrey, than over the clay in Middlesex.

"There are considerable differences of appearance in the warblers, answering to the haunts in which they are found; but there seems a general likeness through all the genera. They are delicate in their outlines, without any of the full or abrupt curves that are found in many other genera. Their plumage is delicate, and, though there be some exceptions, their colours are sub-

dead, and without any very strong markings or contrasts. The feathers on the shoulders and the wing coverts are short, so that the wings are light. Their whole expression is soft, but not dull; and their manners, though gentle, are rather sprightly. They have not, indeed, any organs which can be regarded as offensive weapons; their bills are tender, suited only for the capture of insects and their larvae, or for bruising berries, or other small pulpy fruits. They are not all song birds, but they comprise the finest of our songsters, and their notes run more on the minor keys than those of any other birds."—*Vol. I. p. 313.*

The warblers, besides the nightingale, include the sedge and reed songsters, the red-start, the white-throat, the petty-chape, titmouse, black-cap, &c. The thrush, with its beautiful mellow wildness, sings to us nine months out of the twelve. Now for the sky-lark, respecting whose movements, during its song, Mr. Modie enters into some curious particulars.

"Larks, from their vast numbers, flock much and fly far in the winter, and flock more to the uplands in the middle of England, where much rain usually falls in the summer, than to the drier and warmer places near the shores; but so true are they to their time, that, be it in the south, the centre, or the north, the lark is always ready on the first gleamy day of the year to mount to its watch tower in the upper sky, and proclaim the coming of the vernal season. It is in fact more joyant then in the sun, more inspirable by the life which the solar influence diffuses through the atmosphere, than almost any other creature: not a spring air can sport, not a breeze of morn can play, not an exhalation of freshness from opening bud or softening clod can ascend, without note of it being taken and proclaimed by this all-sentient index to the progress of nature.

"And the form and manner of the indication are as delightful as the principle is true. The lark rises, not like most birds, which climb the air upon one slope, by a succession of leaps, as if a heavy body were raised by a succession of efforts, or steps, with pauses between; it twines upward like a vapour, borne lightly on the atmosphere, and yielding to the motions of that as other vapours do. Its course is a spiral gradually enlarging; and, seen on the side, it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke, always on the surface of that logarithmic column, (or funnel rather,) which is the only figure that, on a narrow base, and spreading as it ascends, satisfies the eyes with its stability and self-balancing in the thin and invisible fluid. Nor can it seem otherwise, for it is true to nature. In the case of smoke or vapour, it diffuses itself in the exact proportion as the density, or power of support in the air diminishes: and the lark widens the volutions of its spiral in the same proportion; of course it does so only when perfectly free from disturbance or alarm, because either of these is a new element in the cause, and as such must modify the effect. When equally undisturbed, the descent is by a reversal of the same spiral; and when that is the case, the song is continued during the whole time that the bird is in the air.

"The accordance of the song with the mode of the ascent and descent, is also worthy of notice. When the volutions of the spiral are narrow, and the bird changing its attitude rapidly in proportion to the whole quantity of flight, the song is partially suppressed, and it swells as the spiral widens, and sinks as it contracts; so that though the notes may be the same, it is only when the lark sings poised at the same height, that it sings in a uniform key. It gives a swelling song as it ascends, and a sinking one as it comes down; and if even it take but one wheel in the air, as that wheel always includes either an ascent or a descent, it varies the pitch of the song.

"The song of the lark, besides being a most accessible and delightful subject for common observation, is a very curious one for the physiologist. Every one in the least conversant with the structure of birds, must be aware that, with them, the organs of intonation and modulation are inward, deriving little assistance from the tongue, and none, or next to none, from the mandibles of the bill. The windpipe is the musical organ, and it is often very curiously formed. Birds require that organ less for breathing than other animals having a windpipe and lungs, because of the air cells and breathing tubes with which all parts of their bodies (even the bones,) are furnished. But those diffused breathing organs must act with least freedom when the bird is making the greatest efforts in motion; that is, when ascending or descending: and in proportion as these cease to act, the trachea is the more required for the purposes of breathing. The sky lark thus converts the atmosphere into a musical instrument of many stops, and so produces an exceedingly wild and varied song—a song which is, perhaps, not equal either in power or compass, in the single stave, to that of many of the warblers, but one which is more varied in the whole succession. All birds that sing ascending or descending, have similar power; but the sky-lark has it in a degree superior to any other."—*Vol. II. p. 6.*

Mr. D'Israeli, in the second volume of his *Curiosities of Literature*, lately republished, (p. 69.) has a quotation about the lark, from the fantastic, but not unpoetical pages of the old French poet, Du Bartas, in which he thinks the imitation of the bird's song not a happy one. The mode of attempting to do justice to the song is not a happy

one, nor in the finest taste; but it appears to us, that with allowance for the conceit, and keeping in mind the liquid sharpness of the French pronunciation, especially in the last line, the "echo to the sense" is really not unhappily sounded. Here are the lines. Translation is out of the question:—

La gentil alouette, avec son tirelire,
Tirelire, a lire, et tirelire tire,
Vers la voute du ciel, plus son vol vers ce lieu
Vire et desire dire, adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.

"The lark that tirra-lirra chaunts," says Shakspeare. For an ode to the sky-lark, full of the bird's own extatic spirit, see the poems of Mr. Shelley. Spenser has a charming image of Cupid bathing and dressing his wings, under the eyes of a weeping beauty:—

The blinded archer-boy
Like lark in shower of rain,
Sate bathing of his wings;
And glad the time did spend
Under those crystal drops,
Which fell from her fair eyes,
And at their brightest beams
Him preyed* in lovely wise.

Our present week is rich in birth-days.

April 16, 1588. At Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, whence he is called the Philosopher of Malmesbury, Thomas Hobbes, who originated much of the philosophy that was afterwards broached with more popularity by Locke and others, the supposed opinions of their master on questions of religion and government having kept his name in the back-ground. Though fearless in intellect Hobbes was personally, a timid man, and very anxious to keep clear of church and state troubles. He was one of the ornaments of the tribe of smokers, being fond of soothing his meditations with a pipe. His attempts at poetry form an extraordinary and ludicrous contrast with his prose works. Dryden good-naturedly says that he took to poetry when he was too old; but the truth is, his philosophy was too material to make a poet of. He wanted the fine elements of imagination and sentiment. The following (from memory) is a specimen or two of his translation of Homer, one of the most ridiculous mistakes ever committed by a great man. Speaking of the sound of Apollo's arrows in his quiver, as the god moved along in his wrath, (which is a passage prodigiously noble and characteristic in the Greek,) he says—

His arrows chink as often as he jogs!

and in another fine passage, one of the very finest of antiquity, where Jupiter with the knitting of his immortal brows makes Olympus tremble—he says in his fantastic rhymes,—

—Thewith his great black brows he nodded
Wherewith affrighted were the powers divine,
Olympus shook at shaking of his godhead,
And Thetis, from it, jump'd into the brine!

to wit, plunged into the ocean!

April 17, about 497 before the Christian era, at a village near Athens, Socrates, the founder of the philosophy of good sense, who taught us what to do in our houses and social intercourse, not forgetting the hopes to which Nature herself, and a sense of the invisible world, incline the aspirations of men.

To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heav'n descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wiseest of men.

For

Milton's *Paradise Regained*.

—Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure, and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom.

Paradise Lost.

April 18, 1483, at Urbino, in Italy, Raphael (Raffaello Sanzio) the prince of painters; so called, because he possessed the greatest of requisites for the art of painting in their highest characters, particularly that of expression, or the power of exhibiting the thoughts and emotions of men in the face and figures. And he could do this alike in gentle subjects and in grand. Raphael was as prosperous in fortune as in art, and appears to have been beloved by every body; but died young—at the age of thirty-seven; yet he produced an astonishing heap of works. But this it is to have a pursuit which we perfectly love. "And the more a man does," says Mr. Hazlitt, "the more he can do;" which is a saying that looks like a contradiction, but, on a little inspection, will be found to contain a very evident and encouraging truth. Habit produces readiness. An excellent idea of one of Raphael's finest productions, the death of Ananias, has been given in one of the energetic wood-cuts of the *Penny Magazine*.

April 21, 1563, at Delft, in Holland, Hugo Grotius, a statesman, theologian, and law writer, all (considering the time he lived in) on the side of liberality and a Christian benevolence. During the struggles in his country with a less generous system, he got into prison, and his wife delivered him by an ingenious stratagem, putting him into a chest which used to go to and fro between him and his friends with books in it. Grotius had a fine taste in poetry, and was of social and pleasant manners. A French writer, who often supped with him, says that he never called his servants by

• Pruned.

their names, but if he wanted to speak to any of them, used to cry "Hop!" Probably this was nothing more than the old cry of our gentry to their servants—"Hob, there!" "As for the rest," says this writer, "he was the honestest man in the world."

PAGANINI.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THE EDITOR.

So play'd of late to every passing thought
With finest change (might I but half as well
So write!) the pale magician of the bow,
Who brought from Italy the tales, made true,
Of Grecian lyres; and on his spheric band,
Loading the air with dumb expectancy,
Suspended, ere it fell, a nation's breath.

He smote,—and clinging to the serious chords
With godlike ravishment, drew forth a breath,
So deep, so strong, so fervid thick with love,
Blissful, yet laden as with twenty prayers,
That Juno yearn'd with no diviner soul
To the first burthen of the lips of Jove.

The exceeding mystery of the loveliness
Sadden'd delight; and with his mournful look,
Dreary and gaunt, hanging his pallid face
Twixt his dark flowing locks, he almost seem'd,
To feeble or to melancholy eyes,
One that had parted with his soul for pride,
And in the sable secret liv'd forlorn.

But true and earnest, all too happily
That skill dwelt in him, serious with its joy;
For noble now he smote the exulting strings,
And bade them march before his stately will;
And now he lov'd them like a cheek, and laid
Endearment on them, and took pity sweet;
And now he was all mirth, or all for sense
And reason, carving out his thoughts like prose
After his poetry; or else he laid

His own soul prostrate at the feet of love,
And with a full and trembling fervour deep,
In kneeling and close-creeping urgency,
Implored some mistress with hot tears; which past,
And after patience had brought right of peace,
He drew, as if from thoughts finer than hope,
Comfort around him in ear-soothing strains
And elegant composure; or he turn'd
To heaven instead of earth, and rais'd a pray'r
So earnest vehement, yet so lowly sad,
Mighty with want and all poor human tears,
That never saint, wrestling with earthly love,
And in mid-age unable to get free,

Tore down from heav'n such pity. Or behold
In his despair, (for such, from what he spoke
Of grief before it, or of love, 'twould seem)
Jump would he into some strange wail uncouth
Of witches' dance, ghastly with whinings thin
And palsied node—mirth wicked, sad, and weak.
And then with show of skill mechanical,
Marvellous as witchcraft, he would overthrow
That vision with a shower of notes like hail,
Or sudden mixtures of all difficult things
Never yet heard; flashing the sharp tones now,
In downward leaps like swords; now rising fine
Into some almost tip of minute sound,
From which he stepp'd into a higher and higher
On viewless points, till laugh took leave of him:
Or he would fly as if from all the world
To be alone, and happy, and you should hear
His instrument become a tree far off,
A nest of birds and sunbeams, sparkling both,
A cottage-bow'r: or he would condescend,
In playful wisdom which knows no contempt,
To bring to laughing memory, plain as sight,
A farm-yard with its inmates, ox and lamb,
The whistle and the whip, with feeding hens
In household fidget muttering evermore,
And rising as in scorn, crown'd Chanticleer,
Ordaining silence with his sovereign crow.
Then from one chord of his amazing shell
Would he fetch out the voice of quires, and weight
Of the built organ; or some two-fold strain
Moving before him in sweet-going yoke,
Ride like an Eastern conqueror, round whose state
Some light Morisco leaps with his guitar;
And ever and anon o'er these he'd throw
Jets of small notes like pearl, or like the pelt
Of lovers' sweetmeats on Italian lutes
From windows on a feast-day, or the leaps
Of pebbled water, sprinkling in the sun.

One chord effecting all:—and when the ear
Felt there was nothing present but himself
And silence, and the wonder drew deep sighs,
Then would his bow lie down again in tears,
And speak to some one in a pray'r of love,
Endless, and never from his heart to go:
Or he would talk as of some secret bliss;
And at the close of all the wonderment
(Which himself shar'd) near and more near would come
Into the inmost ear, and whisper there
Breathings so soft, so low, so full of life,
Touch'd beyond sense, and only to be borne
By pauses which made each less bearable,
That out of pure necessity for relief
From that heap'd joy, and bliss that laugh'd for pain,
The thunder of th' uprolling house came down,
And bow'd the breathing sorcerer into smiles.

GOODNESS AND PLEASURE.

Conclusion of last week's Extract from Mr. Bentham's unpublished Work.

Praise and Censure.—In the conveying approbation to another for meritorious conduct, let the expressions be warm and cordial. Let the recompense be as much as the circumstances of the case justify. Sincerity and candour, indeed, are modifications of veracity; or rather veracity is a modification of sincerity; but veracity has its shapes more or less attractive; and when it has the matter of pleasure at its disposal, let its distribution be made as welcome as possible to the receiver. That a favour denied may be made, by the grace of its denial, almost as pleasurable as a benefit conferred, has almost passed into a proverb; and that the language of approval may lose all, or almost all its acceptableness by its forms of expression, or manner of utterance, is within the observation of every man's experience. Let your praise then, when given, be given with all the accompaniments which make praise most delightful. The exercise which conveys approbation is in itself most salutary. Let it be the expression of truth combined with warm-heartedness; one sentence so characterized, will be worth many in which such qualities are wanting.

And where extra-regarding prudence* requires that disapprobation should be conveyed to another, let only so much of pain be created as is necessary for the accomplishing the object you have in view. If you create too little pain, indeed, that which you do create is wasted; because the purpose for which it was created fails. But the common error is on the other side. Vindictiveness frequently mingles with the rewards of justice. The disposition of power to display itself, usually leads to the infliction of more suffering than prudence or benevolence warrant. And in ordinary cases, disapprobation is conveyed in that moment when passion has enfeebled the power of judging how much of pain is demanded. As a general rule, avoid the expression of disapprobation when you are angry. The violent expressions to which irritation gives birth, are those which will be least adapted to the end; for the blindness of anger prevents it from seeing and seizing the fit object for the accomplishment of its end.

Love of having the "last word."—Some men have a failing which is a source of great annoyance to others, and for which they pay the penalty by making the conversation less agreeable, and even at times making their conversation intolerable; it is the habit of sticking for the final word. Right or wrong in the controversy, subdued or victorious, there are persons who insist on exercising the petty and vexatious despotism of uttering the last sentence that is uttered. This disposition is the out-break of pride in a very offensive shape; it is the usurpation of dominion over the self-love of other men, on a ground where men are ordinarily most sensitive. It is, in fact, a determination to humiliate him with whom you have been holding intercourse—to humiliate him, not by the success of an irresistible argument, but by the intrusion of a tyrannic power. Avoid then the act, lest the act should create the habit; and if the habit exist, extra-regarding prudence requires that it should be got rid of. Watch yourself, and inquire if any friend on whose sincerity you can rely—inquire, if you are quite sure that you will not be hurt by his reply, whether the infirmity is exhibited by, or has been observed in you; and if it be, correct the infirmity.

Discovery of the valuable part of the minds of others.—Acts of benevolence cannot be better exercised on occasions where we are forced, as it were, into the company of others, than by the choice of pleasurable topics of conversation. A little attention will discover those topics. To detect what are the peculiar riches of another man's mind, or experience, or knowledge, is among the happiest of resources. Its exercise is alike complimentary to the other party, and instructive to ourselves.

* By "extra-regarding" prudence, the author means prudence as regards others, and its re-action on ourselves.

THE LONDON JOURNAL,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1834.

NOT only do we continue to receive from our correspondents the most animating expressions of kindness, but the press, of all parties, has honoured and delighted us with a singular unanimity of encouragement. We are aware how much of this honour is done us for our good intentions; and how natural it is for men of spirit and talent, to let their praises run over in full measure when they are pleased; but we are the more delighted with their approbation for those very reasons, because it shews what a fund of good will there is towards a good intention, in the bosoms of all men, especially the ablest; and how ready they are to confirm by their own actions (the most valuable of all proof), any genuine evidences of belief in the possibility of a more harmonious world.

To the *Times* for setting the powerful example of its good will; to the *Morning Chronicle*, which (we understand) followed it, (though our old brother book-worm, and able, and estimable friend, the Editor, would not

have required any such stimulus to his good-nature); to a notice so deeply kind, that it becomes us to be silent before it, in the classical pages of the *Examiner*; to a very particular one, calculated to be extremely useful, in the *Spectator*; to another, of singular gallantry and handsomeness on the part of the *Age*, which we are quick to acknowledge; to the *Northampton Herald* for a paragraph in which we recognize the friendly and graceful mind of a writer in another journal; to the *Bucks Gazette* for sending us its brotherly furtherance of the paragraph; to other papers, which we have heard of, but cannot with certainty specify; and last, not least, to our modest but valued friend the *Ladies' Penny Gazette*, whose verses on the occasion, for the sake of the genuine things they contain, we would extract into our Journal, if we had not retained some little modesty of our own,—to these, and all friends, we return our best thanks; and we return them, not only for our own sakes, however flattered and animated, but for the sake of that humanity at large which such evidences of good will tend to promote, and which, we hope and believe, will every day more and more be drawing the world together, to compare notes for its advancement. We have nothing to do with politics in this journal, in a certain sense, directly or indirectly; but the fact is, that Politics, in their noblest and most universal sense, have to do, remotely or otherwise, with every fresh movement in society, small as well as great; and it is in the name of a large principle, and not of our own little pretensions, we speak, when we say, that even from so small a seed as we have attracted this sunshine of good-will to, some others may arise, which may be transplanted, from time to time, and from spot to spot, till they unite with the harvests of greater cultivators, and of awful toil, to clothe the world in gladness.*

In our last week's article, under the present head, we entered too much into critical details on particular subjects. It is not our object to do this, though we may be occasionally tempted to it (as we were then) by a particular book or picture. The main objects of our Journal are explained by the general appearance of it, and by its resemblance in certain points to Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*. In the articles under the head of London, which are an addition to the plan of that paper, we do not profess to give reviews, or to notice everything; but simply to catch the spirit of what is passing, sometimes as persons present, sometimes as mere recorders of the leading opinions of the town; though always with an attention and responsibility of our own. We write them chiefly for our friends in the country, and would have them be regarded as the letters of a London correspondent, who makes the subjects of them a portion of his ordinary communications by the post, having friends who like to know a little of what is going forward, on points interesting to the advancement of knowledge.

We have to commence then our memorandums of the London week, with another congratulation on the increasing exchanges of good offices between England and foreign countries. The cause is no greater, this time, than an acknowledgment on the part of the University of Tübingen, in Wirtemberg, of the receipt of a "Collection of Historical Documents," from the Speaker of the English House of Commons, "printed under the direction of the Record Commission." But even this is an addition to the stock of promises for the world, and for the growth of general intelligence and good will. How much better to see the official authorities of the globe corresponding with one another on the subject of books and useful presents, instead of requesting to know which means to insult the other first, and when they shall go to war, and play all sorts of absurd enormities!

The opera season is improving by the addition of Mademoiselle Giulietta Grisi, and the return of our old acquaintances Rubini and Tamburini, the one with his rubies of notes, of which he is a little too lavish; the other with a talent for almost anything, at once brilliant and solid. Mademoiselle Grisi (whom we have not heard) is highly praised by the newspapers.

* We understand (for we have not yet seen the articles) that to the list of our kind contemporaries and good wishers, we are to add the *Weekly Dispatch* and the *Literary Gazette*, but that the latter objects to our entire abstracts of new novels, as doubting whether they are entirely fair. This, to be sure, is a consideration "to give us pause." We can only say, that we will enquire into it amongst the parties most concerned, and if we have made an erroneous judgment of their feelings on the point, make haste to alter it, and act accordingly.

A masquerade is occasionally got up at this theatre, but with little success. One has just taken place. Our beloved countrymen, in fact, as a body, are not yet lively and off-hand enough in the art of sociality, to make these exhibitions tell. They want a few more *London Journals*! together with some other things which graver journals will help to bring them. We never saw an English masquerade but once, and then its mirth was so melancholy, that it made us go away. Half of the people seemed "afraid of committing themselves," and the other half bent upon showing that they were simply not afraid. There was no genuine vivacity in any quarter. Even a real pantomime-clown who was there, gave but one somerset, and then stood still for the evening, with his hands in his pockets, as if petrified by the place.

They understand Mathews, however,—the masterly exhibitions of the humorous and absurd in the person of one man, who has all the show to himself; and accordingly they are now flocking to a selection from his former best pieces, at the Adelphi Theatre; we need not say with what delight. You may go to see whole comedies in which all the persons concerned do nothing worth seeing. Mathews is a whole comedy in himself, of many persons; and all his characters have something good in them, mostly a great deal that is admirable. Face, manner, mind, are all done to the life.

Of Paganini and his marvellous violin which is now to be heard at the Adelphi, glorifying, praying, laughing, lamenting, making love, we dare not trust ourselves to speak in these brief notices. But we have given an extract, in another column, from a manuscript we have by us, in which there is an attempt to express some of the feelings he has given us every time we heard him. We are sorry to observe by the newspapers, that he has just fallen ill.

WE see, in the news from Scotland, that at the interment of the venerable widow of Burns, ("bonnie Jeanie Armour," who, we believe, made him a very kind and considerate wife,) the poet's body was for a short time exposed to view, and his aspect found in singular preservation. An awful and affecting sight! We should have felt, if we had been among the bye-standers, as if we had found him in some bed in the night of time and space, and as if he might have said something! grave but kind words of course, befitting his spirit, and that of the wise placidity of death: for so the aspect of death looks. A corpse seems as if it suddenly knew everything, and was profoundly at peace in consequence.

THE water-colour exhibition, in Bond-street, was meant as a kind of supplement to the one in Pall Mall east. There are few very few pictures in the room worth seeing; and those one would wish to see in some better place. V. Bartholomew has presented us with some of beautiful, lively colours. How lively those parrots! how beautifully intense that convolvulus! There are some landscapes by the same artist in the room; but in scenery, that liveliness of colour for which he is remarkable in his flowery pieces, is not to be perceived. Sidney Shepherd is fertile but more tasty than powerful. Barbank has furnished some very clever, highly-finished studies of animals. His large picture is not so good. Two 'Studies of Pigs,' by J. Thorpe, are admirable; we can only object to the background, which is a little too forward. Scene from Moore's 'Lalla Rookh,' of the dead Arab girl at the bottom of the sea, by Kearney, is exceedingly fanciful and pretty, with a nice feeling of colour. 'Absent, but not forgotten,' does great credit to the youth of the artist, Miss Fanny Corbeaux; though the perspective of the table is somewhat out of order. The lady in the picture is a little like the fair painter. 'Just Caught,' being captive fish, and a fruit-piece, by Spry, are near Bartholomew in brilliancy of colour. And last, for a bonne-bouche, Lance's 'Study of Fruit' is rich, brilliant, and fresh as nature.

Our limits restrict us to noticing the most striking pictures in the collection, or we should have mentioned a few others; while, on the other hand, we could wish that some of the attempts in the room had been left out altogether. They are surely not "weeds of glorious feature," but "weeds that have no business there."

We spoke in our last of cheap music. There is to be a grand Musical Festival. Sincerely do we hope that in addition to the other merits of its arrangement, we may have the pleasure of announcing that such a scale of prices has been determined on as will admit all classes to a participation. If so, it will be a most happy opportunity for those, whose only incapacity for music is an incapacity to enrich their taste by the payment of seven and sixpence, at the door of a Concert Room. The price for seats of the best kind, on each morning, is to be fixed, we understand, at one guinea. This may not be unreasonable, considering what is offered, and who are likely to be subscribers; but from this price downwards we trust we shall hear of various terms of admission, calculated to the means of all ranks of people. Why should there not be a shilling gallery? Though it were amongst the very rafters of the ceiling, who would not be glad to see it filled with happy faces?

MONSIEUR DUPONT.

ABSTRACT OF THE NOVEL OF THAT NAME BY THE CELEBRATED PAUL DE KOCK, WHICH HAS NOT YET BEEN TRANSLATED IN THIS COUNTRY.

PAUL DE KOCK is the novelist of Parisian middle life, and with due allowance for the caricature to which comic novelists are subject, is famous for the truth and humour of his portraits, for the vivacity of his incidents and dialogue, for a certain Voltairian turn in his style, an abundance of sense, of good nature, and now and then no little pathos. Two of his best novels have been made known to the English public by the excellent translations, entitled *Andrew the Savoyard*, and the *Modern Cymon*. The novel of which we here give an abstract is not one of his best; but it happened to be near at hand, and the author writes nothing which does not contain amusement and character; as the reader will see by our sketch. Madame Moutonnet, who persuades her husband she is "a fine woman," because she is large, and who is jealous of him though she never loved him—the little old clerk who has been trained into slavery without being reconciled to it, and who is tricked out of his involuntary coach and dollar—and the grand but mortified Monsieur Dupont, with his double watch-chain and his eyes a-top of his head, who is so astonished to find out that his wife loves him, and breaks his neck to return to her, are all portraits after general, as well as Parisian, life, though strongly and amusingly marked with the characteristics of their own country.

M. Eustache Moutonnet was a rich laceman of the Rue Saint-Martin. He was a man much esteemed in his business, for he had never let his bills be protested, or failed in his engagements. For thirty years that he had been in business, he had regularly attended to his concern from eight o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. He kept the day-book and ledger himself; Madame Moutonnet carried on the correspondence out of doors, and transacted business with the dealers; the shop and till were confided to the care of Mademoiselle Eugénie Moutonnet.

M. Moutonnet, notwithstanding the grandeur of his position, could not be said to command in his own house; his wife ruled, ordered, and disposed of every thing. When she was in a good humour (a rare occurrence) she would allow her husband to go and take his cup of coffee, provided that he went to the coffee-house at the corner of *la Rue Mauconill*, because there they gave plenty of sugar with their coffee, and M. Moutonnet always brought home three lumps to his wife.

This regulated life did not prevent our portly laceman from finding himself the happiest of men; so true is it, that 'what is one man's meat, is another man's poison.' Moutonnet was a man of simple, peaceable tastes, and, like a child, it was necessary to his happiness to be led.

Madame Moutonnet was past forty; but she had made up her mind to stop the encroachments of time at thirty-six. Madame Moutonnet was never pretty, but, being a large woman, she had persuaded Moutonnet that he had a very fine woman for his wife. She was no coquette, but she desired to bear the bell for wit and beauty. She had never loved her husband; but would have torn out his eyes had he ever dared to prove unfaithful. Madame Moutonnet was very jealous of her rights. In fact she herself was a very "dragon of virtue." The fruit of this convenient union of domination and docility, was one pretty, unaffected, sensible, and tender-hearted girl, eighteen years of age at the commencement of our story, fond of her father and afraid of her mother. A kindly, stout young woman, named Jeanne, and Bidois, an old clerk, completed the domestic establishment of the Moutonnetts.

One day, at dinner, when Moutonnet was plying his knife and fork with vigor, that he might return presently to his ledger, Madame Moutonnet, "assuming an air almost amiable," said to her husband, "Monsieur Moutonnet, to-morrow is the day of Saint Eustache." "No! really!" said the laceman, trying to seem astonished, though for eight days past he had kept a strict watch upon the barometer, to see if the weather promised to be fine on his name-day. "Are we so near

the 20th?" "Yes, sir, to-day is the 19th of September." "You are right, my dear." "I never forget that day, sir." "You are very good, Madame Moutonnet; and you know I never forget Saint Eustache;—dear heart!" "We are not talking at present of Saint Eustache, sir, but of Saint Eustache, which we shall keep to-morrow." "You are right, my dear." "I have arranged a little pic-nic party for the Wood of Romainville; does that suit you, sir?" "How, my dear? suit me! I am delighted!—the Wood of Romainville, you know, I was always fond of!"

"That charming wood, the lover's good."

"We are not talking of lovers, Monsieur Moutonnet; you are always so foolish!" "My dear, it is the fault of Saint Eustache now." "Recollect yourself, sir; and a severe look made M. Moutonnet comprehend that his daughter sat next him, and could understand all he said upon such forbidden subjects; and so the good man was silent, and his wife continued:—"I have invited a good deal of company for to-morrow, and I have endeavoured to make a good choice among our acquaintance. I think you will be satisfied with my choice." "My dear, you know that I always am!" "Let me speak, M. Moutonnet; if you interrupt me so every instant, we shall never have done." "You are right, my dear." "Let us see who will be there.—First, there will be we three, and Bidois: I shall not take Jeanne, because I do not wish to leave the house empty; I should not be easy. M. Bidois will carry the baskets; besides, you know, it amuses him." "Yes, ma'am," said the old clerk, forcing a smile to hide the face he could not help making at the notion of carrying the baskets. "I warn you, Monsieur Bidois, that they will perhaps be a little heavy to-morrow, for we shall be a great many, and, except bread and wine, which we shall get at the guard-house, we shall take every thing with us,—but, you are strong, you are active." "And I shall be able to relieve you too, sometimes," said M. Moutonnet. "Not at all, sir," said Madame; "I do not intend that; I do not wish you to tire yourself in the morning; by evening you would be good for nothing." "You are right, my dear." "Well, then, return to our company: we shall have M. Bernard, the toyman, and his wife, their daughter Mimi, and their little clerk, Estève. Monsieur Bernard is a very agreeable man, full of wit and gaiety. When he is in company, he sets every thing going, and that is what we shall want; if we had no one but you, Monsieur Moutonnet, to amuse the company!"—"Hut, my dear, it appears to me—" "Hush! I am going on: Madame Bernard is far from having her husband's spirit, though she has plenty of pretension, and is for ever putting in her word."

In addition to these, M. Gerard, a perfumer, his wife, his sister, and little boy came to the pic-nic; and M. Dupont and M. Adolphe Dalville, a clerk in a neighbouring linendraper's, are introduced, to enlarge the party beyond the fatal number of thirteen.

M. Dupont was a flourishing grocer, about forty years of age, living in the Rue aux Ours. He wore a queue and powder, because he thought it became him, and because his periquier told him that it gave him an air of distinction. His sky-blue coat and yellow waistcoat gave him a sort of fantastical appearance that quite agreed with the astonished expression of his eyes at the top of his head. He caressed with complacency two watch-chains that hung at his waist-band, and every word he spoke was listened to attentively; he believed himself seducing and witty, having all the self-sufficiency of folly supported by riches; in fine, he was a bachelor of great importance to all who had daughters to marry.

The day is fine, and the pic-nic prospers by favour of the relaxed severity of Madame Moutonnet. The first thing proposed upon entering the wood is a game at hide-and-seek. Eugénie Moutonnet and Adolphe Dalville have some time regarded each other with an eye of inclination, though the vigilance and austerity of the lady's mother have prevented any familiar intercourse. The opportunities of hide-and-seek however enable them to avow a mutual passion, and swear eternal constancy. After dinner, during which Madame Moutonnet is incensed against her husband for attempting to carve a fowl, and quarrels with the toyman's wife who assists him, the younger part of the company join a village dance. The spirited toyman, something exalted by drinking, provokes the villagers to thrash him. This unpleasant circumstance draws upon him the displeasure of Madame Moutonnet, already angered against his wife, and she is at last enraged to that degree, that a total breach takes place between the families. A storm separates the remaining company into two parties, and the Moutonnet family with young Dalville seek shelter at a coffee-house. Adolphe goes out to find a coach, and Bidois is sent out soon after to assist in the search; Dalville however, with great zeal, succeeds in finding one first, and he and the Moutonnetts leave the inn, without waiting for Bidois, and, to the great chagrin of the coffee-house keeper, without taking anything; for Madame Moutonnet thought it would be superfluous to do so. Meantime Bidois returns unsuccessful, sheltered, as to his head, by one of the empty baskets. After dinner he had manoeuvred so skillfully as to achieve the loss of the other with some bottles, part of the remains of dinner. Some turkey, and other broken viands are in his pockets, for Madame Moutonnet would have nothing left behind if she knew it. "Where are my friends?" said he, replacing the basket under his arm. "They went

away in a coach," said the master of the coffee-house, with a sneer. "Gone—in a coach!—without me!" "They called you. Is not your name Bellois?" "Bidois, if you please." "Bidois, Bellois,—it's the same thing." "No Sir, it's a very different thing." "Well—however, they have gone without you, finding you did not come back." "Gone without me!—let me return on foot in such weather, when I have broken my back all day with carrying their dinners!—Madame Bernard was right in calling Madame Moutonnet a tyrant!" "They can't have got far," said the coffee-house keeper, "and if you run, I dare say you will catch them at the barrier; it was a yellow coach." "Do you think so—Let us see." And Bidois ran out of the coffee-house.

"At length, having passed the barrier, the old clerk sees a hackney coach. 'I see it!' he cried, 'I shall have some rest now; keep it up!' the sight of the coach redoubles his vigour. He jumps forward, running haphazard among the brooks and marshes into which the road-way turned, to the great detriment of his stockings. He overtakes the coach; and it is a yellow one. 'Stop, stop!' cried Bidois, running by the side of the coach, in a voice choked with exhaustion. The coachman, thinking some one was making game of him, paid no attention. 'Will you stop?' cried Bidois, again; 'you have got some people who were waiting for me, and I will give you something to drink.' 'Ah! that's another thing—if they are your acquaintance—' said the coachman, stopping his horses; 'so get up, master.' Bidois did not want this invitation repeated; directly the coach stopped, he ran and opened the door. A cry issued from within. Ah! my God! it is my husband!" said a strange voice. "Her husband!" cried a man; 'quick let us be off!' The opposite door is opened, and the gentleman fled, leaving behind him his hat; while the lady saved herself at the expense of her shawl, her gloves, and her handkerchief, leaving Bidois dismayed upon the steps. 'Hullo! what does this mean, old fellow?' cried the coachman, surprised to see his passengers off in such a hurry. 'Hey! Parbleu!' responded Bidois, 'it means that bad luck follows me every where.—I was mistaken, your passengers were none of my friends.' 'Oh, very well! you're a pretty humbug to play me such a game as this.' 'How do you mean? humbug!—do you think I did it for the pleasure of it?' 'Indeed I do, my man. But, you see, it can't pass in this way. You have frightened the two fares I was carrying, so that they have taken to their heels; but I can't do without my money. Its no use your speaking; I took them up at the pavilion Français, and as that is outside the barrier, they were to give me a dollar; so, now then, you must give me a dollar.' 'I give you a dollar?' 'Yes, my fine fellow, if it's agreeable to ye.' 'Nonsense! you are joking. Why should I pay the fare for people I know nothing about?' 'We are not talking about whys and wherefores; you have made my passengers run away, and you must pay me my fare, or we shall see.' The coachman, fearing that Bidois would run away too, jumped from his box; but the old clerk had no strength left for running, and he quietly suffered himself to be seized by the arm. 'Come, pay us, and have done with it.' 'I will not pay,' said Bidois, with an air of decision; 'for I owe you nothing.' 'Very well! then! let us go back to the guard of the barrier, and there we'll make you understand sense, my little man.' Saying this, the coachman backed his coach, and took Bidois before the clerk of the barrier. 'But,' said Bidois, to the coachman, 'you can pay yourself, for they have left some things in the coach.' 'Do you take me for a pick-pocket? I shall go and give those up to the prefecture.' 'I'll undertake that no one will come to reclaim them.' 'That's no business of mine. What right have you to put people out in this way with your basket cap? I don't wonder you frightened them; they must have taken you for the devil.'

"There was a general laugh at the piteous appearance of Bidois when he heard himself condemned to pay. In rummaging his pocket for his purse, he let fall the remains of the turkey, which he had taken from the basket when he put it on his head. This added to the gaiety of the bystanders. 'It seems the gentleman does not lose any thing when he dines at the eating-house,' said the clerk of the barrier, laughing. 'Sir, that is my affair,' said Bidois, peevishly, putting the bird back into his pocket, 'don't you go and make me pay duty for this turkey's leg.' 'No, Sir, turkeys don't pay duty.' 'That's lucky. Come, coachman, if I pay, I hope at least I may ride.' 'That's all fair.' 'Where were you taking that gentleman and lady to?' 'I was to set them down at the Boulevard du Temple.' 'Very well; you shall set me down at the Porte St. Martin.' 'That will do, come along.' They leave the barrier to go to the coach. It still rained, and Bidois said to himself, 'At least, if I do pay dear for it, I can stretch myself at my ease, and sleep to the Porte Saint-Martin.' Poor Bidois! It was doubtless written in the book of fate that he was not to reach Paris in a coach. Before they had got to where the coach stood, four officers, quicker than the old clerk, came up, opened the door of the coach, and jumped in, exclaiming, 'At last we have found one! this is not bad!' 'What the devil now,' cried Bidois, running to the door, 'they have found one, have they? Very pretty, upon my honour,—stop a moment—Gentlemen, gentlemen,—getting on the steps—this coach has been waiting here an hour—for me.' 'I have no pence, old man,' said one of the officers, taking Bidois for the waterman; which was excusable, seeing how the storm had deranged his dress. 'Another time,' and he pushed him away roughly, shutting the door.

* In France it is the custom, instead of the day on which a person is born, to keep that of the saint whose name they bear.

'One moment, gentlemen! What do you take me for,' cried Bidois, trying to seize the door; 'I am a citizen of Paris; I have engaged this coach, and I have paid for it, and it is mine; you cannot take it.' 'You see we can, for we are in it,' 'You must get out, gentlemen. Coachman! explain it to the gentlemen.' The coachman, enchanted to have got another fare, contented himself with mounting his box without answering poor Bidois, who ran backwards and forwards from the coachman to the door. 'This old fool will stun us with his noise,' said one of the officers. 'Gentlemen, you must get out of my coach.' 'What, give up the coach to you? My fine fellow, if do I get out, it will be to crop your ears. Come, coachman, we are in a hurry, and can't stay listening to this drunken fellow!' 'All right, sir.' And the coachman applied the whip to his cattle. Bidois went and sat down on a post, viewing with an air of consternation, the coach which had taken his dollar, and left him in the middle of the street. At last he got home, and went to bed without a light, lest in getting one he should be stopped by Madame Moutonnet, still to do something more.

Adolphe and Eugenie had sworn eternal fidelity. Their vows, however, did not preserve Adolphe (who is a sort of Tom Jones,) from the perseverance of a young dancer, nor Eugenie from maternal tyranny. One morning, Madame Moutonnet came into her daughter's room, and informed her that M. Dupont was to breakfast with them, desiring her to pay particular attention to her toilette. The foreboding girl dresses slowly, delaying as long as possible her appearance in the breakfast-room. At length she dares delay no longer. Her parents and M. Dupont are already there. "'Come in, my child,' said Madame Moutonnet, perceiving Eugenie trembling at the door; 'Come in. M. Dupont, go and give her your hand.' 'You are right, you are right,' said M. Dupont, leaping to Eugenie, 'that is what I was going to do, when I saw Mademoiselle.' The grocer conducted Eugenie to a chair. She seated herself without saying a word; but the frequent swelling of her bosom shewed that she awaited with anxiety the result of this conference. Meantime her papa, who seemed to wish to say something, but did not dare to break into the conversation, contented himself with coughing in different tones, and taking frequent pinches of snuff. Breakfast is served. Then rain is talked of, then the fine weather, and then the trade of grocery; a part of the conversation in which Dupont makes a figure, taking occasion to make good use of brown sugar and pepper, and mixing it liberally with his discourse. At length Madame Moutonnet made a sign to her husband to keep silence, and addressed Eugenie: 'My child, you are now eighteen years of age, and your education is completed; you know the duties of a counter, and, thanks to my example, I think you understand the management of a home.' 'Yes, certainly,' said M. Moutonnet; 'she is quite able to manage.'—Hush! silence, if you please Monsieur Moutonnet. I early inculcated in you principles of virtue and wisdom, which'—'Madame,' said Bidois, (whose curiosity is excited by the appearance of mystery,) putting his head into the room, 'I cannot exactly make up M. Dupont's account.' 'That will do, that will do, Bidois; we are busy; I will look at it by-and-bye.' 'Oh, very well.' Bidois went away against his will; but he had had time to see every body there, and that was something; upon these premises he could employ himself in making conjectures. 'In short, my child,' continued Madame Moutonnet, 'thanks to my care, you are in a condition to marry, and you will prove yourself worthy of your mother.'—'Yes, my love, she will be worthy of you,' said M. Moutonnet; 'I always'—'Will you be silent, Monsieur Moutonnet? will you let me speak? I never saw you so talkative!—Nevertheless, my child, we should not yet perhaps have thought of marrying you. Seeing your youth, we should doubtless have waited some years, if a brilliant and a solid offer had not been made for you.' Dupont, finding that he was now brought upon the carpet, rocked and fidgeted himself on his chair, turned his eyes about after the most agreeable fashion he could, playing all the while with the chains and trinkets of his two watches. 'Yes, my child, a brilliant offer has been made for you. The person who seeks you in marriage has every right to your affections.' Here Dupont rose, and bowed to Madame Moutonnet. 'A man who joins to an agreeable exterior—(Dupont rises and bows)—those qualities which are essential to render a woman happy!—(Another standing bow from Dupont)—A man of an age befitting a husband; a man who wishes to make you happy, who loves you tenderly; who is rich, very rich; and, what is more, economical, and perfectly versed in business.'—All this while Dupont does nothing but stand up and bow.—'A man, in short, in whom I know no defect.'—Here Dupont, sitting down too suddenly, rolled on to the floor. Bidois, hearing a noise, pretended that he thought he was called. He assisted the grocer to regain his seat; and the future bridegroom, to avoid the like accident, determined to hear Madame Moutonnet to an end, quietly on his chair. 'In fine, my child,' continued Madame Moutonnet, when the storm was over, 'in the portrait which I have drawn, I do not doubt you will recognise Monsieur Dupont, our sincere friend;—well, you are not deceived; it is he who has asked your hand, and it is he to whom we have determined to marry you.' The result of this discourse is a fainting fit on the part of the poor girl, who endeavours to avert her calamity in vain. Nor is Adolphe, who makes a frantic appeal to Madame

Moutonnet, more successful; he is dismissed, and Eugenie locked up in her chamber. The wedding-day approaches. 'M. Dupont had already made his purchases. He had bought the wedding present, into which he insisted on thrusting some packets of Bayonne chocolate, and *pâté de guimauve*. Eight days beforehand he ordered an entire suit of clothes for himself; he engaged his perquiquier to invent something new for his head; he purchased some new trinkets for his watches, which, with the old ones, made such a noise, that he could be heard a hundred yards off, so that every one drew out of his way, thinking that it was a horse with bells. M. Dupont was enchanted at making such a sensation, and he smiled at all the world, and all the world smiled at him.' He engages more rooms over the shop he occupies, to enlarge his apartment; and takes into his service Jeanneton, who has been dismissed by Madame Moutonnet, being suspected, with reason, of favouring the younger lover. Jeanneton has the address to persuade Dupont, that she has left her place for the sake of following her young mistress. At length, the wedding-day has positively come. 'From five o'clock in the morning Dupont was beside himself; he had bathed and scrubbed himself nobly, and settled his head-dress. He walked up and down, from room to room, all about his lodging; he ran backwards and forwards between his shop and his looking-glass, now calling upon Jeanneton, now upon his shop-boys, to assist him at the one or the other; for the first time in his life, perhaps, he forgot the price of sugar and coffee. What with going and coming, and running about, the grocer managed to get over the time, till it became necessary for him to put on his new suit; black coat, waistcoat, and small clothes, white silk stockings and buckled shoes. Dupont spread them all out before him, and stood for an instant in admiration. 'Decidedly there is nothing wanting,' said he, applying himself to the duty of putting them on. The coat and waistcoat do very well, but the small-clothes are rather tight. 'Deuce!' said Dupont kicking to stretch them a bit, 'they pinch a little. My knees feel as if they were held in a vice! Certainly, they set all the better for it; not a fold; they fit like a glove!' The grocer calls Jeanneton and his apprentices. 'How am I?' 'Superb, sir.' 'And the cut?' 'Admirable.' 'You seem to have a little difficulty in walking, sir,' said Jeanneton. 'Ah! that is my small-clothes; but I hope they will be better when I have worn them a little; besides, I have no other black ones, and one can't be married in yellow small-clothes. But, they suit me, don't they?' 'Admirably, sir.' 'Well, I am ready. Let's be off—my gloves!—my hat!—nosegay?—Are the three glass coaches at the door?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Have the coachmen nossegays?' 'Yes, sir.' 'That's right.' Do they give them to the horses.' 'Not commonly; but if you wish it, sir, some can be fastened to their ears.' 'Let 'em; it will be more handsome, more brilliant. Faith, one is not married every day, and I wish my marriage to be talked of—Joseph, run and buy some branches of orange flowers, and have them put to the horses' heads.' 'Yes, sir; and to their tails!' 'A bunch of amaranths to each tail. I like to do things in grand style.'—

Dupont is married to Eugenie. Meantime Adolphe has heard that his father is sick. He hastens to him, and finds him in a consumption. At length the disease approaches a crisis, and Adolphe watches over him with the tenderest care. One night M. Dalville, feeling easier, persuades his son to seek a few hours repose. Long watching and exhaustion threw Adolphe into a profound sleep, which lasted till late in the following day. What is his astonishment on waking to find his father's hand in his, but cold, and motionless. The father has come to die by his sleeping son. Having buried his father, he returns to Paris, where the news of Eugenie's marriage drives him to despair. Soon after, he hears news of an uncle who has died abroad, and left him a large fortune. In acts of benevolence, and new affections, he strives to forget his first love. Eugenie, though married to Dupont, and living in his house, insists upon being her own mistress, and, with Jeanneton's assistance, who had already procured her a separate apartment, manages to preserve her fidelity to Adolphe, till the unexpected sight of her early lover throws her into a dangerous illness. Dupont studies in vain to please her; and when at length her illness postpones his hopes *sine die*, he sets off on business to Marseilles. Eugenie recovers, and chances to see Adolphe escorting, with unequivocal assiduity, another lady, to whom in fact he was about to be married. This works such a change in her sentiments, that she writes a kind letter to call home her well-meaning, though troublesome husband. 'My wife! a letter from my wife!' cried the grocer, 'what can that mean? She must be at the point of death!' He reads, and his astonishment increases at every word. 'Hereafter you will find in me a submissive wife.'—'Good heaven! Is it possible! How reflecting! A "submissive wife!" Ah! it is absence that has done this. My wife adores me, now she sees me no longer. Poor little dear!—A submissive wife!' Dupont is intoxicated; he jumps up, and runs like a madman to his landlady, tells her to pack up, and then flies to the post-house, where he arrives panting and blowing. 'Quick! quick!' cried he, 'I want some horses, a coach, postillions!'—'Where is the gentleman going?' 'To Paris.' 'When does Monsieur wish to set out?' 'Instantly; my wife is waiting for me. What is the quickest mode of travelling?' 'Faith, sir, going post is as quick as any.' 'Post! Very good; I go post.' 'Will you take a chaise?'

'A chaise! two if it is necessary.' 'How many horses?' 'How many can you put to?' 'Two, three, or four, as you like.' 'I'll have five then; and you had better put them all one before the other, that they may run the faster.' 'It would be impossible to drive them, sir.' 'Put them all abreast, then.' 'Why, sir, then we could not fasten them to the coach.' 'Well, put them how you like; I don't care how they go, provided they go like the wind.' 'Will you have two postillions?' 'Three, and a courier to go before. My wife is waiting for me, and I am in haste.' The chaise, postillions, courier, all come to the door. He jumps in. Such an extraordinary turn-out puzzles the neighbours. 'Is it a prince incognito? an ambassador? a general? or any other great man?'—'Who is it, postillions?' They answer, 'It is a wholesale grocer going to his wife.' Dupont pays like a prince, and his courier announces his arrival at the inns with great importance. The innkeepers make great preparations. Fires crackle, spits turn, all the saucepans are on the stoves, and the scullions at their places; the servants hasten to prepare a room for the illustrious traveller. A man who has a courier does not dine at the common table, and, as he does not stop the night, they must repay themselves for it in the dinner-bill. The sound of horses and whips announces the arrival of the great man. The master, cap in hand, goes out to receive him. The maids adjust their dress, the ostlers quit their horses, the travellers fill the windows from the top to the bottom of the house, the peasants and idlers of the town flock about the gate. Dupont alights, and his unmaiestic figure surprises the assembled gazers. He insists on taking a hasty snack in the outer room. 'If, my lord—Monsieur—your greatness, would go into the inner room, where there is a dinner laid out.' 'No occasion for so much trouble, my dear sir, I am very well here.' 'Will Monsieur dine?' 'Why, I am hungry. The coach has jolted me exceedingly, and that gives one an appetite. I think I should like a morsel of something.' 'The dinner of Monsieur the traveller is prepared.' 'Ah! Parbleu! There is no occasion for this ceremony. Let me have a plate of potatoes and a bit of Gruyere cheese, with half a bottle of wine.'—'How, sir?' 'I ask you for a plate of potatoes, and some Gruyere, — but let it be good; for I understand it; if you have not not got any good, I can send you some famous cheese.' At length the speed at which he travels, breaks down the coach. A bright idea strikes him. His courier is always in advance; therefore horseback is quicker travelling than riding in a coach. He buys his courier's horse, boots, spurs, and whip; and half citizen, half courier, pursues his uxorious race to Paris. He finds horseback not so easy as he took it to be, and can scarcely keep his seat. He soon loses a boot, then another, and at last poor Dupont and his horse jump down a quarry. This is a more tragical ending to the farce than the good-natured eccentric deserves. It serves, however, to free Eugenie, who is, a year after, united to Adolphe Dalville, whose half-and-half attentions had disgusted his other mistress so much, that he obtained the dismissal he had already wished. Madame Moutonnet is charmed at her daughter's marrying a man of fortune; and Bidois becomes his steward, and teaches his tenants arithmetic.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

IV.—THE TRAGEDY OF GUERNSEY.

THE tragical history which we give in our present number, has not so fixed and intense an air with it as the two in our last, but it is so very dramatic, that if Fate could be supposed to have an eye to such results, we could fancy the circumstances to have taken place, purely in order that they might give a lesson from the stage. In truth, they have been dramatised more than once, and, we believe, more than once told otherwise; but the following is the best account of the story we have met with. It is (with little variation) by the same author as furnished us with the case of Mr. Barnard and the Duke of Marlborough. We shall speak of him by and bye;—he was a sort of mystery himself.

John Andrew Gordier, a respectable and wealthy inhabitant of Jersey in the early part of the eighteenth century, had, for several years, paid his addresses to an accomplished and beautiful young woman, a native of the island of Guernsey; and having surmounted the usual difficulties and delays of love, which always increase the value of the object in pursuit, the happy day for leading his mistress to the altar at length was fixed. After giving the necessary orders for the reception of his intended wife, Gordier, at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, sailed for Guernsey. The impatience of a lover on such a voyage need not be described; hours were years, and a narrow channel between the islands, ten thousand leagues. The land of promise at length appears, he leaps on the beach, and without waiting for refreshment, or his servant, whom he left with his baggage, sets out alone, and on foot, for the house he had so often visited, which was only a few miles from the port. The servant, who soon followed, was surprised to find his master not arrived; repeated messengers were sent to search and enquire, in vain. Having waited in anxious expectation till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate to the urgency of their feelings, and the circumstance of the case.

The next morning, at break of day, the appearance of a near relation of the missing man, was not calcu-

lated to diminish their fears. With evident marks of distress, fatigue, and dejection, he came to inform them that he had passed the whole of the night in minutely examining, and in every direction, the environs of the road by which Gordier generally passed.—After days of dreadful suspense, and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate lover was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds; but no circumstance occurred on which to ground suspicion, or, even to hazard conjecture against the perpetrator of so foul a murder. The regret of both families for a good young man thus cut off in meridian of life and expectation, by a cruel assassin, was increased by the mystery and mode of his death. The grief of the young lady not being of that species, which relieves itself by shew and exclamation, was, for that very reason, the more poignant and heartfelt; she was never seen to shed a tear, but doubled the pity for her fate by an affecting patience. Her virtues and her beauty having attracted general admiration, the family, after a few years, was prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant and native of the island, to become her suitor, hoping that a second lover might gradually withdraw her attention from brooding in hopeless silence over the catastrophe of her first. In submission to the wishes of her parents but with repeated and energetic declarations that she never would marry, Galliard was occasionally admitted; but the unhappy lady, probably from thinking it not very delicate or feeling in relation of her murdered lover to address her, found it difficult to suppress a certain antipathy, which she felt whenever he approached. It was possible also, that, although hardly known to herself, she might have entertained a worse suspicion. At all events, the singular but well-authenticated circumstance of her antipathy was often remarked, long before the secret was revealed; it was a more than mental aversion, and was said to bear a near resemblance to that tremulous horror and shivering, which seizes certain persons of keen sensibility and delicate feelings at the sight of some venomous creature, abhorrent far their own nature and likeness. But such was the ardour of passion, or such the fascinating magic of her charms, repulse only increased desire, and Galliard persisted in his unwelcome visits. Sometimes he endeavoured to prevail on the unfortunate young woman to accept a present from his hands. Her friends remarked that he was particularly urgent to present her with a beautiful trinket, of expensive workmanship and valuable materials, which she pointedly refused, adding, that it would be worse than improper in her to encourage attentions and receive favours from a man, who excited in her mind sensations far stranger than indifference, and whose offers no motive of any kind could prevail on her to accept.

But Galliard, by the earnestness of his addresses, by his assiduities, and by exciting pity, the common resource of the artful, had won over the mother of the lady to second his wishes. In her desire to forward his suit, she had taken an opportunity, during the night, to fix the trinket in question on to her daughter's watch-chain, and forbade her, on pain of her displeasure, to remove this token of unaccepted affection.

The health of the lovely mourner suffered in the conflict; and the mother of the murdered man, who had ever regarded her intended daughter-in-law with tenderness and affection, crossed the sea which divided Jersey from Guernsey to visit her. The sight of one so nearly related to her first, her only love, naturally called forth ten thousand melancholy ideas in her mind. She seemed to take pleasure in recounting to the old lady, many little incidents which lovers only consider as important. Mrs. Gordier was also fond of enquiring into and listening to every minute particular, which related to the last interviews of her son with his mistress.

It was on one of these occasions that their conversation reverted, as usual, to the melancholy topic; and the sad retrospect so powerfully affected the young lady, whose health was already much impaired, that she sunk in convulsions on the floor. During the alarm of the unhappy family, who were conveying her to bed, their terror was considerably increased by observing that the eyes of Mrs. Gordier, were fearfully caught by the glittering appendage to the lady's watch; that well-known token of her son's affection, which, with a loud voice, and altered countenance she declared he had purchased as a gift for his mistress, previously to his quitting Guernsey. With a dreadful look, in which horror, indignation, wonder, and suspicion were mingled, she repeated the extraordinary circumstance, as well as the agitated state of her mind would permit, to the unhappy young lady, during the interval of a short recovery.

The moment the poor sufferer understood that the jewel she had hitherto so much despired, was originally in the possession of Gordier, the intelligence seemed to pour a flood of new horror on her mind; she made a last effort to press the appendage to her heart; her eyes, for a moment, exhibited the wild stare of madness, stung as she was to its highest pitch by the horrible conviction; and crying out, "Oh, murderous villain!" she expired in the arms of the by-standers.

It is hardly necessary further to unfold the circumstances of this mysterious assassination; Gordier, in his way from the port to his mistress's house, had been clearly way-laid by Galliard, murdered and plundered of the trinket, in the hope that after his death he might succeed to the possession of a jewel far more precious.

Galliard, being charged with the crime, boldly denied it, but with evident confusion and equivocation; and

while the injured family were sending for the officers of justice, he confirmed all their suspicions by suicide, and by a violent-tempered letter of confession.

V. VI. TWO STORIES OF REVERSION, CLERICAL AND FISCAL.

We add the following by way of farces after our Tragedy.

He who has been half his life (quoth our authority) an attendant at levees, on the faith of an election promise, a watering-place squeeze of the hand, or a race-ground oath; or, he, who vegetating on a fellowship, with vows long plighted to some much loved fair, is waiting, or watching, or wishing for, the death of a hale rector, at fifty-four; may, perhaps, be interested or amused by the following little narrative, the merry catastrophe of which took place at the time recorded.—The incumbent of a valuable living in a western county, had for some years awakened the hopes and excited the fears of the members of a certain college, in whom the next presentation was vested; the old gentleman having already outlived two of his proposed successors. The tranquil pleasures of the common room had very lately been interrupted or animated by a well-authenticated account of the worthy clergyman's being seized with a violent and dangerous disease, sufficient, without medical aid, to hurry him to his grave. The senior fellow, who, on the strength of his contingency, had only the day before declined an advantageous offer, was congratulated on the fairness of his prospects, and the after dinner conversation passed off without that uninteresting nonchalance for which it was generally remarkable.

The pears, the port wine, and the chesnuts being quickly dispatched, the gentleman alluded to hurried to his room; he ascended the stairs, tripped along the gallery, and stirred his almost extinguished fire with unusual alacrity; then drawing from his portfolio a letter to his mistress, which, for want of knowing exactly what to say, had been for several weeks unfinished, he filled the unoccupied space with renewed protestations of undiminished love; and he spoke with raptures (raptures rather assumed than actually felt, after a sixteen years' courtship) of the near approach of that time, when a competent independence would put it into his power to taste that first of earthly blessings, nuptial love, without the alloy of uncertain support. He concluded a letter, more agreeable to the lady than any she had ever received from him, with delineating his future plans, and suggesting a few alterations in the parsonage-house, which, though not a modern building, was substantial, and in excellent repair; thanks to the conscientious and scrupulous care of his predecessor, in a particular, to which, he observed, so many of the clergy were culpably inattentive.—The letter was sent to the post, and after a third rubber at the warden's (who observed that he never saw Mr. * * * so facetious), a poached egg, and a rummer of hot punch, the happy man retired to bed in the calm tranquillity of long delayed hope, treading on the threshold of immediate gratification.

Patiently at first, and then impatiently, waited he several posts, without receiving further intelligence, and filled up the interval as well as he could in settling his accounts as bursar; * getting in the few bills he owed, and revising his books; which, as the distance was considerable, he resolved to view before he left the university. Considering himself now as a married man, he thought it a piece of necessary attention to his wife, to supply the place of the volumes he disposed of, by some of the miscellaneous productions of modern literature, more immediately calculated for female perusal.

At the end of three weeks, a space of time, as long as any man of common feelings could be expected to abstain from enquiry; after being repeatedly assured by his college associates that the incumbent must be dead, but that the letter announcing it had miscarried, and being positively certain of it himself, he took pen in hand, but not knowing any person in the neighbourhood of the living, which he hoped so soon to take possession of, he was for some time at a loss to whom he should venture to write on so important a subject.

In the restlessness of anxious expectation, and irritated by the stimulants of love and money—in a desperate and indecorous moment, he addressed a letter officially to the clerk of the pariah, not knowing his name. This epistle commenced with taking it for granted that his principal was dead; but informing him, that the college had received no intelligence of it, a circumstance which they imputed to the miscarriage of a letter; but they begged to know, and if possible by return of post, the day and hour on which he departed; if, contrary to all expectation and probability, he should be still alive, the clerk was in that case desired to send without delay, a particular and minute account of the state of his health, the nature of his late complaint, its apparent effects upon his constitution, and any other circumstance he might think at all connected with the life of the incumbent.

On receiving the letter, the ecclesiastic subaltern immediately carried it to the rector's, who, to the infinite satisfaction of his parishioners, had recovered from a most dangerous disease, and was, at the moment, entertaining a circle of friends at his hospitable board, who celebrated his recovery in bumpers.

After carrying his eye over it in a cursory way, he smiled, read it to the company, and, with their permission, replied to it himself, in the following manner:

* Treasurer of the college.

"S—e, November 1, 1736.

"Sir—My clerk being a very mean scribe, at his request I now answer the several queries in your letter directed to him.

"My disorder was an acute fever, under which I laboured for a month, attended with a delirium during ten days of the time, and originally contracted, as I have good reason for thinking, by my walking four miles in the middle of a very hot day in July.

"From this complaint, I am perfectly recovered by the blessing of God, and the prescriptions of my son, a doctor of physic; and I have officiated both in the church, and at funerals in the church-yard, which is about three hundred yards from my house. The report of my relapse was probably occasioned by my having a slight complaint about three weeks ago; but which did not confine me.

"As to the present state of my health, my appetite, digestion, and sleep are good, and in some respects, better than before my illness, particularly the steadiness of my hands. I never use spectacles, and I thank God, I can read the smallest print by candle light; nor have I ever had reason to think that the seeds of the gout, the rheumatism, or any chronic disease, are in my constitution.

"Although I entered on my eighty-first year the second of last March, the greatest inconvenience I feel from old age is a little defect in my hearing and memory. These are mercies, which, as they render the remaining dregs of life tolerably comfortable, I desire with all humility and gratitude to acknowledge; and I heartily pray that they may descend, with all other blessings, to my successor, whenever it shall please God to call me. I am, sir, your unknown humble servant,

R— W—."

"P. S. My clerk's name is Robert D—: your letter cost him four-pence, to the foot post who brings it from S—e."

Such an epistle, from so good and excellent a character, and under such circumstances, could not fail producing unpleasant sensations in the breast of the receiver, who was not without many good qualities, and, except in this one occasion (for which love and port must be his excuse) did not appear to be deficient in feeling and propriety of conduct.

The purpose of this article will be fully and effectually answered, if fellows of colleges, and expectants of fat livings, valuable sinecures, and rich reversions, may happily be taught to check the indecorous ardour of eager hope; lest they meet with the rebuff given by an old Nottinghamshire vicar, whose health was more robust, and manners less courteous than those of the Dorsetshire clergyman.

This testy old gentleman, after recovering from a short illness, was exasperated by invidious, often repeated, and selfish inquiries after his health; and in the heat of irritation, ordered a placard with the following words, to be affixed to the chapel door of the college, to which the vicarage belonged:—

"To the Fellows of * * * * College.

"Gentlemen,—In answer to the very civil and very intelligible inquiries which you have of late so assiduously made into the state of my health, I have the pleasure to inform you that I never was better in my life; and as I have made up my mind on the folly of dying to please other people, I am resolved to live as long as I am able for my own sake. To prevent your being at any unnecessary trouble and expense in future on the subject, I have directed my apothecary to give you a line, in case there should be any probability of a vacancy: and am, your humble servant,

*****"

A laughable story was circulated during the administration of the old duke of Newcastle,* and retailed to the public in various forms. This nobleman, with many good points, and described by a popular contemporary poet, as almost eaten up by his zeal for the House of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a syllable. This weakness sometimes led him into ridiculous mistakes and absurd embarrassments; but it was his passion to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the anecdote about to be related.

At the election for a certain borough in Cornwall, where the ministerial and opposition interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object the duke, by certain well-applied arguments, by the force of urgent perseverance, and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman recommended by the treasury, gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude for so signal a triumph, and in a quarter where the minister had generally experienced defeat and disappointment, his Grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as ever indebted to him; that he could never do enough for him; that he would serve him by night and by day.

The Cornish voter, in the main an honest fellow, "as things went," and who would have thought himself already sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke for his kindness, and told him, "that the supervisor of excise was old

* Henry, sixth Earl of Lincoln, and second Duke of Newcastle, some time prime minister,—a slightly politician.

and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioner, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in his power, on any future occasion."

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it at a word speaking, the moment it is vacant." "But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult thing to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country." "The instant the man dies," replied the premier, (used to, and prepared for the freedoms of a contested election) "the moment he dies, set out post haste for London; drive directly to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive,—thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to shew you up stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes, without fail."

The parties separated; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, where he was visiting, without a thought of seeing his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more attentive. The supervisor died a few months afterwards, and the ministerial partisan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London by the mail, and ascended the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the corner of Great Queen Street.

The reader should be informed that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall, were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the king of Spain was expected hourly to depart: an event in which all Europe, and particularly Great Britain, was concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up, anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid, wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instruction to his porter, not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shewn up stairs, the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep, for with a thousand singularities and absurdities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour; the porter settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him effectually from his slumbers.

To his first question, "Is the Duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed; but he left particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly." "God for ever bless him! a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applicant for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation, at a prime minister's so accurately keeping his promise, "How punctual his Grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe, verily, they are as honest, and mean as well as other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them." Repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burgess of ***** was ushered into the duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his Grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. "When did he die?" "The day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff, and I hope your Grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The duke, by this time, perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and he was perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain. "Is the man drunk or mad? Where are your dispatches?" exclaimed his Grace, hastily drawing back his curtain, when instead of a royal courier his eager eye recognized at the bed-side the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows with hat in hand, and hoping "my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favour of his son-in-law at the last election of *****"

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few minutes, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances, and yielding to the irritation, he sank on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which, like the electrical fluid was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

[ADDITION TO THE ARTICLE ON MR. BARNARD AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH].

A correspondent, whose letter was among the most welcome we have received, and from whom we shall be glad to hear in future, concludes his communication as follows:—

The north east corner. The house is still standing. It is one man with the passage under the side of it.

"Allow me to point out a little error in your "Romance of Real Life," which I think renders it less romantic than the reality. You state that the Duke of Marlborough survived till 1817, whereas it appears from Smollett, that he died in the course of the very year in which the letters were written. The words of the historian are, "On the whole it is surprising that the death of the duke, which happened in the course of this year, was never attributed to the secret practices of this incendiary correspondent, who had given him to understand that his vengeance, though slow, would not be the less certain," vol. xii., p. 275. If I remember rightly, the same statement is made in the first volume of the Annual Register, but I cannot at this moment refer to it."

We have referred to the Annual Register, and to the Index of that work, and still find ourselves in some perplexity; for though we think our correspondent must be right, both from what he has quoted out of Smollett, and because the duke is plainly the one referred to in the Index as the second Duke of Marlborough, yet it would seem by the place in which the story is put in the register, as though the circumstance had occurred in November, 1758; whereas this duke died the month previous at Munster, in Germany. We can only conclude, that the place was an improper one, and that the date implied should have been that of the year before; and this seems the more likely, inasmuch as the author of the Lounger's Common-place Book (from whom we repeated the story) evidently had it from the Register, and probably mistook the date in consequence. On the other hand, the duke could not have died, as Smollett says he did, "in the course of the year in which the letters were written," for his death is dated October, and the first letter November. The duke who succeeded, was a Knight of the Garter, as his father had been. The Lounger says that the nobleman in question, was Master General of the Ordnance. Did the son succeed the father in that office? We strongly incline to our correspondent's emendation, and agree with him as to the improvement of the story by it; for though the father died of a fever said to be contracted "by the fatigues of a campaign," the lovers of romance could easily attribute the fever to a prison. Perhaps our correspondent, (if he has time) or some other instructed reader, will kindly settle this question for us.

TABLE-TALK.

WIRTEMBERG WINES.—The wines of Stuttgart are famous for their bad and acrid quality. A pleasant German traveller lately informed us, that there is a proverbial saying there, of two of the sourest of them; to wit, that the one is like a cat going down your throat; and the other, the same cat being drawn back again by the tail.

Pleasing Regrets. Even when defeated and mortified, the social feelings are not wholly unpleasing; for the French Actress's exclamation, while speaking of an unfaithful lover's once deserting her, was quite natural. "Ah! c'étoit le bon temps! j'étois bien malheureuse." ("Ah! those were fine times! I was so unhappy.") Sharp's *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse* (just published). The exclamation, however gaily put, is the more affecting, when we consider the probable heartlessness of the actress's life at the time she uttered it; and how delightful to the memory even the pains of a real affection had become, when compared with the pleasures of dissipation.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1834.

No. 4.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

LETTERS TO SUCH OF THE LOVERS OF KNOWLEDGE AS HAVE NOT HAD A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

LETTER II. ANACREON.

We intended to have begun these letters with the oldest and greatest of the Greek poets, Homer; but the want of a book or two prevents us, and we turn for consolation to Anacreon, also an old poet, who gives it us abundantly. So much so, that we no sooner think of him, than war and its heroics, even in Homer, seem ridiculous; and the only sensible thing in life (provided we were Greeks) appears to be, to sit drinking wine under a myrtle tree, crowned with roses, and admiring a pretty girl.

Even Anacreon, however, though of a genius pretty obvious to most readers who are not blinded by mere scholarship, contrives to be misunderstood by great numbers who fancy themselves intimate with him. It has been said of ladies when they write letters, that they put their minds in their postscripts—let out the real object of their writing, as if it were a second thought, or a thing comparatively indifferent. You very often know the amount of a man's knowledge of an author by the remark he makes on him, *after* he has made the one which he thinks proper and *authorized*. As for example, you will mention Anacreon to your friend A. in a tone which implies that you wish to know his opinion of him, and he shall say—

"Delightful poet, Anacreon—breathes the very spirit of love and wine. *His Greek is very easy.*"

All the real opinion of this gentleman respecting Anacreon lie in what he says in these last words. His Greek is easy; that is, our scholar has had less trouble in learning to read him than with other Greek poets. This is all he really thinks or feels about the 'delightful Anacreon.'

So with B. You imply a question to B. in the same tone, and he answers, "Anacreon! Oh! a most delightful poet Anacreon—charming—all love and wine. *The best edition of him is Spalletti's.*"

This is all that B. knows of Anacreon's "love and wine." "The best edition of it is Spalletti's;" that is to say, Spalletti is the Anacreon wine-merchant most in repute.

So again with C. as to his knowledge of the translations of the "delightful poet."

"Translations of Anacreon! Delightful poet—too delightful, too natural and peculiar to be translated—simplicity—naïveté—Fawkes's translation is elegant—Moore's very elegant, but diffuse.—Nobody can translate Anacreon. Impossible to give any idea of the exquisite simplicity of the Greek."

This gentleman has never read Cowley's translations from Anacreon; and if he had, he would not have known which part of them was truly Anacreontic, and which not. He makes up his mind that it is impossible to give "any idea of the exquisite simplicity of the Greek," meaning by that assertion, that he himself cannot, and therefore nobody else can. His sole idea of Anacreon is, that he is a writer famous for certain beauties which it is impossible to translate. As to supposing that the spirit of Anacreon may occasionally be met with in poets who have not translated him, and that you may thus get an idea of him without recurring to the Greek at all, this is what never entered his head: for Nature has nothing to do with his head; it is only books and translations. Love, nature, myrtles, roses, wine, have existed ever since the days of Anacreon; yet he thinks nobody ever chanced to look at these things with the same eyes.

Thus there is one class of scholars who have no idea
[SPARROW AND CO. CRANE COURT.]

of Anacreon except that he is easy to read; another, who confine their notions of him to a particular edition; and a third, who look upon him as consisting in a certain elegant impossibility to translate. There are more absurdities of pretended scholarship, on this and all other writers, which the truly learned laugh at, and know to be no scholarship at all. Our present business is to attempt to give some idea of what *they* think and feel with regard to Anacreon, and what all intelligent men would think and feel, if they understood Greek terms for natural impressions. To be unaffectedly charmed with the loveliness of a cheek, and the beauty of a flower, are the first steps to a knowledge of Anacreon. Those are the grammar of his Greek, and pretty nearly the dictionary too.

Little is known of the life of Anacreon. There is reason to believe that he was born among the richer classes; that he was a visitor at the courts of princes; and that agreeably to a genius which was great enough, and has given enough delight to the world, to warrant such a devotion of itself to its enjoyments, he kept aloof from the troubles of his time, or made the best of them, and tempted them to spare his door. It may be concluded of him, that his existence, (so to speak) was passed in a garden; for he lived to be old; which in a man of his sensibility and indolence, implies a life pretty free from care. It is said that he died at the age of eighty-five, and was then choaked with a grape-stone; a fate generally thought to be a little too allegorical to be likely. He was born on the coast of Ionia (part of the modern Turkey,) at Teos, a town south of Smyrna, in the midst of a country of wine, oil, and sunshine; and thus partook strongly of those influences of climate which undoubtedly occasion varieties in genius, as in other productions of nature. As to the objectionable parts of his morals, they belonged to his age and have no essential or inseparable connection with his poetry. We are therefore glad to be warranted in saying nothing about them. All the objectionable passages might be taken out of Anacreon, and he would still be Anacreon; and the most virtuous might read him as safely as they read of flowers and butterflies. Cowley, one of the best of men, translated some of his most Anacreontic poems. We profess to breathe his air in the same spirit as Cowley, and shall assuredly bring no poison out of it to our readers. The truly virtuous are as safe in the pages of the London Journal as they can be in their own homes and gardens. But cheerfulness is a part of our religion, and we chuse to omit not even grapes in it, any more than nature has omitted them.

Imagine then a good-humoured old man, with silver locks, but a healthy and cheerful face, sitting in the delightful climate of Smyrna, under his vine or his olive, with his lute by his side, a cup of his native wine before him, and a pretty peasant girl standing near him, who has, perhaps, brought him a basket of figs, or a bottle of milk corked with vine leaves, and to whom he is giving a rose, or pretending to make love.

For we are not, with the gross literality of dull or vicious understandings, to take for granted every thing that a poet says, on all occasions, especially when he is old. It is mere gratuitous and suspicious assumption in critics who tell us, that such men as Anacreon passed "whole lives" in the indulgence of "every excess and debauchery." They must have had, in the first place, prodigious constitutions, if they did, to live to be near ninety; and secondly, it does not follow that because a poet speaks like a poet, it has therefore taken such a vast deal to give him a taste, greater than other men's, for what he enjoys. Redi, the author of the most famous Bacchanalian poem in Italy, drank little but water. St. Evremond, the French wit, an epicure pro-

fessed, was too good an epicure not to be temperate and preserve his relish. Debauchees, who are foxhunters, live to be old, because they take a great deal of exercise; but it is not likely that inactive men should; unless they combined a relish for pleasure with some very particular kinds of temperance.

There is generally, in Anacreon's earnest, a touch of something which is *not* in earnest,—which plays with the subject, as a good-humoured old man plays with children. There is a perpetual smile on his face between enthusiasm and levity. He truly likes the objects he looks upon, (otherwise he could not have painted them truly) and he will retain as much of his youthful regard for them as he can. He does retain much, and he pleasantly pretends more. He loves wine, beauty, flowers, pictures, sculptures, dances, birds, brooks, kind and open natures, every thing that can be indolently enjoyed; not, it must be confessed, with the deepest innermost perception of their beauty (which is more a characteristic of modern poetry than of ancient, owing to the difference of their creeds) but with the most elegant of material perceptions,—of what lies in the surface and tangibility of objects,—and with an admirable exemption from whatsoever does not belong to them,—from all false taste and the mixture of impertinences. With regard to the rest, he had all the sentiment which good nature implies, and nothing more.

Upon those two points of luxury and good taste the character of Anacreon, as a poet, wholly turns. He is the poet of indolent enjoyment, in the best possible taste, and with the least possible trouble. He will enjoy as much as he can, but he will take no more pains about it than he can help, not even to praise it. He would probably talk about it, half the day long; for talking would cost him nothing, and it is natural to old age; but when he comes to write about it, he will say no more than the impulse of the moment incites him to put down, and he will say it in the very best manner, both because the truth of his perception requires it, and because an affected style and superfluous words would give him trouble. He would, it is true, take just so much trouble, if necessary, as should make his style completely suitable to his truth; and if his poems were not so short, it would be difficult to a modern writer to think that they could flow into such excessive ease and spirit as they do if he had not taken the greatest pains to make them. But besides his impulses, he had the habit of a life upon him. Hence the compositions of Anacreon are remarkable, above all others in the world, for being "short and sweet." They are the very thing, and nothing more, required by the occasion; for the animal spirits, which would be natural in other men, and might lead them into superfluities, would not be equally so to one, who adds the indolence of old age to the niceties of natural taste: and therefore as people boast, on other occasions, of calling things by their right names, and "a spade a spade," so when Anacreon describes a beauty or a banquet, or wishes to convey his sense to you of a flower, or a grasshopper, or a head of hair, *where it is*; as true and as free from every thing foreign to it, as the thing itself.

Look at a myrtle-tree, or a hyacinth, inhale its fragrance, admire its leaves or blossom, then shut your eyes, and think how exquisitely the myrtle tree is *what it is*, and how beautifully unlike every thing else,—how pure in simple yet cultivated grace. Such is one of the odes of Anacreon.

This may not be a very scholastic description; but we wish it to be something better; and we write to genial apprehensions. We would have them conceive a state of Anacreon, as they would that of his grapes; and know him by his flavour.

It must be conceded to one of our would-be scholarly friends above mentioned, that there is no translation, not even of any one ode of Anacreon's, in the English language, which gives you an entirely right notion of it. The common-place elegancies of Fawkes (who was best when he was humblest, as in his ballad of "Dear Tom, this brown jug") are out of the question. They are as bad as Hoole's Ariosto. Mr. Moore's translation is masterly of its kind, but its kind is not Anacreon's; as he would, perhaps, be the first to say, now; for it was a work of his youth. It is too oriental, diffuse, and ornamented; an Anacreon in Persia. The best English translations are those which Cowley has given us, although diffuseness is their fault also; but they have more of Anacreon's real animal spirits, and his contentment with objects themselves, apart from what he can say about them. Cowley is most in earnest. He thinks most of what his original was thinking, and least of what is expected from his translator.

We will give a specimen of him presently. But it is not to be supposed that we have no passages in the writings of English poets, that convey to an unlearned reader a thorough idea of Anacreon. Prose cannot do it, though far better sometimes as a translation of verse, than verse itself, since the latter may destroy the original both in spirit and medium too. But prose, as a translation of verse, wants, of necessity, that sustained enthusiasm of poetry, which presents the perpetual charm of a triumph over the obstacle of metre, and turns it to an accompaniment and a dance. Readers, therefore, must not expect a right idea of Anacreon from the best prose versions; though, keeping in mind their inevitable deficiencies, they may be of great service and pleasure to him, especially if he can superadd the vivacity which they want. And he is pretty sure not to meet in them with any of the impertinences of the translations in verse; that is to say (not to use the word offensively) any of the matter which does not belong to the original; for an impertinence, in the literal, unoffensive sense of the word, signifies that which does not belong to, or form a part, of any thing.

The passage quoted in our last London Journal about Cupid bathing and pruning his wings under the eyes of a weeping beauty (the production either of Spenser, or of a friend worthy of him) appears to us to be thoroughly Anacreontic in one respect, and without contradiction; that is to say, in clearness and delicacy of fancy.

The blinded archer-boy, like lark in shower of raine,
Sat bathing of his wings; and glad the time did spend
Under those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eyes,
And at their brightest beams, him pruned in lovely wise.

Milton's address to May-morning would have been Anacreontic, but for a certain something of heaviness or stateliness which he has mingled with it, and the deferential changes of the measure.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Com's dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

The dancing of the star, the leading flowery May, the green lap, and the straightforward simple style of the words, are all anacreontic; but the measure is too stately and serious. The poet has instinctively changed it in the lines that follow these, which are altogether in the taste of our author:

Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

then a long line comes too seriously in—

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

We will here observe, by the way, that Anacreon's measures are always short and dancing. One of these somewhat resembles with the shorter ones of the above poem.

Woods and groves are of thy dressing
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Every syllable, observe, is pronounced.

Dote moi lyren Homeros
Phonies aneuthe chordes.

The o's in the second line of the next are all pronounced long, as in the word rose.

Hyscinthine me rhabdo
Chalepos Eros badios
Ekeleous syntrochasin.

There is a poet of the time of Charles the First, Herrick, who is generally called, but on little grounds, the English Anacreon, though he now and then has no un-

happy imitation of his manner. We wish we had him by us, to give a specimen. There is one beautiful song of his, (which has been exquisitely translated, by the way, into Latin, by one of the now leading political writers,*) the opening measure of which, that is, of the first couplet, is the same as the other common measure of Anacreon:—

Their eyes the glow worms lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

He ge melaina pinel,
Pinel de dendre auten,
Pinel thalassa d'auras,
He d'Elton thalasson.

Suckling, a charming off-hand writer, who stood between the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, and partook of the sentiment of the one and the levity of the other, would have translated Anacreon admirably. And had Anacreon been a fine gentleman of the age of Charles the First, instead of an ancient Greek, he would have written Suckling's ballad on a wedding. There is a touch in it, describing a beautiful pair of lips, which, though perfectly original, is in the highest Anacreontic taste:—

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.

Beauty, the country, a picture, the taste and scent of honey, are all in that passage. And yet Anacreon, in the happy comprehensiveness of his words, has beaten it. The thought has got somewhat hacknied since his time, the hard, though unavoidable fate of many an exquisite fancy; yet stated in his simple words, and accompanied with an image, the very perfection of eloquence, it may still be read with a new delight. In his direction to a painter about a portrait of his mistress, he tells him to give her "a lip like Persuasion's,"

Prokaloumenon philema—
Provoking a kiss.

The word is somewhat spoilt in English by the very piquancy which time has added to it; because it makes it look less in earnest, too much like the common language of gallantry. But *provoking* literally means *calling for*—asking—forcing us, in common gratitude for our delight, to give what is so exquisitely deserved. And in that better sense, the word *provoking* is still the right one.

Shakespeare's serenade in Cymbeline might have been written by Anacreon, except that he would have given us some luxurious image of a young female, instead of the word "lady."

Mark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalked flowers that lie,
And winking mary-buds begin
To open their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty been,
My lady sweet, arise.

Lilly, a writer of Shakespeare's age, who perverted a naturally fine genius to the purposes of conceit and fashion, has a little poem beginning—

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses,

which Anacreon might have written, had cards existed in his time. But we have it not by us to quote. Many passages in Burns's songs are Anacreontic, inasmuch as they are simple, enjoying, and full of the elegance of the senses; but they have more passion than the old Greek's, and less of his perfection of grace. Anacreon never suffers but from old age, or the want of wine. Burns suffers desperately, and as desperately struggles with his suffering, till we know not which is the greater, he or his passion. There is nothing of this robust-handed work in the delicate Ionian. Nature is strong and sovereign in him, but always in accommodating unison with his indolence and old age. He says that he is transported, and he is so; but somehow you always fancy him in the same place, never quite carried out of himself.

Of Anacreon's drinking songs, we do not find it so easy to give a counterpart notion from the English poets, who, though of a drinking country, have not exhibited much of the hilarity of wine. Their port is heavy, compared with Anacreon's Teion. Shakespeare's

Plump Bacchus with pink eyes

* See a periodical publication in two volumes, called the *Re-actor*, which contained some of the first public essays of several eminent living writers.

will not do at all; for Anacreon's Bacchus is the perfection of elegant mythology, particularly *comme il faut* in the waist, a graceful dancer, and beautiful as cheerfulness. In all Anacreon's manners, and turn of thinking, you recognise what is called "the gentleman." He evidently had a delicate hand. The "cares" that he talks about, consisted in his not having had cares enough. A turn at the plough, or a few wants, would have given him pathos. He would not have thought all the cares of life to consist in its being short, and swift, and taking him away from his pleasures. If he partook however of the effeminacy of his caste, he was superior to its love of wealth and domination. The sole business of his life, he said, was to drink and sing, perfume his beard, and crown his head with roses; and he appears to have stuck religiously to his profession. "Business," he thought, "must be attended to." Plato calls him "wise;" as Milton calls the luxurious Spenser "sage and serious." The greatest poets and philosophers sometimes "let the cat out of the bag," when they are tired of conventional secrets.

This bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We, planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.

These verses of Sheridan are Anacreontic. So is that couplet of Burns's,—exquisitely so, except for the homeliness of the last word:

Care, mad to see a man so happy,
E'en drown'd himself amidst the nappy.

One taste, like this, of the wine of the feelings gives a better idea of Anacreon's drinking songs than hundreds of ordinary specimens.

But we must hasten to close this long article with the best Anacreontic piece of translation we are acquainted with;—that of the famous ode to the Grasshopper by Cowley. Anacreon's Grasshopper, it is to be observed, is not properly a Grasshopper, but the *Tettix*, as the Greeks called it from its cry,—the *Cicada* of the Roman poet, and *Cicala* of modern Italy, where it sings or *cricks* in the trees in summer-time, as the grasshopper does with us in the grass. It is a species of beetle. But Cowley very properly translated his Greek insect as well as ode, into English, knowing well that the poet's object is to be sympathized with, and that if Anacreon had written in England, he would have addressed the grasshopper instead of the *tettix*.

We have marked in Italics the expressions, which, though original in Cowley's version, are purely Anacreontic, and such as the Grecian would have delighted to write. The whole poem is much longer than Anacreon's, double the size; but this, perhaps, only justly makes up for the prolongation afforded to all ancient poems, by the music which accompanied them. There is not a Cowlesian conceit in the whole of it, unless the thought about "farmer and landlord," be one, which is quickly forgiven for its naturalness in an English landscape; and the whole, from beginning to end, though not so perfectly melodious, runs on with that natural yet regulated and elegant enthusiasm, betwixt delight in the object and indolent enjoyment in the spectator, which has been noticed as the characteristics of the sprightly old bard. The repetition of the word *all* is quite in the poet's manner; who loved thus to cram much into little, and to pretend to himself that he was luxuriously expatiating;—as in fact he was, in his feelings; though, as to composition, he did not chuse to make "a toil of a pleasure."

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine,
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill?
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread
Nature's self's thy Gaiymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king.
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice,
Man for thee does sow and plow,
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thou country hind with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Phoebus is himself thy sire
Thou Phoebus loves, and does inspire;
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou'rt drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous, and wise withall,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest.

FOURTH WEEK IN APRIL. BUTTERFLIES AND ELECTRIC SILK.

THE butterflies now come out, hatching of their more numerous brethren in May, and tickling or tickled by the air and flowers,—we hardly knew which it looks most. They seem as if they could not fly an inch for joy, without making all sorts of starts and antics,

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,

as though they were intoxicated with suddenly emerging out of their strange death-like prison, into the liberties of light and love. We should like to hear what the de-spisers of colours and gaiety have to say to the manifest delight which nature takes in painting the butterflies and flowers, to say nothing of fields, skies, and other trifles, and the whole starry heavens. The rainbow, too, is a pretty sweep of a painter's brush; and there are the sunrises and sunsets. We have seen the latter in the Mediterranean, finer than Claude's. But we must have "an article" on this subject.

A great deal of pains has sometimes been taken to show that the butterfly undergoes no real change from its caterpillar and pupa state, all its wings, &c., being included in its several succession of forms, like a lady who should be full-dressed for a ball, while wrapped up in her night-gown. As if that, (supposing it to be true, and the question is still undecided,) made any difference in the wonder! We like these getters rid of mysteries! To change internally, they think, is really surprising; but to change only in outward guise, and to carry all your future clothes and wings with you, packed up, first in a sort of feeding machine on sixteen legs, then in a kind of living coffin, boxed up and senseless, and then suddenly waking, and getting upon six legs instead of sixteen, and dancing up into the air, ready for all sorts of ethereal pranks, this they count nothing, or at best, as an explanation of the whole mystery. As if there were any explanation in the matter! or the mystery were not as great as ever; or any one thing not as wonderful as any other.

For our parts, with all our love and admiration of nature, and something like a visiting acquaintance with her, we really are not in her secret in this matter, and can do nothing but be astonished at her beauties, and thankful for the brilliant baubles she gives to the presumptuous and supercilious. We see nothing more wonderful in change than in creation, and nothing at all in the modern accounts of the butterfly to set aside our belief in the good instinct of the old Greek symbol (the butterfly for the soul), and that beautiful question of Dante's, which he puts with such a noble simplicity, and such a divine impartiality between small ideas and great.

Non v' accorgete noi, che noi siamo vermi,
Nati a formar l'angelica farfalla!

Paragorice, Canto X.

Perceive ye not, that we are worms, we men,
Born to compose the angelic butterfly!

We must return to this subject another time. Meanwhile we give a curious extract from the third volume of Captain Brown's Book of Butterflies (just published), relating to the marvels of the moths who furnish us with silk stockings. The reader will there see the extraordinary attachments and aversions shown to one another by those very sensitive habiliments, according to their different complexions. If man could discover the secret of electricity, it would seem indeed as if he were becoming intimate with the spirit of the earth.

"The distinctions between those bodies which are capable of being excited to electricity, and those which are only capable of receiving it from the others, appears scarcely to have been ever suspected till about the year 1729, when this great discovery was made by Mr. Gray, a pensioner in the Charter-house. After some fruitless attempts to make metals attractive by heating, rubbing, and hammering, he conceived a suspicion that, as a glass tube, when rubbed in the dark, communicated its light to various bodies, it might possibly, at the same time, communicate its power of attraction to them. In order to put this to the test, he provided himself with a tube three feet five inches long, and near an inch and one-fifth in diameter; the ends of the tube were stopped by cork; and he found that when the tube was excited, a down feather was attracted as powerfully by the cork as by the tube itself. To convince himself more completely, he procured a small ivory ball, which he fixed at first to a stick of fir, four inches long, which was thrust into the cork, and found that it attracted and repelled the feather even with more vigour than the cork itself. He afterwards fixed the ball upon long sticks, and upon pieces of brass and iron wire with the same success; and lastly attached it to a long piece of packthread, and hung it from a high balcony, in which state

he found that, by rubbing the tube, the ball was constantly enabled to attract light bodies in the court below.

His next attempt was to prove whether this power could be conveyed horizontally, as well as perpendicularly. With this view he fixed a cord to a nail which was in one of the beams of the ceiling; and making a loop at that end which hung down, he inserted his packthread, with the ball which was at the end of it, through the loop of the cord, and retired with the tube to the other end of the room; but in this state he found that the ball had totally lost the power of attraction. Upon mentioning his disappointed efforts to a friend, it was suggested that the cord which he had used to support his packthread, might be so coarse as to intercept the electric power; and they accordingly attempted to remedy this evil by employing a silk string, which was much stronger in proportion than a hempen cord. With this apparatus the experiment succeeded far beyond their expectations. Encouraged by their success, and attributing it wholly to the fineness of the silk, they proceeded to support the packthread, to which the ball was attached by very fine brass and iron wire; but, to their utter astonishment, found the effect exactly the same as when they used the hempen cord; the electrical virtue utterly parted away; while, on the other hand, when the packthread was supported by a silken cord, they were able to convey the electric virtue seven hundred and sixty-five feet.

It was evident, therefore, that these effects depended upon some peculiar quality in the silk, which disabled it from conducting away the electrical power, as the hempen cord and the wire had done.

The accidental discovery of Mr. Gray led to the knowledge of the non-conducting powers of various other substances; and since the nature of electricity has been more deeply investigated, the true electric properties of most substances have become known, and are now divided into electrics and non-electrics. The following substances are among the principal conductors of the electric fluid; namely, stoney substances in general, more especially those of a calcareous nature, such as lime, marble, &c., sulphuric acid, black pyrites, black lead, alum, charcoal, all the metallic ores, the animal fluids, and all other fluids, except air and oils.

The electric bodies are those substances, which when excited, collect or emit the fluid, such as amber, sulphur, jet, glass, and all precious crystallized stones, all resinous compounds, and all dry substances, such as silk, hair, wool, paper, &c.

Silk was first discovered to be an electric by Mr. Gray, in the manner we have already related; but as it was by no means remarkable for emitting sparks, which most commonly engages the attention, its electric virtues were almost entirely overlooked till the year 1759. At that time Mr. Symmer presented to the Royal Society some papers, containing a number of very curious experiments made with silk stockings, in substance as follows:—

He had been accustomed to wear two pair of silk stockings, a black and a white. When these were put off both together, no sign of electricity appeared; but on pulling off the black ones from the white, he heard a snapping or crackling noise, and in the dark perceived sparks of fire between them. To produce this and the following appearance in great perfection, it was only necessary to draw his hand backward and forward over his leg with his stockings upon it.

When the stockings were separated and held at a distance from each other, both of them appeared to be highly excited; the white stocking positively, and the black negatively. While they were kept at a distance from each other, both of them appeared inflated, to such a degree, that they exhibited the entire shape of the leg. When two black or two white stockings were held in one hand, they would repel one another with considerable force, making an angle seemingly of thirty or thirty-five degrees. When a white and black stocking were presented to each other, they were mutually attracted; and if permitted, would rush together with surprising violence. As they approached, the inflation gradually subsided, and their attraction of foreign objects diminished, but their attraction of one another increased; when they actually met they became flat, and joined close together like as many folds of silk. When separated again, their electric virtues did not seem to be in the least impaired for having once met, and the same appearances would be exhibited by them as the first time. When the experiment was made with two black stockings in one hand, and two white ones in the other, they were thrown into a strange agitation, owing to the attraction between those of different colours, and the repulsion between those of the same colour. This mixture of attraction and repulsion made the stockings catch at each other at greater distances than otherwise they would have done, and afforded a very curious spectacle.

When the stockings were suffered to meet, they stuck together with considerable force. At first, Mr. Symmer found they required from one to twelve ounces to separate them. Another time they raised seventeen ounces, which was twenty times the weight of the stocking that supported them, and this in a direction parallel to its surface. When one of the stockings was turned inside out, and put within the other, with the rough sides together, it required three pounds three ounces to separate them. With stockings of a more substantial make, the cohesion was still greater. When the white stocking was put within the black one, so that the outside of the white was contiguous to the inside of the black, they

raised nine pounds, wanting a few ounces; and when the two rough surfaces were contiguous, they raised fifteen pounds one pennyweight and a half. Cutting off the ends of the thread, and the tufts of silk which had been left in the inside of the stockings, was found to be very unfavourable to these experiments.

Mr. Symmer also observed that pieces of white and black silk, when highly electrified, not only cohered with each other, but would also adhere to bodies with broad and even polished surfaces, though these bodies were not electrified. This he discovered accidentally, having without design, thrown a stocking out of his hand, which stuck to the paper hanging of the room. He repeated the experiment, and found it would continue hanging nearly an hour. Having stuck up the black and white stockings in this manner, he came with another pair, highly electrified, and applying the white to the black, and the black to the white, he carried them off the wall, each of them hanging to that which had been brought to it. The same experiments held with the painted boards of the room, and likewise with the looking-glass, to the smooth surface of which both the white and the black silk appeared to adhere more tenaciously than to either of the former.

Similar experiments, but with a greater variety of circumstances, were afterwards made by Mr. Cigna of Turin, upon white and black ribands. He took two white silk ribands, just dried at the fire, and extended them upon a smooth plane, whether a conducting or electric substance was a matter of indifference. He then drew over them the sharp edge of an ivory ruler, and found that both ribands had acquired electricity enough to adhere to the plane, though, while they continued there, they showed no other sign of it. When taken up separately, they were both negatively electrified, and would repel each other. In their separation, electric sparks were perceived between them, but when again put on the plane, or forced together, no light was perceived without another friction. When by the operation just now mentioned, they had acquired the negative electricity, if they were placed, not upon the smooth body on which they had been rubbed, but on a rough conducting substance, they would, on their separation, show contrary electricities, which would again disappear on their being joined together. If they had been made to repel each other, and were afterwards forced together, and placed on the rough surface abovementioned, they would, in a few minutes, be mutually attracted, the lowermost being positively, and the uppermost negatively electrified.

If the two white ribands received their friction upon the rough surface, they always acquired contrary electricities. The upper one was negatively, and the lower one positively electrified, in whatever manner they were taken off. The same change was instantaneously done by any pointed conductor. If two ribands, for instance, were made to repel, and the point of a needle drawn opposite to one of them along its whole length, they would immediately rush together.

ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

VII.—ST. ANDRÉ THE SURGEON.

NATHANIEL St. André was a native of Switzerland, from which country he emigrated early in life, and, secured the friendship of a wealthy patron, who furnished him with the means of procuring a medical education. He afterwards became a public lecturer on anatomy and a surgeon of eminence in London, a favourite of King George the First, the confidential friend of Lord Peterborough, and was employed by Bolingbroke and Pope. But the fairness of such professional prospects were suddenly clouded, and his character stamped with an indelible impression of ridicule or guilt, by his listening to, and encouraging the impudent imposture of Mary Tofts, a woman who declared, and endeavoured to make the public believe, that she had been actually delivered of rabbits;—a delusion in which Whiston, probably seduced by the credit of St. André, was also involved.

This eccentric divine, on other occasions sufficiently scrupulous, wrote a pamphlet to prove, that the monstrous conception literally fulfilled what had been foretold by the prophet Esdras.

To laugh were want of sentiment or grace,
But to be grave exceeds all power of face.

It is not so easy to account for the conduct of St. André, a man confessedly of strong sense and quick discernment. Of three opinions which prevailed at the time;—that he was disposed to try an experiment on national credulity; that he was corrupted by money; or that he was a man whose ruling passions were excitement and the love of making a sensation, no matter at what expense, the author of this notice strongly inclines to the last.

Professional dexterity, or his skill as a performer on the *viol di gamba*, introduced St. André to Lady Betty Molyneux; he attended her husband in his last illness; and a marriage indecorously hasty between the widow and the surgeon, with other circumstances never satisfactorily explained, involved them both in the odium of being instrumental in hastening the death of Mr. Molyneux, from whom the Swiss (a base villain, if the charge was true) had received many favours. Their guilt or their innocence, which at a certain period strongly agitated the public mind, must now be determined by a more awful and unerring tribunal. Combined with other unpropitious circumstances, this shocking imputation drove St. André into obscurity. Lady Betty was dis-

missed from court by Queen Caroline; and an action for defamation, in which a verdict and damages were given in favour of the newly married couple, was not sufficient to restore their reputation.

Chance, inclination, perverseness, necessity or guilt, conspired to keep St. André in hot water for a good part of his life. In the year 1725, before he had been debased by credulity, or abounded, as being suspected of flagrant crime, and in the routine of a lucrative practice, he was roused from his bed at midnight by a stranger thundering at his door, who urgently desired him to visit, without delay, a person who was described as desperately wounded. In the heat of zeal, or the perturbation of broken sleep, St. André neglected that necessary precaution for every medical practitioner, on such occasions, the taking, on all midnight calls from persons he does not know, his own servant with him. After following his unknown guide in the nocturnal gloom, through many an unfrequented court, remote street, and obscure alley, after being conducted, and re-conducted through passages, galleries, and stair-cases, heated, hurried, and confused, he at last found himself in a retired chamber, the door of which being instantly bolted, the affrighted surgeon was threatened with immediate death, if he did not directly swallow the contents of a bowl (of course poisonous) presented to him by two ruffians, with instruments of death in their hands. Having paused for a short time on the horrible alternative, he drank the terrible dose, and with considerable precautions to prevent discovery, was replaced blindfolded at his own door. The condition of a man who had been compelled to take what he considered as poison, need not be described. Without supposing that the drench contained one deleterious particle, the mere idea was sufficient to communicate arsenic, hellebore, and sublimate to his disturbed imagination. Of this extraordinary transaction, an account sufficiently expressive of the terror of St. André, was published in the *London Gazette*, and a reward of 200*l.* offered by government to any person who would give information that might lead to discovery and conviction; but no discovery was made.

One is sometimes tempted to consider this singular narrative as the fabrication of a restless mind, fertile in invention; the fable of a man, determined at every risk, to present himself as frequently as possible to the public eye, and become the subject of general notice and common conversation; such characters occur in every age. A companion of St. André, who, (in the hope of a legacy which never was bequeathed) endured much of his sarcastic brunt, and satirical sallies, was heard to declare that he had good reason for believing, that the circumstances related by his friend were correct. He added, as indeed the event proved, that there was clearly no poison in the mixture, though made sufficiently nauseous; that the whole was a cruel but harmless effort of ingenious revenge, and meant to torment the surgeon, who had supplanted a friend in the affections of a favourite mistress.

Whatever were the contents of the bowl, he survived its effects, as well as the exhausting consequences of the anxiety he suffered, and the antidotes he swallowed. Finding the metropolis, on many accounts, unpleasant, he retired from public obloquy or private contempt, to a provincial town, where he occupied his leisure hours, and dissipated his superfluous cash in building and planting; but discovered more of whim and caprice than goodness of taste, or correctness of design. Life however was strong in him somehow or other, for he lived to be upwards of ninety.

MR. BARNARD AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The *Times* alluding to our query upon this point, cuts asunder the difficulty in a very sufficing manner, as follows:—"We observe that the editor seems puzzled about the Duke of Marlborough, who was the subject of an interesting narrative in his first number. He will, on a moment's examination, see that the Duke of Marlborough, who died in 1817, at the age of 78, was only 19 years old in 1758, and could not, at such an early age, be Master General of the Ordnance, or a Knight of the Garter."

ANECDOTE OF SHENTONE'S YOUTH.

In the accounts of celebrated men, we rarely meet with a sufficient number of those personal and domestic particulars, which are so interesting to the common nature of us all, and which are often omitted, especially in history, upon an idle, unphilosophical notion of their being incompatible with the "dignity" of the work! As if anything could be more worth our while to know, than what is calculated to charm one's sympathy with intelligent natures, and humanize and instruct us in our daily life. Perhaps it would not be too much to affirm, that every life which has been written, except at very great length, could be materially enlarged, improved, and rendered a great deal more interesting, by a diligent search into collateral accounts of the person recorded, and into his own writings, whether in prose or in verse. A great deal might be added, for instance, to the lives of most of the English poets. Take the following anecdote, by way of specimen, as an addition to the life of Shentone, not a great poet, it is true, but a very pleasing one, and a man of no ordinary powers of reflection when he chose to set them to work. Every reader of his poem of the *School Mistress*, and of the acute, and sometimes the deep reflections to be met with in his *Essays*, would surely be glad of more such memoran-

dums of him. It is to be found in a little anonymous book ("Recollections of Some Particulars in the Life of the late William Shentone Esq."), written not long after his death, in defence of him from some of the objections of Dr. Johnson, by his old and fast friend, Richard Graves, the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, whom a comfortable parsonage, and a pleasant temper, kept alive till upwards of ninety.

The anecdote will "come home to the bosoms" of hundreds of youths, and older men too, who know what it is to "quarrel and make it up." The poet and his friend were at that time young men from college, and Graves was on a visit to Shentone, at an old family house belonging to the latter, with a rookery to it and other rural appurtenances, where they enjoyed themselves in the sweets of literary companionship.

"At Harborough (says Mr. Graves), Mr. Shentone and I passed a month in a very agreeable loiter; sometimes indeed pursuing the high road to useful science, but more frequently roving amidst the flowery regions of fancy and amusement. We read, however, Boileau, Bohours, Dacier's Terence, and other French critics or entertaining authors; and Mr. Shentone wrote several little pieces of poetry, which I then thought excellent; but most of which, I believe, are now buried in oblivion. As we went out but little, and saw hardly any company, and of course were confined chiefly to each other's conversation, we now and then got into a hot dispute; on which occasions, as Mr. Shentone was generally victorious, he could not submit patiently to a defeat. We were one day engaged in a warm debate, in which, I think, I had the upper hand, and drove my antagonist to a painful dilemma; and with exultation pursued my advantage so far, that Mr. Shentone grew angry, and our trifling dispute terminated on each side in a sullen silence, which, as Mr. Shentone would not vouchsafe to break first, I, from a youthful spirit of independence, disdained to submit; so that, although we ate and drank together, this pouting humour continued, and we never spoke to each other for near two days. At last, as I was never much addicted to taciturnity, and it was pain and grief to me to keep silence, I wrote upon the wall in a summer-house in the garden,

Θίλω, Θίλω μαχήσθαι

which I translated,

"I will, I will be witty."

Under this, Mr. Shentone wrote this distich:

"Matchless on earth I thee proclaim,
Whose will and power I find the same."

This produced a reply on my side; that a rejoinder on his; till at last the ill fated wall was scribbled from top to bottom, which the next morning was succeeded by a laugh at each other's folly, and a cordial reconciliation."

THE LONDON JOURNAL,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1834.

HAVING arrived at the fourth number of our Journal, with the most encouraging prospects of success, we must leave off saying what heaps of kind letters we continue to receive, lest it should look like a system of self-recommendation. But we cannot help once more alluding to them, for fear of seeming ungrateful to the writers; some of whom are as flattering to us by their very names, as all are by their cordiality. One letter, however, is of a nature so publicly as well as privately connected with the subject of a journal of this description, that we must take the liberty, not only of distinctly mentioning it, but of laying it before the reader. We own, that after our first impulse to this effect, we hesitated a moment out of feelings of modesty, and somewhat longer in deference to that of the writer especially as he had given no intimation whether we might so use it or not. Our mind was soon made up by the consideration of the honour which the letter did him, and of the good which must accrue to the public from seeing men, who might be supposed to witness a new Journal of this sort with no friendly feeling, coming forward in so handsome a manner to shew themselves true lovers of the knowledge they advocate, and of the generousities to which it gives rise. Mr. Chambers may over-estimate our abilities, and be too modest respecting his own; but there can only be one opinion respecting the sentiment that impelled him to write his letter. He will be glad to hear, that it is not the first of the kind which we have received. We take the opportunity of stating, that no sooner had our Journal appeared, than the Publisher of the *Penny Magazine*, who is also, we believe, proprietor of the *Printing Machine*, or *Review for the Many*, expressed himself in the most spirited and liberal manner towards the new paper, and took steps to shew that he was in earnest. But Mr. Chambers has written so much at length on the subject, that we feel warranted in calling the reader's attention to

his letter, and we think we cannot do better than put it in this part of our Journal, where we are in the habit of noticing any new evidences that transpire, of the growth of intellectual brotherhood:—

LETTER OF MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS OF THE EDINBURGH JOURNAL TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON JOURNAL.

27, Elder-street, Edinburgh,
April 15, 1834.

DEAR SIR,—I take leave to address you in this familiar manner for several reasons. The chief is your kind nature, as exemplified in your writings, which prove you the friend of all mankind; the lesser are your allusions on more occasions than one to writings of mine, when you did not perhaps know the exact name of the author. My purpose is to congratulate you on the first number of your Journal, which I have just seen, and to express my earnest and sincere hope that it will repay your exertions, and render the latter part of your life more prosperous than you say the earlier has been. You will perhaps appreciate my good wishes the more that they proceed from an individual who, according to vulgar calculations, might expect to be injured by your success. I assure you, so far from entertaining any grudge towards your work on that score, I am as open to receive pleasurable impressions from it as I have ever been from your previous publications, or as the least literary of your readers can be; and as hopeful that it will succeed and prove a means of comfort to you, as the most ancient and familiar of your friends. I know that your work can never do by a tenth part so much ill to my brother and myself, as it may do good to you—for every book, however similar to others, finds in a great measure new channels for itself; and still more certain am I, that the most jealous and unworthy feelings we could entertain, would be ineffectual in protecting us from the consequences of your supplanting our humble sheets in the public favour. My brother and I feel much pleasure in observing that a writer so much our senior, and so much our superior, should have thought our plan to such an extent worthy of his adoption, and hope your doing so will only furnish additional proof of the justice of our calculations. This leads me to remark, that, while I acknowledge the truth of your pretensions to having been the reviver of the periodical literature of a former age, and have looked to your manner of treating light subjects as in part the model of our own, I must take this and every other proper opportunity of asserting my elder brother's merit, as the originator of cheap respectable publications, of the class to which your Journal is so important an addition. In the starting of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal in February, 1832, he was unquestionably the first to develop this new power of the printing-press; and, considering that we had some little character (at least in Scotland) to lose, and encountered feelings in our literary brethren little less apt, I may say, to deter us from our object than the terrors which assailed Rodolph in the *Witch's Glen* (a simile more expressive than it is apt). I humbly conceive that, when the full utility of my brother's invention shall have been perceived by the world, as I trust it will in time, he will be fully entitled to have his claims allowed without dispute.

"That we have regretted to find ourselves the objects of so many of the meaner order of feelings among our brethren, it would be vain to deny. I must say, however, that we would have been ill to satisfy indeed, if the admission of our weekly sheet into almost every family of the middle rank, and many of the lower throughout the country, had not more than compensated us for that affliction. Our labours, moreover, are profitable beyond our hopes, beyond our wants, besides yielding to us a ceaseless revenue of pleasure, in the sense they convey to us of daily and hourly improving the hearts and understandings of a large portion of our species. That you may aim as heartily at this result, and be as successful in obtaining it, is the wish of

"Dear Sir,

"Your sincere Friend and Servant,

"ROBERT CHAMBERS."

We shall add nothing to this, being naturally willing to leave Mr. Chambers in possession of his pleasant "last word," except that the appearance of the *Tatler* was antecedent to that of the *Edinburgh Journal*, and that in the *Indicator*, and in the *Tatler* also, (if we recollect rightly,) we professed a wish to extend an acquaintance with matters of intellectual refinement among the uneducated. The zeal of our correspondent, however, in behalf of his brother's claim, is so good a thing for its own sake, that we are far from anxious to contest this point with him; and heartily willing are we to acknowledge, that these gentlemen have had a wider and more popular view of the opening of cheap literature to the many, than we ever had till now. In zeal for the interests of all, we will yield to nobody; but in a knowledge of the best means of extending its operation, others have surpassed us; and we hope to shew, that we have profited by their example. We take this opportunity of observing, that among the foremost, if not the very first, to lower the price of respectable periodical literature, though not professedly to extend it to those who have missed a classical education, was the *Athenaeum*.

The House of Commons have been discussing a grant of money for the purchase of two pictures for the National Gallery; and all parties, in and out of doors, have accorded with it. We need not say how we rejoice in this harmonious and intelligent view of what in a ruder state of society would be foolishly thought a foolish question. No advantage to the public was left out of sight, commercial, intellectual, or moral; and Tory, Whig, and Radical, all testified to it. One member spoke of the benefits derived to the artisan from the diffusion of the beautiful designs of antiquity: and another gave it as his opinion, that no people in the country derived more pleasure from the exhibition of works of art than the poorer classes.

We believe it. They see and feel in it much more than they at present know. We have seen peasants walking quietly in the Florentine gallery delighted with all they saw, and proud of it; and not an atom is defaced in Florence of the fine sculptures that stand in the open square. The people, being trusted with them, respect them. It will be so in England as the fine arts advance; and their progress is observable in several instances, especially in the popularity of the wood-cuts in the *Penny Magazine*, which have at once followed and fostered it; busts and statues have taken place of the old dogs and parrots, on the heads of itinerant vendors; and people having once been accustomed to these, will never like anything less—will never return to an inferior taste. The circumstance is good for all parties. It gives a new addition to their world, whatever it be; elevates the depressed (conscious and proud that its fellow-creatures can have created such works); lowers false pride (which can do nothing like them); tends to put hope, and patience, and consideration, and a just sense of human right and enjoyment into conflicting parties of all kinds—humanizes every body. Nothing brutal can do such things, nor remain entire and unmitigated before them. Brute force cannot do them—nor mere power of any sort—mere wealth—mere rank—mere will. But in those rooms, hung with beautiful pictures, rank, riches, and poverty meet together in the very persons of the painters, all swallowed up and forgotten in the gorgeous spirit of their genius. There, besides Titian and Michael Angelo, who were “gentlemen born,” and Raphael, himself the son of a painter, are the “great Caracci,” who were the offspring of a tailor; and Andrea del Sarto, who was another (so called by reason of it, Sarto meaning a tailor); and Tintoretto, which means a dyer; and the magician of light and darkness, Rembrandt, who was the son of a miller; and the “divine Claude Lorrain,” who was bred a pastry-cook, and who has now a whole province to his name, while the princes of Lorrain are forgotten.

“A museum,” say the newspapers, “consisting of many valuable specimens of morbid anatomy, midwifery, and casts, with numerous prints and drawings, has been presented to the London University for the use of the students of the New North London Hospital, which will be opened at Michaelmas with one hundred and ten beds, by Gore Clough, esq., of Upper Norton-street, Fitzroy-square. The preparations are for the most part in excellent preservation, and have been carefully collected at an expenditure of 3,000*l*. The gift of this valuable addition to the Museum of the University, was communicated on Wednesday last to the committee, and it will be deposited in a temporary apartment till the large room about to be fitted up is ready for its reception.” Men are to be envied who can make presents like these.

“The learned and scientific society at Geneva, which corresponds in the nature of its institution with the Royal Society of London, have elected Mrs. Somerville a member,—the first instance of a similar distinction conferred on a female by that learned body.” Mrs. Somerville, wife of Dr. Somerville physician, is the lady so distinguished at present for her knowledge of the sciences. We take it for granted that the Royal Society will follow the example. Ladies have been members of Royal Academies of Painting, and of Societies of Botany, why not of any other institution of art or science? There is more jealousy than any thing else in withholding public honours from the sex, especially when those honours are of a gentle and comparatively private nature, unquestionably fitted for them, and calculated only to do good.

We hope to see the days before long, when audiences will be refined enough to be able to hear public lectures on art and science from the lips of females; which would give the maxims of taste and wisdom, one would think, a peculiar grace. About a hundred years back, a lady named Gaetana Agnesi, was professor of mathematics in the University of Bologna, and read lectures accordingly. Our celebrated English professor, Colson, learnt the Italian language on purpose to translate a work of hers; which was subsequently published in two volumes quarto, by the late Baron Maseres. Our learned readers will be reminded, and our unlearned ones interested to hear, of the famous Hypatia, daughter and successor of Theon, the mathematician at Alexandria, in the days of Theodosius the Second; a female, whose knowledge of the sciences was graced by all the charms of beauty, innocence, and elegant manners. Strange picture, to precede the tragedy of her death! All these attractions which made her admired and beloved of every body not brutalized by intolerance, did not hinder her being torn to pieces during one of the horrible broils that disgraced the unchristian Christians of that day,—frightful perverters of the doctrines of their divine Master, whose tenderness was never more affectingly evinced than towards women. See the account somewhere in Gibbon; or in any dictionary.

We cannot suffer the Fourth volume of Allan Cunningham's edition of *Burns* to appear, without saying how interesting it is both in poetry and comment. There are two good vignettes, after drawings by Mr. D. O. Hill,—one very pleasant, and striped with sunshine across the tree-bordered road, with one of the poet's bonnie lasses going along with her milk-pail,—the other the field of Bannock-burn, where Bruce dealt that tremendous blow at his assailant before battle, which was the harbinger of his great victory. It was thought, no doubt, in old times, by soldiers and others, that no new glory could come to the field of Bannockburn, unless another victory should happen there. Yet a peasant has touched it with an immortal hand, and made it sing for joy.

MORE ADMIRABLE MAXIMS AND SUGGESTIONS FROM MR. BENTHAM'S UNPUBLISHED WORK.

Absurd Hinderances of Comfort.—How many little pleasures are interfered with by the meddling of unwellcome intruders,—how many checked by the asceticism, or the ill nature, or the ridicule, or the scorn of a bye-stander? How many trifling vexations are aggravated by the dissocial qualities, or heedless deportment of a looker on? At the end of a day how much total loss is there not of happiness by inattention to those small elements of which it is composed? What an aggregate amount is made up of those particles of pain produced by carelessness alone! The time will, perhaps, arrive when all these sources of evil will be investigated, grouped together in their distinguishing characteristics, illustrated by examples, and their inconsistency with virtue be made so apparent, that opinion will take charge of their extirpation,—opinion, which to enlighten and to make influential, is the highest purpose of the moralist.

Right of Reproof.—In ordinary cases, the justifications put forth for the infliction of pain by discourse, are not tenable. It is far from sufficient to say that the assertions made are true; it is far from sufficient to pretend that the person on whom the pain is inflicted deserves the infliction; it is far from sufficient to urge that he is reckless or worthless, or that you deal charitably with his misconduct. Unless you can come and show, that preponderant good is to result from the sufferings you create, your vituperation of your victim, your laudation of yourself, are but vain and wasted words. The right to reprehend is, in itself, a virtual claim to superiority, and a claim which is likely to hurt the pride and vanity of him upon whom it is exercised. Reprehension is awarded punishment: and in proportion to the doubtfulness of the title to arbitrate and condemn, of him who thus takes on himself the functions of condemnner, will be the perils incurred by his own self-interest, from the enmity of the party punished. The extent of his malevolence will be measured by the same standard, and the amount of his usurpation will be measured by the needless severity of his reprehension.

Imperiousness.—This is the attempt to strengthen argument by despotism. Not satisfied even with being right, some men's pleasure seems to consist in putting others in the wrong. They must have a triumph for their dogmatism as well as their reason. They must humiliate while they subdue. They will beat down a companion, even though his downfall should not be needful to their success. Not only shall their opponent be in the wrong, but they will extort from him a confession that he is in the wrong. They condemn him—others condemn! but their tyranny will be satisfied with nothing but a declaration of self-condemnation from the condemned himself.

A form of imperiousness is that of positive and unqualified assertion, which is made more offensive when it contradicts an opposite opinion expressed by another; and the arrogance becomes heightened, if the assertion be of a nature not to be substantiated by proof.

Of the same kind are positive assertions as to matters of fact, not witnessed by the assertor, the proof of which depends upon evidence; assertions making no reference to that evidence, but demanding belief on no other ground than the assertion itself.

Peremptoriness of decision; before an opportunity has been given to others to express their convictions, is a usurpation, shutting the door upon discussion. Peremptoriness of decision, after an opinion has been given by others, is annoying and offensive.

Useless contradiction is another violation of benevolence; it is also an exhibition of folly; for while it manifests impotence, it wounds power.

Assumingness. There is a form of imperiousness somewhat less annoying, but still worthy of discouragement and reprobation, which may be called *assumingness*. It generally displays itself in the naked and crude assertion of an alleged matter of fact, without reference to any percipient interest. Its pretension is to demand implicit credence.

Advice. Discourse may wound by advice-giving, involving in it the appearance of reprehension, or exhibiting itself in a shape implying the possession of an authority not recognised by the hearer. Even the giving good advice is the assumption of authority on the score of wisdom.

It is Mr. Godwin, we think, who has remarked, that advice is not disliked for its own sake, but because so few people know how to give it. Perhaps the art of giving advice may be summed up in few words, as consisting in accompanying it with a confession of our own imperfections, and an enumeration of the good qualities of the person advised. But “we may have no imperfections to confess, nor the person any good qualities to enumerate!” Oh then, in neither case, we may rest assured, will our advice do any good.

Success. Want of judgment may be evinced, as well by regarding success as improbable where it is probable, as regarding it as probable where it is improbable.

Excellent memorandum for letter-writers. If a friend be permanently distant, do not communicate to him any vexation of yours which he is unable to relieve. You will spare him all the suffering that his sympathy would have excited.

National Prejudices. From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good-will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others, from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy, from the moment, in which the fact, that a fellow man speaks a different language, or lies under a different government, constitutes him an object for contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings,—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast for example in America has been given, “Our country, right or wrong,” which is, in itself, a proclamation of maleficence, and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field,—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust war. Not less blame-worthy was the declaration of a prime-minister of this country, “that England—nothing but England,—formed any portion of his care or concern.” An enlarged philanthropy indeed, might have given to both expressions a Deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own.

Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, “Myself, right or wrong!” Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.

Good Hint to a very Common Error.—If called upon to give an unfavourable opinion as to a saying of any kind, or a work of which you disapprove, do not be forward to communicate your disapprobation, merely because your self-love is flattered by the appeal made to your judgment.

Needless Recurrence to the Past.—Be cautious not to drag forward ill-conduct, which, but for your reference to it, might be forgotten. Except for some obvious purpose of future good, to treasure up in your mind the records of old misdeeds of others, is to sin against prudence and benevolence; it is to make your breast a store-house of pain, to be inflicted on yourself and on others. The expression of dissatisfaction at past ill-conduct, when it has no reference to present ill-conduct, and at the same time is not likely to prevent future ill-conduct, is the creation of misery to no end whatever, or to a bad end. [Goethe in his novel of “Wilhelm Meister,” speaking of a circumstance that had taken place, says, admirably, “For one thing, the evil was already done; and though people of a singularly strict and harsh temper are wont to set themselves forcibly against the past, and thus to increase the evil that cannot be remedied, yet, on the other hand, what is actually done, exerts a resistless effect on most minds. An event which lately appeared impossible, takes place, so soon as it has occurred, with what occurs daily.” *Carlyle's Translation*. Whittaker and Co. Vol. i. p. 81.]

Admirable Rule for Real or Supposed Grounds of Complaint.—If you imagine you have cause for complaint against any man, on the ground of his misconduct to

wards you, and if it appear to you of use that he should be informed of this, take care that the communication be made so as to give him the least possible annoyance; do not convey your expression in a way to make him suppose you think ill of him; so speak that he may regard you as attributing his conduct to a cause in which he is little or not at all to blame. You have asked him, for example, to visit you: he has neither done this, nor sent an answer: he ought to have come, or at least to have given a reason why he would not, or did not come. Impute his neglect to the possible misarrangement of your letter; or if the message was a verbal one, to probable misconception on the part of the bearer; to misconception, or misexpression, or forgetfulness; for, as the effect might have been produced by any of these causes, there is no insincerity in a man's supposing as much.

LEGENDS OF RICHARD THE GOOD, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

FROM THE "LAIS AND LEGENDS OF VARIOUS NATIONS," NO. 2, (JUST PUBLISHED) CONTAINING "LAIS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE."

It was the custom of Duke Richard of Normandy, called the Good, to ramble about by night as well as by day, and though he met with many phantoms he was never afraid of them. As he was so much abroad in the former season, it was commonly reported that he could see as well in the dark as other men by daylight. Whenever he came to an abbey or a church, he was sure to stop and pray outside, if he could not gain admission within. One night as he was riding along wrapt in meditation, and far from any attendant, he alighted, according to custom, before a church, fastened his horse at the door, and went in to pray. He passed a coffin which lay on a bier, threw his gloves on a reading-desk in the choir, and knelt before the altar, kissed the earth, and commenced his devotions. He had scarcely done so when he heard a strange noise proceeding from the bier behind him. He turned round, (for he feared nothing in the world;) and looking towards the place, said, "Whether thou art a good or a bad thing, be still and rest in peace!" The Duke then proceeded with his prayer, whether it was long or short I cannot tell, and at the conclusion signed himself with the cross saying

Per hoc signum sanctos crucis
Libera me de malignis
Domine Deus Saluta.

Through this sign of the Holy Cross,
Deliver me from the Evil Ones,
Lord God of my Salvation.

He then arose, and said, "Lord into thy hands I commend my spirit." He took his sword, and as he was preparing to leave the church, behold the devil stood bolt upright at the door, extending his long arms, as if to seize Richard, and prevent his departure. The latter drew his sword, cut the figure down the centre, and sent it through the bier. Whether it cried or not I do not know. When Richard came to his horse outside the door, he perceived that he had forgotten his gloves; and as he did not wish to lose them, he returned into the chancel for them. Few men would have done as much. Wherefore he caused it to be proclaimed, both in the churches and in the market places, that in future no corpse should be left alone till it was buried.

Another adventure happened to the Duke, which made people wonder, and which would not so easily have been believed, were it not so well known. I have heard it from many, who had in like manner heard it from their forefathers; but often through carelessness, idleness or ignorance, many a good tale is not committed to writing though it would prove very entertaining. At that time there was a sacristan,* who was reckoned a proper monk and one of good report; but the more a man is praised, the more the devil assaults him, and watches the more for an occasion to tempt him. So it happened to the Sacristan. One day, so the devil would have it, as he was passing by the church about his business, he saw a marvellously fine woman, and fell desperately in love with her. His passion knows no bounds. He must die if he cannot have her; so he will leave nothing undone to come at his end. He talked to her so much, and made her so many promises, that the fair dame at last appointed a meeting in the evening at her own house. She told him that he must pass over a narrow bridge or rotten plank which lay across the river Robec; that there was no other way, and that she could not be spoken with any where else. When the night came, and the other monks were asleep, the Sacristan grew impatient to be gone. He wanted no companion, so he went alone to the bridge and ventured on it. Whether he stumbled or slipped, or was taken suddenly ill, I cannot tell, but he fell into the water, and was drowned.

As soon as his soul left the body, the devil seized it, and was posting away with it to hell, when an angel met him, and strove with him which of them should possess it: wherefore a great dispute arose between them, each giving a reason in support of his claim. Says the devil, "Thou dost me wrong, in seeking to deprive me of the soul I am carrying; dost thou not know that every soul taken in sin is mine? This was in a wicked way, and in a wicked way I have seized it. Now the Scripture itself says, 'As I find thee, so I will judge thee.' This monk I found in evil, of which the business

he was about is sufficient proof, and there needs no other." Replies the angel, "Hold thy peace; it shall not be so. The monk led a good life in his abbey, he conducted himself well and faithfully, and no one ever saw ill of him. The Scripture saith, that which is reasonable and right, every good work shall be rewarded, and every evil one punished. Then this monk ought to be rewarded for the good we know he has done; but how could that be if he were suffered to be damned? He had not committed any sin when thou didst take and condemn him. Howbeit, he had left the abbey, and did come to the bridge, he might have turned back if he had not fallen into the river; and he ought not to be so much punished for a sin which he never committed. For his foolish intention alone, thou condemnest him, and in that thou art wrong. Let the soul alone, and as for the strife betwixt thee and me, let us go to Duke Richard, and abide by his opinion. Neither side will have any reason to complain; he will decide honestly and wisely, for false judgment is not to be found in him. To what he says we will both submit without any more dispute." Says the devil, "I consent to it; and let the soul remain between us."

They immediately went to Richard's chamber, who was then in bed. He had been asleep, but just then he was awake and reflecting upon diverse things. They related to him how the monk had left his monastery on an evil errand, how he had fallen from the bridge, and been drowned without doing evil. They desired him to judge which of them should take possession of the soul. Answers Richard, briefly, "Go immediately, and restore the soul to the body; let him then be placed on the bridge, on the very spot from which he tumbled; and if he advances one foot, nay, ever so little, let Nick go and take him away without further hindrance; but if the monk turns back, let him do so unmolested. Neither could say nay to this decision, so they did as he had said. The soul was returned to the body, the body restored to life, and the monk placed on the very part of the bridge whence he had fallen. As soon as the poor fellow perceived that he was standing upright on the bridge, he ran back as quickly as though he had trod on a snake; he did not even stay to bid the devil and the angel good bye. On his reaching the abbey, he shook his wet clothes, and crept into a corner. He was still terrified at the thought of death, and he could not well say whether he was dead or alive. The next morning Richard went to the abbey church to pray. The Duke caused him to be brought before the abbot, "Brother," says Richard, "what think you now? How came you to be taken? Take care another time how you pass the bridge. Tell the abbot what you have seen to-night." The monk blushed, and was ashamed in the presence of his superior and the duke. He confessed all, how he went, how he perished, how the devil had deceived him, and how the duke had delivered him; he related the whole matter, which was confirmed by the noble Richard. Thus was the thing noised abroad and its certainty established. Long after it took place, this saying became a proverb in Normandy, "Sir monk, go gently, take care of yourself when you pass over the bridge."

FRUITS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

[To the Editor of the London Journal.]

SIR,—Pursuant to your instructions, I yesterday attended a General Meeting of the Fruits and Vegetables of the United Kingdom, convened at the Three Jolly Gardeners, Portman Market; and am happy to report, notwithstanding the illiberal tone of many of the speeches, that a very high degree of culture was observable in the generality; this is a fact, which in spite of their teeth, cannot be denied.

A general gloom pervaded the aspect of the meeting; though this was somewhat relieved by the female beauty present in the galleries, which were crowded by acions of most of the old stock of the kingdom. Some peareases might be named, nor must "two turn cherries," the rosiest of the race—and a delicate young plum, bursting with sweets, yet in all the immaculate bloom of youth, be forgotten. I was happy to observe, that the lovely duchess PEACH retains all the mellow charm so much admired in her complexion.

Several foreigners of distinction were present, among whom those of the house of ORANGE were most remarkable. With these exceptions the meeting was exclusive à l'outrance; so much so, that the HOR family were stopped at the doors, as they declined entering without their poles, and those gentlemen could not be admitted till the sense of the assembly had been taken. That was soon done. Nothing human was to be seen in this solemn convocation! with the honourable exception in the favour of that useful body—vulgarily styled old apple-women, who had been invited: under the guise of one of these, your reporter made good his entrance.

After a short discussion, Alderman MELON was called to the chair. The portly gentleman excited much merriment in the galleries from the manner in which he rolled to his seat. There was a green and yellow melancholy in his appearance which caused the young ladies to observe that he was a bachelor.

After the chairman had stated the object of the meeting, and implored the attention of the vegetable world to the necessity of union among themselves in these innovating times,

WILD STRAWBERRY arose, and in a rambling speech wished himself to be understood to claim the protection of the laws. Though commonly called Wild, he had sown his wild oats; he now began to look about him, and

found that he was superseded and forgotten in the market. He was a great landholder—he had held from time immemorial—it was said that no restraint was put upon him—that he had some of the most lovely spots in England to luxuriate in—but that was 'nt the question; what was the use of his growing, if he was not to be eaten? he claimed a vested right in the stomachs of Englishmen. Alas! he did not speak for himself—his days were numbered—but it was the system of sacrificing the luxuries of units, to happiness of thousands, that he complained of—it was a system by which he was a loser—it was ridiculous! he had been a sufferer—it was flagitious! England would have cause to mourn over the extinction of her wild Strawberry. Why could 'nt men enow what their grandmothers had been but too happy to mumble before them. No! they must run after novelties; he would have them beware of innovations, one HAUTOIS for instance. The speaker closed with some severe reflections on Mr. Willmott. (reiterated cheers.)

GREEN PEAS then rose, and in a small voice, complained of being forced into the market at a season when his forefathers used to be still in the flower of their youth. I suppress some observations made by this speaker on being debarred from the pleasures and flirtations of the garden.

ONION then begged to rise. (A voice, "Onion, you're always a-rising.") Onion however proceeded in a manner that brought tears into the eyes of all present.

One CRAB, a little ill-favoured personage, then got on his stalk. He stated himself to come of a branch of an almost extinct family: he was remarkably sharp and pungent in his observations on the neglect with which he was now treated; he whose name occupied so distinguished a place in the annals of old England—(here the gentleman quoted Shakespeare, in support of his position)—he who, whatever his enemies might say, was so celebrated for the sweetness of his disposition and intrinsic worth. ("Oh, oh!" from a knot of jolly young pippins who had insinuated themselves into the meeting.) He would ask why the insipid CODLING, a fellow of "no mark or likelihood," or the rascally RUSSET, that booby in a brown coat, should find more favour than himself. Neither did he care a fig for the mongrel PHARMACIN. He denounced the fate of all the empires that ever fell, upon England for her desertion of Crab. He should move that a protection duty be laid on all other apples: it was no consequence that people made wry mouths at him; it was a symptom of bad taste, which time would eradicate.

FIG arose to express his wonderment at the personal allusion to himself in the speech of his honourable friend. He would appeal to the meeting, as to which of the two, APPLE or himself, had done the best service to the human race, as far as histories went. He called on CRAB to explain.

CRAB must decline explaining; what he had said, he had said. It was well known that he it was who first introduced FIG and his friends into public life.—High words ensued, and both parties were ordered into the custody of the proper officers.

SUMMER CABBAGE and RED CABBAGE rose together, but they spent the time allotted to speaking in a squabble as to priority. There was much ill blood also displayed between worthy "Master MUSTARD-SEED" and his old rival, one CHARLOCK; MUSTARD was evidently very hot-headed.

MEDLAR next caught the eye of the Chairman. As time was pressing, he would trouble them with a few observations on the change of seasons in England. (Cries of "Question!" and "Go on!") He would be d—d if he'd go on. They must account for the change of climate themselves! MEDLAR sat down evidently much mortified.

The Chairman then arose, and, previously to moving any of the important questions to be submitted, he must be allowed to express his utter abhorrence of those hot beds of corruption, those nurseries of all that is bad, in which jackanapes, calling themselves Melons, were constantly reared. He was a lover of the breath of heaven, and would own himself a very Persian in his adoration of the sun. He was sure he spoke the sentiments of his worthy friend CUCUMBER, whom he had the honour to face.

A variety of resolutions were then put and carried *sem com.*; said resolutions to be moulded into a petition and presented to the Commons House by any one of the elderly gentlemen before mentioned, who has a seat.

After the Chairman had retired, Deputy-chair CUCUMBER took his place, and proceeded, in a lengthy harangue, to prove the ability of the worthy Chairman—and his own eloquence. In proof, he said, of the respectability of the meeting, he needed only to remind those present of their honourable President, Alderman MELON, whose propriety of conduct and high connections were unimpeachable. In proceeding, the speaker had occasion to direct all eyes to the galleries, in an appeal to their fair occupants, when—shall I proceed—the object of his commendation was observed seated in very familiar chat with Mademoiselle ORLEANS, the ripe young plum! This proceeding of MELON's was taken in high dudgeon by the meeting—it was derogatory! it was indecorous! ELDER-BERRY was observed to look black, and LOVE-APPLE turned pale. A tremendous uproar ensued; in the course of which, your reporter was discovered, and unmasked, and a shower of NUTS fell on his pericranium, like hail on the glass of a green-house. What followed is unknown; but it is presumed that gentler councils prevailed in your Reporter's behalf, as

* Keeper of the church moveables and sacred vessels.

he had the satisfaction to find himself this morning in his own bed!

He begs to subscribe himself, Sir,
Your devoted and obedient servant,
T. R.

Any further steps taken in this affair shall be instantly communicated.

ENJOYMENTS AND OBSTACLES;

OR HOW TO MAKE CHEAP PLEASURES COST DEAR TO ALL PARTIES.

"Quid tamen ista velt sibi fabula?"

(*Her. 2, Act. 218.*)

TRAVELLING on horseback in a remote part of the island, I came one day upon a scene of more than ordinary beauty. A gentle slope in the road gradually unfolded to view a tract of country, of no vast extent indeed, but of a richness and luxuriance not to be surpassed. Spacious meadows divided by hedges full of flowers and song, long fresh grass giving pasture to fat cattle, venerable trees, like aged fathers, spreading forth their charitable arms, and a fine broad river holding its royal course through the midst of all, formed a *tout ensemble* nowhere to be met but in "merry England." Nor was the next object that presented itself less pleasant nor less English. Many of our prospects in this life are observed to begin well, yet "end"—they say, "in smoke;" but there is one prospect which begins in smoke, and is nevertheless cheering and delightful from the beginning to the end. This is the approach to a country village. First the smoke, then half a cottage seen through trees, then voices, then a cart, then a red sign across a road, severally confirm the joyful assurance which imparts new spirit to man and horse, as they shorten the distance that separates them from their resting place.

Having reached the inn and refreshed myself, I went out on foot to enjoy the scenery a little more at leisure. After pursuing the line of the road for a short way, I reached an eminence from which I again caught a view of the river, the beautiful pastures on either side, and rich wood beyond. Feeling inclined for a pleasant ramble, I began to look about for a stile or a break in the hedge, by which I might quit the road. But stile there was none, and for the hedge, though I tried at various points to effect a passage, I only succeeded in stinging my hands with the nettles, and tearing my clothes amongst the briars. The sight of a gateway a little further on presently relieved me; I proceeded towards it, but to my disappointment, instead of affording the accommodation I looked for, it was fenced round about with brambles in such a manner as to form a barrier impenetrable as the hedge itself. My spirit of opposition began to be roused; I had *wished* before, now I was *resolved* to get into the fields; at first my idea was simply to saunter along the hedge-row, and listen to the birds, now I began to think of nothing less than piercing the wood, and exploring the banks of the river. And as "where there's a will there's a way," I did not fail to invent the means which the *genius loci* refused, and soon found myself placed within reach of all the beautiful objects I had been admiring.

My first movement was in the direction of the wood, which I felt disposed to visit partly from the heat of the day, and partly for the sake of botanical research. I had only entered it a few minutes, when I heard some rustling among the bushes near to me, and the next moment two men each with a gun in his hand, started up in confusion, and scampering off at full speed, were almost instantly out of sight. Reaching the spot from which they had issued, I found a hare, two rabbits, and a brace or two of partridges on the ground, besides several articles of use lying strewed about, which sufficiently convinced me that the men were poachers who had, no doubt, mistaken me for a gamekeeper, and preferred flight to encounter.

This reminded me that I was myself trespassing, and having no wish to meet with gamekeepers at that moment, nor to be convicted of poaching on circumstantial evidence, I retreated whence I came, and taking another course, made towards a long sloping field which I saw at some distance, and from which I promised myself I should behold some points of the prospect to peculiar advantage. So I should if I could have obtained entrance to it, but upon a nearer approach, I found it was separated from me by a stone wall mounted with broken glass. As I stood looking up in disappointment at this mortifying obstruction, I caught the voices of two boys at the other side talking to one another in a low tone, and from the few words I could overhear, I found they were secretly discussing and arranging the best means of capturing something—but whether birds-nests or apples, I could not ascertain.

Proceeding along by the side of the wall, I reached the river. Here two objects caught my attention; the first was a crowd of little naked boys, some in the water, some running about on the banks, some dressing; and the second was a printed board, on which "Notice was given that all persons found bathing in that part of the river," and so forth, should be "punished with the utmost rigour of the law." The boys did not appear to see me, and really they were in such evident enjoyment of perfect happiness that I wished them not to see me, for fear they should take me for the author of that awful proclamation, and be put to flight in consequence. Therefore I evaded their notice, and pursued the river in the contrary direction.

Having proceeded the distance of about half a mile, I came in sight of an angler who was seated in full employ, with all the nicemackery of his amusement about him, and so absorbed in what he was doing that I came close behind him without his perceiving me. "What sport, to day?" I said, by way of opening the conversation. Taken by surprise, he gave such a start that I thought he would have tumbled into the water. Upon seeing me, his face, at first full of perplexity, relaxed into an easier expression, and upon my begging that I might not disturb him, he said, "Oh no, sir, you don't disturb me. I perceive you are a stranger," and he resumed his rod. But his manner convinced me that he was where he had no business to be, and that when surprised by my approach he had imagined he was detected. He probably anticipated that I should make this inference, for he presently urged me with many entreaties to accept of some fish, which I could not help looking upon as a kind of hush-money.

It was now getting late, and I began to turn my steps towards the inn, following the directions of my friend the angler, who took the greatest pains to oblige me, and gave me all possible instruction respecting lanes and fields. Nevertheless I experienced all the same kind of difficulties and obstructions on my return that had beset me before. High fences, fortified gates, stone walls, broken glass, &c., that might almost make one suppose the country was invaded by an enemy, encountered me in all directions. Having made my way through one of the inclosures, I just perceived, as I was leaving it, that "spring-guns and man-traps" were "set in these grounds," and had to be grateful for having neither been killed nor maimed for life, in the course of my walk. It was nine o'clock when I reached the inn, where, after paying a visit to the manager, I sat down to my own supper, in company with two or three other persons; my host soon added himself to the party, of which I was not sorry, since he seemed as willing to give information as I was to receive it.

"Yours is a beautiful part of the country," I said.

"Yes, sir; our travellers always admire it."

"But it seems we are only intended to peep and go on," I continued; "I never saw grounds so determinedly closed up, so hermetically sealed against all entrance."

"Why, sir, there's plenty of fences and such like," said my host, "but between ourselves I don't see much use they are of, for our people hereabouts are a queer set; night or day abber out of the preserves, always after mischief, and my lord might as well try to shut the birds out of his park as them."

In reply to my inquiries, he informed me that the surrounding lands were divided between two proprietors, a noble earl and an M. P., whose estates joined each other; that they were both of them considered proud and oppressive masters; were rigid conservators of every exclusive right, and immoderately severe to all offenders.

"Nevertheless, now, I think there's not so much poaching in all the rest of the county as there is three miles round my house," said my host.

"Nor so much sheep-stealing," said a little fat man, who sat smoking his pipe in an opposite corner.

"Nor so much trout caught without a license," exclaimed another person.

"Nor so many corn fields trampled down," added a farmer.

"Nor so much mischief done altogether," summed up my host.

The same night I was roused out of my sleep by a noise in the house, and upon inquiring in the morning what had been the cause of the disturbance, learnt that some travellers had called to give information that murder had been committed in the neighbourhood, and it was subsequently found that a desperate affray had taken place between a party of poachers and two gamekeepers, in which a man had been killed on both sides, and a third lay so grievously wounded that his life was despaired of.

Next day I proceeded on my journey.—I had travelled without stopping ever since an early hour, and it was now evening, a glowing autumnal sun almost verging on the horizon, when on reaching the summit of a steep hill I again came in for a prospect which seized me with delight. But the character of the scenery was in every respect totally different from that before which I had paused the previous day. Instead of highly cultivated grounds and rich plantations, a wild expanse of heath lay before me, without a single vestige of human life or human habitation, but beautiful in its rudeness, and glorious in its freedom. All hill and dale, you could fancy that the sea during a storm had been suddenly transmuted with all its waves into so much solid land, Heath and fern and the mountain violet, and the little harebell were to be seen on every side mingling their pleasant company, and what contributed above all to the fine wild character of the scene, various clumps of noble fir trees from different parts of the heath moved their stately heads at one another. The blue margin of distant hills crowned a picture nearly panoramic. I don't know how it was, but I felt no particular desire to stray from my path just then; I say I don't know how, for I own it occurred to me as a strange thing that I should not. The day before, when it was as much as ever I could do to get off the road at all, I seemed to have taken a special fancy for rambling; now, with miles of open country before me, I seemed content to enjoy the prospect without exploring it.

After pausing thus for a few minutes to satiate my admiration, I moved slowly forwards over a little strong

road that crossed the heath, looking to the right and to the left at every step, that nothing in that exquisite scene might escape me. One thing remarkable soon excited my observation; this was the amazing number of hares and rabbits, that sported about the bushes like children in a nursery; nor seemed less trusting, for they frequently came within a yard of me; and one or two of them even ran under the horses' legs. Yet I never attempted to strike them down, nor did I feel any disposition for pursuit, as I do not frequently go after game. I should not think it worth while to remark this circumstance, but that I am obliged to confess, that, on the preceding day, excited, perhaps, by the example of the men whose successful exploits in the wood I had been a witness to, and partly, I fancy, because every prize is "sweeter for the theft," I did aim a blow, though without effect, at a rabbit that sprang up near me. Proceeding a little further I began to catch the delicious music of moving water that more and more audibly bubbled and tumbled until I reached what proved to be a vigorous mountain stream, clear, fresh, joyous as youth, in which I counted a greater number of the finest trout and gudgeon within a few seconds than I ever remembered to have seen before. I had sympathized on the former day in the pleasures both of the bathers and the angler, and could very willingly have joined either of them; but, ample as the means of indulgence now were, it so happened that I did not experience the same inclination. I seemed to be too grateful for all that I might do, to do any thing.

I had now nearly cleared the heath, and was approaching a few humble dwellings that lay on the borders of it, when I came up with a hearty intelligent-looking old man, whom I found binding faggots on the road-side.

"Good evening, father," I said, "I presume you belong to this hamlet; if so, I could wish to follow your employment for the sake of its situation."

"It is a pleasant country, sir," he replied.

"Aye, that it is," said I, "and what a famous rabbit warren you have got, and what a famous trout stream! Yet one thing strikes me as very remarkable; pray tell me, is the heath always so free from visitors as I see it to-day? I should have expected it would be filled with people from morning till night, considering all that it affords; instead of which I have not met a single human being for the last four miles. But it is not usually so, I fancy?"

"Why, sir, you see, we are rather lonely," said he, "I don't think more than a dozen people come over the heath all the week through. To be sure there's a few sporting gentlemen generally visit us for a few days in the season, and we pick up a little money amongst us by serving them with victuals and things, but there's nobody comes about here, sir, in a regular way."

After a few further inquiries I parted from the old man, and getting into the main road again, started off at a round pace in hopes to reach the next town before nightfall.

But may not this example, thought I when I had leisure to reflect, furnish an evidence in favour of that liberty, which is only demanded rudely because it is withheld arrogantly? Is it in the nature of man to commit outrages when in a state of enjoyment? No. Then make men happy, and fear not to make them free. Our desires increase in an inverse ratio to their indulgence.

A pleasure hung out of our reach, acquires to our imagination a new and peculiar excellence, a relish that it had not before; the wish grows to a want, the want becomes a necessity. Let those who are in authority show themselves intent upon opposing our inclinations, and the result is, that we are incited to seek after and to demand much more than we should otherwise have thought of. A mighty power, that ought to sleep, was awakened the other day; that popular indignation, which could not be long withstood.* The machinations of its opposers were set at naught, their threats were laughed at, their power openly defied, and we all know the consequences. It is the same in small things as in great. Let blessings which can be bestowed on all, be liberally bestowed, and they will be enjoyed peacefully and in moderation. Where much is granted, little is abused. We are a fidgety and fanciful people: therefore, while we hear of privileges and advantages that are not for us, we set no bounds to our opinion of their importance; we are likewise a determined and powerful people, therefore, when we have set our hearts upon an object, no matter what it is, that object, by hook or crook, cost us what it may, we follow and obtain; but, lastly, we are a just and reasonable people; therefore, when we see we are in possession of our proper comforts and our proper freedom, we shall know we have got all that we need have, and feel no desire left but to live together in peace and obey the laws. Readers of the London Journal; is it not so?

* Multorum odia nullas opes posse obstaré." Cic. de off.

* We are sorry that the length of our abstract of an entire work, this week, has thrown it out of our present number.

TABLE-TALK.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—In her evasive answers to the commons in reply to their petitions to her majesty to marry, she has employed an energetic word. "Were I to tell you that I did not mean to marry, I might say less than I did intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an answer, *Answerless I—D'Iscardi.*"

A PEDIGREE OF BOMB STANDING.—The newspapers speak of a descendant of the great Chinese philosopher Confucius, now living at the remote period from his ancestors of nearly 2400 years! for Confucius was contemporary with Pythagoras! Socrates came a little after him. Here is a pedigree! When this gentleman hears of the old families in Europe, he must look upon them as people of yesterday. He is a magistrate of the humbler order, but has no other rank. His descent, however, is so much respected, that whenever he visits the neighbouring town, the governor orders the gates to be thrown open; an honour, which the worthy magistrate has the modesty to decline.

IVY DOES NOT MAKE HOUSES DAMP.—I was some time in the last summer, with a number of others, inspecting the repairs of a public building from the western gable of which (by the way, the part most exposed in our climate to rain and storm) a complete covering of ivy, of several years growth, had been unnecessarily just cut and torn down; when I observed that this was a most unwise and uncalled for proceeding. At my opinion respecting it, the gentlemen present expressed surprise, saying that it must occasion internal damp; all, with the exception of one,—who agreeing in opinion with me, said that the driest part of his house was that which was many years covered with ivy, and that it was evident that this must be the case, as the inside part of the ivy by the wall was covered with cobwebs, and just as dry in the wettest weather as the back of a stove; which, as I then and frequently before observed, was a natural consequence easily accounted for, from the self-evident facts, that the ivy leaves, hanging one over another from the ground to its highest points of ascent, not only prevent the rain beating against the wall, but carry away the drip from it, and that the small clasping fibres which the ivy shoots into the crevices of the wall to support its ascent, acting like so many roots thirsting for the nourishment of moisture, must draw away any occasional damp which the walls might be naturally supposed to imbibe or attract from the earth or the atmosphere. In addition to the foregoing observations, I shall merely say, that the wall of the room in which I sleep, which is exposed to the north-west, and was some years since exceedingly damp, being neither externally plastered, rough-cast, nor weather-slatted, is, for the few last years, since nature has clothed it in a delightful evergreen coat of ivy, perfectly dry: nay, even the glass and frame of the upper window-sash, which I suffered the ivy to cover for a year or two, I found, on removing it, in the last summer, covered with dry dust and cobwebs, and without the smallest appearance of having ever been wet through their verdant cloak.—Communicated by Charles A. Drew, Esq., to the *Magazine of Botany and Gardening*, edited by Professor Rennie.

The Sugar Cane in Leicestershire.—A friend, lately returned from a journey in the North, informs us, that in sinking for coal at a mine on the estate of Mr. Stevenson, the celebrated engineer, at Whitwick, in Leicestershire, a very curious and perfect specimen of petrified sugar-cane has been dug up, having all the knots and marks of the reed perfectly obvious to sight. We have ourselves seen a small fragment of it, which, except in point of colour and substance, seems to have lost little of its original nature in the course of transformation. This is another evidence added to the many that have been before adduced, in favour of the theory, now pretty generally adopted, we believe, which makes this world to have undergone an imperceptible revolution in the course of ages, gradually converting the character of its various climates from hot to cold, and from cold to hot, and thus more and more shifting its axis, until, for aught we know, Arctic and Antarctic may change places, sandy deserts harden into a surface for the reception of Polar bears; iceburghs melt into streams that shall float the negro's bark; nay, all this may have happened before! The shadows of B itons may not always have fallen to the north. At any rate, it appears unquestionable that this country did once enjoy a larger share of the sun's favours than it does at this day; that things grew and creatures lived in the land, which now grow and live far to the South, and which shrink from the present climate of England, whenever a reconciliation is attempted, as if "old acquaintance was forgot." All things seem to tend to this conviction, and the above is a further testimony in its favour. Let us hope that if the world is thus turned about to the sun, and genially toasted in successive quarters all round, a time may come, in the progress of ages and the stars (which are also understood to be moving forward somewhere) when the globe we live on shall be completely done; not in the present bad sense of the word, but the good old toasting one; and that the earth, knowledge, and happiness will be all ripe together. We may arrive, however, at that consummation without all being tropical.

A COMPLETE, YET PUZZLING ANSWER.—"Did you or did you not speak of me, sir, the other night?" said a peremptory gentleman to a fellow collegian, (now eminent in the state.) "I did or did not speak of you," said the respondent.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

On the First of May,

THE SHILLING MAGAZINE.

Advertisements intended for insertion in this Magazine, to be sent to J. C. Picken, Bookseller, King William Street, West-strand.

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On Saturday, April 19, will be published,

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1. An Address to the Subscribers to the Windsor and Eton Public Library. By SIR J. F. W. HERSCHELL, K. G. H.—2. An Address to the Subscribers to the same institution. By CHARLES KNIGHT.—3. An Introductory Lecture, delivered at the opening of the Sydney Mechanical School of Arts, New South Wales, April 23rd, 1833. By the REV HENRY CARMICHAEL, A. M.—4. Mercantile Lecture delivered before the Mercantile Association of New York in 1832. By GULIAN C. VERPLANCE.

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THE PRINTING MACHINE, OR COMPANION TO THE LIBRARY, No. IV. Price 4d. Containing—

1. Address.—2. Spain.—3. Miss Austen's Novels.—4. On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences. By Mrs. Somerville.—5. Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse.—6. Curiosities of Literature. By J. D'Israeli, Esq. D. C. L. F. S. A.—7. History of the Revolution in England in 1688. By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh.—8. History of the Middle and Working Classes.—9. Brief Notices of New Books.—10. Miscellany of Facts.

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old religion of the season, and heaping ourselves and our children with blossom enough to make a bower of the breakfast-room: so that we only preach what we have practised. If we were happy, it added to our happiness, and was like a practical hymn of gratitude. If we were unhappy, it helped to save our unhappiness from the addition of impatience and despair; and we looked round upon the beautiful country, and the world of green and blossom, and said to ourselves, "We can still enjoy these. We still belong to the paradise of good-will."

Therefore we say to all good-willers, "Enjoy what you can of May-time, and help others to enjoy it, if it be but with a blossom, or a verse, or a pleasant thought. Let us all help, each of us, to keep up our spark of the sacred fire—the same, we may dare to believe, which fires the buds themselves, and the song of the birds, and puts the flush into the cheek of delight, and hope, faith, and charity into the heart of men: for if one great cause of love and good-will does not do this, what does, or what can?"

May, or the time of the year analogous to it, in different countries, is more or less a holiday in all parts of the civilized world, and has been such from time immemorial. Nothing but the most artificial state of life can extinguish, or suspend it: it is always ready to return with the love of nature. Hence the vernal holidays of the Greeks and Romans, their songs of the swallow, and vigils of the Goddess of love; hence the Beltein of the Celtic nations, and the descent of the god Krishna upon the plains of Indra, where he sported, like a proper Eastern prince, with sixteen-thousand milk-maids; a reasonable assortment.

In no place in the world, perhaps, but in England (which is another reason why so great and beautiful a country should get rid of the disgrace), is the remnant of the May-holiday reduced to so melancholy a burlesque as our soot and tinsel. The necessities of war and trade may have produced throughout Europe a suspension of the main spirit of the king, and a consciousness that the means of enjoyment must be restored before there can be a proper return to it. We hope and believe, that when they are restored, the enjoyment will be greater than ever, through the addition of taste and knowledge. But meanwhile, we do not believe that the sense of its present imperfection has been suffered anywhere else, to fall to a pitch so low. In Tuscany, where we have lived, it has still its guitar and its song; and its jokes are on pleasant subjects, not painful ones. We remember being awakened on May-day morning, at the village of Mariano near Fiesole, by a noise of instruments, and merry voices, in the court of the house in which we lodged,—a house with a farm and vineyard attached to it, where the cultivator, or small farmer, lived in a smaller detached dwelling, and accounted to the proprietor for half the produce,—a common arrangement in that part of the world. The air which was played and sang was a sort of merry chaunt, as old perhaps as the time of Lorenzo de Medicis; the words to it were addressed to the occupiers of the mansion, and the neighbours, or any body who happened to shew their face; and they turned upon an imaginary connexion between the qualities of the person mentioned and the capabilities of the season. We got up, and looked out of window; and there, in the beautiful Italian morning, under a blue sky, amidst grass and bushes, and the white out-houses of the farm, stood a group of rustic guitar-players, joking good humouredly upon every one who appeared, and welcomed as good humouredly by the person joked upon. The verses were in homely couplets; and the burden or leading idea of every couplet, was the same. A respectable old Jewish gentleman, for instance, resided there; and he no sooner shewed his face, than he was accosted as the patron of the corn-season,—as the genial influence, without whom there was to be no bread!

Ora di Maggio fiorisce il grano,
Ma non può estrarre senza il Sior Abramo.

Now in May time comes the corn; but, quoth he, though come I am,
I should never have been here, but for Signor Abraham.

A lady put forth her pretty laughing face (and a most good tempered woman she was). She is hailed as the goddess of the May-bush.

Ora di Maggio viene il fior di spina,
Ma non viene senza la Signora Allegrina.

Now in May-time comes the bush, all to crown its queen—
But it never would, without Signora Allegrina.

A poor fellow, a servant, named Giuseppino or Peppino (Joe) who was given to drinking (a rare thing in Italy) and was a great admirer of the fair sex (a thing not so rare) crosses the court with a jug in his hand. It was curious to see the conscious but not resentful face with which he received the banter of his friends.

Ora di Maggio fiorisce amor e vino,
Ma ni l'un ni l'altro senza il Sior Peppino.

Now in May time comes the flower of love and wine also;
But there is neither one nor t'other, without Signor Joe.

With this true bit of a taste of May for the reader's ruminations, we close our present article. It would be an "advancement" to look out of a May-morning in England, and see guitar players instead of chimney-sweeps.

FIRST WEEK IN MAY.

We have anticipated in our first article, the remarks on the season under this head. We can add little for the present, except to say, that the first week of May is full of human as well as other glory; for on the fourth day of the month, according to the necessary allowance made for the change from Old to New Style, was born Fielding; and on the fifth was born SHAKESPEARE. We write his name large, that we may sound it with what trumpet we can, being unable to indulge ourselves with saying more. We only wish we could lift it in flame and beauty upon every house in England, the most universal of illuminations, as he was of poets. And Fielding, who was a bit of a prose Shakespeare too, and whose Parson Adams Shakespeare would have loved, should have his illuminations also.

As we spoke of electricity in our last, and nature is beginning to luxuriate now, and to electrify us (according to the philosophers,) in more ways than we are aware of, we shall follow up our "sympathies of the silk stockings," with a subject of extraordinary capillary attraction from the pages of a work just published, written by Mr. Peter Cunningham, a surgeon in the navy, author of the well-known "Two Years in New South Wales."

Mr. Cunningham is evidently a man of a very quick, exploring, and active turn of mind, but whether he does not take a little too much for granted in some of his promises, and indulge his vivacity and vigour in too great, kangaroo-like leaps over his ground, clearing away more distance than objection, may be made a doubt. At all events, he is very startling and entertaining; and wherever electricity is concerned, especially in the hands of so bold an investigator, one always feels somewhat in the situation of the people who were present at the dissection of the galvanized dead body, which rose up and seemed about to speak. We hardly know what astounding secrets are not about to be laid open to us. It is but fair to recollect, that the strangeness and apparent ludicrousness of a continuation of ideas in philosophical statements is no disproof of their soundness; however, ingenuity without proof, may be no proof of the right of asserting them. Mr. Cunningham is, doubtless, content, that we should be amused as well as astonished at the coveries he reports to us respecting the connexion between a man's hat and his conceptions, and the necessity of giving a rub to one's hair in order to brush up our faculties.

"Electro-magnetism is most readily attracted, as well as carried off, by pointed substances; and hence, the readiness with which the human body is heated or cooled by simply exposing the hands or the feet (pointed substances) to the fire or the cool air. The air is also a pointed substance; and as nothing was made by the Great Creator in vain, we may be assured that use, and not ornament, was the purpose for which it was intended, and that the above purpose was that of transmitting electro-magnetism to the body, our own feelings, as well as reasoning from facts, daily presented to our view, sufficiently convince us of. To what else can we ascribe that writhing and creeping, as well as bristling-up kind of sensation in the hair of the head, universally felt when strong emotions move us, and so frequently alluded to by poets and pencilled by painters? To what else can we ascribe the curious fact of every diseased blotch or pimple in cutaneous affections, having invariably a hair in its centre, or of the hair of the head being bleached white by great mental emotion in a single night, a circumstance so analogous to the destruction of vegetable colours by the electro-magnetic currents of the galvanic trough,

as to leave scarce a doubt of the hair owing the sudden destruction of its colour to similar currents rushing through it."

"The different colours and constitutions of the hair in different people must necessarily have an important influence upon the mind and the temperament, on account of the different proportions of electricity and magnetism which the above coloured hairs transmit, and the different rapidities with which they transmit them. In the woolly head of the negro the Creator has drawn a distinct line of difference between the black and white races; for wool being a bad electric conductor, his brain is therefore supplied with but a bare electric sufficiency to make the mental line between him and the next order of animals broadly visible, while the abundance of straight regularly constituted hair over his body shows his corporeal powers to equal at least those of the white, inferior though his mental powers be. The curly state of his head hair is attributable, I conceive, to the above more difficult electric introduction, the electricity naturally twisting it about in the efforts to make an entrance, and thus eventually regulating its form. If the negro race, therefore, are ever to be elevated much above their present state, it must be by submitting themselves to the tutelage of less woolly and curly heads than their own, as the better haired Indians of Peru found it their interest to do with the golden-haired children of the Sun, the value of whose hair they so highly appreciated as to endeavour to preserve it by severe laws, prohibiting their incas intermarrying with any but the golden-haired stock. Black bodies having a strong electric affinity, by means of which they transmit electricity more readily than any other species of colour; hence dark haired people, as well as animals, are observed to be harder than the white haired, from their bodies being kept in a more equable temperature, in consequence of the readiness with which electricity can be acquired and parted with; while the tardy escape of it through the bad-conducting white hair, is apt to throw the body into an inflammatory fever, when any violent bodily exertions are made. The black haired will then also be enabled to rouse their mental energies more suddenly, and to a higher pitch of excitement, as well as to cool them down more rapidly than the white-haired, who receiving electricity slowly are slowly excited, and by also parting with it slowly, are slowly cooled."

The Celtic and other dark-haired races are therefore, I conceive, capable of excitement to higher pitches of intellectual energy than the Gothic, fair-haired race; but, then, the electricity exciting these, being as readily parted with as received, renders this excitement to be as easily dissipated as it was conjured up, preventing them, then, from mastering any great object requiring a continued effort of the mind, like the fair-haired Goths, who, when once excited, can keep this excitement more steadily up, from the greater power they have of retaining the electricity on which it depends. As white hairs, however, progressively grizzle the head of the dark-haired man, his judgment and perseverance progressively increase also, until the white hairs gain too great an ascendancy over the dark; while the minds of the fair-haired are generally at the highest pitch of energy when middle age commences. A mingling of the blood of the two races must naturally, therefore, generate a cross breed blending the qualities of the two; and, I believe it will be found that to this cross-breed we are indebted for the greater portion of the highest works in literature, science, and art. On the Continent, the authors of the above have been principally born at no great distance on either side of the Rhine, where these two races have mingled most, the far north or far south on either side (except Spain, from Gothic invasion), have produced few men to compare with the medium between, and even those few might be cross breeds. In England, nearly all the eminent men have been natives of the country south of the Trent, where the Celtic or Roman blood has been more intermingled; while, in the northern parts, where the purer Gothic prevails, although there has been little distinguished talent, yet there has always been more general good sense, good judgment, and prudential, peaceful behaviour than in the south, than of late years, when the greater Celtic intermixture in the various parts, has engendered a more combustible spirit among them. Wales has produced no very eminent original genius; Ireland cannot boast of one with an initial Celtic O' or Mac; and nearly all the Scottish men of note have Saxon names. While, however, the improvers of the inferior animals, have already benefitted them immensely by scientific crossings, the improvement of the first of all, man, has been left wholly to chance, by which his mental and muscular powers have not been advanced in proportion to those of the brute creation over whom he rules. Speaking more nationally, were the dark-haired Celts of the United Kingdom but whitened with a dash of the fairer Saxon, and the latter again enbrowned with a dash of the former, a great improvement would be effected in both; the Saxon would have more life infused into him, and the Celt more judgment and prudence.

The effects of intense electric transmission causing an early whitening of the hair of those addicted to much mental thought, or in whose minds grief or anxiety have sown their cackling seeds, is curiously exemplified by the head of hair insulated by the hat retaining its colour longer than the hair not so insulated; thus the hair upon

* "On the Motions of the Earth and Heavenly Bodies, as explainable by Electro-Magnetic Attraction and Repulsion; and on the Conception, Growth, and Decay of Man, and Cause and Treatment of his Diseases, as referable to Galvanic Action." Cochrane and M'Crone.

the temples and other parts not covered by the hat becomes grey much earlier than that over the places covered by it: the hair upon the latter, however, falling off much sooner, on account of the electric-magnetism which retains it in vigour, and for whose transmission it was solely formed, no longer obtaining a passage in sufficient quantity through it. In woman, on the contrary, grey hairs not only make their appearance less early, but are nearly equally diffused, at the commencement of the blanching over every part of the head; on account of their more porous and airy head-dresses admitting a freer electro-magnetic access to every portion of the head hair. But this is not the worst as regards man, for as reason leads us to believe that the brain was divided into different parts performing different functions, which parts must necessarily receive as well as emit the electro-magnetism on which their excitements depend through their immediate hairy coverings, so by the insulation (imperfect though it may be) of these cerebral parts, they will not only be prevented from obtaining that puberty, if I may so term it, which they would otherwise have arrived at, but have their functions impeded and weakened whenever covered by the hat. Every man must have often felt how much clearer his ideas flow when his head is uncovered, than when his hat is on, which he instinctively finds necessary to lift up every now and then, and give his hair a rub, in order to make them glide brighter and smoother along. Oily substances, by their electric attractions and magnetic repulsions causing electricity to prevail over magnetism in the bodies conducting the latter, hence the benefit which the hair derives by unctuous applications to it when it begins to dry up through long continued or intense electro-magnetic transmission, which fitting it to be a better magnetic conductor than an electric one, enables it now to conduct in greater quantity the very substance eventually destined to effect its destruction.

Mr. Cunningham's speculations on hair conclude with the startling announcement, enough to make all elderly gentlemen's locks stand on end, (till they get colouring bottles to allay them,) that grey hairs are not a consequence, but a cause of age. He treats age rather as a disease than a necessity, at least under its present circumstances; a proposition to which there can be no objection, provided he will find a cure for it. And to speak seriously as well as in levity, we are among those who are for seeing no end to philosophical speculations, however startling. Truth and advancement profit by them, somehow or other. There are very startling things in the philosophy of Bacon; and some of Lord Worcester's speculations, accounted the most impossible, are becoming common-place now.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

VIII.—MADAME VILLACERFE AND MONSIEUR FESTEAT.

THIS story has been related a long time ago by one of our classical authors; but it is worth repeating, partly because it is told with real earnestness and in his style, by the present writer, and partly because he obtained his particulars from a connexion with one of the parties. The catastrophe is one of the most affecting in the world. Nothing can be conceived more frightful than the situation of the lover, both before and after the death of his mistress. One almost wishes that she had been less amiable and generous, or affected to be so; and thus have given him less occasion to adore her memory, and despair over his mistake.

Madame Villacerfe, was a French lady of noble family, dignified character, and unblemished life, whose remarkable and tragic death was distinguished by an evenness of temper and greatness of mind, not usual in her sex, and equal to the most renowned heroes of antiquity. The short history of this excellent woman is, I believe, generally known, and will probably be recognized by many of my readers; but she is so striking an example of philosophic suffering, Christian fortitude, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the least possible alloy of selfishness or sensuality, that the affecting circumstance cannot, in my opinion be dwelt on too long, or repeated too often.

An early and mutual affection had taken place between this lady and Monsieur Festeau, a surgeon of eminence in Paris, but from the insurmountable obstacles which in those days (A. D. 1700) so strictly guarded superior rank from intermingling with plebeian blood, all further intercourse was prevented than animated civilities when opportunities offered, and soft but secret wishes. The lover would have perished rather than by a rash proceeding degrade the object of his tenderest affections in the eyes of her family and the world, and his mistress, taught by love, the omnipotent leveller of all distinctions, though she felt too powerfully the merit of her admirer, who in the scale of unprejudiced reason far outweighed a thousand fashionable pretenders to frivolous accomplishments and superficial attainment; resolved

After some years past in what may be called a defeat rather than a struggle of the passions; after a glorious victory of duty and honour; which surely affords a durable and exalted pleasure far beyond the gratification of wild wishes and misguided appetites, Madame Villacerfe from an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, was, by the prescription of her physician ordered to be bled. Festeau, as surgeon to the family, was sent for, and his countenance, as he entered the room, strongly exhibited the state of his mind. After gently touching her pulse, and a few professional questions, in a low hesitating voice, he prepared for the operation by tucking up that part of a loose dress which covered her arm; an interesting business to a man of fine feelings, who had long laboured under the most ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whose illness diffused an irresistible softness over her features, and lighted up the embers of an affection, suppressed, but never extinguished. Pressing the vein, in order to render it more prominent, he was observed to be seized with a sudden tremor, and to change his colour; this circumstance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear that it might prevent his bleeding her with his usual dexterity. On her observing, with a smile, that she confided entirely in Monsieur Festeau, and was sure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himself, and smiling, or forcing a smile, proceeded to his work, which was no sooner performed, than he cried out,—"I am the most unfortunate man alive! I have opened an artery instead of a vein."

It is not easy to describe his distraction or her composure. In less than three days the state of her arm in consequence of the accident, rendered amputation necessary, when so far from using her unhappy surgeon with the peevish resentment of a bare and little mind, she tenderly requested him not to be absent from any consultation on the treatment of her case; ordered her will to be made, and after her arm was taken off, symptoms appearing which convinced Festeau and his associates, that less than four-and-twenty hours would terminate the existence of one who was an ornament to her sex. The voice, the looks, the stifled anguish of her lover, as well as of her own feelings, convinced her of the approaches of death, an opinion which her earnest and solemn entreaties, entreaties on her death-bed, not to be disregarded, obliged her friends to confirm. A few hours before the awful moment of dissolution, that period which none can escape, and the fear of which bold bad men only affect to despise, she addressed the disconsolate surgeon in the following words:—

"You give me inexpressible concern for the sorrow in which I see you overwhelmed, notwithstanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing, to all intents and purposes I am removed from the interests of human life, it is, therefore, highly incumbent in me to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it. I feel not the least resentment or displeasure on the present occasion. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; I regard you rather as a benefactor, who have hastened my entrance into a blessed immortality. But the world may look upon the accident, which, on your account alone, I can call unfortunate, and mention it, to your disadvantage. I have, therefore, provided in my will against any thing you may have to dread from the ill-will, the prejudices, or the selfish representations of mankind."

This pattern for Christians, this example for heroes, soon after expired. A judicial sentence, devoting his fortune to confiscation, and his body to exquisite tortures, could not have produced keener sensations of misery and horror, than Festeau felt during her address, which was an emanation of celestial benignity, an anticipatory revelation, a divine ray from the spirit of that God who inspired and loved her, and in whose presence she was shortly to triumph and adore.

But when he contemplated her exalted goodness and unparalleled magnanimity in suffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man, who of all others, loved and doated on her most, when he saw her dying look, and heard that groan, which is repeated no more; sick of the world, dispirited with human life and its vain pursuits, angry beyond forgiveness with himself, he sunk into the settled gloom, and long melancholy of despair.

This is one of the many instances in which a little forethought, and a small share of prudence, would have prevented such serious evil and irretrievable calamity. I have said in a former article, that love, though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution, and as it was impossible that Madame Villacerfe's relations could be entire strangers to the partiality of Monsieur Festeau, they should industriously have prevented all intercourse between the young people. The agitated frame and deranged appearance of her lover, observed previous to the catastrophe, by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, from whom I tell the story, pointed him out as the most improper man alive for medical or surgical assistance, which requires coolness, dexterity, and a steady hand, and a collected mind.

IX.—A PRINCE AGAINST HIS WILL.

ACCORDING to our former dramatic fashion, we again give a farce after our tragedy. The hero is not a farcical man himself; he is very much of a gentleman, and was an unwilling contributor to the entertainment, the obstinate comedy of which was ultimately as ludicrous and amusing to himself, as it is to his readers. The anecdote is taken from the journey of the Hon. Keppel Craven in the Neapolitan territory.

There are several monasteries in Brindisi; in the church belonging to one of these, called Santa Maria degli Angeli, I was directed to visit and admire a very fine piece of carving in ivory. After I had bestowed my tribute of praise on this piece of workmanship, and on the pulpit, which is gilt and richly decorated in very good taste, I was requested by a priest to favour the Lady Abbess and some of her sisterhood with my presence at the grate, which divides the church from the convent. I complied, and after a short conversation in the course of which, joy at seeing me, respect towards my person, and gratitude to my family, were declared in the most extraordinary terms; I was entreated to go round to the interior gate and accept of some refreshments. I found from my host and the *Sotto Intendente* of the town, who were my companions, that I could not decline accepting this civility. In my way to the gate, the unexpected cordiality of this reception was explained to me by the information, that this convent derived its foundation from the illustrious house of Bavaria, and that, as the heir-apparent of the kingdom had lately been expected at Brindisi to embark for Greece, it was probable that the Abbess had taken the first stranger she had ever seen in her life, for the royal personage to whose progenitors the whole community owed such unqualified reverence and gratitude. On my rejoicing the good sisters in the outward part of the monastery, into which they invited me to enter, my first care was to undeceive, and to apologise for having accepted of honours due to rank so much superior to my own. Though evidently much disappointed, their kindness did not abate, and the coffee and cakes which they had prepared were distributed to us with great civility, by the young pensionaries, who received their education in this monastery, and whose beauty and unaffected manners were equally attractive. Having understood that I had the honour of being acquainted with the prince whom they had so anxiously expected, they loaded me with inquiries relative to him, and appeared much satisfied by the manner in which I answered them. After this, I took my leave, as it was almost dark.

Having, on the following morning, completed my tour of the town, and an examination of all it contained worthy of inspection, I determined to set off for Mesagne, only eight miles distant, after dinner to avoid the heat. During the repast, the same priest who had accosted me in the church the preceding day, made his appearance with a second invitation to call upon the abbess and the nuns before I set off, and accept of some refreshments. I endeavoured to decline the proposal thinking it might be the means of retarding my departure; but I was assured it would mortify if not insult the sisterhood, and as their habitation lay in my way out of the city, I might order my horses to the convent door, and not suffer above ten minutes' delay by my complicity; this I accordingly promised and proceeded to the monastery, attended by the gentleman in whose house I had been lodged, and the *Sotto Intendente*, who had dined with us. We found the outward gate open, and had scarcely passed the threshold when the abbess and the elder portion of the community rushed from the inner court, and led, I may almost say dragged me into the cloister calling upon my astonished companion to follow, as it was a day of exultation for the monastery, and all rules and regulations should be dispensed with. It was evident that the splendour of royalty once again shone on my brow, and that notwithstanding my wish to preserve the strictest incognito, the distinctions and honours due to the blood of Otho of Wittelsbach, must, in this instance at least, be rendered to his descendant, in spite of his assumed humility. This determination shewed itself in a variety of forms, with such prolonged perseverance, that the ludicrous effects which it at first produced were soon succeeded by more serious sensations of impatience and annoyance. Before I could utter my first protest against the torrent of tedious distinction, which I saw impending over my devoted head, I was surrounded on all sides by the pensionaries, who, to the number of thirty, presented me with flowers, and squabbled for precedence in the honours of kissing my princely hands. This was by no means the least distressing ceremony I was to undergo, and for an instant I felt the wish of exerting the prerogatives of royalty, either by prohibiting the exercise of this custom, or render it more congenial by altering the application of it. I seized the first opportunity of requesting my companion to interfere in behalf of my veracity, when I assured them that I was only an English traveller, which my letters of recommendation, describing my name and condition, could testify. The smile of good-humoured incredulity played on the lips of my auditors, who replied that they would not dispute my words, but should not be deterred by them from giving way to the joy which ought to signalize a day which must ever be recorded in the annals of their establishment. They added, that it would be useless for me to contend against the ocular proofs they had obtained of my quality and birth; and when they enumerated among them the air of dignity which I in vain endeavoured to conceal, the visible emotion I experienced on beholding the arms and escutcheons of my ancestors in the church, and my constantly speaking Italian though I affirmed that I was English, I own that I was struck dumb by the contending inclination to laugh or be serious. My host, who was brother to the lady Abbess, begged I would exert my complaisance so far as not to resist their wishes, as it would be put to a shorter trial by compliance than opposition, and I therefore yielded, after a second solemn protestation against the distinctions thus forced upon me. These consisted in a minute examination of the whole monastery.

To quit the object of no common choice,
In mild submission to stern duty's voice,
The much lov'd man with all his claims resign,
And sacrifice delight at duty's shrine.

beginning with the belfry, to which I was conducted by the pious sisterhood, singing a Latin hymn of exultation. I had scarcely put my head into it when a sudden explosion, for I can give it no other term, took place of all the bells, set in motion by the pensionaries who had preceded us; after which, I was successively led to the kitchen, the refectory, the dormitory, Abbess's apartment, the garden, and lastly the sacristy, where I was desirous to rest. I looked round to implore the aid and compassion of my force, when I found myself sitting in a huge crimson velvet chair, richly gilt, and surmounted with a royal crown. Here I again manifested some symptoms of rebellion, but found it necessary to stifle them, when the opening of several large cases informed me that a display of all the relics was going to take place. These were numerous, and, as I was informed chiefly the gifts of my great grandfather when the convent was endowed, though several had been since sent by my less distant progenitors. Bones and skulls of saints, whose names were as new to me as they would be, were they enumerated to the readers, passed in rotation before my eyes: these were generally preserved in purple velvet bags, embroidered with pearls; and the different vessels and ornaments used in the rites of the catholic church, were of the most costly materials, and exquisite workmanship, all of which, by turns, were offered as presents to me.

Among the relics which were named to me, I remember some fragments of the veil and shift of the Virgin Mary, a thumb of St. Athanasius, a tooth of the prophet Jeremiah, and some of the coals which were used to roast St. Lorenzo. Many of these memorials were offered me to kiss, and the last mentioned articles were accompanied by the observation that they had been the means of converting a sceptic by sticking to and blistering his lips; I own I felt a sort of momentary hesitation, as they were presented to me, and withdrew them with a degree of promptitude hardly compatible with a disbelief in their verity.

By this time all the stronger emotions I at first had felt had vanished, and a sullen impatience had succeeded, which was not removed by the presence of the vicar, an infirm old personage, who, I believe, had been called from his death-bed to give additional solemnity to the scene, and who joined the holy sisters in the chorus of praises which they lavished on my family, and the titles they bestowed on me, among which that of majesty was of the most frequent occurrence. After this devotional exhibition, I was crammed with coffee, rosolio, brandy, and cakes, and my pockets were stuffed full of oranges and lemons, among which I afterwards discovered, to my great consternation, a pair of cotton stockings, and two of woollen gloves. After a trial of an hour's duration, I was allowed to depart amidst the blessings of the community, but another ordeal awaited my patience, in a visit to a convent of Benedictine nuns, who were under the special protection of the vicar, and who would, as he assured me, die of jealousy and mortification if I denied them the same honour which I had conferred on those of the Madonna degli Angeli.— Luckily, the order was poor, and as I had not the same claims on their gratitude and reverence, I escaped with fewer ceremonies, and the loss of much less time. There was nothing remarkable in this monastery, except the columns, which surround the cloisters:—they were amongst the smallest, and of a more fantastic construction than any I had ever beheld, and evidently of a very early date.

On leaving this building, I found my horses in the street, where they had been waiting a considerable time; and while taking leave of my companions I began to breathe at the prospect of emancipation from all the painful honours, to which I had fallen a victim, and to anticipate the pleasures of a cool evening ride, when my annoyances were renewed by a speech of the commandants, who, with a solemnity of tone and audibility of voice, calculated to produce the deepest impression on a crowd of about five hundred persons assembled round my horses, informed me, that he had hitherto spared my feelings and controlled his own by avoiding to intrude upon the privacy which I was desirous of assuming, but at the moment of parting he felt justified in giving vent to a public declaration of the sentiments of respect and veneration which he entertained for my family, and those of gratitude he should ever cherish for the truly dignified condescension with which I had treated him. I was speechless, and scarcely collected enough to listen to the conclusion of his harangue, which informed me that he had communicated a telegraphic account of my arrival to the commandant of the district, and would now transmit a similar notification of my departure to the commander in chief, to whom he trusted I would express my satisfaction of his conduct. The last words concluded with a genu-flexion, and a kiss respectfully imprinted on my hand, while I hastily mounted my horse, and hurried from this scene of ludicrous torment, which, however it was decreed should not terminate here; for on looking about me as I quitted the town-gate I beheld my host and the *Sotto Intendente* on horseback on each side of me, and found that this singular infatuation had extended its power over their minds, and that they were determined to accompany me as far as Mesagne, and thereby leave no honour unperformed which they could bestow on my exalted rank.

On reaching the open plain I resolved to make one more effort to liberate my person from the continuation of this novel kind of persecution, which might, for aught I knew, extend itself over the remainder of my journey; and after another solemn protestation against the name

and title thus forcibly imposed upon me, I conjured my two satellites by all that was merciful to give up their project of attending me, representing that the day was far advanced, that we could with difficulty reach Mesagne before dark, and that their return might consequently be attended with great inconvenience, if not danger. My host, who, I then perceived, had too liberally participated in the homage offered me by his sister in the seducing semblance of rosolio and liqueurs, was obstinately bent on non-compliance, and merely answered my earnest remonstrance by a repetition of the words, *altesse inutile!* I concluded therefore that all appeal to him would be fruitless, and confined my renewal of them to his companion, whose involuntary distortions of countenance, and occasional contortion of body, induced me to suspect that the motion of a horse was very uneasy, if not unusual to him. On my observing that he looked pale since we had begun our ride, he owned that he had not been on horseback for several years, that he was besides in no very robust state of health, and that the paces of the animal he mounted were somewhat rough; but added, that he knew his duty too well to allow such trifling inconvenience to deter him from fulfilling it to its utmost extent, and that he therefore should not attend to my injunctions of returning, unless they were delivered in the form of a peremptory command, which, issuing from the lips of royalty, he would not presume to disobey. For once then I resolved to assume the dictatorial tone of princely authority, and with as grave a countenance as I could put on, ordered him to return to Brindisi. He pulled off his hat, kissed my hand, and after expressing his thanks for my considerate condescension, united to many pious wishes for my prosperous journey, he allowed me to continue it, and turned his horse the other way, while I urged mine on at a brisk trot, in hopes of reaching Mesagne before night.

THE LONDON JOURNAL,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1834.

We desire, in this part of our Journal, to pay all the respect we can to the memory of Mr. Nicholas Gouin Dufief, lately deceased in this country,—a gentleman, whom we had not the honour of knowing personally, nor even in the most important of his writings; but whose laborious career of literary public spirit was encouraged by leading men of all parties, and whose exquisite French and English Dictionary (for we do not hesitate to call it so) would alone give him a claim to the regard of all lovers of knowledge. A book altogether so beautifully “got up” for general use, we never beheld, whether we consider the remarkable abundance of its contents, its utility to all kinds of readers, the most technical included, or the perfection of neatness exhibited in its type, arrangement, and very boarding. Let any body but look into and handle it, and see if we say too much. But what completed the charm of even a Dictionary in our eyes, was the motto which the liberal and spirited man put into the title-page:—

“Les hommes ne se haïront plus, quand ils s'entendront tons.”
“Men will cease to hate one another, when they all understand one another.”

Even the elegant singularity of Mr. Dufief's putting his coat of arms in this title-page, with its motto of *Semper Fidelis*—Always Faithful (to the Bourbons, to wit) did not disconcert us with its innocent party appearance; for a man, who is really zealous for the good of all his fellow-creatures, as he was, has as much right to his political predilections as to the family affections in which he was brought up; and though we may not agree with this person or that in his estimate of the objects of his predilection, (any more than he with ours), we heartily sympathize with every genuine and honourable feeling about it, and with the colourings of fancy and love which it acquires in passing through his mind. Such men take the common light of day, and turn it, like cathedral windows, into the hues of heaven.

An unknown correspondent, who has our best thanks for the information, tells us that Mr. Dufief was born at Nantes, of a royalist family, who suffered bitterly from the French Revolution, and were driven into exile. His father, a knight of Saint Louis, was one of the last defenders of the royal cause among the noblesse in Brittany; his mother was a kinswoman of the famous general Charette, with whom, like the Du Pins and Joan of Arcs of old, (while her husband was fighting in Germany) she actually served at the head of troops of her own raising, and was present at more than one

hundred engagements! Madame Dufief was ultimately obliged to fly with her children into Jersey. M. Nicholas Dufief went to America; and being under the necessity of learning the English language, was led, by the disadvantages he experienced, to turn (like a proper genius in his vocation) those very disadvantages to account, and produced in consequence the system of French tuition which has acquired celebrity under the title of “Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Language to Man,” &c. In this work, to the merit of which we regret that we cannot add the testimony of our own experience (as we never saw it) he is understood to have followed, and worked out, the principles laid down by Locke, Condillac, D’Alembert and other philosophers; and that his work is in no need of the testimony we are unable to give it, is evident from the favourable opinions expressed of it by men of all parties, wherever French and English are studied together, including that of a man who may be said to have been one of the princes of the human race, in talent as well as position, and who was not quick, we believe, to express himself so strongly of people's merit as he did in this instance,—the late American President Jefferson.

Mr. Dufief terminated an anxious, zealous, and useful career on the 12th of the present month, aged fifty-eight years, having fallen ill on the day his Dictionary was completed, and never having recovered the re-action of a want of excitement. He may be considered, “a martyr” (says our correspondent) “to the cause of Education.” He united, we are told, in a rare but most desirable degree, the habits of a punctual and even precise man of business with the most genuine liberality; and though a party-man and a moralist, abhorred persecution for opinion; exhibiting from first to last (to conclude in the words of our authority) “cheerful application instead of desponding complaint; strict honour and independence instead of subterfuge and servility; and a whole life calculated to excite the esteem and grateful recollection of mankind.”

We take this opportunity of observing, that it is a very remarkable, a very noble, and a very new feature of the age we live in, that the ambition of doing good to mankind is taking place of the more egotistical ambitions of former times, and becoming the ordinary characteristic of active and generous intellects, instead of being confined, as it used to be, to a “martyr” here and there. Sincere public zeal, nay, a zeal for the happiness of all men, is no longer thought unworthy of the most practical understandings: all the real intellects even among the most exclusive parties, are gradually venturing forth, if it be but with a tip end of the hand they write with, to warm themselves at this new sunshine of promise for the world; and it is a wrong to all other parties, nay, to those too (for their ultimate good is concerned in it,) to conceal from the struggling classes the honourable and feeling testimony borne to those who adorn them by the generous enthusiasm of some of the aristocracy. The following tribute to the rising empire of knowledge, with the noble couplet at the end of it, is from a poem written by a man of birth as well genius, who only wants to have given more way to his impulses as a writer, to show how real a spirit of poetry as well as generosity belongs to him. He is speaking of the metropolis.

Wisdom is in her halls: to none refused
Are Wisdom's precious gifts as heretofore,
When clerks their knowledge selfishly misused:
All may the tracts of science now explore:
Perish the vain monopoly of lore!
The gloom-dispelling radiance of the morn
Delighteth not the rising traveller more,
Than it doth glad his heart, that lofty scorn
Recalls from the repellent strength of wisdom lowly born.
CHANDOS LEIGH.

When the rich and the nobly born write in this manner
what may not be hoped for by all?

Paganini has resumed his performances at the Hanover Square Rooms, and produced his new modification of the viola, thus making an instrument of his own. We have not yet heard it, while writing this, our Paper going to press too soon; but if the instrument is to be more fitted than others to give effect to what is peculiar in the genius of this great musician, the result must add even wonders to what has been heard before.

INTERVIEW OF MR. FOX WITH
BONAPARTE.

THE insertion of Mr. Fox's letter to Lord Grey in our first number, appears to have given so much pleasure, that we have gladly looked out for something more respecting this interesting statesman, to lay before our readers.

Changes of time give a new interest to the scenes of the moral world, as changes of place do to those of a landscape. The following passage in the memoirs of Mr. Fox's latter years, written by his private secretary Mr. Trotter, has appeared, no doubt, often enough in older publications, and may be familiar (at least in general recollection) to many of our readers. But even they will look at it with a new interest, when they consider that not only is Mr. Fox dead, and all that splendid military court scene vanished, and Napoleon himself gone after it, but how he is gone, and what has happened since his ruin, and what new hopes have opened their prospects to the world, such as Mr. Fox loved through all the clouds of party, rank, and office, and such (we suspect) as Napoleon never loved at all, nor believed in.

It is for this reason that we always loved the memory of Fox, however we might venture to think otherwise than he did respecting the means of bringing about the happiness of mankind. That is not the question in these unpolitical pages. But party, &c., were the accidents of his position in society, as they are, more or less, of us all. His heart was a fine, open, manly, unaffected human heart, of the truest order, sensitive to all genial impulses, but not to be moved out of its testimony to what it thought best and truest, by flattery any more than fear; and if Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, were all made up of such people as he, they would soon come to an understanding, and find out which was best for the world. But it is the progress of his beloved books and humanities that must make him so.

What we would most direct the reader's attention to in the following extract, however interesting in other points of view, is the agitation of Bonaparte's nerves, when he found himself standing in the presence of Fox. We have little doubt that it was owing to a consciousness of the sinister views with which he ultimately ruined his own greatness, and the comparative vice and puerility of them, compared with those of the man who stood before him in the simplicity of truth.

As we visited the Museum, (says Mr. Trotter) as often as time could be spared, I recollect one day that all the company were attracted to the windows of the Louvre, by a parade in the Place de Carrousel. The guards, and some other French troops, were exercising. Mr. Fox, with the others, went to the window, but he instantly turned away on seeing the soldiers. This occurred some time before the levee; and on that day, as there was a grand parade, we remained in a private apartment of the Tuilleries till it was over. Buonaparte, mounted on a white charger, and accompanied by some general officer, reviewed his troops, amounting to about six thousand, with great rapidity. The consular troops made a fine appearance, and the whole was a brilliant and animating spectacle. Mr. Fox paid little or no attention to it, conversing chiefly, while it lasted with Count Markoff, the Russian ambassador. I observed Mr. Fox was disinclined not only to military, but to any pompous display of the power of the French government. An enemy to all ostentation, he disliked it every where, but the parade of military troops in the heart of the metropolis, carrying with it more than vain pomp, must naturally have shocked, rather than entertained, such principles as those of Mr. Fox.

On the day of the great levee, which was to collect so many representatives of nations and noble strangers of every country to pay their respects to the First Consul of France, now established as the sole head of government for life, several apartments, having the general name of the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*, were appropriated for the crowd of visitors at the levee, previous to their being admitted to the First Consul's presence. Lord Holland, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord St. John, Mr. Adair, and myself, accompanied Mr. Fox there. I must acknowledge that the novel and interesting scene amused and interested me to the highest degree. This grand masquerade of life was inconceivably striking—the occasion of assembling, in the old palace of the Bourbons,—the astonishing attitude that France had assumed affected the imagination, and almost overpowered the judgment. A latent smile was often to be caught on the countenances of different intelligent and enlightened men; it said, very significantly, can this be reality? can so wonderful a fabric be permanent?

His toils were now approaching; there was a much greater number of English presented than of any other nation. Mr. Merry, the English Ambassador, appeared on the part of the British government, to sanction and recognize the rank and government of the First Consul! Mr. Merry, whose nation had, under the blind auspices of an intemperate minister, fatally interfered with the internal concerns of a great people, and had vainly attempted to counteract the success of their efforts. What a subject had he for a letter, in the style of Barillon, for the perusal of Mr. Pitt, or his friend Mr. Addington, then acting as Pitt's deputy, or *locum tenens*, in the government! Mr. Merry!—then acting under Lord Hawkebury, the Quixotic marcher to Paris, which same lord was now receiving a magnificent present of a service of China of unrivalled beauty and elegance, from

the same new government and Buonaparte. It would have been an instructive lesson for Mr. Pitt himself, could he invisibly, with Minerva by his side, have contemplated the scene; he might then have studied history, and discovered that such interference and conduct in foreign powers, as that of his and the allied potentates, he had made Cromwell a king, or an emperor, and fixed the succession of his family.

"What think you of all this?" said the chevalier d'Azara, ambassador from Spain, addressing himself to Mr. Fox. The other gave an expressive smile:—"It is an astonishing time," continued he,—"pictures, statues—I hear the Venus de Medicis is on her way—what shall we see next?" A pleasant dialogue ensued; these enlightened statesmen diverting themselves, when scolding and anger could avail nothing. The Turkish ambassador graced the splendid scene; a diminutive figure, accompanied by a suite of fine and handsome men;—he reposed on a sofa;—the heat was excessive, and his cross-legged attitude but little relieved him;—his companion spoke French with great ease; and some of them were fine Grecian figures.

Count Markoff! covered with diamonds, of a most forbidding aspect—of sound sense, however,—malgre, a face no lady would fall in love with, and an ungraceful air. The Marquis Lucchesini! the King of Prussia's Ambassador, who, from an obscure situation, by having become the reader to a minister, was elevated to the corps diplomatique—gaudily dressed—always with several conspicuous colours,—one thought of a foreign bird on seeing him; and his physiognomy corroborated the idea—agreeable, however; pleasing in manners; easy in his temper; and enjoying rationally the amusing scenes around him.

The Marquis de Gallo! the Neapolitan Ambassador—an unmeaning nobleman of the old school,—florid in manner, but not calculated to produce effect in politics or conversation. Have I forgotten the Count Cobenzel! that sage and venerable negotiator was there. A small, emaciated figure,—pale, and worn out with the intrigues of courts, he seemed to have been reserved to witness the scene before us, as a refutation of all his axioms and systems. With excellent good sense, he took all in good part—he was too wise to betray dissatisfaction, and too polite not to bend with the gale. The American Ambassador, Mr. Livingston, plain and simple in manners and dress,—representing his republic with propriety and dignity.—Of these, I believe, M. D'Azara, held the first rank for intellect; he had all the appearance of a man of genius—he seemed very much to enjoy the society of Mr. Fox,—he, and the Count Cobenzel, are both since dead, as, no doubt, are many others of the actors in the grand drama of that day.

The illustrious statesman of England, who that day attracted every eye, is himself withdrawn also from mortal scenes!

A number of English noblemen and gentlemen,—many Russians—Swedish officers, with the white scarf on their arm, also crowded the room. The Cardinal Caprara! representing His Holiness, the Pope, with his scarlet stockings and cap, was to me a novel sight,—he was a polite and dignified ecclesiastic, and, but that I was imbued a little with the prejudice of English historians and other authors, I should have found nothing extraordinary in the respectable cardinal. I am now ashamed that I did.

This grand assemblage was detained a considerable time in the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*, during which, several servants in splendid laced liveries handed round coffee, chocolate, the richest and finest wines, and cake, upon china, bearing the initial B. without any armorial, royal, or established marks of power. The heat was excessive, and expectation, wearied with the pause, when the door opened, and the *Prefet du Palais* announced to the Cardinal Caprara, that the first consul was ready, he afterwards called upon M. D'Azara, upon which every one followed without regular order or distinction of rank. As we ascended the great stair-case of the Tuilleries, between files of musketeers, what a sentiment was excited!

As the assumption of the consulship for life was a decided step, tending not only to exclude every branch of the old dynasty, but to erect a new one, every sensible man considered this day as the epoch of a new and regular government. Buonaparte was virtually king henceforth. As we passed through the lofty state rooms of the former kings of France, still hung with the ancient tapestry, very little, if at all, altered, the instability of human grandeur was recalled to the mind more forcibly than it had yet been. The long line of the Bourbons started to the view! I breathed with difficulty! Volumes of history were reviewed in a glance. Monarchs! risen from the mouldering tomb, where is your royal race? The last who held the sceptre dyed the scaffold with his blood, and sleeps, forgotten and unknown, without tomb or memorial of his name! Rapid was the transition succeeding! We reached the interior apartment, where Buonaparte, First Consul, surrounded by his generals, ministers, senators, and officers, stood between the second and third consuls, Le Brun and Cambaceres, in the centre of a semi-circle, at the head of a room! The numerous assemblage from the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*, formed into another semi-circle, joined themselves to that, at the head of which stood the First Consul.

Buonaparte, of a small, and by no means commanding figure, dressed plainly, though richly, in the embroidered consular coat, without powder in his hair, looked at the first view, like a private gentleman, in different as to dress, and devoid of all haughtiness in

his air. The two consuls, large and heavy men, seemed pillars too cumbrous to support themselves, and during the levee, were sadly at a loss what to do—whether the snuff-box or pocket handkerchief was to be appealed to, or the left leg exchanged for the right.

The moment the circle was formed, Buonaparte began with the Spanish ambassador, then went to the American, with whom he spoke some time, and so on, performing his part with ease, and very agreeably—until he came to the English ambassador, who, after the presentation of some English noblemen, announced to him, Mr. Fox! He was a good deal flurried, and after indicating considerable emotion, very rapidly said—"Ah! Mr. Fox!—I have heard with pleasure of your arrival. I have desired much to see you.—I have long admired in you the orator and friend of his country, who, in constantly raising his voice for peace, consulted that country's best interests—those of Europe,—and of the human race. The two great nations of Europe require peace;—they have nothing to fear;—they ought to understand and value one another. In you, Mr. Fox, I see, with great satisfaction, that great statesman, who recommended peace, because there was no just object of war; who saw Europe desolated to no purpose, and who struggled for its relief."

Mr. Fox said little, or rather nothing in reply,—to a complimentary address to himself he always found invincible repugnance to answer; nor did he bestow one word of admiration or applause upon the extraordinary and elevated character who addressed him. A few questions and answers relative to Mr. Fox's tour, terminated the entertainment.

MRS. GORE'S NEW NOVEL.
"THE HAMILTONS."

WE had busied ourselves with preparing this novel for our week's abstract, before we became thoroughly aware of its being a political treatise in disguise—an Abstract, itself, of the mistakes that preceded, and the astonishment that followed, the downfall of Toryism. We found it impossible, however, to give it up, first, because it was Mrs. Gore's; and second, because so good a book was not to be found in the time we had before us; and we reconciled ourselves to our inclinations, *in primis*, because they were such, and last, not least, because in professing to "sympathize with all," as most truly we do, we here had an opportunity of proving that we do so. In avowing, therefore, that we agree in almost all the opinions of Mrs. Gore's book, and that she is not at all bound to make our admissions in extenuation of the faults of those whom she blames, (especially seeing that all reflective writers like herself really point to the same conclusions, though by another road,) it becomes us, in this Journal, to observe, that Tories, though their system is the most victimizing of all, are themselves victims, in common with every body else of circumstances and education, and partake deeply of those secret cares and disappointments, which all mankind seem destined to share, *till all shall feel for all*, and contrive to work out the common good. Who, indeed, that reads this sharp and interesting work, or only our abstract of it, can fail to see that it is the system and not the fellow-creatures which the authoress holds up to reprobation; and that these fellow-creatures, like the most uneducated of the classes to whom they think themselves superior, are spoilt each by the other, generation after generation, son by father, father by his father, till "mistake! mistake! only," is the cry of the relieved human heart.

Upon the talents of the fair author we have not time to say what we could wish; but it is impossible to speak of her at all, and not give her our cordial, however poor and brief thanks, for her generous superiority to the conventionalities in which she must have been brought up, (knowing them so well,) and for the evidences she is incessantly manifesting of an universality of reading and thinking, of public and private sympathy, of seriousness and gaiety, of wit, style, womanly grace, and sentiment, which present altogether the most remarkable instance of what is called a masculine understanding in a feminine shape, that we remember to have met with. The present age, has been an age of women as well as of men, in the sense most honourable to both sexes; and the brilliant woman before us has an honourable niche in it to herself.

Scarcely a town in England but possesses its "rich of vantage." Brighton prides itself on its royal marine residence; Oxford upon its University, Birmingham upon its factories of buttons; Chester upon its cellars of cheese; every place upon its something! Laxington, a neat obscure borough, some ten miles N.N.E. of Northampton, had long been accustomed to prize itself upon its gentility. The gentility of Laxington consists in a tory exclusiveness; the whole village is Tory; the Whig interest being represented by the highly respectable Lady Berkeley, the widow of a gallant baronet, who died

for his country, and her two daughters. The first germ of the more dreadful intruder, Reform, springs up in the manor-house itself, in the undutiful radical principles of the only son of Mr. Forbes, lord of the manor. A hiatus in the circle of village grandees, made obvious in the emptiness of the long tenantless estate of Weald, is at length supplied, to the great delight of the village at large, in the person of a stirring Tory.

"Weald Park to be let!"—It was something of a degradation to the gentility of the neighbourhood; and the vicar expressed himself severely against the immorality of young Lord Lancashire, on learning that the loss of thirty thousand pounds on the turf was the immediate cause of this declension of dignity. But he spoke with due hesitation; for it was the first time, during a long life, that Dr. Mangles had ventured to find fault with a lord; and he was duly aware that the turf is a vice, of all but right divine, to majesties, royal highnesses, and peers of the realm. Nay, he almost forgave the noble delinquent, on finding that the new tenant of Weald was not only one of his Majesty's ministers, but no less a person than the intimate friend of his honourable patron, the Right Honourable the Earl of Tottenham. The fact was clearly ascertained.—Mr. Smith had been written to.—Mr. Smith's opinion of the manor ascertained;—the lease, for fourteen years, was already in progress of engrossment.

The value of such an accession to the great talkers and little doers of Laxington, may readily be conceived.—Their neighbourly sympathies had, in fact, long required extension. Lady Ashley, the fair widow of Stoke, was almost always resident on the continent. The Cadogans of Everleigh were fonder of London or Brighton than of their hereditary oaks. Old Forbes was getting into his dotage; his only son, a rising lawyer, was rarely seen in Northamptonshire; and, although Lady Berkeley, of Green-oak, and her two handsome daughters were of inestimable value, as the heroines of their romance, not a single man of fortune was to be found in the county worth the attention of either. When it appeared, therefore that Mr. Hamilton, the new tenant of Weald, had a son and daughter of an age to form alliance in the neighbourhood, Lord Lancashire was fairly acquitted. They rejoiced to hear of their new neighbour's man-cook, and were proud of his groom of the chambers; but the prospect of a match for Maria Berkeley, and—who knows?—perhaps a wife for Bernard Forbes,—was fairly worth their both;—Pon. Smith walked over to Green-oak under an umbrella the following morning, during a heavy shower to acquaint Lady Berkeley with the news.

But her ladyship was not the woman to be startled into a confession of satisfaction.

"These Hamiltons will not be here till September," she observed with ostentatious equanimity. "I trust we shall then be at Worthing; if not, I shall have no objection to visit them. Although brought up a staunch Whig, I never allow family politics to interfere with neighbourly sociability. Mr. Hamilton, Tory as he is, may be a very worthy man."

Her pretty daughters, Maria and Susan, well aware that this *straw* was intended only to mark their mother's sense of superiority to the Smiths, and the patron of the Smiths, Lord Tottenham, smiled over their embroidery. The Berkeley girls were almost as sensible as the coterie of Laxington to the advantage of having young and cheerful neighbours at Weald Park.

Mr. Hamilton, the new proprietor of Weald, was essentially an official man;—had been born in place, bred in place, nurtured in place. His father had lived and died in Scotland-yard, with the word "Salary" on his lips; and young George, at five-and-twenty, the private Secretary of a public minister, trusting to be at five-and-fifty a minister with secretaries of his own, looked upon the treasury as his patrimony,—upon the duties of office as the virtues of his vocation, and upon the stability of Tory ascendancy as upon the immutability of the universe.—The very soul within him was steeped in office!

"From the moment a man of ordinary facilities is thrown into the vortex of official life, all trace of his individual nature is lost for ever!—Thenceforward, he exists but as a cypher of the national debt,—a fraction of administration,—a leaf upon the mighty oak we claim as the emblem of Britain. There is no mistaking an official man. All trades and professions have their slang and charlatanisms; and that of Privy Councillor, although of a higher tone, is a no less inveterate jargon than that of a horse-dealer. Long practice had rendered this dialect a mother-tongue to Mr. Hamilton!—His arguments abounded in ministerial mysticism;—his jokes were parliamentary;—his notes of invitation, formal as official documents. His anecdotes were authenticated by dates; he spoke as if before a committee, or acting under the influence of a whipper-in. He scarcely knew how to leave a room without the ceremony of pairing off, or to hazard an opinion, lest he should be required to justify it to his party."

"To such a man, the incidents of private life were of trivial account. His friends might die when it suited them. Mr. Hamilton was too much accustomed to see places filled up, to fancy any loss irreparable; and, as to births and marriages, they were but drawbacks on the velocity of the great vehicle of public business. All was activity with him and about him."

"Mr. Hamilton's two children alluded to, are a son and daughter, Augustus and Julia; the latter of whom marries a younger son of Lord Tottenham, an empty headed, egotistical young placeman. An attachment arises between Augustus Hamilton and Susan Berkeley, deeper and sincerer on the part of the girl; for Augustus is absent for a long time, to her great dismay and grief. At length however he returns, and succeeds in reassuring her with lame excuses, and equivocal assurances of regard. In fact he is a heartless libertine, who is struck by her beauty, while the purity of her conduct, so much greater than what he is accustomed to encounter, is partly a source of admiration to him, partly of trouble, and ultimately of contempt. The father disapproves of the match. He hastens down to his seat at Laxington to expostulate, *à la voce*, with his son."

"The explanation was a strong one.—Thirty years of public life had, however, imposed such a restraint on Mr. Hamilton's naturally impetuous temper, that he did not follow the custom of English fathers, on the English stage, by rating his son and heir, as his footman might have rated the butler after a drunken holiday. But the bitter cutting sarcasms of a worldly tongue were more difficult to bear, than an outburst of vulgar indignation. Augustus listened in furious silence, while his father coolly recapitulated all his follies and enormities,—his debts,—his galantries,—his gambling,—his selfishness,—his uselessness,—his ingratitude!—It was a fearful moment. The father insulting his worthless son;—the son secretly despising the scornful father. One reply, however, was uttered audibly enough.—The more Mr. Hamilton reviled him, the more obstinately was Augustus determined to persist in his engagement to Susan Berkeley."

"I have pledged my word," was hisullen and reiterated answer.

"You have pledged it on other occasions, when it proved no very effectual bond," observed his father with equal sangfroid.

"Congratulate me then on the amendment of my morals!" said Augustus, sneeringly. "For once, I am about to perform an honourable action."

"At the suggestion of Sir Edward Berkeley's expected return to England, rejoined Mr. Hamilton, hoping to irritate the young man out of his self possession."

"At the suggestion of my own inclination," replied Augustus, with a kindling eye, but in a phlegmatic tone: "which, as you must be tolerably aware, I am accustomed to treat with the greatest respect. Let us understand each other! my dear father!—I will marry Miss Berkeley, say or do what you please,—I may have behaved like a villain elsewhere; here,

allow me to retrieve myself. Your influence with government has, luckily, provided me with competence; and you have, therefore, to choose between provoking a family rupture and the exposure of your affairs for the amusement of the world, or such a compromise as will enable me to afford to your daughter-in-law a place in society worthy of her and of yourself."

Augustus paused; and, instead of a rejoinder, Mr. Hamilton fixed his eyes contemptuously on the opposite wall. He had assumed the pacific attitude of '*Chateaux qui parle et somme qui écoute*.' A surrender was no longer hopeless.

"You will admit," proceeded Augustus, "that your peccage is too safe to require a reinforcement of your interest by any measure of mine; and as to fortune, although Miss Berkeley's is almost too trifling for mention to you, whose income counts more than double the principal, you must not forget that she is prudent, economical, unexacting."

"A country girl, without tact, without address!"

"Ask any of the people who were staying here last Autumn, except that venomous guest Varden, and they will tell you, that Lord Shetland and your friend Lord Baldoock thought her prettier and more elegant than Julia. The Marquis was always by her side."

"A new light seemed to break in upon the official man. His stony face grew more complacent as he listened!

"The presence of female society is indispensable to a house like yours. My sister's marriage would have deprived it of its chief attraction in the eyes of whom you are fond of conciliating. Even this new peccage, of which you think so much, what is it in the throng of London society, unless made prominent by the wealth, wit, or beauty of its representatives?"

"I see how it is," said Hamilton, affecting to cede to the force of destiny. "I, who have sacrificed myself, my whole life long, to the interests of my children, shall be compelled to sanction a measure I totally disapprove. Such prospects as you and Julia have thrown away!—My daughter refusing Clancastee, to marry a good looking fool with his maintenance at the minister's mercy; my son neglecting a woman of Lady Ashley's property to marry—"

"A beautiful girl,—the daughter of a man whose monument the nation have placed in St. Paul's."

"And whose widow, in the pension list?"

"Their descent and connections being every way superior to our own."

Having once determined upon permitting the marriage, Hamilton, for the sake of his own dignity, makes liberal allowances to the young couple. "And these gratuities, which, between any other father and son, would have been accorded with grace, and received with gratitude, were announced by the arid-minded Hamilton, in the tone of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, giving out the items of a budget; and accepted with a mis-giving air by the supercilious son."

"I am unfortunately engaged to the Berkeleys this evening," said Augustus, looking at the clock, as if anxious to escape from a disagreeable family scene, "and as I cannot venture to ask you to accompany me—"

"And why not?" interrupted Mr. Hamilton, "do you suppose that, having once given my consent to this imprudent match, I am not prepared to go through the ceremonies usual on such occasions? Do you imagine that I would lend occasion to those cackling idiots at Laxington to send a whisper into the world, through the Tott-nams, that I had been deficient in courtesy to the family of my daughter-in-law?—No, no! Pray do not allow such people as the Smiths and Mangles to despise us for ill-breeding; whatever other bad quality they may have discovered in the family."

And, in pursuance of his system of conciliation, Mr. Hamilton was shortly afterwards seated on Lady Berkeley's sofa, in all the respectability of his white hair and suit of sable,—charming her with his high-bred bow, his mild suavity of accent, his treasury smile, his deference to herself, his paternal tenderness to her daughter. But the hypocrite was taken in his own snare:—he became really pleased with Susan;—he was struck, for the first time, with the singular grace of her manners;—he felt that he should be proud of her—that she would embellish his circle, and do honour to his name. There was nothing to be ashamed of in the connexion. Lady Berkeley, although a bore, was a woman of a distinguished appearance; Marcia was majesty itself. Altogether, for a bad match, it had its extenuations.

"The young couple are married, much to the delight of Lady Berkeley and the distress of Marcia, who imagines her sister would be happier with her plainer, but sincerer, and wiser suitor, Bernard Forbes a rising young barrister."

"The tears on Mrs. Hamilton's Brussels lace veil were soon dry; and, after a month's tour among the Westmoreland lakes, which, the chilliness of the season considered, the bridegroom would not have been sorry to reduce to a fortnight, he assured his wife they should make themselves a laughing-stock to their acquaintance, by prolonging their excursion. Honeymoons, like family mourning, have been abridged 'by authority of the Lord Chamberlain,' and it was only in deference to Susan's charming prejudices, that Augustus had been tempted to respect the old-fashioned custom of a month's seclusion."

"His lordship is just now in the best of humours," said the bridegroom; "ever since he enclosed me the Gazette announcing his elevation to the peerage, he has abounded in lordly courtesy. Let us make the most of it! It disturbs all the habits of his house that we should be absent, now the season has begun. He will not launch his new carriage till you are there to use it, nor commence his official parties—nor do anything he likes. I find he has taken you an opera box, which is more than he did for Julia; and asked the Dutchess of Ptarmigan to present you."

"But must I be presented, and go to the opera immediately? Can we not be quiet for a short time, till I get accustomed to London?"

"As quiet as you please. But, of course, there is but one way of living for people who live in the world. What shall we do with ourselves, if we neither go into society nor receive it at home? And how will you amuse yourself when I am engaged at my club, or some official dinner?"

"I shall amuse myself by waiting till your return," said Susan, smiling. "It will be quite occupation enough; and I hope to see a great deal of Julia. Do you forget what a kind letter your sister wrote me on our marriage?"

"Julia will contrive to make you forget it if you attempt to wean her from society."

"You are thinking of her as Miss Hamilton. But so attached as she is to Mr. Tottenham—"

"You are thinking of her as Miss Hamilton," cried Augustus, laughing. "Julia is at heart a rake, and on that very account she and Tottenham suit each other precisely!"

"But you will be a great deal with me!" inquired Susan, looking anxiously at her husband.

"I shall be constantly with you: unless when I have engagements in town, one has always some engagement or other."

"But shall we not reside sometimes in the country?"

"Of course, we shall pass our autumns at Weald. You will then be near your mother and sister; and my father has his house full of company, so that we shall never be bored."

"That will be delightful!" said Susan, in a dejected tone.

"They go to town, and the bride is ushered into her newly and splendidly furnished apartments in her father-in-law's house. Her indifference to the show surprises Lord Laxington. He did not perceive that while apparently gazing upon the Dresden frame of her glass, she was engrossed by the reflection it served to convey to her eyes of her husband's remote figure; Augustus having loitered behind in the ante-room, to hurry through the contents of a handful of letters, which awaited his arrival in town. What could constitute their pressing urgency?

—They could not be letters of business; for the whole of his debts had been discharged by his father on his marriage. In-

stead of welcoming her to the room in which so much of their future life must pass together, he was, therefore, actually smiling over idle notes of congratulation or invitation!"

"But the billets were soon finished and thrust into his pocket; and Augustus made his appearance, as full of gratitude and enthusiasm, as his father could desire; to enlarge upon Lord Laxington's generosity, and point out to his wife's admiration the care with which her favourite books and music had been collected, her conservatory furnished, and a door of communication opened between her dressing-room and that devoted to his own use. Poor Susan was, perhaps, of opinion, that she should have been more comfortable, more at her ease, surrounded by a degree of simplicity consonant with her early habits; but, as her husband seemed anxious to force upon her admiration the damask and gilding, bronze and ormonos, mother-of-pearl and mosaic, which adorned her boudoir, she was liberal in her applause. Lord Laxington quitted the room as the thanks of Augustus and his wife were half exhausted."

"And, so, Susy, my father is actually going to make a pet of you!" cried young Hamilton, throwing himself on the sofa, and bursting into laughter, so soon as the door was fairly closed on Lord Laxington. "*Est il ridicule ce cher Papa?*"—When we men get into our second childhood, it is amazing what a vocation we display for the toy-shop!"

"It is very kind in him to have taken so much pains for my accommodation," said Susan, painfully startled by her husband's sudden change of tone, from the cordially assumed during Lord Laxington's presence."

"Kind? You will learn to know him better, one of these days! Not an ell of brocade, not an inch of rosewood,—was placed here on our account!"

"The furniture is new," replied Mrs. Hamilton, looking round, somewhat bewildered.

"New as yourself, my little wife, who have much ground to go over before you discover that all my father's proceedings are directed to the approbation of that great *œil de bœuf*—the eye of the world! You and I have as little to thank him for, in these baubles, as the king his parliament for the paraphernalia of a coronation! But *importe!* It is something to find the Chancellor of our Exchequer in a good humour."

"The following morning Augustus was looking over 'the collection of great names on the cards left in Spring Gardens, by way of recognition of the visibility of Lord Laxington's daughter-in-law. 'You must take care, love, that all these people's cards are returned; and it shall be my task to make you acquainted with those I really wish you to know. With my father's political associates and their families, you must, of course, be intimate; many of them, by the way, being the last women in the world I could present to your notice.'"

"Then why must I?"

"Because you will be constantly thrown into their society. Party influence is paramount even to the grand dogma of exclusivism. The Tories are accustomed to stand shoulder to shoulder, and sink or swim together."

"But surely you are no great politician? I have heard you speak so scornfully of parties and party-men?"

"In the abstract! But are you such a little goose as to be ignorant that party is our rock of anchorage that we live by office, and starve by default? that we exist only by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether?"

"Susan heard only the first part of the sentence. There was something in the words 'live or starve,' which seemed to cast a gloom upon the gaudy trappings of the apartments. She looked round her with a glance that inferred, 'should we not be happier, poor and independent, than in splendid bondage such as this?'"

"But Augustus saw nothing of the glance or its inference. He was watching out of the window a fight between two ragged boys in Bird-cage walk. Had he even seen and comprehended it, his reply would have been unequivocally negative. He had never been either poor or independent. He had no experience in such matters. His political fetters were second nature to him. He was a fox without a tail; but the appendage had been missing since his birth; he had been bred in the trammels of official life, just as the coachman's son is brought up a stable boy. He looked upon parties and politics as a mode or ceremonial of civilized life; and upon office as a thing devised by potentates to enjoy their serviles of plate and opera boxes."

"I am going to the Travellers' for an hour or two," said he, (the fight having ended in one of the sturdy little vagabonds being carried senseless and bleeding from the field of action!) "Will you drive with me by and by? I will order the phaeton at five, and we can take a turn in the park."

"But although poor Susan thankfully accepted the proposal, it struck her (new as he called her!) when Augustus had quitted the room, that, between the hours of twelve and five, there was leisure for something more than a lounge at the Travellers'."

"Unfortunately Mrs. Hamilton was not in the habit of being alone. She misses the society of her affectionate and intellectual sister; and now she had no longer Marcia to talk to,—no! not even by letter, with the unreserve which alone makes correspondence a substitute for nearer intercourse. For want of better amusement during their tour, Augustus had contracted a habit of reading all her sister's letters; and Susan was checked in commenting upon her new house or dwelling upon reminiscences of her old, lest Marcia's reply should contain observations offensive to the jealousy or provocative of the ridicule of her husband. Hamilton was apt to laugh at what he considered the flightiness and romance of Miss Berkeley's character; and to express his amazement at the *épanchemens de cœur* exchanged between two sisters loving each other with a degree of affection, such as his lukewarm feelings towards Mrs. Tottenham, and those of Julia in return, afforded him no precedent to comprehend. He regarded every thing as exaggerated and ridiculous which exceeded the barriers of ice, erected by the exclusives as a safe guard to their arctic circle."

"There were many things in her new mode of life, which an uncorrupted nature pointed out as inconsistent and objectionable. So little was Mrs. Hamilton habituated to the details of public service, that she could not help attaching a degree of meanness to the prodigality with which public money and public agents were rendered subservient to the rise and convenience of those who are themselves the servants of the public, in a higher capacity. Her father indeed, had eaten the bread of the country, and her mother was still its pensioner. But the fate of the gallant Sir Clement sanctified the grant."

"It was not so with the Hamiltons and Tottenham, and twenty families of their party. Some were paid for doing nothing; many, for doing very little; yet, certain of her new friends who were in the habit of proceeding from a late breakfast to their various offices, and quitting them at three o'clock, to take a turn in St. James's-street, or to lounge in the parlour of the house, on the chance of a division, were everlastingly complaining of the severity of the duties, and grumbling for the arrival of the recess. The most over-taxed weaver of Spital-fields, could not sigh more repiningly over his loom, for change of air, and relaxation of labour! William Tottenham and Augustus, commissioners of a lottery which had ceased to exist, and clerks to an office which had never existed, were liberally remunerated as deputies in a sinecure place, the local habitation of which was a mystery even to their principal, yet they threw away the proceeds with as much pride and ostentation, as if they had been honestly earned; and very often did Susan shudder, on hearing them in the wantonness of their prosperity, curse the people—the damned people,—the besotted blackguard people,—by the sweat of whose brows, their own leisure was secured."

"Another circumstance which appeared unaccountable, was

the peerie nature of the conversation current among these eminent personages by whom she was surrounded. She had been startled, even at Weald-park, by the extreme levity of men, whose names were of historical importance, and whose opinions of historical weight. But at Weald, the Marquis of Shetland and his parasite, the pompous Earl of Tottenham, and Lord Tottenham's parasite, the Right Honourable George, and the Right Honourable George's parasite, Mr. Secretary Varden, were supposed to be playing holiday; and had their privilege of private life to plead in extenuation of their bad puns, their dirty stories, their scandalous anecdotes, their wishy-washy chit-chat. A somewhat comprehensive adoption of the Flora-tan precept was pardonable.

"In London, on the contrary, within a stone's throw of the Treasury,—within oration-pitch of Palace-yard,—within sight of Westminster-hall, of Westminster-Abbey, it struck her that they ought to maintain the odour of officiality: that their counsel should be close as a despatch box,—correct as the draught of a chancery bill,—strong as a ministerial majority. They appeared at Lord Laxington's table, with all the blushing honours of the Privy Council thick upon them,—with the breath of majesty in their nostrils,—with the cracking of the door of the cabinet lingering in their ears; or with the cheers of their packed jury,—the house, still louder and still more portentous. Yet the graver the crisis, the more trifling their discourse.

Her wearisome mode of life is something relieved by the return of her lively brother, Sir Edward Berkeley, from his travels, who frightens her into a fainting fit by the suddenness of his greeting, and wonders at the due-ladyism of his reception; and has a dread of being treated 'like a quarto with plates.'

The return of Sir Edward brings his mother and elder sister to town, and while there, Lady Berkeley contrives just to frighten her daughter into a slight fit of jealousy, by vague innuendoes. Her husband perceives the state of the case, and busies himself to counteract the mother's half-sighted discernment. The Berkeleys were to leave town in a week;—and during that week he was constantly by Susan's side.

"See, my dear mother, how needless were your alarms," she whispered, on taking leave of Lady B—, while Augustus was taking a few parting commissions from Sir Edward;—Augustus has not been half an hour away from me for the last six days."

"Ah! my dear child! you know but little of the world!" ejaculated Lady Berkeley, mournfully shaking her head as she embraced her. And long after her mother's departure that portentous gesture disturbed the peace of mind of Mrs. Hamilton.

A political conference, of a secret nature, between the delegates of the Great Powers, was about to take place at Baden, and Lord Laxington was to represent the interests of England; consequently, the most courtly of court physicians recommended the waters of Baden for Susan's impaired health, and Lord Laxington kindly consented to accompany his amiable daughter-in-law;—and thus, unconsciously, the gentle Susan was made a scape-goat to the intrigues of a cabal of politicians. Meanwhile the Tories in office were in full flower. There could not be a stronger tribute to the stability of the party than Augustus Hamilton's acceptance of a subordinate appointment. Augustus—the handsome, successful, self-reliant Augustus, who had sold of his marriage as Mazarin of a place he once bestowed, that 'it had rendered hundreds discontented, and one ungrateful.' Augustus, who fancied that his appearance in the bow-window at White's, was the spell of fascination that attracted every female eye towards that cabinet of curiosities—Augustus, who forebore to enter the pit of the opera during one of Pasta's favourite airs, lest he should distract the attention of the audience—Augustus, who felt conscious that he owed as much to himself as some men are fools enough to imagine they owe their country—Augustus had, at length, consented to do some service to the state, which had acted as cashier to his family throughout two generations!

"It was impossible, however, for any man to entertain a higher sense of his own condescension! Instead of compensating Susan's disappointment in quitting England (when she had expected to pass a quiet autumn at their home in the country), he did nothing but point out the sacrifice he was making in losing the shooting season at Weald. Instead of lamenting her fatigue in so long a journey, at such a time, he did nothing but enlarge on the vexation of travelling in Lord Laxington's company, and being obliged to give up his time at Paris to courtiership and St. Cloud, instead of the saloon and the opera. He quarrelled with the roads, the inns, the weather; and by the time they arrived at Baden, the force of ill-humour could no further go."

"That his wife, to whom the place was new, should find anything to admire in its picturesque site and romantic scenery, was an unpardonable offence—there was not a soul worth speaking to left at the baths."

At breakfast, a day or two after their arrival, in the midst of complaints of the cold and desertion of the place, Augustus exclaims, 'By the way, who were those showy-looking English people who bowed to you yesterday as we were returning from our ride?'

"The Burtonshaws, relations of the Mangesees, who spent a week every year at Laxington—I know very little of them."

"Pray do not aspire to improve the acquaintance. I never saw more flagrant people! If there is a thing I abhor, it is a family of ever-dressed, under-bred English, on the Continent; not knowing what they would be at, and staring their eyes out in wonder at every thing everybody else is at blazing in front of all the theatres—attracting attention in all the public walks—and acting 'Milor Angliani,' to the amusement of foreigners, and the disgust of their own countrymen!"

"The Burtonshaws appear to be very harmless people. I believe they made their fortune in India."

"Never mind where they made it; but, for God's sake, do not bring them down in judgment upon my father! he hates all that sort of thing even more than I do."

"Des dames Anglaises qui se presentent pour Madame!" said Lord Laxington's valet, throwing open the door, in the belief that visitors who made their appearance at breakfast time, must be on very familiar terms with the family.

"Ex qui donc?" cried Augustus, with a premonition of the impending calamity.

"Une dame et des demoiselles de Birtancho."

"And in walked the 'flagrant' people whom the fastidious Hamilton had just denounced as inadmissible."

From the Burtonshaws Susan learns that her sister is about to be married to Bernard Forbes, formerly a suitor of her own, and now becoming prominent in his profession, the law. Marcia had long been attached to his worth, and the acquisition of one sister amply consoles him for the loss of the other. From Baden the Hamiltons remove to Vienna, where they meet with the Cadogans. Cadogan is a catholic, a very 'gentlemanly' man, i.e. a cold, leasewable, servile formalist. Mrs. Cadogan was a school friend of Susan's, and is now an artful, intriguing woman; ruling her husband, while he believes her his slave, by playing upon his foolishness of perverse wilfulness; and deceiving Susan while she appears her sincerest friend. Mrs. Hamilton is overjoyed at the idea of seeing a compatriot, an old friend, a woman! Her joy is soon damped by mysterious hints in a letter of Marcia's, regretting her intimacy with Mrs. Cadogan. Augustus obtains a sight of the letter, and his fury throws poor Susan into an alarm, that causes the premature birth of a sickly child. During her illness she gratefully accepts the services of Mrs. Cadogan, for she does not yet understand all that is meant, not even by her husband's phrensy. As soon as the invalid is sufficiently recovered they return to England, and are taken into the royal household. Hamilton sets himself tooth and nail to carry favour with his royal master.

"Bold as were Augustus Hamilton's professions of independence in private society, he was too well aware of the un-

certain tenure of his father's fortunes, not to have resolved to effect, at almost any sacrifice, a more solid provision for himself. He would not, of course, do anything contrary to the code of polite honour—nothing 'ungentlemanly'—nothing calculated to get him black-balled at a club, or stigmatized in the coteries. But to perform the too-ton of courtiership, in common with the highest and mightiest, was no offence either against himself or society;—to run the race of lying or equivocation with a Duke, could be no disgrace. To swear that the Virginia Water (like the Terminus of the ancients) was composed of one part water and three parts fishes, was no reproach—except to the individual who believed! To protest that Correggio's 'Notte,' or Raphael's 'Madonna della redia' were vapid in comparison with Rembrandt's 'Lady with the fan,' or Gerard Douw's 'Woman peeling turnips,' might be an error in judgment;—to prefer Lawrence the funeral to Vandike the courtly, or Oginisk's Polonaise to Beethoven's symphonies, could only be a fault of taste.

Hamilton loses his master, and Susan her weakly babe about the same time. William the Fourth accedes to the throne, and his hearty manners conciliate the discontented. "It was a long time since a king had met them face to face. The rising generation were glad to ascertain that the crown was not worn by a hippogriff; and his majesty, bred in a profession too critical in its vicissitudes to deal in the etiquettes of life—and at present unlearned in the precept delivered to Louis XV. by his chancellor, that 'Kings themselves are but ceremonies,'—was well satisfied to set their minds at rest. A female court, too, was, for the first time, for many years, established; and the world began to talk of King George and Queen Charlotte; and to fancy, they had retrograded to those 'good old times,' which ended in the riots of Eighty and the American war."

At this time, Mrs. Cadogan presents her husband with an heir, that is, however, no son of his. While she is still in confinement, and ere Susan has yet quite recovered from the shock of losing her own poor boy, Mrs. Hamilton pays her a visit.

"A yet severer retribution was in store for her.—She knew of Mrs. Hamilton's loss, and was almost glad that it would secure her own sick room from her presence; when, one morning early, in her convalescence, as she lay on her sofa, near an open window, enjoying the delicious balminess of the summer atmosphere, the door of her dressing-room was gently opened, and Susan, quiet and unannounced stole in. Caroline would have given worlds to evade the visit. But there she was, chained to her couch, without even a bell at her disposal; and when Mrs. Hamilton put aside her mourning veil, and bent over her with a kind, womanly kiss, a sudden flush of fever seemed to pervade the frame of the delinquent.—A tear was on her face, that had fallen from Susan's; and it scorched her like a drop of liquid fire."

While taking a solitary morning drive in the neighbourhood of Everleigh, Mrs. Hamilton had suddenly found courage to attempt the visit; Marcia, who had constantly assured her that she had not strength for such an effort, being detained at home, writing letters to her husband.

"I have been very unhappy since we parted," said she, in the simplicity of grief, 'very unhappy; but, for the sake of Augustus, must learn to overcome my affliction.'

"You have so many remaining sources of happiness," observed Mrs. Cadogan, in a low voice; but she could not finish her sentence.

"We have all sources of happiness, if we know how to render them available," said Susan, sighing. "But some are fated to deeper afflictions than others; some to brighter fortunes.—Yourself, dear Caroline!—How your career has prospered!—With every thing against you in the onset of life, how completely have all your desires been realised!—With health—with fortune—with an adoring husband—beautiful children—affectionate friends;—how happy you are! Do not think me despicable, if I own I think you an object of envy!"

"What would not Caroline have given for the entrance of her husband, or of a servant, to silence the ill-timed enthusiasm of her friend?"

"You must show me your little boy," resumed Mrs. Hamilton, after a long and painful pause.

"No—no!" cried Caroline, with uncontrollable emotion. "The sight of a child would be too painful to you."

"You know not," said Susan, with a quivering lip, 'how well I can subdue my feelings. I must see children—I must accustom myself to see them without emotion;—with whose can I better commence my hard lesson, than with yours?—You, who are so kind a friend, will show so much indulgence to my weaknesses.'"

"I cannot—I—I—"

"Nay, dear Caroline!—Believe me to be the best judge of my own feelings! Do you know, I fancy it would even soothe me to hold a child again in my arms!"

"Not yet!—you must excuse me!" faltered Mrs. Cadogan, her heart beating more quickly with emotion than she had fancied it would ever beat again. But her will was not to be consulted. The head-nurse, proud of the heir of Everleigh, or desirous to exhibit to a visitor the magnificent lace of its cockade, thought proper to parade her charge, uncalled for, into the room; without dreaming that the deep mourning of the lady-guest had any reference to a loss rendering its presence disagreeable.

"See, ma'am!" cried the old lady, approaching Mrs. Hamilton, without regard to the prohibitions of her mistress. "See what a beautiful pair of hazel eyes!—Just the very moral of his papa—pretty dear!—Lord bless you, ma'am, I nursed Mr. Cadogan himself, ma'am, when he was't no bigger than this pretty darling; and he was as like this baby, he was, as two drops of water."

"But another resemblance was sickening in the very heart of Susan!—her own lost child seemed to rise before her eyes."

"Ah! Caroline!" said she, seizing the cold hand of Mrs. Cadogan, and motioning to the nurse to take away the little boy. "You were right! Forgive me!—I shall love your boy very much some day or other, I have long intended to ask you to let it be my god-child."

"My dear Mrs. Hamilton, you do us too much honour!" exclaimed Cadogan, who had entered unperceived, the door opened by the departing nurse. "Nothing will give greater pleasure to Mrs. Cadogan and myself. You must persuade my friend Hamilton to take his share in your duties. Give my kind regards to him, and—"

"No!" said Mrs. Cadogan, faintly. "I wish—I rather intend—"

"—She stepped short."

"In a word, my dear, have you formed any engagements on the subject, and with whom."

"Not exactly—but—"

"My dear Caroline, pray allow me to arrange these matters without your interference!" cried Cadogan, settling his chin in his cravat. "These are points I decide for myself. Supposing we call the little fellow Augustus, my dear Mrs. Hamilton; he persisted, too full of his heir to notice the agitation of his wife; and knowing that, as the Hamiltons' child had been christened 'Clement,' the name would produce no painful associations."

"Aye, you please!" replied Susan, overcome by the triumphant joyousness of his voice and manner. "We will settle it another time."

"Good! I will write a line to my friend Hamilton. It will be better, perhaps, that the compliment of the request should come from me. Are you going, Mrs. Hamilton?—Allow me to take you to your carriage."

"Good bye, Caroline," said Susan, in a tremulous voice, as she quitted the room. "I shall see you again very shortly."

"I trust not—I devoutly trust not!" ejaculated the conscience-struck Mrs. Cadogan, when they were gone, and she found herself alone. "Such struggles, often repeated, would destroy me."

At length the Tories go out of office. This is a destructive

blow to Augustus Hamilton. While he is absent, during one of the riots that took place about that period, his wife, anxious to discover his engagements, that she may form some conjecture regarding his safety, looks over certain of his letters; among them is one from Caroline Cadogan! Out of power, and unable to satisfy the demands of his dependents, a vindictive servant soon after publishes the connection to the world. An; gustus is mortally wounded in a duel with the formalist Cadogan while his unsuspecting wife is kept in ignorance of his danger till after his death, to preserve her from the horrors of his death-bed violences. After the death of her husband, she devotes herself to the care of her father-in-law, the fallen, disappointed, penitent Lord Laxington; and when again his death leaves her without a protector, she gives her hand to the Marquis Clancastare, Lord Laxington's ward, an accomplished, and intelligent young nobleman, who, like Apollo, though possessed of every attraction, had not hitherto proved very attractive to the ladies, having been successively refused by Julia Hamilton and Marcia Berkeley. He is too good for the former, not exalted enough for the latter; but just suited to the gentle Susan, whom we are glad to leave at last in congenial company.

TABLE-TALK

Parish dinners in 1460 and 1794.—In the registry of proceedings of the parish of St. Ewens, in Bristol, the cost for a breakfast, &c. on Corpus Christi day, A. D. 1460 is thus entered on the church or parish book of record, extracted word for word.

Item. For a calveshead and hinge Threepence.
Item. For two rounds of beef Sixpence.
Item. For bread and ale Eightpence.
Item. For master parson for his dinner Fourpence.
Item. For his clerk Twopence.
Item. For bearing the cross Twopence.

Sum Total .. Two shillings and a Penny.
In the year 1794, by the same parish books, appears an entry to the following effect:

"A supper for the parish officers to settle their accounts, and to regulate the assessment of their poor rate, the sum of 50l. 17s. 2d."

A Delicate Distress.—The late King George (the Second) was fond of peaches stewed in brandy in a particular manner, which he had tasted at my father's; and ever after, till his death my mamma furnished him with a sufficient quantity to last the year round (he eating two every night). This little present he took kindly. But one season proved fatal to fruit trees, and she could present his Majesty but with half the usual quantity, desiring him to use economy, for they would barely serve him the year at one each night. Being thus forced by necessity to retrench, he said he would then eat two every other night; and valued himself upon having mortified himself less, than if he had yielded to their regulation of one each night; which I suppose may be called a compromise between economy and epicurism; but I leave it to your decision. *Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone.*

The Birmingham Coach in 1749.—A Birmingham coach is newly established to our great emolument. Would it not be a good scheme, (this dirty weather, when riding is no more a pleasure) for you to come some Monday in the said stage coach from Birmingham, to breakfast at Barrells, for they always breakfast at Henley; and on the Saturday following it would convey you back to Birmingham, unless you would stay longer, which would be better still, and equally safe? for the stage goes every week the same road. It breakfasts at Henley, and lies at Chipping Horton; goes early next day to Oxford, stays there all day and night, and gets on the third day to London; which from Birmingham at this season is pretty well, considering how long they are at Oxford; and it is much more agreeable as to the country than the Warwick way was. *Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone.*

A Fox at Deptford. A Deptford Correspondent of the Magazine of Natural History, after describing a garden belonging to him which had run wild, and was surrounded three parts by water, proceeds to give the following account of a fox which had established in it "an at home, within four miles of London." "The fox" says he, made himself very happy for more than six weeks. The neighbours lost their fowls, ducks, pigeons, and rabbits. Many a long face have I seen pulled about their losses; many a complaint of the "howdaciousness" of the rats, the cats, the thieves, and the new police; in all which I took very great and sympathising interest. In the mean time I used to sit in my summer-house of an evening, and watch master Reynard come out of his retreat; and a great amusement it was to me. He would come slowly trotting along, to a round gravelled place where four paths met; then he would raise himself on the sitting part, look about, and listen, to ascertain that all was safe; and being satisfied of this, he would commence washing his face, with the soft part of the leg, just above the pad. After this operation was well performed, he used to lie flat down on his belly, and walk deliberately along with his fore legs, dragging the rest of his person along the ground, as though it were quite dead, or at least deprived of motion; then he would run round and round after his brush, which I could see he sometimes hit pretty severely, and on such occasions, he would turn serious all at once, and whisk his brush about in a very angry manner. Poor fellow! a neighbour happened to see him cross the ditch by moon-light into my garden with an old hen in his mouth. The out-cry was raised, a search was demanded. Next day there came guns, dogs, pitchforks, and—neighbours; the upshot of all which was that poor Reynard's brush is dangling in my little wainscotted room, between an Annibal Caracci, and a Batista.—E. N. D. *Mag. Nat. Hist.*—A family of foxes has been known to establish itself in Kensington Gardens, and to have astonished the neighbourhood one fine morning with a hunt in Hyde Park.

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* * * The great popularity of this little work having caused a mis-understanding between the two brothers—Cruikshank—they have endeavoured to throw the onus upon the publisher, who, having no other means of setting the public right, has re-printed the correspondence which has appeared in the "Spectator" newspaper, leaving the public to decide which of the two is the "real Simon Pure."—The following appeared on the 19th of April:—
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."

London, April 17th, 1834.

SIR:

In your paper of last Sunday, in reviewing a work of my brother's, you go on to notice his imitators, and state that I am trading upon his fame. Now this censure ought to fall upon the publishers by whom I have been employed, and not upon me; for, so far from wishing to trade upon my brother's fame, it has ever been my earnest request to the publishers that my Christian name, "ROBERT," should be advertised with the works I illustrate, and which they promised to do; but I regret to observe they have very frequently failed in the performance of that promise.

As respects the work styled *Cruikshank at Home*, I feel called upon to state, that I was entirely ignorant of the title till the book was put into my hands, after its publication; and that, from the very unusually small price offered to me by the publisher for drawings, merely in outline (as he termed it,) I naturally presumed they were intended for some slight cheap publication, that would have borne some fair proportion to the small remuneration I received for my services.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to assure you and the public generally, that in my engagement with the publisher of *Cruikshank at Home*, I made one condition, which was understood by both parties to be paramount to all others; which was, that in every place where my name was printed it should be "ROBERT CRUIKSHANK," and any thing short of that I neither could nor would be satisfied with; and which dissatisfaction I lost no time in plainly communicating to the publisher.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,
ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

In answer to which, Mr. Kidd immediately returned the following letter, addressed to the Editor of the "Spectator":—
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."

SIR,

Having given insertion to a letter from Mr. ROBERT CRUIKSHANK, on the subject of a little work which I am now publishing, (illustrated by him) you will, doubtless, permit me, through the same channel, to reply to the statement he has put forth, which, should it remain uncontradicted, might prove of serious injury to me in my capacity, of PUBLISHER. It was originally agreed upon between us that the work, which was to be entitled "*Cruikshank at Home*," should be published in one volume, and contain twenty-three engravings, inclusive of a drawing representing Mr. Cruikshank in his own study. On this number being completed and delivered over, Mr. Cruikshank represented to me, that as he was about to publish a copper-plate engraving of the ship called the "*Great Harry*," to be dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, he was particularly anxious, in the meantime, to add to his fame by the publication of his "*At Home*," and requested, as a great favour, that as the drawings were made in his *very best manner*, and not *merely in outline* they might be beautifully engraved. This request was acceded to, and to render him a still further service, the original number of designs was increased to upwards of one hundred, and the book brought out in the most handsome form possible, and in three volumes instead of one—of course, at my own expense, which he seems to forget. As for the stipulation, "that the Christian name Robert should be affixed to the work,"—this is positively untrue, though on reference to the very first volume, it will be found I have chosen to affix it.

The sum named for the drawings was not only not objected to, but most readily accepted by Mr. Cruikshank, whose reply was that "he must now leave off working for the *Penny Casket*, and devote himself to this job." Two witnesses were present on this occasion. At all events, having furnished more than four times the number of drawings first agreed for, Mr. C. cannot, I think, have any just cause for complaint. It is a somewhat singular circumstance that Mr. Cruikshank called at my house on the morning of the very day on which he dated his letter to you, and appeared on such friendly terms, that I readily obliged him with a trifling loan that he required! I am, therefore, the more surprised at the nature of his communication to you, and but few his signature, can hardly believe that the sentiments expressed are his own. I beg to apologize for thus troubling you, and am, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,
WILLIAM KIDD.

14, Chandos-street, West-Strand,
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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1834.

No. 6.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A HUMAN BEING, AND A CROWD.

We had intended to make merry this week, in our leading article, with some light subject, but a late event in the metropolis (of which we are not going to speak politically) and the perusal of the affecting Romance of Real Life which is given in our present number, have set us upon graver thoughts, to which it may not be unsalutary to give way.

The reader will allow us to relate him an apologue.—A seer of visions, walking out one evening, just before twilight, saw a being standing in a corner by the wayside, such as he never remembered to have seen before. It said nothing, and threatened him no harm: it seemed occupied with its own thoughts, looking in an earnest manner across the fields, where some children were playing; and its aspect was inexpressibly affecting. Its eyes were very wonderful, a mixture of something that was at once substance and no substance, body and spirit; and it seemed as if there would have been tears in them, but for a certain dry-looking heat, in which nevertheless was a still stranger mixture of indifference and patience, of hope and despair. Its hands, which it now and then lifted to its head, appeared to be two of the most wonderful instruments that were ever beheld. Its cheeks varied their size in a remarkable manner, being now sunken, now swollen, or apparently healthy, but always of a marvellous formation, and capable, it would seem, of great beauty, had the phenomenon been nappy. The lips, in particular, expressed this capability; and now and then the creature smiled at some thought that came over it; and then it looked sorrowful, and then angry, and then patient again, and finally, it leaned against the tree near which it stood, with a gesture of great weariness, and heaved a sigh which went to the very heart of the beholder. The latter stood apart, screened from its sight, and looked towards it with a deep feeling of pity, reverence, and awe. At length, the creature moved from its place, looked first at the fields, then at the setting sun, and after putting its hands together in an attitude of prayer, and again looking at the fields and the children, drew down, as if from an unseen resting-place, a huge burthen of some kind or other, which it received on its head and shoulders; and with a tranquil and noble gesture, more affecting than any symptom it had yet exhibited, went gliding onwards toward the sunset, at once bent with weakness, and magnificent for very power. The seer then, before it got out of sight, saw it turn round, yearning towards the children; but what was his surprise, when on turning its eyes upon himself, he recognized, for the first time, an exact counterpart of his own face; in fact, himself looking at himself!

Yes, dear reader, the seer was the phenomenon, and the phenomenon is a human being, *any care-worn man*, you yourself, perhaps, if you are such, or your London Journalist;—with this difference, however, as far as regards you and us; that inasmuch as we are readers and writers of things hopeful, we are more hopeful people, and possess the two-fold faith which the phenomenon seems to have thought a divided one, and not to be united; that is to say, we think hopefully of heaven and hopefully of earth; we behold the sunset shining towards the fields and the little children, in all the beauty of its double encouragement.

A human being, whatever his mistakes, whatever his cares, is, in the truest and most literal sense of the word, a respectable being (pray believe it);—nay, an awful, were he not also a loving being;—a mystery of wonderful frame, hope, and capacity, walking between heaven and earth. To look into his eyes is to see a soul. He

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is surely worth twice, thrice, and four times looking at and considering,*—worth thinking what we can do for him, and he for us, and all for each other. Our general impressions of things (as the reader knows) are cheerful and ready to receive abundance of pleasure. Our greatest sorrow, when we look abroad, is to think that mankind do not extract a millionth part of the pleasure they might, from the exceeding riches of Nature; and it is speedily swallowed up by a conviction, that Nature being so rich, and inciting them to find it out, find it out they will. But meanwhile, we look upon the careful faces we meet—upon the human phenomenon and his perplexities,—and as long as our sorrow lasts, an indescribable emotion seizes us, of pity and respect.

We feel a tenderness for every man when we consider that he has been an infant, and a respect for him when we see that he has had cares. And, if such be the natural feelings of reflection towards individual faces, how much more so towards a multitude of them,—towards an assemblage—a serious and anxious crowd?

We believe, that without any reference to politics whatsoever, no man of reflection or sensibility looked upon the great moving mass and succession of human beings which assembled the other day in London, without being consciously or unconsciously moved with emotions of this kind. How could they help it? A crowd is but the reduplication of ourselves,—of our own faces, fears, hopes, wants, and relations,—our own connexions of wives and children,—our own strengths, weaknesses, formidable power, pitiable tears. We may differ with it, we may be angry with it, fear it, think we scorn it; but we must scorn ourselves first, or have no feeling and imagination. All the hearts beating in those bosoms are palpitations of our own. We feel them somehow or other, and glow, or turn pale. We cannot behold ourselves in that shape of power or mighty want, and not feel that we are *men*.

We have only to fancy ourselves born in any particular class, and to have lived, loved, and suffered in it, in order to feel for the mistakes and circumstances of those who belong to it, even when they appear to sympathize least with ourselves: for *that* also is a part of what is to be pitied in them. The less they feel for us, the less is the taste of their own pleasures, and the less their security against a fall. Who that has any fancy of this kind, can help feeling for all those aristocrats, especially the young and innocent among them, that were brought to the scaffold during the French revolution? Who, for all those democrats, not excepting the fiercest, that were brought there also—some of whom surprised the bye-standers with the tenderness of their domestic recollections, and the faltering ejaculations they made towards the wives and children they left behind them? Who does not feel for the mistaken popish conspirators, the appalling story of whose execution is told in our this day's Romance of Real Life, with that godlike woman in it, who is never to be passed over when it is mentioned? Who does not feel for the massacres of St. Bartholomew, of Ireland, of Sicily, of any place; and the more because they are perpetrated by men upon their fellow-creatures, the victims and victim-makers of pitiable mistake? The world are finding out that mistake; and not again in a hurry, we trust, will any thing like it be repeated among civilized people. All are learning to make allowance for one another: but we must not forget, among our lessons, that the greatest allowances are to be made for those who suffer the most. Also, the greatest number of reflections should be made for them.

Blessings on the progress of reflection and knowledge,

* *Respectable, respectable* (Latin) worth again looking at.

which made that great meeting the other day as quiet as it was. We have received many letters from friends and correspondents on the setting up of our Journal, for which we have reason to be grateful; but not one which, has pleased us so much (nor, we are sure, with greater leave from themselves, to be so pleased) than a communication from our old 'Tatler' friend, S. W. H., in which he tells us, that he saw a copy of it in the hands of "one of the sturdiest" of the trades' unions, who was "reading it as he marched along;" and who (adds our correspondent) "could hardly be thinking of burning down half London, even if the Government did continue bent upon not receiving his petition."

May we ever be found in such hands on such occasions. It will do harm to nobody in the long run; will prevent no final good; and assuredly encourage no injustice, final or intermediate. "To sympathize with all" is the climax of our motto. None, therefore, can be omitted in our sympathy; and assuredly not those who compose the greatest part of all. If we did not feel for them as we do, we should not feel for their likenesses in more prosperous shapes.

We had thought of saying something upon crowds under other circumstances, such as crowds at theatres and in churches, crowds at executions, crowds on holidays, &c.; but the interest of the immediate ground of our reflections has absorbed us. We will close this article however, with one of the most appalling descriptions of a crowd under circumstances of exasperation, that our memory refers us to. On sending for the book that contains it to the circulating library, (for though too like the truth, it is a work of fiction) we find that it is not quite so well-written, or simple in its intensity, as our recollection had fancied it. Nothing had remained in our memory but the roar of a multitude, the violence of a moment, and a shapeless remnant of a body. But the passage is still very striking. Next to the gratification of finding ourselves read by the many, is the discovery that our paper finds its way into certain accomplished and truly gentlemanly hands, very fit to grapple, in the best and most kindly manner, with those many; and to these an extract at this time of day, from Monk Lewis's novel, will have a private as well as public interest.

The author is speaking of an abbess, who has been guilty of the destruction of a nun under circumstances of great cruelty. An infuriated multitude destroy her, under circumstances of great cruelty on their own parts; and a lesson, we conceive, is here read, both to those who exasperate crowds of people, and to the crowds that, *almost before they are aware of it*, reduce a fellow-creature to a mass of unsightliness. For, though vengeance was here intended, and perhaps death (which is what we had not exactly supposed, from our recollection of the passage) yet it is not certain that the writer wished us to understand as much, however violent the mob may have become by dint of finding they had gone so far; and what we wish to intimate is, that a human being may be seized by his angry fellow-creatures, and by dint of being pulled hither and thither, and struck at, even with no direct mortal intentions on their parts, be reduced, in the course of a few frightful moments, to a state which, in the present reflecting state of the community, would equally fill with remorse the parties that regarded it, *on either side*,—the one from not taking care to avoid offence, and the other from not considering how far their resentment of it might lead;—a mistake, from which, thank heaven, the good sense and precautions of both parties saved them, on the occasion we allude to.

"St. Ursula's narrative," says Mr. Lewis, speaking of a

nun who had taken part against the abbess, and who was relating her cruelty to the people, "created horror and surprise throughout; but when she related the inhuman murder of Agnes, the indignation of the mob was so audibly testified, that it was scarcely possible to hear the conclusion. This confusion increased with every moment. At length a multitude of voices exclaimed, that the prioress should be given up to their fury. To this Don Ramirez positively refused to consent. Even Lorenzo bade the people remember that she had undergone no trial, and advised them to leave her punishment to the Inquisition. All representations were fruitless; the disturbance grew still more violent, and the populace more exasperated. In vain did Ramirez attempt to convey his prisoner out of the throng. Wherever he turned, a band of rioters barred his passage, and demanded her being delivered over to them more loudly than before. Ramirez ordered his attendants to cut their way through the multitude. Oppressed by numbers, it was impossible for them to draw their swords. He threatened the mob with the vengeance of the Inquisition: but, in this moment of popular phrenzy, even this dreadful name had lost its effect. Though regret for his sister made him look upon the prioress with abhorrence, Lorenzo could not help pitying a woman in a situation so terrible: but in spite of all his exertions and those of the duke, of Don Ramirez and the archers, the people continued to press onwards. They forced a passage through the guards who protected their destined victim, dragged her from her shelter, and proceeded to take upon her a most summary and cruel vengeance. Wild with terror, and scarcely knowing what she said, the wretched woman shrieked for a moment's mercy: she protested that she was ignorant of the death of Agnes, and could clear herself from suspicion beyond the power of doubt. The rioters heeded nothing but the gratification of their barbarous vengeance. They refused to listen to her: they showed her every sort of insult, loaded her with mud and filth, and called her by the most opprobrious appellations. They tore her one from another, and each new tormentor was more savage than the former. They stifled with howls and execrations her shrill cries for mercy, and dragged her through the streets, spurning her, trampling her, and treating her with every species of cruelty which hate or vindictive fury could invent. At length a flint, aimed by some well directed hand, struck her full upon the temple. She sank upon the ground bathed in blood, and in a few minutes terminated her miserable existence. Yet though she no longer felt their insults, the rioters still exercised their impotent rage upon her lifeless body. They beat it, trod upon it, and ill-used it, till it became no more than a mass of flesh, unsightly, shapeless, and disgusting."

SECOND WEEK IN MAY. FLOWERS.

"When I said I would die a bachelor," observes Benedict, "I did not think I should live to be married." When we said last week that we could make use of the pages of no author, whose pages on the seasons had already been turned to account, and when we named in our list the writings of Mr. Howitt, we did not think that we should make use of him the very week after our boast. So it is however, and we have three reasons for it; first, (to put on a bold face and be candid about the matter—and it is fitting that "pride should have a fall") because we find we cannot do justice to subjects of this kind, without some help of the sort; second, because Mr. Howitt is the latest, as well as one of the very best of the good writers upon it, and therefore has been less quoted than others; third, because in consequence of the sale already attained by this cheap little paper of ours, the quotations from any book must of necessity be new by many readers who have not met with the book; and fourth, because we have a very particular reason for it, which we shall give an insolent and peculiar piquancy to, by keeping it to ourselves. In writers who have animal spirits, and are tasting of success upon the strength of them, the reader must allow something of an inconsistency now and then,—at least as far as regards system, and what we shall do with the dishes before us; otherwise we give him notice that he is not returning us charity for charity, and that we shall think ourselves authorised to turn round upon his conscience, and ask him if he has had no inconsistency or other infirmity of his own, to test the good-nature of others. Besides, it is May; and who that knows what May is, or feels it as he ought, cares for any of the ordinary unreasonable reasonableness of things, and does not give way to the prior reasons of natural impulses, and all the openness and jovialities that belong to them,—always provided they are honest and have a conscience. We will hear of no faults and inconsistencies this month, and certainly shall not except our own. We stifle objection with May-bushes—pelt it with cowslips—overthrow it into clover. An eloquent and wholesale enjoyer of Nature, who

does not mince matters,—Professor Wilson, has spoken highly of Mr. Howitt's book. The *Athenæum* speaking of it having arrived at a second edition, exclaims, "A second edition! it ought to have been the ninth." We quote these authorities to strengthen our own, and to do what we can towards bettering the growth of the editions. And now for a good, luxuriant, proper piece of May-time out of Mr. Howitt's pages. It is a lump of rich earth and turf, which we transplant into our garden, with all its daisies on it.

"However the festivities with which our ancestors hailed the opening of this month, may have sunk into neglect, Nature has not forsaken her festivities. She still scatters flowers, and revels in dews; she still loves her leafy garniture, and the bursts of unoppressive sunshine; for though we moderns may abandon the customs of our forefathers, and may even deny to May those joyous attributes with which they delighted to invest her; though we complain of cold winds, dull days, and frosty nights, cutting down flower and leaf, and have them too, yet is May a gladsome month withal. Vegetation has made a proud progress; it has become deep, lavish, and luxuriant; and nothing can be more delightful than the tender green of the young hawthorn leaves. Primroses still scatter their million of pale stars over shady banks, and among the mossy banks of haunts; and once more, amid the thickly-springing verdure of the meadow, we hail the golden and spotted cowslip. In woods there is a bright azure gleam of *Myosotis sylvatica*, a species of forget-me-not, and of those truly vernal flowers called by botanists *Scilla nutans*, by poets blue-bells, and by country folks cuckoo's stockings. The ferns are pushing forth their russet scrolls amongst the forest moss and dead leaves. In pools—and none of our indigenous plants can rival our aquatic ones in elegance and delicate beauty—are this month found the lovely water-violet (*Hottonia palustris*) and the buck bean, originally *leg-bane* or bog plant, from its place of growth (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), like a fringed hyacinth. The gorse and broom are glorious on heaths and in lanes.

"In the early part of this month, if we walk into woods, we shall be much struck with their peculiar beauty. Woods are never more agreeable objects than when they have only half assumed their green array. Beautiful and refreshing is the sight of the young leaves bursting forth from the grey boughs, some trees at one degree of advance, some at another. The assemblage of the giants of the wood is seen, each in its own character and figure; neither disguised nor hidden in the dense mass of foliage which obscures them in summer;—you behold the scattered and majestic trunks; the branches stretching high and wide; the dark drapery of ivy which envelopes some of them, and the crimson flush that grows in the world of living twigs above. If the contrast of grey and mossy branches, and of the delicate richness of young leaves gushing out of them in a thousand places be inexpressibly delightful to behold, that of one tree with another is not the less so. One is nearly full clothed,—another is mottled with grey and green, struggling as it were which should have the predominance, and another is still perfectly naked. The wild-cherry stands like an apparition in the woods, white with its profusion of blossoms, and the wilding begins to exhibit its rich and blushing countenance. The pines look dim and dusky amid the lively hues of spring. The aubers are covered with their clusters of albescent and powdery leaves and withering catkins; and beneath them the pale spathes of the arum, fully expanded and displaying their crimson clubs, presenting a sylvan and unique air. And who does not love 'the wood-notes wild?' We again recognize the speech of many a little creature who, since we last heard it, has traversed seas and sojourned in places we wot not of. The landscape derives a great portion of its vernal cheerfulness not merely from the songs of birds but from their cries. Each has a variety of cries indicative of its different moods of mind, so to speak, which are heard only in spring and summer, and are both familiar and dear to a lover of Nature. Who ever heard the *weet weet* and *pink-pink* of the chaffinch, or the *whistle-whistle* of the blackbird as it flies out of the hedge and skims along before you to a short distance, repeatedly on a summer evening about sunset,—at any other time? In spring mornings by three or four o'clock the fields are filled with a perfect clamour of bird-voices, but at noon the wood is their oratory. There the wood-pecker's laugh still rings from a distance—the solemn coo of the wood-pigeon is still deep and rich as ever—the little chill-chill sounds his two notes blithely at the top of the tallest trees; and the voice of the long-tailed titmouse, ever and anon, sounds like a sweet and clear-toned little bell. Nests are now woven to every bough and into every hollow stump.

"As the month advances, our walks begin to be haunted with the richness of beauty. There are splendid evenings, clear, serene, and balmy, tempting us to continue our stroll till after sunset. We see around us fields golden with crowfoot, and cattle basking in plenty. We hear the sonorous streams chiming into the milk-pail in the nooks of crofts, and on the other side of hedges."

May, being a good-natured month, seems resolved to see fair play in its birth-days to all sorts of opinion; though perhaps there is not a name among them altogether ungenial. Some of them are gloriously the reverse; and the most unchristian in their theology are

not without some Christianity of nature. Last week we noticed the birth-days of Shakespeare and Fielding; in the week before us we have

Oliver Cromwell, born on the 9th of the month (26th of April, old style) in the year 1599, at Huntingdon.

David Hume, born on the 10th, 1717, at Edinburgh.

Edward Gibbon, the day after him, 1739, at Putney, in Surrey; and

Joseph Addison, May 14th, 1673, at Wotton.

Let us see what May-time and Christian charity can incite people to say of them, in hopes of getting a favorable verdict when they want it themselves. And you may hear of the faults and mistakes of such men (observe) in all the histories and biographies.

Cromwell, the rough teacher of monarchs, and disappointer of republicans, was, with all his faults, a kind son, father, and husband. He was fond of music, though his sect was against it; could be very jovial at a party: and yet said withal, that he would make the name of an Englishman as respected as that of an old Roman; which, during his life, he did.

Hume, the most unphilosophic (in some respects) of all philosophic historians, and a bigoted enemy of bigotry, (that is to say, unable to give candid accounts of those whom he differed with on certain points) was a good-natured, easy man in his own personal intercourse, dispassionate, not ungenerous, and could do people kind and considerate services. Out of the pale of sentiment, and of what may be called the providential and possible, he was an unanswerable, or at least an unanswered dialectician; but there was a whole world in that region, into which he had no insight; and for want of it he was not qualified to pronounce finally on matters of faith and religion.

Gibbon was a sceptic, in some respects, of a similar kind, and more immersed in the senses. Perhaps his life was altogether a little too selfish, and lapped up in cotton. He lumbered from his bed to his board, and back again, with his books in the intervals, or rather divided his time between the three, in a sort of swinishness of scholarship,—the most prone of bookworms. Martyrdom and he were at a pretty distance! He was not the man to die of public spirit, or to comprehend very well those who did. But his scepticism tended to promote toleration. He was an admirable Latin scholar, a punctilious historian, an interesting writer, in spite of a bad style; and his faults, of every kind, appear to have been owing to temperament and disease, and to his having been an indulged infant, and heir to an easy fortune. Let us be thankful we got so much out of him, and that so diseased a body got so much out of life. A writer's infirmities are sometimes a reader's gain. If Gibbon had not disliked so much to go out of doors, we might not have had the *Decline and Fall*.

And is charity wanted for Addison too? Yes. For whom is it not? The least of us cannot escape, nor the greatest whom we look up to. Addison's nature certainly was not the free, open, generous nature of his friend Steele; neither was his Christianity always as Christian as he took it to be, not even perhaps when he died. But what grace, ease, wit, and sense in his writings; and how much good they did to private life, and what gratitude we owe him to this hour in consequence! No man can be sure, that a good part of the decency and amenity of intercourse which he enjoys in his own house at this moment, is not owing to the lessons of Addison. This fine writer died in Holland-house, Kensington, and has a street named after him in that quarter, probably by direction of the noble and accomplished owner of the mansion.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

2.—CHIMMOCK TITCHBOURNE.

We are indebted to the third volume of Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (now republishing) for this most affecting narrative, the deep impression of which upon us, after our first perusal many years ago, has never been effaced; and we find the stamp go sharply again, —yet not without sweetness! Blessings on the heart and soul and immortal memory of that beloved woman, (far superior to all ordinary strength, or fancied callous) ness—for no such common-place would or could have supported it,) who attended the dying, tortured man in his "agony and bloody sweat,"—(words that we dare

venture to apply, even to a nature so far inferior, and so mistaken in its heroisms, and who held his burning head, and saw him make the sign of the cross:—and blessings on the sweetness of humanity surviving in these miserable and deluded, yet noble spirits, the Chidiock Titchbournes, and on the letter written by Chidiock to poor "Sweet-check" his wife, (what a gentle flower of a word to remember and comfort himself with in his last anguish,) and on all the mingled greatness and tenderness which, as Mr. D'Israeli truly observes, marks the age of the men of Shakespeare. We hear nothing more of poor "Sweet-check,"—a name that seems to paint her nature, and fortunately promises for her patience. She had need of it, thus losing a young and noble husband.

Mr. D'Israeli did quite right to retain the horrors of the story, horrid though they are. The beauty is greater than the horror. The gold is proved by the fire.

"Midst intestine struggles, or perhaps, when they have ceased, and our hearts are calm, (says our author,) we perceive the eternal force of nature acting on humanity: then the heroic virtues and private sufferings of persons engaged in an opposite cause, and acting on different principles than our own, appeal to our sympathy and even excite our admiration. A philosopher, born a Roman Catholic, assuredly could commemorate many a pathetic history of some heroic Huguenot; while we, with the same feeling in our heart, discover a romantic and chivalrous band of Catholics.

"Chidiock Titchbourne is a name which appears in the conspiracy of Anthony Babington against Elizabeth, and the history of this accomplished young man may enter into the romance of real life. Having discovered two interesting domestic documents relative to him, I am desirous of preserving a name and a character which have such claims on our sympathy.

There is an interesting historical novel, entitled "The Jesuit," whose story is founded on this conspiracy; remarkable for being the production of a lady, without, if I recollect rightly, a single adventure of love. Of the fourteen chapters implicated in this conspiracy, few were of the stamp of men ordinarily engaged in dark assassinations. Hume has told the story with his usual grace: the fuller narrative may be found in Camden; but the tale may yet receive, from the character of Chidiock Titchbourne, a more interesting close.

Some youths, worthy of ranking with the heroes, rather than with the traitors of England, had been practised on by the subtlety of Ballard, a disguised Jesuit of great intrepidity and talents, whom Camden calls "a silken priest in a soldier's habit;" for this versatile intriguer changed into all shapes, and took up all parts; yet, with all the arts of a political Jesuit, he found himself outwitted in the nets of that more crafty one, the minister Walsingham. Ballard had opened himself to Babington, a catholic; a youth of large fortune, the graces of whose person were only inferior to those of his mind.

In his travels, his generous temper had been touched by some confidential friends of the Scottish Mary; and the youth, susceptible of ambition, had been recommended to that queen; and an intercourse of letters took place, which seemed as deeply tinged with love as with loyalty. The intimacies of Babington were youths of congenial tempers and studies; and, in their exalted imaginations, they could only view in the imprisoned Mary of Scotland a sovereign, a saint, and a woman. But friendship, the most tender, if not the most sublime ever recorded, prevailed among this band of self-devoted victims; and the Damon and Pythias of antiquity were here out numbered.

But these conspirators were surely more adapted for lovers than for politicians. The most romantic incidents are interwoven in this dark conspiracy. Some of the letters to Mary were conveyed by a secret messenger, really in the pay of Walsingham; others were lodged in a concealed place, covered by a loosened stone, in the wall of the queen's prison. All were transcribed by Walsingham before they reached Mary. Even the spies of that singular statesman were the companions or the servants of the arch-conspirator Ballard; for the minister seems only to have humoured his taste in assisting him through this extravagant plot. Yet, as if a plot of so loose a texture was not quite perilous, the extraordinary incident of a picture, representing the secret conspirators in person, was probably considered as the highest stroke of political intrigue! The accomplished Babington had portrayed the conspirators, himself standing in the midst of them, that the imprisoned queen might thus have some kind of personal acquaintance with them. There was at least as much of chivalry as of machiavellism in this conspiracy. This very picture, before it was delivered to Mary, the subtle Walsingham had copied, to exhibit to Elizabeth the faces of her secret enemies. Houbraeken, in his portrait of Walsingham, has introduced in the vignette the incident of this picture being shown to Elizabeth; a circumstance happily characteristic of the genius of this crafty and vigilant statesman.

Camden tells us that Babington had first inscribed beneath the picture this verse:—

"*Et mihi sunt comites, quos ipse pericula ducunt.*"
These are my companions, whom the same dangers lead.

But as this verse was considered by some of less

heated fancies as much too open and intelligible, they put one more ambiguous:—

"*Quorum hæc alio properantibus?*"

What are these things to men hastening to another purpose?

This extraordinary collection of personages must have occasioned many alarms to Elizabeth, at the approach of any stranger, till the conspiracy was suffered to be sufficiently matured to be ended. Once she perceived in her walks a conspirator; and on that occasion erected her "lion port," reprimanding her captain of the guards, loud enough to meet the conspirator's ear, that "he had not a man in his company who wore a sword."—"Am not I fairly guarded?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

It is in the progress of the trial that the history and the feelings of these wondrous youths appear. In those times, when the government of the country yet felt itself unsettled, and mercy did not sit in the judgment-seat, even one of the judges could not refrain from being affected at the presence of so gallant a band as the prisoners at the bar: "Oh Ballard, Ballard!" the judge exclaimed, "what hast thou done? A sort (a company) of brave youths, otherwise endued with good gifts, by thy inducement hast thou brought to their utter destruction and confusion." The Jesuit himself commands our respect, although we refuse him our esteem: for he felt some compunction at the tragical executions which were to follow, and "wished all the blame might rest on him, could the shedding of his blood be the saving of Babington's life!"

When this romantic band of friends were called on for their defence, the most pathetic instances of domestic affection appeared. One had engaged in this plot solely to try to save his friend, for he had no hopes of it, nor any wish for its success; he had observed to his friend, that the haughty and ambitious mind of Anthony Babington, would be the destruction of himself and his friends; nevertheless he was willing to die with them! Another, to withdraw, if possible, one of those noble youths from the conspiracy, although he had broken up housekeeping, said, to employ his own language, "I called back my servants again together, and began to keep house again more freshly than ever I did, only because I was weary to see Tom Salusbury's struggling, and willing to keep him about home." Having attempted to secrete his friend, this gentleman observed, "I am condemned, because I suffered Salusbury to escape, when I knew he was one of the conspirators. My case is hard and lamentable; either to betray my friend, whom I love as myself, and to discover Tom Salusbury, the best man in my country, of whom I only made choice, or else to break my allegiance to my sovereign, and to undo myself and my posterity for ever." Whatever the political casuist may determine on this case, the social being carries his own manual in the heart. The principle of the greatest of republics was to suffer nothing to exist in competition with its own ambition; but the Roman history is a history without fathers and brothers! Another of the conspirators replied, "For flying away with my friend, I fulfilled the part of a friend." When the judge observed, that, to perform his friendship, he had broken his allegiance to his sovereign; he bowed his head and confessed, "Therein I have offended." Another, asked why he had fled into the woods, where he was discovered among some of the conspirators, proudly (or tenderly) replied, "For company."

When the sentence of condemnation had passed, then broke forth among this noble band that spirit of honour which surely had never been witnessed at the bar among so many criminals. Their great minds seemed to have reconciled them to the most barbarous of deaths; but as their estates, as traitors, might be forfeited to the queen, their sole anxiety was now for their families and their creditors. One, in the most pathetic terms, recommends to her majesty's protection a beloved wife; another, a destitute sister; but not among the least urgent of their supplications was one, that their creditors might not be injured by their untimely end. The statement of their affairs is curious and simple. "If mercy be not to be had," exclaimed one, "I beseech you, my good lords, this; I owe some sums of money, but not very much, and I have more owing to me." Another prayed for a pardon; the judge complimented him, that he was one who might have done good service to his country; but declares he cannot obtain it.—"Then," said the prisoner, "I beseech that six angels, which such an one hath of mine, may be delivered to my brother to pay my debts."—"How much are thy debts?" demanded the judge. He answered, "The same six angels will discharge it."

That nothing might be wanting to complete the catastrophe of their sad story, our sympathy must accompany them to their tragical end, and to their last words. These heroic yet affectionate youths had a trial there, intolerable to their social feelings. The terrific process of executing criminals was the remains of feudal barbarism, and has only been abolished very recently. I must not refrain from painting this scene of blood; the duty of an historian must be severer than his taste, and I record in the note a scene of this nature.* The pas-

* Let not the delicate female start from the revolting scene, nor censure the writer, since that writer is a woman—suppressing her own agony, as she supported on her lap the head of the miserable sufferer. This account was drawn up by Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby, a Catholic lady, who, amidst the horrid execution, could still her own feelings in the attempt to soften those of the victim: she was a heroine, with a tender heart.

The subject was one of the executed Jesuits, Hugh Green, who often went by the name of Ferdinand Brooks, according to the custom of these people, who disguised themselves by double names: he suffered in 1604; and this narrative is taken from

sent one was full of horrors. Ballard was first executed, and snatched alive from the gallows to be embowelled: Babington looked on with an undaunted countenance, steadily gazing on that variety of tortures which he himself was in a moment to pass through; the others averted their faces, fervently praying. When the executioner began his tremendous office on Babington, the spirit of this haughty man cried out amidst the agony, "Parce mihi, Domine Jesu!"—"Spare me, Lord Jesus!" There were two days of execution; it was on the first that the noblest of these youths suffered; and the pity which such criminals had excited among the spectators evidently weakened the sense of their political crime; the solemnity, not the barbarity of the punishment, affects the populace with right feelings. Elizabeth, an enlightened politician, commanded, that on the second day the odious part of the sentence against traitors should not commence till after their death.

One of those *generosi adolescentuli* (youths of generous blood) was Chidiock Titchbourne, of Southampton the most intimate friend of Babington. He had refused to connect himself with the assassination of Elizabeth; but his reluctant consent was inferred from his silence. His address to the populace breathes all the carelessness of life, in one who knew all its value. Proud of his ancient descent from a family which had existed before the conquest till now without a stain, he paints the thoughtless happiness of his days with his beloved friend, when any object rather than matters of state engaged their pursuits; the hours of misery were only first known the day he entered into the conspiracy. How feelingly he passes into the domestic scene, amidst his wife, his child, and his sisters! and even his servants! Well might he cry, more in tenderness than reproach, "Friendship hath brought me to this!"

"Countrymen, and my dear friends, you expect I should speak something. I am a had orator, and my text is worse. It were in vain to enter into the discourse of the whole matter for which I am brought hither, for that it hath been revealed heretofore; let me be a witness to all young gentlemen, especially *generosi adolescentuli*. I had a friend, and a dear friend, of whom I made no small account, whose friendship hath brought me to this; he told me the whole matter, I cannot deny, as they had laid it down to be done; but I always thought it impious, and denied to be a dealer in it; but the regard of my friend caused me to be a man in whom the old proverb was verified; I was silent, and so consented. Before this chanced, we lived together in most flourishing estate: of whom went report in the Strand, Fleet-Street, and elsewhere about London, but of Babington and Titchbourne? No threshold was of force to brave our entry. Thus we lived, and wanted nothing we could wish for; and God knows what less in my head than matters of state. Now give me leave to declare the miseries I sustained after I was acquainted with the action, wherein I may justly compare my state to that of Adam's, who could not abstain one forbidden thing, to enjoy all other things the world could afford; the terror of conscience awaited me. After I considered the dangers whereto I was fallen I went to Sir John Peters in Essex, and appointed my horses should meet me at London, intending to go down into the country. I came to London, and then heard that all was betrayed; whereupon, like Adam, we fled into the wood to hide ourselves. My dear countrymen, my sorrows may be your joy, yet mix your smiles with tears, and pity my case. I am descended from a house, from two hundred years before the Conquest, never stained till this my misfortune. I have a wife, and one child; my wife Agnes, my dear wife, and there's my grief—and six sisters left in my hand—my poor servants, I know, their master being taken, were dispersed; for all which I do most heartily grieve. I expected some favour, though I deserved nothing less, that the remainder of my years might have recompensed my former guilt; which seeing I have missed, let me now meditate on the joys I hope to enjoy."

Titchbourne had addressed a letter to his "dear wife Agnes," the night before he suffered, which I discovered among the Harleian MSS.* It overflows with the most natural feeling, and contains some touches of expression, all sweetness and tenderness, which mark the Shakespearean era. The same MS. has also preserved another precious gem, in a small poem, composed at the same time, which indicates his genius, fertile in imagery, and fraught with the melancholy philosophy of a fine and wounded spirit. The unhappy close of the life of such a noble youth, with all the prodigality of his feelings, and the cultivation of his intellect, may still excite the

the curious and scarce folios of Dodd, a Catholic Church History of England.

* The hangman, either through unskilfulness, or for want of a sufficient presence of mind, had so ill performed his first duty of hanging him, that when he was cut down he was perfectly sensible, and able to sit upright upon the ground, viewing the crowd that stood about him. The person who undertook to quarter him was one Barefoot, a barber, who being very timorous when he found he was to attack a living man, it was nearly half an hour before the sufferer was rendered entirely insensible of pain. The mob pulled at the rope, and threw the Jesuit on his back. When the barber immediately fell to work, ripped up his belly, and laid the flaps of skin on both sides; the poor gentleman being so present to himself as to make the sign of the cross with one hand. During this operation, Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby (the writer of this), knelt at the Jesuit's head, and held it fast beneath her hands. His face was covered with a thick sweat; the blood issued from his mouth, ears, and eyes, and his forehead burnt with so much heat, that she assures us she could scarce endure her hand upon it. The barber was still under a great consternation." But I stop my pen amid these circumstantial horrors.

sympathy in the *generosus adolescentulus*, which Chidiock Titchbourne would have felt for them!

A letter written by Chidiock Titchbourne the night before he suffered death, unto his wife, dated anno 1586.

"To the most loving wife alive; I commend me unto her, and desire God to bless her with all happiness; let her pray for her dead husband, and be of good comforte, for I hope in Jesus Christ this morning to see the face of my Maker and Redeemer in the most joyfull throne of his glorious kingdome. Commend me to all my friends, and desire them to pray for me, and in all charitie to pardon me, if I have offended them. Commend me to my six sisters, poore desolate soules, advise them to serve God, for without him no goodness is to be expected: were it possible, my little sister Babb, the darling of my race, might be bred by her, God would reward her; but I do her wrong I confesse, that hath by my desolate negligence too little for herselfe, to add a further charge unto her. Deere wife, forgive me, that have by these means so much impoverished her fortunes; patience and pardon, good wife, I crave—make of these our necessities a virtue, and lay no further burthen on my neck than hath already been. There be certain debts that I owe, and because I knowe not the order of the lawe, piteous it hath taken from me all, forfeited by my course of offence to her majestie. I cannot advise thee to benefit me herein, but if there fall out where-withal, let them be discharged for God's sake. I will not that you trouble yourselfe with the performance of these matters, my own heart, but make it known to my uncles, and desire them, for the honour of God, and ease of their soules, to take care of them as they may, and especially care of my sisters bringing up; the burden is now laid on them. Now, Sweet-cheek, what is left to bestow on thee, a small joynture, a small recompense for thy deserving, these legacies following to be thine owne. God of his infinite goodness give thee grace alwaies to remain his true and faithful servant, that through the merits of his bitter and blessed passion thou maist become in good time of his kingdom with all the blessed women in heaven. May the Holy Ghost comfort thee with all necessities for the wealth of thy soul in the world to come, where, until it shall please Almighty God I meete thee, farewell lovinge wife, farewell the dearest to me on all the earth, farewell!

"By the hand from the heart of thy most
"faithful lovinge husband,
"CHIDIOCK TICHEBOURNE."

VERSES,

Made by Chidiock Ticheborne of himself in the Tower, the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason.—1586.

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goods is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
My youth is past, and yet I am but young,
I saw the world and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"I sought for death, and found it in the wombe
I lookt for life, and yet it is a shade,
I trade the ground, and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!"

XI. ONE OF THE SHORTEST AND SWEETEST OF ALL STORIES.

MR. WALSH, a gentleman of large fortune, who died about fifty years back, bequeathed an estate of four thousand a year to his niece, Mrs. Benn; but from negligence, resentment, or some other cause, neither explained or understood, left his next male heir, and near relation, unprovided for.

With an addition so important, and at a period which calculates, to a nicety, gratifications and expenses to keep pace with, or exceed the most enormous rent-roll, the majority of mankind would have sat down passively contented; or if any solicitude interrupted their brilliant dreams, it would have been anxiety to determine in what species of luxurious superfluity the new acquisition should be expended. But Mrs. Benn, a very epicure in the theory of real and substantial luxury, declared that her present income was adequate to all her wishes and all her wants, and reserving only a little Berkshire villa, endeared to her by early habits, and in which she had passed some of the happiest hours of her life, presented, and by legal conveyance made over this considerable bequest to her neglected cousin; a free and gratuitous gift, neither demanded nor expected, vast in its amount, and worth, at its lowest valuation, A HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

XII. ANOTHER, OF THE SAME CAST.

The law of divorce decreed by the national convention had passed but a short time, when there applied to take the benefit of it a young couple, who had been generally considered by their neighbours, as patterns of connubial felicity. The young woman was beautiful, rich, and married to a lover without fortune; but a few days after the divorce had taken place, they were again united in

wedlock; a transaction, which exciting considerable surprise, was thus explained.

Their first union having been what is called a love-match, the lady's guardians, actuated by laudable prudence, had the whole fortune settled on the wife, absolutely independant of her husband, whose moments in the giddy raptures of the honeymoon, rolled on with facility and pleasure. But when time and reflexion had sobered his senses, he complained that his hands, by the illiberal distribution of his wife's fortune, were tied up from engaging in agricultural, professional, or commercial pursuits, so admirably calculated for giving a zest to all enjoyment, by occupying those intervals of life which are otherwise so apt to stupify our faculties in the listlessness of leisure, or the gloom of inactivity. For such evils, this excellent wife saw and provided a remedy. By dissolving their first marriage she became the uncontrolled mistress of her fortune, and gave an effectual proof of her liberality and affection, if not of prudence, by making her husband, on their second marriage, the unfettered master of all she had. The happy husband was thus enabled, by love, the great arbiter of destinies, to whom we are indebted for supreme happiness, or harassing inquietude, to devote a portion of his fortune to elegant or useful occupation.

THE LONDON JOURNAL,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1834.

THE death of Mr. Stothard, at the venerable age of eighty-four, has grieved all the lovers of art, though it has been long expected. But they regret to think that they can have no "more last words" from his genius—no more of those sweet and graceful creations of youth, beauty, and womanhood, which never ceased to flow from his pencil, and which made his kindly nature the abode of a youthful spirit to the last. An angel dwelt in that tottering house, amidst the wintry bowers of white locks, warming it to the last with summer fancies.

Mr. Stothard had the soul in him of a genuine and entire painter. He was a designer, a colourist, a grouper; and above all, he had expression. All that he wanted, was a more perfect education, for he was never quite sure of his drawing. The want was a great one; but if those who most loudly objected to it, had had a tenth part of his command over the human figure, and even of his knowledge of it, (for the purposes of expression,) they would have ten times the right to venture upon criticising him; and having that, they would have spoken of him with reverence. His class was not of the very highest order, and yet it bordered upon the gentler portion of it, and partook of that portion; for since the days of the greatest Italian painters, no man felt or expressed the graces of innocence and womanhood as he did. And his colouring (which was little known,) had the true relish, such as it was. He loved it, and did not colour for effect only. He had a bit of Rubens in him, and a bit of Raphael—and both of them genuine; not because he purposely imitated them, but because the seeds of gorgeousness and of grace were in his own mind. The glowing and sweet painter was made out of the loving and good-natured man. This is the only process. The painter, let him be of what sort he may, is only the man reflected on canvass. The good qualities and defects of his nature, are there; and there they will be, let him deny or disguise it as he can. In youth, Stothard was probably too full of enjoyment, and had too little energy at the same time, to study properly. In the greater masters, enjoyment and energy, sensibility and strength of purpose, went together. Inferiority was the consequence; but inferiority only to them. The genius itself was indestructible.

Mr. Stothard, for many years, was lost sight of by the public, owing to the more conventional elegancies of some clever, but inferior men, and the dullness of public taste; but it was curious to see how he was welcomed back again as the taste grew better, and people began to see with the eyes of his early patrons. The variety as well as grace of his productions soon put him at the head of designers for books, and there he has since remained. What he did of late for the poems of Mr. Rogers is well known, and his picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims still better, though we cannot think it one of his best. Many of his early designs for Robinson Crusoe and other works, especially those in the old *Novelist's Magazine* far surpass it; and so do others in Bell's *British Poets*. There is a female figure bending towards an angel in one of the volumes of Chaucer in that edition, which Raphael himself might have put in

his portfolio; and the same may be said of larger designs for editions of Milton and Shakespeare. See in particular those for Comus, and for the Two Gentlemen of Verona, where there is a girl in boy's clothes. Nothing can be more true or exquisite than the little doubtful gesture of fear and modesty in the latter figure, blushing at the chance of detection. Stothard excelled in catching these fugitive expressions of feeling—one of the rarest of all beauties. But he has left hundreds, perhaps thousands of designs—rich treasures for the collector and the student. He is one of the few English artists esteemed on the continent, where his productions are bought up like those of his friend Flaxman, who, we believe, may be reckoned among his imitators; for Stothard's genius was richer than his, and included it.

The lovers of wit, patriotism, and poetry will be glad to hear that there is a small bust to be had, of the famous Andrew Marvell, done in a composition imitating marble, by C. Stephens. It is copied from an old print, which is reckoned his most genuine likeness; and is probably superior to it, inasmuch as the sculptor has added a certain refinement, not to be found in the original, but such as might reasonably be expected in it, when we consider that Marvell was a man of sentiment as well as wit, and worthy to be the friend and champion of Milton; to whose busts by the way, this new one of his brother patriot (the first, we believe, that has appeared) may be deemed in every respect a companion. The costume is the same; they were companions in their lives; and on mantle-pieces they "ought not to be divided." Marvell should go along with his friend in *bust* as he does in *book*; for the noble lines are his, which are generally printed before the *Paradise Lost*, beginning "When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold."

Paganini has brought forth his viola; the grand viola, he calls it. In his hands, it is indeed grand. We have not as yet heard him play any of his most interesting performances on it; none of those melodies of Mozart or Haydn, with which he has enchanted us on his violin,

"Con simplicia parole, e puri incanti!"

but we have heard his handling still, and his is "a master's hand," worth hearing, for its own sake alone. It has been said that it is no novelty; that it is like his violin playing. This is in some respects true. It is like his violin playing, but it is lower, and *finely* lower. It has enabled Paganini to descend, like another Orpheus, into the lower regions, with all his beauty. It is less brilliant, of course, than the shorter-stringed instrument; but fuller toned, with a sweetness and mellowness in the harmonics, and a compass, rich in loveliness. We long to hear him play "Possenti Numi!" the finest of bass songs, upon it; or "Qui Sdegno," the most beautiful.

A RHINOCEROS HUNT.

THE rare sight of a Rhinoceros in England,—(a sort of hog-elephant, or mixture of elephant, hog, tapir, and cattle-moose, cased in compartments of armour, and with a bit of horn on his nose,—whence his name,—Rhinoceros signifying Nose-horn,*) will give double zest to the following description of a hunt of him in the new novel, *Makanna or the Land of the Savage*,—a book defective in artifice of management, but very interesting upon the whole, both in a general point of view, in incident and in character.

The Rhinoceros, with its strange compound of sensibility and callous skin, acuteness and awkwardness, irritability, bulkiness, mildness, and huge appetite, looks like a sort of lesser Dr. Johnson among animals, as the elephant seems the larger and more respectable prototype. It was, doubtless, from an instinct of this sort, that Davies the bookseller struck out that simile, which every body thought so unaccountable and yet some how so happy. He said that the Doctor *laughed* like a Rhinoceros.

"For a long way the track continued to traverse the lower bed of the hollows, now piercing through fields of dry reeds, which, in the proper season, form a chain of morasses, or threading the broken jungle that fringes the hanging woods above. The hunters were even becoming careless from the dull unvarying sameness of the pursuit, when, in passing a thicket, Laroon observed that the tender branches of a small euphorbia had been so recently cropped, that the corrosive, but,

* From the Greek. *Rhis* (Rhino) a nose; and *Kepas* (Keras) a horn.

to the eye, milk-like juice of the tree was still trickling from its wounds.

"Zounds," said Cootje, quietly, "the Dwyka is at hand. Not a beast of the forest can stomach that poison, save himself.—Hiat!"

The precaution was needless, for not a leaf stirred, and the humming of a bee was audible at twenty yards.

"Now," said Cootje, in a low whisper, as the party passed on into a more open space, where, for the first time, a glimpse of the expected river might be discerned through some scattered 'wre-houts' (iron wood-trees), winding sluggishly, like a black serpent, along a rugged chasm, while a reedy swamp stretched out in front, and the jungle to the right, as the ground ascended, thickened into forest.

"Yes, now's the time to put the Dwyka on his mettle;—the hill and trees will sicken him for speed—and if he tries the swamp, we shall puzzle him worse than either."

The justice of this opinion appeared to be generally admitted, and immediate arrangements were made to act upon it. One of the first of these was to send two Hottentots into the wood alone, with the view of rousing the gentleman's attention. Drakesstein and Vernon made slowly for the farther side of the swamp, while Laroon was left to hold the incensed animal in check should he attempt to retreat by his former path into the jungle. In his present condition little could be expected from Gaspal, to whom was therefore assigned the more easy task of firing the reeds if occasion demanded.

This distribution of force was very judiciously effected, but nothing appeared to follow it. The intense green of the wood above drank in the sunbeams in undisturbed serenity as before; and except the low crooning of a wood pigeon, or the remote chatter of a baboon, that seemed, as he moved on a neighbouring tree, to mock their patience, the hunters found no token of life or motion.

This unsatisfactory stillness had continued for some ten minutes longer, when suddenly a small portion of the wood above became violently agitated;—the higher branches smote together, and some of the tallest trees bowed their leafy heads, as if the axe was at their roots.

The commotion increased,—trees fell, and, with a harsh grunting snort, the ponderous beast burst through the crashing branches.

Not a shot had been fired, and the 'Dwyka,' making for the swamp, finished his gambol by rolling in the mud.

The creature was still splashing about most gloriously, when the Hottentots, following his track, issued from the wood. Hitherto they had acted with exemplary prudence, by doing nothing;—but now they marred all, by firing without any proper aim, or chance of success.

Astonished by the report, or rather pricked into attention by a trifling flesh-wound, the swarthy monster sprang to the land. For a few seconds he stood puzzled and irresolute, swinging his grotesque head from side to side, with a strange impatient motion. Whatever might have been the intention of this harlequinade, it was soon over, for, with a sudden lunge, the creature threw himself into extreme speed, and charged full in the direction of Laroon.

Long inured to emergencies of danger, the quick-eyed Creole foresaw the attack, and waited coolly for the proper moment to guard against it, by wheeling his horse behind a hummock of rock, most invitingly at hand. This moment had arrived,—the 'Dwyka' within some hundred paces, was rushing snorting forward amid a cloud of dust, when, had the manœuvre been effected, his skull must have been dashed against the projecting rock, for such was his speed, that halt or turn was equally impossible.

The moment had arrived, but when Laroon attempted to give his horse the necessary impulse, he found the conscious animal shivering and motionless, paralyzed by fear.

The time for thought was past: with the icy chill of desperation at his heart, but still not disconcerted, Laroon cast his rifle on the adjacent rock, with convulsive energy withdrew his feet from the stirrups, pressed them on the shoulders of his steed, and vaulted in the same direction.

Scarcely was this desperate spring effected, when the 'Dwyka' came in contact with the horse, and crushing him against the rock, with the blow staved in his ribs, at the same moment as, by a jerk of his head, he disemboweled him. The 'Dwyka's' horn hung rather in the chest of his victim; and in a second effort to withdraw it, the vicious beast fell on the mangled body.

Cootje said, afterwards, that at this juncture Laroon might with ease have dispatched the enemy, and that with even a single shot. Be that as it might, the 'Dwyka' soon arose, and shaking the clotted gore from his head, looked around, as if in search of a second conquest.

Gaspal with Laroon's led horse, were at hand; but the 'Dwyka,' as if disdainful of the slaughter of Hottentot or cattle, with a loud wild snort, galloped off in the direction of Cootje.

Now was the time for firing the reeds; and Gaspal managed the matter so adroitly, that as the 'Dwyka' floundered through the morass, the crackling fast-spreading flames gathered fiercely and terrifically around. Defended by his impenetrable hide, the obdurate beast, though bellowing with affright, still dashed impetuously forward, while ever and anon, his huge and dusky bull, rising with sudden bounds from amid the burning reeds,

as the black hull of a storm-tossed boat staggers through the foam of broken waves, was seen by starts, environed with a flashing ocean of glowing fire, or disappearing in whelming eddies of whirling smoke.

On such occasion the damage is not so great as might be imagined; and when the retreating 'Dwyka' made the shore, he was in fact more dazzled by the glare, and intimidated by the crackling and smoke, than scorched by the flames. Upon the whole, however, his valour was on the wane, and, totally sick of the adventure, he very prudently prepared for flight, by rushing past Laroon, to retrace his former path through the hollows.

Among the jungles of this level, his tremendous strength, as the hunters knew, would most avail him; and they accordingly made every possible exertion to impede his course.

Two of the re-mounted Hottentots put their horses on full speed, in a parallel direction, with the hope of overreaching the beast; and Drakenstein, Vernon, and Gaspal followed, *pêle-mêle*, on the 'spoor.'

Hoarse shouts and frequent shots, now rattling in the jungle or booming from the hollows, gave a wild animation to the scene. From time to time, too, a small cloud of white smoke, arising here and there above the distant foliage, gave notice that the expedient of firing the herbage was again had recourse to; but as the tumultuous rout passed off, and its discord, growing remote, died on the ear in a faint hoarse murmur, little idea could be formed as to the ultimate event of the chase.

But who, in so stirring a moment, could reason so coolly? Absorbed in the headlong fury of pursuit, the hunters had passed Laroon unheeded; and no sooner were they gone, than obeying one of those impulses that were as the leading angels of his fate,—the latter mounted the spare horse before mentioned, and venturing on the wild track through which the 'Dwyka' had broken, sought, with an anxious look, the deepest shadows of the forest."

A GOOD FELLOW.

ABSTRACT OF DE KOCK'S NOVEL "UN BON ENFANT," OF WHICH THERE IS NO ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

There is nothing more ridiculous (quoit our author) than to see a person pursuing an omnibus, already far in advance, which still continues to gain in the race; the conductor who is employed in looking right and left, never casts his eye upon the dilatory passenger. If the unfortunate be a man, he runs, then he stops, he lifts his hand to the air, he lifts his cane, his umbrella, if he have one; he shakes his arm, as if he would play the drum-major; he puts forth every now and then a-hoy! hoy! hoy!—Conductor!—hallo! hau! ho, there! Now he runs a little, now he pants through the mud, and at last catches the unlucky coach half-way to his place of appointment. If the pursuer be a woman, she either runs not at all, or runs always; women do nothing by halves, they are sooner decided than men; and moreover they run with more grace; they have the tact to choose the pavement too, in courting the attention of the conductor. They certainly sometimes withdraw their garment a trifle; but after all, where is the crime of shewing a leg, especially when it is well made? and few are shown that are otherwise.

"A young man was in pursuit of the sixpenny coach, a goodlooking fellow, of moderate height, but well made; his countenance was frank and pleasing; his dress of a good fashion. At length he caught the omnibus as it turned towards la Madeleine, following the Boulevards; it was tolerably full.

"Have you room, conductor?" "Yes, sir;—on the right, at the bottom; sit a little closer, gentlemen, if you please."

"The young man enters, and does his best to make his way among the immovable legs, the projecting knees, wet umbrellas, muddy feet, and ill-tempered faces; for if ever you have been in an omnibus, gentle reader; (and it is most likely, if you inhabit the capital,) you must have remarked, that when the coach is something furnished with passengers, the arrival of another darkens the countenance of every one; firstly, because it is a cause of delay, and then because it is troublesome to be squeezed. The new-comer is therefore but ill received, and no one moves to make room for him. I have often wondered that those who speculate in such vehicles, have not yet thought of dividing them into stalls, like the front rows of the pit at the theatre; they would then at least be visible, and one would not be liable to receive a passenger on one's knee; and that passenger not always light and pretty. Our new comer sate himself between a man very large, who seemed displeased that any one should sit by him, and a lady who seemed to think the contact of her gown and the young man's coat indecent. "They are going to pack us like herrings!" grumbled the enormous gentleman, stretching his limbs, so as to make himself comfortable. The lady says nothing; but as a fold of her gown remained under her new neighbour, she draws it back with quickness, assuming an air of dignity, of prudery, one of those airs that prove nothing but the absence of amenity." The young man also endeavours to settle himself as comfortably as possible, without paying any attention to the murmurs of the gentleman or the airs of the lady. As soon as he was fairly seated, he looks about him to see what his fellow passengers are like. They are a motley crew, but as

they have nothing to do with our history, we will leave the curious reader to seek them in our original, and well will they repay him if he does. The omnibus starts, but makes but little way, on account of its frequent stoppages. At length it is shaken by a sudden shock; some one has jumped on the steps without allowing the mass to stop. "It is a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, in a Hussar's uniform, young, tall, with large black mustachios, which together with eyes and eye-brows of the same colour, a very dark complexion, and features strongly marked, gave his countenance an expression somewhat hard and repulsive.

"Where the deuce is this gentleman going to put himself?" said the fat gentleman; but in a low voice, and less insolently than he usually spoke. The soldier did not seem at all embarrassed; he advances, pushes back legs, knees, looking all the while right and left, as though, to choose his place. At length he throws himself *pêle-mêle* among the people, and forces a place. The soldier recognizes in the young man, his school-fellow, Charles Darville, and announces himself as Emile Mongérand. To the dismay of the passengers he talks across every body to his old friend, in a loud voice, reminding him of all their wild frolics as school boys and youths, as though they were alone. It was Sunday, and Charles Darville was going to dine with his mother, but Mongérand persuades him to go into a coffee-house to rejoice over their meeting, for Charles is a good fellow, and cannot refuse to do any thing he is asked at the moment. From the coffee-house he drags him to the house of Rozat, another of his school-fellows; thence he takes them both to a billiard-room, where he gets into a row. Rozat evades at the commencement of the disturbance. Charles magnanimously waits till Mongérand himself leaves him to pursue some of his enemies of the coffee-house. It is ten o'clock when he gets to his mother's. His mother is a kind woman, but has hurt her own authority with her goodnatured but careless son, by a severe and reserved manner. Some friends are with her, and among them M. Formery and his niece Leonie; which latter the elder people intend as a wife for Charles. M. Formery is a very exact tradesman, and Charles's want of punctuality annoys him. Charles, however, manages to excuse himself to the satisfaction of all parties. The girl pleases him, and he pleases her. They are married, and old M. Formery retires, leaving his business to the young couple.

Darville is charmed with his wife, and pays more attention to her than to his business. He plays, however, on the violin. At length Leonie presents him with a daughter. He promises himself the satisfaction of giving her a fine education. Leonie smiled and said to her husband, "That which will be above all things necessary to give her, my friend, is a portion. You know women seldom marry without it. You must therefore endeavour to earn money, and get up our business again, which has not gone on very well for some time." "Be easy,—that will all come right: Vanflouck has promised me two commissions. I will give our child a hundred thousand livres, not a jot less."

In order to begin making his child's portion, Charles runs to announce its birth to all his friends; and, to celebrate the happy event, he eats oysters with one, a cutlet with another; plays for his coffee with a third, and drinks beer with Vanflouck; and thus he passes the day out of doors that he ought to have devoted to his wife. Scarcely is Leonie recovered, when she places herself again in the counting-house, and examines the books. She sees with affright that already they have suffered considerable losses in a business which, in her uncle's time, was so fruitful. Charles now often stays out the whole day, and if in the evening he sees signs of distress in his gentle wife's face, he takes his hat and goes out again; "a way husbands have when they are in the wrong; it is a short one, but not the best!" The day of payment for six thousand francs arrives, and Leonie has but half that sum in her strong box. Charles went out in the morning to get some bills discounted, and, according to his custom, stayed out till evening. Rozat and his wife look in while Leonie is still anxiously waiting for her husband. Charles at last comes home. He had been dining with Vanflouck. His colour was higher than usual, and he spoke as if every one were deaf. Leonie saw at once that her husband was a little elevated, and her face was overshadowed with care. Rozat, shaking hands with his friend, smiled archly, while Madame Rozat murmured between her teeth "very pretty!" "Here I am," cried Charles, with a joyous air; "good evening, Rozat—good evening, madame!—I could not come home to dinner, for I was detained with Vanflouck by a Brussels man, who took us to Grignon's, and treated us magnificently!" "Do you know this Bruleois then?" said Leonie, coldly. "No; I saw him for the first time—but he is a very pleasant man, without ceremony; besides, he is the most intimate friend of Vanflouck's." Charles draws something from his pocket for his wife.

Leonie said tranquilly, "What, my friend, is this another present?" Charles opened a little box, and drew from it a handsome pair of diamond earrings, which he presented to his wife, saying, "A week ago I made you stop before a shop window, and asked you which you thought the prettiest, and you showed me these, and I have brought them to you." "How gallant," said Rozat. Leonie took the earrings, but did not seem enchanted with the present, and she said with a little hesitation, "Good, good, my friend, I said I thought those earrings pretty, because you would positively have my opinion; but that was no reason why you should buy them—such rich jewels—it is a folly!"

Charles grew still redder; he drew back a step or two, crying, angrily, "Make presents to your wife, and see how she receives them. This is pleasant. It is enough to make the best tempered man angry! Women do not deserve that we should pay them any attentions!" Leonie had never seen her husband angry; she grew pale, and large tears stood in her eyes. Rosat pinched up his lips, and his wife again muttered "very pretty!" "Come, my dear Charles," said Rosat, affecting an air of simplicity, "you do not see how much your wife's beauty will always merit our homage, our care, our adoration." Before Rosat had finished, Leonie rose from her chair; she ran to her husband, and throwing herself into his arms, hid her face in his bosom, sobbing out, "Ah! my friend, do not be distressed, I was wrong, and I ask your pardon!" With Charles, anger did not last long, and he tenderly embraced his wife. "What a picture!" said Rosat. "Very fine! magnificent! full of fire!" said his wife, looking at the diamonds. Charles borrows some money to replace what he had paid for the diamonds.

"Where is this d—d rascal Charles? where is he, that I may embrace him?" said a tall dark man one day, entering cavalierly into the counting-house where Leonie sat.

"Sir, my husband is out; but"—"Oh, you are his wife, ma'am. Ah! I recollect they told me he was married. And I—I have been married too; I did that folly a year ago. But that is done with, thank God! I cut the Gordian knot. I laugh at it! I made myself a bachelor again. We separated, for good and all!—we had enough of it, both of us!—Enchanted, madame, to make the acquaintance of my school-fellow's wife—Charles must have spoken to you often of me?"—"Your name, Sir?" "Ah! true! I ought to have told you at first: Mongérand—Emile Mongérand, class-fellow of Charles, then non-commissioned officer of hussars, then marchand de nouveautés, then married, then—I don't know what yet—but always, a faithful and devoted friend, and I hope Charles thinks so."

With Mongérand Charles does not retrograde in dissipation. Mongérand takes him every where, to drink, to smoke, to gamble. Charles's easiness gives way before Mongérand's peremptory persuasions, his sarcasms against a led husband; for your weak people, of all others, have the greatest dread of being thought to be governed by their wives. He stays out late at night, and returns smelling of wine and tobacco. His affairs get more and more deranged. His wife loses her health, her peace, but never her affection for her unthinking husband. One day he dines with Mongérand, Rosat, and two ladies of very equivocal repute. His love for his wife fails in this ordeal of temptation; he gets very drunk after dinner, and returns late at night. His wife is already asleep; and he succeeds in getting into bed without waking her. But he cannot sleep; ill conscience and excess of wine disturb his rest, and he is ill. His groans wake his wife. "What is the matter, my friend," said she; "can you not sleep?" "No, I can't sleep." "Are you unwell?" "Yes, I feel ill, I don't know—perhaps—I feel unwell!" "Wait a moment, I will get up." "Perhaps if you call the maid!"—"The poor girl works hard all day, and must be very tired; I can take care of you, and get you any thing you wish." Leonie gets up, overcomes her weariness, puts her dressing gown on, and lights a fire. In a little while some tea is made, and the young wife brings it to her husband. Presently he feels better, and goes to sleep. Leonie would not return to bed till she was quite sure that Charles was asleep; then placing near her any thing her sick husband might wish for, if he waked, she lay down. Still it was almost against her will that she went to sleep, still she kept her ear attentive, while her eyes were closed, in case her husband should complain. Soon after that night Leonie was again a mother, and Charles had a son born during one of his habitual absences.

His new mistress wishes him to take her to a *bal champêtre*. He has never passed the night out before, but he must take her, or see her no more. He pretends business in the country, and goes. While dancing at the ball, he hears that his house has stopped payment. He persuades himself he can set all things right on his return, and so he dances on.

Madame Darvillé comes to see her son, immediately after his return. She reproaches him with his neglect of business, of his child, his wife. She upbraids him with having exposed himself in public places accompanied by a mistress! Leonie hears it and faints, for she was quite unsuspecting. Madame Darvillé leaves her son to make his peace with his wife, leaving with him two-thirds of her property. His gentle wife forgives him. They pay their creditors, and change the house for a lodging, living on the wrecks of their fortune, till Charles can find something to do. Meantime the failure of his former business puts a period to the existence of old Formerey, who leaves fifteen thousand francs to Leonie. Meantime Mongérand sets up as a wine and spirit merchant. As he has little capital, he obtains Charles's signature to some bills: As Mongérand is one of those who cannot do any business without drinking, Charles and he get drunk. In this condition they intrude themselves into the company of some persons who are celebrating a wedding at the same coffee-house. They are turned out. Mongérand insists upon fighting the people next day, and accordingly an address is given him. Charles returns home late, in a very battered bewildered condition. His wife hears with terror that he is engaged in a duel; but her fears are dissipated next morning by the appear-

ance of Mongérand, who is in a great rage, for the address given him was a false one. The day of payment arrives for Mongérand's bills, and the holder comes to Charles for the amount. Charles is all the poorer for the transaction, and so also is Mongérand. Instead of coffee-houses, Mongérand now takes his easy friend to public-houses. Charles is a little shocked at first, but he soon gets used to it. Charles is at last embroiled in a duel on Mongérand's account, and severely wounded.

In the same house with the Darvillés, in a small room among the attics, lived a young woman, a cabinet-maker, named Justin; he was twenty-two years of age; but the simple sweetness of his face, and the timidity of his manners, made him appear no more than eighteen. Of all the lodgers, he was the only one whom Leonie knew even by sight. In reading at his window he had continually seen Leonie working beneath. Her appearance struck him. At length he got so accustomed to see her, that it was his only pleasure. He desired ardently to speak to her, to serve her, but dared not make an opportunity. Uneasy at the protracted absence of her husband, Leonie goes down stairs to seek some news of him. Justin seizes the opportunity to offer his services. Alas, he only returns to announce the coming of the wounded man. In the confusion, for Leonie faints, he is the presiding genius, and his zeal enables him to acquit himself like one experienced in such scenes. Charles's illness is long and severe, and so reduces their funds, that on his recovery they are obliged to change their lodging for a meaner one. His first task, however, is to visit his mother, who has heard of his mischance, and been ill in consequence. She tells him that she has done all she could for him during his illness; she had sent him money by the people his wife sent to her, but complains that Leonie should have sent drunken men with her messages. Charles guesses justly, that Mongérand is at the bottom of this. As soon as they are settled in their new lodging, which consists of two attics, Leonie sets herself hard to work at embroidery. The children miss much the company of Justin, who had made them his friends during their father's illness. At length they are delighted one day by the sight of him;—he has come to live in the same house. Charles does nothing but play upon the violin, and plague his neighbours by perpetually playing country-dances. One day, going into the house, the porter accosts him, and offers him fifteen francs if he will attend a bridal party as fiddler, at a house where a friend of the said porter's is servant. Charles is offended at the offer, and refuses. He goes up stairs. His wife's eyes were red. For some days the state of health of the little Felix had made her very uneasy; she held him in her arms, for she feared he was cold. Little Laura was running up and down the room blowing her fingers to warm herself. Charles was touched by this picture. "Certainly," said he, "if I went to this dance—fifteen francs,—that is something." He drew near his wife, and said to her—"You do not earn fifteen francs in a day, with your needle, do you?" "Alas! said she, "it is with great pains that I earn fifteen sous; but why do you ask?" "Why—just now—the porter spoke to me;—in short he proposed to me to play dances for a party to-night, and offered me fifteen francs for it." Leonie looked at her husband with anxiety, for her children were cold, and nothing seemed to her too painful to do, that would procure what was necessary for them. "Well, my friend," said she at length, "What did you answer?" "You must know that it could not be very pleasant for me to play the poor fiddler; I learnt the violin for my amusement, not to play to dancing." "Yes," said Leonie, sadly, "I feel all that there is in it which must be disagreeable to you; but when misfortune overwhelms us, we are often glad to turn to those accomplishments we have learnt for our amusement as resources. In short you—" "I refused," Leonie said nothing, she dropped her eyes, and pressed her little son to her heart. Charles was hungry; he opened a cupboard and found nothing in it but bread. He exclaimed, "where then is the dinner?" "The linen-draper did not pay me to day; we have had nothing else." "Deuce! that is a sorry meal!—That rascal, Mongérand! if we catch him!—To leave me in the lurch, after having borrowed money too of my—" Charles finished his sentence between his teeth, and slowly munched his bread for a bit. Suddenly he got up, and exclaimed; "Certainly I will go to this dance." He goes, and is ushered into a room full of people. They are waiting for the future bridegroom, for the wedding is not to take place for a week, this being merely a preparatory rejoicing. At length he comes, and Darvillé recognises Mongérand. Charles is not the only person who is already acquainted with the reckless adventurer, he is recognized also by an acquaintance of his wife's, and the startling fact announced of his being a married man! He is fiercely turned out of the house, and Darvillé of course accompanies him in his ignominious exit. In the turmoil Mongérand breaks the nose of his bride's uncle with Charles's violin, and the violin with the uncle's nose. Mongérand persuades Charles to forgive him for his deception upon his mother, and they go to console themselves in a public-house.

Early in the morning Leonie hears some one enter the house. She goes down stairs to see if it is her husband. It is the porter's friend, come to tell him of the disturbance at his master's house. Leonie, hearing of her husband's danger, falls to the ground. Justin, who has been roused also, lifts her up and carries her up stairs, while he sends the porter for medical assistance. He laid her on the bed, still lifeless. He knew not what

to do, he despaired, he wept, for he thought that Leonie was about to die. He threw himself on his knees before her, took one of her cold hands in his, and endeavoured to warm it, sobbing out "Ah! do not die, madame, do not die!—Heaven will not always suffer you to be unhappy!" A little voice alone answered him; it was Felix, who awoke complaining, and asked for drink. A bright redness coloured the child's face. Justin had nothing to give, for there was nothing there. At length the porter returns with a doctor. The surgeon bled Leonie, and she recovered from the fainting; but only to fall into a state of frightful delirium. She called on her husband; she thought she saw him murdered, and accused Mongérand of all their misfortunes. The doctor declared that some one must watch by her while her delirium lasted, and Justin vowed that he would not quit her. While Leonie is in this condition, Charles returns. In his despair, he is rushing from the room, to throw himself into the canal; but Justin detains him. Leonie gets better, but her poor boy dies; a fact that is carefully concealed from the unhappy mother. As Leonie's illness cuts off their only resource, in her needle, Justin supplies Charles with money for the necessary things for the family. Money even thus obtained, Charles cannot devote to its proper purpose, but spends much of it at the ale-house. Justin, with all his simplicity, suspects as much, and then purchases the things himself. Leonie is allowed to believe that her husband's violin, though a failure at first, is more fruitful now, and supplies the wants of his family. While Leonie is slowly recovering, news is brought her one night that her husband has been arrested by the guard. She begs Justin to go and look after her husband's safety. At length Justin returns, but alone. Charles is safe, but cannot be liberated till the morning. "And all that is true, is it not, Justin?" "I assure you on my honour." "Oh heavens!—I've been very ill!—and my child, my poor child, who has sate up to try and console me! go, my dear child, go to bed; wait, let me kiss you again." "And you will not cry any more, mamma?" "No, dear Laura." "And you will sleep too?" "Yes."

Laura went to bed; Justin helped the little girl to undress herself, and then he said to Leonie, who seemed overwhelmed by the events of the night, "How do you feel now, madame?" "I have suffered much—in my heart—chest—every where!—but that will go off." "You suffer still, I see, madame!—Will you grant me one favour?" "A favour!—I—Justin!—alas! what can I do for you." "Allow me to watch this night near you; to remain there, on that chair! You are ill, and if I knew you were alone, without help, I should not be able to taste repose! Here I shall be more easy! I am responsible for you to your husband! Madame, you will not refuse me!" Leonie remains some moments without answering, and then she murmured, in a voice, in which there was something of solemnity, "Very well! Yes, this night—remain near me!"

Leonie seemed overcome, she closed her eyes. Justin, pleased at being allowed to remain near her, went to seat himself on a chair a few steps from the bed. He placed the light so as not to inconvenience Leonie, and abandoned himself to his reflections, lifting his head occasionally to hear if she slept, and striving to hear her breathing. It is three o'clock in the morning. The quiet which till now has reigned in the chamber is broken by some hollow sighs which escape from Leonie. Justin approached her, and asked her what what was the matter. "I feel very ill," said the young woman, in a faint voice; "the event of this night has killed me. I had not strength to bear it!" "Ah, Madame, you are ill; I will go and seek for help—a doctor!" "Do not go, Justin—it would come too late. Remain near me—that I may speak to you still—while I have the strength." "Oh, Madame, you will not die! do not think so! Oh, do not say so!" "Justin, a doctor would be useless—and every other help!—My life is gone, I feel it." "Madame, for pity—Oh, stay—I shall be able to help you myself—to give you what you want.—This is nothing—a weakness—but not to die—you—can it be!"—And Justin ran like a madman about the room seeking Leonie's customary medicines; then he came back, and throwing himself on his knees by the bed-side, bathed her hands with his tears.

"Justin,—do you weep for me? and my child she sleeps. Ah! she must not be waked. Laura! Felix! you will never abandon them, Justin!" "But, Madame, you are not going to die!—Oh! tell me that you will not die!"—"Charles will return too late! Justin I thank you for all that you have done for me! I should like very much to have seen my child! my poor Felix! He is no longer ill, you told me so! But I would yet pray to God for him!"

Leonie's voice failed—it soon became unintelligible; at last its sound ceased altogether, and the hand that Justin held grew motionless and cold.

Charles returns and finds Justin still kneeling by the bed.

A brother of Leonie, who had gone to sea when very young, returns to hear that his sister is dead. He adopts her daughter, and offers to get Charles a situation in America. Mongérand persuades him to remain with him.

Eight years after this period Charles and Mongérand return to Paris. They have exhausted all their resources. Charles is pale and haggard—Mongérand is untameable even by misfortune. Charles visits Pere La Chaise, he perceives an elegant though plain monument. It contains the remains of his wife and son. A fresh

garland adorns it. The appearance of Justin accounts for this care; and he offers assistance to Charles. Charles only wants to know where his remaining child lives. As he quits the cemetery he meets Mongérand issuing from a public house. Mongérand accosts him, but he flies his old companion in disgust. He seeks his brother-in-law's house. He sees his daughter at a window. Charles has not enough eyes to look at his daughter with; or rather he looks at her with his soul as well,—his heart; for a father looks at his child with all the faculties of his being. Presently Laura dropped her eyes upon him; she perceiving a man in the road who has his eyes fixed upon her. At first she regards him with a sort of fright, but very soon her fear gives way to compassion. She thinks she sees tears in the eyes of the stranger, and his hands are joined and stretched towards her. Laura concluded that it must be an unfortunate who asks her charity.

Laura quits the window for an instant; but presently returns and throws out a large bit of bread and a small piece of money, saying "Here! I wish I could give you more."

Charles felt struck to the heart at receiving alms from his daughter. He covered the bread and money with kisses and tears, exclaiming, "Thanks, thanks, dear child!" "Mon Dieu! why do you weep so, poor man?" Said Laura, much moved, "You should not despair. One is not always unhappy. You give me pain. Adieu, I will pray heaven for you!"

Charles walked slowly away, when he heard himself called. He trembled, for he knew the voice of Mongérand. The quondam soldier was leaning with his back against a tree, and as Charles came up, he looked at him, sneering. "Well!" said he, "You did not expect to see me here; I followed you because you told me not—I am in the habit of doing that which is forbidden me." "Will you not leave me to my grief?" said Charles. "Ah! I have too often met you on my path!" "I have taken it into my head to keep you company," "And I can no longer bear it!—It adds to my despair! You are the cause of all my misfortunes; you led me on from folly to folly!" "Ah, ha! That is good! I was the cause that my gentleman loved pleasure, women, the table." "Without your bad counsel I should have listened to my wife!—I should not have been the cause of her death!" "Do you know, you grow very tiresome?" "And do you know what I feel?—My daughter has thrown me bread—she took me for a beggar, and I could not declare myself! I shall never more be able to press her in my arms and call her my child. Ah, that thought makes me desperate—it kills me!—Once again, leave me! Sir, I go this way, go you the other!" "I say, Charles, you have long assumed a tone, which in another I should have chastized!" As he said this, Mongérand placed himself before Charles, so as to bar his passage. Charles pushed him rudely away, and continued his walk.

"Insolent!" exclaimed Mongérand, "if I did not pity you—" "Pity," cried Charles, turning back quickly, and throwing a furious look upon Mongérand,—"You pity me, miserable—this odious wrong alone was wanting! Take care that I do not avenge the death of my wife and my son! Give me your pistols!"—"Charles, go—I do not detain you,—go; I will not follow you."—"What! coward! you can no longer lead me to acts of baseness!" "Coward!" cried Mongérand, his eyes sparkling; "Ha! you force me to it. Well, let us fight, if you will."

Mongérand took two pistols from his pocket, assured himself they were charged, and gave one to Charles, saying, "Draw back ten paces and fire!"—"Fire you the first," answered Charles, having drawn back a few paces. "Come, damnation! Let us fire together, and have done!" Charles made signs that he consented. The two scarcely took aim; the two reports sounded together; Mongérand heard the ball whistle past his ear. Charles received that of his adversary in his heart, fell, and expired faltering out the name of Laura.

Mongérand approached Charles, meaning at first to give him assistance, but he found that he was dead. He put his pistols in his pocket, and departed, saying, "It is a pity—he was a good fellow."

THE ASS ON THE BENCH.

FROM THE LATIN OF THE JESUIT PERE COMMIRE.

THE publication of this version of Father Commire's piece of elegant banter on dullness and dull confidence, was suggested by one that appeared the other day in *Cobbett's Magazine*; but not the version itself; which was made some time ago in consequence of a perusal of Lord Woodhouselee's Essay on the Principles of Translation. His lordship, we cannot help thinking, over estimates the difficulty of making a translation of the original, the pith as well as classicality of which however, is not to be denied. Nor does the translator wish to have his version considered as any thing but the exercise of a lover of the learned languages, too fond of them perhaps, to consider whether his love has a right to show itself on such an occasion or not.

Asinus Judex.

Animalia inter orta cum contentio
Magna esset olim, sedet asinus arbitri;
Quippe aurum mensura liberatio,
Et ere toto fusa simplicitas, probi
Atque patientis iudicis spem fecerant.

Primum ad tribunal se novum sistent apes,
Direpta quæste mella fucorum dolo,
Cellasque inanes. Innocentes ille apes
Voce aktore, oeu nocentes, increpat:
Fucosque labis integros pronuncians,
Dat habere ceras, et favis apum frui.

Clangore post hoc anser obstrepens gravi,
Dato libello supplice, orat ut sibi
Sociasque liceat flumina, et lacus sacros
Cignis repulis, colore. Præses annuit.

Ecce Philomelen Graculus lacessere
Et vocis audax poscere sibi gloriam:
Litam, inquit, asini finiat sententia.
Jubenter ambo canere. Luscinia incipit,
Animosque teneris omnium ac sensus modis
Demulcet. Ipsæ carmina inflexæ caput
Et lenta motant brachia in numerum ilices.
Necquicquam. Inseptis plaus probatur auribus
Rude murmur atque stridor absurde alitis.
Quid multa? fortem vicet, illo iudice,
Columbus aquilam: pulchrior picto fuit
Pavone corvus: ovis libito voracior

Valpes, inique acuta sibilantibus
Aliud ab illo nil, ait, speraveram,
Cujus palato carduus gratus apit.

"There are here," observes the learned critic, "many strokes of the naïveté, which is the characteristic of a good fable, and of which Phædrus is the perfect model. The 3rd, 4th and 5th lines are peculiarly happy. The judge never hears more than one side, and instantly decides in a high tone of confident absurdity. The goose demands exclusive possession of the water and the expulsion of the swans; *Præses annuit*. The bees complain that the drones consume the fruit of their labour. The judge instantly condemns the bees to banishment, and decrees full possession of the hive and comb to the drones. The fox draws the moral very happily.

The animals disputing went en masse,
And took for judge a venerable ass.
His generous length of ears, and all that grace
Of artless musing flowing o'er his face,
Augur'd a patient mastery of the case.

The bees came first, charging, with many groans,
A world of theft upon their friends the drones
The judge groan'd louder, asking what they meant
To blame good folks so plainly innocent.
His sentence was, that bees should labour still,
And honest drones be free to eat their fill.

The goose came next, requesting that the swan
Might have ejectments served from lake and lawn,
Sweet places, sacred to poetic gods,
And therefore geese's property. Judge nods.

Jay versus Nightingale. Jay represents,
That certain birds have wondrous confidence,
Boasting in song their betters to surpass;—
Appeals with pleasure to my lord the ass.
A sample is required. The bird of night
Begins, and pours forth floods of such delight,
That sense and soul are rapt. The very oaks
Beat time with their old arms and sacred locks.
What signifies? The croak of brother Jay
With justice Jackass bears the palm away.
With like discrimination doves are hail'd
The eagle's lords; the crow is peacock-tail'd;
And sheep has always over wolf prevail'd!

"Nay," cried the fox, seeing one stare and whistle,
"What could you look for from a taste for thistle?"
L. H.

LETTERS.

SET TO MUSIC BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

LET not a bell be toll'd, or tear be shed
When I am dead.
Let no night-dog with dreary howl,
Or ghastly shriek of boding owl,
Make harsh a change so calm, so hallowed.
Lay not my bed
With yews, and never-blooming cypresses,
But under trees
Of simple flower, and odorous breath—
The lime and dog-rose—and beneath
Let primrose cups give up their honey'd lees—
To suckling bees;
Who all the shining day, while labouring
Shall drink and sing
A requiem o'er my peaceful grave:—
For I would cheerful quiet have,—
Or no noise ruder than the linnet's wing
Or brook gurgling.
In harmony I've liv'd—so let me die,
That while 'mid gentler sounds this shell doth lie,
The spirit aloft may float in spherul harmony.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

TABLE-TALK.

Elegant Intervals of the Fine Arts.—Hayman the painter, it has been said, was a hero of the fist; and that the heroic Marquis of Granby, who was fond of the same amusement, when he went to sit to Hayman for his portrait, insisted upon having a set-to with the artist before he began his work. The proposal was agreed to and carried into effect immediately. They began in good humour, but as the fighting-gloves had not then been invented, a clumsy blow from one roused the anger of the other; they set-to in earnest, and upset easel as well as combatants; the noise made by the fall alarmed Hayman's wife; she burst into the room and found the peer and the painter upon the floor grappling one another like enraged bears, each striving to keep the other down, while himself got upon his legs. She parted the combatants, and when they had re-adjusted their dresses, Hayman proceeded to complete the portrait of his antagonist.—*Shilling Magazine*.

A Remark well worth Universal Reflection.—If mourning were altogether out of use, a vast mass of suffering would be prevented from coming into existence.—*Bentham's Deontology*.

Desirable Source of Revenue.—Henry the Sixth, according to Prynne, actually issued a patent, in which he told his subjects that he should relieve the state of its difficulties by means of the Philosopher's Stone.

A Nice Geographer.—Lady Luxborough, in her letters to Shenstone, speaks of a noble lord, who, having maintained that England was bigger than France, had no way to prove it, but to cut each kingdom out of two maps of different scales, and to weigh them.

Preservation of the City of Dort, in Holland, by Milkmaids. (A story for May.)—The Spaniards, in one of their wars in the Low Countries, intended to besiege the city of Dort, and accordingly planted some thousands of soldiers in ambush, to be ready for the attack when opportunity might offer. On the confines of the city lived a rich farmer, who kept a number of cows in his grounds, to furnish the city with butter and milk. His milkmaids, at the time, coming to milk their cows, saw, under the hedges, the soldiers lying in ambush, but seemed to take no notice, and having completed their task, went away singing merrily. On coming to their master's house, they told him what they had seen; who, astonished at the relation, took with him the one who had been most active, to a burgomaster at Dort, who immediately sent a spy to ascertain the truth of the story. Finding the report correct, he began to prepare for safety, and instantly sent to the States, who ordered the soldiers to be sent into the city, and commanded the river to be let in by a certain sluice, which would instantly lay that part of the country under water. This was forthwith done, and a great number of the Spaniards were drowned; the rest, being disappointed in their design, escaped; and the town was thus providentially saved. The States, to commemorate the memory of the milkmaids' good service to the country, ordered the farmer a large revenue for ever, to recompense him for the loss of his house, land, and cattle; and caused the money of the city to have a milkmaid, milking a cow, to be engraven thereon, which is to be seen at this day; upon the Dort dollars, stivers, and doughts. Similar figures were also set up upon the water-gate of the Dort; and to complete their munificence, the principal maiden concerned was allowed for her own life, and her heirs for ever, a handsome annuity.

Filial Account of one's Father's Attractions.—Though my father was neither young, being forty-two; nor handsome, having lost an eye; nor sober, for he spent all he could get in liquor; nor clean, for his trade was oily; nor without shackles, for he had five children; yet women of various descriptions courted his smiles, and were much inclined to pull caps for him.—*Hutton's Autobiography*. The secret of this phenomena on the part of the Birmingham women, appears to have been, that Master Hutton senior, was a very clever, amusing personage.

Reading.—When the business of the day is over, how many men does the evening hour find comfortably seated in their easy chairs, reading to themselves, or to some fair friend, or happy group! In how many pleasant homes, while the ladies are seated at their morning employments, or amusements, or whatever they may please to call them, does some glad creature read aloud, in a voice full of music, and marked by the sweetest emotion of a young pure heart, a lay of our mighty bards, or a story of one of our most cunning interweavers of the truth of nature with the splendour of fiction, or follow the wonderful recitals of our travellers, naturalists, and philosophical spirits, into every region of earth or mind! Publishers may tell us, 'poetry don't sell;' critics may cry 'poetry is a drug;' thereby making it so with the frivolous and unreflecting, who are the multitude,—but we will venture to say, that at no period were there ever more books read by that part of our population, most qualified to draw delight and good from reading; and when we enter mechanics' libraries, and see them filled with simple, quiet, earnest men, and find such men now sitting on stiles in the country, deeply sunk into the very marrow and spirit of a well-handled volume, where he used to meet them in riotous and reckless mischief, we are proud and happy to look forward to that wide and formerly waste field, over which literature is extending its triumphs, and to see the beneficent consequences that will follow to the whole community.—*William Howitt in the Monthly Repository*.

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No. 7.

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THOUGHTS IN BED UPON WAKING AND RISING.

AN "INDICATOR" IN VERSE.*

'Tis dawn, nay day-light certain; I know not
If bright or dull; but the white window shows
Difference from darkness, and the world goes round
In order, safe within the force of God,
And gentle light is sweet for its own sake.

A moment yet, fair day.—Within this force,
Calm in my very weakness, and desiring,
I trust, what it desires, do I awhile
Enclose me in a prayer of lovingness
For me, and for my friends, and all mankind.

Mine eyes re-open, blest. How well those birds,
The little angels of the trees, rejoin
One's consciousness of earth! What pure good-morrow!
'Tis fit that the first tongue which speaks to us
Of day-light, should speak beautifully. True love
Does this, and will not miss so sweet a time,
Turning it face to face, and ending prayer
With blessing realiz'd. Wise sire was he,†
And had (no wonder) a wise loving son,
Who every morning, breathing in a flute,
Took the sleep softly from his infant's eyes,
Disposing thus his spirit to accord.
Parents beside their infants' beds are Gods:
They do them good, awaking or asleep,
Ere the small mortals know them. Who shall say,
That spirits divine stoop not in pity thus
Over the parents too, in their distress,
Their children grey; and out of struggling dreams
Wake them to some strange face of hope and joy,
Some re-assurance of regarding heaven

Yes; light is lovely for its own good sake.
Morning is morning still, clouded or fair.
He wants his cure indeed from Nature's breast,
Wants air, and movement, and a natural life,
Or innocence regain'd from patient thoughts,
To whom the daylight's reappearance mild
Comes like a blow,—like a dread taskmaster
Waking his slave, who sees his load, and groans.
For me, whom Love and no unloving need
Have taught the treasures found in daily things,
I count the morning bright, if I but hear
One bird's voice sparkle (for the voice of birds,
By fine analogy of sound with sight,
Surely does sparkle, making brilliant cheer
Congenial with the sunbeams); and if bird
Nor sunbeam is abroad, but listening more
I hear the windows thick with wateriness,
Which ever and anon the gusty hand
Of the dark wind flings full, I make my morn
Still beautiful if I please, with sunny help
Of books or my own thoughts; sending them up
Like nymphs above the sea of atmosphere,
To warm their winking cheeks against the sun,
And laugh 'twixt islands of the mountain tops.
Or else my morning breaks for me in bloom
Out of old Greece, twice glowing with some love
Of sweet Aurora midst the lily dews:
Or with the tumbling freshness of the seas
Am I, with slippery porpoise, and mirth
Of the wide breathing of the rough serene

* It is not meant by this, that the present Indicator is a versification of a former one, but that it is an original *verse essay*, written in the spirit of the paper under that name

† Montaigne's father.

Tossing the seaman's house, whose sides are touch'd
With the warm heav'n, after a night of wet:
Or rising where the sun does, I behold,
Enthron'd, the Persian with his jewelry,
True "Brother of the Sun," if only then,
And giving beam for beam, awake and high,
While the dull princes of the West lie blow'd.

'Tis fine to think, that with the earliest sun,
Not kings alone, but the whole East is up,
In this well meriting its orient name.
So rose the patriarchs, and sate with heaven
Under the oaks they planted. So rise now
All that pretend to patriarchal bloom,
Agreeing all, if in nought else, to make
Each day the symbol and part integral
Of the whole life, and so to morning life
Each day restor'd, catching the quick blood round,
Till sweet and late it stop, not clogg'd midway,
Nor jarring with the swift smooth soul o' the world.

Some right have the swift-blooded to be proud,
Not in poor scorn, or low comparison
With what is under them (which stoops them lower)
But in the joy of lofty company
Right-strength'd, and all fair planetary things
That dance with heav'n. I've risen in winter-time
Before the dawn, and making me a bower
Of warmth and light with candle and with fire,
Sail'd in the climate like a shrouded god,
Lord of the day before me, and at times
Peering betwixt my curtains out on earth
Fast sleeping, and with blocks of houses black,
'Till to myself I almost feign'd to seem
Proud o'er my prostrate kind; and partly did,
Because of my good will, and a good task.

And yet, thus warring against indolence
And ease, as I get up, with sprightly words,
Like medicinal arrows of the sun,
Shall I pretend, with the unfeeling need
Of one who rides through battle, to partake
No sympathy with those whom I leave lying?
No thought, ye powers of habit and sweet sleep
And sweet remorse, for bed! catholic bed!
The universal, willful, sweet, stretch'd bed!
Bed, that lays prostrate half the world in turn,
And hugs us in a heav'n of our own arms?

Let me lie still awhile, and moot that point,
The bed-clothes o'er my ear. 'Tis charity,
Impartial sense: one would taste all like others,
To judge them rightly. What a turn is this,
One's back to the window! How it makes all new,
Bringing a second and soft curtain'd night
Over one's smiling eyelids! What old warmth,
Touch'd with new coolness at the hand or knee!
What a next half-an-hour!

Now is the house
Risen before me, and I find my rest,
By contrast of their mere activity,
Grow sweeter. They, methinks, are forc'd to rise,
And I, not being forc'd, taste freedom more.
I doze, I fix myself, I turn again,
Waking; then turn upon my back, and keep
The middle of the bed, from a nice sense
Of equal reasoning; and do find withal
That such as marvel how vivacious men
Can lie awake, have not vivacity,
But from gross need of life and motion, hurt

A lively cause. Oh these are not the wits
To tax ingenious bed! Life livelier still
Than what lies smiling in us, must do that,—
Birds, sunbeams, habits, duties, all at once,—
Or journey, or another's journey help'd;
Or friend who comes to breakfast, and who piques
Our friendship and our emulation both;
Or laughing children; or a sudden voice,
Sudden, and strange, and well known, and belov'd,
And loud (as far as such sweet voice can be)
That comes before her letter, and fills all
The sunny house with lightsome womanhood.

Dull admonition provokes opposition.
(This is a proverb in the style of Swift,
Who made old sayings as he wanted them.)
No life in lying still! Why we may lie,
(We who have any ubiquity of spirit)
And still roll round wi' the earth: we can turn swift
The corner of dull night, and so be whirl'd
Full in the face of morning, with a flash
Sudden as Alpine tops to eagles' eyes:
We can be up with every bee, bird, peasant;
Bounding with deer, suck'd up to heav'n with larks,
Careering with wild steeds, dashing with waves
'Gainst the short breath of the fresh laughing morn.

A little leaven, saith a reverend text,
Leaveneth a lump. Not long since liv'd a lump
Of round humanity, nay, liveth still,
And ever shall, long as the Seasons roll
And clouds drop fatness, who with his sweet leaven
Of lazy and luxurious sympathy
With all sweet things, might have sufficed, alone,
To shew how quick and dulcet at the core
A slugabed can be.* "Falsely luxurious!
Will not man wake!" cried he; then turning, lay
In bed till twelve; and sauntering, when he rose,
Into his garden, slipper'd, and with hands
Each in a waistcoat pocket (so that al
Might yet repose that could) was seen, one morn,
Eating a wondering peach from off the tree.

He said he had "no motive" to rise soon.
"And why should he have ris'n?" sharply enquired
The critic, sage in his goodnatured spleen
Against the shallow: "what had he to do,
After delighting us with deathless books,
But to lie on, wrapp'd in his ease and fame,
And have his feast out?"† Nothing—but to lie
Still longer, and with thrice his feast of fame,
And half his fat;—could all that moulded him,
Blood, breeding, habit, and his ancestors,
And e'en the very plumpness of his verse,
Have let him; so with Wieland to have shaken
His silver locks at eighty with mild mirth;
Or died, as Titian, 'midst his colours, did,
Nipt in his reverend bloom by a mischance
At ninety-nine! But circumstance and habit,
Like secret mistresses, clasp mightiest men,
Much more these teachers of soft sympathy,
Whose world were yet the best, were all made smooth
And acquiescence justice; and they speak
E'en now a voice, which, in the echo grows
Stronger than victory blowing through a town,
Because none hate it.

Lie then, if ye will,
Ye gentle, and ye jovial, and like him

* Thomson, author of the Seasons.

† See a passage in Hazlitt's *Table-Talk*

Moot the sweet point, if fortune give ye leave,
 And no wrong'd future mar the twice-heap'd down
 Pluck'd from the heart of hours, yet in the nest.
 Lie on, ye old, and cold, and cosy; lie,
 Ye thin whose bones want clothing; and ye fat,
 Yourselves a bed for jollity; and lie,
 Ye who last night forgot that it was night,
 The wine discours'd so well; and all in short
 Who with excuse or none (none being best,
 Because the sweet will then is most unmixed)
 Wake but to differ with old moral dawn,
 And, like a lover, who more fondly clasps
 His mistress blam'd, turn closer to dear bed.
 All must have justice done to them, ere all
 Can feel for all: and this being done to you,
 Ye captives of embracing circumstance
 And o'ergrown leisure, think, I pray you, tenderly,
 As the sweet poet did, of those whose wants,
 Or other dread-voic'd calls on waking eyes,
 (In which perhaps a tear has dreamt all night)
 Suffer not ev'n to suffer from repose,
 So dire their load, and to be balanc'd ever.
 Think of them when ye rise; and teach, like him,
 Justice, and truth, and better measurement
 Of ease to all; so shall they gladly see
 Your happier lot meantime, till rights go round,
 And some blest morn, ye, they, and the whole earth
 Shall be rejoic'd to rise, because the earth
 Then, for the first time, shall spin perfectly
 In the pleas'd ear of Him that made Endeavour.

Like smiles and tears upon an infant's face,
 Who wonders at himself, and at such things
 In faces round him, my swift thoughts are mix'd.
 'Tis natural to me; nor unnatural
 To any human heart, deeply conceiving
 Sorrow or mirth. May it be harsh to none.

THIRD WEEK IN MAY.

MORE FLOWERS.

WE can no more help turning to Mr. Howitt's pages this week for another extract, than we can into the fields themselves. They are truly vernal, rich in hopes of every kind, and

The blue sky bends over all:—
 a cheerful religion is upon them. A kind and embracing heaven looks down; a glad and grateful earth looks up. Those writers who omit a sense of the unknown world in their books, (provided it be a kindly one) and of the great spirit of beauty and beneficence which causes all the lovely things we behold, might as well omit the sky in their landscapes, and go looking strait-forward or downward without the power of raising their eyes. To be always unconscious of what is invisible round about us, or remote, is in some sense, to be ignorant of what we see; for it prevents us from seeing the most delicate and suggestive part of its own beauty, and the innumerable images of fancy and delight which play round it.

As to flowers, which are endless in their suggestions, and about which we could hear endless talk from such writers as Mr. Howitt, we have often had a fancy respecting their origin, of which he has reminded us by speaking of them as among the "minor creations." They seem as if the younger portion of angels—the childhood of heaven—had had a part of the creation of the world assigned to them, and that they made the flowers.—And yet who could so well know how to please them, as he who made themselves?

"The return of May again brings over us a living scene of the loveliness and delightfulness of flowers. Of all the minor creations of God, they seem to be most completely the effusions of his love, of beauty, grace, and joy. Of all the natural objects which surround us, they are the least connected with our absolute necessities. Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green; all the processes of fructification might be perfected with being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned; but beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them. With what eagerness do very infants grasp at flowers! As they be-

* This assertion is a little hasty: for how can we tell with what eyes, or unknown feelings, the insects, as well as other creatures may not regard the flower?

come older, they would live for ever amongst them. They bound about in the flowery meadows like young fawns; they gather all they come near; they collect heaps; they sit among them, and sort them, and sing over them, and caress them, till they perish in their grasp.

This sweet May morning
 The children are pulling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide
 Fresh flowers. Wordsworth.

We see them coming wearily into the towns and villages with their pinafores full, and with posies half as large as themselves. We trace them in shady lanes, in the grass of far-off fields, by the treasures they have gathered and left behind, lured on by others still brighter. As they grow up to maturity, they assume, in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them, the poetry of the earth. They become invested by a multitude of associations with innumerable spells of power over the human heart; they are to us memorials of the joys, sorrows, hopes, and triumphs of our forefathers; they are, to all nations, the emblems of youth in its loveliness and purity.

The ancient Greeks, whose souls pre-eminently sympathized with the spirit of grace and beauty in every thing, were enthusiastic in their love, and lavish in their use of flowers. They scattered them in the porticoes of their temples, they were offered on the altars of some of their deities; they were strewn in the conqueror's path; on all occasions of festivity and rejoicing they were strewn about, or worn in garlands.

It was the custom then to bring away
 The bride from home at blushing shut of day;
 Veiled, in a chariot, heralded along
 By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song. Keats.

The guests at banquets were crowned with them.

Garlands of every green and every scent
 From vales deflowered, or forest trees branch-rent,
 In baskets of bright oiled gold were brought,
 High as the handles heaped; to suit the thought
 Of every guest, that each as he did please
 Might fancy fit his brow, silk pillowed at his ease. Keats.

The bowl was wreathed with them, and wherever they wished to throw beauty, and to express gladness, like sunshine they cast flowers. Something of the same spirit seems to have prevailed among the Hebrews. "Let us fill ourselves," says Solomon, "with costly wine and ointments; and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered." But amongst that solemn and poetical people they were commonly regarded in another and higher sense, they were the favourite symbols of the beauty and the fragility of life. Man is compared to the flower of the field, and it is added, "the grass withereth, the flower fadeth." But of all the poetry ever drawn from flowers, none is so beautiful, none is so sublime, none is so imbued with that very spirit in which they were made as that of Christ. "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet, I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you. O ye of little faith!" The sentiment built upon this, entire dependance on the goodness of the Creator, is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by Christ; but we have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created; a spirit so boundless and overflowing that it delights to enliven and adorn with these riant creatures of sunshine the solitary places of the earth; to scatter them by myriads over the very desert "where no man is; on the wilderness where there is no man; sending rain, to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth."

In our confused notions we are often led to wonder why

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its fragrance on the desert air!

why beauty, and flowers, and fruit, should be scattered so exuberantly where there are none to enjoy them. But the thoughts of the Almighty are not as our thoughts. He sees them; he doubtlessly delights to behold the beauty of his handiworks, and rejoices in that tide of glory which he has caused to flow wide through the universe. We know not, either, what spiritual eyes besides may behold them; for pleasant is the belief, that

Myriads of spiritual creatures walk the earth

And how often does the gladness of uninhabited lands refresh the heart of the solitary traveller! When the distant and sea-tired voyager suddenly descries the blue-mountain tops, and the lofty crest of the palm-tree, and makes some green and pleasant island, where the verdant and blossoming forest boughs wave in the spicy gale; where the living waters leap from the rocks, and millions of new and resplendent flowers brighten the fresh sward, what then is the joy of his heart! To omnipotence creation costs not an effort, but to the desolate and weary how immense is the happiness thus prepared in the wilderness! Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? A magnificent lily, which, growing on the banks of a river, filled the air far around with its delicious fragrance, and, as he observes, had been

respected by all the animals of the district, and seemed defended even by its beauty. The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage continent, by Mungo Park, is familiar to every one.

In the East, flowers are made to speak the language of sentiment. The custom of embellishing houses and garnishing tables with them is unquestionably eastern. Perhaps the warmer countries of Europe are less in the use of them than they were formerly. Boccaccio talks of them being disposed even in bedchambers; "E nelle camere i letti fatti, e ogni cosa di fiori, quali nella etagione si potevano avere, piena;" and at the table of the narrators of the Decameron stories, as "Ogni cosa di fiori di qinestra coperta."† In England they are much less used than on the continent, and much less than they were by our ancestors. On May-day, at Whitsuntide, and on other holiday occasions, the houses were profusely decorated with them, and they were strewn before the door.

Over the extinction of many popular customs, I cannot bring myself to grieve; but there is something so pure and beautiful in the plentiful use of flowers, that I cannot but lament the decay of these. Perhaps the most touching of our popular use of flowers is that of strewing the dead with them, designating the age, sex, or other particular circumstances, by different flowers. How expressive in the hand of a fair young girl, cut off in her early spring, are a few pure and drooping snow-drops, an image exquisitely employed by Chantrey in his celebrated piece of sculpture—the two Children at Litchfield. Let the pensile lily of the valley for ever speak of the gentle maid that has been stricken down in her May; and the fair white lily, of the youth shorn in his unsullied strength; and let those who have passed through the varieties of time have

Flowers of all hues, and with its thorn the rose.

But even this tender custom is on the decline, from a needless notion that they generate insects, and tend to destroy the body they adorn. In reality, however, the love of flowers never was stronger in any age or nation than in ours. We have, perhaps, less love of showy festivity than our ancestors, but we have more poetry and sentiment amongst the people at large. We have conveyed from every region its most curious and splendid plants; and such is the poetical perception of natural beauty in the general mind, that wherever our wild flowers spring up, in the grass, on the overhanging banks of the wild brook, or in the mossy shade of the forest, there are admiring eyes to behold them.

BIRTHDAYS.

May 15th, 1551, William Camden, the historian and antiquary, born at London, one of the fine old earnest writers of the greatest age of English literature, when knowledge, and faith in the beautiful, went hand in hand. He was educated first at Christ Hospital, then at St. Paul's School, and afterwards at Oxford; and on taking his degree at that University, became one of the masters at Westminster School; where among his pupils he had Ben Jonson, who in after life addressed him the following grateful and affecting lines, which considering the subject and the writer, acquire even an additional grace from a sprinkle of pedantry.

Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
 All that I am in arts, all that I know
 (How nothing's that!) to whom my country owes
 The great renown, and name wherewith she glows
 Than thee the age sees not a thing more grave,
 More high, more holy, that she more would crave.
 What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
 What sight in searching the most antique springs?
 What weight, and what authority in thy speech!
 Man scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst teach.
 Pardon free truth; and let thy modesty
 Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by thee.
 Many of thine this better could than I,
 But for their powers, accept my piety.‡

May 16th, 1469, at Florence, Niccolo Macchiavelli, historian, statist, and miscellaneous writer, one of the puzzlers of biography. It is not known of his book "The Prince," whether he meant a grave irony, ridiculing the most detestable maxims of government, or a serious recommendation of them! Those who are curious on the subject, and do not read Italian, may see his works translated by Farnsworth, in the British Museum. There is also a translation of the "Prince," (if our recollection does not deceive us) by a living writer, Sir James Byerley. For our parts, we give the acute, the deep, but simple mannered and courageous Florentine, who died poor, and who endured the torture rather than betray a cause, the credit of having been a man of the best intentions, *whatever he wrote*; and so thinking, our present lights on the subject of what is best for mankind do not allow us to suppose that he intended any thing but an irony. Macchiavelli was a wit as well as a philosopher, and could openly banter when he chose: let us conclude he could banter as well in secret.

* The beds, made in the chambers, were strewn with all the flowers in season.

† Covered all with flowers of Spanish broom.

‡ An ancient and foreign mode of speaking. *Ego quædivum incedo regina*, says Juno in Virgil—"I who go, the queen of the Gods." *Piu superbo va*, says the modern Italian—"more proud goes."

§ This better could; that is to say, "could do this panegyric better."

¶ Piety in the old Roman sense, meaning a devoted affection.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XIII.—THE BLACK ASSIZE.

THE Black Assize at Oxford, during the reign of Elizabeth, was so called from the circumstance of judges, jurymen, nobility, gentry, and the majority of the persons present, to the amount of near three hundred, sickening and dying, within forty-eight hours after they left the court.

Of the manner in which these unfortunate individuals were seized; the nature, progress, treatment, and technical description of their disease, it is not (says the author of the "Lounger's Common Place Book,") in my power to speak; though to a medical reader they would afford a subject of curious and useful investigation.

This destructive pestilence, which readers who do not on every occasion hunt out for mysterious causes, would naturally attribute to malignant contagion, exasperated by the unwholesome atmosphere of a crowded court, during three hot days in July, was said to be occasioned by noxious effluvia, issuing from the ground, but is attributed by Lord Verulam to some infectious disease brought out of the prison; as Sir Robert Bell, the presiding Judge and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, frequently remarked a noisome and offensive smell, and demanded from whence it proceeded, but could obtain no satisfactory answer. This awful and tremendous visitation is accounted for in a singular way by a learned but credulous writer, strongly tainted with the party violence and superstition of that period: "At this, the Black Assize, Rowland Jenks, a Popish recusant, was arraigned, and finally, after a long trial, condemned to die, for words seditiously and treasonably spoken against the queen's majesty."

"While the chief baron pronounced, in due form, and with accustomed solemnity, sentence of the law on this offender, a pestilential vapour suddenly arose so almost as to smother the court; various were the conjectures concerning so rude and filthy an annoyance, but all were distant from the mark; I am, however, enabled to assign the true cause on indisputable evidence. A rare and valuable M.S. came accidentally in my possession, collected by an ancient gentleman now at York, and an industrious gatherer together of strange facts, who lived in Oxford at the time of this marvellous calamity.

"This curious observer asserts that the aforesaid Rowland Jenks being sometimes permitted by favour of the Sheriff, who was suspected of leaning towards Anti-Christ, to walk at times abroad, accompanied by an under-jailer; on a certain occasion, by fair words and well-timed presents, prevailed with his keeper to call with him at an apothecary's, to whom he produced a recipe for compounding certain drugs, desiring to have it done with all convenient speed. This person, on viewing the paper, replied that the ingredients were costly in price, powerful in effect, and tedious in preparation; that previous to such mischievous materials going forth, he must be well assured that they would not be applied to any unlawful purpose. The prisoner made answer that rats and other vermin had gnawed and otherwise defiled the few books he had been indulged with since his imprisonment, and that the recipe in question was for the purpose of destroying these animals. The apothecary desired to retire a few minutes for consideration, during which he copied the formula, and speedily coming back, returned it, saying, that he would not, on any account, be concerned in handling such dangerous weapons.

"Each particular article of this strange commixture might have been imparted to the public, but they were of a nature so horribly deleterious that I feared their falling into the hands of wicked and designing men; yet, it seems that Jenks did in some way or other get his poisonous mess prepared, and against the day of trial had made, infused or interwoven it into, or with a cotton wick, which on being lighted would burn like a candle.

"The moment sentence was passed, and he knew that death was unavoidable, having provided himself with a tinder-box and steel, he lighted that infernal thread which was to determine the fate of so many. The diabolical effects which ensued are upon record, and too well known to need repeating. Indeed, whoever by chance or by design shall be made acquainted with the materials it was composed of, which I wish may for ever be blotted out and forgotten, will easily believe its virulent and venomous effects."

This singular account is evidently penned by a lover of the marvellous; it will not bear the touchstone of criticism or common sense; and endeavours to go out of the road to account for that, which, as has been well observed, might easily, and frequently does take place, as the common effect of pestilential infection. It may also be asked, how could the supposed perpetrator of the mischief prevent his suffocating vapour from acting with equal fatality to himself, his fellow prisoners, on women and on children, numbers of whom were in court, but none as all injured in life, health, or limb. It is also very improbable that a prisoner at the bar, who had just received sentence of death, who was of course an object of general observation, and from the spirit of the times, of religious detestation, that he should be able, without attracting notice and hindrance, to strike a light, and set fire to his wick; every person present must have perceived from whence the noxious fume arose; nor would it have been necessary for the Chief Baron repeatedly to ask, as he did, several hours before Jenks was put on his trial, from whence the very disagreeable smell proceeded. The Popish recusant perhaps might

have performed the part assigned to him with greater ease, had he been furnished with phosphorous matches, that invention of modern science, which, in the last century, would have been accounted little less than magic or witchcraft; an invention by which the philosopher and the chemist have wonderfully forwarded the purposes of nocturnal plunderers and domestic assassins.

The cause of the pestilential affection remains buried in obscurity.

XIV.—A YOUTH IN CIVILIZED LIFE, WHO LIVED IN TREES AND ROCKS.

The personal strangeness of appearance produced by the life which the subject of the following account was obliged to lead, together with the interesting countenance which it had left him, and the rapidity with which he used to glide from his wild home into his proper one, appears to us to render the narrative affecting.

All this portion of the country, (says Mr. Keppel Craven, in his "Tour through the Southern Provinces of Naples," speaking of the neighbourhood of Castellammare), bears a bad name, as offering secure retreats to felons or homicides, who, either suspected of misdeeds, or actually convicted of crimes, seek their safety in temporary concealment within its mountainous recesses. This state of existence is sometimes so prolonged as to become not only supportable, but scarcely irksome to the inclinations and feelings. An individual of my acquaintance who inhabited Castellammare, formed, in the course of his frequent excursions in its romantic environs, an acquaintance of some intimacy with a rich inhabitant of Lettere, and was in the habit of frequently dining with him and his numerous family. He usually went by invitation, or at least after giving notice of his intended visit; but one day, finding himself at the hour of dinner in the vicinity of the house, he ventured to request that hospitality which he had so frequently before experienced. He was admitted with some symptoms of embarrassment attributable, as he thought, to the consciousness of being inadequately provided with the means of receiving him; but perceived an addition to the family in the person of a young man, who was with some hesitation introduced as a son, and whose peculiar person, and dejected yet prepossessing countenance, so excited his interest and curiosity, that his sisters, confiding in the regard of the visitor, bade the stranger tell him his history.

Salvador, that was his name, had, from his early infancy, been in the habits of intimacy with a youth of the same village, who, following the bent of an evil disposition, through the path of poverty and vice, had so far advanced in the career of iniquity as to have become, at the age of twenty-four, associated with all descriptions of petty depredators which can in no language be so well expressed as by the Italian word *Malviventi* (evil lives). Salvador, educated as carefully as the affluence and affection of his parents would allow, had vainly endeavoured to reclaim his friend Aniello from his wicked courses; and, in the hopes of ultimately succeeding, had continued to keep up an intercourse of good fellowship with him, and more than once had assisted him with money. One day the latter informed Salvador of a scheme, formed by him and his companions, of robbing a rich proprietor; who resided in a solitary house adjoining some vineyards belonging to Salvador's father; and his assistance was required to allow this iniquitous band to conceal themselves in one of the buildings used only in the vintage season, where they might remain in ambush until night should enable them to execute their villainous purpose. Salvador not only refused to become accessory to such a crime, but put the intended object of it on his guard against the machinations of the banditti, without, however, naming Aniello, for whom he still retained a feeling of compassion if not of regard.

His friend, as may be supposed, from that day became his inveterate foe, and vowed to watch every opportunity of being revenged. Sometime elapsed, however, before such an occasion presented itself; but one morning that Salvador had arisen with the sun, for the purpose of shooting quails among the ripe grapes, his unrelenting enemy, who had watched and followed him, attempted to satisfy his cowardly vengeance by firing two pistol-shots at him from a place of concealment. Discovered, upbraided, and pursued by the other, he suddenly turned upon him, and endeavoured, by an exertion of bodily strength, to wrest from him his fowling-piece. The contest was prolonged and obstinate, ending finally in the fall of the aggressor, who received his death-wound from the hand which had so often relieved his wants. The survivor, under the influence of terror and confusion, at the commission of a crime so foreign to his nature, fled precipitately to his paternal roof, where he only rested time enough to relate his misfortune, being persuaded by his alarmed parents to seek safety in concealment. Some labourers, who had instinctively seen the conclusion of the affray at a distance, ran to the spot, and reached it in time to learn the name of the homicide from the vindictive ruffian, whose discharged pistols, former gifts of Salvador, and still bearing his initials, served, together with the evidence of the gun, which he had hastily flung down, to corroborate the facts deposed by the witnesses; the local police was made acquainted with them, and proceeded to the house of the culprit, who had already

fled and thereby justified the accusation brought against him. A sentence was pronounced, and for a considerable time he never ventured to revisit the house of his parents; but as these were as respected as he was beloved, no vigorous researches were instituted, and having never withdrawn himself from any great distance, he by degrees ventured to return occasionally, for a few minutes, to the presence of his family, and, in the course of time, paid them a daily visit, regulated by a signal given by his sisters from the back windows of the house, which looked to the steep range of almost inaccessible rocks, covered with wood, that rise above Lettere. In their fastnesses he had now dwelt more than two years; and he described, in impressive language, the singular existence thus imposed upon him, and to which he had become, in a manner, as much habituated as to the exercise of descending and remounting these rugged steeps, with a velocity and agility almost incredible.

The individual, who frequently afterwards saw him, described his descent as something to all appearance supernatural. He was, during the daytime, always lurking among the caves, or perched upon the trees within hearing of the shrill whistle that gave him the summons to approach, and when it was uttered, a few minutes sufficed to bring him down from the highest precipice. He gave an account of the methodical way in which he divided the few and unvaried occupation that broke the monotony of his solitary hours. The changes of the weather or the wind were hailed by him as an interesting incident in his life. The trees, plants, and flowers, growing within the circumscribed precincts of his retreat, had become the objects of his care; and he watched the changes brought upon them with anxious solicitude. The few animated beings, whose movements broke upon the stillness of his solitude, he looked upon as so many acquaintances or visitors. A variety of birds had accustomed themselves to assemble round him at a certain hour, to receive the remnants of the food which he carried up from his father's house. He could enumerate every different sort of butterfly or insect which could be found near his retreat; and had seen the same fox pass at the same hour of each day during the two years of his seclusion. In these pursuits, if so they can be termed, and the perusal of some book, which he always brought away from the house to the mountain, his time had passed, he said, quickly and not painfully. He generally took a daily meal at home, but never spent the night there, considering his rocky hermitage as more secure. This, from its particular position, was inaccessible from the upper masses of the mountains, and presented no approach from below, except through a strip of enclosed vineyard through the back of the family dwelling.

XV. THE BRIDAL OF CAMIOLA TURINGA.

THE following story is from the pages of the "Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples," an interesting work published some years ago, which deserves to be better known, particularly by all who feel anxious to think as well of their fellow-creatures as possible. It struck us, when we read it, both the first and second time (for we have given it two thorough perusals) as furnishing an ample vindication of the character of an excellent woman, who, by one of those freaks of fortune that some times occur in history, has been hitherto set down as proverbial instance of cruel and inordinate passions.

The magnanimity of a lady of Messina, called Camiola Turinga, who flourished in the childhood of Joanna (says our author) has procured her a place among the illustrious women of Boccaccio; and though he has recorded no daring deed of heroism, her history would have furnished an affecting tale to his Decamerou had he contrasted her lofty spirit, not less feminine, though more noble, with the passive meekness of Griselda.

Towards the close of the reign of King Robert, Orlando of Arragon rashly encountering the Neapolitan Fleet, was made captive and imprisoned in one of the castles of Naples. His brother, Peter, King of Sicily, refused to ransom him, as he had occasioned the loss of the Sicilian armament by his temerity in engaging the Neapolitans contrary to his express command.

The young and handsome prince, unfriended, and almost forgotten, remained long in prison, and would have been doomed for life to pine away in hopeless captivity, had not his wretched fate excited the pity of Camiola Turinga, a wealthy lady of Messina, distinguished for every feminine grace and virtue. Desirous of procuring his liberty without compromising his fair fame, and perhaps actuated by sentiments still more powerful than compassion, she sent a trusty messenger to his dungeon at Naples, to offer to pay his ransom, on condition of his marrying her on his return to Messina. Orlando overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune, willingly sent her a contract of marriage: but she had no sooner purchased his liberty, than he denied all knowledge of her and treated her with scorn.

The slighted maiden carried her cause before the royal tribunal, and Peter of Arragon convinced of the necessity of governing the Sicilians with justice, as his empire depended solely on the affections of the people, adjudged Orlando to Camiola, as he was, in fact, according to the custom of the times and the laws of war, a slave whom she had purchased with her treasure. It

consequence of this decree a day was appointed for their marriage, and Orlando accompanied by a splendid retinue, repaired to the house of Camiola, whom he found decked out in the customary magnificence of silks and jewels. But Camiola, instead of proffering the vows of love and obedience which the haughty prince expected to hear, told him she scorned to degrade herself by a union with one who had debased his royal birth and his knighthood by so foul a breach of faith, and that she could now only bestow on him, not her hand, of which he had proved himself unworthy, but the ransom she had paid, which she esteemed a gift worthy a man of mean and sordid soul; herself and her remaining riches she vowed to dedicate to heaven.

No entreaties availed to change her resolution, and Orlando, shunned by his peers as a dishonoured man, too late regretted the bride he had lost, and falling into a profound melancholy, died in obscurity and neglect.

A SPECIMEN OR TWO OF EXISTING PERSIAN MANNERS.

FROM SIR HARFORD JONES BRIDGES' MISSION TO PERSIA (just published.)

A great Minister on his Travels.—In two or three days afterwards, Meerza Bosurg and I set out for Tauris, which was little more than twenty miles distant from the camp. Nothing could be more simple than the manner in which the Meerza travelled. He rode a mule, the trappings of which were perfectly à la dervische. He had a servant, who carried a cloak-bag, and his calean (pipe). He had a groom who led a sumpter mule, that carried some articles of refreshment, and common small carpets; and he had his own favorite personal servant, who was at once his secretary, his amanuensis, and humble friend. The Meerza's conversation on the road was delightful; it was a constant effusion of portions of history, anecdote, and recital of beautiful poetry, much of which was from the poems of his late uncle, Meerza Hossein. The country we passed through fully justified a recollection of those lines of Shakspeare, in the second part of *Henry the Fourth*:—

"I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire;
"These high wild hills, and rough, uneven ways,
"Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
"And yet our fair discourse has been as sugar,
"Making the hard way sweet and delectable."

About two o'clock we reached the village of Bosmech, at the end of which there is a little grove of Lombardy poplars, along one side of which, or rather at the foot of it a beautiful little stream of the purest water passes. Here the Meerza said, "What say you to dismounting and resting ourselves and our beasts under the pleasant shade of these trees?" It was so agreed, and after pitching on a beautiful spot for spreading the carpets, there appeared in a very short time from the Meerza's sumpter mule a nice cold collation, consisting of partridge, excellent cheese, fruit, fine bread, and water-cresses gathered fresh on the spot; and added to this, I must say, the Meerza's coffee, and the tobacco of his calean, were exquisite. There was a degree of devotion in the Meerza's grace before he began to eat, and an expression of thankfulness and thanksgiving in that which he uttered after, that were particularly striking, and to me, who knew him so well, I may say affecting; and it was in perfect keeping with this, that whilst we were smoking our caleans, he began to say how little he wanted in this world, and how much he thanked God for having taken from his eyes all love of wealth; to which circumstance alone he ascribed his having been able safely to weather all the dreadful political storms he had met with. When we had finished our caleans, he stretched himself out at his length on the carpet, and fell fast asleep. I do not envy the man who could contemplate such a spectacle as this with indifference. Here was a great Minister of a great Empire, who could command

"The perfum'd chambers of the great,
"The canopies of costly state,
"With sounds of sweetest melody,
"—And all appliances and means to boot,"

sleeping, and sleeping soundly, with just the same "appliances" that were enjoyed by the commonest servant of our train. It was not long after my friend had fallen asleep, that the villagers of Bosmech, having heard where the *Great Man* was, came out in a body to compliment him, and to beseech him to honor the village with his presence. I acquainted the principal person of the procession, that the Meerza was asleep, and they immediately postponed their visit till the evening was far advanced, and the Meerza awoke. When this happened, it was the time for the Prayer of Asser, and I was rather surprised to see his servant lay for him one of the most beautiful prayer carpets I ever saw in my life. The Meerza saw I looked rather astonished, and he said, "this is the only luxury I indulge in; this carpet is spread before God. It is perfectly *halaut*,* for it is purchased with money earned by my own hands."

An Awful Present.—Mohammed Nebes Khan, a Persian Ambassador to one of the Indian Presidences, sent Mr. Duncan, the Governor, a copy of the King of Persia's Poems. Mr. Duncan was rather puzzled what

* Meats and other things, according to the Mohammedan religion, are divided into *Halaut* and *Haram*, (i. e. lawful and forbidden.)

present to make the Ambassador in return; after some reflection, he sent him a large paper copy of *Denon's Travels in Egypt*. This the Ambassador returned, and intimated to Mr. Duncan, that the present he had made him of the king of Persia's poems could not be estimated at less value than 100,000 rupees, which was a pretty broad *avis au lecteur*, that his Excellency expected to receive something very different from *Denon's Travels*, however highly the work might be valued by the literary world in Europe. Mr. Duncan, perceiving the scrape he had got into, sent to assure the Ambassador, that being now aware of the value of the present which had been made to him, he could not think of robbing the Ambassador of a thing he so highly prized, and, therefore hoped the Ambassador would allow him to return it. To consent to this was no part of the Ambassador's game, and he gave Mr. Duncan to understand, that to return the poetry of the king of Persia, would be an affront of sufficient magnitude to endanger the amicable intercourse between the two states; the farce therefore ended by Mohammed Nebes obtaining from Mr. Duncan a present in money, equal to about one-fifth of the price at which he had valued his sovereign's poetical effusions.

New Duties of a Secretary.—General Gardanne, on his introduction to Mohammed Ally Meerza, had presented him with a very fine pair of rifle-barrelled pistols, made at Paris, the barrels of which the General assured the Prince, were worked with such nicety, that a ball delivered from them, would fly to the distance of twenty yards, so true as to strike invariably the centre of a pinstripe, a piece about the size of our half crown. The Prince had received the General in a room which opened to a large walled court, and from the spot where his highness was seated to the wall, was pretty much the distance for which the general had vaunted the precision of his pistols. As soon as he was dismissed, the Prince turning to his secretary, who was standing by him, said, "Come, let's try the Frenchman's pistols; go and hold out your hand against the wall." The astonished and trembling Secretary, after some remonstrance, found himself obliged to obey, and stand the shot. The Prince fired, and fortunately missed the mark.

An overwhelming argument.—When some beautifully made wheelbarrows were placed before the Prince Royal, one of the Persian noblemen (who always affect to despise European improvement) said: "This is all mighty well, but it will consume a considerable space of time to empty these wheelbarrows."—Sir James Sutherland said to him, "Indeed, Sir, it will not;—and if you only get into the wheelbarrow, I will show you it will not."—The Prince insisted on his making the experiment. Sir James trundled him away at a quick rate; and approaching a muddy part of the square, he gave the wheelbarrow a cant, and turned, to the great entertainment of the Prince and the spectators, the Persian Khan into the mud.

DREAMING BY SYSTEM.

THIS striking passage is from Mr. Bulwer's new work, "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," his best work, according to the author. We cannot think so, having the memory of some his novels so strong upon us. We like him best, we own, when he is wholly narrating and painting character, not when he is indulging in fancies and metaphysics; though whatever he writes is sure to include passages of great beauty and eloquence, and to furnish matter for reflection. We only wish he would not throw over so much of it an air of half-belief, and of fashionable compromise with doubt and misgiving, or at best, a strange mixture of encouragement with despair! Mr. Bulwer cannot misgive his world and his own human nature, and yet at the same time be taken by his readers for one whose genius is not to be doubted, and whose encouragements are to have their full effect. He is a very accomplished and admirable person; but God and Fashion are no more to be served together, in one sense, than God and Mammon.

The work is beautifully printed and embellished, with landscapes, new and old, and some fairy scenes from the pencil of Mr. McClise, truly fairy-like and fantastic, a mixture of the quaint and voluptuous.

"Speaking of dreams," said Trevelyman, as they pursued that mysterious subject, "I once during my former residence in Germany, fell in with a singular enthusiast, who had taught himself what he termed, 'A System of Dreaming.' When he first spoke to me upon it I asked him to explain what he meant, which he did somewhat in the following words:—

"I was born," said he, "with many of the sentiments of the poet, but without the language to express them; my feelings were constantly chilled by the intercourse of the actual world. My family, mere Germans, dull and unimpassioned, had nothing in common with me; nor did I out of my family find those with whom I could better sympathise. I was revolted by friendships—for they were susceptible to every change; I was disappointed in love—for the truth never approached to my ideal. Nursed early in the lap of romance, enamoured

of the wild and the adventurous, the commonplaces of life were to me inexpressibly tame and joyless. And yet indolence, which belongs to the poetical character, was more inviting than that eager and unreflective action which can alone wring enterprise from life. Meditation was my natural element. I loved to spend the noon reclined by some shady stream, and in a half sleep to shape images from the glancing sunbeams; a dim and unreal order of philosophy, that belongs to our nation, was my favourite intellectual pursuit. And I sought amongst the obscure and the recondite the variety of emotion I could find not in the familiar. Thus constantly watching the operations of the inner mind, it occurred to me at last, that sleep having its own world, but as yet a rude and fragmentary one, it might be possible to shape from its chaos, all those combinations of beauty, of power, of glory, and of love, which were denied to me in the world in which my frame walked and had its being. So soon as this idea came upon me, I nursed, and cherished, and mused over it, till I found that the imagination began to effect the miracle I desired. By brooding ardently, intensely, before I retired to rest, over an especial train of thought, over any ideal creations; by keeping the body utterly still and quiescent during the whole day; by shutting out all living adventure, the memory of which might perplex and interfere with the stream of events that I desired to pour forth into the wilds of sleep, I discovered at last, that I could lead in dreams a life solely their own, and utterly distinct from the life of day. Towers and palaces, all my heritage, rose before me from the depths of night; I quaffed from jewelled cups the Falernian of imperial vaults; music from harps of celestial tone filled up the crevices of air; and the smiles of immortal beauty flushed like sunlight over all. Thus the adventure and the glory, that I could not for my waking life obtain, was obtained for me in sleep. I wandered with the gryphon and the gnome; I sounded the horn at enchanted portals; I conquered in the knightly lists; I planted my standard over battlements huge as the painter's birth of Babylon itself.

"But I was afraid to call forth one shape on whose loveliness to pour all the hidden passion of my soul. I trembled lest my sleep should present me some image which it could never restore, and waking from which, even the new world I had created might be left desolate for ever. I shuddered lest I should adore a vision which the first ray of morning could smite to the grave.

"In this train of mind I began to ponder whether it might not be possible to connect dreams together; to supply the thread that was wanting; to make one night continue the history of the other, so as to bring together the same shapes and the same scenes, and thus lead a connected and harmonious life, not only in the one half of existence, but in the other, the richer and more glorious, half. No sooner did this idea present itself to me, than I burned to accomplish it. I had before taught myself that Faith is the great creator; that to believe fervently is to make belief true. So I would not suffer my mind to doubt the practicability of its scheme. I shut myself up then entirely by day, refused books, and hated the very sun, and compelled all my thoughts (and sleep is the mirror of thought) to glide in one direction, the direction of my dreams, so that from night to night the imagination might keep up the thread of action, and I might thus lie down full of the past dream and confident of the sequel. Not for one day only, or for one month, did I pursue this system, but I continued it zealously and sternly, till at length it began to succeed. Who shall tell," cried the enthusiast,—"I see him now with his deep, bright, sunken eyes, and his wild hair thrown backward from his brow, 'the rapture I experienced, when first, faintly and half distinct, I perceived the harmony I had invoked down upon my dreams. At first there was only a partial and desultory connection between them; my eye recognized certain shapes; my ear certain tones common to each; by degrees, these augmented in number, and were more defined in outline. At length, one fair face broke forth from among the ruder forms, and night after night appeared mixing with them for a moment and then vanishing, just as a mariner watches in a clouded sky the moon shining through the drifting rack, and quickly gone. My curiosity was now vividly excited, the face, with its lustrous eyes and seraph features, roused all the emotions that no living shape had called forth. I became enamoured of a dream, and as the statue to the Cyprian was my creation to me; so from this intent and increasing passion, I at length worked out my reward. My dream became more palpable; I spoke with it; I knelt to it; my lips were pressed to its own; we exchanged the vows of love, and morning only separated us with the certainty that at night we should meet again. Thus then" continued my visionary, "I commenced a history utterly separate from the history of the world, and it went on alternately with my harsh and chilling history of the day, equally regular and equally continuous. And what, you ask, was that history? Methought I was a prince in some southern island that had no features in common with the colder north of my native home. By day I looked upon the dull walls of a German town, and saw homely or squalid forms passing before me; the sky was dim and the sun cheerless. Night came on with her thousand stars, and brought me the dews of sleep. Then suddenly there was a new world; the richest fruits hung from the trees in clusters of gold and purple. Palaces of the quaint fashion of the sunnier climes, with spiral minarets and glittering cupolas, were mirrored upon vast lakes sheltered by the palm tree and

banana. The sun seemed of a different orb, so mellow and gorgeous were his beams; birds and winged things of all hues fluttered in the shining air; the faces and garments of men were not of the northern regions of the world, and their voices spoke a tongue, which strange at first, by degrees I interpreted. Sometimes I made war upon neighbouring kings; sometimes I chased the spotted pard through the vast gloom of oriental forests; my life was at once a life of enterprise and pomp. But above all there was the history of my love! I thought there were a thousand difficulties in the way of attaining its possession. Many were the rocks I had to scale, and the battles to wage, and the fortresses to storm in order to win her as my bride. But at last," continued the enthusiast "she is won, she is my own! Time in this wild world, which I visit nightly, passes not so slowly as in this, and yet an hour may be the same as a year. This continuity of existence, this successive series of dreams, so different from the broken incoherence of other men's sleep, at times bewilders me with strange and suspicious thoughts. What if this glorious sleep be real life, and this dull waking the true repose? Why not? What is there more fanciful in the one than in the other? And there have I garnered and collected all of pleasure that I am capable of feeling. I see no joy in this world—I form no ties, I feast not, nor love, nor make merry.—I am only impatient till the hour when I may re-enter my royal realms and pour my renewed delight into the bosom of my bright ideal. There then have I found all that the world denied me; there have I realized the yearning and aspiration within me; there have I coined the untold poetry into the felt—the seen!"

"I found," continued Trevelyman, "that this tale was corroborated by inquiry into the visionary's habits. He shunned society; avoided all unnecessary movement or excitement. He fared with rigid abstemiousness, and only appeared to feel pleasure as the day departed, and the hour of return to his imaginary kingdom approached. He always retired to rest punctually at a certain hour, and would sleep so soundly, that a cannon fired under his window would not arouse him. He never, which may seem singular, spoke or moved much in his sleep, but was peculiarly calm, almost to the appearance of lifelessness; but, discovering once that he had been watched in sleep, he was wont afterwards carefully to secure the chamber from intrusion. His victory over the natural incoherence of sleep had, when I first knew him, lasted for some years; possibly what imagination first produced was afterwards continued by habit.

I saw him again a few months subsequent to this confession, and he seemed to be much changed. His health was broken, and his abstraction had deepened into gloom.

I questioned him of the cause of the alteration, and he answered me with great reluctance—

"She is dead," said he, "my realms are desolate! A serpent stung her, and she died in these very arms. Vainly, when I started from my sleep in horror and despair, vainly did I say to myself,—This is but a dream. I shall see her again. A vision cannot die! Hath it flesh that decays? is it not a spirit—bodiless—indissoluble? With what terrible anxiety I awaited the night. Again I slept, and the dream lay again before me—dead and withered. Even the ideal can vanish. I assisted in the burial; I laid her in the earth; I heaped the monumental mockery over her form. And never since hath she, or ought like her, revisited my dreams. I see her only when I wake; thus, to wake is indeed to dream! But," continued the visionary, in a solemn voice, "I feel myself departing from this world, and with a fearful joy; for I think there may be a land beyond even the land of sleep, where I shall see her again,—a land in which a vision itself may be restored."

And in truth, concluded Trevelyman, the dreamer died shortly afterwards, suddenly, and in his sleep.

"There are singular varieties in life," said Vane, who had heard the latter part of Trevelyman's story; "and could the German have bequeathed to us his art—what a refuge should we not possess from the ills of earth! The dungeon and disease, poverty, affliction, shame, would cease to be the tyrants of our lot; and to sleep, we should confine our history and transfer our emotions."

"But most of all," said Trevelyman, "would it be a science worth learning to the poet, whose very nature is a pining for the ideal—for that which earth has not—for that which the dreamer found. Ah, Gertrude," whispered the lover, "what his kingdom and his bride were to him, art thou to me!"

LEGENDS OF IRELAND.

[From the third number (just published) of "Lays and Legends of Various Nations," a welcome monthly publication; which increases in value as it proceeds. The present number contains several original communications from Mr. Crofton Croker and others.]

MIND YOUR OWN FAULTS.

A gentleman riding along the road, passed by a *knock*, (a field of furze) in which a man was stubbing; and for every stroke he gave with his hoe, he cried out in a reproachful tone, "Oh! Adam!" The gentleman stopped his horse, and calling the labourer to him, inquired the reason of his saying "Oh! Adam!"

"Why, please your honour," said the man, "only for Adam I would have no occasion to labour at all; had he and Eve been less curious, none of us need earn our bread in the sweat of our brow."

"Very good," said the gentleman; "call at my house to-morrow."

The man waited on him the next day, and the gentleman took him into a splendid apartment, adjoining a most beautiful garden, and asked him would he wish to live there? The son of Adam replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said the gentleman, "you shall want for nothing. Breakfast, dinner, and supper of the choicest viands, shall be laid before you every day, and you may amuse yourself in the garden whenever you please. But mind you are to enjoy all this on one condition, that you look not under the pewter plate that lies on the table."

The man was overjoyed at his good fortune, and thought that there was little fear of his forfeiting it by looking under the pewter plate. In a week or two, however, he grew curious to know what could be under the plate which he was prohibited from seeing. Perhaps a jewel of inestimable value, and perhaps nothing at all. One day, when no person was present, he thought he would take a peep—there could be no harm in it—no one would know it: and accordingly, he raised the forbidden plate—when lo! a little mouse jumped from under it; he quickly laid it down again, but his doom was sealed. "Begone to your hoeing," said the gentleman next day, "and cry oh! Adam! no more, since like him, you have lost a paradise by disobedience."

THE ROAD THE PLATES WENT.

At some distance from Castle Taylor, in the county of Galway, is a round fort called the Palace of Dunderlass, where it is said Goora, king of Connaught, resided; there is not, however, the least vestige of any dwelling place; this palace was near a celebrated city called Adrahan. It is now but a village; tradition, however, mentions it to have been formerly very extensive. If the road, leading to the town, can enable us to form any idea of its extent, the remains of that which led to this, would induce us to believe that it was twice larger than the present road; except that there was an avenue of trees planted on each side, it is not easy to determine to what use it was converted. This road is called in Irish, *Boherlan da naa mias*—the road the plates went; and the story from which the name originated is odd enough.

Saint Macduagh, the king's brother, had retired to the mountains, to pray with a friar: when they had remained two days there, the friar was not so much occupied by devotion, but he felt the grumbings of his stomach, from time to time; this made him murmur, and he said to the saint, "I beg your Saintship's pardon, but I believe you brought me here to die of hunger; your brother Goora gives a feast to his court to-day; I had rather be there than here."

"Oh! man of little faith," replied the Saint, "do you think I brought you here to die of hunger?" And he immediately began to pray more fervently than ever.

On a sudden the friar was agreeably surprised to see an excellent dinner before him. And when King Goora and his nobles returned from hunting, very hungry, they were very much surprised at seeing their plates and tables fly away! On this occasion, they did what every person might do who saw his dinner fly away; the cook with his spit, the servants and grooms, the dogs and cats, accompanied the king and his court, either on foot or horseback, and ran as fast as they could after the plates.

The dinner, however, arrived an entire quarter of an hour before them, and the friar, who had just begun to satisfy his appetite, was terrified at seeing such a crowd ready to snatch the bit from his mouth. He complained to the saint again, telling him it were better to give him nothing to eat, than to get him knocked on the head by the hungry attendants of the court of Goora.

"Oh, man of little faith," said the saint, "let them come." They soon arrived, and when they got within thirty paces of the friar, the saint put them in the most disagreeable situation any decent people can be in: he made their feet stick to the rock, and obliged them to look on at the friar's repast.

They still shew in the rock the marks of the horses' hoofs, of the men, dogs, &c., and even of the lances which were also stuck in the rock, for fear they should take it in their heads to throw them at the friar. As these marks are visible, there can be no doubt of the truth of the story, and since this time, the road has been and is still called "The road the plates went."

"Oh, mighty saint, Macduagh!" adds the narrator, a French gentleman, whom the revolution had compelled to emigrate, and who wandered through the United Kingdoms, recording his adventures with his national gaiety—a gaiety by which touches of true pathos can be alone conveyed; "Oh, mighty Saint Macduagh, how much I should be obliged to your saintship, if you deigned to repeat this miracle from time to time in favour of a poor pilgrim like me!"

THE WISE WOMEN OF MUNGRET.

About two miles west of the city of Limerick, is an inconsiderable ruin, called Mungret. This ruin is all that remains of a monastic establishment, said to have contained within its walls six churches, and, exclusive of scholars, fifteen hundred monks.

Of these monks, five hundred were learned preachers—five hundred more were so classed and divided as to support a full choir day and night—and the remaining

five hundred, being the elders of the brotherhood, devoted themselves to religion and charitable works.

An anecdote is related of this priory, which is worth preserving, because it gave rise to a proverbial expression, retained in the country to the present day, 'as wise as the women of Mungret.'

A deputation was sent from the college at Cashel, to this famous seminary at Mungret, in order to try their skill in the languages. The heads of the house of Mungret were somewhat alarmed, lest their scholars should receive a defeat, and their reputation be lessened—they therefore thought of a most humorous expedient to prevent the contest, which succeeded to their wishes. They habited some of their young students like women, and some of the monks like peasants, in which dresses they walked a few miles to meet the strangers at some distance from each other. When the Cashel professors approached and asked any question about the distance of Mungret, or the time of day, they were constantly answered in Greek or Latin; which occasioned them to hold a conference, and determine not to expose themselves at a place, where even the women and peasants could speak Greek and Latin.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

ABSTRACT OF THE LIFE OF HIM BY LORD WOODHOUSELEE.

JAMES CRICHTON was born in the year 1561. He was the eldest son of Robert Crichton, of Elioock, who filled the important office of Lord Advocate of Scotland, first to Queen Mary, and afterwards to King James. The mother of Crichton was Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of Sir James Stewart of Beath. His family was noble, and high in various offices.

The young Crichton having received the rudiments of his grammatical education at Perth, or according to another authority at Edinburgh, was sent to improve himself in philosophy and the sciences at St. Andrews, at that time the most celebrated and learned seminary in Scotland. The rank and fortune of his father enabled him to give his son, who was already remarkable for the early maturity of his talents and the beauty of his person, the instruction of the most learned men of the time. His masters were Rutherford, Provost of St. Salvator's College, Hepburn, Robertson, and, at a later period, Buchanan, one of the most illustrious scholars at that time in Europe. The progress of Crichton was suitable to the eminence of his instructors, and to the celebrity which he was afterwards destined to acquire. In the year 1573, when he had hardly passed his twelfth year, he took his degree as bachelor of arts; and in two years afterwards, such appear to have been his high attainments in the different branches of scholastic knowledge, that he received his degree, as master of arts, at the very early age of fourteen.

The different students in the University of St. Andrews were at this time, previous to their taking their degrees as masters of arts, divided into what were termed circles, according to the talents and proficiency which they exhibited in the examinations which preceded the taking their degrees. The first circle comprehended those of the very highest attainments in the University. The second, those whose proficiency, although eminent, was not so comparatively conspicuous, and so on through the different divisions of talent. It is a remarkable circumstance, as it establishes the great and early endowments of Crichton, that at the age of fourteen he takes his degree of master of arts in the first circle, being the third in the circle, that is being in talents and attainments the third scholar at that time in the University; a circumstance which, if we consider the early age of Crichton, sufficiently proves the strength and precocity of those talents which were afterwards to figure so conspicuously upon a wider field in Italy.

Having evinced this extraordinary proficiency, Crichton does not appear to have imagined that his labours were to finish with the honours he had there won, or that the period of study was in any respect concluded. His success only increased his ardour; and the labours of those early and boyish years were repaid, as in the case of Pascal and Clairault, by attainments which would have been remarkable in a scholar of the most advanced age, and the most laborious application. He soon accomplished himself in the various branches of the science and philosophy of the times; and, by the force of natural talents, assisted, as they must have been, by intense application, acquired the use of ten different languages. At this period, and, indeed, till a much later date, it was the custom for our Scottish gentlemen to finish their education by foreign travel, to acquire, in the army, and in an intercourse with foreign camps and courts, that military and political knowledge, which might afterwards render them serviceable in the wars and the councils of their country. Crichton was accordingly sent by his father to the continent, at a very early age, probably in his sixteenth or seventeenth year. The purpose of his going abroad was, not only to improve himself by the sight of different countries, and to display, as was the custom in these times, the extent of his erudition in the public disputations which were then extremely common in the universities of the continent, but also to finish his education in the schools of France and Italy.

The young Crichton had not, as we have already seen, been ungrateful to nature for those early talents with which he was intrusted. He had laboured to increase,

by every effort of his own, his acquisitions in knowledge and science; and nature had, in return, been prodigal to him of those gifts, which no individual exertion can command. She had given him a form, which, while it was active and powerful, was remarkable for its admirable symmetry and proportion; and a countenance which, from the account of all who had seen him, was a model of manly and intelligent beauty. To these endowments was united a most remarkable quickness and aptitude in the acquirement of all the elegant accomplishments which were fitted to exhibit his person to the greatest advantage, and in which the young Scottish nobility of the day were educated. The same ardent desire of excellence, and enthusiastic perseverance of cultivation, which had led him on to eminence in his severer studies, contributed to render him equally superior to his youthful compeers in all the martial exercises of that chivalrous age. The science of the sword was, at this time, most sedulously cultivated, both in our own country and on the continent. It was the weapon to which all appeals of honour were made; and its professors (for to this high appellation its teachers aspired) affected to elucidate its different branches, and demonstrate its various rules and evolutions, by the application of geometrical principles. Crichton became one of the most expert and fearless swordsmen of his time. He rode with consummate grace and boldness; and in the gentler accomplishment of dancing, upon excellence in which, even in our own days, (if we may believe a noble author), so many grave and serious consequences depend, he is recorded to have been a very admirable proficient. To these various attractions there was added still another, which, in the pleasure it was calculated to bestow, was not inferior to any that has been mentioned—a strong genius for music. He had, from nature, a sweet and finely modulated voice; and had attained to great excellence in performing upon a variety of musical instruments. They who are enthusiastic in this delightful science, and who have felt the deep and inexplicable influence which it possesses over our nature, will not be at a loss to estimate the power which his skill in music must have given to the young and handsome Crichton, in attracting esteem and commanding admiration.

Thus fairly and excellently endowed, Crichton set out upon his travels, and directed his course first to Paris, eminent, at that period, not only for the distinguished learning of its public professors and scholars, but for the splendour and gaiety of its court. It was the custom in those days, both in France and in other continental countries, to hold public disputations, in which the learned men of the age contended with each other on the most abstruse questions of the science and philosophy of the times. To Crichton, no fairer opportunity could be presented than what these public disputations offered, for obtaining distinction. He had already accomplished himself in the studies which furnished the topics of discussion. He had acquired the use of many both of the dead and living languages; and he possessed the manners and figure, not of a pedant who had immured himself in the cloisters of his college, but of a finished gentleman, who had made books not so much his task as his recreation. Soon after his arrival in Paris, he, accordingly, in obedience to the custom of the times, affixed placards, or challenges to literary and philosophic warfare, on the most conspicuous parts of the city, engaging that, at the expiration of six weeks from the date of the notice, he should present himself at the College of Navarre, to answer upon whatever subject should be there proposed to him, "in any science, liberal art, discipline, or faculty, whether practical or theoretic; and this in any one of twelve specified languages. A challenge of this nature, from so young a person, to dispute with the most profound and learned scholars in France, could not fail to excite astonishment; and it was pretty generally expected, that the stranger would decline the contest, under the pretence that his challenge was nothing more than a pasquinade against the University. The disputation, however, took place. Crichton, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, presented himself in this eminent seminary, encountered in argument the gravest philosophers and divines, who had assembled on the occasion, acquitted himself to the astonishment of all who heard him, and received the public praises and congratulations of the president and four of the most eminent professors in the University.

But what seemed particularly to increase his triumph, and to embitter the defeat of those who attempted to cope with him, was the light and easy negligence, and the utter contempt of preparation, which he evinced before the contest. The court of Henry the Third of France was, at this time, one of the most gay and gallant in Europe. In the midst of national distresses, which might have sobered any reflecting monarch, and civil commotions which embroiled the country, the whole mind of the sovereign seemed to be occupied in the invention of the most expensive shows, and the arrangement of the most magnificent public festivals. Tourneys, where the knights jostled against each other,—courses at the ring,—tilting against the Saracen, and many other gallant amusements, accompanied with all the pomp and circumstance of chivalry, were at this time the favourite occupations of the king; and it is easy to imagine how acceptable such public shows must have been, to the genius and disposition of Crichton. In the feats of arms which there led to distinction, he was calculated, both by the natural beauty of his figure, and the uncommon skill which he had acquired, to outstrip most of his competitors; we need not therefore wonder,

if, instead of betaking himself to his study, he shone pre-eminent in all the gay amusements and elegant accomplishments of the age. He was to be found in the ball-room, in the hunting-field, in the riding-house; and, the day after that in which he had astonished the most learned and able professors, by a display of such universal talent and erudition, he appeared, with all the fire and freshness of youth, at a tilting match in the Louvre; and here, with consummate skill and address, in presence of many of the ladies and princes of the court of France, he carried off the ring from every competitor, and remained victor in that martial accomplishment which was then so ardently cultivated in this country of chivalry.

He became now anxious to accomplish himself as a soldier; and for this purpose, although his design of travelling to Italy rendered any long continuance in it impossible, he entered into the French service, where he became, after serving for two years in the civil wars, which at that time depopulated France, an experienced officer, and rose to an honourable command in the French army.

After two years residence in France, Crichton determined to continue his travels into Italy, at this time the centre from which all that was most remarkable in philosophy, in literature, and in the fine arts, had emanated throughout Europe. He first travelled to Rome; where, emboldened by his success in France, and in obedience to the manners of this age of literary rivalry, he took an early opportunity of publishing a similar challenge, to that which he circulated in Paris: and, on a day appointed, in presence of the Pope and many of the different cardinals, with a numerous audience, amongst which were many of the most learned men of the times, he presented himself to vindicate the pledge which he had given; and, as we are told by his biographer, again astonished and delighted the spectators, by the display of the most universal talents.

After a short residence at Rome, he next repaired to Venice, where he made the acquaintance of Aldus, the famous printer. At Venice he astonished every body as he had done elsewhere. The following is an account of him by an anonymous native author:—

"The Scotchman," says this unknown writer, "whose name is James Crichton, is a young man of twenty years of age upon the 19th of August last. He is distinguished by a birth-mark, or mole, beneath his right eye. He is master of ten languages. These are, Latin and Italian, in which he is excellently skilled; Greek, in which he has composed epigrams; Hebrew, Chaldaic, Spanish, French, Flemish, English and Scotch; and he is also acquainted with the German. He is deeply skilled in philosophy, in theology, and in astrology; in which science he holds all the calculations of the present day to be erroneous. On philosophical and theological questions, he has frequently disputed with very able men, to the astonishment of all who have heard him. He possesses a most thorough knowledge of the Cabala. His memory is so astonishing, that he knows not what it is to forget; and, whenever he has once heard an oration he is ready to recite it again, word for word, as it was delivered. He possesses the talent of composing Latin verses, upon any subject which is proposed to him, and in every different kind of metre. Such is his memory, that even though these verses have been extempore, he will repeat them backwards, beginning from the last word in the verse. His orations are unprepared and beautiful. He is also able to discourse upon political questions with much solidity. In his person he is extremely beautiful. His address is that of a finished gentleman, even to a wonder; and his manner, in conversation, the most gracious which can be imagined. He is, in addition to this, a soldier at all points, (*soldato a tutta botta*), and has, for two years, sustained an honourable command in the wars of France. He has attained to great excellence in the accomplishments of leaping and dancing, and to a remarkable skill in the use of every sort of arms; of which he has already given proofs. He is a remarkable horseman, and breaker of horses, and an admirable joustier, (*giustatore singolare*). His extraction is noble; indeed, by the mother's side, regal; for he is allied to the royal family of the Stuarts. Upon the great question of the procession of the Holy Spirit, he has held disputations with the Greeks, which were received with the highest applause; and, in these conferences, has exhibited an incalculable mass of authorities, both from the Greek and Latin Fathers, and also from the decisions of the different councils. The same exuberance is shewn, when he discourses upon subjects of philosophy or theology; in which he has all Aristotle and the commentators at his finger ends (*alle mani*). St. Thomas and Duns Scotus, with their different disciples, the Thomists and Scotists, he has all by heart, and is ready to dispute on either side; which talent he has already exhibited with the most distinguished success: and, indeed, such is his facility upon these subjects, that he has never disputed, unless upon matters which were proposed to him by others. The Doge and his consort were pleased to hear him; and, upon doing so, testified the utmost amazement. He also received a present from the hands of his Serene Highness. Upon the whole, he is a wonder of wonders; in so much so, that the possession of such various and astonishing talents, united in a body so gracefully formed, and of so sanguine and amiable a temperament, has given rise to many strange and chimerical conjectures. He has, at present, retired from town to a villa, to extend two thousand conclusions, embracing questions in all the different faculties, which he means, within the space of two months, to sustain and defend in Venice, in the church of St. John and St.

Paul;—not being able to give his attention both to his own studies and to the wishes of those persons who would eagerly devote the whole day to hear him."

At Padua, Crichton flew in the face of the University, and dismayed it. From Padua, he proceeded to Mantua. "There happened, at this time, to be at the court of Mantua, a certain Italian gentleman," saith the quaint Urquhart, 'of a mighty, able, strong, nimble, and vigorous body; but, by nature, fierce, cruel, warlike, and audacious, and superlatively expert and dexterous in the use of his weapon.' Elated by his uncommon skill, and rendered haughty by continual victory, this gentleman had chosen for himself a very singular profession—that of a travelling gladiator, or bravo. His custom was, on his arrival in any city, to challenge all who chose to try their skill with him in single combat; he himself laying down a certain sum of money, and his opponent the same, with the proviso, that the united purses should be the meed of the conqueror. On his arrival at Mantua, three gentleman had speedily accepted his challenge; and such was the uncommon skill of their opponent, that all had paid the penalty of their rashness with their lives. Their deaths were the subject of universal regret at the court of Mantua; and this feeling became the more poignant, on account of the ungenerous exultation of the Italian; in whom, contrary to what we generally find in brave men, there appear to have been united the three extremes of courage, cruelty, and insolence.

Crichton, disregarding the danger he underwent, unappalled by the fate of his precursors in the enterprise, and perhaps confident, from having witnessed their attempts, of his own superior skill, determined to exchange the peaceful encounters in which he had astonished the Italians, for a combat of a more desperate kind. He, accordingly, sent a challenge to this formidable antagonist, and encountered him, before the assembled court of Mantua. It is easy to imagine, when we take into consideration the extraordinary popularity of this young foreigner, his amiable manners, and various and uncommon endowments, the very high interest which such a single combat must have excited. It was the struggle of the brutal courage of a professional duellist, against the high-spirited and chivalrous bravery of an accomplished gentleman; and the result was equally glorious to him here, as upon all other occasions. After a contest, in which he, at first, acted on the defensive, and evinced the most consummate skill in foiling the attacks, and at length completely exhausting the strength of his antagonist, he dexterously seized the advantage, became the assailant, and obtained an easy victory; putting the Italian to death, by thrice passing his sword through his body.

In consequence of this achievement, and the high reputation he had required in Italy, the Duke of Mantua engaged him as the companion and preceptor to his son, Vincenzo di Gonzaga, a young man who had evinced a strong passion for literature, but was otherwise of a passionate temper and dissolute manners.

Dramatic entertainments were the rage at the court of Mantua, and Crichton was not behind hand here. For the entertainment of his pupil, the prince, and the whole court, Crichton composed a sort of satirical monologue, in which he himself performed fourteen different characters.

But let us listen for a moment to the inimitable language with which this story is clothed by Sir Thomas Urquhart.—'O, with how great liveliness did he represent the condition of all manner of men! how naturally did he set before the eyes of the beholders the rogueries of all professions, from the over-weening monarch to the peevish swain, through all the intermediate degrees of the superficial courtier, or proud warrior, dissembled churchman, dotting old man, cozening lawyer, lying traveller, covetous merchant, rude seaman, pedantic scholar, amorous shepherd, envious artisan, vain-glorious master, and tricky servant! He did with such variety display the several humours of all these sorts of people, and with so bewitching energy, that he seemed to be the original, they the counterfeit; and they the resemblance whereof he was the prototype. He had all the jeers, squibs, bulls, quips, taunts, whims, jest, clenches, gybes, mokes, jerks, with all the several kinds of equivocations, and other sophistical captions, that could properly be adapted to the person by whose representation he had intended to inveigle the company into mirth; and would keep, in that miscellany discourse of his, which was all for the spleen, and nothing for the gall, such a climacterical and mercurially digested method, that, when the fancy of the hearers was tickled with any rare conceit, and that the jovial blood was moved, he held it going with another new device upon the back of the first, and another, yet another, and another again, succeeding one another, for the removal of what is a stirring into a higher agitation, till, in the closure of the luxuriant period, the decumantal wave of the oddest whimsy of all, enforced the charmed spirits of the auditory (for affording room to his apprehension) suddenly to burst forth into a laughter; which commonly lasted so long, as he had leisure to withdraw behind the screen, shift off, with the help of a page, the suite he had on, apparel himself with another, and return to the stage to act afresh; for, by that time, their transported, disappalled, and sublimated fancies, by the wonderfully operating engines of his soacious inventions, had, from the height to which the inward screws, wheels, and pulleys of his wit had elevated them, descended, by degrees, into their wonted stations, he was ready for the personating of another carriage, whereof, to the number of fourteen several kinds, (during the five hours' space, at

the duke's desire, the solicitation of the court, and his own recreation, he was pleased to histrionize it,) he shewed himself so natural a representative, that any would have thought he had been so many several actors, different in all things else, save only the stature of the body. *—First, he did present himself with a crown on his head, a sceptre in his hand, being clothed with a purple robe, furred with ermine; after that with a mitre on his head, a crosier in his hand, and accoutred with a pair of lawn sleeves; and thereafter, with a helmet on his head, the visor up, a commanding stick in his hand, and arrayed in a buff suit, with a scarf about his middle. Then, in a rich apparel, after the newest fashion, he did shew himself like another Sejanus, with a periwig daubed with Cypress powder; in sequel of that, he came out with a three cornered cap on his head, some parchments in his hand, and writings hanging at his girdle, like chancery bills; and next to that, with a furred gown about him, an ingot of gold in his hand, and a bag full of money at his side; after all this, he appears again clad in a country jacket, with a prong in his hand, and a Monmouth-like cap on his head; then, very shortly after, with a palmer's coat on him, a bourdon in his hand, and some few cockle shells stuck to his hat, he looked as if he had come in pilgrimage from St. Michael; immediately after that, he domineers it in a bare unlined gowne, with a paire of whips in the one hand, and Corderius in the other; and in suite thereof he honderspended it with a pair of panner-like breeches, a montera cap on his head, and a knife in a wooden sheath, dagger-ways, by his side; about the latter end he comes forth again, with a square in one hand, a rule in the other, and a leathern apron before him; then, very quickly after, with a scrip by his side, a sheep-hook in his hand, and a basket full of flowers to make nosegays for his mistress: and now, drawing to a closure, he rants it, first, in *cuerpo*, and vapouring it with jingling spurs, and his arms a-kenbol, like a Don Diego, he struts it, and, by the loftiness of his gait, plays the Capitan Spavento; then, in the very twinkling of an eye, you would have seen him again issue forth with a cloak upon his arm, in a livery garment, thereby representing the serving man: and lastly, at one time, amongst those other, he came out with a long grey beard and pucked ruff, crouching on a staff tipt with the head of a barber's cithern, and his gloves hanging by a button at his girdle."

Crichton's brilliant career was, however, brought to an untimely, and most premature conclusion. "When walking one night through the streets of Mantua, returning from a visit which he had paid to his mistress, and playing, as he went along, upon his guitar, he found himself suddenly attacked by a riotous company of persons in masks, whom, with that skill and activity for which he was so remarkable, he soon foiled and put to flight. Before this, however, he had disarmed and seized the leader of the party, and upon unmasking him, discovered that it was the Prince of Mantua, to whose court he belonged. Crichton, although he had been attacked in the meanest manner, and had only disarmed his master, in defending himself, was yet affected by the deepest concern, upon this discovery. He instantly dropped upon one knee; and taking his sword by the point, with romantic devotion, presented it to the prince, his master. Vincenzo naturally of a revengeful and treacherous temper, was at this moment inflamed with wine, irritated by defeat, and perhaps by jealousy. * Certain it is, that it will require the presence of one or all, of these dark and conflicting passions, to account for the act which followed. He received Crichton's sword, and instantly, with equal meanness and brutality, employed it in piercing his defenceless, and injured benefactor, through the heart.

Thus died the Admirable Crichton, in the twenty-second year of his age; preserving, in this last fatal encounter, that superiority to all other men which rendered his life so remarkable; and then, only, conquered, when his romantic ideas of honour had made him renounce the powers and the courage which, upon every other occasion, had so pre-eminently distinguished him.

The absolute amount of Crichton's abilities has been latterly much disputed. Attempts have been made to show that he was a mere impostor in literature. There appears no reason however to doubt his being a man of extraordinary cleverness and accomplishment. He was the intimate and esteemed friend of some of the first eminent men of his day; his pupil, Vincenzo of Gonzaga, was the patron of Tasso. Scaliger bears testimony to his amazing talent, while his censure testifies to his impartiality. "I have heard," says the author, "when I was in Italy, of one Crichton, a Scotchman, who had only reached the age of twenty-one, when he was killed by the command of the Duke of Mantua, who knew twelve different languages,—had studied the fathers and the poets,—disputed *de omni scibili*, and replied to his antagonists in verse. He was a man of

very wonderful genius; more worthy of admiration than of esteem. He had something of the corcomb about him, and only wanted a little common sense. It is remarkable that princes are apt to take an affection for geniuses of this stamp, but very rarely for truly learned men."

Crichton did nothing for philosophy. He invented nothing. He was not a teacher; he was only a specimen of what a man may be taught. He appears to have possessed great beauty, great personal adroitness, a quick power of perception joined to a most prodigious memory; and added to these, the ready address that naturally resulted from a confidence in his own resources. This last faculty alone would have ensured a triumphant career in debate, even though his reason were not of a profound order. His memory, however, appears to have been the most remarkable thing about him. He could recollect a discourse word for word after once hearing it. Sir Walter Scott (a real genius) partook of this faculty. Magliabecchi, the Florentine librarian, could recollect whole volumes, all in fact that he read.—He once supplied an author from memory with a copy of his own work, of which the original M.S. had been lost. Magliabecchi however does not appear to have been other than a dull man. Could we imagine him adroit in mind, and adroit too in person, we immediately have a second Crichton; and it is not great stretch of imagination. The philosophy of the schools in Crichton's time was very cut and dry; reduced to heads and sections, and the motions in argument as much reduced to rule, as a game of chess by Sarratt or Philidor. Crichton then had a mind to learn, address and person to execute; a coincidence of faculties neither difficult to imagine, nor improbable to exist. He was perhaps, without vastness, profoundness, or even originality of intellect, the cleverest man that has appeared. It must be remembered too, that from the prematurity of his death, his was rather a life of promise than performance; and, in spite of the proverb, promises are not always made to be broken.

A MASONIC EXHORTATION.

Oh, un-in-one-breath-utterable skill!

BEN JONSON.

If your soul be not too drony,
Go and hear the great Masoni!
Scarce Napoleon (nicknam'd Boney)
Was more wondrous than Masoni:
'Pollo's pet, Euterpe's cronym,
Is the exquisite Masoni.
All the sweets that live in honey
Are concentred in Masoni,
And more swift than fleetest pouey
Run the triplets of Masoni.
Utterly himself unknown he
Should be, who not knows Masoni!
E'en from Greece Colocotroni
Ought to come, to hear Masoni.
That heart must be *ultra-stony*
That is touch'd not by Masoni,
Fiddler rich and rare, and *toney*
Soul-enrapturing Masoni!
Money without ceremony
Should be shower'd on Masoni.
Oh, ye marvel-seekers, *on'y*
Go and hear the great Masoni!

G. D.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

"TRISTE BUT TRUE."

(For the London Journal.)

In a certain northern city, which shall be nameless—indeed all herein narrated shall be as nameless as the narrator—the people grew their own mirth, their own wine, or a substitute for it, and their own wit, and they managed matters with so much philosophic equality, that those who had the least wit of their own were made the most efficient in bringing out the wit of others, just as women after the turn of life are the handiest for dry-nursing babies. The wit went round in a circle: at one time it was quip and lampoon, at another, hoax, and at a third practical jokes; and the last was the state of the wheel when I knew it.

Well, in this city there was a man of much importance in his own eyes; as what city ever failed in being blessed with such characters. And they are excellent and useful ones they absorb all the adulations which might turn the heads of wiser people. I have always admired that wise provision of nature, by which weak men drink in the overflowings of flattery, such as cess-pools drink in the overflowings of the streets. And it is a rare provision; for the most excessive adulation can do no harm in an empty skull, any more than the most arrant thief can steal in an empty house. The personage alluded to was rich, because his father had been so; and he held an important office—*ditto*. If there were not enough to "make a man of him," alas for many of the "full moons," which are blazoned in history. [Heralds call *full moons* by another name; but I am unskilled in heraldic lore, and so every one may

use what name suits best with his own views of the matter.] This man of office dined in style that would have won him fame at any civic board in the world—that of Quanty Chanty Qua, or what else they call him, the Lord Mayor of Madagascar excepted; for putrid fish would have heightened his stomach into his skull and he would never have got it out again. By the way he would not have been the first with the stomach there; and therefore when Pliny describes the men with "heads below their stomachs," he slyly satirizes many a Roman gourmand.

But to our man of office. He could play cribbage, and I think whist; draughts, but I am certain not chess; and he could laugh at the speech of any man, greater (in wealth and office) than himself, whether there happened to be any wit in it or not.

One thus gifted, in other respects, was of course proportionally gifted in the article of ears; and thus he could not but hear who were the wage of the day, and could not choose but be of their company, when opportunity served.

In the month of —, the snow fell deep, and lay long, the mails were stopped, and the whole city thrown upon its own resources; and one evening our official gentleman met two of the prime artificers of fun. Night was closing in, and the frost was such as to turn the breath to ice within a quarter of an inch of the lips. In such cases and such countries, there is but one resource—to heat the breath till it can thaw for itself a passage through the ice-hardened atmosphere. Some one says that "there is no getting radical *hent* but through the medium of radical *moisture*," and so the trio adjourned to the tavern, whose portal was invitingly new. In they went, seated themselves in the best parlour, with the little horse shoe table between them and the fire; below which, their toes could have defied the frost of Boothia, or Melville Island. The man of office was placed in the middle, like a royal scutcheon between two "supporters"—*id est*, rampant beasts of fury. The bottle—I rather think it was a jug, but *n'importe*—"passed and returned;" and the "middle man" bumpered with right and with left, the adulation of his supporters falling sweet the while upon him. He was Adonis; he was Solon, he was—but I was to mention no modern name. In the last of these characters, he played the orator, till the manual plaudits made glasses and jug dance again, as if they had been inspired by the all-overpowering bounds. When he could play the orator no longer, he was woke to glory in the histrionic art: now comedy, and then tragedy, till he fell in the field of Bosworth in a style, which Kean could not have out-done—for it was nature itself.

There he lay quiescent as Cæsar a year after the stab of Brutus; and then began the "practical joke." The dining tables were ranged in the middle of the apartment; and covered with the purest linen. The hero was stretched on them, with crape cap and ruff, and covered with the same. Candles in pairs were placed at the head, the shoulders, the knees, and the feet, and a silver salver bearing a silver salt-cellar was set on the breast. The room was festooned with extempore drapery; the candles were lighted in the sconces; the casements were thrown wide open; and the fire was extinguished. One part of the arrangement I had almost forgotten to mention; a pile of rummers and wine-glasses was placed on the upper cloth nearly in contact with the hero's elbow, and the carpet was removed from the floor.

Having made these arrangements, the other parties adjourned into another apartment, where they could readily hear any sound uttered in that which they had left. As their share of the carouse had not been half a glass to the official man's bumper, and as they had used no superfluous viands that could ferment their potation, they were in a condition for resuming it after supper while they waited the result; but they occasionally peeped through the clink of the door which was left ajar, and fortified sitting-head-high by a screen.

The bell tolled twelve, and there was no sound save that of one who monopolizes to himself all the sleep within hearing. The night-cold had indeed entered to see what was the matter, and the candles were turned to *ignis fatui* by halves of speculi of ice; but the internal *caloric* of the man of office, *latent* as it was, would have defied the summit of Caucasus or Chimborazo, and he snoozed away like a trombone.

The bell tolled one, and still no pause to the usual melody. But when the lazy hour index was creeping towards two, there was a yawn, and crack went the glasses. Steadily both crept to the chink, to catch the soliloquy which, in the original tongue, ran thus:—"I'm dead—that's a clear case—I'm sure I'm dead. They ne'er wad set out the lions this gate far a leevin' man. Weel, weel, gin I'm dead, I'm dead; an' a' body maun dee sometime. But sin' I'm dead, I'm thankfu' that it's nae war'; for, though I'm certain I'm dead, I'm as certain I'm nae damned:—*this canna be hell—its sue aufu' caul*."

In an instant the masters hurried him out of the apartment, refreshed him with a glass of warm brandy and water, saw him home in a sedan chair, and to bed; and as his brandy and water had been "docktered" a little, he slept so long and so soundly that he forgot all the death scene after the death of Richard, and "de-clareth unto this day," that that was the "white-letter" evening of his whole life

N.

* I have said that the prince was inflamed by jealousy, because other historians have represented the whole of this transaction as the result of a midnight brawl, in which Crichton, who was then in company with a lady to whom he had secretly paid his addresses, and who was also admired by the prince, was attacked by the latter and his attendants, in a fit of jealousy, and killed upon the spot. I have given the best authenticated and most probable account of this mysterious event. It seems, however, still uncertain whether Crichton owed his death to an accidental encounter, or to a purpose of premeditated assassination. But all his biographers agree, that whatever may have been the particular circumstances accompanying this calamitous event, he fell by the hand of his own master, Vincenzo, Prince of Mantua. His death, as was to be expected from the impression made by his uncommon talents, occasioned great and universal lamentation.—Lord Woodhouselee.

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No. 8.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

CRICKET, AND EXERCISE IN GENERAL.

THE fine, hard, flat, verdant floors are now preparing in the cricket-grounds for this manly and graceful game, and the village-greens (where they can) are no less getting ready, though not quite so perfect. No matter for that. A true cricketer is not the man to be put out by a trifle. He serves an apprenticeship to patience after her handsomest fashion. Henry the Fourth wished a time might arrive in France, when every man should have a pallet in his kettle. We should like to see a time when every man played at cricket, and had a sound sleep after it, and health, work, and leisure. It would be a pretty world, if we all had something to do, just to make leisure the pleasanter, and green merry England were sprinkled all over, "of afternoons," with gallant fellows in white sleeves, who threshed the earth and air of their cricket-grounds into a crop of health and spirits; after which they should read, laugh, love, and be honourable and happy beings, bringing God's work to its perfection, and suiting the divine creation they live in.

But to speak in this manner is to mix serious things with mirthful? Well; and what true joy does not? Joy, if you did but know him thoroughly,—is a very serious fellow,—on occasion; and knows that happiness is a very solid thing, and is zealous for nature's honour and glory. The power to be grave is the proper foundation for levity itself to rejoice on. You must have floor, for your dancing,—good solid earth on which to bother your cricket-balls.

The Spring is monstrously said to be a sickly time of the year! Yes, for the sickly; or rather (not to speak irreverently of sickness which cannot be helped) for those who have suffered themselves to become so for want of stirring their bloods, and preparing for the general movement in Nature's merry veins. People stop in doors, and render themselves liable to all "the skiey influences," and then out of the same thoughtless effeminacy of self-indulgence, they expose themselves to the catching of colds and fevers, and the beautiful Spring is blamed, and "fine Mays make fat church-yards." The gypsies, we will be bound, have no such proverbs. The cricketer has none such. He is a sensible, hearty fellow, too wise not to take proper precautions, but above all, too wise not to take the best of all precautions; which is, to take care of his health, and be stirring. Nature is stirring, and so is he. Nature is healthy, and so is he. Nature, in a hundred thousand parts to a fraction, is made up of air, and fields, and country, and out-of-doors, and a strong teeming earth, and a good-natured sky; and so is the strong heart of the cricketer.

Do we then blame any of the sick, even those who are "blameable?" Not we; we blame nobody; what is the use of it? Besides, we don't like to be blamed ourselves, especially when we are in the wrong. We like to be coaxed and called sensible, and to have people wonder good-naturedly (not spitefully) how people so very shrewd can do any thing erroneous; and then we love them, and wish to be led right by people so very intelligent, and know no bounds to our wish to please them. So the measure which we like ourselves, we would fain deal out to others. You may do it without any insincerity, if the patient have but one good or sensible quality, or one sweet drop in his heart, from which comfort is to be squeezed into the cup of advice. And who has not got this? But it may be said, it is not to be found. No! Then the eyesight is very bad, or the patient is not to be mended,—a case luckily as rare as it is melancholy, and to be looked upon as a madness. The best step to be taken in that instance is, to give him as little advice, and see that he does as little harm

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as possible. For all reasonable care is to be taken of the comfort even of those who give none. They are a part of the human race.

As to our sickly friends before mentioned, all we shall say to them is, what was said by an abrupt but benevolent friend of ours, to the startled ears of a fine lady—"Get out."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the lady.

The reader knows the perfection of meaning implied by that imperfect sentence, "Well, I never!" However the lady was not only a fine lady, but a shrewd woman; so she "got out," and was a goer out afterwards, and lived happily enough to benefit others by her example.

Many people take no exercise at all, because they cannot take, or think they cannot take, a great deal. At least this is the reason they give their consciences. It is not always a sincere one. "They had better say to themselves at once 'I am too idle,' or 'I am too accustomed to sit still, to make exercise pleasant.'" Where the fault is aware of itself, there is better hope of its mending. But the least bit of exercise is better than none. A walk, five minutes before dinner in a garden, or down a street, is better than no walk at all. It is some break, however small a one, into the mere habit of sitting still and growing stagnant of blood, or corpulent of body. A little tiny bit of the sense of doing one's duty is kept up by it. A glimpse of a reverence is retained for sprightliness of mind and shapeliness of person; and thus the case is not rendered hopeless, should circumstances arise that tempt the patient into a more active system. A fair kinswoman of ours, once reckoned among the fairest of her native city,—a very intelligent woman as far as books went, and latterly a very sharp observer into the faults of other people, by dint of a certain exasperation of her own, literally fell a sacrifice to sitting in doors, and never quitting her favourite pastime of reading. The pastime was at once her bane and her antidote. It would have been nothing but a blessing, had she varied it. But her misfortune was, that her self-will was still greater than her sense, and that being able to fill up her moments as pleasantly as she wished during health, she had persuaded herself that she could go on filling them up as pleasantly by the same process, when she grew older; and this "wouldn't do." For our bodies are changing, while our minds are thinking nothing of the matter; and people in vain attribute the new pains and weaknesses which come upon them, to this and that petty cause,—a cold, or a heat, or an apple; thinking they shall "be better to-morrow" and as healthy as they were before. Time will not alter with the real state of the case, for all our self-will and our over-weening confidence. The person we speak of, literally rusted in her chair; lost the use of her limbs, and died paralytic and ghastly to look upon, of premature old age. The physicians said it was a clear case. On the other hand, we heard some years ago, of a gentleman of seventy, a medical man, (now most probably alive and merry—we hope he will read this,) who, meeting a kinsman of ours in the street, and being congratulated on the singular youthfulness of his aspect, said that he was never better or more active in his life; that it was all owing to his having walked sixteen miles a day, on an average, for the greater part of it; and that at the age of seventy, he felt all the lightness and cheerfulness of seventeen! This is an extreme case, owing to peculiar circumstances; but it shews of what our nature is capable, where favourable circumstances are not contradicted. This gentleman had cultivated a cheerful benevolence of mind, as well as activity of body, and the two together were irresistible, even to old Time. The death of such a man must be like going to sleep after a good journey.

The instinct which sets people in exercise is one of

the most natural of all instincts, and where it is totally stopped, must have been hurt by some very injudicious circumstances in the bringing up, either of pampered will or prevented activity. The restlessness felt by nervous people is Nature's kindly intimation that they should bestir themselves. Motion, as far as hitherto has been known, is the first law of the universe. The air, the rivers, the world move; the very "fixed stars," as we call them, are moving towards some unknown point; the substance, apparently the most unmoving, the table in your room, or the wall of the opposite house, is gaining or losing particles: if you had eyes fine enough, you would see its surface stirring: some philosophers even hold that every substance is made up of vital atoms. As to oneself, one must either move away from death and disease, and so keep pleasantly putting them off, or they will move us with a vengeance, aye, in the midst of our most sedentary forgetfulness, or while we flatter ourselves we are as still and as sound as marble. Time is all the while drawing lines in our faces, clogging our limbs, putting ditch-water into our blood;—preparing us to mingle with the grave and the rolling earth, since we will not obey the great law, and move of our own accord.

Come, dear readers, now is the season for such of you as are virtuous in this matter, to pride and rejoice yourselves; and for such of you as have omitted the virtue in your list, to put it there. It will grace and gladden all the rest. A cricketer is a sort of glorifier of exercise, and we respect him accordingly: but it is not in everyone's power to be a cricketer; and respect attends a man in proportion as he does what he is able. Come then be as respectable in this matter as far you can;—have a whole mile's respectability, if possible,—or two miles, or four: let our homage wait upon you into the fields, thinking of all the good you are doing to yourselves, to your kindred, to your offspring, born or not born, and to all friends who love you, and would be grieved to lose you. Healthy and graceful example makes healthy and graceful children, makes cheerful tempers, makes grateful and loving friends. We know but of one inconvenience in virtue of any sort; and that is, that it sometimes makes one love it too much, and long to know it, and show our gratitude. A poet has said, that he never could travel through different places and think how many agreeable people they probably contained, without feeling a sort of impatience at not being able to make their acquaintance. But he was a rich poet, and his benevolence was a little pampered and self-willed. It is enough for us that we sometimes resent our inability to know those whom we behold,—who charm us visibly, or of whose existence, somehow or other, we are made pleasantly certain, without going so far as to raise up exquisite causes of distress after his fashion. Now, as we never behold the cricketer, or the horseman, or the field-stroller (provided we can suppose him bound on his task with a liking of it) without a feeling of something like respect and gratitude (for the twofold pleasurable idea he gives us of nature and himself) so we cannot look upon all those fair creatures, blooming or otherwise, who walk abroad with their friends or children, whether in village or town, fine square or common street, without feeling something like a bit of love, and wishing that the world were in such condition as to let people evince what they feel, and be more like good, honest folks, and chatty companions. If we sometimes admire maid-servants instead of their mistresses, it is not our fault, but that of the latter, who will not come abroad. Besides, a real good-humoured maid-servant, with a pretty face, playing over the sward of a green square with her mistress's children, is a very respectable, as well as pleasant object. May no inferior of the other sex, under pretence of being a gentl-man, deceive her, and render her less so.

FOURTH WEEK IN MAY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CRICKET.

WHEN we began our preceding article, we intended only to make a few introductory remarks on the following extract from Messrs. Clarke and Nyren's pleasant little reliabing book, *The Young Cricketer's Tutor*,* whose bats and balls are now coming into season. But we found ourselves running to such lengths, that we were obliged to make a separate paper of it. "Reliabing," this book may be truly called; for Mr. Nyren remembers, and Mr. Clarke records, every thing with a right taste; masculine as the game, and pleasant as the punch after it. Cricketers may venture upon punch: they have a stomach for it. To most men it is little better than a punch in the stomach. It is a pity the reader cannot have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Nyren, as we have had. His appearance and general manner are as eloquent a testimony to the merits of his game, as any that he or his friend has put upon paper. He is still a sort of youth at seventy, hale and vigorous, and with a merry twinkle of his eye, in spite of an accident some years ago—a fall—that would have shattered most men of his age to pieces. A long innings to him in life still, and to all friends round the wicket.

The game of cricket, (says our author) is thoroughly British. Its derivation is probably from the Saxon "cryce, a stick." Strutt, however, in his "Sports and Pastimes," states that he can find no record of the game under its present appellation, "beyond the commencement of the last century, where it occurs in one of the songs published by D'Urfey." The first four lines "Of a noble race was Shenkin," run thus:—

"Her was the prettiest fellow
At foot-ball, or at cricket,
At hunting chase, or nimble race,
How feastly her could prick it."

The same historian of our games doubts not that wicket derived its origin from the ancient game of club-ball, the patronymics of which being compounded of Welch and Danish (clwppa and bol), do not warrant his conclusion, the Saxon being an elder occupant of our island. From the circumstance, however, of there being no illustration extant—no missal illuminated with a group engaged in this king of athletic games, as is the case with its plebeian brother, the club-ball; also from its constitution, being of a mere civil and complicated character—we may rationally infer that it is the offspring of a more polite, at all events, of a maturer age than its fellow. The game of club-ball appears to have been no other than the present well known bat-and-ball, which, with similar laws and customs prescribed in the playing at it, was doubtless anterior to trap-ball. The trap, indeed, carries with it an air of refinement in the "march of mechanism."

They who are acquainted with some of the remote and unfrequented villages of England, where the primitive manners, customs, and games of our ancestors survive in the perfection of rude and unadulterated simplicity, must have remarked the lads playing at a game which is the same in its outline and principal features as the consummate piece of perfection that at this day is the glory of Lord's—and the pride of English athletes. I mean the one in which a single stick is appointed for a wicket, ditto for a bat, and the same repeated, of about three inches in length, for a ball. If this be not the original of the game of cricket, it is a plebeian imitation of it.

I never saw a finer specimen of the thorough-bred old English yeoman than Richard Nyren. He was a good face-to-face, unflinching, uncompromising, independent man. He placed a full and just value upon the station he held in society, and he maintained it without insolence or assumption. He could differ with a superior, without touching upon his dignity, or losing his own. I have known him maintain an opinion with great firmness against the Duke of Dorset and Horace Mann; and when, in consequence, of his being proved to be in the right, the latter has afterwards crossed the ground and shaken him heartily by the hand.

SMALL was a good fiddler, and taught himself the double bass. The Duke of Dorset having been informed of his musical talent, sent him as a present a handsome violin, and paid the carriage. Small, like a true and simple-hearted Englishman, returned the compliment, by sending his Grace two bats and balls, also paying the carriage. We may be sure that on both hands the presents were choice of their kind. Upon one occasion he turned his Orphean accomplishment to good account. Having to cross two or three fields on his way to a musical party, a vicious bull made at him, when our hero, with the characteristic coolness and presence of mind of a good cricketer, began playing upon his bass, to the admiration and perfect satisfaction of the mischievous beast.

What a handful of steel-hearted soldiers are in an unimportant pass, such was TOM SUETER in keeping the

wicket. Nothing went by him; and for coolness, and nerve in this trying and responsible post, I never saw his equal. As a proof of his quickness and skill, I have numberless times seen him stump a man out with Brett's tremendous bowling. Add to this valuable accomplishment, he was one of the manliest and most graceful hitters. Few would cut a ball harder at the point of the bat; and he was, moreover, an excellent short-runner. He had an eye like an eagle—rapid and comprehensive. He was the first who departed from the custom of the old players before him, who deemed it a heresy to leave the crease for the ball; he would get in at it, and hit it straight off, and straight on; and, egad! it was as if it had been fired. As by the rules of our club, at the trial-matches, no man was allowed to get more than thirty runs, he generally gained his number earlier than any of them. I have seldom seen a handsomer man than Tom Sueter, who measured about five feet ten. As if too Dame Nature wished to shew at his birth a specimen of her prodigality, she gave him so amiable a disposition, that he was the pet of all the neighbourhood: so honourable a heart, that his word was never questioned by the gentlemen who associated with him; and a voice, which for sweetness, power, and purity of tone, (a tenor) would, with a proper cultivation, have made him a handsome fortune. With what rapture have I hung upon his notes when he has given us a hunting song in the club-room after the day's practice was over!

GEORGE LEAR of Hambledon, who always answered to the title among us of "Little George," was our best long-stop. So firm and steady was he, that I have known him stand through a whole match against Brett's bowling, and not lose more than two runs. The ball seemed to go into him, and he was as sure of it as if he had been a sand-bank. His activity was so great, and, besides, he had so good a judgment in running to cover the ball, that he would stop many that were hit in the slip, and this, be it remembered, from the swiftest bowling ever known.

BUCK, whose real name was Peter Steward, is the next Hambledon man that occurs to my recollection. He, too, played long field, and was a steady man at his post; his batting, too, reached the same pitch of excellence; he could cut the balls very hard at the point of the bat—nothing like Sueter however—very few could have equalled him. Buck was a dark-looking man, a shoemaker by trade, in height about five feet eight, rather slimly built, and very active. He had an ambition to be thought a humourist. The following anecdote may serve both as a specimen of his talent, and of the unfastidious taste of the men of Hambledon. When a match was to be played at a distance, the whole eleven, with the umpire and scorer, were conveyed in one caravan, built for their accommodation. Upon one occasion, the vehicle having been overturned, and the whole cargo unshipped, Buck remained at his post, and refused to come out, desiring that they would right the vessel with him in it; for that "one good turn deserved another." The repartee was admired for a week.

The tenth knight of our round table (of which old Richd. Nyren was the King Arthur) was a man we always called "The Little Farmer;" his name was LAMBERT. He was a bowler—right handed, and he had the most extraordinary delivery I ever saw. The ball was delivered quite low, and with a twist; not like that of the generality of right-handed bowlers, but just the reverse way: that is, if bowling to a right-handed hitter, his ball would twist from the off stump into the leg. He was the first I remember who introduced this deceitful and teasing style of delivering the ball. When all England played the Hambledon Club, the Little Farmer was appointed one of our bowlers; and, egad! this new trick of his so bothered the Kent and Surrey men, that they tumbled out one after another, as if they had been picked off by a rifle corps. For a long time they could not tell what to make of that cursed twist of his. This, however, was the only virtue he possessed as a cricketer. He was no batter, and had no judgment of the game. The perfection he had attained in this one department, and his otherwise general deficiency, are at once accounted for by the circumstance, that when he was tending his father's sheep, he would set up a burdle or two, and bowl away for hours together. Our General, old Nyren, after a great deal of trouble (for the Farmer's comprehension did not equal the speed of lightning), got him to pitch the ball a little to the off side of the wicket, when it would twist full in upon the stumps. Before he had got into this knack, he was once bowling against the Duke of Dorset, and, delivering his ball straight to the wicket, it curled in, and missed the Duke's leg-stump by a hair's breadth. The plain-spoken little bumpkin, in his eagerness and delight, and forgetting the style in which we were always accustomed to impress our aristocratical play-mates with our acknowledgment of their rank and station, bawled out—"Ah! it was near tedious you, Sir!" The familiarity of his tone, and the genuine Hampshire dialect in which it was spoken, set the whole ground laughing.

There was high-feasting held on Broad-Halfpenny during the solemnity of one of our grand matches. Oh! it was a heart-airing night to witness the multitude forming a complete and dense circle round that noble green. Half the county would be present, and all their hearts with us. Little Hambledon, pitted against all England, was a proud thought for the Hampshire men. Defeat was glory in such a struggle—Victory, indeed,

made us only "a little lower than angels." How these fine brown-faced fellows of farmers would drink to our success! And then, what stuff they had to drink!—Punch!—not your new Ponche a la Romaine, or Ponche a la Grosseille, or your modern cat-lap milk punch—punch be-deviled; but good, unsophisticated, John Bull stuff—stark!—that would stand on end—punch that would make a cat speak! sipience a bottle! We had not sixty millions of interest to pay in those days. The ale, too!—not the modern horse under the same name, that drives as many men melancholy-mad as the hypocrites do:—not the beastliness of these days, that will make a fellow's inside like a shaking bog—and as rotten; but barleycorn, such as would put the souls of three butchers into one weaver. Ale that would flay like turpentine!—genuine Boniface!—this immortal viand (for it was more than liquor) was vended at twopence per pint. The immeasurable villany of our vintners would, with their march of intellect, (if ever they could get such a brewing,) drive a pint of it out into a gallon. Then the quantity the fellows would eat! Two or three of them would strike dismay into a round of beef. They could no more have pecked in that style than they could have flown, had the infernal black stream (that type of Acheron!) which soddens the carcass of a Londoner, been the fertiliser of their clay. Here would this company, consisting most likely of some thousands, remain patiently and anxiously watching every turn of fate in the game, as if the event had been the meeting of two armies to decide their liberty. And whenever a Hambledon man made a good hit, worth four or five runs, you would hear the deep throats of the whole multitude baying away in pure Hampshire—"Go hard!—go hard!—Tick and turn!—tick and turn!" To the honour of my countrymen, let me bear testimony on this occasion also, as I have already done upon others. Although their provinciality in general, and personal partialities individually, were naturally interested in behalf of the Hambledon men, I cannot call to recollection an instance of their wilfully stopping a ball that had been hit out among them by one of their opponents. Like true Englishmen, they would give an enemy fair play. How strongly are all those scenes, of fifty years by-gone, painted in my memory!—and the result of that ale comes upon me as freshly as the new May flowers.

The DUKE OF DORSET or LORD TANKERVILLE, sometimes both, would play, to complete the eleven. Neither of these noblemen were to be compared to Lord FREDERICK BEAUCLERC. Whether in batting, bowling, or, indeed, in any department of the game, he would have distanced them; yet they were pretty players. Each usually played in the slip when the other was not present. This station was the Duke's forte. He was in height about five feet nine, very well made, and had a peculiar habit, when unemployed, of standing with his head on one side.

And now for those anointed clod-stumpers, the WALKERS, Tom and Harry. Never, sure, came two such unadulterated rustics into a civilized community. How strongly are the figures of the men (of Tom in particular) brought to my mind when they first presented themselves to the club, upon Windmill-down,—Tom's hard, ungain, scrag-of-mutton frame; wilted, apple-john face (he always looked twenty years older than he really was), his long spider legs, as thick at the ankles as at the hips, and perfectly straight all the way down—for the embellishment of a calf in Tom's leg, Dame Nature had considered would be but a wanton superfluity. Tom was the driest and most rigid-limbed chap I ever knew; his skin was like the rind of an old oak, and as sapless. I have seen his knuckles handsomely knocked about from Harris's bowling; but never saw any blood upon his hands—you might just as well attempt to phlebotomize a mummy. This rigidity of muscle (or rather I should say of tendon, for muscle was another ingredient economised in the process of Tom's configuration)—this rigidity, I say, was carried into every motion. He moved like the rude machinery of a steam-engine in the infancy of construction, and when he ran, every member seemed ready to fly to the four winds. He toiled like a tar on horseback. The uncouth actions of these men furnished us, who prided ourselves upon a certain grace in movement and finished air, with an everlasting fund of amusement, and for some time they took no great fancy to me, because I used to worry, and tell them they could not play. They were, however, good hands when they first came among us, and had evidently received most excellent instruction; but after they had derived the advantage of first-rate practice, they became most admirable batters, and were the truest fellows (particularly Tom) in case of emergency or difficulty. They were devilish troublesome customers to get out. I have very frequently known Tom to go in first, and remain to the very last man. He was the coolest, the most imperturbable fellow in existence: it used to be said of him that he had no nerves at all. Whether he was only practising, or whether he knew that the game was in a critical state, and that much depended upon his play, he was the same phlegmatic, unmoved man—he was the Washington of cricketers. Neither he nor his brother were active, yet both were effective fieldmen. Upon one occasion, on the Mary-le-bone grounds, I remember Tom going in first, and Lord Frederick Beaucherc giving him the first four balls, all of an excellent length. First four or last four made no difference to Tom—he was always the same cool, collected fellow. Every ball he dropped down just before his bat. Off

* *The Young Cricketer's Tutor*, comprising full directions for playing the elegant and manly game of Cricket, &c. &c. By John Nyren, &c. with the Cricketers of my Time, by the same Author. The whole collected and edited by Charles Cowden Clarke. 12mo. pp. 128. Eglington Wilson.

went his lordship's white hat-dash upon the ground (his constant action when disappointed) calling him at the same time "a confounded old beast." "I don't care what he says," said Tom, when one close by asked if he had heard Lord Frederick call him "an old beast." No, no; Tom was not the man to be flustered.

The BELDHAMS, George and William, came next in succession, brothers, and both farmers. George was what would be called a fine player; a good batter, and generally competent to fill the different posts in the game; but as he attended the club a few times only during my stay in it, I am unable to discriminate or to speak pointedly to his merits. Upon turning, however to his brother William, we come to the finest batter of his own, or perhaps of any age. William Beldham was a close-set active man, standing about five feet eight inches and a half. He had light coloured hair, a fair complexion, and handsome, as well as intelligent features. We used to call him "Silver Billy." No one within my recollection could stop a ball better, or make more brilliant hits all over the ground. Wherever the ball was bowled, there she was hit away, and in the most severe, venomous style.

Beldham was quite a young man when he joined the Hambledon Club; and even in that stage of his playing, I hardly ever saw a man with a finer command of his bat; but, with the instruction and advice of the old heads superadded, he rapidly attained to the extraordinary accomplishment of being the finest player that has appeared within the latitude of more than half a century. There can be no exception against his batting, or the severity of his hitting. He would get in at the balls, and hit them away in a gallant style; yet, in this single feat, I think I have known him excelled; but when he could cut them at the point of the bat, he was in his glory; and upon my life, their speed was as the speed of thought. One of the most beautiful sights that can be imagined, and which would have delighted an artist, was to see him make himself up to hit a ball. It was the beau-ideal of grace, animation, and concentrated energy. In this peculiar exhibition of elegance with vigour, the nearest approach to him I think was Lord Frederick Beauclerc.

BIRTH-DAYS.

May is full of pleasant birth-days. To-morrow we have one, for which all the thrushes and nightingale's ought to sing their best, to wit, that of

Pacsiello. Giovanni Pacsiello was born on the 22nd of May (9th old style) at Tarento, in the kingdom of Naples, Anno Domini 1741. He was one of the most beautiful melodists in the world, as the airs of "La Rachelina" and "Io sono Lindoro" would be sufficient to testify, if he had left us none of all his others. Those two are well known to the English public under the titles of "Whither my love" and "For tenderness formed." But they who wish to know how far a few single notes can go, in reaching the depths of the heart, and sufficing it, should hear the song of poor Nina, "Il mio ben," in the opera of "Nina Pazzo per Amore" (Nina mad for love). The truth and beauty of passion cannot go further. We are admirers of the rich accompaniments of the Germans; but more accompaniment than the author has given to that song, would be like hanging an embroidered robe on the shoulder of Ophelia.

Turgot (Ann Robert Jaques) was born at Paris on the 23rd of May (10th old style) in the year 1727. A philanthropic and enlightened French minister.

Fahrenheit (Gabriel Daniel) the improver of the thermometer known by his name, was born, at Dantzic, May, 27 (14th old style) 1686.

A SURPRISE FOR A SULTAN.

THE following lively sketch, with its very dramatic termination, is taken from the French, and appeared in one of the numbers of the *Jamaica Herald*, which has been kindly sent us by a correspondent. The editor of the *Jamaica* paper calls it "A Lesson for Husbands," intending it for the benefit, we suppose, of some of his friends the planters, whose wives may be a little too fond of playing the empress. We hope no Jamaica gentleman is afraid for his head. It is an allegory, perhaps,—meaning that the "head of the house" will be brought low, if it does not take care, and that the pretty lips will reign in its stead.

To call it, however, a "Lesson for Husbands," is too exclusive. It is a lesson for wives also, and for lovers,—for all, in short, who confound the merely beautiful with the loveable, and who in admiring wilfulness in others, at once betray the propensity to it in their own natures, and tempt it to make them its unpitied victims. A handsome tyrannical husband may "snap off his wife's head," as well as a handsome vixen her husband's. "Lessons" for either party are invidious. Bad educations and undisciplined wills are of both sexes, and have a right to demand instruction through the medium of lessons for all.

(* Noble! and sensible!)

Semiramis, whose name has become proverbial for an able and despotic female sovereign, has the reputation of having been one of those perplexing personages whose private and public actions appear to be at variance, and who have allowed themselves to do every bad thing they chose, upon the plea of turning it to some great general account. Catherine the Second of Russia was such a woman, and has been called the "Semiramis of the North." Semiramis is said to have really got rid of her husband by means of his own delegated authority; though the French writer has invented the details. After all, she lived as far back as the time of Abraham! so that our certainty as to her proceedings, whether of love or murder, cannot be very precise. But the Frenchman has wisely considered, that a wilful undisciplined nature has nothing to do with chronology; and that foolish clever women, disagreeable beauties, and other ill-regulated phenomena, have talked and acted in the same high style of absurdity, in all ages.

"—Yes, of all my wives, thou art the one I love best (said King Ninus to Semiramis). No one possesses so many graces and attractions as you. For you I willingly renounce all my other wives.

S. How the wisdom of the king watches over his words! I suppose I should believe my master?

K. So long as you love me, what care I for the beauty of others?

L. So then, if I desired it, you would shut up your seraglio—you would send away the women who fill it. I should be the only one you would love, and who would share your power; I should be your only wife; I should be the queen of Assyria.

Semiramis spoke with an ardour which made her a thousand times handsomer. However, to shut up his seraglio, and send away his wives, was rather a delicate matter. Ninus, therefore, did not answer her, but renewed his conversation and caresses.

N. Queen of Assyria! and art thou not so, since by thy beauty thou reign'st over the king of Assyria?

S. No, I am only a slave that you love to-day. Who can answer for to-morrow? I do not reign; I happen to please. If I give an order, they consult you before obeying me.

N. Do you think it then so great a pleasure to reign?

S. Yes, for those who have never enjoyed it!

N. Well—would you reign for a few days in my place?

S. Take care that you do not propose to be too generous.

N. Nay, I repeat, if you would for one day be the absolute mistress of Assyria, you shall.

S. Shall I—and every thing that I command—shall it be obeyed?

N. Yes, I will cede to you, for one day, my power, and my golden sceptre, its emblem.

S. Suppose I should desire them to shut up the Seraglio?

Ninus smiled.—I will not retract my word. For one day, one entire day, you shall be queen and mistress—I swear it. It shall no longer be to me, that the palace and empire pay obedience, but to you, to you alone. Summon up then all your whims and caprices, for you shall have absolute power.

S. And when shall this be?

N. To-morrow, if you wish it.

S. I do.

Semiramis sweetly bent towards Ninus, letting her head fall on the shoulder of the king. She had the air of a pretty woman, begging pardon for a little caprice, after it had been ceded to her. Never had she been so pleasing: never had Ninus been so happy. In the morning the king said to Semiramis,—"Behold thy day to be queen!"

Semiramis called her women and made them dress her magnificently—she placed on her head a crown of precious stones, and appeared with it in the presence of Ninus—Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered that all the officers and servants of the palace should repair to the hall of state, and that they should take from the treasury his sceptre of gold, and bring it to him. When this was done, and every one had assembled before the throne in expectation of some great event, he made them open the doors of the chamber, where he sat with Semiramis, and taking her by the hand, repaired with her to the hall. All the officers and servants prostrated themselves before the king. Ninus conducted Semiramis to the throne placed in the centre of the hall, and made her sit on it; then commanding every one to rise, he announced to them his wish, that during the present day they should obey Semiramis, as if she were himself. He took the golden sceptre from the hands of the chief slave, and putting it in the hands of Semiramis—"Queen," said he, "behold the sign of sovereign power; take it, use it, and command as queen. You have here only slaves, and I myself, during the whole of this day, am but one among them. Whoever are slow to obey your orders, let them be punished, as if they had disobeyed the king." Having thus spoken, he kneeled before the queen, who smilingly gave him her hand to kiss. The whole court then passed before the throne of Semiramis, who touched each officer with the end of her royal sceptre, and received from each of them an oath to obey implicitly her commands. She received their oaths with a majesty which Ninus admired. When the ceremony

was ended, he complimented Semiramis, and asked her how she had obtained her grave and majestic air?

S. Because whilst they were swearing obedience, replied Semiramis, I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have only one day of power, and I would employ it well.

The king laughed heartily at this answer. Semiramis appeared to him more than ever, amiable and lovely. Let us see, thought he, how she will play her part, and with what commands she will begin. "Let the secretary of the king approach my throne," said Semiramis, in a loud voice. The secretary drew near—two slaves placed before him a small writing table. "Write! On pain of death it is commanded that the governor of the citadel of Babylon do give up the government of the citadel to him who shall hand him this order. Seal it with the seal of the king, and hand me that order. Write! On pain of death it is commanded to the chief of the slaves of the palace, that he give up the government of the slaves to him who presents this order. Close it—seal it with the signet of the king, and give me that order. Write! On pain of death it is commanded to the general of the armies encamped under the walls of Babylon, to give up the command of the armies to him who shall present this order. Close it, seal it, and give it to me!"

She took the three orders she had dictated, and put them in her bosom. The court was thunderstruck—the king himself was astonished. "Let all listen," said Semiramis—"in two hours all the officers of the state shall come to offer me presents, as it is the custom on the elevation of a new princess. Let a feast be prepared for the evening. Wait, I have still another order. On pain of death it is commanded to the chief eunuch that he present this evening, at the feast, twenty of the most beautiful women that they may be added to the seraglio. Go; let every one depart now, except my faithful servant Ninus—I would consult him on state affairs."

All the court went out—Ninus alone remained.

—You see (said Semiramis) I know how to conduct myself as queen. Yesterday you would not sacrifice to me your seraglio—to-day I have augmented it. Is not this generous?

Ninus began to laugh. "My beautiful queen (said he) you play your part admirably; but if your servant might dare to question, what are you going to do with those orders which you have dictated?"

S. I am no longer a queen, if I am to give you an account of my intentions; but (continued she, laughing) I wish to avenge myself of those three officers.

N. To avenge yourself! for what?

S. The first, the Governor of the Citadel, is ugly, and frightens me whenever I see him. The second, the Chief of the Slaves, has twice presented you fresh slaves to wean from me your love; and the third, being General of the Army under the walls, deprives me too often of your presence; you are always at the Camp—I am jealous of the army, and not being able to disband the whole, I will disgrace their chief.

This answer, mingled with folly and flattery, enchanted Ninus.—Well (said he) behold three great officers disgraced for very weighty reasons.

Oh (continued Semiramis) it is my pleasure I tell you; I mean to put your empire in disorder for one day at least.

Ninus and the queen walked in the gardens of the palace—the slaves of the gardens prostrated themselves before Semiramis.

N. These handsome gardens are yours to-day, my queen.

S. Beautiful gardens do you call them!—what is there in them that is royal, or that the meanest of your officers may not have? Oh, how few know how to use the power they possess!

N. But you have this day the power, to make use of it.

S. You shall see. Slave (cried she to the Chief of the Gardens), you see that portico on columns of granite, one hundred feet in height, and the terrace which surmounts them;—take the gardens with its flowers, its trees, and its cascades, and place it on the top of that terrace.

—Queen!! said the chief of the gardens.

—Thou dost, if I am not obeyed. Take a million of slaves, and do as I have ordered—Semiramis will then have gardens worthy of her.

The chief of the gardens stood petrified with surprise—Ninus laughed—an eunuch approached the queen.

—Great queen, (said he) the lords of the court, beg that you will deign to receive their homage.

S. Follow me, servant, (said the queen, smiling to Ninus), and she entered the hall of state.

The grandees of the court passed one by one before the throne, each bringing a present. The majority had considered it judicious to offer jewels and precious stuffs.

Semiramis paying little attention to these useless presents, ordered the treasurer to give to each lord another, three times the value of the one he brought.

—It is thus (said she to Ninus) that a prince ought to receive presents as a homage, not as a charity.

After the officers, came the servants of the palace.—These offered flowers, fruits, and roses, or elegant animals.—Semiramis received their offerings with a gracious air. Then came the slaves, who having nothing, could make no offering.—The first slaves were three young brothers, who had been brought up in the same place with Semiramis. They were young, fierce, and

bold; and served as guards to the palace. Semiramis recognized them; for one day, in the place where she had resided, the females were attacked by an enormous tiger, and it was these three brothers who rushed to kill the animal. The females during the scene had remained veiled; therefore the brothers knew not Semiramis. When they passed before the throne, she said to them, "And have you no presents to make to the queen?"

— None (replied the first, whose name was Zopyrus), but my life to defend her.

— None (replied the second, who was Artaban,) but my sword against her enemies.

— None (replied the third, who was Assur,) but the respect and admiration with which her presence inspires me.

— Slaves, said Semiramis, it is ye, who of all the court have made the best presents. I cannot recompense them with the riches of the treasury of the empire, as I have done the rest; but it never shall be said that Semiramis was ungrateful. Thou who hast offered me thy sword, against mine enemies, take this order; carry it to the General of the armies encamped under the wall of Babylon, hand it to him, and wait for that which he will do for thee.—Thou who hast offered me thy life to defend me, take this order, carry it to the governor of the citadel, and wait for that which he will do for thee.—Thou who hast offered me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, thou seemest to me a courtier; take this order, carry it to the chief of the slaves of the palace, and wait for that which he will do for thee.

The three brothers went out immediately, and the rest of the slaves passed on. The ceremony of gifts being finished, Semiramis descended from her throne, and desiring every one to quit the hall, remained alone with Ninus. "I told you (said she,) that I would upset your empire. You see I put your gardens upon high terraces, and your slaves at the head of armies; but now to my toilette for the feast. You will help me, will you not? and during that time we will judge of the beauty of the women whom I have added to your seraglio.

There was in Semiramis so much gaiety, folly, and beauty, that Ninus had never been so much in love as now. He assisted at the toilette of the queen. In a short time they introduced, one by one, the women destined for the seraglio. There were some beautiful, some only pretty. Ninus scarcely looked at them—he had eyes only for Semiramis. "You are wrong, (said she) not to pay attention to your new slaves: look at this young girl; what a timid air she has! and how pretty." Fifteen women had appeared; the eunuch announced that he had not been able to get any more. "Very well, (said Ninus with indifference,) very well." The eyes of Semiramis lightened with anger. "Slave, (said she) I told you this morning, on pain of death, twenty women for this evening, and you have only brought fifteen. Where are the others, that your head may not fall?"

The Eunuch did not answer, but kept his eyes fixed on Ninus.

S. It is not to Ninus that you are to answer for your disobedience—it is to me. Where are the five women, wanting to complete my order—I will have them or thy head.

E. My head will not fall unless the king pleases.

S. "That word has condemned thee!" then striking her hands, the slaves entered. "Seize that slave, drag him to the court-yard of the Seraglio, and take off his head—let it be presented to me before the feast this evening: begone."

N. "Will this be your last whim," said Ninus laughing.

S. No; I have yet six hours to reign.

N. My lovely queen (said Ninus, laughing,) I willingly give you the head of the slave; but is it worth your while to be angry about it? It is true, your anger gives you new charms; but a few women, more or less, what signifies it?"

Without thinking any further of the slave condemned to death, Ninus conversed with Semiramis. In a short time evening, and the time for the banquet, arrived. When Semiramis entered the hall, a slave presented a plate, from which she turned not away her eyes, but carefully examined it. It contained the head of the Eunuch. "It is well, (said she); place it in the Court of the Palace, through which the slaves must pass to the feast. Stand you by it, and repeat, that three hours since this man lived, but that having disobeyed me, his head was instantly struck off." The banquet was magnificent; there were dances, flowers, and perfumes, and a sumptuous feast prepared in the gardens. Semiramis, receiving the homage paid her, with much majesty and grace, addressed herself constantly to Ninus, as if she would pay him the honours of the feast.

S. You are (said she) a stranger king, who comes to visit me in my Palace. I must conduct myself to please you.

They were soon at table. Semiramis confounded all ranks—Ninus was placed at the foot of the table; he was the first to laugh at this change of the etiquette of the palace; and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be seated according to the caprice of the queen. She placed near her the three brothers. "Are my orders obeyed," (she asked them). They answered, "Yes." The banquet was gay. A slave having by chance served the king first, Semiramis caused him to be hung up and flogged with thorns; his cries mingled with the laughter of the company. Every one was disposed to be joyful; it was a comedy, in

which each played his part. Towards the end of the repast, when wine had inflamed the gaiety of the court, Semiramis spoke—"Sire, the treasurer has read me the list of those who have offered me gifts on the joyous event of my sovereignty; the name of one lord only is wanting to complete it."

N. Who is he? (exclaimed Ninus); he must be as severely punished.

S. It is yourself (replied Semiramis). Speak: what have you given the queen this morning?

Ninus rose, and with a smile, whispered that he had saluted her beautiful lips.

S. The queen is insulted by her slave.

N. I embrace her knees to obtain my pardon. Pardon me, powerful queen, pardon me.

S. (Abandoning him her hand, which the king was covering with kisses,) "I do not pardon such an insult from a slave: (then added in a lower voice) Slave, prepare to die."

N. What a little fool you are! (replied Ninus, still on his knees) I will, however, give way to your whims; but your reign will soon be over.

S. You will then not be angry with something which I am about to order. Slaves, seize this man—yes, even him—Ninus.

Ninus went laughingly up to the slaves, and put himself into their hands.

"Drag him out of the hall, take him in the court-yard of the seraglio, prepare everything for his death, and wait my orders."

The slaves obeyed, and took Ninus out. He went willingly, laughing all the way. They lead him past the head of the murdered eunuch. Semiramis placed herself in a balcony. Ninus allowed them to chain his hands.

Run to the fortress, Zopyrus—you to the camp, Artaban: Assur, shut all the doors of the palace. The orders were given in a low voice, and were immediately executed. "Well," said Ninus, "great queen, there remains but one word to end this comedy."—"Hear it," cried Semiramis; "slave, remember the eunuch. Strike!" They did strike, and before Ninus could utter a cry, his head fell on the ground, a smile still playing on his lips.

"Now I am queen of Assyria, (cried Semiramis,) and perish, as did the eunuch and Ninus, all those that dare to disobey."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE

XVI.—THE STRANGE FORTUNES OF CONINGSMARK.

Charles John Coningsmark was a Swedish Count, supposed, on strong circumstantial evidence, to have procured three assassins to murder Mr. Thynne, a gentleman of good family and large fortune, in the reign of Charles the Second. This atrocious deed, to which Coningsmark was stimulated by the hope of obtaining the hand of the Countess of Ogle, a beautiful young woman to whom Mr. Thynne had been contracted, was perpetrated in Pall Mall, near the bottom of St. Alban's street, as the unfortunate man was returning from the house of his mother-in-law, Lady Northumberland, who lived in St. James's street. At the hour of eight on a Sunday evening, in a crowded thoroughfare, in the heart of a great metropolis, almost within sight of a royal palace, and notwithstanding a running footman with a blazing flambeau proceeded the equipage, the villains having stopped and surrounded the coach, Charles Boratzki, a native of Poland, discharged a blunderbuss, loaded with bullets, at Mr. Thynne, which penetrating and dreadfully lacerating his body, he languished in great agonies a few hours and died. So flagrant, and, in England so unusual an enormity, as waylaying a man in order to murder him, naturally raised the indignation of the public, and excited the vigilance of the police.

The Count was seized a few days after near Gravesend, in disguise, and attempting to procure a passage in an outward bound ship. His three desperados were also soon after taken into custody, and with Coningsmark, tried at the Old Bailey, before the Chief Justices, Pemberton and North, the Chief Baron Montague, the Recorder, and others.

Three of the assassins after a long trial were clearly convicted of murder, as well by their own confession, as by depositions previously taken by the coroner and other strong evidence; but strange to tell, the original proposer and promoter of all the mischief, the infamous Coningsmark, by far the most criminal, was acquitted; while the three wretched men whom he had corrupted and employed, were executed, under circumstances of general hatred and indignation.

The contriver of an act at which the heart revolts, thus escaping punishment, was a national disappointment, and naturally exasperated the friends and family of the deceased. A writer of that period, without producing any corroborating proofs, throws out a rash charge of corruption against the presiding judge (Pemberton) and the jury. Of the latter, many of whom were foreigners, but most of them respectable men (says the author, to whom we have been indebted for so many of these romances, and whom the reader may now recognize by his style), I am not prepared to speak; but as to the judge, we must not admit lightly an accusation which would brand with everlasting infamy a man who had devoted his whole life to a profession in which eminence and promotion are not very easily attained, but which, by toil and perseverance, assisted by lucky incidents, he had procured; nor is it probable that any *douceur* a profligate

foreign adventurer could present, would have seduced an eminent judge, of moderate enjoyments, to forget his duty and risk his independence, his fame, and his life. I rather impute the guilty count's acquittal to the fraudulent conduct of an interpreter employed to explain the evidence to the foreign part of the jury; he had been long connected with the count's family in some subordinate situation, appeared during the whole trial to interest himself strongly in his behalf, and was several times checked by the counsel on the part of the crown, for coming forward too officiously when not called upon; and was told that he acted the part of an advocate rather than an interpreter. The Chief Justice Pemberton, I confess, appears to have had a bias in favour of the prisoner; I hope and believe not a corrupt one. It was also remarked that the three condemned were not asked, as is usual in such cases, what they had to say in their defence; why sentence should not be pronounced against them. I have perused the trial with some attention, and confess, that there is not the shadow of a doubt on my mind of the count's guilt. In such infernal transactions, positive evidence can very rarely be procured, as they are generally carried on in darkness and mystery; but Coningsmark's previous and frequent intercourse with the murderers; his purchasing clothes for one, and weapons for another; the virulent manner in which he had long spoken of Mr. Thynne, and a singular question he directed a person to ask of the Swedish envoy, concerning the legality of marrying lady Ogle, in case of Mr. Thynne's falling in a rencontre with him; his perpetually changing lodgings and going by a feigned name when he came to London, to direct the nefarious business; and lastly, his attempting to escape in disguise, and telling the people of the house he lodged in that he was going to Windsor, when he actually went to Gravesend; were proof circumstantial it is true, but sufficiently strong to convince most persons of his guilt. It is impossible to peruse the trial, without remarking the great lenity, inclination to mercy, and scrupulous attention in every minute particular, paid to these abominable culprits. It appears to have been carried to rather a dangerous extreme with respect to them; and I am of opinion, enabled the count, who was treated with too much respect and delicacy, to make impressions on the jury, which ultimately tended to his acquittal.

But all the pains he took, all the guilt he incurred, and the innocent blood he had shed, could not accomplish the purpose he wished. Abhorring his crime, and detesting the perpetrator of it, lady Ogle would never admit him into her presence, and was afterwards married to the Duke of Somerset, who although she was a virgin widow, was, in fact, her third husband; the lady having been betrothed in her infancy, to Henry, Earl of Ogle, only son of Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who died in his childhood. After escaping punishment for a crime he had committed, the count, in the midst of a career of unbridled profligacy, and with the conscience of a murderer, was put to death for a crime of which he was innocent.

Wandering, restless, and self-tormented, over various parts of Europe, he visited the court of (I believe at that time) the Duke of Hanover, whose son, the Prince of Zell, was afterwards George I., King of England. In the indiscriminate ardour of vicious passion, and taking advantages of domestic discord, he presumed to cast unhallowed looks on the princess of Zell, who had for some time lived in a comfortless state of estranged nuptial affection; the prince indulging a culpable latitude in female intercourse, whilst his wife lived almost in a state of seclusion in her own apartments.

But one of the frail court favourites, a most artful creature, afterwards created Duchess of Munster, having lately displeased this unfaithful husband, and being fearful of a reconciliation with his wife, saw with pleasure, and privately encouraged the insolent pretensions of the count; assuring him that a man of his personal accomplishments and merit, could not fail succeeding, after a little perseverance, with a lady so very ill-used.

Having, at the same time, excited the jealousy of the prince, by apt emissaries, and distant suggestions, concerning the marked attentions and known character of Coningsmark (for, generally speaking, husbands, however negligent, are not fond of being made ridiculous) this abominable woman, by means of a bribe, prevailed on a valet of court Werenhausen, who attended the Princess, to go to the Count's lodging, and inform him that the Princess of Zell wished to speak with him immediately on an affair of importance. The man of gallantry, flattering himself that the lady's reserve had at length relaxed, hurried to what he considered as an appointment; while the insidious contriver of the meditated mischief, repairing, without delay, to the Prince, and effecting a concern for the honour of his house, told him, she could no longer be a silent observer of the flagitious conduct of his wife; that if any doubt remained of her infidelity, his highness had now an opportunity of being an eye witness of his own dishonour; that the favoured lover, at the moment she spoke, was with the Princess in her bed-chamber,—the conspirers against this unfortunate lady having chosen an hour when they knew she would be in that place, and the valet being previously instructed, to which room he was to conduct the count.

The irritated husband, constitutionally and ungovernably passionate, rushed furiously, sword in sword, to the apartment, and meeting the count at the door just returning from the princess, who had assured him she had never sent; he, without uttering a word, plunged his weapon into the bosom of the assassin; and, after bit-

terly reproaching his wife, and refusing to listen to any explanation, imprisoned the unhappy woman for the remainder of her life, in a solitary castle.

We have heard the catastrophe of the above story related differently; Coningsmark being said to have been thrown down a trap door, like the more innocent subject in the Romance of Kenilworth. Other circumstances have also given rise to different conjectures; but all the relaters are agreed in loading the character of the Swedish Count with obloquy. Thynne is the man who has the extraordinary monument in Westminster Abbey, where the assassination is actually sculptured, coach, wig, and all; as if to be murdered was a sort of honour.

FEARFUL INTERIOR OF A MOORISH GOVERNMENT AND FAMILY.

The following incidents are abstracted from letters written by the sister of Mr. Tully, at that time British Consul in Tripoli. The high favor the English had gained in Tripoli, aided by the personal character of Mr. Tully, (who appears to have enjoyed the esteem of all parties during his residence there) procured his family an unprecedented degree of confidence from all the principal people of the place, especially the reigning family.

Ali Bashaw appears to have been a mild and kind governor, but a very weak one; and being irresponsible, except remotely to the Grand Seigneur he was led to tolerate worse deeds than he could have perpetrated himself. Altogether the narrative presents a painful view of a people at the mercy of weaknesses of all kinds. Whatever happens, they have no help for themselves; but are driven hither and thither, and butchered as remorselessly as sheep. They are every way oppressed,—by their rulers,—and by custom, superstition, and miserable ignorance.

A more immediate interest is added to a narrative of this kind, by the curious existing attempt on the part of the French government to colonize the still more barbarous territory of Algiers.

"Previously to entering the bay of Tripoli, a few miles from the land, the country looks picturesque, various tints of beautiful verdure being perceptible: no object whatever seems to interrupt the evenness of the soil, which is of a light colour, almost white, interspersed with long avenues of trees, for such the numerous palms planted in regular rows appear, being kept in the finest order. Their immense branches, coarse when near, are neat and distinct at a distance. The land being low and very level, the naked stems of these trees are scarcely seen, and the plantations of dates resemble for many miles luxuriant woods and groves. On a nearer view, they make a more straggling appearance, and afford neither shelter nor shade from the burning atmosphere that every where surrounds them. The whole of the town appears in a semicircle, some time before reaching the harbour's mouth. The extreme whiteness of square flat buildings covered with lime, which in this climate encounters the sun's fiercest rays, is very striking. The baths form clusters of cupolas very large to the number of eight or ten, crowded together in different parts of the town. The mosques have in general a small plantation of Indian figs and date trees growing close to them, which, at a distance appearing to be so many rich gardens in different parts of the town, give the whole city an aspect truly novel and pleasing. On entering the harbour, the town begins to discover its dilapidations from the destructive hand of time, large hills of rubbish appearing in different parts of it. The castle, or royal palace, where the Bashaw resides, is at the east end of the town, within the walls, with a dock-yard adjoining, where the Bey, (the Bashaw's eldest son, and heir to the throne), builds his cruisers. This castle is very ancient, and is inclosed by a strong high wall that appears impregnable, but it has lost all symmetry on the inside, from the innumerable additions made to contain the different branches of the royal family; for there is scarcely an instance of any of the blood royal, as far as to the Bashaw's great grandchildren, living out of the castle walls. These buildings have increased it by degrees to a little irregular town. The arrival of Christians in the harbour occasions a great number of people to assemble at the mole-end and along the sea shore, the natural consequence of an African's curiosity, who never having been out of his own country, finds as much amusement at the first sight of an European, as his own uncouth appearance affords to the newly arrived stranger; and it was not easy for some minutes to draw off our attention from the extraordinary group we perceived collected. It was noon when we disembarked, an hour when, on account of the extreme heat of this season, no Moor of distinction leaves his house; but a number of the Bashaw's chief officers, some from the Bashaw, and some on their own account, came to welcome Mr. Tully on his return to Tripoli. This being the first time we had seen so many persons, splendidly arrayed in the fashion of the east, assembled together, rendered their appearance more striking. Their long flowing robes of satin, velvet, and costly furs, were exhibited amidst a crowd of miserable beings whose only covering was a piece of dark brown homespun cotton, or a lighter web, resembling a dirty blanket, and which, (by a wretched contrast), heightened the lustre of those who passed through them towards us.

The Bashaw, Ali Coromalli, is short in stature, and by no means equal to his sons in figure, but he looks

both consequential and venerable. Though not sixty, he appears an old man from the whiteness of his beard. The Bey, his eldest son, is about thirty, a fine majestic figure, much beloved, being extremely mild and just to his people. His guards and power are nearly equal to the Bashaw's, a circumstance which raises a jealousy in his younger brothers, Sidy Hamet, and Sidy Useph, which is cruelly heightened by disaffected persons around them, and renders them both exceedingly troublesome to him. Though the Moors and Turks are allowed to marry four wives, the Bashaw has only married Lilla Hullama, a truly amiable princess.

December 29, 1783. The Bashaw, the Bey, and his second son Sidy Hamet, went to day to attend the mosque. None but the royal family ride in town. Their suite follows on foot, excepting the head Chaux, who is first in the procession, richly dressed and mounted on a stately horse; he has a large kettle-drum before him on which he strikes minute strokes, going before in the manner of a herald, proclaiming the Bashaw at the entrance of every street. He rides before the Bey in the same manner when the Bashaw is not present, but does not accompany any of the other sons. His dress is nearly the same with that of the other chauxes, with the difference of a large gold claw on the left side of his turban; and the front of his under jileck, or waistcoat, was almost an entire breastplate of silver. Six chauxes followed him on foot, dressed uniformly in scarlet cloth close dresses, quite plain, not very long, and fastened round the waist with a leather belt. They had all of them plain white stiff high caps, made exactly in the shape of a cornucopia. The tails were borne next (the sovereign of Tripoli is a Bashaw of three tails); then followed the hampers, or the Bashaw's body guard: some of these guards were with the Bey; the younger sons have none at present. They were dressed very showily and carried a short silver stick in their hands. After these followed the attendants and suite of the Bashaw; round him were the officers of state, those highest in rank, of course, nearest his person. The sword-bearer was on one side of him, and his first minister of state on the other, to whom he seemed talking very earnestly. He was dressed in a yellow satin caftan, lined with a rich fur. His turban was very large with gold ends. He was without jewels to-day, though usually adorned with very fine ones. This omission of precious stones is to indicate to his subjects, that the Bashaw's mind is oppressed. The horses of the Bashaw and Bey were particularly beautiful; they were buried in their trappings. Both their saddles were embossed gold, and had gold stirrups weighing more than thirteen pounds each pair. The Bashaw's horse had on five solid gold necklaces; the Bey's horse had three. The Bey wore a pale green and silver caftan, and a crimson shawl with rich gold ends twisted over his turban. One of his officers of state had on a caftan of gold tissue, with a fine purple cloth burnuse over it. You may perceive, that in few places, the costume can be grander than it is here.

The Bashaw looks venerable, but the Bey looks much more like a sovereign. He is a noble figure and remarkably handsome. An immense number of black slaves and servants encircled the whole procession and kept off the crowd. The Bashaw visits the mosque on every particular event, good or bad, that concerns himself or his state. He sometimes, though not often, pays a visit to the Raia of the marine, who cannot wish much for the honour, as it costs him two of his blacks, whom he is obliged to present to the Bashaw for his gracious condescension. While the Bashaw was passing, a man who was in a consul's house for protection (all the consular houses being sanctuaries) ran out and touched his horse, and was on that account pardoned. This privilege extends to the touching any part, not only of the Bashaw's, but of the Prince's garments or horses when they are out: but the Bashaw's horse protects at all times, even in his stable: if a criminal can get under him or cling round him, his life is safe. When the Bashaw goes to any of his gardens, which he always does on horseback, he has three relay horses, richly caparisoned, led before him by slaves, and all his suite then ride.

May 24th, 1784.—The Bashaw has not given his consent for some time past to the Christians to reside in the country, at a greater distance from the city of Tripoli than four or five miles, as he cannot answer for their safety, on account of the incursions of the Arabs, or even of the Moors, many of the cyderies being at present nearly in a state of revolt. We have the use of a large Moorish country-house on the skirts of the sands; though the grounds belonging to it are not in the best order, yet they are in the style of all African gardens—a mixture of beauty and desolation. The orange, citron, and lime trees are in their fullest bloom: their branches, covered with flowers, are bending down with the weight of fruit ready for gathering. The Arabian jessamine and violets cover the ground; yet in various parts of the garden wheat, barley, water-melons, and other still coarser plants are indiscriminately found growing. The high date tree, with its immense spreading branches, is planted round the gardens near the walls. The branches of this tree extend fourteen feet; they grow from the top of it, furnished with close leaves from two to three feet long. Each bunch of dates, which resemble colossal bunches of grapes, weighs from twenty to thirty pounds. The tree grows nearly a hundred feet high. From this tree the Arab gathers the richest nourishment for his family, and from its juices allays fevers with the freshest lakaby, and cheers his spirits with that which has been longer drawn. They extract the juice from

the tree by making three or four incisions at the top of it. A stone jar that will contain a quart is put up to each notch: the jars put up at night are filled by the morning with the mildest and most pleasant beverage, and, on the contrary, those jars put up in the morning, and left till late in the day, become a spirituous strong drink, which the Moors render more perniciously strong by adding leaven to it. The tree will yield this juice for six weeks or two months every day, and after the season, if taken care of, recovers in three years, and bears better fruit than before it was bled, as the Moors term it. It is customary in noble families to have the heart of the date tree at great feasts, such as weddings, the first time a boy mounts a horse, the birth of a son, or the return of an ambassador to his family. The heart lies at the top of the tree between the branches of its fruit, and weighs when cut out from ten to twenty pounds; it is not of a substance to take out before the tree has arrived at the height of its perfection. When brought to table its taste is delicious, and its appearance singular and beautiful. In colour it is composed of every shade, from the deepest orange and bright green (which latter encompasses it around) to the purest white; these shades are delicately inlaid in veins and knots, in the manner of the most curious wood. Its flavour is that of the bannan and pine; except the white part, which resembles more a green almond in consistence, but combines a variety of exquisite flavours that cannot be described.

The best dates, called by the Moors and Arabs, *ta-pouis*, when fresh gathered have a candied transparent appearance, far surpassing in richness any other fruit. In these gardens the Moors form no walks, only an irregular path is left, which you trace by the side of the numerous white marble channels that cross it with rivulets of water, as I have before described to you, through an almost impenetrable wood of aromatic trees and shrubs. The sweet orange of Barbary is reckoned finer than those of China, both in flavour and beauty; the next best is a small white orange which grows at Malta, almost crimsoned withinside. Cherries are not known here, and pease and potatoes only when cultivated by the Christians. Water melons, as if ordered by Providence, are particularly excellent and plentiful. Many owe their lives to this cooling and grateful fruit, when nearly expiring through insupportable heat. The pomegranate is another luxurious fruit of this country. The Moors, by pressing the juice through the rind of it, procure a most exquisite drink. The Indian and Turkey figs are acknowledged to be extremely good here. There are two sorts of apricots: one remarkable for its large size and excellence, the other, with the musk, melons, and peaches, are very indifferent. There are several sorts of fine plums and some very high-flavoured sweet grapes, which, if cultivated in quantities for wine, would render this country rich in vineyards, from the ease and excellence of their production; but Mahomet has too expressly forbidden Mussulmans wine, to admit of its being made in their presence, for even the sight of it is repugnant to the laws of the Koran. There are delightful olive woods near us, but when the olives are ripe, it is inconvenient to walk under the trees on account of the olives continually falling loaded with oil. Near to these woods are marble reservoirs to receive the oil the Moors extract from the olives, and from these reservoirs they collect it into earthen jars: it is as clear as spring water, and very rich. The natives who can afford it are so delicate in their taste of oil, that they allot it to their servants when it has been made eight or nine months, and yet when a year old it often surpasses the finest Florence oil. The walls which surround the houses and gardens of the principal people divide this part into a number of narrow roads in all directions; beyond them are date-trees interspersed with fields of barley and high Indian corn. Spaces of sand separated by olive plantations, sun-burnt peasants, and camels without number, add to these a burning sun and the clearest azure sky, and a just picture may be formed of Tripoli. The deserts adjoining, though singular in appearance seem frightful from the frequent and recent proofs we have had of their victims. A party arrived from them yesterday so exhausted that they would have died on the road if they had not been instantly relieved by the Moors. Four of their companions had perished the day before for want of water and from the excessive heat. Haggi Abderrahman, who is just named ambassador to England, often speaks of the death of his favourite daughter, who died in great anguish two days after crossing these deserts with him in his last return from Mecca. Being extremely delicate in her constitution from the scorching heat of the ground at the different times they stopped with the tents, her feet became blistered and mortified."

In this fertile country, so fatal are the despotic laws to agricultural prosperity, that in the year 1785, a frightful famine reigned. While still the famine possessed the town, the plague made its horrid appearance, and the Christians were forced to shut up their houses. It is against the Mahometan faith, to endeavour to avert the decrees of destiny; pestilence is therefore almost totally unchecked by precautionary, or even remedial measures. Before the first attack had yet died away, the plague revived with increased horror, and the new year, 1786, was ushered in, in the midst of pestilence and famine. At this time a vessel was expected from Europe with grain; it arrived, and was found to be freighted with Venetian boards, to cover the graves, and make boxes for the dead. The people were ready to tear in pieces the unfeeling Moor who had speculated in this dismally prophetic fashion.

Before the plague and famine had withdrawn themselves from the unhappy people of Tripoli, the more dreadful pestilence, discord, had completed a sad triumvirate. Owing to the restlessness of the Bashaw's two younger sons, especially the youngest, the place was for years after in unceasing anxiety and excitement.

The city of Tripoli, after the plague, exhibited an appearance awfully striking. In some of the houses were found the last victims that had perished in them, who having died alone, unpitied and unassisted, lay in a state to bad too be removed from the spot, and were obliged to be buried where they were; while in others, children were wandering about deserted, without a friend belonging to them. The town was almost entirely depopulated, rarely two people walked together. One solitary being, pacing slowly through the streets, his mind unoccupied by business, lost in painful reflections; if he lifted his eyes, it was with mournful surprise to gaze on the empty habitations around him; whole streets he passed without a living creature in them; for beside the desolation of the plague before it broke out in this city, many of the inhabitants, at the greatest inconvenience, left their houses and fled to Tunis, (where the plague then raged), to avoid starving in the dreadful famine that preceded it here.

Amongst those left in this town some have been spared to acknowledge the compassion and attention shewn them by the English consul. In the distresses of the famine, and in the horrors of the plague, many a suffering wretch, whose days have been spun out by his timely assistance, has left his name on record in this place. Persons saved from perishing in the famine, who have remained sole possessors of property before divided among their friends (all now swept off by the plague), come forward to thank him with wild expressions of joy, calling him *bani* (father), and praying to Mahomet to bless him. They say that besides giving them life he has preserved them to become little kings, and swear a faithful attachment to him, which there is no doubt they will shew, in their way, as long as he is in their country.

August 29, 1786.—The appearance of a new moon three nights ago put an end to the Moor's great fast of Ramadan, which had begun on the appearance of the new moon preceding.

During thirty days a number of circumstances having happened to create very alarming dissensions between the three sons of the Bashaw. Lilla Halluma, by exerting every effort, hoped during the feast of Beiram, which begins on the day after the fast, to put an end to these disputes and reconcile her sons; for that feast is the time at which every good Mussulman endeavours to settle all quarrels which may have disturbed the peace of his family in the foregoing year.

On the first day of Beiram, which feast continues three days in town, the Bashaw usually has a numerous court, which he should receive in the chamber built for that purpose, called the *Messelees*; but owing to the prophecy I have mentioned to you before, of some years standing, delivered by one of their most famous marabouts, that "the Bashaw shall end his reign in this chamber, by being stabbed on the throne by an unknown hand," he will not follow his inclination of resuming the custom of going there when dissensions happen at the castle; and there have been such serious quarrels between his sons during this Ramadan, that he still continues to receive his court in another part of the palace.

All his subjects are permitted to approach the throne to do homage to their sovereign on the first day of the feast. Two of the people in whom the Bashaw has the greatest confidence, stand on each side of him; their office is to lay hold of the arm of every stranger that presents himself to kiss the Bashaw's hand, for fear of any hidden treachery, and only people of consequence and trust are permitted to enter his presence armed; others are obliged to leave their arms in the skiff on entering the palace.

The drawing-room, in honour of the day, was uncommonly crowded; when all the courtiers were, in a moment, struck with a sight that seemed to congeal their blood; they appeared to expect nothing less than the slaughter of their sovereign at the foot of his throne, and themselves to be sacrificed to the vengeance of his enemies. The three princes entered with their chief officers, guards, and blacks, armed in an extraordinary manner, with their sabres drawn. Each of the sons, surrounded by his own officers and guards, went separately up to kiss the Bashaw's hand. He received them with trembling, and his extreme surprise and agitation were visible to every eye, and the doubtful issue of the moment appeared terrible to all present. The princes formed three divisions, keeping distinctly apart; they conversed with the consuls and different people of court as freely as usual, but did not suffer a glance to escape to other. They stayed but a short time in the drawing-room, each party retiring in the same order they had entered; and it became apparent, that their rage was levelled against each other, and not against their father, though the Bashaw seemed only to recover breath on their departure. The next morning, the second day of the feast, the Bey went to his mother's apartments to pay his compliments to her on the Beiram. She was very anxious to see him shake hands with his brother, Sidy Hamet, the second son, at least to make up the last breach between them; she began by insisting, therefore, that the Bey should not touch her hand, till he consented to stay with her till she sent for Sidy Hamet's wife to come and kiss his hand, a token of respect never omitted by any of the women in the family of the Bey on this occasion, unless their husbands are at variance with him. Lilla Halluma hoped, by this mark of respect from Sidy

Hamet's wife, to begin the work of reconciliation between the Bey and his brother, as this would have been the means of disarming the anger of Sidy Useph, the youngest son. The Bey, at length, consented to his mother's entreaties, and a message was instantly sent to Sidy Hamet's wife, who most unfortunately was, at that moment, attending on her husband at dinner. The message was delivered in his hearing, and it is thought with design, as there are so many intermeddlers at the castle. Sidy Hamet immediately ordered his wife to send a very severe answer back to the Bey. His wife was so alarmed and hurt at this new misfortune, which must occasion a further breach, that her women were obliged to support her. When she recovered, being willing to soften the matter as much as possible, she only sent word to the Bashaw's wife that she could not come because her husband was eating, and begged her to make as light of it as possible to the Bey; but the answer was delivered in the worst words Sidy Hamet had delivered it, and the Bey left his mother's presence too much enraged for her to pacify him, while Lilla Halluma remained agonised, meditating on the scenes of blood that would, in all probability, be soon perpetrated in the castle.

On returning to his apartment, the Bey found that one of his servants had been laid down at his youngest brother's, Sidy Useph's, feet, and almost bastinadoed to death, for a dispute with one of Sidy Useph's servants. Had the brothers met at that moment it would have proved fatal to one or both of them. The next morning (the third and last day of Beiram) the Bey went again to court, and in the presence of his father, Sidy Hamet and Sidy Useph, and a very numerous assemblage of courtiers, he warned both his brothers of putting his prudence any further to trial; he said he scorned to take an unfair measure, though in his power to silence both of them; that if either of them wished to call him out he would condescend (for they had no right to demand it of him), to meet them on the *Pianura*, where he did not fear the zeal or numbers of his people, and where, if they irritated him too much, he would shortly summon them to feel his power. The Bey's suite seemed hardly able to abstain from confirming with their actions what their master had said, who, upon saluting his father, retired from the court.

With various degrees of violence the same animosity was exhibited between the Bashaw's children up to the year 1790. Settled disputes among relatives seldom do otherwise than increase in bitterness with time. At this period the two younger brothers disagreed with each other. The dispute arose among their servants; but grew to such a height between themselves, that their old father was called out of his bed to settle it. He is accused, and it would appear with some justice, of favouring his youngest child, after the manner of most parents. Sidy Useph, though married, was quite a lad in age, being only about sixteen or seventeen years old. He was however a most "Angry boy." He had been early in life accustomed to the fantastic tricks of Muleh Yesied, an infamous tyrant, the son of the then reigning emperor of Morocco. Sidy Useph was esteemed the cleverest of his family. His cleverness however did not extend to a perception of propriety; and accordingly he was a cunning, fierce, wilful spoiled child; a singular mixture of boyish perverseness, matured cunning, and despotic contempt both of difficulty and decency.

June 2, 1790.—To our very great surprise, the Bey, Sidy Hamet and Sidy Useph rode on the sands together to-day. The Bey's people were nearly double the number he has in general with him, while Sidy Hamet and Sidy Useph's attendants were not near so numerous as usual.

The Bey's friends are much alarmed for his safety, and are very sorry to see him so reconciled to Sidy Useph. When they wish to caution him, the Bey's language is, that Sidy Useph has no power to injure him, as he can bring in no Arabs without his father's leave; and as the Bashaw's life is expected to terminate daily, he will not have it on his conscience to shorten its duration. The people, he says, know and acknowledge the throne to be his, therefore, while his brothers do not openly molest him, it is time enough when the Bashaw's life is ended to set limits to their power and possessions; "and then," continued he, "unless they aim at the throne, they will have every reason to be satisfied with what I shall do for them."

The Bey depends on the vigilance of his people to guard his person from treachery; it is impossible for them to give greater proofs of attachment to him, or to be more on the alert than they are. Those who are not at the palace with the Bey, keep a watch at night in their own houses, in case of the least alarm at the castle, and this they do without any orders from their Prince.

At length, however, Sidy Useph determined upon his eldest brother's destruction. With this view he paid a visit to his mother. He brought his chosen blacks with him and had well instructed them. The moment he entered the castle, he proceeded to Lilla Halluma's apartment, to whom he declared his intentions of making peace with his eldest brother, and intreated her to forward his wishes, by sending for the Bey to complete their reconciliation in her presence. Lilla Halluma, transported with the idea of seeing her sons again united, as she flattered herself, in the bonds of friendship, sent instantly to the Bey, who was in Lilla Aisher's (his) wife's apartment, informing him that his brother, Sidy Useph, was with her without arms and waiting to be reconciled to him in her presence; that she would herself join their hands together; and that, by the Bashaw's head, the Bey if he loved he would come to her directly unarmed.

The Bey, actuated by the first impulse, armed himself with his pistols and yatagan, or sabre. Lilla Aisher was certain, from the love Lilla Halluma bore the three princes, that no open danger would threaten the Bey's life in her apartment. She only dreaded treachery, which the Bey would never listen to. In the present moment she was alarmed lest the Bey's passing to Lilla Halluma's apartments with a hostile appearance, so contrary to the rules of the harem, might give a pretext for his being assaulted by Sidy Useph's people: she therefore reminded him that he was going to his mother's apartment, where it was sacrilegious to carry arms; and after the message Lilla Halluma had sent him his going with them might seem as if he purposed to assassinate his brother, and would, perhaps, draw the vengeance of the castle on him while he was unprepared. The Bey, hesitating a moment, pulled off his arms, embraced Lilla Aisher and was departing, when she threw herself at his feet, and presenting him his sabre, entreated him not to leave all his arms, and would not let him go till he consented to take that with him.

When the Bey came to his mother's apartment, Lilla Halluma perceiving his sabre, begged him to take it off before they began to converse, as she assured him his brother had no arms about him. The Bey, to whom there did not appear the smallest reason for suspicion, willingly delivered his sabre to his mother, who laid it on a window near which they stood, and feeling herself convinced of the integrity of the Bey's intentions, and being completely deceived in those of Sidy's Useph's, she with pleasure led the two princes to the sofa, and seating herself between them, held one of each of their hands in hers, and, as she has since said, looking at them alternately, she prided herself on having thus at last brought them together as friends.

The Bey, as soon as they were seated, endeavoured to convince his brother, that though he came prepared to go through the ceremony of making peace with him, yet there was not the least occasion for it on his part, for that he had no animosity towards him; but, on the contrary, as he had no sons of his own living, he considered Sidy Hamet and himself as such, and would continue to treat them as a father whenever he came to the throne. Sidy Useph declared himself satisfied, but said, to make Lilla Halluma easy, there could be no objection, after such professions from the Bey, to their both attesting their friendship on the Koran, the Bey answered, "with all my heart, I am ready." Sidy Useph rose quickly from his seat, and called loudly for the Koran which was the signal he had given his infernal blacks to bring his pistols, two of which were immediately put into hand, and he instantly fired at the Bey, as he sat by Lilla Halluma's side on the sofa. Lilla Halluma raising her hand to save her son, had it most terribly mangled by the splinters of the pistol, which burst and shot the Bey in his side. The Bey rose, and seizing his sabre from the window, where Lilla Halluma had laid it, he made a stroke at his brother, but Sidy Useph instantly discharged a second pistol and shot the Bey through the heart. To add to the unmerited affliction of Lilla Halluma, the murdered prince, in his last moments, erroneously conceiving she had betrayed him, exclaimed "Ah, madam, is this the last present you have reserved for your eldest son!" What horror meet such words from her favourite son have produced in the breast of Lilla Halluma, in her present cruel situation Sidy Useph, on seeing his brother fall, called to his blacks, saying, "There is the Bey, finish him." They dragged him from the spot where he lay yet breathing, and discharged all their pieces into him. The Bey's wife, Lilla Aisher, hearing the sudden clash of arms, broke from her women, who endeavoured to restrain her, and springing into the room, clasped the bleeding body of her husband in her arms, while Lilla Halluma endeavouring to prevent Sidy Useph from disfiguring the body had thrown herself over it, and fainted from the agony of her wounded hand. Five of Sidy Useph's blacks were at the same moment stabbing the body of the Bey as it lay on the floor; after which miserable triumph they fled with their master.

The Bashaw took little pains to resent the murder of his eldest son; but endeavoured to let the transaction pass off as quietly as possible. Sidy Hamet, his second son, was presently proclaimed Bey. Upon the elevation of Sidy Hamet, his younger brother's chief hostility was immediately addressed to him. Their disputes, invariably arising in the indomitable insolence of the younger, were perpetual.

June 23, 1791.—The town has been in a state of great alarm. The twentieth of this month was fixed for Sidy Useph to meet the Bashaw and Bey in the castle, and make peace again with the Bey in the Bashaw's presence; but Sidy Useph sent a letter to his brother the preceding evening, to say he should not come to the castle without his arms, and desired the Bey to remember the words of the prophet, which declared that nothing could shorten or lengthen the life of a man, and that if the Bey believed in their strongest tenet (mugh-tube, fate), he could not want courage. The Bashaw sent immediately an answer to Sidy Useph, to tell him that he would not suffer him to come into his presence armed; but, notwithstanding this order, Sidy Useph approached the town next morning, with three hundred men under arms. In consequence of Sidy Useph's approach with such numbers, a proclamation was issued from the castle to the Moors of the town, that if they were molested, every one had the Bashaw's leave to defend themselves, not only against Sidy Useph's people, but against Sidy Useph himself. Such a defence, with

out this edict, would have been considered high treason.

Before Sidy Useph appeared in sight, his famous Marabut Fataisi came into town with some of his holy followers. They were admitted to the sovereign, and Fataisi told the Bashaw that Sidy Useph was on his way to town with twenty people only, and without arms, and implored him by the prophet to send the Bey out to meet him, and make terms with him for the peace of his family and of his people. The Bashaw instantly agreed to it, and had the prince gone he would certainly have been murdered. But the Bey having received certain information, that Sidy Useph was near the town with several hundred people, he seized the Marabut, though in the Bashaw's presence, and, holding his sabre over him, he told him, that had he not been a Marabut, he would have laid him dead at the Bashaw's feet for his treachery, and then informed the Bashaw that his brother had with him upwards of four hundred men under arms. The Bey turned the Marabut out of his presence, and the officers presented their arms at him, but the Bey ordered them not to fire. He desired they would see the Marabut out of the gates of the town, and give orders that, on pain of death, no one should suffer him on any account to enter it again.

In the evening the castle was crowded with people, and strongly guarded at the sandannar, or guard-house. At the zook, a sort of guard-house in the bazaar, the guards were trebled.

From our house we saw the bashaw sitting in his golpbar, at five in the morning of that day, and he remained almost wholly there till evening. The bashaw dispatched messengers to the different cydes of the Messeah, to send the Moors of the adjacent villages into town that night, but Sidy Useph sent immediately to tell them, that if they did not come to him, or if one of them attempted to go into town, he would massacre their families and burn their gardens.

A body of Mesurates and Arabs came in that night to assist the bey, whose situation is truly distressing. He can get no resources from the bashaw, and was so short of cash when the Arabs arrived, that he was obliged to borrow money to get provender for their horses, and the necessary provisions for his family.

In the evening the Shaiks of the streets were ordered to arm the inhabitants of the town. In the Messeah the Moors joined Sidy Useph's people, and committed dreadful ravages all the night, plundering the palaces and gardens belonging to the bashaw, and of those people who remained attached to him.

Before sufficient assistance could arrive from the Arabs for the bashaw, it was feared Sidy Useph had Moors enough on his side to enable him to enter the town, and the whole of the night of the twenty-second he was every hour expected to have forced his way in. The agitation of the Tripolians, as well as the Europeans, during the whole of that night, is not easy to be conceived.

The town being on the sea coast, the inhabitants could have fled no where from the rapacity of a banditti of Arabs, had they made their way into the city.

At half-past ten the next morning, Sidy Useph appeared for the first time in open hostilities against his family. All the atrocities he had as yet committed received a tenfold addition of guilt, by their having been achieved under the mask of friendship.

On the appearance of Sidy Useph the second day, all the consular houses were closed, as were the shops and the houses of the inhabitants who turned out with their arms, and ranged themselves in the streets.

The bashaw sent forces out early in the morning, to preserve the villages of the Messeah from the further ravages of Sidy Useph's people. In the afternoon they brought in the governor or cyde of the Messeah, who was carried to the castle to be strangled, but he is yet living. This man, instead of assisting the people and protecting them, had given every assistance he could to Sidy Useph. When the cyde arrived at the town gate, the bashaw ordered his chaouzes to proclaim Sidy Useph a rebel, and that it should be lawful to seize him wherever he could be taken, excepting in the marabouts or mosques, which may not be violated.

A noble moor came into town in the evening of the twenty-second, and pretended not to have joined Sidy Useph, or to have approved of his measures; but he returned again to him early in the morning, and, a short time after his departure, a quantity of provisions and ammunition was stopped at the town gate, which he had endeavoured to send out to him.

About an hour before noon Sidy Useph's people attacked the town. We saw Sidy Useph for some time seated as cyde of the Messeah in the Pianura, in the place the cyde should have occupied had he been present. Just at this moment the cyde of the Messeah was brought into the castle-yard to be strangled, but he was remanded back. This is the second time in one day that he has undergone the terrors of being put to death.

The bashaw has sent round the coast to collect the Arabs. We saw a number of horsemen at a very great distance, approaching from the west; this circumstance gives courage to the people here, who were much cast down. The cannon from the town were fired at Sidy Useph's people during the whole of the day, which had the desired effect of keeping them back. But though the firing was incessant, it did little execution on either side. Sidy Useph lost five men, and a few horses belonging to the town were killed, notwithstanding there were upwards of three thousand shot fired. The cannon were not even mounted upon carriages; they were fired by a Russian so badly, that he frequently pointed them into the sea on his left instead of into the Pianura

exactly before him. This account, I assure you, extraordinary as it appears, is true, for we saw every one fired.

Things continued pretty much in this way till the November following.

The town is badly off for articles from the country: none are brought in, as the Moors cannot venture out for fear of being plundered by Sidy Useph's people. A fowl, fresh meat, or even an egg, cannot be had without great difficulty and danger; and at an enormous expense, vegetables and other provisions have already been procured, at the risk of the lives of those who have been sent for them.

Tripoli may now be said to be overrun with strangers, and those of the most dangerous cast. In fact the Bashaw's allies are nearly as troublesome as his enemies; untamable Arabs, of all tribes, and treacherous friends, are among his most trusted supports.

January 18, 1792.—This year, like the last, finds Tripoli involved in accumulated difficulties. A day does not pass without hearing of families despoiled, and wandering into town, reduced from affluence to beggary. Such a general consternation reigns, that it is impossible to discover who are friends or enemies, and war surrounds us with increasing horrors, aggravated by the dreadful consideration of its being between father and son.

Sidy Useph still exerts his utmost efforts to excite the Arabs to arm for him, and they are joining him very fast; they are so much in his interest that when the Bashaw sends to any of the Arab chiefs to assist him, their terms are so cruelly unreasonable that it is often impossible to employ them. Sidy Useph is at present at Querra on the coast, a short distance from hence; but he is so continually expected here, that every outlet leading from the suburbs of Tripoli to the sands is kept blockaded with stones, to impede the approach of his people.

Matters continued as bad till the month of July of the year 93. Sidy Useph continually harrassing the town, in most unnatural warfare with his father and elder brother. It is surprising how they could have born with him so long. The poor old Bashaw had indeed been induced to offer a reward for the head of his favourite son; but Useph had now got too much power in his hands to make his capture an easy task. While this family were disputing among themselves for the city, in comes a wolf to take it from them.

July 29, 1793. This has been, my dear friend, a very extraordinary day with us, and we are for the present moment most dangerously situated. Though we are so near quitting this place, we are destined to see an entire new government, and the whole of the Bashaw's family driven from Tripoli, before our departure, by a Turkish invader; even Sidy Useph, with all his efforts against his father, must leave the throne to this usurper, who came into the bay at five this afternoon. We were taking our usual afternoon walk upon the terrace, when we perceived a fleet of Turkish vessels anchor in the harbour. As the Turks are never welcome visitors here, the dragoman was sent directly to inquire what Captain Pachá commanded the fleet that was just anchored. We were immediately informed that a Turk named Ali Ben Zool, was on board, with an order from the Grand Signior to depose our Bashaw, and mount the throne himself.

With the servility to which the eastern people have habituated themselves, the Bashaw and Bey immediately succumbed to the mandate of the Grand Signior. In the hour of common danger they joined Sidy Useph; and altogether took refuge in the court of the Bey of Tunis, who entertained them with much hospitality. It turned out ultimately that they had yielded to a shadow, as the pretended order was a forgery. The Grand Signior generously gave the Barbaric powers leave to do themselves justice! Accordingly, after a short and iniquitous reign, Ali Ben Zool was driven from Tripoli, by the Bashaw's two sons. The Bashaw did not long survive his restoration; and the Bey, Sidy Hamet, was, after all, cheated of his birth-right by his ambitious and unscrupulous younger brother.

The Bey, warned by his friends or by his own apprehensions, had for a long time since his return to Tripoli, avoided quitting the town but in company with Sidy Useph, from the fear of the latter acting inimically while absent, or preventing his entering the town again on his return. But the two princes being out in the Messeah together, Sidy Useph on a dispute with his brother left him, reached the gates of the town some minutes before him, and without further ceremony closed them against the Bey; he then ordered him from the walls to retire to Derner, of which he permitted him to be Bey, adding that on his refusal he should be sacrificed before the walls of Tripoli. The Bey having no other resource, turned about with the few people he had with him and went to Derner, of which place he is now chief; leaving his brother, Sidy Useph, quietly seated on the throne, as Bashaw of Tripoli.

SHOPPING.

[To the Editor of the London Journal.]

SIR,—I am sorry to break in upon the beautiful creations of your fancy at this season of inspiration, with anything in the shape of a grievance, but seeing how happily you can convert even evils into sources of goodness and joy, I submit a case which I hope will not be deemed unworthy your consideration; especially as it may serve to put some of your fair readers of the metropolis upon their guard, at a time when too many of them are apt to forget themselves.

To say that I agree with you in your recommenda-

tions to all who desire to be amiable, and to be thought so, to go forth in these May mornings, where sunny banks and flowery fields are "stealing and giving odours," and by their happy presence to add "sweets to the sweet," is not enough. I must also take leave to thank you for the felicitous language in which your recommendations are conveyed.

Of the rural rambles of the rural fair, with hearts and minds disposed to receive impressions from the holiness, the beauty, and fragrant of nature, nothing but peace, and health, and joy, and moral goodness, the graces of form, and the language of heaven, as conveyed through the medium of lovely faces, is to be expected. But how different the result of a May-day ramble in this overgrown city! which now, from its extent, no less than by its pernicious customs, imposes and confirms its evil habits on many of the female portion of fashionable inhabitants. The sun and warmth have now some visible effects, even in the streets of London; and the very buttons, buckles, clasps, shop-windows, and coach-pans, toss the light about in darts and broad flashes, and the personal identity of our fair friends, divested of the hideous cloak and cape, is no longer questionable.

Now is the time that ladies begin to lapse into a kind of envious frenzy about shapes and colours; and now, therefore, is the time for those husbands who wish their wives to continue rational, as well as lovely, to take care of them; by no means suffering them to enter haberdashers', silk mercers', or shawl-shops, unattended; and ye, indulgent lovers! beware of going into such places with a mistress who wants something, but who after she has thrown herself with a fretful bounce into the shop-chair, will only say what it is not, and not what it is. Beware of these symptoms; for this annual frenzy is a *lusus Nature*, sent periodically into this erring world to plague such obtuse and perverse beings as scornfully neglect her beauty and abuse her bounty, and is as amply provided against, by a due number of sharpeners to take advantage of the occasion, as the annual regeneration of flies is, by a corresponding production of spiders, to entrap and devour them. As a man is said to be always infatuated before he is ruined, so our female friends turn fretful and ill-favoured when ripe for being imposed upon in their purchases of cheap and superfluous finery. A wardrobe of unworn finery is the indubitable sign of a puerile and uneasy mind; and whenever you see a lady fretful, you may suppose the seat of her disorder to be a chest of unworn and unwearable shawls: indeed, next to acute bodily pains, family bereavements, and biting penury, there is no source of disquiet equal to a possession which you know the moths and caprices of fashion have conspired to render valueless.

Superfluous purchases might not be so great an evil, in the main, if the poor creatures who manufacture such articles participated in the advantages of the sale; but such is by no means the case. Look in one of those marts of superfluity, and see how even a booby, with a little cash and a great deal of impudence, can flatter, and how he can tyrannize. How he can flatter and fawn upon the fretful simpletons who enter his door, and how he can domineer over his labourious and submissive assistants, who attend behind his counters, the most patient and ill-used of all human beings. In some of these places, a fashionably-dressed man is employed as a "shop-walker," a kind of assistant wheedler, and deputy-blusterer to the establishment; who, through the vacuum between his well-cultivated whiskers, grins his devoirs, or fulminates his commands, as the case may require. He makes known his importance and the gentility of his breeding, by the exclamations: "Hand over them shawls, Sir! Why do not you rise that lamp there!" &c.

I will here give the ladies a few hints fit to go with them in every round of fashionable shopping, and to be laid up in lavender, when at home. In these places, persons of the most unlovely aspects receive the most urgent attentions. The especial business of the "shop-walker" is to watch the entrance of customers, and to fasten his attentions on those ladies whose countenance and general air are most fretful and repulsive; for out of their very fretfulness, he contrives the means of imposing upon them. The business of his day is to effect impossibilities, and the boast and jest of his night, that he has, by sheer impudence, made the ugly purchase things uglier than themselves, and passed off the worst commodities on those who came to look with a supercilious eye upon the best. In short, the gross, palpable, and fawning flatteries, which characterize the principals in all these places, are such as imposters alone can utter, and idlers believe.

I have attended many of my female friends on their shopping excursions, and can truly declare that I never knew one who possessed, at the same time, a fretful temper and a happy choice. And for cheapness—unlovely faces embolden even those most patient and obliging persons who serve behind the counters, to impose upon them, if they can. They will naturally do so, from mere resentment, seeing that their integrity and most obliging attentions have been repelled by discontented looks and unamiable suspicions. On the contrary, happy faces enter unmolested by the shop-walker; they inspire a necessary confidence, and that kind of assiduity to please, in the server, which rarely fail to ensure a happy choice. The very patterns will appear to assume a delicacy of tint from their proximity to a sweet countenance, and those colours must needs be "fast," that are daily to be burnished with new smiles, until the very texture is worn out.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1834.

No. 9.

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LETTERS TO SUCH OF THE LOVERS OF KNOWLEDGE AS HAVE NOT RECEIVED A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

LETTER III.

A POPULAR VIEW OF THE HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

A Correspondent who writes respecting these letters, expected it seems, that they were to appear in regular weekly succession. But we said, in our first, that we only proposed to give them "from time to time;" want of a particular book, and of leisure to go and consult it at a distance, still prevents us from taking up the subject of Homer, we thought we could not do better than give our readers the following article meanwhile.

THE divinities of the ancient mythology are of a very tangible order. They were personifications of the power of the external world, and of the operations of the intellect, and sometimes merged themselves into the particular providence of an eminent prince or reformer. Mankind wishing to have distinct ideas of the unknown powers of the universe, naturally painted them at first in their own shapes; and not being able to conceive of them otherwise than by the light of their understanding, they as naturally gifted them with their own faculties, moral and intellectual. Hence, the Heathen gods were reflections of the qualities most admired or feared during the times in which they originated; and to the same cause were owing the inconsistencies and the vices, palmed upon them by the stories of different ages and nations, whose gods became lumped together; and hence the trouble that the philosopher had in endeavouring to reconcile the popular superstitions with a theology more becoming.* Plutarch, who was a priest at Delphi, and a regular devout Pagan, but good-hearted and imbued with philosophy, is shocked at the popular stories of the rapes and quarrels of the gods; and Plato, on a similar account, was for banishing Homer from his republic. Plutarch will not allow that it was the real Apollo who fought a serpent and afterwards had to purify himself. He said it must have been a likeness of him, a Dæmon. In other words, the gods of Plutarch were to resemble the highest ideas which Plutarch could form of dignity and power. Hence, the greater philosophers whose ardour in the pursuit of truth, rendered them still more desirous of departing from conventional degradations of it, came to agree that the nature of the deity was inconceivable; and that the most exalted being they could fancy was at an incalculable distance from it,—an emanation, a being deputed, a sort of spiritual incarnation of one of the divine thoughts;—if we may so speak without absurdity, and without blame. Plato for instance, observing the moral imperfections of our planet, and not knowing how to account for them any more than we do (for the first cause of evil is always left in the dark) imagined that this world was created by what he called a Demiurgus, or inferior divine energy; just as an artist less than Raphael might paint a fine picture, though not so good as what might have come from the hands of the greater one. If you asked him how he made out, that the chief creator did not do the work himself, he would have referred you to the fact of the imperfection, and to the existence of different degrees of skill and beauty in which we see all about us; for he thought he had a right to argue from analogy, in default of more certain principles. This right he undoubtedly possessed, and it was natural and

reasonable to exert it; but considering the imperfection of the human faculties, and the false reports they make to us even of things cognizable to the senses, it is, in truth, impossible to argue with any certainty from things human to things divine. The only service, to all appearance, which our faculties can do for us in these questions, is to save us from the admission of gratuitous absurdities, and dogmas dishonourable to the idea of a Divine Being, and to encourage us to guess handsomely and to good purpose. For sincerity, at all events, must not be gainsaid; otherwise belief, and probability, and principle, and natural love, and the earth itself slide from under our feet. The mystery of the permission of evil still remained; the mystery of imperfection, and of cause itself, was only thrown back; and, in fact, the invention of the Demiurgus was merely shifting the whole mystery of deity from a first cause to a second. The old dilemma between omnipotence and omnibenevolence perplexed the understanding then, as it does now; and as this world was made the reflection of every other, or rather as evil was supposed to render all the operations of the deity imperfect, except immediately in his own sphere, men seem to have overlooked among other guesses, the probability, that evil may exist only in petty corners or minute portions of the universe, and even then be only the result of an experiment with certain elementary compounds to see whether they cannot be made planets of perfect happiness as well as the rest. For after all, Plato's assumption of the innate and unconscious difficulty which matter presents in the working (or an inability of some sort, whatever it be, to render things perfect at once) is surely the best assumption, among the hundreds that have been taken for granted on this point; seeing that it sets aside malignity, encourages hope, and stimulates us to an active and benign state of endeavour such as we may conceive to enlist us in the divine service. We must never take any thing on trust in order to make a handle of it for dictation, or hypocrisy, or a selfish security, or an indolence which we may dignify with the title of resignation; but as we are compelled to assume or conjecture something or other, unless indeed we are deficient in the imaginative part of our nature, it is best to assume the best candidly, and acknowledge it to be an assumption, in order that we may do the utmost we can. Happy opinions are the wine of the heart. What if this world be an experiment, part of which consists in our own co-operation, that is to say, in trying how far the inhabitants of it can acquire energy enough, and do credit enough to the first cause, to add it finally to the number of blessed stars? and what if more direct communication with us, on the part of the operator, would of necessity put an end to the experiment? The petty human considerations of pride and modesty have nothing to do with the cordial magnitude of such guesses; and the beauty of them consists, we think, not merely in their cheerfulness and real piety, but in their adaptation to all experimental systems of utility, those of the most exclusive utilitarians not excepted. Such, we confess, is our own creed, which we boast at the same time to be emphatically Christian; and the good which our enthusiasm cannot help thinking such an opinion might do, will excuse us with the readers for this digression.*

* The hope of a happier state of things on earth, argues nothing against a life hereafter. The fitness of a human soul for immortality may be a part of the experiment. The divinest Preacher of Eternity that has appeared, expressly anticipated a happier period for mankind in their human state, though many who are called his followers are eager to load both themselves and the world they live in with contumely,—themselves as "innately vicious," and the world as "a vale of tears." Such are the compliments they think to pay their Creator! Yet these are the persons who talk with the greatest devotion of resigning themselves to God's will, and who pique themselves upon having the most exalted ideas of his nature! How much better to

The Gods of Greece, taken in the popular view of them, were, upon the whole, a jovial company, occasionally dispersed about the world, and assembling on Mount Olympus. They dined and supped there, and made love like a party of gallants at a King's table. A pretty girl served, instead of a butler; and the Muse played the part of a band.† When they came down to earth, they behaved like the party going home; made love again, after their fashion; interfered in quarrels, frightened the old and the feeble; and next day joined a campaign, or presided at an orthodox meeting. In short, they did whatever the vulgar thought gallant and heroic, and were particularly famous for having their own way. If a god offended against all humanity, he had his reasons for it, and was a privileged person. He could do no wrong. But if humanity went counter to a god, the offender and all his generation were to suffer for it. A lady who had resisted the violence of his virtue, was not to be believed, whenever she spoke truth; or your brother became an owl or a flint stone; or your son was to become a criminal or a madman, because his grandfather unwittingly married against the god's consent. The vulgar thought how wilful and unjust they would be themselves if they had power; they saw how much Kings were given to those kind of peccadilloes; and therefore, if they could have become gods, how much more they would have been ungodly! It is true, the philosopher refined upon all this; and agreeably to the way in which nature works, there was a sort of cultivation of energy underneath it, and an instinct of something beyond the common theories of right and wrong. Nature's character remained safe, and her good work proceeded. The Divinity within us was superior to the ideas of him which we threw up.

Homer makes the gods of a mighty size. His Neptune goes a hundred miles at a stride. This grandeur is of a questionable sort. Homer's men become little in proportion as the gods become great, and Mars and Minerva lording it over a battle, are like giants "tempesting" among a parcel of mice. The less they were seen, the less the dignity on either side was compromised; for their effect might be as gigantic as possible.

The truest grandeur is moral. When there is a heaven-quake because Jupiter has bent his brows;—when Apollo comes down in his wrath "like night-time" and a plague falls upon the people; when a fated man in a tragedy is described sleeping at the foot of an altar, with three tremendous looking women (the furies) keeping an eye upon him;—when a doomed old man in a grove, is called away by a voice,—after which he is never more seen; or to turn the brighter side of power, when Bacchus leaps out of his chariot in Titian's picture, looking (to our mortal eyes) with the fierce gravity of a wine-god's energy, though he comes to comfort a mourner; or to sum up all that is sweet as well as powerful, when Juno goes to Venus to borrow her girdle in order that she may appear irresistible in the eyes of Jupiter; it is then we feel all the force and

think it his will that they should bestir themselves to improve their own natures and the world! How much better to think it consonant with his nature that they should help to drain the "vale of tears" as they call it, just as they would any other valley, beautiful and full of resources! They do not think it necessary to be resigned when they can work for others? Resignation is always good, provided it means only patience in the midst of endeavour, or repose after it; but when it implies a mere folding of the hands, and a despair of making any thing good out of "God's own work," it is surely the lowest and most equivocal aspect under which piety could wish to be drawn.

† See the description in books and prints, the marriage of Cupid and Psyche. Raphael made a picture of it. Augustus is charged with having made an impious entertainment in imitation of these "charming noons and nights divine." Ben Jonson, we suppose in consideration of K. James, who besides being a classical monarch, was devout as well as debauched,—has taken the liberty of misrepresenting the charge in his Poetaster, and making Augustus astonished at the impiety of others!

* Virtue or vice either, if accompanied with power, will do to make a god of in barbarous times, and till mankind learn the perniciousness of that sort of apotheosis. An Eastern writer says that Pharaoh wished to pass for a divinity with his subjects, and had frequent conversation with the devil for that purpose. The devil put him off from time to time, till he told him one day that the hour was arrived, "How is that?" cried Pharaoh,— "why is it time now, and was not before?" "The reason is," replied the Devil, "that you have not hitherto been quite bad enough: at length you have become intolerable, and there is no alternative between a revolt of your subjects, and their belief in your being a god. Once persuade them of that, and there is nothing so extravagant, either in word or deed, which they will not take from you with respect." Dr. Herbelot article *Faraon*.

beauty of the Greek fables; and an intimacy with their sculpture shews us the eternal youth of this beauty, and renders it a sort of personal acquaintance.

Milton wrote some fine verses on the cessation of Heathen oracles, in which while he thinks he is triumphing over the dissolution of the gods, like a proper Christian, he is evidently regretting and lingering over them, as was natural to a poet. He need not have lamented. A proper sense of universality knows how to reconcile the real beauty of all creeds; and the gods survive in the midst of his own epic, lifted by his own hand above the degradation to which he has thrust them. Vulcan, he says, was called Mammon in heaven, and was a fallen angel. But he has another name for him, better than either. Hear how he rolls the harmony of his vowels.

Nor was his name unheard, or unadorn'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ansonian land
Met call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n, the chrysal battles, from Jove
Sheer o'er the chrysal battles. From morn
To noon he fell;—from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star
On Lemnos th' Ægean Isle. Thus they relate,
Erring.

Par. Lost. Book II.

"Not more than you did," Homer might have said to him in Elysium," when you called my divine architect a sordid archangel, fond of gold, and made him fall from a state of perfect holiness and bliss, which was impossible."

"Brother, brother," Milton might have said, glancing at the Author of the *Beggar's Opera*, "we were both in the wrong;—except when you were painting Helen and Andromache, or sending your verses forward like a devouring fire."

"Or you," would the heroic ancient rejoin, "when you made us acquainted with the dignity of those two gentle creatures in Paradise, and wrote verses full of tranquil superiority, which make mine appear to me like the talking of Mars compared with that of Jupiter."

No Heathen Paradise, according to Milton, could compare with his; yet in saying so, he lingers so fondly among the illegal shades, that it is doubtful which he prefers.

Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers,
(Herself a fairer flow'r) by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd; which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the woods; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne, by Orontes, and the inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyctean Isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom gentles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his step-dame Rhea's eye.

Milton had in fact settled this question of the indistinguishability of Paganism in his youth. His college Exercises shewing that "nature could not grow old," showed also that the gods and goddesses must remain with her. The style of Milton's Latin verses is founded on Ovid, but his love of a conscious and sonorous music renders it his own, and perhaps there is nothing more like the elder English Milton than these young exercises of his in a classical language.

Dr. Johnson objects to Milton's Lycidas, (which is an elegy on a lost companion of his studies) that "passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy; nor calls upon Arethusa and Mincius; nor tells of rough Satyrs and Fauns with cloven heel." To which Warton very properly answers, "but poetry does this: and in the hands of Milton does it with a peculiar and irresistible charm. Subordinate poets exercise no invention when they tell how a shepherd has lost a companion, and must feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping; but Milton dignifies and adorns these common artificial incidents with unexpected touches of picturesque beauty, with the graces of sentiment and with the novelties of original genius." Warton says further, that "poetry is not always unconnected with passion," and then gives an instance out of the poem where Milton speaks of the body of his lost friend. But he might have added that poetry itself is a passion; that Fleet Street and "the Mitre," though very good things, are not the only ones; that these two young friends lived in the imaginative as well as the every-day world; that the survivor most probably missed the companion of his studies more on the banks of the Arethusa and the Mincius, than he did in the college grounds; in short, that there is a state of poetical belief, in which the images of truth and beauty, which are by their nature lasting, become visible and affecting to the mind in proportion to the truth and beauty of its own tact for universality.

Bacon, though no poet, had it, and adorned his house with Pagan Sculptures; because, being a universal philosopher, he included a knowledge of what was poetical. All the poets have had it as a matter of course, more or less; but the greatest most of all. Shakspeare included it, for the very reason that he left no part of the world unsympathized with; namely, that he was of all poets the most universal.

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

These Miltonic lines flowed from the same pen that recorded the vagaries of Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly. Dr. Johnson would have made a bad business of the Heathen mythology. He did so when he made a Turk pull his enemy out of the "Pleiad's golden chariot." He was conversant only with what is called real life; wonderfully well indeed, and with great wit and good sense; but there he stopped. He might have as soon undertaken to describe a real piece of old poetical beauty, or passion either, as clap his wig on the head of Apollo. He laughed, with reason, at Prior, for comparing his Chloes to Venus and Diana, and talking of their going out a hunting with ivory quivers graceful at their side. This was the French notion of using the Greek Fables; and with the French indeed the Heathen mythology became the most spurious and the most faded of drugs. They might as well have called a box of millinery the oracle of Delphi. The Germans understood it better, but we do not think it has ever been revived to more beautiful account than in the young poetry and remote haunts of imagination, of the late Mr. Keats. He lamented that he could not do it justice. "Oh, how unlike" he cries, speaking of the style of his fine poem, Hyperion,

To that large utterance of the early gods!

But this was the modesty of a real poet. Milton himself would have been happy to read his Hyperion aloud, and to have welcomed the new spirit among the choir of poets, with its

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace.†

Mr. Shelley beautifully applied to his young friend the distich of Plato upon Agathon, who having been, he says, a morning star among the living, was now an evening star in the shades. Here also was the true taste of the antique. Nay, it is possible that the melancholy of modern genius, to the eyes of which a larger and obscurer world has been thrown open, may have discovered a more imaginative character in the mythology of the ancient poets, than accompanies our usual notion of it. The cheerfulness of all those poets, except the dramatic ones, and the everlasting and visible youth of their sculptures, come before us, and make us think of nothing but Pan and Pomona, of Bacchus, Apollo, and the Graces. Nor is it possible to deny that this is the general and perhaps the just impression, though exaggerated; and that the Pythian organ, with all its grandeur, does not roll such peals

Of pomp and threatening harmony‡

as those of the old Gregorian chapels, and the mingling hierarchies of earth and heaven.¶ Unfortunately the grandest parts of all religions have hitherto appealed to the least respectable of our passions,—our fear. It is the beauty of the truly divine part of Christianity that it appeals to love; and if it then inspires melancholy, it is one of a nobler sort, animating us to endeavour, and promising a state of things, to which the grandeur both of Paganism and Catholicism may become as the dreams of remembered sickness in infancy.

At all events it is certain that some of the great modern poets, in consequence of their remoteness from the age of Pagan belief and its every day effect on the mind, often write in a nobler manner upon the Gods of antiquity than the ancients themselves. He that would run the whole round of the spirit of Heathenism to perfection, must become intimate with the poetry of Milton and Spenser; of Ovid, Homer, Theocritus, and the Greek tragedians; with the novels of Wieland, the

• In his tragedy of *Irene*. Gibbon has noticed it somewhere in the *Decline and Fall*.

† Hyperion.

‡ Wordsworth in his *Laodamia*.

§ Wordsworth.

¶ On the Feast of St. Michael and All Saints, the Catholic Church believes that the whole of the faithful on earth and in heaven, with all the angelical hierarchies, are lifting up their voices in praise. One of the sublimest and most beautiful fancies that ever entered into the heart of man.

sculptures of Phidias and others, and the pictures of Raphael, and the Caraccis, and Nicholas Poussin. But a single page of Spenser or one morning at the *Angerstein Gallery*, will make him better acquainted with it, than a dozen such folios as Spence's *Poly-metis*, or all the mythologists and book-poets who have attempted to draw Greek inspiration from a Latin fount.

CLOSE OF MAY AND BEGINNING OF JUNE.

THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

As our week, this time, consists of half a week in one month, and half in another, the beautiful idea of the poet becomes singularly applicable to it; for it is literally

"A season between June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd."
Castle of Indolence.

What a proper June word is the word *imbrown'd*! April and May are green months: with June the year begins to be *imbrown'd*. It was the great Milton, improver alike in small things as in great, in English words as well as English deeds, who brought us this word from Italy. *Fa l'imbrunire*, say the Italians on the approach of evening,—*it browns*. *Imbrunir veggio la sera*. Petrarch,—"I see evening *imbrown*." But the word is more striking, as applied to the summer foliage—the colour is more decided. And Thomson, we believe, is the first who applied it in that sense. In Milton, as in Petrarch, it only expresses a shadowing:—

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves.
Penseroso.

Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unperc'd shade
Imbrow'd the noon-tide bowers.
Paradise Lost, Book 4.

Those are pleasant June pictures. Let us in justice to June and to Thomson, give the whole delightful picture of his scene in the Castle of Indolence.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
He was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season between June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, no cared e'en for play.

Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence keet
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Mean time unnumber'd glittering streamlets played,
And hurried every where their waters shewn,
That, as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
The restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As idles fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood;
And where this valley windeth out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to flow

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flashing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instill a wanton sweetness thro' the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of joyance or unrest
Was far far off expelled from this delicious nest.

But Indolence was the lord of this "delicious nest," and a frightful place he made of it; as the reader may see on turning to the poem. We, however, to wit, the readers and writers of the "*London Journal*," are an active race, and have a right to "delicious nests," and summer pictures, even of Indolence's own painting, and, therefore, we will enjoy a few more stanzas of this seasonable poem.

Among the inhabitants of the Castle specified by the poet, who are understood to have been friends of his, and whose names, it is to be regretted, have not been all ascertained, there comes for a short time,

A joyous youth, who took you at first sight,

and who, though at first very pleasant, ended in keeping the place in a perfect uproar, and depriving the poor

luxurious people of their sleep. The poet illustrates him by the following appropriate image:—

As when in prime of June, a burnished fly,
Spring from the meads o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tenses up amid these airy balls his song,
Soothing at first the gay repelling throng;
And oft he sips their bowl; or, nearly drowned,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with tramp profound,
Then out again he flies to wing his merry round.

Here follow two other guests of Indolence, coming to bask in wild thyme, or brood over their melancholy in groves. The latter portrait (if our memory is not mistaken) is understood to have been intended for Armstrong. It is a pity the former is unknown. It is not unlike Shenstone; but we are not aware that Shenstone was acquainted with Armstrong.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grace and mark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Fensive, not sad; in thought involved, not dark;
And sooth this man could sing as morning lark;
And teach the noblest morals of the heart;
But these his talents were buried stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature painting Art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound,
Or when Dan Sol to slumber his wheels began,
Amid the broom he basked him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomil are found:
There would he linger till the latest ray
Of light sate trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow; so had he passed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past;
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay concealed
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew revealed;
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was sometimes joined, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There inly-thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury broke,
Nor utter'd word, save when alone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the day is done."

To the second line of the sixty-eighth stanza of the poem, this note is appended: "The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the Author." The friend is said to be Armstrong, and the portrait is that of Thomson himself. We have thus the curious, the very particular, and very pleasant evidence, that Thomson began the portrait with a stroke of personal candour such as would have had a very different grace from the harl of any body but himself, and then suffered the canvass to be filled up by another:—

A bard here dwell, more fat than bard besoms,
Who void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain.
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he, careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous strain,
Oft moralizing sage. His duty sweet
He loathed much to write, as cared to repeat.

Ne is the old English word for nor. The poem is written in a strain of reverential mimicry of Spenser; which gives it, like Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, a certain exquisiteness of mixed gravity and familiarity; as in the following instance:—

Here ark'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, the face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And sure his linen was not very clean.

This fellow used to take his dinner

Through secret loop-holes that had practised been,
Near to his bed—

Which, together with his other habits, so disgusted the gentles of the Castle of Indolence, that they fairly summoned up activity enough to drive him out.

Whence from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out, for fitter air to look.

The closing line of the following extract makes a reader of Spenser laugh, to see how admirably the poet has caught the uncouth yet ingenious manner in which his great original disposes of a difficult rhyme. In place of a newspaper, the Castle had a magic globe in which they could see all that happened out of doors:—

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal, magic globe to spy,
Still as you turned it, all things that do pass
Upon this anti-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly busy men the restless fry
Ran bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or, which obtained, the callids dare not taste;
When nothing is enjoyed, can there be greater waste?

Of vanity the mirror this was called;
Here you a muchworm of the town might see
At his dull desk, amid his leggers stalled
Ate up with carking care and penurie;
Most like the carcass perched on gallow tree;
"A penny saved is a penny got,"
Firm to this seconded maxim keepeth he,
No of its rigor will he bate a jot
Till it has quenched his fire and banished his pot.

Strait from the Alt of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir
All glossy gay, enamelled all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air.
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, barlitz, flatterers vile
And thieving tradesmen him among them share;
His father's ghost from Limbo-lake the white
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

Since writing these remarks, we have seen Mr. Pickering's Aldine Edition of Thomson, in which the writer of the poet's life tells us, that the sketch of Thomson's own character is asserted to have been supplied by Lord Lyttleton. The person who made the assertion is, however, not mentioned. The same edition furnishes us some letters of Thomson, one of which shews that among the guests in the castle was Mr. Paterson, the poet's deputy and successor in the office of Surveyor General of the Leeward Islands. The passage is curious, in shewing us what a long time the author took to write his *indolent* poem; as if every thing about it, even the drawl of its composition, should be of a piece:—

"Now that I am prating of myself, know that, after fourteen or fifteen years, the Castle of Indolence comes abroad in a fortnight. It will certainly travel as far as Barbadoes (where Paterson lived). You have an apartment in it as a night-pensioner; which, you may remember, I fitted up for you during our delightful party at North End."

From the words "night-pensioner," we conclude that Paterson was the "joyous youth" above described, who hindered the idlers from sleeping. In another passage of this letter, Thomson makes an allusion to Armstrong, that corroborates the tradition respecting his portrait:—

"Though the Doctor (Dr Armstrong—says a note) increases in business, he does not decrease in spleen, that is both humane and agreeable, like Jacques in the play. I sometimes, too, have a touch of it."

Thomson in the spleen! It must have been of a very particular and "humane" sort indeed—as good as the cheerfulness of most men. In another letter we have a distinct clue to the famous portrait of the little jovial clergyman, whose mouth watered at the sight of beauty. Plenty of the reverend profession, it seems, were occupants of "the land of Drowsyhead."

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod;
Of clerks good plenty you might here espay.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God
Was one I chiefly marked among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with engodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanced to trippen by:
Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

"Petty," says Thomson, in a letter to a friend, "came here two or three days ago: I have not yet seen the round man of God to be. He is to be parsonified a few days hence. How a gown and cassock will become him; and with what a holy leer he will edify the devout females! There is no doubt of his having a call, for he is immediately to enter upon a tolerable living. God grant him more, and as fat as himself. It rejoices me to see one worthy, honest, excellent man, raised, at least, to independence."

"Petty," thus spoken of (says a note) was Dr. Patrick Murdoch, the "oily man of God" of the "Castle of Indolence," and one of Thomson's biographers and editors."

We have gone to greater length on this subject than we intended, having merely thought, in the first instance, to quote a passage or two from Thomson's "June and May" poem, in illustration of the pleasures of our week; otherwise we would have made a first article of it, and analysed the whole poem, one of our designs in this Journal being to go through some popular poem with the reader, occasionally; reading it, as it were, in company with him, and making comments as we go. We have said enough, however, we hope, in the present instance, both to give pleasant recollections of the poem to those who are acquainted with it, and to excite a desire for its perusal in those who are not; nor will our random quotations have been unsuitable to such of our readers as may chance to have perused them, lounging in their chairs or lying on the grass, in their intervals of activity during this hot weather.

And this reminds us, that we may as well close our remarks with the hint furnished to invalids and convalescents by the death of this amiable poet, who in his hurry to enjoy nature again after a fit of sickness, forgot that fine evenings in England are apt to be accompanied by dew-falls and east winds. An effeminate

carefulness is the last thing that either he or this Journal would inculcate; but *proper caution on proper occasions*, is a motto adopted by the hardest adventurers, as may be seen in the gallant history of our voyagers to the North Pole.

"It was Thomson's habit to walk from his residence in Kew-lane, near Richmond, whenever the weather rendered going by water ineligible. In one of these journeys from London, he found himself, on reaching Hammersmith, tired and overheated, and he imprudently took a boat to convey him to Kew. The walk from the landing place to his house did not remove the chill which the air on the water produced, and the next day he found himself in a high fever, a state which his plethoric habit rendered alarming. His disorder yielded however, to care and medicine, and he was soon out of danger; but being tempted by a fine evening to expose himself to the dew before he was perfectly restored, a relapse took place, and he was speedily beyond the powers of human aid."

The places of residence or visiting, to which Thomson may be traced, are Kew-lane, or Kew-foot-lane, in Richmond; Lancaster-court, Strand (where he frequented the Lancaster Coffee-house); Old Slaughter's Coffee-house; East Barnet, beyond Finchley; North-end, Fulham; the Mall, Hammersmith; and Eastbury, in Dorsetshire. He was born at Ednam in Roxburghshire, and was at the Edinburgh University. We give a list of these places for the benefit of those readers who may happen to reside or be otherwise interested in them, and who may be fortunate enough to feel an addition to their enjoyments, in the consciousness that a man of genius and goodness has frequented the same spots.

BIRTH DAYS.

Alberoni (Giulio) Cardinal, and prime minister of Spain under the house of Bourbon, was born at Parma, May 28th, (15th old style) in 1664. He was the son of a gardener, and lived to the age of eighty-seven, sound in his faculties to the last. We speak of him in this place, in order to relate a saying of his, remarkable for its address and fine taste. He was a man of vehement temper, as well as open discourse, and told a boy one day, who said he feared something, that he should "fear nothing, not even God himself;" upon which the company looking shocked and astonished to hear such words from the mouth of a cardinal, Alberoni added, with a meek air and a softened voice, "For we are to feel nothing towards the good God, but *love*."

Sir William Petty, a celebrated statist and mechanical philosopher, born at Rumsey in Hampshire, May 29th (16th old style), 1623. He was the son of a clothier, and was founder of the wealth, perhaps of the talent, of the Lansdowne family, who bear his name, their ancestor, the Earl of Kerry, having married his daughter. Sir William was a sort of admirable Chrich-ton at money-making, and left a curious account of his accomplishments that way. Ambrey, a gossiping biographer, who knew him, says that he had, at one time been a shop-boy; and that while he was studying physic at Paris, he was driven to such straits for a subsistence, that "he lived a week or two on three pennyworths of walnuts." Sir William was a physician, a surveyor, a member of parliament, a timber-merchant, a political writer, a speculator in iron-works, fisheries, and lead-mines; and he wrote Latin verses, and was an active Fellow of the Royal Society. But for the particulars of his money-getting see his will, which is a curious specimen of a man of his sort, not always such a perfection of human wisdom, as he seems to have supposed, but admirable for ingenuity and perseverance. He also appears to have been a wag and a buffoon! He "will preach extempore incomparably," says Aubrey, "either in the presbyterian way, independent, capuchin friar, or jesuit." The same writer tells the following pleasant story of him:

"I consider there was a great difference between him and Sir Throm Sankey, one of Oliver's Knights about 1660. They printed one against the other. The knight had been a soldier, and challenged Sir William to fight with him. Sir William is extremely short-sighted, and being the challengee, it belonged to him to nominate place and weapon. He nominates for the place a dark cellar, and the weapon to be a great carpenter's axe. This turned the knight's challenge into ridicule, and it came to nought."

CUVIER'S THEORY OF THE EARTH.

ABSTRACTED FROM KERR'S TRANSLATIONS OF THAT WORK.

THE past history of the world we live in has always been a subject of curiosity to our kind; particularly perhaps, that portion which is most difficult of investigation, of those times when mankind had not yet peopled the surface of the globe, ere there was any human eye to see, or mind to tell us what was going on in the early days of human existence. Philosophers in all times have busied themselves to satisfy this curiosity. They have, however, rather indulged their imaginations, than used their reason. They rather busied themselves in fancying the plans upon which they might have proposed to work, than by examining existent things, satisfied themselves how they really originated. Each man preconceived his notion of the mode of creation, and then tried to reconcile created things to his theory. Thus much ingenuity was wasted on absurdity; much logic thrown away upon unlogical premises; castles built without even a foundation of air. Even in the later days, when the sciences were becoming fixed, philosophers indulged in these amusing freaks of fancy.

Thus, in the opinion of Burnet, the whole earth at the first consisted of a uniform light crust, which covered over the abyss of the sea, and which, being broken for the production of the deluge, formed the mountains by its fragments. According to Woodward, the deluge was occasioned by a momentary suspension of cohesion among the particles of mineral bodies; the whole mass of the globe was dissolved, and the soft paste became penetrated by shells. Scheuchzer conceived that God raised up the mountains for the purpose of allowing the waters of the deluge to run off, and accordingly selected those portions which contained the greatest abundance of rocks, without which they could not have supported themselves. Whiston fancied that the earth was created from the atmosphere of one comet, and that it was deluged by the tail of another. The heat which remained from its first origin, in his opinion, excited the whole antediluvian population, men and animals, to sin, for which they were all drowned in the deluge, excepting the fish, whose passions were apparently less violent.

Even the great Leibnitz, as well as Descartes, amused his imagination by conceiving the world to be an extinguished sun, or vitrified globe; upon which the vapours condensing in proportion as it cooled, formed the seas, and afterwards deposited calcareous strata.

By Demaillet, the globe was conceived to have been covered with water for many thousand years. He supposed that this water had gradually retired; that all the terrestrial animals were originally inhabitants of the sea; that man himself began his career as a fish; and he asserts that it is not uncommon, even now, to meet with fishes in the ocean, which are still only half men, but whose descendants will in time become perfect human beings.

The system of Buffon is merely an extension of that before devised by Leibnitz, with the addition only of a comet, which, by a violent blow upon the sun, struck off the mass of our earth in a liquified state, along with the masses of all the other planets of our system at the same instant. From this supposition, he was enabled to assume positive dates or epochs; as, from the actual temperature of the earth, it could be calculated how long time it had taken to cool so far. And, as all the other planets had come from the sun at the same time, it could also be calculated how many ages were still required for cooling the greater ones, and how far the smaller ones were already frozen.

In the present day, men of bolder imaginations than ever, have employed themselves on this great subject. Some writers have revived and greatly extended the ideas of Demaillet. They suppose that every thing was originally fluid; that this universal fluid gave existence to animals, which were at first of the simplest kind, such as the monads and other infusory microscopic animalcules; that, in process of time, and by acquiring different habits, the races of these animals became complicated, and assumed that diversity of nature and character in which they now exist. It is by all those races of animals that the waters of the ocean have been gradually converted into calcareous earth; while the vegetables, concerning the origin and metamorphoses of which these authors give us no account, have converted a part of the same water into clay; and these two earths, after being stript of the peculiar characters they had received respectively from animal and vegetable life, are resolved by a final analysis into silex: hence the more ancient mountains are more silicious than the rest. Thus, according to these authors, all the solid particles of our globe owe their existence to animal or vegetable life, and without this our globe would still have continued entirely liquid.

Other writers have preferred the ideas of Kepler, and, like that great astronomer, have considered the globe itself as possessed of living faculties. According to them, it contains a circulating vital fluid. A process of assimilation goes on in it as well as in animated bodies. Every particle of it is alive. It possesses instinct and volition even to the most elementary of its molecules, which attract and repel each other according to sympathies and antipathies. Each kind of mineral substance is capable of converting immense masses of matter into its own peculiar nature, as we convert our aliment into flesh and blood. The mountains are the respiratory organs of the globe, and the schists its

organs of secretion. By the latter it decomposes the waters of the sea, in order to produce volcanic eruptions. The veins in strata are canies, or abscesses of the mineral kingdom, and the metals are products of rottenness and disease, to which it is owing that almost all of them have so bad a smell.

It must, however be noticed, that these are what may be termed extreme examples, and that all geologists have not permitted themselves to be carried away by such bold or extravagant conceptions as those we have just cited. Yet, among those who have proceeded with more caution, and have not searched for geological causes beyond the established limits of physical and chemical science, there still remain much diversity and contradiction.

According to one of these writers, every thing has been successively precipitated and deposited, nearly as it exists at present; but the sea, which covered all, has gradually retired.

Another conceives, that the materials of the mountains are incessantly wasted and floated down by the rivers, and carried to the bottom of the ocean, to be there heated under an enormous pressure, and to form strata which shall be violently lifted up at some future period, by the heat that now consolidates and hardens them.

A third supposes the fluid materials of the globe to have been divided among a multitude of successive lakes, placed like the benches of an amphitheatre; which, after having deposited our shelly strata, have successively broken their dikes, to descend and fill the basin of the ocean.

According to a fourth, tides of seven or eight hundred fathoms have carried off from time to time the bottom of the ocean, throwing it up in mountains and hills on the primitive vallies and plains of the continent.

A fifth conceives the various fragments of which the surface of the earth is composed to have fallen successively from heaven, in the manner of meteoric stones, and alleges that they still retain the remarks of their origin in the unknown species of animals whose exuvie they contain.

By a sixth, the globe is supposed to be hollow, and to contain in its cavity a nucleus of loadstone, which is dragged from one pole of the earth to the other by the attraction of comets, changing the centre of gravity, and consequently hurrying the great body of the ocean along with it, so as alternately to drown the two hemispheres.

It was reserved for Cuvier, who to great acuteness and readiness of intellect, added a solid sense, and a faithful reason, to light upon the seemingly obvious plan of judging the creation by its nature; to judge of the past by the present;—in fact, to begin at the right end. Had Cuvier lived in the time of Galileo, he would, like the Florentine, have been put to the torture, for he insisted upon arguing from facts and natural appearances, and would take no evidence but that of his own eyes.

When the traveller passes through those fertile plains where gently flowing streams nourish in their course an abundant vegetation, and where the soil, inhabited by a numerous population, adorned with flourishing villages, opulent cities, and superb monuments, is never disturbed except by the ravages of war and the oppression of tyrants, he is not led to suspect that nature also has had her intestine wars, and that the surface of the globe has been much convulsed by successive revolutions and various catastrophes. But his ideas change as soon as he digs into that soil which presented such a peaceful aspect, or ascends the hills which border the plain.

The lowest and most level parts of the earth, when penetrated to a very great depth, exhibit nothing but horizontal strata composed of various substances, and containing almost all of them innumerable marine productions. Similar strata, with the same kind of productions, compose the hills even to a great height. Sometimes the shells are so numerous as to constitute the entire body of the stratum. They are almost everywhere in such a perfect state of preservation, that even the smallest of them retain their most delicate parts, their sharpest ridges, and their finest and tenderest processes. They are found in elevations far above the level of every part of the ocean, and in places to which the sea could not be conveyed by any existing cause. They are not only inclosed in loose sand, but are often incrustrated and penetrated on all sides by the hardest stones. Every part of the earth, every hemisphere, every continent, every island of any size, exhibits the same phenomenon. We are therefore forcibly led to believe not only that the sea has at one period or another covered all our plains, but that it must have remained there for a long time, and in a state of tranquillity; which circumstance was necessary for the formation of deposits so extensive, so thick, in part so solid, and containing exuvie so perfectly preserved.

The time is past for ignorance to assert that these remains of organized bodies are mere *lusus nature*,—productions generated in the womb of the earth by its own creative powers. A nice and scrupulous comparison of their forms, of their contexture, and frequently even of their composition, cannot detect the slightest difference between these shells and the shells which still inhabit the sea. They have therefore once lived in the sea, and been deposited by it: the sea consequently must have rested in the places where the deposition has taken place. Hence it is evident that the basin or reservoir containing the sea has undergone

some change at least, either in extent, or in situation, or in both. Such is the result of the very first search, and of the most superficial examination.

The traces of revolutions become still more apparent and decisive when we ascend a little higher, and approach nearer to the foot of the great chains of mountains. There are still found many beds of shells; some of these are even larger and more solid; the shells are quite as numerous and as entirely preserved; but they are not of the same species with those which were found in the less elevated regions. The strata which contain them are not so generally horizontal; they have various degrees of inclination, and are sometimes situated vertically. While in the plains and low hills it was necessary to dig deep in order to detect the succession of the strata, here we perceive them by means of the vallies which time or violence has produced, and which disclose their edges to the eye of the observer. At the bottom of these declivities, huge masses of their *debris* are collected, and form round hills, the height of which is augmented by the operation of every thaw and of every storm.

These inclined or vertical strata, which form the ridges of the secondary mountains, do not rest on the horizontal strata of the hills which are situated at their base, and serve as their first steps; but, on the contrary, are situated underneath them. The latter are placed upon the declivities of the former. When we dig through the horizontal strata in the neighbourhood of the inclined strata, the inclined strata are invariably found below. Nay, sometimes, when the inclined strata are not too much elevated, their summit is surmounted by horizontal strata. The inclined strata are, therefore, more ancient than the horizontal strata. And as they must necessarily have been formed in a horizontal position, they have been subsequently shifted into their inclined or vertical position, and that too before the horizontal strata were placed above them.

Thus the sea, previous to the formation of the horizontal strata, had formed others, which by some means, have been broken, lifted up, and overturned in a thousand ways. There had therefore been also at least one change in the basin of that sea which preceded ours; it had also experienced at least one revolution; and as several of these inclined strata which it had formed first, are elevated above the level of the horizontal strata which have succeeded and which surround them, this revolution, while it gave them their present inclination, had also caused them to project above the level of the sea, so as to form islands, or at least rocks and inequalities; and this must have happened whether one of their edges was lifted above the water, or the depression of the opposite edge caused the water to subside. This is the second result, not less obvious, nor less clearly demonstrated than the first, to every one who will take the trouble of studying carefully the remains by which it is illustrated and proved.

If we institute a more detailed comparison between the various strata and those remains of animals which they contain, we shall soon discover still more numerous differences among them, indicating a proportional number of changes in their condition. The sea has not always deposited stony substances of the same kind. It has observed a regular succession as to the nature of its deposits; the more ancient the strata are, so much the more uniform and extensive are they; and the more recent they are, the more limited are they, and the more variation is observed in them at small distances. Thus the great catastrophes which have produced revolutions in the basin of the sea, were preceded, accompanied, and followed by changes in the nature of the fluid and of the substances which it held in solution; and when the surface of the seas came to be divided by islands and projecting ridges, different changes took place in every separate basin.

Amidst these changes of the general fluid, it must have been almost impossible for the same kind of animals to continue to live:—nor did they do so in fact. Their species, and even their genera, change with the strata; and although the same species occasionally recur at small distances, it is generally the case that the shells of the ancient strata have forms peculiar to themselves; that they gradually disappear, till they are not to be seen at all in the recent strata, still less in the existing seas, in which, indeed, we never discover their corresponding species, and where several even of their genera are not to be found; that, on the contrary, the shells of the recent strata resemble, as it respects the genus, those which still exist in the sea; and that in the last-formed and loosest of these strata there are some species which the eye of the most expert naturalist cannot distinguish from those which at present inhabit the ocean.

In animal nature, therefore, there has been a succession of changes corresponding to those which have taken place in the chemical nature of the fluid; and when the sea last receded from our continent, its inhabitants were not very different from those which it still continues to support.

Finally, if we examine with greater care these remains of organized bodies, we shall discover, in the midst even of the most ancient secondary strata, other strata that are crowded with animal or vegetable productions, which belong to the land and to fresh water: and amongst the more recent strata, that is, the strata which are nearest the surface, there are some of them in which land animals are buried under heaps of marine productions. Thus the various catastrophes of our planet have not only caused the different parts of

our continents to rise by degrees from the basin of the sea, but it has also frequently happened, that lands which had been laid dry have been again covered by the water, in consequence either of these lands sinking down below the level of the sea, or of the sea being raised above the level of the lands. The particular portions of the earth also which the sea has abandoned by its last retreat, had been laid dry once before, and had at that time produced quadrupeds, birds, plants, and all kinds of terrestrial production; it had then been inundated by the sea, which has since retired from it, and left it to be occupied by its own proper inhabitants.

The changes which have taken place in the productions of the shelly strata, have not, therefore, been entirely owing to a gradual and general retreat of the waters, but to successive irruptions and retreats, the final result of which, however, has been an universal depression of the level of the sea.

These repeated irruptions and retreats of the sea have been neither slow nor gradual; most of the catastrophes which have occasioned them have been sudden, and this is easily proved, especially with regard to the last of them, the traces of which are most conspicuous. In the northern nations it has left the carcasses of some large quadrupeds, which the ice had arrested, and which are preserved even to the present day, with their skin, their hair, and their flesh. If they had not been frozen as soon as killed, they must quickly have been decomposed by putrefaction. In one case, a rhinoceros, discovered by Mr. Adams on the banks of Jena, the flesh was so well preserved, that it was eaten by dogs. Numberless living beings have been the victims of these catastrophes; some have been destroyed by inundations; others laid dry by the bottom of the seas being instantaneously elevated. Their races have become extinct, and have left no memorial except some small fragments which the naturalist can scarcely recognize. But what is still more astonishing, and not less certain, there have not been always living creatures on the earth; and it is easy for the observer to discover the period at which the animal productions began to be deposited.

As we ascend to higher points of elevation, and advance towards the lofty summits of the mountains, the remains of marine animals, that multitude of shells we have spoken of, begin very soon to grow rare, and at length disappear altogether. We arrive at strata of a different nature, which contain no vestige at all of living creatures. Nevertheless, their crystallization, and even the nature of their strata, show that they also have been formed in a fluid; their inclined position and their slopes show that they also have been moved and overturned; the oblique manner in which they sink under the shelly strata shows that they have been formed before these; and the height to which their bare and rugged tops are elevated above all the shelly strata, shows that their summits have never again been covered by the sea since they were raised up out of its bosom.

Such are those primitive or primordial mountains which traverse our continents in various directions, rising above the clouds, separating the basins of the rivers from one another, serving, by means of their eternal snows, as reservoirs for feeding the springs, and forming in some measure the skeleton, or, as it were, the rough frame-work of the earth.

Their jagged, disorderly shapes are proofs of the violence with which they have been elevated. Yet, amidst all their confusion, some naturalists have thought that they perceived a certain degree of order prevailing, and that among these immense beds of rock, broken and overturned though they be, a regular succession is observed, which is nearly the same in all the different chains of mountains. According to them, the granite, which surmounts every other rock; and is the most ancient of any that has yet been discovered in the place assigned it by nature. The central ridges of most of the mountain chains are composed of it; slaty rocks, such as clay slates, granular quartz (*Grès*), and mica slate, rest upon upon its sides and form lateral chains; granular, foliated limestone, or marble, and other calcareous rocks that do not contain shells, rest upon the slate, forming the exterior ranges, and are the last formations by which this ancient uninhabited sea seems to have prepared itself for the production of its beds of shells.

On all occasions, even in districts that lie at a distance from the great mountain chains, where the more recent strata have been digged through, and the external covering of the earth penetrated to a considerable depth, nearly the same order of stratification has been found as that already described. The crystallized marbles never cover the shelly strata; the granite in mass never rests upon the crystallized marble, except in a few places where it seems to have been formed of granites newer epochs. In one word, the foregoing arrangement appears to be general, and must therefore depend upon general causes, which have on all occasions exerted the same influence from one extremity of the earth to the other.

Hence, it is impossible to deny, that the waters of the sea have formerly, and for a long time, covered those masses of matter which now constitute our highest mountains; and farther, that these waters, during a long time, did not support any living bodies. Thus, it has not been only since the commencement of animal life that these numerous changes and revolutions have taken place in the constitution of the external covering of our globe. For the masses formed previous

to that event have suffered changes, as well as those which have been formed since; they have also suffered violent changes in their positions, and a part of these assuredly took place while they existed alone, and before they were covered over by the shelly masses. The proof of this lies in the overturnings, the disruptions, and the fissures which are observable in their strata, as well as those of more recent formation, which are there even in greater number and better defined.

But these primitive masses have also suffered other revolutions, posterior to the formation of the secondary strata, and have, perhaps, given rise to, or at least have partaken of, some portion of the revolutions and changes which these latter strata have experienced. There are actually considerable portions of the primitive strata uncovered, although placed in lower situations than many of the secondary strata; and we cannot conceive how it should have so happened, unless the primitive strata, in these places, had forced themselves into view, after the formation of those which are secondary. In some countries, we find numerous and prodigiously large blocks of primitive substances scattered over the surface of the secondary strata, and separated by deep valleys from the peaks or ridges whence these blocks have been derived. It is necessary, therefore, either that these blocks must have been thrown into those situations by means of eruptions, or that the valleys, which otherwise must have stopped their course, did not exist at the time of their being transported to their present sites.

The nature of many agents in these changes it is now impossible to determine. There still exist, however, four causes in full activity, which contribute to make alterations on the surface of our earth. These are rains and thaws, which waste down the steep mountains, and occasion their fragments to collect at their bottoms; streams of water, which sweep away these fragments, and afterwards deposit them in places where their current is abated; the sea, which undermines the foundations of elevated coasts, forming steep cliffs in their places, and which throws up hillocks of sand upon flat coasts; and, finally, volcanoes, which pierce through the most solid strata from below, and either elevate or scatter abroad the vast quantity of matter which they eject.

The rains which fall upon the ridges and summits of the mountains, the vapours which are condensed there, and the snow which is melted, descend by an infinite number of rills along their slopes, carrying off some portions of the materials of which these ridges and summits are composed, and marking their courses by numerous gutters. In their progress downwards, these small rills soon unite in the deeper furrows with which the surface of all mountains is ploughed up, run off through the deep valleys which intersect the bottoms of the mountains, and at length form the streams and rivers which restore to the sea the waters that it had formerly supplied to the atmosphere.

When the snow melts, or when a storm takes place, these mountain torrents become suddenly swelled, and rush down the declivities with a violence and rapidity proportioned to their steepness: they dash against the feet of these taluses of fallen fragments which form the sides of all the elevated valleys, carrying along with them the rounded fragments of which they are composed, which become smoothed and still farther polished by rubbing on each other. But, in proportion as the swollen torrents reach the more level valleys, and the force of their current is diminished, or when they arrive at more expanded basins which allow their waters to spread out, they then throw out on their banks the largest of these stones which they had rolled down: the smaller fragments are deposited still lower; and, in general, nothing reaches the great canal of the river except the minutest fragments, or the impalpable particles, which afterwards subside to form mud. It often happens also, before these streams unite to form great rivers, that they have to pass through large and deep lakes, where they deposit the mud brought down from the mountains, and whence their waters flow out quite limpid.

The rivers in lower levels, and all the streams which take their rise in lower mountains or hills, produce effects on the grounds through which they flow, more or less analogous to those of the torrents from the higher mountains. When swelled by great rains, they undermine the bottoms of the earthy or sandy hills which lie in their way, and carry their fragments to be deposited on the lower grounds which they inundate, and which are somewhat raised in height by each successive inundation. Finally, when these rivers reach the great lakes, or the sea, and when of course that rapid motion by which they are enabled to keep the particles of mud in suspension has wholly ceased, these particles are deposited at each side of their mouths, where they form low grounds, by which the coasts or banks of the river are gradually lengthened out into the sea or lake. And if these new coasts are so situated that the sea also throws up sand to contribute towards their increase, provinces, and even entire kingdoms, are thus as it were created, which usually become the richest and most fertile regions, if their rulers permit human industry to exert itself in peace.

The effects produced by the sea alone, without the aid of rivers, are far less beneficial. When the sea coast is low, and the bottom consists of sand, the waves push this sand towards the shore, where at every reflux of the tide it becomes partially dried; and the winds, which almost always blow from the sea, drift up some portion of it on the beach. By this means, *dunes*, or

ranges of low sand hills, are formed along the coast. These, if not fixed by the growth of suitable plants, either disseminated by nature, or propagated by human industry, would be gradually, but certainly carried towards the interior, covering up the fertile plains with their sterile particles, and rendering them unfit for the habitation of mankind; because the same winds which carried the loose dry sand from the shore to form the dunes, would necessarily continue to drift that which is at the summit farther towards the land.

On the other hand, when the original coast happens to be high, so that the sea is unable to cast up any thing upon it, a gradual, but destructive operation is carried on in a different way. The incessant agitation of the waves wears it away at the bottom, and at length succeeds in undermining it, causing the upper materials to slide and tumble down, and converting the whole elevation into steep sloping buffs or cliffs. In the progress of this change, the more elevated materials which tumble down into the sea, have their softer parts washed out and carried away by the waves; while the harder parts, continually rolled about in the agitated water, form vast collections of rounded stones and pebbles, and of sand of various degrees of fineness, which at length accumulate into sloping banks or flat beaches, and protect the bottoms of the cliffs against further depredations.

The importance of investigating the relations of extraneous fossils with the strata in which they are contained is quite obvious. It is to them alone that we owe the commencement even of a Theory of the Earth, as, but for them, we could never have even suspected that there had existed any successive epochs in the formation of our earth, and a series of different and consecutive operations in reducing it to its present state. By them alone we are enabled to ascertain, with the utmost certainty, that our earth has not always been covered over by the same external crust; because we are thoroughly assured that the organized bodies to which these fossils remain belong must have lived upon the surface, before they came to be buried, as they now are, at a great depth. It is only by means of analogy, that we have been enabled to extend to the primitive formations, the same conclusions which are furnished directly for the secondary formations by the extraneous fossils; and if there had only existed formations or strata in which there were no extraneous fossils, it could never have been asserted that these several formations had not been simultaneous.

It is also owing to these extraneous fossils, slight as is the knowledge we have hitherto acquired respecting them, that we have been enabled to discover the little that we yet know concerning the revolutions of our globe. From them we have learned, that the strata, or at least those which contain their remains, have been quietly deposited in a fluid; that the variations of the several strata must have corresponded with the variations in the nature of the fluid; that they have been left bare by the transportation of this fluid to some other place; and that this fact must have happened more than once. Nothing of all this could have been known with certainty, without the aid of extraneous fossils.

The study of the mineralogical part of geology, though not less necessary, and even a great deal more useful to the practical arts, is yet much less instructive so far as respects the objects of our present enquiry. We remain in utter ignorance respecting the causes which have given rise to the variety in the mineral substances of which the strata are composed. We are ignorant even of the agents which may have held some of these substances in a state of solution; and it is still disputed respecting several of them, whether they have owed their origin to the agency of water or of fire. After all, philosophers are only agreed on one point, which is, that the sea has changed its place; and this could never have been certainly known, but for the existence of extraneous fossils. These fossils, then, which have given rise to the theory of the earth, have at the same time furnished its principal illustrations—the only ones, indeed, that have as yet been generally received and acknowledged.

It is obvious, that among animal remains, the study of land quadrupeds must lead to the most decided conclusions, since their race is so much better known than marine animals; and among land animals, quadrupeds, from their size, are best known of all. To the remains of the larger animals therefore, do we look for the clearest index of time and its changes.

Naturalists certainly have not explored all the continents; nor are the discoveries yet completed of the different species of animals. It therefore may be alleged that the fossil remains may belong to some yet undiscovered remains of still existent animals. A little consideration will, however, show this to be unfounded. Islands of a moderate size, and at a distance from continents, usually have none but a few small quadrupeds.

It is true that the great continents have large quadrupeds, and generally speaking, contain species proper to each. If, therefore, any new continent remained to be discovered, we might expect to find unknown species of animals. A glance at the map will prove that this is not the case, unless it be at the antarctic pole, where eternal ice necessarily forbids the existence of animal life. Doubtless, European travellers cannot easily penetrate through vast extents of countries which are either uninhabited, or peopled only with ferocious tribes; and this is peculiarly the case in regard to Africa. But there is nothing to prevent the animals themselves from roaming in all directions, and pene-

trating to the coasts. Even although great chains of mountains may intervene between the coasts and the interior deserts, these must certainly be broken in some parts to allow the rivers to come through; and in these burning deserts the animals naturally follow the courses of the rivers. The inhabitants of the coasts must also frequently penetrate inland along the rivers, and will quickly acquire a knowledge of all the remarkable living creatures, even to the very sources of these rivers, either from personal observation, or by intercourse with the inhabitants of the interior. At no period of our history, therefore, could civilized nations frequent the coasts of large countries for any length of time, without gaining some tolerable knowledge of all the animals they contained, or at least of such as were any way remarkable for their size or configuration. This reasoning is supported by well-known facts. Thus, although the ancients seem never to have passed the mountains of Iamus, or to have crossed the Ganges towards the east of Asia, and never penetrated far to the south of Mount Atlas in Africa, yet they were acquainted with all the larger animals of these two grand divisions of the world; and if they have not distinguished all their species, it was because the similarities of these occasioned them to be founded together, and not because they had not seen them, or heard them talked of by others.

The ancients know all the larger quadrupeds. Aristotle's descriptions of the elephant is more exact than Buffon's. They were familiar with the rhinoceros; knew the hippopotamus, both species of camel, and the giraffe, or cameleopard. In short, more or less of all the species with which we are acquainted in the present day in the old world. They describe them too, where the opportunities are equal, precisely as we do. Consequently, there has been no gradual change in animal nature.

After all that has been said, it is quite impossible to conceive that the enormous *mastodontes* and gigantic *megatheria*, whose bones have been discovered under ground in North and South America, can still exist alive in that quarter of the world. They could not fail to be observed by the hunting tribes, which continually wander in all directions through the wilds of America. Indeed, they themselves seem to be fully aware that these animals no longer exist in their country, as they have invented a fabulous account of their destruction, alleging that they were all killed by the Great Spirit, to prevent them from extirpating the human race. It is quite obvious, that this fable has been invented subsequently to the discovery of the bones; just as the inhabitants of Siberia have contrived one respecting the *mammoth*, whose bones have been found in that country, alleging that it still lives underground like the mole; and just as the ancients had their fables about the graves of giants, who were thought to have been buried wherever the bones of elephants happened to be dug up.

From all these considerations it may be safely concluded, as shall be more minutely explained in the sequel,—That if none of the large species of quadrupeds, whose remains are now found imbedded in regular rocky strata, are at all similar to any of the known living species. That this circumstance is by no means the mere effect of chance, or because the species to which these fossil bones have belonged are still concealed in the desert and uninhabited parts of the world, and have hitherto escaped the observation of travellers; but, that this astonishing phenomenon has proceeded from general causes, and that the careful investigation of it affords one of the best means for discovering and explaining the nature of these causes.

Every organized individual forms an entire system of its own, all the parts of which mutually correspond, and concur to produce a certain definite purpose, by reciprocal reaction, or by combining towards the same end. Hence none of these separate parts can change their forms without a corresponding change on the other parts of the same animal, and consequently each of these parts taken separately, indicates all the other parts to which it has belonged. Thus, if the viscera of an animal are so organized as only to be fitted for the digestion of recent flesh, it is also requisite that the jaws should be so constructed as to fit them for devouring prey; the claws must be constructed for seizing and tearing it to pieces; the teeth for cutting and dividing its flesh; the entire system of the limbs, or organs of motion, for pursuing and overtaking it; and the organs of sense, for discovering it at a distance.

In like manner, each minute part of each individual animal must correspond to its nature, wants, and habits; and, as a part, to the whole frame of the animal. So universal is this arrangement, that if one animal resembles another in a part, it also does in the whole, and in its nature and habits. With this in view, Cuvier made diligent studies among existing animals, comparing their forms with their habits, in order to deduce the habits and natures of fossil animals from the forms of those parts which have been preserved.

In this manner we have ascertained and classified the fossil remains of seventy-eight different quadrupeds, in the viviparous and oviparous classes. Of these forty-nine are distinct species hitherto entirely unknown to naturalists. Eleven or twelve others have such entire resemblance to species already known, as to leave no doubts whatever of their identity; and the remaining sixteen or eighteen have considerable traits of resemblance to known species, but the comparison of these has not yet been made with so much precision as to remove all dubiety.]

Of the forty-nine new or hitherto unknown species, twenty-seven are necessarily referable to seven new genera; while the other twenty-two new species belong to sixteen genera, or sub-genera, already known. The whole number of genera and sub-genera to which the fossil remains of quadrupeds hitherto investigated are referable, are thirty-six, including those belonging both to known and unknown species.

The most important consideration, that which has been the chief object in M. Cuvier's researches, and which constitutes their legitimate connection with the theory of the earth, is to ascertain the particular strata in which each of the species was found, and to enquire if any of the general laws could be ascertained, relative either to the zoological subdivisions, or to the greater or less resemblance between these fossil species and those which still exist upon the earth.

The laws already recognised with respect to these relations are very distinct and satisfactory.

It is, in the first place, clearly ascertained, that the oviparous quadrupeds are found considerably earlier, or in more ancient strata, than those of the viviparous class. Thus the crocodiles of Honfleur and of England are found underneath the chalk. The *monitors* of Thuringia would be still more ancient, if, according to the Wernerian school, the copper-slate in which they are contained, along with a great number of fishes supposed to have belonged to fresh water, is to be placed among the most ancient strata of the secondary formations. The great alligators, or crocodiles, and the tortoises of Maestricht, are found in the chalk formations; but these are both marine animals.

The earliest appearance of fossil bones seems to indicate, that dry lands and fresh waters must have existed before the formation of the chalk strata. Yet neither at that early epoch, nor during the formation of the chalk strata, nor even for a long period afterwards, do we find any fossil remains of mammiferous land-quadrupeds.

We begin to find the bones of mammiferous sea-animals, namely, of the lamantin and of seals, in the coarse shell limestone which immediately covers the chalk strata in the neighbourhood of Paris. But no bones of mammiferous land-quadrupeds are to be found in that formation; and, notwithstanding the most careful investigations, Cuvier was never able to discover the slightest traces of this class, except in the formations which lie over the coarse lime-stone strata; but immediately on reaching these more recent formations, the bones of land-quadrupeds are discovered in great abundance.

As it is reasonable to believe that shells and fish did not exist at the period of the formation of the primitive rocks, we are also led to conclude that the oviparous quadrupeds began to exist along with the fishes, and at the commencement of the period which produced the secondary formations; while the land-quadrupeds did not appear upon the earth till long afterwards, and until the coarse shell limestone has been already deposited, which contains the greater part of our genera of shells, although of quite different species from those that are now found in a natural state.

It is remarkable that those coarse limestone strata, which are chiefly employed at Paris for building, are the last formed strata which indicate a long and quiet continuance of the water of the sea above the surface of our continent. Above them, indeed, there are found formations containing abundance of shells and other productions of the sea; but these consist of alluvial materials, sand, marl, sandstone, or clay, which rather indicate transportations that have taken place with some degree of violence, than strata formed by quiet depositions; and where some regular rocky strata, of considerable extent and thickness, appear above or below these alluvial formations, they generally bear the marks of having been deposited from fresh water.

All the known specimens of the bones of viviparous land-quadrupeds, have either been found in these formations from fresh water, or in the alluvial formations; whence there is every reason to conclude that these animals have only begun to exist, or at least to leave their remains in the strata of our earth, since the last retreat of the sea but one, and during that state of the world which preceded its last irruption.

There is also a derterminate order observable in the disposition of these bones in regard to each other, which indicates a very remarkable succession in the appearance of the different species. All the genera which are now unknown, as the *palæotheria*, *anaplotheria*, &c. with the localities of which we are thoroughly acquainted, are found in the most ancient of those formations of which we are now treating, or those which are placed directly over the coarse limestone strata. It is chiefly they which occupy the regular strata that have been deposited from fresh water, or certain alluvial beds of every ancient formation, generally composed of sand and rounded pebbles; which were perhaps the earliest alluvial formations of the ancient world. Along with these there are also found some lost species of known genera, but in small numbers; together with some oviparous quadrupeds and some fish, which appear to have been inhabitants of fresh water. The strata containing these are always more or less covered with alluvial formations, filled with shells and other productions of the sea.

The most celebrated of the unknown species belonging to known genera, or to genera nearly allied to those that are known, as the fossil elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and *mastodon*, are never found along with the more ancient genera; but are only contained in al-

luvial formations, sometimes along with sea shells, and sometimes with fresh-water shells, but never in regular rocky strata. Every thing found along with these species is either, like them, unknown, or at least doubtful.

Lastly, the bones of species which are apparently the same with those that still exist alive, are never found except in the very latest alluvial depositions, or those which are either formed on the sides of rivers, or on the bottoms of ancient lakes or marshes now dried up, or in the substance of beds of peat, or in the fissures and caverns of certain rocks, or at small depths below the present surface, in places where they may have been overwhelmed by debris, or even buried by man: And, although these bones are the most recent of all, they are almost always, owing to their superficial situation, the worst preserved.

An objection has been made to which we have before alluded; that the present existing species of Mammalia, may be but modifications of the remains we now find in a fossil state. If the species have changed by degrees as we may assume, we ought to find traces of this gradual modification, some intermediate condition. This, however, is not the case. It may therefore be concluded that both ancient and existing species were permanent and distinct. In addition to this, as we have before stated, as long as animals have been described, they have not varied. When we endeavour to prove that the rocky strata contain the long remains of several genera, and the loose strata those of several species, all of which are not now existing animals on the face of the globe, it is not pretended that a new creation was required for calling our present races of animals into existence. It is only urged that they did not anciently occupy the same places, and that they must have come from some other part of the globe. Let us suppose, for instance, that a prodigious inroad of the sea were now to cover the continent of New Holland with a coat of sand and other earthly materials; this would necessarily bury the carcasses of many animals belonging to the genera of *kangaroo*, *phascogale*, *dasyurus*, *peromela*, *lying-phalangera*, *echidna*, and *ornithorhynchus*, and would consequently entirely extinguish all the species of all these genera, as not one of them is to be found in any other country. Were the same revolution to lay dry the numerous narrow straits which separate New Holland from New Guinea, the Indian islands, and the continent of Asia, a road would be opened for the elephant, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, horses, camels, tigers, and all the other Asiatic animals, to occupy a land in which they are hitherto unknown. Were some future naturalist, after becoming well acquainted with the living animals of that country in this supposed new condition, to search below the surface on which these animals were nourished, he would then discover the remains of quite different races.

What New Holland would then be, under these hypothetical circumstances, Europe, Siberia, and a large portion of America, actually now are. Perhaps hereafter, when other countries shall be investigated, and New Holland among the rest, they also may be found to have all undergone similar revolutions, and perhaps may have made reciprocal changes of animal productions. If we push the former supposition somewhat farther, and, after the supply of Asiatic animals to New Holland, admit that a subsequent catastrophe might overwhelm Asia, the primitive country of the migrated animals, future geologists and naturalists would perhaps be equally at a loss to discover whence the then living animals of New Holland had come, as we now are to find out the original habitations of our present fossil animals.

It is quite undeniable that no human bones have been hitherto discovered among the extraneous fossil remains, properly so called, and this furnishes a strong proof that the extinct races which are now in a fossil state, were not varieties of the known species, since they never could have been subject to human influence. The bones so often asserted to be human among the true fossil, never stand the test of rigid examination. Petrifications, which have been discovered, have always proved referable to local causes. Yet human bones preserve equally well with those of animals, when placed in the same circumstances. M. Cuvier has picked up from the excavation made in the ancient church of St. Geneveve, human bones that had been interred below the remains of the first race, and which may even have belonged to some princes of the family of Clovis, and which still retain their forms very perfectly. We do not find in ancient fields of battle, that the skeletons of men are more wasted than those of horses, except in so far as they may be influenced by size; and we find among extraneous fossils the bones of animals as small as rats, perfectly well preserved; nor is there any observable difference in this respect in the mummies of Egypt, between the men and the quadrupeds.

Every circumstance, therefore, contributes to establish this position,—That the human race did not exist in the countries in which the fossil bones of animals have been discovered, at the epoch when these bones were covered up; as there cannot be a single reason assigned why men should have entirely escaped from such general catastrophes; or, if they also had been destroyed and covered over at the same time, why their remains should not be now found along with those of the other animals. I do not presume, however, to conclude that man did not exist at all before these epochs. He may have then inhabited some nar-

row regions, whence he went forth to re-people the earth of the cessation of these terrible revolutions and overwhelmings. Perhaps even the places which he then inhabited may have been sunk into the abyss, and the bones of that destroyed human race may yet remain buried under the bottom of some actual seas; all except a small number of individuals who were destined to continue the species.

However this may have been, the establishment of mankind in those countries in which the fossil bones of land animals have been found, that is to say, in the greatest part of Europe, Asia and America, must necessarily have been posterior not only to the revolutions which covered up these bones, but also to those other revolutions, by which the strata containing the bones have been laid bare. Hence it clearly appears, that no argument for the antiquity of the human race in those countries can be founded either upon these fossil bones, or upon the more or less considerable collections of rocks or earthy materials by which they are covered.

On the contrary, by a careful investigation of what has taken place on the surface of the globe, since it has been laid dry for the last time, and its continents have assumed their present form, at least in such parts as are somewhat elevated above the level of the ocean, it may be clearly seen that this last revolution and consequently the establishment of our existing societies, could not have been very ancient. This result is one of the best established, and least attended to in rational zoology; and it is so much the more valuable, as it connects natural and civil history together in one uninterrupted series.

It is to be remarked, that every where the traditional histories, fix the date of the last revolution about the same period, viz. five or six thousand years back. The early histories of the Chinese, upon which they so much pride themselves, bear evidence of a much later invention than they would allow.

M. Cuvier's deduction from these premises is this:—

That if there is any circumstance thoroughly established in geology, it is, that the crust of our globe has been subjected to a great and sudden revolution, the epoch of which cannot be dated much farther back than five or six thousand years ago; that this revolution had buried all the countries which were before inhabited by men and by the other animals that are now best known; that the same revolution had laid dry the bed of the last ocean, which now forms all the countries at present inhabited; that the small number of individuals of men and other animals that escaped from the effects of that great revolution, have since propagated and spread over the lands then newly laid dry; and consequently, that the human race has only resumed a progressive state of improvement since that epoch, by forming established societies, raising monuments, collecting natural facts, and constructing systems of science and of learning.

Yet farther,—That the countries which are now inhabited, and which were laid dry by this last revolution, had been formerly inhabited at a more remote era, if not by man, at least by land animals; that, consequently, at least one previous revolution had submerged them under the waters and that, judging from the different orders of animals of which we discover the remains in a fossil state, they had probably experienced two or three irruptions of the sea.

PAGANINI.

[To the Editor of the London Journal.]

Sir, these lines on Paganini, If it should be quite convenient, put them in your Magazine.

Paganini, Paganini!

Never was there such a genius before as Paganini.

Though his figure's lank and leany, I'd give something to have been he.

Though he is a little mean, he

Still, you know, is Paganini.

Like rich vallies, fresh and greeny,

Are the strains of Paganini.

Nothing's seen of the machinery of art in Paganini.

From the first set off *al fine*,

Nature's all to Paganini.

Fifty pianos *con sordini*

Can't come up to Paganini.

If there is a man whom *the knees*

May bend to—'tis Paganini.

Bilious men, and men who're spleeny,

Ought to go to Paganini

Dullest fellows I have seen e

lectrified by Paganini.

Such his power that—"Nota bene"—

The D—I himself or else his pleni-

potentiary is Paganini.

MELIBRUS

TURPIN'S RIDE TO HOUGH GREEN.

BY WHICH HE PROVED HIS FAMOUS ALIBI AND SAVED HIS LIFE.

[From the new novel of *Rookwood*, a work with considerable evidences of power, but exaggerated and diffuse. When the author has learnt "the art to blot," and above all, when he has had a little more care and trouble to break into the smooth outline of his youth and satisfaction, and not render it necessary to have nine horrors at a time, in order to give him a sensation, he will become an excellent writer.]

"You are off, I understand, to Yorkshire to-night, Dick—upon my soul you are a wonderful fellow—an alibi personified!—here and there and every where at one at the same time—no wonder you are called the flying highwayman. To-day in town—to-morrow at York—the day after at Chester. The devil only knows where you will pitch your quarters a week hence—neither *beak* nor *trap* can have a chance of guessing. There are rumours of you in all counties at the same moment. This man swears you robbed him at Hounslow—that, on Salisbury Plain—while another swears you monopolize Cheshire and Yorkshire, and that it isn't safe even to hunt without pogs in your pocket. I heard some devilish good stories of you at D'Osyndar's 'other day; the fellow who told them to me little thought I was a brother blade."

"You flatter me," said Dick, smiling complacently, "but it's no merit of mine. Black Bess alone enables me to do it, and hers be the credit. Talking of being everywhere at the same time, you shall hear what she once did for me in Cheshire. Meantime a glass to the best mare in England—you won't refuse that toast, Tom. Ah! if your mistress was only as true to you as my nag to me, you might set at nought the tightest hempen cravat that ever was twisted, and defy your best friend to hurt you.—Black Bess! and God bless her. And now for the song." Saying which, with much emotion, he chaunted the following rhymes:

BLACK BESS.

Let the lover his mistress's beauty rehearse,
And land her attractions in inglishing verse;
Be it mine in rude strains, and in *frank* to express,
The love that I bear to my bonny Black Bess.

From the west was her dam, from the east was her sire,
From the one came her swiftness, the other her fire;
No peer of the realm better blood can possess,
Than flows in the veins of my bonny Black Bess!

Look! look! how that eyeball grows bright as a brand!
That neck proudly arches, those nostrils expand!
Mark! that wide-flowing mane! of which each silky tress
Might adorn prouder beauties—though none like Black Bess.

Mark! that skin sleek as velvet, and dusky as night,
With its jet undisfigured by one lock of white;
That throat branched with veins, prompt to charge or caress;
Now is she not beautiful—bonny Black Bess.

Over highway and byway, in rough and smooth weather,
Some thousands of miles have we journeyed together;
Our couch the same straw, and our meal the same mess,
No couple more constant than I and Black Bess.

By moonlight, in darkness, by night or by day,
Her headlong career there is nothing can stay.
She cares not for distance—she knows not distress—
Can you show me a charger to match with Black Bess?

"Egad, I should think not," exclaimed King; "you are as sentimental on the subject of your mare, as I am when I think of my darling Susan—but I beg pardon for my interruption—pray proceed."

"Let me first clear my throat" returned Dick, "and now to resume—"

Once it happened in Cheshire, near Durham, I popped
On a horseman alone, whom I speedily stopped;
That I lightened his pockets you'll readily guess—
Quick work makes Dick Turpin when mounted on Bess.

Now it seems the man knew me; "Dick Turpin," said he,
"You shall swing for this job, as you live, d'ye see;"
I laughed at his threats, and his vows of redress,
I was sure of an *alibi* then with Black Bess.

The road was a hollow, a suken ravine,*
Overshadowed completely by wood like a screen;
I clambered the bank, and I needs must confess
That one touch of the spur grazed the side of Black Bess.

Stepping carelessly forward, I lounged on the green,
Taking excellent care that by all I am seen,
Some remarks on Time's flight, to the squire I address,
But I say not a word of the flight of Black Bess;

I mention the hour—it was 'bout four—
Play a rubber at bowls—think the danger is o'er,
When athwart my next game, like a checkmate at chess,
Comes the horseman in search of the rider of Bess.

What matter details! Off with triumph I came,
He swears to the hour—and the squire swears the same,
I had robbed him at four—while at four they profess
I was quietly bowling—all thanks to Black Bess.

Then one halloo, boys—one loud cheering halloo—
To the swiftest of couriers—the gallant, the true;
For the sportsman unborn shall the memory bless,
Of the horse of the highwayman, bonny Black Bess!

* The exact spot where Turpin committed this well-known robbery, and which has been pointed out to us, lies in what is now a woody hollow, though once the old road from Altringham to Knutsford, skirting the rich and sylvan domains of Durham, and descending the hill which brings you to the bridge crossing the river Bellin. With some little difficulty we penetrated this ravine; it is just the locality for such an adventure. A small brook wells through it, and the steep banks are overhung with every description of timber; and were, the other day, a perfect nest of primroses and wild flowers. Hough (pronounced Hoo) Green lies, we believe, at about three miles distance across the country—the way Turpin rode. The old bowling-green is one of the pleasantest inns in Cheshire.

IZAIAH WALTON, AND ANGLING.

[To the Editor of the London Journal.]

Sir,

I have no other biography of Walton at hand, but that in Mr. Major's edition of the "Complete Angler," and do not know whether the epitaph I am about to copy has appeared in print. Mr. M. has not noticed it, and at all events it may not be too familiar to be interesting to some of your readers. It is an inscription on a tablet in the chancel of Worcester cathedral, and appears to me, with a little quaintness, to be in a style of touching simplicity, worthy of honest Izaak.

M. S.

Here lieth buried so much as could die of

ANNE, THE WIFE OF IZAIAH WALTON,
A woman of remarkable prudence, and of a primitive piety; her great and general knowledge being adorned with such true humility, and chastened with so much Christian meekness, as made her worthy of a more memorable monument.

She died (alas, that she is dead!) the 17th of April, 1662, aged 53.

Study to be like her.

While on this subject, perhaps I may be allowed to add, that on renewing my acquaintance with the fine monument of Bishop Slough in the same place, I felt more strongly than ever that Mr. Alan Cunningham's admiration of the severe beauty of ancient art, had made him somewhat unjust to the genius of Roubiliac. It is said that Canova made a journey to Worcester, on purpose to see this work, (which Mr. C. has not noticed at all in his "Lives,") and recorded his admiration of its merits in very high terms. In poetry, both of design and expression, I do not know where to find many of its equals in modern sculpture.

Yours obediently,

E. M.

An old reader and admirer under all your phases.

We are obliged to our correspondent, and unite with him in his love of good epitaphs and sculpture, by whomsoever produced; but in these days of general search into what is best for all creatures, great and small, we cannot pass over the name of Walton without observing, that with all our regard for some passages of his book, and no wish whatsoever to lay a common amusement to the account of a greater want of feeling in him than is necessary, we cannot call to mind that venerable, but most unscrupulous and conscious employer of worms upon his hook, without having our sense of the extraordinary "benevolence" of anglers and their pastime rendered very extraordinary indeed. We hate "pretences" to feeling, and grant that anglers may have much to which they do not pretend; but why do they pretend to more than other people, and at the same time *hazard* cruelties (to say the least of it) which other lovers of quiet and the country find much more inconsistent than compatible with their boasted "peace," and "innocence," and contemplative enjoyment? A very clever book, elegantly got up and embellished, has lately been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, called "Recollections of Fly-fishing." The author undertakes to answer objections to his amusement, but like the rest of his brethren, there are points he is either not aware of, or does not choose to touch. His fish are not so lucky. We should like, in all fairness and good humour, to discuss the question with any angler, in two or three articles of reasonable size, as comprehensive as both parties could make them.

TABLE TALK.

Curious Ancient Boat.—There was a kind of vessel much in use among the ancient Egyptians, named *Baris*; these vessels had sails of byblus, but required a strong breeze to impel them against the Nile: they, however, descended the river with ease, without sails, their course being hastened by a peculiar contrivance. A sort of wooden gate was constructed, to one end of which a certain weight was attached, and the whole apparatus was fastened by a cord to the head of the *baris*. When all was ready, the gate was thrown into the water, one end of which sank, whilst the other was kept up by the cord; a large surface was thus exposed to the current, which hurried it rapidly forward, and the *baris* followed. At the same time, another rope, with a large stone at the end of it, was thrown out from the stern; and this last weight, sinking to the bottom, served to steady the vessel and keep it straight.—*Romance of Ancient History.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been thinking of some plan which might enable us to make due acknowledgements to our correspondents, without taking up more of our time and room than they themselves, as general readers, would approve. It is difficult; for we wish to do justice to all their communications; and we find some such plan necessary, both to the acknowledgement of their kindness, and the satisfaction of our own feelings. We cannot receive so many and such increasing proofs of good-will without an extreme desire to requite them. The course of a week, however, or of two at most, will, we trust, enable us to come to some satisfactory conclusion on the matter; and meantime we hope they will accept this notice as a proof that we have not been so inconsiderate as some of them might reasonably suppose.

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THE SPIRIT THAT WAS SAID TO HAVE WAITED ON
SOCRATES.

THE angelical or middle beings of the Greeks and Romans are called by the common name of Genii, though the term is not correct; for the Greeks were unacquainted with the word Genius. Their spirit was called a Dæmon; and we suspect that a further distinction is to be drawn between the two words, for a reason which will be seen by and by. The ill sense in which Dæmon is now taken, originated with the fathers of the Church; who assuming that a Pagan Intelligence must be a bad one, caused the word to become synonymous with Devil. But there are few things more remarkable than the abundant use which the Church made of the speculations of the Greek philosophers, and the contempt with which indiscreet members of it have treated them. Take away the subtleties of the platonic theology from certain sects of Christians, and their very orthodoxy would tumble to pieces.

Dæmon, if it be derived, as most of the learned think, from a word signifying to *know by inquiry*, and the root of which signifies a *torch*, may be translated the Enlightened; or, simply, a light or intelligence. A blessed spirit, eternally increasing in knowledge or illumination (which some think will be one of its beatitudes) gives an enlarged sense of the word Dæmon.

Plato certainly had no ill opinion of his Dæmon, even when the intelligence was acting in a manner which the vulgar pronounced to be evil, and upon which the philosopher has delivered a sentiment equally profound and humane. The following may be regarded as a summary of his notions about the spiritual world. Taking up the religion of his country, as proclaimed by Hesiod and others, and endeavouring to harmonize it with reason, he conceived, that agreeably to the ranks and gradations which we fancy in nature, there must be intermediate beings between men and gods, the gods themselves being far from the top of spirituality. We have already stated his opinions on that subject. Next to the Gods came the Dæmons, who partook of their divinity mixed with what he called the soul of the world, and ministered round about them as well as on earth: in fact, were the angels of the Christian system but a little more allied to their superiors. "What other philosophers called Dæmons," says the devout platonic Jew Philo, "Moses usually called Angels." Next to Dæmons, but farther apart from them than Dæmons were from the Gods, and yet partaking of the angelical office, were Heroes, or spirits clothed in a light ethereal body and partaking still more of the soul of the world; perhaps the souls of men who had been heroic on earth, or sent down to embody them to that end. And lastly came the souls of men which were the faintest emanation of the Deity, and clogged with

earthly clothing in addition to the mundane nature of their spirits.*

The chiefs among these spiritual beings were very like the gods, and often mistaken for them; which is said to have given them great satisfaction! It is upon the strength of this fancy that attempts were made to account for the stories of the gods, and their freaks upon earth; for Dæmons, any more than Angels, were not incapable of a little aberration. The supposed visits, for instance, of Jupiter down to earth, when he came

"Now, like a ram, fair Helle to pervert,
Now, like a bull, Europa to withdraw,"

were the work of those spirits about him, who may truly be called the Jovial, and who delighted in bearing his name, as a Scottish clan does that of its chieftain. We have already mentioned the pious indignation of Plutarch at the indiscreet tales of the poets. It is remarkable, that, according to Plato, these satellites encircled their master precisely in the manner of the angelical hierarchies. "But how different," it may be said, "were their natures!" Not, perhaps, quite so much so as may be fancied. We have already hinted a resemblance in one point; and in others, the advantage has not always been kept on the proper side. Milton's angels, when they let down the unascendable, heavenly staircase to embitter the agonies of Satan, did a worse thing than any recorded of the Jupiters and Apollos. We must be cautious how, in attributing one or two virtues to a set of beings, we think we endow them with all the rest.

Dæmons were not, as some thought them, the souls of men. The latter had the honour of assisting Dæmons, but were a separate class. Indeed, according to Plato, the word Soul might as well have been put for Man, in opposition to Spirit; for he held that the human being was properly a soul, using the body only as an instrument. Nor was this soul the guardian angel or dæmon, though sometimes called a dæmon by reason of its superiority, but man himself. It was immortal, pre-existent; and the object of virtue was to restore it to its former state of beatitude in certain regions of light, from which it had fallen. This, among other doctrines of Plato, has been a favourite one with the poets; and would appear to have been seriously entertained by one of the present day.† What difficulty it clears, or what trouble it takes away, we cannot see. Progression is surely a better doctrine than recovery; especially if we look upon evil as partial, fugitive, and convertible, like a hard substance to good. Besides, we should take the whole of our species with us, and not always be looking after our own lost perfections.

The Guardian Dæmons assigned to man, came out of the whole of these orders indiscriminately. Their rank was proportioned to the virtue and intelligence of the individual. Plotinus and others had guardian Dæmons of a very high order. The Dæmon of Socrates is said to have been called a God, because it was of the order that were taken for Gods. It was the business of

properly must know as much, or they cannot. Henry Moore and others, who may be emphatically styled our Angelical Doctors, avowedly undertook to unite the Platonic, Pythagorean, and Cabalistic opinion. (See Enfield's Abridgment of Brucker.) It is true they derived them all from the Hebrew; which is about as much as if they had said that the Egyptians were skilled in all the learning of Moses, instead of Moses in all the learning of the Egyptians.

* Dæmons and heroes were the angels and saints of the domestic hierarchy. They had their chapels, altars, feasts, and domestic worship, precisely in the same spirit; and the souls of the departed were from time to time added to the list. (See the Abbé Banier's Mythology and Fables of the Ancients, explained from History, vol. iii. p. 434.) The Heroines were the female saints. We make this remark in no ironical spirit, though the Abbé would not thank us for it.

† "Our life is but a dream and a forgetting."
Wordsworth.

this spiritual attendant to be a kind of soul in addition. The soul, or real man, governed the animal part of us; and the Dæmon governed the soul. He was a tutor accompanying the pupil. If the pupil did amiss it was not the tutors fault. He lamented, and tried to mend it, perhaps by subjecting it to some misery or even vice. The process in this case is not very clear. Good Dæmons appear sometimes to be distinct from bad ones, sometimes to be confounded with them. The vulgar supposed, with the Jesuit who wrote the "Pantheon," that every person had two Dæmons assigned to him, one a good dæmon who incited him to virtue, the other a bad one who prompted him "to all manner of vice and wickedness." But the benign logic of Plato rejected a useless malignity. Evil when it came, was supposed to be for a good purpose; or rather not being of a nature to be immediately got rid of, it was turned to good account; and man was ultimately the better for it. The dæmon did everything he could to exalt the intellect of his charge, to regulate his passions, and perfect his nature throughout; in short, to teach his soul, as the soul aspired to teach the body; and what is remarkable, though he could not supply fate itself, he is said to have supplied things fortuitous; that is to say, "to give us a chance," as we phrase it, and put us in the way of shaping what we were to suppose was rough hewn. This was reversing the Shakspearian order of Providence, or rather, perhaps, giving it a new meaning; for we, or the untaught part of us, and fate, might be supposed to go blindly to the same end, did not our intelligence keep on the alert.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.*

If all this is not much clearer than attempts to explain such matters are apt to be, and if the parts of Plato's theology (which were derived from the national creed) do little honour sometimes to the general spirit of it, which was his own, there is something at all times extremely elevating in his aspirations after the good and beautiful. St. Augustin complained that the reading of Plato made him proud. We do believe that it is impossible for readers of any enthusiasm to sit long over some of his writings, (the Banquet for instance) and not feel an unusual exaltation of spirit,—a love of the good and beautiful, for their own sakes, and in honour of human nature. But there is no danger, we conceive, provided we correct this poetical state of self-aspiration with a remembrance of the admonitions of Christianity,—the sympathy with our fellow-creatures. The more hope we have of ourselves under that correction, the more we shall have of others.

The great point is to elevate ourselves by elevating humanity at large.

It is difficult to know what to make of the Dæmon of Socrates. It is clear that he laid claim to a special consciousness of this attendant spirit—a sort of revelation, that, we believe, had never before been vouch-

* See the Pantheon attributed to Mr. Tooke. Tooke's Pantheon is a *risqué* translation of King's Pantheon, which was a translation from a Jesuit of the name of Pomey. It contains "in every page, an elaborate calumny," says Mr. Baldwin "upon the Gods of the Greeks, and that in the coarsest thoughts and words that taverns could furnish. The author seems continually haunted by the fear that his pupil might prefer the religion of Jupiter to the religion of Christ."—Baldwin's Pantheon, preface, p. 6. This philosophical mythologist is of opinion that there was no ground for fear of that sort. We have observed elsewhere how little the young readers of Tooke think of the abuse at all: but if they had any sense of it, undoubtedly it goes in Jupiter's favour. We believe there is one thing which is not lost upon them; and that is, the affected horror and secret delight with which the Jesuit dwells upon certain vagaries of the gayer deities. Besides, he palates sometimes in good, admiring earnest; and then the boys attend to him as gravely. See for instance the beginning of his chapter on Venus; which if we read once at school, we read a thousand times, comparing it with the engraving.

† See Taylor's and Sydenham's Translations of Plato, vol. 1, 16. and vol 2. p. 308.

* Οὗς ἄλλοι φιλοσοφοὶ δαίμονες, ἀγέλους Μωσὲς ἰσθῆναι νομίζουσιν.—Philo Judæus Opera Omnia. vol. i. page 263.—There is good reason to believe that Dionysius, the pretended Areopagite, who is the great authority with writers upon the angelical nature was a platonizing Christian of the school of Alexandria. If so, there is no saying how far we are not indebted for our ordinary notions of angels themselves to Plato, nor indeed how far the Christian and Jewish angel, and the Dæmon of the Greeks are not one and the same spirit: for it is impossible to say how much of the Jewish Cabala is not Alexandrian. On the other hand, the Platonists of that city mixed up their dogmas with the Oriental philosophy, so that the angel comes round again to the East, and is traceable to Persia and India. Nothing of all this need shake him: for it is in the heart and hopes of man that his nest is found. Plato's angel, Pythagoras', Philo's, Zoroaster's and Jeremy Taylor's, are all the same spirit under different names; and those who would owe him SPARROW AND CO. STAMP COURT.

safed. The spirit gave him intimations rather what to avoid than to do; for the Platonists tell us, that Socrates was led by his own nature to do what was right; but out of the fervour of his desire to do it, was liable to be mistaken in the season. For instance, he had a tendency to give the benefit of his wisdom to all men indiscriminately; and here the Dæmon would sometimes warn him off, that he might not waste his philosophy upon a fool. This was at least an ingenious and mortifying satire. But the spirit interfered also on occasions that seem very trifling, though accordant with the office assigned to him by Plato of presiding over fortuitous events. Socrates was going one day to see a friend in company with some others, when he made a sudden halt, and told them that his Dæmon had advised him not to go down that street, but to chuse another. Some of them turned back, but others persisting in the path before them "on purpose, as 'twere, to confute Socrates his Dæmon," encountered a herd of muddy swine, and came home with their clothes all over dirt. Charillus, a musician, who had come to Athens to see the philosopher Cebes, got especially muddled, so that now and then, says Plutarch, "he and his friends would think in merriment on Socrates his Dæmon, wondering that it never forsook the man, and that heaven took such particular care of him." It was particular enough in heaven, to be sure, to hinder a philosopher from having his drapery damaged; but we suppose matters would have been worse, had he gone the way of the inferior flesh. He would have made it worth the pigs while to be more tragical.

This Dæmon is the only doubtful thing about the character of Socrates, for as to the common misconceptions of him, they are but the natural conclusions of vulgar minds; and Aristophanes, who became a traitor to the graces he had learned at his table, and condescended to encourage the misconceptions in order to please the instinctive jealousy of the men of wit and pleasure about town, was but a splendid buffoon. But when we reflect that the wisdom inculcated by Socrates was of a nature particularly strait-forward and practical, this supernatural twist in his pretensions appears the more extraordinary. To be sure, it has been well argued, that no men are more likely to be put out of their reckoning by a sudden incursion of fancy or demand upon their belief, than those who are the most mechanical and matter-of-fact on all other points. They are not used to it; and have no grounds to go upon, the moment the hardest and driest ones are taken from under them. Plato has rendered it difficult to believe this of Socrates; but then we have the authority of Socrates for concluding, that Plato put a great deal in his head that he never uttered; and the Socrates of Xenophon, we think, the practical farmer and housekeeper, might not be supposed incapable of yielding to superstitious delusion out of a defect of imagination. Socrates sometimes reminds us of Dr. Johnson. He was a Johnson on a higher scale, healthier, with more self-command; and instead of being intemperate and repenting all his life, had conquered his passions, and turned them into graces becoming his reason. Johnson had a sturdy every-day good sense, and wit and words to impress it; but it was only persuasion in him: in Socrates it was persuasion and practice. Now Johnson had a strong tendency to be moved by superstitious impressions, and perplexities from within. A sudden action of the bile, not well understood, or taken as a moral instead of a physical intimation, would give rise to some painful thoughts; and this (which is a weakness that many temperaments given to reflection and not in perfect health, have found it necessary to guard against), would lead him into some superstitious practice or avoidance. There is a circumstance related of him, very like this one of Socrates; only the sedentary, diseased, dinner-loving Englishman made a gloomy business of it; while the sturdy gymnastic Athenian, mastering the weakness of his stomach, turned the superstition on his side into an elegance and an exaltation. The fact we allude to is, that Johnson would never go down Cranbourne Alley, or some street thereabout. He always turned, and went round about. Had he been gay and confident, not overwhelmed with scrupula, and with the more gloomy parts of his creed, he might have sworn as Socrates

did, that it was his Guardian Angel that told him not to go that way. Had it been Jeremy Taylor—Jeremy the amiable and the handsome, the Sir Charles Grandison of Christianity, who, with equal comfort to his security, pronounced a panegyric upon a wedding-ring, or a description of eternal torments (so much can superstition pervert a sweet nature)—he, if he had thought he had an intimation from within, would have infallibly laid it to the account of the prettiest angel of the skies. Was it something of a like vanity in Socrates, (too superior to his fellows, not to fall into some disadvantage of that sort)? or was it an unhealthy movement within him, happily turned? or was it a joke, which was to be taken for serious, by those who liked? or did it arise from one of those perplexities of not knowing what to conclude, to which the greatest minds may be subject when they attain to the end of their experience, and stand between the known world and the unknown? or lastly, was it owing (as we fear is most likely) partly to a superstition retained from his nurse, and partly to a determination to construe an occasional fancy, thus warranted, into a conscious certainty, and so turn his interest with heaven to the account of his effect among men? Such, we fear, is the most reasonable conjecture, and such we take to be the general impression; though with a delicacy, equally singular and creditable to them, mankind (with rare exceptions) seem to have agreed to say as little about the matter as possible, chusing rather to give so great a man the benefit of their ignorance, than lose any part of their reverence for his wisdom. One thing must not be forgotten; that this pretension to an unusual sense of his attendant spirit assisted in getting him into trouble. He was accused of introducing false gods,—a singular charge, which shows how much the opinion of a guardian deity had gone out of use. On the other hand, he argued (with a true look of feeling, and which must afterwards have had great effect,) that it was not his fault if he beheld in omens and intimations the immediate influence of his guardian angel, and not merely the omens themselves. That he did believe in the latter somehow or other, is generally admitted.

It is not a little curious, that this is the only story of a good Dæmon that has come down to us in the records of antiquity. Some philosophers had theirs long afterwards; but these were evident imitations. Stories of Bad Dæmons, according to the vulgar notion, are more numerous. Two are to be found in the life of Apollonius of Tyana. Another is in Pausanias, and a third is the famous one of Brutus. These injurious persons were seldom however bad by nature. They become so from ill-usage, being, in fact, the souls of men who had been ill-treated when alive.

(To be concluded in a future paper.)

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE.

SWARMING OF BEES. INTENSE INTEREST THEY TAKE IN THEIR "QUEEN."

JUNE, for reasons mentioned in the following article, is a favourite period with the bees, especially towards the middle of it. While the reader is perusing this article, he may imagine myriads of them gathering their swarms, and filling the lazy summer air with their burning notes. They are a strange, mysterious people, as singular to us as we should be to them if their faculties enabled them to investigate us. Their attachment to their queen, or rather mother (for she is literally the parent of the nation!) is evinced in a manner deeply interesting, and shows a love for her, or dependence upon her, perhaps both, of a nature, the particular causes of which have yet but imperfectly been discerned. The application to her of the title of queen, and the use of the words princesses, royal family, &c., are founded on a very imperfect analogy. It would be less objectionable to call her queen-mother, and even then the resemblance of the bee queen-mother to the human one would be very partial. To make it complete, it would be necessary that the latter should be the absolute parent as well as mistress of the whole tribe,—that Queen Henriëtte for instance, or Queen Catherine de Medici, should have been literally the mother and producer of all England or France! and produce from 12 to 20,000 children a season!!

However populous (says Dr. Bevan) a stock of bees may be in the autumn, its numbers are greatly reduced during winter, perhaps about six or seven

eighths. This loss is more than replaced in the spring, by the amazing fecundity of the queen. Hence arises a disposition to throw off swarms, which, of course, will issue more or less frequently, more or less early and in greater or less force, according to the temperature of the season, the fertility of the queen, the populousness of the stock, and the attention that has been paid to early feeding.

The most advantageous time for a swarm to be thrown off is from the middle of May to the middle of June. This period comprehends the grand harvest-season of the honeyed race. After the scythe has cut down the flowers which adorn our meadows and yield the bees such a plentiful supply of honey and farina, there is a very manifest relaxation in their activity; their excursions are not only much less extensive, but less frequent, although the weather be in all respects propitious. Swarms that issue much earlier than the time I have specified, are apt to be small; and should bad weather succeed, feeding will be necessary, to prevent famine.

The following is the enumeration of the signs of swarming.

1st. Clustering or hanging out, if taken singly, may be regarded as a fallacious symptom, but when conjoined with other indications, it may be considered as a sign of swarming.

2nd. The drones being visible in greater numbers than usual, and in great commotion, especially in the afternoon.

3rd. The inactivity of the working bees, who neither gather honey nor farina, though the morning be sunny and the weather altogether inviting. Reaumur regarded this as the most indubitable sign of preparation for swarming.

4th. A singular humming noise, for two or three nights previous, which has been variously described and accounted for. It cannot always be distinguished, unless the ear be placed near the mouth of the hive; the sounds, which are sharp and clear, seem to proceed from a single bee. Some suppose the noise to be made by the young queen, and to resemble the *chip chip*, *peep peep*, or the *tool tool*, of a child's penny trumpet, but not so loud; Mr. Hunter compares it to the lower *a* in the treble of the piano forte. It is readily distinguishable by those who have been accustomed to hear it. Dr. EVANS inquires, is it the sound emitted by the perfect queens on emerging from their cells, as described by M. Huber? The noise is sometimes in a shrill, at other times in a deeper key; this difference in the intensity of the tones may arise from the distance whence the sound proceeds, or may be intended to intimate to the bees the respective ripeness of their queens. BUTLER and WOOLDRIDGE ascribe it to a parley between the old and young queens, the latter at the bottom of the hive requesting leave to emigrate, and the former answering in her bass note from the top. WILDMAN supposes it to arise from a contest betwixt the queens, about sallying forth; and endeavours to account for its less frequency before first swarms, from the young chiefs being then in their embryo state. This, however, is mere hypothesis, and not at all consonant with later discoveries, particularly those of Huber, and Dunbar.

5th. Unusual silence in the hive, during which the separatists are supposed to be taking in a cargo of honey before their flight, as a provision against bad weather. Mr. Hunter opened the crops of some bees that remained in the parent hive and the crops of some emigrating bees, when he found the latter quite full, whilst the former contained but a small quantity.

As many persons doubt the *queen's importance* to the harmonious union of a swarm, I shall give an instance or two, to show how essentially necessary her presence is to produce this effect. Dr. WARDER being desirous of ascertaining the extent of the bees' loyalty to their sovereign, ran the hazard of destroying a swarm for this purpose. Having shaken on the grass all the bees from a hive which they had only tenanted the day before, he searched for the queen, by stirring amongst them with a stick. Having found and placed her, with a few attendants in a box, she was taken into his parlour; where the box being opened, she and her attendants immediately flew to the window, when he clipped off one of her wings, returned her to the box, and confined her there for above an hour. In less than a quarter of an hour, the swarm ascertained the loss of their queen, and instead of clustering together in one social mass, they diffused themselves over a space of several feet, were much agitated, and uttered a piteous sound. An hour afterwards they all took flight, and settled upon the hedge where they had first alighted, after leaving the parent stock; but instead of hanging together like a bunch of grapes, as when the queen was with them, and as swarms usually hang, they extended themselves thirty feet along the edge, in small bunches, of forty, fifty, or more. The queen was now presented to them, when all quickly gathered round her, with a joyful hum, and formed one harmonious cluster. At night the Doctor hived them again, and on the following morning repeated his experiment, to see whether the bees would rise; the queen being in a mutilated state, and unable to accompany them, they surrounded her for several hours, apparently willing to die with her rather than desert her in distress. The queen was a second time removed, when they spread themselves out again, as though searching for

* See the story as related by Plutarch, and translated by Creech, in the *Morals by several Hands*, Vol. II. p. 287. The street preferred by the philosopher was "Trankmaker-street, and the fatal one "Gravers-row" says Creech, "near the Guildhall."

her: her repeated restoration to them at different parts of their circle, produced one uniform result, "and these poor loyal and loving creatures, always marched and counter-marched every way as the queen was laid." The Doctor persevered in these experiments, till after five days and nights of fasting, they all died of famine, except the queen, who lived a few hours longer, and then died. The attachment of the queen to the working bees, appeared to be equally as strong as their attachment to her; though offered honey on several occasions, during the period of her separation from them, she constantly refused it, "disdaining a life that was no life to her, without the company of those which she could not have."

In confirmation of the evidence of the queen's importance to the well-being of the community, I will advert to some experiments of HUBER. He removed a queen from one of his hives; the bees were not immediately aware of it, but continued their labours, watched over the young, and performed the whole of their ordinary occupations. In a few hours afterwards, agitation commenced, and all appeared to be a scene of tumult; a singular humming noise was heard, the bees deserted their young, and rushed over the surface of the combs with delirious impetuosity. On replacing the queen, tranquillity was instantly restored; and from what will be said presently, it appeared that they knew her individual person. Huber varied this experiment with other hives, in different ways; instead of restoring their own queen, he tried to substitute a *stranger* queen; the manner of her reception depended upon the period at which she was introduced. If twenty-four hours had elapsed after the removal of the queen, the stranger was well received, and at once admitted to the sovereignty of the hive. If not more than eighteen hours had elapsed, she was at first treated as a prisoner, but after a time permitted to reign. If the stranger was introduced within twelve hours, she was immediately surrounded by an impenetrable cluster of bees, and commonly died either from hunger or privation of air. It appeared, therefore, in the course of these experiments, that from twenty-four to thirty hours were required, for a colony to forget its sovereign, and that if, before the lapse of that period, no substitute were presented, they set about constructing royal cells, as stated in page 22; and moreover, that if, during the time they were so occupied, a princess was so brought to them, the fabrication of royal cells was instantly abandoned, and the larvae selected to occupy them were destroyed. On the admission of a welcome stranger queen, more regard is shewn her at first, than to a restored natural queen,—at least there are more conspicuous demonstrations of it: the nearest workers touch her with their antennae, and passing their proboscis over every part of their body, give her honey. In the cases above related, the bees all vibrated their wings at once, as if experiencing some agreeable sensations, and ranged themselves in a circle round her. Others, in succession, broke through this circle, and having repeated the same process, of touching her with their antennae, giving her honey &c., formed themselves into a circle behind the others, vibrating their wings and keeping up a pleasurable hum. These demonstrations were continued for a quarter of an hour, when the queen beginning to move towards one part of the whole circle, an opening was made through which she passed, followed and surrounded by her customary guard.

BIRTH DAYS.

We are sorry to have omitted in our last week's birth-days the name of Edward Jenner, the discoverer of Vaccination, a benefactor to his species. He was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Berkley in Gloucestershire, May 27th, (14th O. S.), 1749. We believe he was an amiable man in private, and a successful cultivator of elegant literature; but we cannot recollect our authorities. Health and beauty are greatly indebted to Jenner. "Sir," said Platoff, the Hetman of the Cossacks to him, when the Allied Foreign were in England, "you have extinguished the most pestilential disorder that ever appeared on the banks of the Don."

But all the world are indebted to him. By the way, beauty itself began what science perfected; for inoculation was introduced into Christendom by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who brought it from Turkey.

We also omitted the name of Albert Durer, the father of Art in Germany, who was born at Nuremberg, June 2nd, (20th May, O. S.), 1471, and was the son of a goldsmith. Durer was quaint, and deficient in keeping, yet earnest in detail, picturesque, and not without the inspiration of true genius, as may be seen by his "Melancholy the mother of Invention," where a solemn female is looking out upon the mysteries of the universe. His genius was so truly German, that traces of the imitation of him are to be met with to this day, as in the picturesque quaint beads and adjusted attitudes of Retzsch. Poor Albert had a wife who understood nothing about "Melancholy the Mother of Invention," and thought she could not add enough trouble to the painter's existence. She was a shrew. "The wife of

Durer," says Mr. D'Israeli, "compelled that great genius to the hourly drudgery of his profession, merely to gratify her own sordid profession. In despair, Albert run away from his Tisiphone; she wheedled him back; and not long afterwards this great artist fell a victim to her furious disposition." *Curiosities of Literature*, (new edition), vol. II. p. 122.

To-day (22nd of May, 1688, O. S.), is the birth-day of Pope—the finest miniature-poet of familiar life that Europe has seen, whether for fancy pieces or portraits. Alexander Pope was born in Lombard Street, where his father was a linen-draper. The poet was small, sickly, and crooked; but had an eye and face of great elegance; and was a fine gentleman, as exquisite at a compliment as at a satire.

June 5th, (May 23rd, 1707, O. S.) at Rashult in Sweden, Carl or Charles Von Linné, better known by the Latinized name of Linnæus, the great naturalist and botanist. His father was a clergyman, of a family of peasants. The customs of Sweden were so primitive at that time, that people under the rank of nobility had no surnames; and by a sort of prophetic inclination, the family of Linnæus had designated themselves from a favourite *linden* or *lime-tree*, which grew near their abode; so that Carl von Linne meant *Charles of the Lime-tree*. The lime was not unworthy of being his godfather. The system of botany which he founded, requires more than an abrupt explanation of it to do it justice; but Linnæus was one of those original geniuses who saw nature in a new as well as true light; and like all men of that sort, whose pursuits are gentle, he was equally enthusiastic and good-hearted. He would have left Sweden when young, in consequence of the greater encouragement he received elsewhere, but he says he could not, for he was "in love." His love, however, was more the reflection of his own amiable qualities than resulting from any real merit in the object; for his wife turned out to be a bad, unfeeling woman, and became the torment of him and his family.—His eldest daughter discovered, that the nasturtium had the property of emitting sparks of light in warm summer evenings.

[We have just had a very *apropos* little manual sent us called "Clavis Botanica—A Key to the Study of Botany on the system arranged by Linnæus," printed and published by Mr. Fry of Houndsditch. It is a delicate pigmy book, printed on straw-coloured paper, and done up in rose-colour,—a flower in itself; and it has the true simplicity, brevity, and easiness of an elementary book, so that a lover of flowers may take it at once in hand, and really learn from it what it professes to teach; which is far from being the case with all books of similar pretensions.]

June 9th, (May 27th, O. S. 1265) at Florence, Dante Alighieri, the greatest poet of Italy. Dante is a Christian name, a contraction of Durante. The Italians have always been fond of calling people by their Christian instead of surnames; and thus it is, that some of their famous countrymen have come down to us, known almost entirely by the former; as Rafael, whose surname was Sanzio; and Michael Angelo, who was a Buonarroti. The genius of Dante is admirable for a rare union of the austere and the tender. He is one of the great primitive poets who go to the heart of a matter by dint of the strongest feelings and the simplest words. He was in some respects however, not inferior to the violent passions of his time; and his poem of *Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven*, is a singular mixture of the noblest and most affecting genius, and the most partial and presumptuous bigotry.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XVII.—LADY ARABELLA STUART.

Lady Arabella Stuart, a singular and affecting instance of the sacrifice of a human being to state-policy, was the great-great-grand-daughter of Henry the Seventh, by the marriage of his daughter Margaret with the Scottish house of the Darnleys, Earl of Lennox. By this descent, she stood next in blood royal and right of inheritance, to her cousin James the First, son of Mary Queen of Scots, wife of Lord Darnley, in case that prince had no issue; and hence arose the misfortunes so interestingly detailed by Mr. D'Israeli in the fourth volume of his newly published *Curiosities of Literature*. With the latter half of this volume, by the way, com-

mences the Second Series of that work,—a portion with which the public are less acquainted than the First, but which, if our memory does not deceive us, is even more entertaining and curious than the former part. Two volumes are yet to make their appearance. The whole six will make an elegant and agreeable addition to every library that can afford them, being in fact a little world, in themselves, of anecdote and miscellaneous literature.

"The Lady Arabella," for by that name (says Mr. D'Israeli,) she is usually noticed by her contemporaries, rather than by her maiden name of Stuart, or by her married one of Seymour, as she latterly subscribed herself, was, by her affinity with James the First, and our Elizabeth, placed near the throne; too near, it seems, for her happiness and quiet! In their common descent from Margaret, the eldest daughter to Henry the Seventh, she was cousin to the Scottish monarch, but born an Englishwoman, which gave her some advantage in a claim to the throne of England. "Her double relation to royalty," says Mr. Lodge, "was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her having a legitimate offspring." Yet James himself, then unmarried, proposed for the husband of the Lady Arabella one of her cousins, Lord Esme Stuart, whom he had created Duke of Lenox, and designed for his heir. The first thing we hear of "The Lady Arabella," concerns a marriage: marriages were the incidents of her life, and the fatal event which terminated it was a marriage. Such was the secret spring on which her character and her misfortunes revolved.

This proposed match was desirable to all parties; but there was one greater than them all, who forbade the bans. Elizabeth interfered; she imprisoned the Lady Arabella, and would not deliver her up to the king, of whom she spoke with asperity, and even with contempt.* The greatest infirmity of Elizabeth was her mysterious conduct respecting the succession to the English throne; her jealousy of power, her strange unhappiness in the dread of personal neglect, made her averse to see a successor in her court, or even to hear of a distant one; in a successor she could only view a competitor. Camden tells us that she frequently observed that "most men neglected the setting sun," and this melancholy presentiment of personal neglect, this political coquette not only lived to experience, but even this circumstance of keeping the succession unsettled, miserably disturbed the queen on her death-bed. Her ministers, it appears, harassed her when she was lying speechless; a remarkable circumstance, which has hitherto escaped the knowledge of her numerous historians, and which I shall take the opportunity of disclosing in this work.

Elizabeth leaving a point so important always problematical, raised up the very evil she so greatly dreaded; it multiplied the aspirants, while every party humoured itself by selecting its own claimant, and none more busily than the continental powers. One of the most curious is the project of the Pope, who, intending to put aside James the First, on account of his religion, formed a chimerical scheme of uniting Arabella with a prince of the house of Savoy; the pretext, for without a pretext no politician moves, was their descent from a bastard of our Edward the Fourth; the Duke of Parma was, however, married; but the Pope, in his infallibility, turned his brother, the Cardinal, into the duke's substitute, by secularizing the churchman. In that case the Cardinal would then become King of England in right of this lady! provided he obtained the crown!†

We might conjecture from this circumstance, that Arabella was a Catholic, and so Mr. Butler has recently told us; but I know of no other authority than Dodd, the Catholic historian, who has inscribed her name among his party. Parsons, the wily Jesuit, was so doubtful how the lady, when young, stood disposed to Catholicism, that he describes "her religion to be as tender, green, and flexible, as is her age and sex, and to be wrought hereafter, and to be settled according to future events and times." Yet, in 1611, when she was finally sent into confinement, one well-informed court affairs, writes, "that the Lady Arabella hath not been found inclinable to popery."‡

Even Henry the Fourth of France was not unfriendly to this papistical project of placing an Italian Cardinal on the English throne. It had always been the state interest of the French cabinet to favour any scheme which might preserve the realms of England and Scotland as separate kingdoms. The manuscript correspondence of Charles the Ninth with his ambassador at

* A circumstance which we discover by a Spanish memorial, when our James the First was negotiating with the cabinet of Madrid. He complains of Elizabeth's treatment of him; that the queen refused to give him his father's estates in England nor would deliver up his niece's daughter, Arabella, to be married to the Duke of Lenox, at which time the queen was pale-bras muy asperas y de mucho desprecio contra el dicho Rey de Escocia; she used harsh words, expressing much contempt of the king.—*Winwood's Mem.* i. 4.

† See a very curious letter, CCXCIX. of Cardinal de Ossat, Vol. V. The Catholic interest expected to facilitate the conquest of England by joining their armies with those of "Arbelle," and the commentator writes that this English lady had a party, consisting of all those English who had been the judges or the avowed enemies of Mary of Scotland, the mother of James the First.

‡ *Winwood's Memorials*, iii. 221.

the court of London, which I have seen, tends solely to this great purpose, and perhaps it was her French and Spanish allies which finally hastened the political martyrdom of the Scottish Mary.

Thus we have discovered two chimerical husbands of the Lady Arabella. The pretensions of this lady to the throne had evidently become an object with speculating politicians; and perhaps it was to withdraw herself from the embarrassments into which she was thrown, that, according to De Thou, she intended to marry a son of the Earl of Northumberland; but to the jealous terrors of Elizabeth, an English Earl was not an object of less magnitude than a Scotch Duke. This is the third shadowy husband.

When James the First ascended the English throne, there existed an anti-Scottish party. Hardly had the northern monarch entered into the "Land of Promise," when his southern throne was shaken by a foolish plot, which one writer calls "a state riddle;" it involved Rawleigh, and unexpectedly the lady Arabella. The Scottish monarch was to be got rid of, and Arabella was to be crowned. Some of these silly conspirators having written to her, requesting letters to be addressed to the King of Spain, she laughed at the letter she received, and sent it to the King. Thus for a second time was Arabella to have been Queen of England. This occurred in 1603, but was followed by no harsh measures from James the First.

In the following year, 1604, I have discovered that for the third time the lady was offered a crown! "A great ambassador is coming from the King of Poland, whose chief errand is to demand my Lady Arabella in marriage for his master. So may your princess of the blood grow a great queen, and then we shall be safe from the danger of superscribing letters." This last passage seems to allude to something. What is meant of the danger of superscribing letters?

If this royal offer were made, it was certainly forbidden. Can we imagine the refusal to have come from the lady, who, we shall see, seven years afterwards, complained that the king had neglected her, in not providing her with a suitable match? It was this very time that one of those butterflies, who quiver on the fair flowers of a court, writes that "My Lady Arabella spends her time in lecture reading, &c., and she will not hear of marriage. Indirectly there were speeches used in the recommendation of Count Maurice, who pretended to be Duke of Gueldres. I dare not attempt her."† Here we find another princely match proposed. Thus far, to the Lady Arabella, crowns and husbands were like a fairy banquet seen at moonlight, opening on her sight, impalpable and vanishing at the moment of approach.

Arabella, from certain circumstances, was dependant on the king's bounty, which flowed very unequally; often reduced to great personal distress, we find by her letters, "that she prayed for present money, though it should not be annually." I have discovered that James at length granted her a pension. The royal favours, however, were probably limited to her good behaviour.‡

From 1604 to 1608, is a period which forms a blank leaf in the story of Arabella. In this last year this unfortunate lady had again fallen out of favour, and, as usual, the cause was mysterious, and not known even to the writer. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, mentions, "The Lady Arabella's business, whatsoever it was, is ended, and she restored to her former places and graces. The king gave her a cupboard of plate, better than 200*l.*, for a new year's gift, and 1000 marks to pay her debts, besides some yearly addition to her maintenance, want being thought the chiefest cause of her discontentment, though she be not altogether free from suspicion of being collapsed."§ Another mysterious expression which would seem to allude either to politics or religion; but the fact appears by another writer to have been a discovery of a new project of marriage without the king's consent. This person of her choice is not named; and it was to divert her mind from the too constant object of her thoughts, that James, after a severe reprimand, had invited her to partake of the festivities of the court, in that season of revelry and reconciliation.

We now approach that event of the Lady Arabella's life, which reads like a romantic fiction, the catastrophe, too, is formed by the Aristotelian canon; for its misery, its pathos, and its terror, even romantic fiction has not exceeded!

It is probable that the king, from some political motive, had decided that the Lady Arabella should lead a single life; but such wise purposes frequently meet with cross ones; and it happened that no woman was ever more solicited to the conjugal state, or seems to have been so little averse to it. Every noble youth,

who sighed for distinction, ambitioned the notice of the Lady Arabella; and she was so frequently contriving a marriage for herself, that a courtier of that day writing to another, observes, "these affectations of marriage in her do give some advantage to the world of impairing the reputation of her constant and virtuous disposition."¶

The revels of Christmas had hardly closed, when the lady Arabella forgot that she had been forgiven, and again relapsed into her old infirmity. She renewed a connexion, which had commenced in childhood, with Mr. William Seymour, the second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson to the Earl of Hertford. His character has been finely described by Clarendon; he loved his studies and his repose; but when the civil wars broke out, he closed his volumes and drew his sword, and was both an active and a skilful general. Charles the First created him Marquis of Hertford, and governor of the prince; he lived to the Restoration, and Charles the Second restored him to the dukedom of Somerset.

This treaty of marriage was detected in February, 1609, and the parties summoned before the privy council. Seymour was particularly censured for daring to ally himself with the royal blood, although that blood was running in his own veins. In a manuscript letter which I have discovered, Seymour addressed the lords of the privy council. The style is humble; the plea to excuse his intended marriage is, that being but "a younger brother, and sensible of mine own good, unknown to the world, of mean estate, not born to challenge anything by my birthright, and therefore my fortunes to be raised by mine own endeavour, and as she is a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as I thought, of great means, I did plainly and honestly endeavour lawfully to gain her in marriage." There is nothing romantic in this apology, in which Seymour describes himself as a fortune-hunter! which, however, was probably done to cover his undoubted affection for Arabella, whom he had early known. He says, that "he conceived that this noble lady might, without offence, make the choice of any subject within this kingdom; which conceit was begotten in me upon a general report, after her ladyship's last being called before your lordships;†—that it might be." He tells the story of this ancient wooing—"I boldly intruded myself into her ladyship's chamber in the court on Candlemass day last, at what time I imparted my desire unto her, which was entertained, but with this caution on either part, that both of us resolved not to proceed to any final conclusion, without his majesty's most gracious favour first obtained. And this was our first meeting! After that we had a second meeting at Mr. Brigg's house in Fleet-street, and then a third at Mr. Baynton's, at both which we had the like conference and resolution as before." He assures their lordships that both of them had never intended marriage without his majesty's approbation.‡

But love laughs at privy-councils and the grave promises made by two frightened lovers. The parties were secretly married, which was discovered about July in the following year. They were then separately confined, the lady at the house of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and Seymour in the Tower, for "his contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family without the king's leave."

This, their first confinement, was not rigorous; the lady walked in her garden, and the lover was prisoner at large in the Tower. The writer in the Biographia Britannica observes, "that some intercourse they had by letters, which, after a time was discovered." In this history of love there might be precious documents, and in the library at Long-leat, these love-epistles, or perhaps this volume, may yet lie unread in a corner.§ Arabella's epistolary talent was not vulgar: Dr. Montford, in a manuscript letter, describes one of those effusions which Arabella addressed to the king. "This letter was penned by her in the best terms, as she can do right well. It was often read without offence, nay it was even commended by his highness, with the applause of prince and council." One of these amatory letters I have recovered. The circumstance is domestic, being nothing more at first than a very pretty letter on Mr. Seymour having taken cold, but, as every love-letter ought, it is not without a pathetic *crescendo*; the tearing away of hearts so firmly joined, while, in her solitary imprisonment, that he lived and was her own filled her spirit with that consciousness which triumphed even over that sickly frame so nearly subdued to death. The familiar style of James the First's age may bear comparison with our own. I shall give it entire.

"LADY ARABELLA TO MR. WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

"Sir,

"I am exceeding sorry to hear you have not been well. I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it. I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives for it; but if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a swollen cheek at the same time with a cold. For God's sake, let not your grief of mind work upon

* Ibid, vol. iii., 119.

† This evidently alludes to the gentleman whose name appears not, which occasioned Arabella to incur the king's displeasure before Christmas; the Lady Arabella, it is quite clear, was resolutely bent on marrying herself.

‡ Harl. MSS. 7003.

§ It is on record that at Long-leat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, certain papers of Arabella are preserved. I leave to the noble owner the pleasure of the research.

your body. You may see by me what inconveniences it will bring one to; and no fortune, I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself; for *si nous vivons l'age d'un veau*, as Marot says, we may, by God's grace be happier than we look for, in being suffered to enjoy ourself with his majesty's favour. But if we be not able to live to it, I, for my part, shall think myself a pattern of misfortune, in enjoying so great a blessing as you, so little awhile. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you. For whosoever you be or in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine! *Rachel wept and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.* And that, indeed, is the remediless sorrow, and none else! And, therefore, God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure God's book mentioneth many of his children in as great distress, that have done well after, even in this world! I do assure you nothing the state can do with me can trouble me so much as this news of your being ill doth; and you see when I am troubled, I trouble you with tedious kindness; for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being

"Your faithful loving wife,
"ARB. S."*

In examining the manuscripts of this lady, the defect of dates must be supplied by our sagacity. The following "petition," as she calls it, addressed to the king in defence of her secret marriage, must have been written at this time. She remonstrates with the king for what she calls his neglect of her; and while she fears to be violently separated from her husband, she asserts her cause with a firm and noble spirit, which was afterwards too severely tried!

"TO THE KING.

"May it please your most excellent Majesty,

"I do most heartily lament my hard fortune that I should offend your Majesty the least, especially in that whereby I have long desired to merit of your Majesty, as appeared before your Majesty was my sovereign. And though your Majesty's neglect of me, my good liking of this gentleman that is my husband, and my fortune, drew me to a contract before I acquainted your Majesty, I humbly beseech your Majesty to consider how impossible it was for me to imagine it would be offensive to your Majesty, having few days before given me your royal consent to bestow myself on any subject of your Majesty's (which likewise your Majesty had done long since). Besides, never having been prohibited any, or spoken to for any, in this land, by your Majesty, these seven years that I have lived in your Majesty's house, I could not conceive that your Majesty regarded my marriage at all; whereas if your Majesty had vouchsafed to tell me your mind, and accept the freewill offering of my obedience, I would not have offended your Majesty, of whose gracious goodness I presume so much, that if it were now as convenient in a worldly respect, as malice make it seem to separate us, whom God hath joined, your Majesty would not do evil that good might come thereof, nor make me, that have the honour to be so near your Majesty in blood, the first precedent that ever was, though our princes may have left some as little imitable, for so good and gracious a king as your Majesty, as David's dealing with Uriah. But I assure myself, if it please your Majesty in your own wisdom to consider thoroughly of my cause, there will no solid reason appear to debar me of justice and your princely favour, which I will endeavour to deserve whilst I breathe."

It is indorsed, "A copy of my petition to the King's Majesty." In another she implores that "If the necessity of my state and fortune, together with my weakness, have caused me to do somewhat not pleasing to your Majesty, let it all be covered with the shadow of your royal benignity." Again, in another petition, she writes—

"Touching the offence for which I am now punished, I most humbly beseech your Majesty, in your most princely wisdom and judgment, to consider in what a miserable state I had been, if I had taken any other course than I did; for my own conscience witnessing before God that I was then the wife of him that now I am, I could never have matched any other man, but to have lived all the days of my life as a harlot, which your Majesty would have abhorred in any (how otherwise unfortunate soever) to have any drop of your Majesty's blood in them."

I find a letter of Lady Jane Drummond, in reply to this or another petition, which Lady Drummond had given the queen to present to his Majesty. It was to learn the cause of Arabella's confinement. The pithy expression of James the First is characteristic of the monarch; and the solemn forebodings of Lady Drummond, who appears to have been a lady of excellent judgment, showed, by the fate of Arabella, how they were true."

"LADY JANE DRUMMOND TO LADY ARABELLA,

"Answering her prayer, to know the cause of her confinement.

"This day her Majesty hath seen your ladyship's letter. Her Majesty says, that when she gave your

* Harl. MSS. 7003.

* This manuscript letter from William, Earl of Pembroke, to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, is dated from Hampton Court, Oct. 8, 1604. Sloane MSS. 4161.

† Lodge's Illustrations of British History, iii. 286. It is curious to observe, that this letter, by W. Fowler, is dated on the same day as the manuscript letter I have just quoted, and is directed to the same Earl of Shrewsbury; so that the Earl must have received, in one day, accounts of two different projects of marriage for his niece! This shows how much Arabella engaged the designs of foreigners and natives. Will Fowler was a rhyming and fantastical secretary to the queen of James the First.

‡ Two letters of Arabella, on distress of money, are preserved by Ballard. The discovery of a pension I made in Sir Julius Caesar's manuscript, where one is mentioned of 1,600*l.* to the Lady Arabella. Sloane MSS., 4160.

Mr. Lodge has shown that the king once granted her the duty on oats.

§ Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii., 117-119.

ladyship's petition to his Majesty, he did take it well enough, but gave no other answer than that *ye had eaten of the forbidden trees*. This was all her Majesty commanded me to say to your ladyship in this purpose; but withal did remember her kindly to your ladyship, and sent you this little token in witness of the continuance of her Majesty's favour to your ladyship. Now, where your ladyship desires me to deal openly and freely with you, I protest I can say nothing on knowledge, for I never spoke to any of that purpose but to the queen; *but the wisdom of this state, with the example how some of your quality in the like case has been used, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy end to your troubles as ye expect or I wish.*"

In return, Lady Arabella expresses her grateful thanks—presents her majesty with "this piece of my work, to accept in remembrance of the poor prisoner that wrought them, in hopes her royal hands will vouchsafe to wear them, which till I have the honor to kiss, I shall live in a great deal of sorrow. Her case," she adds, "could be compared to no other she ever heard of, resembling no other." Arabella, like the Queen of Scots, beguiled the hours of imprisonment by works of embroidery; for in sending a present of this kind to Sir Andrew Sinclair to be presented to the Queen, she thanks him for "vouchsafing to descend to those petty offices to take care even of these womanish toys, for her whose serious mind must invent some relaxation."

The secret correspondence of Arabella and Seymour was discovered, and was followed by a sad scene. It must have been now that the king resolved to consign this unhappy lady to the strictest care of the Bishop of Durham. Lady Arabella was so subdued at this distant separation, that she gave way to all the wildness of despair; she fell suddenly ill, and could not travel but in a litter, and with a physician. In her way to Durham, she was so greatly disquieted in the first few miles of her uneasy and troublesome journey, that they could proceed no further than to Highgate. The physician returned to town to report her state, and declared that she was assuredly very weak, her pulse dull and melancholy, and very irregular; her countenance very heavy, pale, and wan; and though free from fever, he declared her in no case fit for travel. The King observed, "It is enough to make any sound man sick to be carried in a bed in that manner she is; much more for her whose impatient and unquiet spirit heapeth upon herself far greater indisposition of body than otherwise she would have." His resolution, however, was, that she should proceed to Durham if he were king! "We answered," replied the doctor, "that we made no doubt of her obedience." "Obedience is that required," replied the king, "which being performed, I will do more for her than she expected."

The king, however, with his usual indulgence, appears to have consented that Lady Arabella should remain for a month at Highgate, in confinement, till she had sufficiently recovered to proceed to Durham, where the bishop posted, unaccompanied by his charge, to await her reception, and to the great relief of the friends of the lady, who hoped she was still within the reach of their cares, or of the royal favour.

A second month's delay was granted, in consequence of that letter which we have before noticed as so impressive and so elegant, that it was commended by the King, and applauded by Prince Henry and his council.

But the day of her departure hastened, and the Lady Arabella betrayed no symptom of her first despair. She openly declared her resignation to her fate, and showed her obedient willingness, by being even over-careful in little preparations to make easy a long journey. Such tender grief had won over the hearts of her keepers, who could not but sympathise with a princess whose love, holy and wedded too, was crossed only by the tyranny of state-men. But Arabella had not within that tranquillity with which she had lulled her keepers. She and Seymour had concerted a flight, as bold in its plot, and as beautifully wild, as any recorded in romantic story. The day preceding her departure, Arabella found it not difficult to persuade a female attendant to consent that she would suffer her to pay a last visit to her husband, and to wait for her return at an appointed hour. More solicitous for the happiness of lovers than for the repose of kings, this attendant, in utter simplicity, or with generous sympathy, assisted the Lady Arabella in dressing her in one of the most elaborate disguisings. "She drew a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trousers over her petticoats; put on a man's doublet or coat; a peruke such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets; a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side." Thus accoutred, the Lady Arabella stole out with a gentleman about three o'clock in the afternoon. She had only proceeded a mile and a half, when they stopped at a poor inn, where one of her confederates was waiting with horses, yet she was so sick and faint, that the ostler, who held her stirrup, observed, that "the gentleman could hardly hold out to London." She recruited her spirits by riding; the blood mantled in her face; and at six o'clock our sick lover reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. The watermen were at first ordered to Woolwich; there they were desired to push on to Gravesend; then to Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue, they landed to refresh; but, tempted by their fright, they reached Lee. At the break of morn, they discovered a French

vessel riding there to receive the lady; but as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to lie at anchor for her lord, conscious that he would not fail to his appointment. If he indeed had been prevented in his escape, she herself cared not to preserve the freedom she now possessed; but her attendants, aware of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, overruled her wishes, and hoisted sail, which occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower; he had left his servant watching at the door, to warn all visitors not to disturb his master, who lay ill of a raging tooth-ache, while Seymour in disguise stole away alone, following a cart which had just brought wood to his apartment. He passed the warders; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat; and he arrived at Lee. The time pressed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, to his grief, on hailing it, he discovered that it was not the French vessel charged with his Arabella. In despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a good sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders. In the meanwhile, the escape of Arabella was first known to government; and the hot alarm which spread may seem ludicrous to us. The political consequences attached to the union, and the flight of these two doves from their cotes, shook with consternation the grey owls of the cabinet, more particularly the Scotch party, who, in their terror, paralleled it with the gunpowder treason; and some political danger must have impended, at least in their imagination, for Prince Henry partook of this cabinet panic.

Confusion and alarm prevailed at court; couriers were despatched swifter than the winds wafted the unhappy Arabella, and all was hurry in the sea-ports. They sent to the Tower to warn the Lieutenant to be doubly vigilant over Seymour, who, to his surprise, discovered that his prisoner had ceased to be so for several hours. James at first was for issuing a proclamation in a style so angry and vindictive, that it required the moderation of Cecil to preserve the dignity while he concealed the terror of his Majesty. By the admiral's detail of his impetuous movements, he seemed in pursuit of an enemy's fleet; for the courier is urged, and the post-masters are roused by a superscription, which warned them of the eventful despatch: "Haste, haste, post haste! Haste for your life! your life!" The family of the Seymours were in a state of distraction; and a letter from Mr. Francis Seymour to his grandfather the Earl of Hertford, residing then at his seat far remote from the capital, to acquaint him of the escape of his brother and the lady, still bears to posterity a remarkable evidence of the trepidations and consternation of the old earl: it arrived in the middle of the night, accompanied by a summons to attend the privy council. In the perusal of a letter written in a small hand, and filling more than two folio pages, such was his agitation, that in holding the taper he must have burnt what he probably had not heard; the letter is scorched, and the flame has perforated it in so critical a part, that the poor old earl journeyed to town in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Nor was his terror so unreasonable as it seems. Treason had been a political calamity with the Seymours. Their progenitor, the Duke of Somerset the protector, had found that "all his honors," as Frankland strangely expresses it, "had helped him too forward to hop headless." Henry, Elizabeth, and James, says the same writer, considered that it was needful, as indeed in all sovereignties, that those who were near the crown "should be narrowly looked into for marriage."

But we have left the Lady Arabella alone and mournful on the seas, not praying for favourable gales to convey her away, but still imploring her attendants to linger for her Seymour; still straining her eyes to the point of the horizon for some speck which might give a hope of the approach of the boat freighted with all her love. Alas! never more was Arabella to cast a single look on her lover and her husband! She was overtaken by a pink in the king's service, in Calais roads; and now she declared that she cared not to be brought back again to her imprisonment, should Seymour escape, whose safety was dearest to her!

The life of the unhappy, the melancholy, and the distracted Arabella Stuart is now to close in an imprisonment, with lasted only four years; for her constitutional delicacy, her rooted sorrow, and the violence of her feelings, sunk beneath the hopelessness of her situation, and a secret resolution in her mind to refuse the aid of her physicians, and to wear away the faster if she could, the feeble remains of life. But who shall paint the emotions of a mind which so much grief, and so much love, and distraction itself, equally possessed?

What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history; but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment was short, it was only terminated by her death. Some loose effusions, often began and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain in the fragments of her papers. In a letter she proposed

* "This emphatic injunction," observed a friend, "would be effective when the messenger could read; but in a letter written by the Earl of Essex about the year 1597, to the Lord High Admiral at Plymouth, I have seen added to the words 'haste, haste, hast for life!' the expressive symbol of a gallows prepared with a halter, which could not be well misunderstood by the most illiterate of Mercuries."

addressing to Viscount Fenton, to implore for her his majesty's favour again, she says, "Good my lord, consider the fault cannot be uncommitted; neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission." In a paragraph she had written, but crossed out, it seems that a present of her work had been refused by the king, and that she had no one about her whom she might trust.

"Help will come too late; and be assured that neither physician nor other, but whom I think good, shall come about me while I live, till I have his majesty's favour, without which I desire not to live. And if you remember of old, I dare die, so I be not guilty of my own death, and oppress others with my ruin too, if there be no other way, as God forbid, to whom I commit you; and rest as assuredly as heretofore, if you will be the same to me,

"Your lordship's faithful friend

"A. S."

That she had frequently meditated on suicide appears by another letter—"I could not be so unchristian as to be the cause of my own death. Consider what the world would conceive if I should be violently enforced to do it."

One fragment we may save as an evidence of her utter wretchedness.

"In all humility, the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived, prostrates itself at the feet of the most merciful king that ever was, desiring nothing but mercy and favour, not being more afflicted for anything that for the losse of that which hath binne this long time the only comfort it had in the world, and which, if it were to do again, I would not adventure the losse for any other worldly comfort; mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake!"

Such is the history of the Lady Arabella, who from some circumstance not sufficiently opened to us, was an important personage, designed by others, at least, to play a high character in the political drama. Thrice selected as a queen; but the consciousness of royalty was only left in her veins while she lived in the poverty of dependence. Many gallant spirits aspired after her hand, but when her heart secretly selected one beloved, it was for ever deprived of domestic happiness! She is said not to have been beautiful, and to have been beautiful; and her very portrait, ambiguous as her life, is neither one nor the other. She is said to have been a poetess, and not a single verse substantiates her claim to the laurel. She is said not to have been remarkable for her intellectual accomplishments, yet I have found a Latin letter of her composition in her manuscripts. The materials of her life are so scanty that it cannot be written, and yet we have sufficient reason to believe that it would be as pathetic as it would be extraordinary, could we narrate its involved incidents, and paint forth her delirious feelings. Acquainted rather with her conduct than with her character, for us the Lady Arabella has no palpable historical existence; and we perceive rather her shadow than herself! A writer of romance might render her one of those interesting personages whose griefs have been deepened by their royalty, and whose adventures touched with the warm hues of love and distraction, closed at the bars of her prison gate; a sad example of a female victim to the state!

"Through one dim lattice, fringed with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance throng,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frow'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew!"

Seymour, who was afterwards permitted to return, distinguished himself by his loyalty through three successive reigns, and retained his romantic passion for the lady of his first affections; for he called the daughter he had by his second lady, by the ever-beloved name of ARABELLA STUART.

JOHN BUNCLE.

ABSTRACT OF THE "LIFE OF JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ. CONTAINING VARIOUS OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS MADE IN SEVERAL PARTS OF THE WORLD, AND MANY EXTRAORDINARY RELATIONS."

THOMAS AMORY, the son of a barrister and man of property, and author of this curious production, was an eccentric and singular man in his own person. He resided, about the year 1757, in Orchard-street, Westminster, at which time it was ascertained that he had a wife; but very little else of him is known, except that his appearance, as well as character, though both those of a gentleman, were extraordinary; and that after a recluse literary life, he died in 1789, at the great age of 97. In Buncle he is supposed to have drawn a portrait of himself; and an idealism more robust with materialities does not exist. Buncle is a most strange mixture of vehement unitarianism in faith, liberality in ordinary judgment, and jovial selfishness in practice. He is a liberal, bigoted, whimsical lawful sensualist. Animal pleasure is his dearest object; the law his warrant for it; grief a business that must be attended to. A wife is the crowning desire of his conscience; but as his fancy is to settle matters with conscience, a series of good fortunes of a very peculiar description (that is to say, the loss of seven wives in succession!!) enables him to be a kind of innocent Henry the Eighth. He argues a lady into the sacred condition of marriage, spends a delightful season with her, she dies in the very nick of time, and he studies as hard as he can to grieve for a while, in order that he may justify

* These particulars I derive from the manuscript letters among the papers of Arabella Stuart. Har. MSS. 7003.

himself all the sooner in taking another. This is the regular process for the whole seven ! With amazing animal spirits, iron strength, little imagination, and a relishing *gusto*, he is an amusing and lively narrator, without interesting our sympathy in the least, except in the relish with which he eats, drinks, and makes matrimony. The work is in many volumes, crowded with all kinds of extraneous matter; but the perusal of which will amply repay all who have not time or patience for the larger work, of which our abstract is a still smaller specimen.

At College, John Bunce, according to his plan of making the most of his time in every thing, devoted his entire energies to academical studies. The first book that fell into his hands was Locke on the Understanding, upon the principles of which he made a rigid scrutiny of his own powers.

"After this I began to study the first principles of things. . . . I was satisfied that whatever the order of the world produces, is in the main, both just and good; and consequently that we ought in the best manner to support whatever hardships are to be endured for virtue's sake: that acquiescence, and complacency, without respect to accident and injuries, ought to be our duty under a perfect administration; and with benignity and constancy we must ever act, from a settled persuasion, that all things are framed and governed by a universal mind."

He became deeply versed in cosmography; mathematics, history, ethics,—and studied with earnest attention the writings of the old philosophers; appropriating every Sunday to the study of revealed religion. Fortified by a happy temper, a robust constitution, a determined reliance on the wisdom of Providence, and a dogma from the old writers for every mischance, our optimist sits himself down with a hearty relish to the feast of life. "On the glorious first of August," Mr. Bunce sets out with his gun and dog to "wander over the pleasant country." The weather is charming, the game plentiful. In the course of his wandering, he lights upon a beautiful garden in a valley. "Finding one of the garden doors left open, I entered immediately, and to screen myself from the scorching beams of the sun, got into an embowered alley, that led me to a large fountain in a ring or circular opening, and from thence, by a gradual, easy, shady ascent, to a semi-circular amphitheatre of evergreens that was charming to behold. In this were several seats for ease, repast, or retirement, and at each end of it a rotunda, or temple, of the Ionic order. One of them was converted into a grotto, or shell house, in which a politeness of fancy had produced and blended the greatest beauties of nature and decoration. The other was a library filled with the finest books, and a great variety of mathematical instruments. Here I saw Miss Noel sitting, and so intent on writing, that she did not take any notice of me, as I stood at the window, in astonishment looking at the things before me, and especially at the amazing beauty of her face, and the splendour of her eyes, as she raised them now and then from the paper she wrote on, to look in a book that lay open upon a small desk before her. The whole scene was so very uncommon and so amazing, that I thought myself, for a while, on some spot of magic ground, and almost doubted the reality of what my eyes beheld; till Miss Noel, by accident, looked full at me, and then came forward to the open window, to know whom I wanted. Before I could answer, I found a venerable old gentleman standing by my side." Bunce explains that curiosity and hunger led him to the house.

"If this be the case," says the good old man, "you are welcome, sir, to Eden-park, and you shall soon have the best breakfast our house affords." Upon this Mr. Noel brought me into his house, and the lovely Harriet made tea for me, and had such plenty of fine cream, and extraordinary bread and butter set before me, that I breakfasted with uncommon pleasure. The honour and happiness of her company rendered the repast quite delightful. There was a civility so very great in her manner, and a social goodness so charming in her talk and temper, that it was unspeakable delight to sit at table with her."

Miss Noel he finds so wonderful an assemblage of beauty, accomplishments, and learning, that he is rapturously amazed; and in the arts and sweets of erudition and theological controversy they pass their time till the period fixed for their marriage.

"This world is a series of visionary scenes, and contains so little solid, lasting felicity, as I have found it, that I cannot call life more than a deception; and as Swift says, he is the happiest man, who is best deceived. When I thought myself within a fortnight of being married to Miss Noel, and of being thereby made as completely happy in every respect as it was possible for a mortal man to be, the small pox stepped in, and in seven days time reduced the finest human frame in the universe to the most hideous and offensive block. The most amiable of human creatures mortified all over, and became a spectacle the most hideous and unbearable. This broke her father's heart in a month's time, and the paradise I had in view sunk into everlasting night."

Having suffered this disappointment, Mr. Bunce returns to Dublin to see his father. He finds him married to his maid-servant, and his indulgence for her, and a nephew she had brought into the house, is unbounded. "Money, clothes, servants, horses, dogs, and all things he could fancy, were given him in abundance; and to please the basest of women, and the most cruel

step-mother that ever ill-luck inspired to make the son of another woman miserable, I was denied almost everything. The fine allowance I had at the university was taken from me. . . .

"Nor was this all the hard measures I received; I was ordered by my father to become the young man's preceptor; to spend my precious time in teaching this youngster, and in labouring to make the little despicable dunce a scholar. All this was more than I could bear. My life became insupportable, and I resolved to range even the wilds of Africa, if nothing better offered, rather than live a miserable slave under the cruel tyranny of those unrelenting oppressors. Indeed, it was impossible for me to stay at home, for my father took no notice of me, and my mother-in-law and the boy did all they could invent to render my life miserable."

He proceeds to England. On the passage he is lucky enough to render assistance to a very charming young lady (a fellow-passenger). On landing they cannot speedily determine to separate.

"Miss Melmoth and I continued at the Talbot for three weeks; and during that time, breakfasted, dined, and supped together. Except the hours of sleep we were scarcely from each other. We walked out together every day for hours, conversed, sometimes went to cards, and often she sung while I played my flute. With the greatest civility, and the most exact good manners, we were as intimate as if we had been acquainted for ages, and we found a satisfaction in each other's company, as great as lovers generally experience; yet not so much as one syllable of the passion was mentioned; not the least hint of love on either side was given, while we stayed at Whitehaven, and I believe neither of us had a thought of it. It was a friendship the most pure and exalted, that commenced at my saving her life in the manner I have related, and by some strange kind of magic, our notions and inclinations, tempers and sentiments, had acquired such a sameness in a few days, that we seemed as two spiritual Socias, or duplicates of each other's mind. Body was quite out of the case, though this lady had an extravagance of beauty. My sole delight was that fine perception which shed a lustre on her outward charms. How long this state of things would have lasted, had we continued more time together, and had the image of the late Miss Noel been more effaced, or worn out of the sensorium of my head, I cannot say; but while it did last, there could be nothing more strange than to see two young people of different sexes, in the highest spirits and most confirmed health, live together for twenty-one days, perfectly pleased with each other, entirely at their own disposal, and as to fortune, having abundantly enough between them both, for comfortable life, and yet never utter one word, nor give a look, that could be construed into a declaration of the passion, or a tendency towards a more intimate union; to complete that connexion which nature and Providence require of beings circumstanced as we were. This was very strange. Till the clock struck twelve every night we sat up, and talked of a variety of things, from the Bibles down to the clouds of Aristophanes, and from the comedies and tragedies of Greece and Rome to the *Minerva* of Sanctius and Hickee's Northern Thesaurus. Instead of Venus or any of her court, our conversations would often be on the morals of Cicero, his academies, and *De Finibus*; on the English or the Roman History, Shakespeare's scenes of nature, or maps of life; whether the *Edipus* or the *Electra* of Sophocles was the best tragedy; and the scenes in which Plautus and Terence most excelled. Like two critics, or two grammarians, antiquaries, historians, or philosophers, would we pass the evening with the greatest cheerfulness and delight."

He does not part from Miss Melmoth without a promise to meet her again. He sets out for Yorkshire to seek the friendship and assistance of Charles Turner. "Having thus lost my charming companion, I travelled into a vast valley, enclosed by mountains whose tops were above the clouds, and soon came into a country that is wilder than the Campagna of Rome, or the uncultivated vales of the Alps or Appennines. Warm with a classical enthusiasm, I journeyed on, and with fancy's eye beheld the rural divinities, in those sacred woods and groves which shade the sides of many of the vast surrounding fells, and the shores and promontories of many lovely lakes and bright running streams. For several hours I travelled over mountains tremendous to behold, and through vales the finest in the world. Not a man nor a house could I see in eight hours time; but towards five in the afternoon, there appeared at the foot of a hill a delightfully-situated cottage that was half covered with trees, and stood by the side of a large falling stream; a vale extended from the south to the door, that was terminated with rocks and precipices on precipices, in an amazing point of view, and through the flowery ground the water was beautifully seen as it wound to a deeper flood at the bottom of the vale. Half-a-dozen cows were grazing in view; and a few flocks of feeding sheep added to the beauties of the scene."

In Farmer Price, the owner of the place, he discovers a schoolfellow; a fellow of most admirable spirit, charming wife, and plentiful table. Leaving Price, he wanders for a time among the Stainmore Hills. In his wanderings he comes upon a delightful grotto, which, with some neighbouring cottages, forms the habitation of a little female co-operating society, the two principal ladies of which are most "excellent in reason, philosophy, and mathematics," and out-talk and out-reason Mr. Bunce in algebra and theology;

they cultivate their intellect, garden, and live stock; and, accordingly, reason, laugh, and feed entirely to Bunce's admiration.

He next discovers a pretty hermitage in an open plain like a ring, and, going up to it, finds the skeleton of a man. "He lay on a couch in an inward room without any covering, and the bones were as clean and white as if they had come from the surgeon's hands. The ants to be sure, had eaten off the flesh. Who the man was, a paper lying on the table in a strong box, informed me." It is the skeleton of John Orton, a most desperate sinner, who, at the age of forty, repenting of his wicked life, gave up all his property to the poor, except what was sufficient to provide him with this retreat. Of Orton Lodge Bunce takes possession, and makes it in future his home. After a variety of adventures, leaping, riding, and tumbling about, among the hills of Stainmore he discovers his friend's house; but his friend is abroad. A few more adventures and again he meets Miss Melmoth, to whom he is married.

"Two years, almost, this fine scene lasted, and during that period the business and diversions of our lovely retreat, appeared so various and pleasing that it was not possible to think a hundred years so spent, in the least degree, dull and tedious. Exclusive of books and gardening, and the improvement of the farms, we had, during the fine season, a thousand charming amusements on the mountains, and in the glens and valleys of that sweet silent place. Whole days we would spend in fishing, and in some cool grot by the water-side, or under an aged tree, on the margin of some beautiful stream."

"Another of our amusements, during the summer's bright day, was the pointer and gun, for the black cock, the moor cock, and the cock of the wood, which are in great plenty on those vast hills. Charlotte was fond of this sport, and would walk with me for hours, to see me knock down the game; till, late in the evening, we would wander over the fells, and then return to our clean peaceful little house, to sup as elegantly on our birds as the great could do, and with a harmony and unmixed joy they are for ever strangers to. After supper, over some little nectared bowl we sweetly chatted, till it was bedtime; or I played on my flute, and Charlotte divinely sung." At the expiration of two years death deprived him of his Charlotte. He is for a while absorbed in grief, but speedily shakes off useless sorrow, locks up his house, and, with his boy O'Fin, mounts his horse.—"The sun was rising when we mounted our horses, and I again went out to try my fortune in the world; not like the Chevalier of La Mancha, in hopes of conquering a kingdom, or marrying some great princess; but to see if I could find another country girl for a wife, and get a little more money, as they were the only two things united that could secure me from melancholy, and confer real happiness."

He soon meets with another skeleton sitting in a library in the middle of the garden. It is the remains of a philosopher who thus constituted himself a *memento mori* for his friends and relations. With the daughter of this skeleton, the illustrious Statia, Mr. Bunce is united in holy wedlock. In two years time she is laid by the side of Charlotte. "Thus did I become again a mourner. I sat with my eyes shut for three days; but at last called for my horse, to try what air, exercise, and a variety of objects could do."

A Miss Crammer next adorns Orton's Lodge, but in a little more than two years, "I laid my Antonia by my Charlotte and my Statia, and then rode off"—to Harrowgate.

We must slip over the fine description of six gentlemen he meets with at Harrowgate, (a description of the most lively gusto) of O'Regan, Lawyer Cock, and the beauties he secures from his clutches. Want of room curtails our wishes.

Maria Spence, admirable in the Arithmetic of fluxions, is the fourth Mrs. Bunce. She dies in six months of a complication of physicians. "Having lost my Maria I went up to London." On his way, at a village inn, he was shown into a room where two gentlemen were sitting each with a porringer of mutton broth before him. "One of them seemed a little consumptive creature about four feet six inches high, uncommonly thin, or rather exsiccated to a cuticle. His broth and bread, however, he supped up with some relish. He seemed to be above three score. The other was a young man, once very handsome, tall, and strong; but so consumed and weak that he could hardly speak or stir. He attempted to get down his broth, but not above a spoonful or two could he swallow. He appeared to be a dying man. While I beheld these things with astonishment, the servant brought in dinner, a pound of rump steaks, and a quart of green peas, two cuts of bread, a tankard of strong beer, and a pint of port wine. With a fine appetite, I soon dispatched my mess; and over my wine, to help digestion, began to sing the following lines.—"

Miss Turner is his fifth, and consequently soon in the church-yard.

He is introduced to a seventh lady, by Curll, the bookseller, but, like his first-love, she is buried before the marriage takes place.

A Miss Fitzgibbon supplies her place for a while, but soon takes her turn in the church-yard. Miss Dunk, however, is not ultimately disappointed. The resurrection men and Dr. Stanville restore her to life. The

Doctor makes a wife of his anatomical subject, and conveniently dies that Bunce may fulfil his original intentions towards her. The lovely Agnes is the last of Mr. Bunce's matrimonial speculations. He wanders about the world for nine years, and at last, having done with hopes and fears for ever, he quietly settles himself at Orton Lodge, to moralize and prepare for death.

FEMALE CONVICTS.

FROM DR. LANG'S "HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF NEW SOUTH WALES," (just published) the fullest and best account we have yet seen, the work of a zealous and conscientious man.

When a female convict-ship arrives in the harbour, the circumstance is duly announced in the Government Gazette, and families requiring female servants are invited to make application according to a prescribed form. The applications are generally more numerous than the government can meet, and the females are assigned only to reputable families, according to the best judgment of the board appointed for the purpose. Many of them make good servants, and in due time get well married—chiefly to emancipated convicts, living either as agriculturalists in the country or in one or other of the various capacities in which the lower classes are employed in towns; the colonial government being always willing to grant permission for the marriage of a female convict, provided she is either a spinster or a widow, and provided the intended husband is a freeman and able to maintain a family.

It sometimes unfortunately happens, however, that the female-convict, who has an opportunity of forming an eligible connexion in this way, and thereby acquiring her immediate liberty, has a husband alive in England, or has been imprudent enough to declare herself married on her arrival in the colony, under the idea that she will be more respected, forsooth, (for that is the usual account of the matter,) as a married woman. In such cases, it becomes a matter of importance to prove either the death or the non-existence of the English husband, and the expedients that are resorted to with this view are often highly ingenious. About seven years ago, I solemnized a marriage between a reputable young man, a native of the colony, and a female-convict who had been transported from Paisley, in the west of Scotland, for some mal-practices in a manufacturing establishment in which she had been employed. The young man was a carpenter, and it seemed his Scotch wife turned out so much to his satisfaction, that his brother was induced to think seriously of espousing another Scotch female-convict who had arrived by the same vessel from the same part of Scotland. The brother's intended was the assigned servant of a respectable Scotch family residing near Sydney, and was naturally enough desirous of being on her own hands, as the wife of a free mechanic who could earn from thirty shillings to two pounds sterling a-week; but she had a husband in Paisley, and how to get him disposed of was the difficulty, for she had duly informed the government of her being a married woman on her arrival in the colony. The difficulty, however, was not too great to be surmounted—at least the parties thought so—and a letter was accordingly written, purporting to have come from some relative of the female's in Paisley, and communicating the distressing intelligence of the Scotch husband's death. The letter was brought me for my perusal by the two brothers, with a view to my soliciting permission from government (which must uniformly be obtained in the first instance by some clergyman of the territory, in the case of either party being a convict, for the publication of banns) I observed to the young men, before reading the letter, that it had no post-mark; but they readily explained that circumstance, by informing me that it had been brought out by the Scotch carpenter of a convict-ship lately arrived, who knew the parties; and, indeed, the exterior of it bore the appearance of its having been for months in a carpenter's tool-chest, or in some situation in which it would have been equally soiled. The letter was dated sufficiently far back for the accomplishment of a voyage to New South Wales in the interval, and was written with great ingenuity. It communicated a variety of particulars relative to persons and events in the town of Paisley, which in any ordinary case would have given it the indisputable character of a genuine letter. There were even a few incidental notices respecting one of the ministers of Paisley, which were exceedingly well conceived for the purpose of practising on clerical gullibility. Unfortunately, however, in lamenting, towards the close of the letter, that the female-convict to whom it was addressed was destined to spend the remainder of her days in so distant a part of the earth, the letter-writer had written the word *earth* in the cockney style—*hearth*. It immediately struck me that this peculiar English species of bad-spelling could not have occurred so far north as the town of Paisley, where the vowel-sound commencing a word is never aspirated; and I, therefore, returned the letter to the young men, telling them that I was persuaded that it had been written in the colony, and that no such marriage as they contemplated would be allowed by the government. A few weeks thereafter, the woman absconded from her master's service, and was married to the currency-lad, by an episcopal clergyman in the interior, as a free-woman. As her flight, however, was immediately reported to the authorities, she was traced, apprehended,

and sent to the third class in the factory—the place of punishment for female-convicts—the marriage being null and void.

Many of the female convicts conduct themselves in an unexceptionable manner, and rear large families of interesting and promising children, when reputedly married in the colony; for it is not an unusual case for a woman, who has been exceedingly depraved and absolutely unmanageable in a single state, to conduct herself with propriety when advantageously married. Others, however, are indifferent enough in either condition, and when assigned as servants to respectable families are got rid of and returned to Government with all convenient speed. But the fault is by no means uniformly on the side of the convict. A remark—which I recollect having heard the eccentric, but truly apostolic, Rowland Hill, make at a public meeting of the friends of a Female Penitentiary Society in London many years ago—is unfortunately too well suited to the meridian of New South Wales: "Mistresses are always complaining," said the venerable old man, "or their having bad servants; but I will tell you what, ladies, there are a great many bad mistresses too."

There are instances of persons of the industrious classes of society, who have arrived free in the colony, marrying female convicts, and having no reason subsequently to regret the step they have taken. The experiment, however, is a dangerous one, and is sometimes attended with a different result. About seven years ago, a reputable Scotch mechanic, who was able shortly after his arrival in the colony to take jobs on his own account, was infatuated enough to marry a female convict of prepossessing appearance, but unfortunately of little else to recommend her. Previous to his marriage, he had been regular in his attendance on the ordinances of religion; but his wife had various other more eligible modes of spending the Sabbath than going to church, and he had accordingly to accompany her on Sunday-excursions of pleasure to the country. Unfortunately, however, his wife very soon got into trouble, as it is technically termed in the colony; i.e. into the commission of some crime or misdemeanour, which issues in the individual's flagellation, or imprisonment, or transportation, or death by law—for the phrase is sufficiently extensive in its signification. She had been concerned in a riot, which two free persons lodging in her husband's cottage had raised during his absence, and was immediately carried by the constables before the police magistrate of Sydney, who decides in a summary manner in all cases in which convicts, whether married or not, are concerned. The offender was in this instance sentenced to three months confinement, in the third or lowest class in the factory at Paramatta. One of the rules of that institution is, that no female shall be admitted into the third class without having previously undergone the operation of shaving the head; and the poor husband was in this instance so much distressed at the very appearance which he thought his wife would exhibit, when divested of her hair, that he actually called at my house to request that I would forward a petition which he had prepared to the authorities, that the operation might for once be dispensed with in his wife's favour. During the conversation that took place on the occasion, I took an opportunity to remind the Scotchman of his recent neglect of the ordinances of religion, and I saw him in church for a few Sabbaths thereafter. His wife, however, returned to him again at the expiration of her sentence, and I saw him no more.

When female convicts are returned to Government by the families to which they have been assigned, or are sentenced to punishment by the magistrates for petty misdemeanours, they are forwarded in a covered wagon to a sort of Bridewell at Paramatta, called the *Female Factory*, in which there are generally from two to five hundred female convicts, under the charge of a respectable matron and the superintendence of a committee of management. They are divided into three classes. The *First Class* consists of those who from particular circumstances have not been assigned as maid-servants to private families on their arrival in the colony, or of those who have been returned to Government by their masters without having any crime charged against them, or of those whose good conduct has merited their elevation from the inferior classes. All the females of this class are assigned as maid-servants, on being applied for by reputable persons, in the same way as on the arrival of a female convict-ship, the state of the Factory being announced weekly for the information of the public in the Government Gazette. The *Third Class* consists of incorrigible females, or of those who have been sentenced to a certain period of penal confinement in the Factory on account of some misdemeanour; and the *Second Class* consists of those who have served out their period of sentence in the *Third*, and who are undergoing probation ere they are again advanced to the *First*. The inmates of the Factory are employed variously, according to their characters and stations in the establishment, but chiefly in the processes connected with the manufacture of coarse woollen cloth, called *Paramatta* cloth, of which blankets and slop-clothing are made for the convict-servants of settlers throughout the territory.

With a view to disperse the female convicts more widely over the territory, and to enable respectable families in the interior to procure female servants with greater facility, the present Governor has established subordinate factories at Bathurst and Hunter's River, to which a proportion of the female convicts from each ship are forwarded on their arrival, and in which those

that have been returned to Government by their masters are kept for re-assignment in the district; and I am happy to add that the measure is likely to be attended with great benefit. Indeed, the system of management pursued for a long time previous, in regard to that portion of the prison-population of the colony, was obviously and outrageously preposterous. For instead of adopting every possible means to effect the dispersion of the female convicts, that they might at least have some chance of getting reputedly settled, and even winking at pettier peccadilloes for the accomplishment of so important an object, they were generally immured, to the number of five or six hundred, within stone-walls and iron-gates. The impolicy of such a system will appear from the following consideration, in addition to various others that will naturally suggest themselves to the reader, viz., that there are frequent instances in the colony, as I have already had occasion to observe, of females who had been perfectly unmanageable when imprisoned in the Factory, subsequently becoming remarkably quiet and well-behaved wives and mothers of children.

There are comparatively few instances of female convicts committing capital offences in New South Wales. An instance of the kind, however, happened to fall under my own observation several years ago, in the following rather singular way. I was proceeding alone in a gig one Monday morning to solemnize a marriage at a considerable distance in the interior, when a young man, decently attired in the garb of a sailor or ship carpenter, who was walking towards Sydney, requested to know whether I was some other person whom he named. There was a feeling of distress evidently portrayed in the young man's countenance, that induced me to ask him some question that immediately elicited his affecting story. He had arrived in the colony a few months before, as the carpenter of a convict ship, and finding that he could obtain eligible employment in Sydney, had obtained his discharge from the vessel, and remained on shore. On the Saturday evening previous, he was sitting in his lodging after having finished his week's labour, when some person, entering the house, incidentally mentioned that he had just been at the Supreme-Court, and had heard sentence of death pronounced on a man and woman for robbing their master, a respectable settler residing about forty miles from Sydney. The name of the woman, which the stranger also mentioned at the time, coinciding with that of a sister of his own, who had suddenly disappeared from her father's house in London about two or three years before, and never afterwards been heard of by her relatives, it immediately struck him that the woman might possibly be his lost sister. He accordingly went forth with to the jail, and having obtained admittance, found to his inexpressible grief, that the woman under sentence of death was actually his own sister. His parents, he told me, were poor, but honest people, who had reared a large family of eight or nine children, and she was the only one of the number who had gone astray. On consulting some person as to what was proper for him to do in such circumstances, he was told to get a memorial to the governor, drawn up on his sister's behalf, and to have it recommended, if possible, by her master. He, therefore, went forthwith to a person in Sydney who wrote memorials for hire, and got a document of the kind drawn up. The writer was an emancipated convict, and the memorial was written in the usual style of such writers—taking for granted, as a matter of course, and strongly protesting the innocence of the criminal, and insinuating that her present situation is the result of misfortune rather than of misconduct. It was eleven o'clock at night before the precious document, which cost, if I recollect aright, two dollars, was finished; but, as soon as it was completed, the young man, who had never been a mile out of Sydney before, instantly set off alone and on foot through the gloomy forest to the residence of his sister's late master, to request him to recommend the memorial. He had reached his destination, and had got about half way to Sydney on his return, when I met him on the following Monday morning. On reading the memorial, I was apprehensive it would rather do harm than good, and therefore desired the young man to accompany me to a house a little way on, where we could obtain materials for writing, and where I should write something, which I had reason to hope would be of more service to him. The young man gladly accepted of my offer; and I accordingly wrote a short account of the manner in which he had discovered, and the anxiety he had manifested on her behalf, soliciting that if the ends of justice could possibly be attained by a milder punishment, the feelings of the community might not be outraged by the execution of a female, who had probably been herself the unhappy victim of some unprincipled seducer. The young man was extremely grateful for the little service done him, and I was happy to learn afterwards that his unfortunate sister's sentence of death was commuted into a milder punishment.

TABLE TALK.

Egyptian Doctors. In Egypt each physician studied one, and only one part of the body, a circumstance which multiplied them to a vast extent, as Herodotus particularly remarks in his *Euterpe*. *Romance of Ancient History.* It must have been curious to have been obliged to send for three different doctors, in case you had pains in the arms, head, and chest. The "members of the profession" might have called their trade the "profession of the members."

himself all the sooner in taking another. This is the regular process for the whole seven ! With amazing animal spirits, iron strength, little imagination, and a relishing *gusto*, he is an amusing and lively narrator, without interesting our sympathy in the least, except in the relish with which he eats, drinks, and makes matrimony. The work is in many volumes, crowded with all kinds of extraneous matter; but the perusal of which will amply repay all who have not time or patience for the larger work, of which our abstract is a still smaller specimen.

At College, John Bunicle, according to his plan of making the most of his time in every thing, devoted his entire energies to academical studies. The first book that fell into his hands was Locke on the Understanding, upon the principles of which he made a rigid scrutiny of his own powers.

"After this I began to study the first principles of things . . . I was satisfied that whatever the order of the world produces, is in the main, both just and good; and consequently that we ought in the best manner to support whatever hardships are to be endured for virtue's sake: that acquiescence, and complacency, without respect to accident and injuries, ought to be our duty under a perfect administration; and with benignity and constancy we must ever act, from a settled persuasion, that all things are framed and governed by a universal mind."

He became deeply versed in cosmography; mathematics, history, ethics,—and studied with earnest attention the writings of the old philosophers; appropriating every Sunday to the study of revealed religion. Fortified by a happy temper, a robust constitution, a determined reliance on the wisdom of Providence, and a dogma from the old writers for every mischance, our optimist sits himself down with a hearty relish to the feast of life. "On the glorious first of August," Mr. Bunicle sets out with his gun and dog to "wander over the pleasant country." The weather is charming, the game plentiful. In the course of his wandering, he lights upon a beautiful garden in a valley. "Finding one of the garden doors left open, I entered immediately, and to screen myself from the scorching beams of the sun, got into an embowered alley, that led me to a large fountain in a ring or circular opening, and from thence, by a gradual, easy, shady ascent, to a semi-circular amphitheatre of evergreens that was charming to behold. In this were several seats for ease, repast, or retirement, and at each end of it a rotunda, or temple, of the Ionic order. One of them was converted into a grotto, or shell house, in which a politeness of fancy had reduced and blended the greatest beauties of nature and decoration. The other was a library filled with the finest books, and a great variety of mathematical instruments. Here I saw Miss Noel sitting, and so intent on writing, that she did not take any notice of me, as I stood at the window, in astonishment looking at the things before me, and especially at the amazing beauty of her face, and the splendour of her eyes, as she raised them now and then from the paper she wrote on, to look in a book that lay open upon a small desk before her. The whole scene was so very uncommon and so amazing, that I thought myself, for a while, on some spot of magic ground, and almost doubted the reality of what my eyes beheld; till Miss Noel, by accident, looked full at me, and then came forward to the open window, to know whom I wanted. Before I could answer, I found a venerable old gentleman standing by my side." Bunicle explains that curiosity and hunger led him to the house.

"If this be the case," says the good old man, "you are welcome, sir, to Eden-park, and you shall soon have the best breakfast our house affords." Upon this Mr. Noel brought me into his house, and the lovely Harriet made tea for me, and had such plenty of fine cream, and extraordinary bread and butter set before me, that I breakfasted with uncommon pleasure. The honour and happiness of her company rendered the repast quite delightful. There was a civility so very great in her manner, and a social goodness so charming in her talk and temper, that it was unspeakable delight to sit at table with her."

Miss Noel he finds so wonderful an assemblage of beauty, accomplishments, and learning, that he is rapturously amazed; and in the arts and sweets of erudition and theological controversy they pass their time till the period fixed for their marriage.

"This world is a series of visionary scenes, and contains so little solid, lasting felicity, as I have found it, that I cannot call life more than a deception; and as Swift says, he is the happiest man, who is best deceived. When I thought myself within a fortnight of being married to Miss Noel, and of being thereby made as completely happy in every respect as it was possible for a mortal man to be, the small pox stepped in, and in seven days time reduced the finest human frame in the universe to the most hideous and offensive block. The most amiable of human creatures mortified all over, and became a spectacle the most hideous and unbearable. This broke her father's heart in a month's time, and the paradise I had in view sunk into everlasting night."

Having suffered this disappointment, Mr. Bunicle returns to Dublin to see his father. He finds him married to his maid-servant, and his indulgence for her, and a nephew she had brought into the house, is unbounded. "Money, clothes, servants, horses, dogs, and all things he could fancy, were given him in abundance; and to please the basest of women, and the most cruel

step-mother that ever ill-luck inspired to make the son of another woman miserable, I was denied almost everything. The fine allowance I had at the university was taken from me. . . .

"Nor was this all the hard measures I received; I was ordered by my father to become the young man's preceptor; to spend my precious time in teaching this youngster, and in labouring to make the little despicable dunce a scholar. All this was more than I could bear. My life became insupportable, and I resolved to range even the wilds of Africa, if nothing better offered, rather than live a miserable slave under the cruel tyranny of those unrelenting oppressors. Indeed, it was impossible for me to stay at home, for my father took no notice of me, and my mother-in-law and the boy did all they could invent to render my life miserable."

He proceeds to England. On the passage he is lucky enough to render assistance to a very charming young lady (a fellow-passenger). On landing they cannot speedily determine to separate.

"Miss Melmoth and I continued at the Talbot for three weeks; and during that time, breakfasted, dined, and supped together. Except the hours of sleep we were scarcely from each other. We walked out together every day for hours, conversed, sometimes went to cards, and often she sung while I played my flute. With the greatest civility, and the most exact good manners, we were as intimate as if we had been acquainted for ages, and we found a satisfaction in each other's company, as great as lovers generally experience; yet not so much as one syllable of the passion was mentioned; not the least hint of love on either side was given, while we stayed at Whitehaven, and I believe neither of us had a thought of it. It was a friendship the most pure and exalted, that commenced at my saving her life in the manner I have related, and by some strange kind of magic, our notions and inclinations, tempers and sentiments, had acquired such a sameness in a few days, that we seemed as two spiritual Socias, or duplicates of each other's mind. Body was quite out of the case, though this lady had an extravagance of beauty. My sole delight was that fine perception which shed a lustre on her outward charms. How long this state of things would have lasted, had we continued more time together, and had the image of the late Miss Noel been more effaced, or worn out of the sensorium of my head, I cannot say; but while it did last, there could be nothing more strange than to see two young people of different sexes, in the highest spirits and most confirmed health, live together for twenty-one days, perfectly pleased with each other, entirely at their own disposal, and as to fortune, having abundantly enough between them both, for comfortable life, and yet never utter one word, nor give a look, that could be construed into a declaration of the passion, or a tendency towards a more intimate union; to complete that connexion which nature and Providence require of beings circumstanced as we were. This was very strange. Till the clock struck twelve every night we sat up, and talked of a variety of things, from the Bibles down to the clouds of Aristophanes, and from the comedies and tragedies of Greece and Rome to the Minerva of Sanctius and Hickee's Northern Thesaurus. Instead of Venus or any of her court, our conversations would often be on the morals of Cicero, his academies, and *De Finibus*; on the English or the Roman History, Shakespeare's scenes of nature, or maps of life; whether the *Cædipus* or the *Electra* of Sophocles was the best tragedy; and the scenes in which Plautus and Terence most excelled. Like two critics, or two grammarians, antiquaries, historians, or philosophers, would we pass the evening with the greatest cheerfulness and delight."

He does not part from Miss Melmoth without a promise to meet her again. He sets out for Yorkshire to seek the friendship and assistance of Charles Turner. "Having thus lost my charming companion, I travelled into a vast valley, enclosed by mountains whose tops were above the clouds, and soon came into a country that is wilder than the Campagna of Rome, or the uncultivated vales of the Alps or Appennines. Warm with a classical enthusiasm, I journeyed on, and with fancy's eye beheld the rural divinities, in those sacred woods and groves which shade the sides of many of the vast surrounding fells, and the shores and promontories of many lovely lakes and bright running streams. For several hours I travelled over mountains tremendous to behold, and through vales the finest in the world. Not a man nor a house could I see in eight hours time; but towards five in the afternoon, there appeared at the foot of a hill a delightfully-situated cottage that was half covered with trees, and stood by the side of a large falling stream; a vale extended from the south to the door, that was terminated with rocks and precipices on precipices, in an amazing point of view, and through the flowery ground the water was beautifully seen as it wound to a deeper flood at the bottom of the vale. Half-a-dozen cows were grazing in view; and a few flocks of feeding sheep added to the beauties of the scene."

In Farmer Price, the owner of the place, he discovers a schoolfellow; a fellow of most admirable spirit, charming wife, and plentiful table. Leaving Price, he wanders for a time among the Stainmore Hills. In his wanderings he comes upon a delightful grotto, which, with some neighbouring cottages, forms the habitation of a little female co-operating society, the two principal ladies of which are most "excellent in reason, philosophy, and mathematics," and out-talk and out-reason Mr. Bunicle in algebra and theology;

they cultivate their intellect, garden, and live stock; and, accordingly, reason, laugh, and feed entirely to Bunicle's admiration.

He next discovers a pretty hermitage in an open plain like a ring, and, going up to it, finds the skeleton of a man. "He lay on a couch in an inward room without any covering, and the bones were as clean and white as if they had come from the surgeon's hands. The ants to be sure, had eaten off the flesh. Who the man was, a paper lying on the table in a strong box, informed me." It is the skeleton of John Orton, a most desperate sinner, who, at the age of forty, repenting of his wicked life, gave up all his property to the poor, except what was sufficient to provide him with this retreat. Of Orton Lodge Bunicle takes possession, and makes it in future his home. After a variety of adventures, leaping, riding, and tumbling about, among the hills of Stainmore he discovers his friend's house; but his friend is abroad. A few more adventures and again he meets Miss Melmoth, to whom he is married.

"Two years, almost, this fine scene lasted, and during that period the business and diversions of our lovely retreat, appeared so various and pleasing that it was not possible to think a hundred years so spent, in the least degree, dull and tedious. Exclusive of books and gardening, and the improvement of the farms, we had, during the fine season, a thousand charming amusements on the mountains, and in the glens and valleys of that sweet silent place. Whole days we would spend in fishing, and in some cool grot by the water-side, or under an aged tree, on the margin of some beautiful stream."

"Another of our amusements, during the summer's bright day, was the pointer and gun, for the black cock, the moor cock, and the cock of the wood, which are in great plenty on those vast hills. Charlotte was fond of this sport, and would walk with me for hours, to see me knock down the game; till, late in the evening, we would wander over the fells, and then return to our clean peaceful little house, to sup as elegantly on our birds as the great could do, and with a harmony and unmixed joy they are for ever strangers to. After supper, over some little nectared bowl we sweetly chatted, till it was bedtime; or I played on my flute, and Charlotte divinely sung." At the expiration of two years death deprived him of his Charlotte. He is for a while absorbed in grief, but speedily shakes off useless sorrow, locks up his house, and, with his boy O'Fin, mounts his horse.—"The sun was rising when we mounted our horses, and I again went out to try my fortune in the world; not like the Chevalier of La Mancha, in hopes of conquering a kingdom, or marrying some great princess; but to see if I could find another country girl for a wife, and get a little more money, as they were the only two things united that could secure me from melancholy, and confer real happiness."

He soon meets with another skeleton sitting in a library in the middle of the garden. It is the remains of a philosopher who thus constituted himself a *memento mori* for his friends and relations. With the daughter of this skeleton, the illustrious Statia, Mr. Bunicle is united in holy wedlock. In two years time she is laid by the side of Charlotte. "Thus did I become again a mourner. I sat with my eyes shut for three days; but at last called for my horse, to try what air, exercise, and a variety of objects could do."

A Miss Cranmer next adorns Orton's Lodge, but in a little more than two years, "I laid my Antonia by my Charlotte and my Statia, and then rode off"—to Harrowgate.

We must slip over the fine description of six gentlemen he meets with at Harrowgate, (a description of the most lively gusto) of O'Regan, Lawyer Cock, and the beauties he secures from his clutches. Want of room curtails our wishes.

Maria Spence, admirable in the Arithmetic of fluxions, is the fourth Mrs. Bunicle. She dies in six months of a complication of physicians. "Having lost my Maria I went up to London." On his way, at a village inn, he was shown into a room where two gentlemen were sitting each with a porringer of mutton broth before him. "One of them seemed a little consumptive creature about four feet six inches high, uncommonly thin, or rather exsiccated to a cuticle. His broth and bread, however, he supped up with some relish. He seemed to be above three score. The other was a young man, once very handsome, tall, and strong; but so consumed and weak that he could hardly speak or stir. He attempted to get down his broth, but not above a spoonful or two could he swallow. He appeared to be a dying man. While I beheld these things with astonishment, the servant brought in dinner, a pound of rump steaks, and a quart of green peas, two cuts of bread, a tankard of strong beer, and a pint of port wine. With a fine appetite, I soon dispatched my mess; and over my wine, to help digestion, began to sing the following lines.—"

Miss Turner is his fifth, and consequently soon in the church-yard.

He is introduced to a seventh lady, by Curll, the bookseller, but, like his first-love, she is buried before the marriage takes place.

A Miss Fitzgibbon supplies her place for a while, but soon takes her turn in the church-yard. Miss Dunk, however, is not ultimately disappointed. The resurrection men and Dr. Stanville restore her to life. The

Doctor makes a wife of his anatomical subject, and conveniently dies that Bunce may fulfil his original intentions towards her. The lovely Agnes is the last of Mr. Bunce's matrimonial speculations. He wanders about the world for nine years, and at last, having done with hopes and fears for ever, he quietly settles himself at Orton Lodge, to moralize and prepare for death.

FEMALE CONVICTS.

FROM DR. LANG'S "HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF NEW SOUTH WALES," (just published) the fullest and best account we have yet seen, the work of a zealous and conscientious man.

WHEN a female convict-ship arrives in the harbour, the circumstance is duly announced in the Government Gazette, and families requiring female servants are invited to make application according to a prescribed form. The applications are generally more numerous than the government can meet, and the females are assigned only to reputable families, according to the best judgment of the board appointed for the purpose. Many of them make good servants, and in due time get well married—chiefly to emancipated convicts, living either as agriculturalists in the country or in one or other of the various capacities in which the lower classes are employed in towns; the colonial government being always willing to grant permission for the marriage of a female convict, provided she is either a spinster or a widow, and provided the intended husband is a freeman and able to maintain a family.

It sometimes unfortunately happens, however, that the female-convict, who has an opportunity of forming an eligible connexion in this way, and thereby acquiring her immediate liberty, has a husband alive in England, or has been imprudent enough to declare herself married on her arrival in the colony, under the idea that she will be more respected, forsooth, (for that is the usual account of the matter,) as a married woman. In such cases, it becomes a matter of importance to prove either the death or the non-existence of the English husband, and the expedients that are resorted to with this view are often highly ingenious. About seven years ago, I solemnized a marriage between a reputable young man, a native of the colony, and a female-convict who had been transported from Paisley, in the west of Scotland, for some mal-practices in a manufacturing establishment in which she had been employed. The young man was a carpenter, and it seemed his Scotch wife turned out so much to his satisfaction, that his brother was induced to think seriously of espousing another Scotch female-convict who had arrived by the same vessel from the same part of Scotland. The brother's intended was the assigned servant of a respectable Scotch family residing near Sydney, and was naturally enough desirous of being on her own hands, as the wife of a free mechanic who could earn from thirty shillings to two pounds sterling a-week; but she had a husband in Paisley, and how to get him disposed of was the difficulty, for she had duly informed the government of her being a married woman on her arrival in the colony. The difficulty, however, was not too great to be surmounted—at least the parties thought so—and a letter was accordingly written, purporting to have come from some relative of the female's in Paisley, and communicating the distressing intelligence of the Scotch husband's death. The letter was brought me for my perusal by the two brothers, with a view to my soliciting permission from government (which must uniformly be obtained in the first instance by some clergyman of the territory, in the case of either party being a convict, for the publication of banns). I observed to the young men, before reading the letter, that it had no post-mark; but they readily explained that circumstance, by informing me that it had been brought out by the Scotch carpenter of a convict-ship lately arrived, who knew the parties; and, indeed, the exterior of it bore the appearance of its having been for months in a carpenter's tool-chest, or in some situation in which it would have been equally soiled. The letter was dated sufficiently far back for the accomplishment of a voyage to New South Wales in the interval, and was written with great ingenuity. It communicated a variety of particulars relative to persons and events in the town of Paisley, which in any ordinary case would have given it the indisputable character of a genuine letter. There were even a few incidental notices respecting one of the ministers of Paisley, which were exceedingly well conceived for the purpose of practising on clerical gullibility. Unfortunately, however, in lamenting, towards the close of the letter, that the female-convict to whom it was addressed was destined to spend the remainder of her days in so distant a part of the earth, the letter-writer had written the word *earth* in the cockney style—*hearth*. It immediately struck me that this peculiarly English species of bad-spelling could not have occurred so far north as the town of Paisley, where the vowel-sound commencing a word is never aspirated; and I, therefore, returned the letter to the young men, telling them that I was persuaded that it had been written in the colony, and that no such marriage as they contemplated would be allowed by the government. A few weeks thereafter, the woman absconded from her master's service, and was married to the currency-lad, by an episcopal clergyman in the interior, as a free-woman. As her flight, however, was immediately reported to the authorities, she was traced, apprehended,

and sent to the third class in the factory—the place of punishment for female-convicts—the marriage being null and void.

Many of the female convicts conduct themselves in an unexceptionable manner, and rear large families of interesting and promising children, when reputably married in the colony; for it is not an unusual case for a woman, who has been exceedingly depraved and absolutely unmanageable in a single state, to conduct herself with propriety when advantageously married. Others, however, are indifferent enough in either condition, and when assigned as servants to respectable families are got rid of and returned to Government with all convenient speed. But the fault is by no means uniformly on the side of the convict. A remark—which I recollect having heard the eccentric, but truly apostolic, Rowland Hill, make at a public meeting of the friends of a Female Penitentiary Society in London many years ago—is unfortunately too well suited to the meridian of New South Wales: "Mistresses are always complaining," said the venerable old man, "or their having bad servants; but I will tell you what, ladies, there are a great many bad mistresses too."

There are instances of persons of the industrious classes of society, who have arrived free in the colony, marrying female convicts, and having no reason subsequently to regret the step they have taken. The experiment, however, is a dangerous one, and is sometimes attended with a different result. About seven years ago, a reputable Scotch mechanic, who was able shortly after his arrival in the colony to take jobs on his own account, was infatuated enough to marry a female convict of prepossessing appearance, but unfortunately of little else to recommend her. Previous to his marriage, he had been regular in his attendance on the ordinances of religion; but his wife had various other more eligible modes of spending the Sabbath than going to church, and he had accordingly to accompany her on Sunday-excursions of pleasure to the country. Unfortunately, however, his wife very soon got into trouble, as it is technically termed in the colony; i.e. into the commission of some crime or misdemeanour, which issues in the individual's flagellation, or imprisonment, or transportation, or death by law—for the phrase is sufficiently extensive in its signification. She had been concerned in a riot, which two free persons lodging in her husband's cottage had raised during his absence, and was immediately carried by the constables before the police magistrate of Sydney, who decides in a summary manner in all cases in which convicts, whether married or not, are concerned. The offender was in this instance sentenced to three months confinement in the third or lowest class in the factory at Paramatta. One of the rules of that institution is, that no female shall be admitted into the third class without having previously undergone the operation of shaving the head; and the poor husband was in this instance so much distressed at the very appearance which he thought his wife would exhibit, when divested of her hair, that he actually called at my house to request that I would forward a petition which he had prepared to the authorities, that the operation might for once be dispensed with in his wife's favour. During the conversation that took place on the occasion, I took an opportunity to remind the Scotchman of his recent neglect of the ordinances of religion, and I saw him in church for a few Sabbaths thereafter. His wife, however, returned to him again at the expiration of her sentence, and I saw him no more.

When female convicts are returned to Government by the families to which they have been assigned, or are sentenced to punishment by the magistrates for petty misdemeanours, they are forwarded in a covered wagon to a sort of Bridewell at Paramatta, called the *Female Factory*, in which there are generally from two to five hundred female convicts, under the charge of a respectable matron and the superintendence of a committee of management. They are divided into three classes. The *First Class* consists of those who from particular circumstances have not been assigned as maid-servants to private families on their arrival in the colony, or of those who have been returned to Government by their masters without having any crime charged against them, or of those whose good conduct has merited their elevation from the inferior classes. All the females of this class are assigned as maid-servants, on being applied for by reputable persons, in the same way as on the arrival of a female convict-ship, the state of the Factory being announced weekly for the information of the public in the Government Gazette. The *Third Class* consists of incorrigible females, or of those who have been sentenced to a certain period of penal confinement in the Factory on account of some misdemeanour; and the *Second Class* consists of those who have served out their period of sentence in the *Third*, and who are undergoing probation ere they are again advanced to the *First*. The inmates of the Factory are employed variously, according to their characters and stations in the establishment, but chiefly in the processes connected with the manufacture of coarse woollen cloth, called *Paramatta cloth*, of which blankets and slop-clothing are made for the convict-servants of settlers throughout the territory.

With a view to disperse the female convicts more widely over the territory, and to enable respectable families in the interior to procure female servants with greater facility, the present Governor has established subordinate factories at Bathurst and Hunter's River, to which a proportion of the female convicts from each ship are forwarded on their arrival, and in which those

that have been returned to Government by their masters are kept for re-assignment in the district; and I am happy to add that the measure is likely to be attended with great benefit. Indeed, the system of management pursued for a long time previous, in regard to that portion of the prison-population of the colony, was obviously and outrageously preposterous. For instead of adopting every possible means to effect the dispersion of the female convicts, that they might at least have some chance of getting reputably settled, and even winking at pettier peccadilloes for the accomplishment of so important an object, they were generally immured, to the number of five or six hundred, within stone-walls and iron-gates. The impolicy of such a system will appear from the following consideration, in addition to various others that will naturally suggest themselves to the reader, viz., that there are frequent instances in the colony, as I have already had occasion to observe, of females who had been perfectly unmanageable when imprisoned in the Factory, subsequently becoming remarkably quiet and well-behaved wives and mothers of children.

There are comparatively few instances of female convicts committing capital offences in New South Wales. An instance of the kind, however, happened to fall under my own observation several years ago, in the following rather singular way. I was proceeding alone in a gig one Monday morning to solemnize a marriage at a considerable distance in the interior, when a young man, decently attired in the garb of a sailor or ship carpenter, who was walking towards Sydney, requested to know whether I was some other person whom he named. There was a feeling of distress evidently portrayed in the young man's countenance, that induced me to ask him some question that immediately elicited his affecting story. He had arrived in the colony a few months before, as the carpenter of a convict ship, and finding that he could obtain eligible employment in Sydney, had obtained his discharge from the vessel, and remained on shore. On the Saturday evening previous, he was sitting in his lodging after having finished his week's labour, when some person, entering the house, incidentally mentioned that he had just been at the Supreme-Court, and had heard sentence of death pronounced on a man and woman for robbing their master, a respectable settler residing about forty miles from Sydney. The name of the woman, which the stranger also mentioned at the time, coinciding with that of a sister of his own, who had suddenly disappeared from her father's house in London about two or three years before, and never afterwards been heard of by her relatives, it immediately struck him that the woman might possibly be his lost sister. He accordingly went forth with to the jail, and having obtained admittance, found to his inexpressible grief, that the woman under sentence of death was actually his own sister. His parents, he told me, were poor, but honest people, who had reared a large family of eight or nine children, and she was the only one of the number who had gone astray. On consulting some person as to what was proper for him to do in such circumstances, he was told to get a memorial to the governor, drawn up on his sister's behalf, and to have it recommended, if possible, by her master. He, therefore, went forthwith to a person in Sydney who wrote memorials for hire, and got a document of the kind drawn up. The writer was an emancipated convict, and the memorial was written in the usual style of such writers—taking for granted, as a matter of course, and strongly protesting the innocence of the criminal, and insinuating that her present situation is the result of misfortune rather than of misconduct. It was eleven o'clock at night before the precious document, which cost, if I recollect aright, two dollars, was finished; but, as soon as it was completed, the young man, who had never been a mile out of Sydney before, instantly set off alone and on foot through the gloomy forest to the residence of his sister's late master, to request him to recommend the memorial. He had reached his destination, and had got about half way to Sydney on his return, when I met him on the following Monday morning. On reading the memorial, I was apprehensive it would rather do harm than good, and therefore desired the young man to accompany me to a house a little way on, where we could obtain materials for writing, and where I should write something, which I had reason to hope would be of more service to him. The young man gladly accepted of my offer; and I accordingly wrote a short account of the manner in which he had discovered, and the anxiety he had manifested on her behalf, soliciting that if the ends of justice could possibly be attained by a milder punishment, the feelings of the community might not be outraged by the execution of a female, who had probably been herself the unhappy victim of some unprincipled seducer. The young man was extremely grateful for the little service done him, and I was happy to learn afterwards that his unfortunate sister's sentence of death was commuted into a milder punishment.

TABLE TALK.

Egyptian Doctors. In Egypt each physician studied one, and only one part of the body, a circumstance which multiplied them to a vast extent, as Herodotus particularly remarks in his *Euterpe. Romance of Ancient History.* It must have been curious to have been obliged to send for three different doctors, in case you had pains in the arms, head, and chest. The "members of the profession" might have called their trade the "profession of the members."

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1834.

No. 11.

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LETTERS TO SUCH OF THE LOVERS OF KNOWLEDGE AS HAVE NOT RECEIVED A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

LETTER V.

ON THE GENII OF ANTIQUITY AND THE POETS.

(Conclusion of last week's Subject.)

THE bad Dæmon was thought to be of formidable shape, black, frowning, and brutal. A man, according to Pausanias, fought with one, and drove him into the sea. As we have told the story before (in the *Indicator*) and it is little to tell, we shall proceed to give the noblest passage ever written about Dæmons, in the scene out of Shakspeare. The spirit that appeared to Brutus has been variously represented. Some made it of the common order of malignant appearances; others have described it as resembling Cæsar. This was the light in which it was beheld by our great poet.

With what exquisite art, that is to say, with what exquisite nature has he not introduced this scene, and made us love and admire the illustrious patriot, who having done what he could upon earth, and prepared for his last effort, is about to encounter the menaces of fate. How admirably, by the help of the little boy and the lute, has he painted him, who was only a dictator and a warrior because he was a great humanist,—the Platonic philosopher in action,—the ideal yet not passionless man,—such a one as Shakspeare loved, not because he loved only select human nature, but because he loved all that human nature contained.

We must confess, that in our opinion the address to the Ghost is not so good as in simple old Plutarch. There is too much astonishment and agitation in it; if not for nature, at least for the superinduced and philosophic nature, that we are led to suppose was in Brutus: and the same objection might be made to what follows. The household are called up in too much alarm. It is Brutus's care for his servants, his bidding them take their rest, and what he says to the little lute-player, overcome with sleep, that render the scene so charming. The divine scene also between him and Cassius, where he tells him that "Portia is dead," has just preceded it.

Brutus. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala;
Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cassius. O, my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Brutus. Every thing is well.
Cassius. Good night, my lord.
Brutus. Good night, good brother.
Tit. & Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Brutus. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Brus. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watched.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Brus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Brus. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise think me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]
Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

SPARROW AND CO. CRANE COURT.

Brus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.
Brus. It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Brus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Brus. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music and a song.*]
This is a sleepy tune:—O, murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the GHOST OF CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit Brutus.
Brus. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Brus. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghost vanishes.*]
Brus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! sirs awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Brus. He thinks, he is still at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My lord?
Brus. Didst thou dream that thou so cry'dst out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brus. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Brus. Sleep again Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.
Clau. My lord.
Brus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. & Clau. Did we, my lord?
Brus. Ay: saw you anything?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Brus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before;
And we will follow.

Var & Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

The Roman genius appears to have been a very material sort of personage compared with the Greek Dæmon, and altogether addicted to earth. We know not where it is found that he was first called *Gerulus*, or a carrier on of affairs; perhaps in Varro; but whether as *Gerulus*, or as *Genius* (the spirit of things generated), the Romans made him after their own likeness, and gave him as little to do with the stars as possible. The Romans had not the fancy of the Greeks, and cared little for their ethereal pleasures. Accordingly, their attendant spirit was either fighting and conquering (on which occasion he took the wings of Victory, as you may see in the imperial sculptures), or he was dining and enjoying himself; sitting under his plane-tree, and drinking with his mistress. To gratify their appetites, was called "*indulging the Genius*;" not to gratify them, was "*defrauding*" him. They seem to have forgotten that he had anything to do with restraint. Ovid, the most poetical of their poets, in all his uses of the words *Genius* or *Genial*, never hints at the possibility of their having any meaning beyond something

local and comfortable. There is the *Genius* of the city, and the *Genius* of one's father. The Sabine women were "a genial prey." Crowns of flowers are genial;—a certain kind of musical instrument is particularly genial, and agrees *dulcibus joci*;* that is to say with double meanings:—Bacchus is the planter of the genial vine (*Genial* indeed was a name of Bacchus); a popular holiday, pleasantly described in the *Fasti*, where every one is eating and drinking by the side of his lass, is a genial feast.†

Hence the acceptance of the word among ourselves; though we are fain to give it more grace and sentiment. The "*Genial bed*" of Milton is not exactly Ovidian; though by the way, the good-natured libertine was the favourite Latin poet of our great puritan.

We hear little of the bad *Genius* among the Romans. They seem to have agreed to treat him as bad geniuses ought to be; and drop his acquaintance. But he was black, like his brother in Greece. Voltaire has a pleasant story of the Black and White *Genius*. Valerius Maximus, a servile writer, who had the luck to survive his betters and become a classic, tells a story, (probably to please the men in power whom he deified) which appears to have been confounded with that of Brutus. "We are told by Valerius Maximus," says Mr. Tooke, "that when Cassius fled to Athens, after Antony was beaten at Actium, there appeared to him a man of long stature, of a black swarthy complexion, with large hair, and a nasty beard. Cassius asked him who he was; and the apparition answered, "I am your Evil *Genius*."‡

Spenser has placed an Evil *Genius* at the gate of his false Bower of Bliss, and Old *Genius*, or the fatherly principle of life and care, at the door of the great nursery-gardens of the universe.

Old *Genius* the porter of them was;
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
All that to come into this world desire;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which do require
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire.

What follows and precedes this passage is a true piece of Platonical colouring, founded upon the old Greek allegories. These nursery grounds, sprouting with infants and with the germs of all things, would make a very happy place if it were not for *Time*, who with his "flaggy wings," goes playing the devil among the beds, to the great regret of *Venus*. It is an old story, and a true; and the worst of it is, that *Venus* herself (though the poet does not here say so) joins with her enemies to assist him.

— Were it not that *Time* their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows;
And sweet Love gentle fits among them throws,
Without fell rancour or fond jealousy;
Frankly each paramour his leman knows;
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton pryme,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,

* *Artis Amatoria*. lib. iii. v. 327.

† *Pastorum*. lib. iii. v. 525. It is the description of a dæm Florentine holiday in the *Casaca*.

‡ *Tooke's Pantheon*. Part 4. chap. iii. sect. 4. The speaks Greek; which was better bred of him, than havi a beard. "Interrogatus quidquam esset, respondit Κακοδαίμων."

Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode :
The whyles the joyous birdes make their pastyme
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their trew loves without suspicion till abroad.

We are then presented with one of his arbours ; of which he was the cunningest builder in all Fairy-Land. The present one belongs to Venus and Adonis.

Right in the midst of that Paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp Steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the height,
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with pretious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant arbor, not by art
But of the trees own inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke branches part to part,
With wanton yvie-twine entrayled athwart,
And egplantine and caprifole emong,
Fashion'd above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus beams could through them throng,
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

Fairy Queene. Book III. Canto vi.

Here Venus was wont to enjoy the company of Adonis; Adonis, says Upton, being matter and Venus form. Ovid would have said, he did not know how that might be; but that the allegory "was genial."

The poets are a kind of Eclectic Philosophers, who pick out of theories whatever is suitable to the truth of natural feeling and the candour of experience; and thus, with due allowances for what is taught them, may be looked upon as among the truest as well as most universal of philosophers. The most opinionate of them, Milton for one, are continually surrendering the notions induced upon them by their age or country to the cause of their greater mother country, the universe; like beings deeply sympathizing with man, but impatient of wearing the clothes and customs of a particular generation. It is doubtful, considering the whole context of Milton's life, and taking away the excitements of personal feelings, whether he was a jot more in earnest when playing the polemic, than in giving himself up to the dreams of Plato: whether he felt more, or so much, in common with Raphael and Michael, as with the Genius of the groves of Harefield, listening at night-time to the music of the spheres. In one of his prose works (we quote from memory) he complains of being forced into public brawls and "hoarse seas of dispute;" and asks what but a sense of duty could have enabled him thus to have been "put off from beholding the bright countenance of Truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." This truth was truth universal; this air, the same that haunted the room of Plato, and came breathing from Elysium. No man had a greater taste than he for the "*religio loci*,"—the genius of a particular spot. The Genius of a Wood in particular was a special friend of his, as indeed he has been of all poets. The following passage has been often quoted; but we must not on that account pass it by. New beauties may be found in it every time. A passage in a wood has been often trod, but we tread it again. The pleasure is ever young, though the path is old. So—

—When the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

Penseroso.

In the Arcades, a Marquee performed at Harefield before the Countess of Derby, one of these Genii makes his appearance.—Two noble shepherds coming forward

are met by "the Genius of the Wood." We will close our article with him as a proper harmonious personage, who unites the spirit of the Greek and Roman Dæmonology. He need not have troubled himself, perhaps, with "curling" the groves; and his "tassel'd" horn is a little fine and particular; not remote enough or audible. But the young poet was writing to please young patricians. The "tassel" was for their nobility; the rest is for his own.

Stay, gentle swains; for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alphæus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs, as great and good;
I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;
And, with all helpful service, will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye, where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon;
For know, by lot from Jove, I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill;
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount and all this hallow'd ground;
And early, ere the odoriferous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity.

This is a passage to read at twilight; or before putting out the candles, in some old country house.

There is yet one more passage which we must quote from Milton about a Genius. It concerns also a very dæmoniacal circumstance, the cessation of the Heathen Oracles. See with what regret the poet breaks up the haunt of his winged beauties, and sends them floating away into dissolution with their white bodies out of the woods.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum.
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.
In consecrated earth,
And on the holy heath,
The Lays, and Lemures, moan with midnight plaint:
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

He proceeds to dismiss the idols of Palestine, and the brute gods of Egypt

Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud.

We do not feel for those, nor does he; but the little household gods of Rome, trembling like kittens on the hearth, and the nymphs of Greece mourning their flowery shades, he loses with an air of tenderness. He forgets, that he and the other poets had gathered them into their own Elysium.

SECOND AND THIRD WEEK IN JUNE.

GENERAL BEAUTIES OF THE MONTH.—SHEEP-SHEARING.

THERE are some things in the following extract which ought to have been quoted earlier in the month; but amidst the exuberance of the creation one may be allowed sometimes to forget one's-self; and there are so many beautiful things belonging to every part and parcel of a season, that to dwell upon any one of them sometimes excludes twenty others which ought to be noticed in the same paper. It is not our fault; it is Nature's, for being so rich and lovely.

But let us hear Mr. Howitt, talking in the thick of the grass. We have never had the pleasure of seeing this gentleman; but, assuredly, we are here in his company, listening to his voice as he reclines upon some shady slope not far from Sherwood Forest; and as he pauses, a bee occasionally comes humming among us, as though to express its fervid approbation. His talk of gardens, of fields, and of trees, is all admirable: we object only to his angling, against which we have been moved into an expostulation or two in a note.

The general character of June, in the happiest seasons, is fine, clear, and glowing, without reaching the intense heats of July. Its commencement is the only period of the year in which we could possibly forget that we are in a world of perpetual change and decay. The earth is covered with flowers, and the air is saturated with their odours. It is true that many have vanished from our path, but they have slid away so quietly, and their places have been occupied by so many fragrant and beautiful successors, that we have scarcely been sensible of their departure. Everything is full of life, greenness, and vigour. Families of young birds are abroad, and giving their parents a busy life of it, till they can peck for themselves. Rooks have deserted their rookery, and are feeding their vociferous young in every pasture and under every green tree. The swallow and swift are careering in the clear skies, and

Ten thousand insects in the air abound
Flitting on glancing wings that yield a summer-sound.
W. W. W.

The flower-garden is in the height of its splendour. Roses of almost innumerable species,—I have counted no less than fourteen in a cottage garden,—lilies, jasmims, speedwells, rockets, stocks, lupines, geraniums, pinks, poppies, valerians red and blue, mignonette, &c., and the glowing rhododendron abound.

It is the very carnival of Nature, and she is prodigal of her luxuries. It is luxury to walk abroad, indulging every sense with sweetness, loveliness, and harmony. It is luxury to stand beneath the forest-side, when all is still and basking at noon; and to see the landscape suddenly dark; the black and tumultuous clouds to assemble as at a signal; to hear the awful thunder crash upon the listening ear; and then, to mark the glorious bow rise on the lurid rear of the tempest, the sun laugh jocosely, and

Every bathed leaf and blossom fair
Pour out its soul to the delicious air.

It is luxury to haunt the gardens of old-fashioned houses in the morning, when the bees are fitting forth with a rejoicing hum; or at eve, when the honey-suckle and the sweet-briar mingle their spirit with the breeze. It is luxury to plunge into the cool river; and, if ever we are tempted to turn angler, it must be now.* To steal away into a quiet valley by a winding stream, buried, completely buried, in fresh grass; the foam-like flowers of the meadow-sweet, the crimson loose-strife, and the large blue geranium nodding beside us; the dragon-fly, the ephemera, and the kingfisher glancing to and fro; the trees above casting their flickering shadows on the stream; and one of our ten thousand volumes of our delightful literature in our pockets,—then indeed might one be a most patient angler though not taking a single fish.† What luxurious images would there float through the mind! Gray could form no idea of heaven superior to lying on a sofa and reading novels; but it is in the flowery lap of June that we can best climb

Up to the sunshine of encumbered ease.

How delicious too are the evenings become. The frosts and damps of spring are past; the earth is dry; the night air is balmy and refreshing; the glow-worm

* Don't. Where's the necessity of bringing pain into so sweet a time?—Editor.

† The less the better. Why angle at all? Is not all this beauty enough? Mr. Howitt does not do himself justice, when he recommends, or seems to recommend, angling. His own poetical mind is such, that he is in no need of looking about for a sensation in the midst of all this richness; why should he not assist the richness towards satisfying others, instead of striking it with the poverty of want and such a want? If certain contempt of pain be desirable to keep us clear from effeminacy, and too much self-indulgence, it is not pain of this sort, which the most effeminate may indulge in, and which keeps ourselves all the while safe and happily in clover! There are hundreds of noble pains which may be undergone both for ourselves and our fellow-creatures. Let us choose out of those, if we have not enough, and not hazard (to say the least of it) unnecessary anguish, even to the moment of the creation. —We do not write this note, of course, to fishermen who must live, but to anglers who need not fish.—Ed.

has lit her lamp; the bat is circling about; the fragrant breath of flowers steals into our houses; and the moth flutters against the darkening pane. Go forth when the business of the day is over, thou who art pent in city toils, and stray through the newly-shot corn along the grassy and hay-scented fields; linger beside the solitary woodland; the gale of heaven is stirring its mighty and umbrageous branches; the wild rose, with its flowers of most delicate odour, and of every tint, from the deepest red to the purest pearl; the wreathed and luscious honeysuckle, and the verdurous, snowy-flowered elder embellish every way-side, or light up the most shadowy region of the wood. Field peas and beans in full flower, add their spicy aroma; the red clover is at once splendid, and profuse of its honied breath. The young corn is bursting into ear; the awned heads of rye, wheat and barley, and the nodding panicles of oats shoot from their green and glaucous stems, in broad, level, and waving expanses of present beauty and future promise. The very waters are strewn with flowers; the buck-bean, the water-violet, the elegant flowering-rush, and the queen of the waters, the pure and the splendid white lily invest, every stream and lonely moor with grace. The mavis and the merle, those worthy favourites of the olden bards, and the woodlark, fill the solitude with their elegant evening songs.

Over its own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;

and the cuckoo pours its mellowest note from some region of twilight shadow. The sunsets of this month are transcendently glorious, the mighty luminary goes down pavilioned amidst clouds of every hue; the splendour of burnished gold, the deepest mazarine blue fading away into the deepest heavens to the palest azure, and an ocean of purple is flung over the twilight woods, or the far stretching and lonely horizon. The heart of the spectator is touched; it is melted and wrapt into dreams of past and present, pure, elevated, and tinged with a poetic tenderness.

SHEEP-SHEARING, began last month, is generally completed this. It is one of the most picturesque operations of rural life, and from the most ancient times, it has been regarded as a scene of gladness and joy.

Like most of our old festivities, however, this has, of late years, declined; yet two instances in which it has been attempted to keep it alive, on a noble scale, worthy of a country so renowned for its flocks and its fleeces, will occur to the reader,—those of Holkham and Woburn; and in the wilds of Scotland, and the more rural parts of England, the ancient glory of sheep-shearing has not entirely departed. And, indeed, its picturesqueness can never depart, however its jollity may. The sheep washing, however, which precedes the shearing, has more of rural beauty about it. As we stroll over some sunny heath, or descend into some sylvan valley in this sweet month, we are apt to come upon such scenes. We hear afar off the bleating of flocks; as we approach some clear stream, we behold the sheep penned on its banks; in mid stream stand sturdy hinds ready to receive them as they are plunged in, one by one, and after squeezing their saturated fleeces well between their hands, and giving them one good submersion, they guide them to the opposite bank. The clear running waters, the quiet fields, the whispering fresh boughs that thicken around, and the poor dripping creatures themselves, that, after giving themselves a staggering shake, go off gladly to their pasture, form to the eye an animated and splendid *tout ensemble*.

BIRTH DAYS.

June 13th (1st O. S.) 1594, at Andely in Normandy, Nicholas Poussin, the landscape and historical painter. His family were reduced gentry. The addition of the earnest and grave character of the Normans to the general French vivacity, rendered him one of the great names in art, fit to be mentioned with those of Italy. He had learning, luxuriousness, and sentiment, and gave himself up to each, as his subject inclined him, though never perhaps without a strong consciousness of the art as well as nature of what he had to do. His historical performances are his driest; his poetical subjects full of gusto; his landscapes remote, meditative, and often with a fine darkness in them, as if his trees were older than any other painter's. Shade is upon them, as light is upon Claude's. Poussin was a genuine enthusiast, to whom his art was his wealth, whether it made him rich or not. He got as much money as he wanted, and would not hurry and degrade his genius to get more. A pleasant anecdote is related of him, at a time when he must have been in very moderate circumstances. He spent the greatest part of his life at Rome, and Bishop (afterward Cardinal) Mancini being attended by him one evening to the door, for want of a servant, the Bishop said, "I pity you, Monsieur Poussin, for having no servant." "And I pity your lordship," said the painter, "for having so many."

June 17th (5th O. S.) 1723, at Kirkcaldy in Scotland, Adam Smith, author of the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and the "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations."

His father was comptroller of the customs of that place. He had the integrity of all men who are earnestly devoted to philosophical speculations; but was absent, and perhaps uncouth in his manners. Sir Walter Scott has given somewhere an anecdote of an encounter between him and Johnson, in which the two moral philosophers cut a very unphilosophical figure in point of civility: but we do not recollect it well enough to repeat it.

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO AND DON ILLAN OF TOLEDO.

[From "Lays and Legends of Spain," (just published.)]

The version of the present excellent story is from the easy and vigorous pen of the Rev. Blanco White. Readers need hardly be told now-a-days that the germ of it is to be found in the story of the Sultan and the Bucket of Water, in the Arabian Nights.

It was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of St. Jago alighted at the door of Don Illan, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the bank of the perpendicular rock, which now crowned with Alcazar rises to a frightful height over the Tagus. A maid of Moorish blood led the Dean to a retired apartment, where Don Illan was reading. The natural politeness of a Castilian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing in his dress or person that might induce even a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. "I heartily greet your reverence," said Don Illan to the Dean, "and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noonday meal. That maid, Sir, will shew you the room, which has been prepared for you. And when you have brushed off the dust of your journey, you shall find a canonical capon hot upon the board."

The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive, and delicate. "No, no," said Don Illan, when the soup, and a bumper of tinto had recruited the Dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit; "no business, please your reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present, and when we have discussed the olla, the capon, and a bottle of Yepes, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life."

The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collection on Christmas Eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now, under the influence of Don Illan's good humour and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavour, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the cathedral could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from table, and in spite of Don Illan's pressing request to have another bottle, the Dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river.

"Allow me, dear Don Illan," he said, "to open my heart to you; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me as your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship."

"Good sir," replied Don Illan, "I should be extremely loth to offend you, but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the hearts of men is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess; I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man, and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask hazardous and important services, it is impossible for me to ascertain."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Dean, "but I know myself, if you do not, Don Illan. Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend, (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you) doubt not, from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redound in favour of you and yours."

"My hearty thanks for all, worthy sir," said Don Illan; "but let us now proceed to business, the sun is set, and if you please, we will retire to my private study."

Lights being called for, Don Illan led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desiring her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it: then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding staircase. The Dean followed, with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase: for, to all appearance, they reached below the bed of the Tagus. At this depth, a comfortable neat room was found, the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Illan kept his works on magic: globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the book-cases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, intimated but a thin partition between the subterranean cabinet and the river. "Here then," said Don Illan, offering a chair to the Dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, "we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume."

The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, concentric and excentric, triangles with unintelligible characters, and the well-known signs of the planets. "This," said Don Illan, "is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus—the sound of a small bell within the chamber made the Dean almost leap out of his chair. "Be not alarmed," said Don Illan; "it is the bell, by which my servants let me know they want to speak to me." Saying thus, he pulled a thick string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the Dean. A courier had closely followed him on the road, and was at that moment arrived at Toledo. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Dean, having read the contents of the letters; "my great uncle, the archbishop of Santiago is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says, from his lordship's dictation. But here is another from the archbishop of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds. Poor dear uncle, may heaven lengthen his days! The chapter seem to have turned their eyes towards me—and,—pugh—it cannot be—but the electors, according to the archdeacon, are quite decided in my favour. "Well," said Don Illan, "all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not you will soon wear the mitre. In the meantime, I would advise you to pretend that illness does not allow you to return directly. A few days will give a decided turn to the whole affair; and at all events, your absence, in the case of an election, will be construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear sir, and we will prosecute our studies at another time."

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Illan's door, with letters for the Dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to the see, by the unanimous vote of the chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity, which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Illan addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new archbishop's hand; "I hope," he added, "I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the university of Paris, for I flatter myself, your lordship will give him the deanery, which is now vacant by your promotion." "My worthy friend, Don Illan," replied the archbishop elect, "My obligation to you I can never repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the lad away from his studies? An archbishop of St. Jago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese; I will not, for all the mitres in Christendom, forego the benefit of your instruction; the Deanery, to tell the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked at Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest so nearly related to me." "Just as you please, my lord," said Don Illan, and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia, were, not long after, succeeded by an universal regret, at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville.

"I will not leave you behind," said the Archbishop to Don Illan, who with more timidity than he shewed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the Archbishop's right hand, and to offer his humble congratulations; "but do not fret about your son; he is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for, but Seville is a rich see; the blessed King Ferdinand who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end. Don Illan bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new Archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Illan's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the Pope to send him a Cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the Court of Rome. The crowd of visitors that came to

congratulate the prelate, kept Don Illan away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. "I am growing old, my lord," he said: "I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honour and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your eminence. My son—" "No more of that, if you please, Don Illan," interrupted the Cardinal. "Follow me you must, who can tell what may happen in Rome? The Pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door; you understand, Don Illan. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Illan's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honour on earth; but in the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new Pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers, which scarcely illuminated the further end of the saloon, his holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Illan advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. "Holy father!" exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet. "Holy father, in pity to these grey hairs, do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend, to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—" "By St. Peter!" ejaculated his holiness, rising from the chair, "your insolence shall be checked—You my friend: a magician the friend of Heaven's viceregent!—Away, wretched man! When I pretended to learn of thee it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest mine eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Illan begged to be allowed but one word more. "I am very poor, Holy Father," said he: "trusting in your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey." "Away I say, answered the Pope; "if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no further encourage your waste and imprudence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes." "But, father," rejoined Don Illan, "my wants are instant: I am hungry; give me but a trifle to procure supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome." "Heaven forbid that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the prince of darkness!" said the Pope. "Away, away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard." "Well then," replied Don Illan, rising from the ground, and looking on the Pope with a boldness which began to throw his Holiness into a paroxysm of rage, "if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper which I ordered at Toledo." Thus saying, he rang a gold bell, which stood on a table next the Pope.

The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The Pope looked round, and found himself in the subterranean study under the Tagus. "Desire the cook," said Don Illan to the maid, "to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of St. Jago."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XVIII.—ORATOR HENLEY.

EVERY generation has had its "most impudent man alive,"—a designation invented, we believe, in favour of Bishop Warburton, whose genius, however, was perhaps nearly on a par with his pretensions. Very different was the case with the clever but shameless, and therefore foolish though clever man, who is the subject of the following account, and who became the quack he was for want of heart,—the secret of most apparent inconsistencies between cleverness and folly in the same individual.

John Henley was a native of Melton Mowbray, in the county of Leicester, where he officiated several years as curate, and conducted a grammar school; but feeling, or fancying that a genius like his ought not to be cramped in so obscure a situation, "having been long convinced that many gross errors and impostures prevailed in the various institutions and establishments of mankind, and being ambitious of restoring ancient eloquence;" but, as his enemies assert, to avoid the scandal and embarrassments of an amour, he repaired to the metropolis, and for a short time performed clerical

functions in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury-square, with a prospect of succeeding to the lectureship of the parish, which soon became vacant.

Several candidates offering for the situation, a warm contest ensued; and after Mr. Henley's probation sermon, which he thought would ensure him an easy victory, we may judge of the disappointment of this disciple of Demosthenes and Cicero, when he was told by a person, deputed from the congregation, that they had nothing to object against his language or his doctrine, but that he threw himself about too much in the pulpit, and that another person was chosen."

Losing his temper as well as his election, he rushed into an adjoining room, where the principal parishioners were assembled, and thus addressed them, in all the vehemence of outrageous passion:—"Blockheads, are you qualified to decide on the degree of action necessary for a preacher of God's word? Were you able to read, or had you sufficient sense, you sorry knaves, to understand the most renowned orator of antiquity, he would tell you that the great, almost the only requisite, for a public speaker, was action, action, action; but I despise and defy you; *provocho ad populum*, the public shall decide between us." With these words he quitted the place for ever, but in order "to shame the fools," printed his discourse.

Thus disappointed in his hopes of preferment, in the regular routine of his profession, he became, "if the expression is allowable," (says our authority) a quack divine, a character for which he was eminently qualified, possessing a strong voice, fluent language, an imposing, magisterial air, theatric gesture, and a countenance which no violation of propriety, reproach, or self-correction, was ever known to embarrass or discompose.

He immediately advertised, that he should hold forth publicly two days in the week, and hired for this purpose a large room, in or near Newport-market, which he called the Oratory; but previous to the commencement of his "Academical Discourses," he chose to write a letter to Whiston, the celebrated mathematician and dissenter, in which he desired to know, whether he should incur any legal penalties by officiating as a Separatist from the Church of England.

Whiston did not encourage Henley's project, and a correspondence took place, which, ending in virulence and ill-language, occasioned the latter, a few years after, to send the following laconic note to his adversary:—

"TO MR. WILLIAM WHISTON:

"Take notice, that I give you warning not to enter my room at Newport-market, at your peril.

JOHN HENLEY."

As tickets of admission for those who subscribed to his lectures, medals were issued with the rising sun for a device; and a motto expressive of the man, as well as of the motives by which he was impelled: "Inveniam viam aut faciam;" (I will find a way, or make one). He also published what may be termed a syllabus of his lectures, containing a long list of the various subjects he meant to handle, religious and political, in which it was easy to see, that he had selected whatever he thought likely to excite public curiosity.

By these and other means, particularly by his singular advertisements, which were generally accompanied by some sarcastic stanza on public men and measures, he generally filled his room. Sometimes one of his old Bloomsbury friends caught the speaker's eye; on which occasions, Henley could not suppress the ebullitions of vanity and resentment; he would suddenly arrest his discourse, and address the unfortunate interloper in words to the following effect: "You see, sir, all the world is not exactly of your opinion; there are, you perceive, a few sensible people who think me not wholly unqualified for the office I have undertaken."

His abashed and confounded adversaries, thus attacked (in a public company, a most awkward species of address), were glad to retire, and in some instances were pushed out of the room.

On the Sabbath day he generally read part of the liturgy of the Church of England, and sometimes used extempore prayer.

That the efforts of the oratory might be assisted by its handmaid, the press, Mr. Henley soon commenced author; the subject he chose, proved that he entertained no mean opinion of his own abilities. To render some of his pamphlets more impressive, or more attractive, he published them in a black letter type. The following were the title of a few of his publications:—"The Origin of Evil;" "The Means of Forming a Correct Taste;" "A Comparative View of Ancient and Modern Languages;" "Thoughts on the Scriptural Narrative of a Confusion of Tongues;" "A Defence of Christianity."

He was also supposed to contribute to the "Hypodocor," a periodical paper, published at that time; and is said to have received from Sir Robert Walpole, a present of a hundred pounds, as a reward for his services in that paper. Sir Robert was never reckoned any great judge of literary merit. Henley was also author of a pamphlet occasioned by his outbraving himself into a religious controversy on baptism, entitled, "Samuel sleeping in the Wilderness."

As his popularity increased, the place where he amused or instructed his friends, was found not sufficiently capacious, and he procured a larger and more commodious receptacle, near a Catholic chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

In a fit of humorous caprice, or in the hope of enticing some of the frequenters of that place of worship

to visit him, he called his new room, in some of his advertisements, the little Catholic chapel. If any Catholics happened to look in after mass, he was studious of paying them particular attention and respect, and would, in some way or other, introduce a recommendation of universal philanthropy and religious toleration. On one of these occasions, he uttered the following apostrophe: "After all this outcry about the devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, who and what is this bugbear, this monster, this Pope, whom we so much dread? He is only a man like ourselves, the ecclesiastical sovereign of Rome, the father and head of the Catholic Church." When the lecture concluded, he was seen to advance towards a leading man among the Catholics, and shaking him heartily by the hand, welcomed him in the following words, "God bless you, I love you all; we are all Christians alike, from the same stock, divided only by a few non-essentials."

Whether this mode of proceeding was dictated by the liberal spirit of philosophical indifference, by Christian charity, by any latent Papistical propensity, or for the mere purpose of inviting customers of all persuasions to his shop, may be easily determined by considering the character of Henley. Having acquired, or assumed, the name of Orator Henley, it became the fashion in certain circles to hear his lectures; he attracted the notice and excited the resentment of Pope, who lashed him severely in his Dunciad. Much of the poet's satire is well applied; except where he describes him as a zany, and a talker of nonsense. This, certainly, is not a character or just description of Henley, who was impudent, insolent, and conceited, a vain-glorious boaster, determined at all events, and at all risks, to excite the attention of the public; but he exhibited at times a quaint shrewdness, a farcical humour, and occasionally a depth of reflection, far beyond the reach of a fool. He was rather what the Methodists once called their great episcopal assailant, (Bishop Lavington) "a theological and political buffoon."

A complete series of his singular advertisements, mottos, medals, and pamphlets, with a panegyric on him, in the form of a life, by Welstead, was at one time collected, and in the possession of an antiquary.

By coarse irony, vulgar railery, and a certain humorous quaintness of expression, he often raised the laugh against opponents, superior to him in learning and argument. Henley once incurred the hostility of the government, and was several days in the custody of a king's messenger. On this occasion, Lord Chesterfield, the Secretary of State, amused himself and his associates in office, by sporting with the hopes and fears of our restorer of ancient eloquence. During his examination before the Privy Council, Henley asked leave to be seated, on account of a real or pretended rheumatism, and occasioning considerable merriment by his eccentric answers himself joining heartily and loudly in the laughs he excited. The noble lord having expostulated with him on the impropriety of ridiculing the exertions of the country, at the moment a rebellion raged in the heart of the kingdom, he replied, "I thought there was no harm in cracking a joke on a red-herring;" alluding to Archbishop Herring, who had proposed or actually commenced arming the clergy!

A number of disrespectful and unwarrantable expressions he had applied to persons high in office, and to their conduct, being repeated to him, his only reply was, "My lords, I must live." "I see no reason for that, Mr. Henley," replied Lord Chesterfield. The council seemed pleased at the retort, but Henley immediately answered; "That is a good thing, but unfortunately it has been said before."

After being reprimanded for his improper conduct, he was in a few days dismissed as an impudent but entertaining fellow.

The following was circulated by Henley as an advertisement, or by way of handbill, in Oct. 1726:—

"Having been threatened by various letters, that if I do not drop the oratory, a minute account of my life and character shall be published, I take this method of informing those who propose undertaking it, that they must be speedy, or their market will be spoiled, as I am writing it myself.

"JOHN HENLEY."

SONGS OF TRADES, OR SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE following article, which will be interesting to the awakened intelligence of the working classes, is taken from the very amusing third volume, (lately published,) of Mr. D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature. When will the trades of all England have their songs? When they are all well fed and happy. This is the process with the birds, and it must be so with men. The time will come; knowledge, and self-knowledge, and growing benevolence, are all preparing it, songless and even discordant as much of the interval may be. But come it will, as sure as wisdom brings justice.

Men of genius have devoted some of their hours, and even governments have occasionally assisted, to render the people happier by song and dance. The Grecians had songs appropriated to the various trades. Songs of this nature would shorten the manufacturer's tedious task-work, and solace the artisan at his solitary

occupation. A beam of gay fancy kindling his mind, a playful change of measures delighting his ear, even a moralizing verse to cherish his better feelings—these ingeniously adapted to each profession, and some to the display of patriotic characters and national events, would contribute something to public happiness. Such themes are worthy of a patriotic bard, of the Southey for their hearts, and the Moores for their verse.

Fletcher of Saltown said, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make all the laws of a nation." The character of a people is preserved in their national songs. "God save the king," and "Rule Britannia," were long our English national airs.

"The story of Amphion building Thebes with his lyre was not a fable," says Dr. Clarke. "At Thebes in the harmonious adjustment of those masses which remain belonging to the ancient walls, we saw enough to convince us that this story was no fable; for it was a very ancient custom to carry on immense labour by an accompaniment of music and singing. The custom still exists both in Egypt and Greece. It might, therefore, be said, that the walls of Thebes were built at the sound of the only musical instrument then in use; because, according to the custom of the country, the lyre was necessary for the accomplishment of the works." The same custom appears to exist in Africa. Lander notices at Yaoorie, that the labourers in their plantations were attended by a drummer, that they might be excited by the sound of his instrument to work well and briskly.

Athenaeus has preserved the Greek names of different songs as sung by various trades, but unfortunately none of the songs themselves. There was a song for the corn grinders; another for the workers in wool; another for the weavers. The reapers had their carol; the herdsmen had a song which an ox-driver of Sicily had composed; the kneaders, and the bathers, and the galley rowers, were not without their chant. We have ourselves a song of the weavers, which Ritson has preserved in his "Ancient Songs;" and it may be found in the popular chap-book of "The Life of Jack of Newbury;" and the songs of anglers, of old Isaac Walton, and Charles Cotton, still retain their freshness.

Among the Greeks, observed Bishop Heber, the hymn which placed Harmodius in the green and flowery island of the Blessed, was chanted by the potter to his wheel; and enlivened the labours of the Piræan mariner.

Dr. Johnson is the only writer I recollect who has noticed something of this nature which he observed in the Highlands. "The strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulation of the harvest song, in which all their voices were united. They accompany every action which can be done in equal time with an appropriate strain, which has, they say, not much meaning, but its effects are regularity and cheerfulness. There is an old song used by the Hebrideans."

But if these chants "have not much meaning," they will not produce the desired effect of touching the heart, as well as giving vigour to the arm of the labourer. The gondoliers of Venice while away their long midnight hours on the water with the stanzas of Tasso. Fragments of Homer are sung by the Greek sailors of the Archipelago; the severe labour of the trackers, in China, is accompanied with a song which encourages their exertions, and renders these simultaneous. Mr. Ellis mentions, that the sight of the lofty pagoda of Tong-chow served as a great topic of incitement in the song of the trackers, toiling against the stream to their place of rest. The canoe-men, on the Gold Coast, in a very dangerous passage, "on the back of a high curling wave, paddling with all their might, singing, or rather shouting their wild-song, follow it up," says M'Leod, who was a lively witness of this happy combination of song, of labour, and of peril, which he acknowledged was a "very terrific process." Our sailors at Newcastle, in heaving their anchors, have their "Heave and ho! rum-below!" but the Sicilian mariners must be more deeply affected by their beautiful hymn to the Virgin. A society, instituted in Holland for general good, do not consider among their least useful projects that of having printed, at a low price, a collection of songs for sailors.

It is extremely pleasing, as it is true, to notice the honest exultation of an excellent ballad-writer, C. Dibdin, in his Professional Life. "I have learnt my songs have been considered an object of national consequence; that they have been the solace of sailors and long voyagers, in storms, in battle; and that they have been quoted in mutinies, to the restoration of order and discipline." The Portuguese soldiery in Ceylon, at the siege of Colombo, when pressed with misery, and the pangs of hunger, during their marches, derived not only consolation, but also encouragement, by rehearsing the stanzas of the Lusiad.

We ourselves have been a great ballad nation, and once abounded with songs of the people; not, however, of this particular species, but rather of narrative poems. They are described by Puttenham, a critic in the reign of Elizabeth, as "small and popular songs, sung by those *Cantabrigii*, upon benches and barrels' heads, where they have no other audience than boys, or country fellows that pass by them in the streets; or else by blind harpers, or such like tavern-minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat." Such were these "Reliques of ancient English Poetry," which Selden collected, Pegys preserved, and Percy published. Ritson, our great poetical antiquary in this sort of things, says that few are older than the reign of James

I. The more ancient songs of the people perished by having been printed in single sheets, and by their humble purchasers having no other library to preserve them than the walls on which they pasted them. Those we have consist of a succeeding race of ballads, chiefly revived or written by Richard Johnson, the author of the well-known romance of the Seven Champions, and Delony, the writer of Jack of Newbury's Life and the "Gentle Craft," who lived in the time of James and Charles. One Martin Parker was a most notorious ballad-scribbler in the reign of Charles the First and the Protector.

These writers, in their old age, collected their songs into little penny books, called "Garlands," some of which have been republished by Ritson, and a recent editor has well described them as "humble and amusing village strains, founded upon the squabbles of a wake, tales of untrue love, superstitious rumours, or miraculous traditions of the hamlet." They enter into the picture of our manners, as much as folio chronicles.

These songs abounded in the good old times of Elizabeth and James; for Hall in his Satires, notices them as

"Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the payle;"

That is, sung by maidens spinning, or milking; and indeed Shakspeare had described them as "old and plain," chanted by

"The splinters, and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their threads with bones."
Twelfth Night.

They were the favourites of the Poet of Nature, who takes every opportunity to introduce them into the mouths of his clown, his fool, and his itinerant Autolycus. When the musical Dr. Burney, who had probably not the slightest conception of their nature, and perhaps as little taste for their rude and wild simplicity, ventures to call the songs of Autolycus, "two nonsensical songs," the musician called down on himself one of the bitterest notes from Stevens, that ever commentator penned against a profane scoffer.

Whatever these songs were, it is evident they formed a source of recreation to the solitary task-worker. But as the more masculine trades had their own songs, whose titles only appear to have reached us, such as "The Carman's Whistle," "Watkin's Ale," "Chopping Knives," they were probably appropriated to the respective trades they indicate. The tune of the "Carman's Whistle," was composed by Bird, and the favourite tune of "Queen Elizabeth," may be found in the collection called "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book." One who has lately heard it played, says, that "it has more air than the other execrable compositions in her Majesty's book, something resembling a French quadrille."

The feeling our present researches would excite would naturally be most strongly felt in small communities, where the interest of the governors is to contribute to the individual happiness of the laborious classes. The Helvetic society requested Lavater to compose the *Schweizerlieder*, or Swiss songs, which are now sung by the youth of many of the cantons; and various Swiss poets have successfully composed on national subjects, associated with their best feelings. In such paternal governments as was that of Florence under the Medici, we find that songs and dances for the people engaged the muse of Lorenzo, who condescended to delight them with pleasant songs composed in popular language; the example of such a character was followed by the men of genius of the age. These ancient songs, often adapted to the different trades, opened a vein of invention in the new characters, and allusions, the humorous equivokes, and sometimes by the licentiousness of popular fancy. They were collected in 1559, under the title of "Canti Carnascialeschi," and there is a modern edition, in 1590, in two volumes quarto. It is said they sing to this day a popular one by Lorenzo, beginning

"Ben venga maggio,
E'l gonfalon selvaggio."

(Welcome, welcome, may-time,
And the boughs they bring at day-time).

which has all the florid brilliancy of an Italian spring.

The most delightful songs of this nature would naturally be found among a people whose climate and whose labours alike inspire a general hilarity; and the vineyards of France have produced a class of songs, of excessive gaiety and freedom, called "*Chansons de Vendanges*." "Le Grand d'Assoucy describes them in his *Histoire de la Vie privée des Français*." "The men and women, each with a basket on their arm, assemble at the foot of a hill; there stopping, they arrange themselves in a circle. The chief of this band tunes up a joyous song, whose burthen is chorused; then they descend, and dispersed in the vineyard, they work without interruption their tasks, while new couplets often resound from some of the vine-dressers; sometimes intermixed with a sudden jest at a traveller. In the evening, their supper scarcely over, their joy recommences, they dance in a circle, and sing some of those songs of free gaiety, which the moment excuses, known by the name of vineyard songs. The gaiety becomes general; masters, guests, friends, servants, all dance together; and in this manner a day of labour terminates, which one might mistake for a day of diversion. It is what I have witnessed in Champagne, in a land of vines, far different from the country where the labours of the harvest from a painful contrast.

The extinction of those songs which formerly kept

alive the gaiety of the domestic circle, whose burthens were always chorused, is lamented by the French antiquary. "Our fathers had a custom to amuse themselves at the dessert of a feast by a joyous song of this nature. Each in his turn sung—all chorused." This ancient gaiety was sometimes gross and noisy; but he prefers it to the tame decency of our times—these smiling, not laughing days of Lord Chesterfield.

"On ne rit plus, on sourit aujourd'hui,
Et nos plaisirs sont voisins de l'ennui."
(We do not laugh now-a-days; we smile; sage wit
Our very pleasures border on ennui.)

These are old French Vandevilles, formerly sung at meals by the company. Count de Granmont is mentioned by Hamilton as being

Agreeable et vif en propos,
Célebre diseur de bon mots,
Recueil vivant d'antiques Vandevilles

(Agreeable and apropos,
A famous sayer of bon mots,
A living storehouse of old Vandevilles.)

These vaudevilles were originally invented by a fuller of Vau de Vire, or the Valley of the River Vire, and were sung by his men as they spread their cloths on the banks of the river. They were songs composed on some incident or adventure of the day. At first, these gay playful effusions were called the songs of Vau de Vire, till they become known as Vaudevilles. Boileau has well described them:

La liberté Française en ses vers se déploie;
Cet enfant de plaisirs veut naître dans la joie.
(French freedom vents itself in song; the birth
Of Pleasure's child must needs be known by mirth.)

It is well-known how the attempt ended, of James I. and his unfortunate son, by the publication of their "Book of Sports," to preserve the national character from the gloom of fanatical puritanism; among its unhappy effects there was, however, one not a little ludicrous. The puritans, offended by the gentlest forms of mirth, and every day becoming more sullen, were so shocked at the simple merriment of the people, that they contrived to parody these songs into spiritual ones; and Shakspeare speaks of the puitan of his day "singing psalms to hornpipes." As Puritans are the same in all times, the Methodists in our own repeated the foolery, and set their hymns to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said "were too good for the devil." They have sung hymns to the air of "The beds of sweet roses," &c. Wesley once, in the pulpit, described himself, in his old age, in the well-known ode of Anacreon, by merely substituting his own name! There have been Puritans among other people as well as our own: the same occurrence took place both in Italy and France. In Italy, the Carnival songs were turned into pious hymns; the hymn *Jeau fammi morire* is sung to the music of *Vaga bella e gentile*;—*Crucifisso a capo chino* to that of *Una donna d'amor faio*, one of the most indecent pieces in the *Cantoni a ballo*; and the hymn beginning,

"Ecco l'Imma
E la Madre Maria,"

was sung to the gay tune of Lorenzo de Medici,

"Ben venga Maggio,
E'l gonfalon selvaggio."]

Athenaeus notices what we call slang or flash songs. He tells us that there were poets who composed songs in the dialect of the mob; and who succeeded in this kind of poetry, adapted to their various characters. The French call such songs *Chansons à la Vade*;* the style of the *poissardes* (fishwomen) is ludicrously applied to the gravest matters of state, and convey the popular feelings in the language of the populace. This sort of satirical song is happily defined,

"Il est l'esprit de ceux, qui n'en ont pas."
(The wit of those who have none.)

Athenaeus has also preserved songs sung by petitioners who went about on holidays to collect alms. A friend of mine, with taste and learning, has discovered in his researches "The Crow Song" and "The Swallow Song," and has transfused their spirit in a happy version. I preserve a few striking ideas.

The collectors for "The Crow" sung:

"My good worthy masters, a pittance bestow,
Some oatmeal, or barley, or wheat for the crow.
A loaf, or a penny, or e'en what you will;
From the poor man, a grain of his salt may suffice,
For your crow swallows all, and is not over-nice.
And the man who can now give his grain, and no more,
May another day give from a plentiful store.
Come my lad to the door, Plutus nods to our wish,
And our sweet little mistress comes out with a dish;
She gives us her figs, and she gives us a smile—
Heaven send her a husband!
And a boy to be danced on his grandfather's knee,
And a girl like herself, all the joy of her mother,
Who may one day present her with just such another.
Thus we carry our crow-song to door after door,
Alternately chaffing we ramble along,
And we treat all who give, or give not, with a song."

Swallow-singing, or chelidonising, as the Greek term is, was another method of collecting eleemosynary gifts, which took place in the month Boedromion, or August.

"The swallow, the swallow is here,
With his back so black, and his belly so white,
He brings on the pride of the year,
With the gay mouths of love, and the days of delight."

* Songs in the style of Vade,—from a farce writer of the name, who made it popular.

Come bring out your good humming staff,
Of the nice tit bits let the swallow partake;
And a slice of the right Boedromion cake.
So give, and give quickly,—
Or we'll pull down the door from its hinges:
Or we'll steal young madam away!
But see! we're a merry boy's party,
And the swallow, the swallow, is here!"

These songs resemble those of our ancient mummings, who to this day, in honour of Bishop Blaise, the saint of wool-combers, go about chanting on the eves of their holidays. A custom long existed in this country to elect a Boy-Bishop in almost every parish; the Montem at Eton still prevails for the Boy-Captain; and there is a closer connexion perhaps between the custom which produced the "Songs of the Crow and the Swallow," and our northern mummings, than may be at first suspected. The pagan Saturnalia, which the swallow song by its pleasant menaces resembles, were afterwards disguised in the forms adopted by the early Christians; and such are the remains of the Roman Catholic religion, in which the people were long indulged in their old taste for mockery and mummery. I must add in connexion with our main inquiry, that our own ancient beggars had their songs, in their own cant language, some of which are as old as the Elizabethan period, and many are fancifully characteristic of their habits and their feelings.

JOHN LEDYARD.

ABSTRACT OF THE MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND TRAVELS.

JOHN LEDYARD was born in the year 1751, at Groton in Connecticut, a small village on the banks of the river Thames, opposite to New London. Little is known of his childhood; he attended the Grammar School in Hartford, and was originally intended for the law. The dryness of the pursuit, and perhaps the sedentary application, ultimately deterred him from that profession. He subsequently, at the age of nineteen, entered the Dartmouth college, just established by Dr. Wheelock; an institution intended to prepare young missionaries for the conversion and improvement of the Indians. His journey from Hartford to Hanover was performed in a sulky, the first vehicle of the kind that had been seen on Dartmouth Plain, and it attracted curiosity, not more from this circumstance, than from the old appearance of the equipage. Both the horse and the sulky gave evident tokens of having known better days; and the dress of their owner was peculiar, bidding equal defiance to symmetry of proportions and the fashion of the times. In addition to the traveller's own weight, the vehicle was burdened with a quantity of calico for curtains, and other articles to assist in theatrical exhibitions of which he was very fond. From the character of this outfit we may conclude that he did not intend time should pass on heavy wings at Dartmouth. Considering the newness of the country, the want of bridges, and the bad state of the roads, this jaunt, in a crazy sulky, was thought to indicate no feeble spirit of enterprise. The journey might have been performed with much more ease and expedition on horseback, but in that case his theatrical apparatus must have been left behind.

As a scholar, at college, he was respectable, but not over diligent; he acquired knowledge with facility, and could make quick progress when he chose; but was impatient of the school routine. Accordingly, he diversified his studies with acting Cato, and the like; but even this was not enough in the way of relaxation. He had not been quite four months in college, when he suddenly disappeared, without previous notice or permission. The full extent of his travels during his absence cannot now be known, but he is understood to have wandered to the borders of Canada, and among the Six Nations. Nothing more is heard of his missionary projects, although it is not clear at what time he absolutely abandoned them. When three months and a half had expired, he returned to college and resumed his studies.

If his dramatic performances were not revived, as it would seem they were not, his erratic spirit did not sink into a lethargy. In mid-winter, when the ground was covered with deep snow, Ledyard collected a party of whom he persuaded to accompany him to the summit of a high neighbouring mountain, and there pass the night. The night, as may be supposed, was dreary and sleepless to most of the party, and few were they who did not greet the dawn with gladness. Their leader was alert, prompt at his duty, and pleased with his success. The next day they returned home, all perfectly satisfied, unless it were Ledyard, with this single experiment of their hardihood.

After abandoning his missionary schemes, he began to grow weary of college, and the more so, probably, as his unsettled habits now and then drew a rebuke from the president, from which he determined to escape. On the margin of the Connecticut river, which runs near the college, stood many majestic forest trees. One of these Ledyard contrived to cut down. He then set himself at work to fashion its trunk into a canoe, and in this labour he was assisted by some of his fellow-students. As the canoe was fifty feet long and three wide, and was to be dug out and constructed by the unskilful workmen, the task was not a trifling one, nor such as could be speedily executed.

It was at last, however, finished and equipped. His wishes were now at their consummation, and bidding

adieu to the haunts of the muses, where he had gained a dubious fame, he set off alone, with a light heart, to explore a river, with the navigation of which he had not the slightest acquaintance. The distance to Hartford was not less than one hundred and forty miles, much of the way was through a wilderness, and in several places dangerous falls and rapids. With a bearskin for a covering, and his canoe well stocked with provisions, he yielded himself to the current and floated leisurely down the stream, seldom rising his paddle, and stopping only in the night for sleep. He told Mr. Jefferson, in Paris, fourteen years afterwards, that he took only two books with him, a Greek Testament and Ovid; one of which he was deeply engaged in reading when his canoe approached Below's Falls, where he was suddenly roused by the noise of the water rushing among the rocks through the narrow passage. The danger was imminent, as no boat could go down that fall without being instantly dashed to pieces. With difficulty he gained the shore in time to escape such a catastrophe, and through the kind assistance of the people in the neighbourhood, his canoe was drawn by oxen around the fall. From that time, till he arrived at his place of destination, we hear of no accident, although he was carried through several dangerous passes in the river. On approaching Dartmouth many spectators were attracted by the singularity of his slowly floating bark, and all were conjecturing what it could be, till its questionable shape assumed the true and obvious form of a canoe; but by what impulse it was moved forward none could determine. Something was seen in the stern, but apparently without life or motion. At length the canoe touched the shore; a person sprang from the stern to a rock in the edge of the water, threw off a bearskin in which he had been enveloped, and behold John Ledyard, in the presence of his uncle and connexions, who were among the spectators, and imagined him safe at college.

He next studied regularly for the church; and, again, shortly changed his views, and was about to set up a school. He could not, however, rest still, but entered as a common sailor with Captain Deshon, a friend of his father's, for a voyage to the Mediterranean. At Gibraltar, it would seem, out of a gratuitous love of change, he entered into the British army; but was, presently, released, at Captain Deshon's persuasion and intercession.

After his return to America, he set out upon a romantic expedition to London; to discover some rich relations living there, and gain their friendship and assistance. Some slight doubts were at first thrown upon his identity, which so disgusted him, that he never afterwards would accept of notice or assistance from them of any kind. He said they were not Ledyards.

About this period, Captain Cook was making preparations for his third and last voyage round the world. Nothing could more exactly accord with Ledyard's desires. As a first step towards becoming connected with this expedition, he enlisted in the marine service; and then, by his address, obtained an engagement with Cook, who immediately made him a corporal. While on their voyage he was sent, as a volunteer, to examine a Russian establishment on the coast of Onalaska. He was sent alone, because numbers could not be spared for so hazardous an undertaking. At Otaheite, still a corporal, he conducted an expedition up the peak of Mouna Roa. He was close to Cook's person at the time of his death; and is of the opinion, which has more lately obtained, that Cook's own obduracy was the cause of his fate. While on board the Resolution, he wrote in a paper, got up among the officers, by whom his writing was considered somewhat florid and sentimental. From the specimens of his writings extant, this objection rather tells against the critics, than the criticized.

His next project was to establish a trade in furs, on the north-west coast of America. He spent a year or two in suffering incredible disappointments, and was ultimately obliged entirely to relinquish his projects. He is another instance of spirited enterprise left to shift for itself, while others profited by his invention. Among the many people who promised him the assistance of their capital, was Paul Jones, the famous captor of the Serapis.

His last disappointment found him in London, where he ultimately modified his views into a plan of travelling by land through the northern regions of Europe and Asia, over Behring's straits to the American continents. This he decided to do on foot. The day before he was on board, Ledyard wrote to Mr. Jefferson in the following animated strain:—

"Sir James Hall presented me with twenty guineas *pro bono publico*. I bought two great dogs, an Indian pipe, and a hatchet. My want of time, as well as of money, will prevent my going any otherwise than indifferently equipped for such an enterprise; but it is certain that I shall be no more in want before I see Virginia. Why should I repine? You know how much I owe the amiable La Fayette. Will you do me the honour to present my most grateful thanks to him? If I find in my travels a mountain as much elevated above other mountains as he is above other men, I will name it *La Fayette*. I beg the honour, also, of my compliments to Mr. Short, who has been my friend, and who, like the good widow in Scripture, cast in, not only his mite, but more than he was able, for my assistance."

The equipment of two dogs, an Indian pipe, and a

hatchet, it must be confessed, was very scanty for a journey across a continent; but they were selected with an eye to their uses. The dogs would be his companions, and assist him in taking wild animals for food; the pipe was an emblem of peace to the Indians; and the hatchet would serve many purposes of convenience and utility. In December, 1786, he found himself in Hamburg with one dog, ten guineas, and perfect health. There he met with Major Langham, an eccentric traveller, just then in extreme distress. The guineas soon changed hands, and Ledyard would have had Langham accompany him part of the way. The major, however, had less sympathy than his benefactor, and bluntly answered Ledyard, "No; I esteem you, but I can travel in the way I do with no man on earth." Towards the end of January he arrived in Stockholm. The ordinary mode of crossing the Gulf of Bothnia in the winter, is by means of sledges on the frozen water. It occasionally happens, however, that the gulf, though too much clogged with ice for ships, is not uninterruptedly frozen over. The only means then of reaching Petersburg is by land, round the gulf, a distance of twelve hundred miles, over trackless snows, in regions thinly peopled, where the nights are long and the cold intense; and all this to gain no more than fifty miles.

Such was unfortunately the condition of the ice, when Ledyard arrived at the usual place of crossing.

The only alternative was, either to stay in Stockholm till the spring should open, or to go around the gulf into Lapland, and seek his way from the Arctic Circle to Petersburg, through the whole extent of Finland. He did not deliberate long. New difficulties nerved him with new strength to encounter and subdue them. He set out for Tornea in the heart of winter, on foot, and alone, without money or friends, on a road almost unfrequented at that frightful season, and with the gloomy certainty resting on his mind, that he must travel northward six hundred miles, before he could turn his steps towards a milder climate, and then six or seven hundred more in descending to Petersburg, on the other side of the Gulf. When Manpertuis and his companions were about leaving Stockholm, on their journey to Tornea, for the purpose of measuring a degree of the meridian under the Polar Circle, the King of Sweden told them, that "it was not without sensible concern, that he saw them pursue so desperate an undertaking;" yet they were prepared with every possible convenience for travelling and protection against a northern winter. A better idea of the degree and effects of cold, at the head of the Gulf, cannot be formed perhaps, than from Manpertuis's description.

"The town of Tornea, at our arrival on the thirteenth of December, had really a most frightful aspect. Its little houses were buried to the tops in snow, which if there had been any daylight, must have effectually shut it out. But the snows continually falling, or ready to fall, for the most part hid the sun the few moments that he might have shown himself at mid-day. In the month of January the cold was increased to that extremity, that Reaumur's mercurial thermometer, which, in Paris in the great frost in 1709, it was thought strange to see fall to fourteen degrees below the freezing point, was now down to thirty seven. The spirit of wine in the others was frozen. If we opened the door of a warm room, the external air instantly converted all the air in it into snow, whirling it round into white vortexes. If we went abroad, we felt as if the air were tearing our breasts in pieces. And the cracking of the wood, whereof their houses are built, as if the violence of the cold split it continually, alarmed us with an approaching increase of cold. The solitude of the streets was no less than if the inhabitants had been all dead; and in this country you may often see people that have been maimed, and had an arm or a leg frozen off. The cold, which is always very great, increases sometimes by such violent and sudden fits, as are almost infallibly fatal to those that happen to be exposed to it. Sometimes there arise sudden tempests of snow, that are still more dangerous. The winds seem to blow from all quarters at once, and drive about the snow with such fury, that in a moment all the roads are lost. Unhappy he, who is seized by such a storm in the fields. His acquaintance with the country, or the marks he may have taken by the trees, cannot avail him. He is blinded by the snow, and lost if he stirs but a step." Thus he reached Petersburg. Through innumerable difficulties he succeeded in reaching Yakutsk. There he was seized by order of the empress Catherine, privately examined before an arbitrary tribunal, and eventually conveyed to the frontiers of the country with an intimation that a second intrusion would be his death. We must not dismiss the Russians without extracting a remark of Ledyard's, illustrating the greatest excess of a mean passion that has perhaps been heard of.

The cause of this stretch of power is a mystery: at Yakutsk the officers gave it out that Ledyard was arrested as a French spy; Catherine herself said that she could not permit a man to rush upon the fatal dangers which Ledyard would have encountered. Every circumstance proves these reasons to be too absurd. The most probable reason was a compliance with the jealousy of the Russian Fur Company, who dreaded the appearance of such an enterprising man as Ledyard on the North West coast of America.

"So strong is the propensity of the Russians to jealousy, that they are guilty of the lowest offences on that account. The observation may appear trivial,

but an ordinary Russian will be displeased, if one even endeavours to gain the good will of his dog. I affronted the commandant of this town very highly, by permitting his dog to walk with me one afternoon. He expostulated with me very seriously about it. This is not the only instance. I live with a young Russian officer, with whom I came from Irkutsk; no circumstances ever interrupted the harmony between us, but his dogs. They have done it twice. A pretty little puppy he has come to me one day and jumped upon my knee: I patted his head and gave him some bread. The man flew at the dog in the utmost rage, and gave him a blow which broke his leg. The lesson I gave him on the occasion has almost cured him; I bid him beware how he disturbed my peace a third time by this rascally passion."

Upon his return to London he called upon his friend, Sir Joseph Banks, who inquired what were his future intentions. The result was an introduction to the African Association; a society just then formed to encourage travellers to explore the interior of Africa. The following is an extract from the proceedings of the African Association; it is written by Mr. Beaufoy, the Secretary:—

"Sir Joseph Banks, who knew his temper, told him, that he believed he could recommend him to an adventure almost as perilous as one from which he had returned, and then communicated to him the wishes of the Association for discovering the inland countries of Africa. Ledyard replied, that he had always determined to traverse the Continent of Africa, as soon as he had explored the interior of North America; and as Sir Joseph had offered him a letter of introduction, he came directly to the writer of these memoirs. Before I had learned from the note the name and business of my visitor, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye. I spread the map of Africa before him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Senaar, and from thence westward in the latitude, and supposed direction of the Niger, I told him, that was the route by which I was anxious that Africa might, if possible, be explored. He said, he should think himself singularly fortunate to be trusted with the adventure. I asked him when he would set out? 'To-morrow morning,' was his answer. I told him that I was afraid that we should not be able, in so short a time, to prepare his instructions, and to procure for him the letters that were requisite; but that if the Committee should approve of his proposal, all expedition should be used."

Hitherto in all his undertakings, Ledyard had been baffled by the most disheartening disappointments; now every thing seemed propitious; he had money at command, and influential men anxious to forward his views. Accordingly, he left London on the thirtieth of June. Mr. Beaufoy speaks of the interview he had with him, just as he was setting off, and adds these affecting remarks, as given in Ledyard's own words:—

"I am accustomed," said he, in our last conversation, ('twas on the morning of his departure for Africa), 'I am accustomed to hardships. I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering. I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own, to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to the society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honour will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds.'"

From Cairo he writes thus to Mr. Jefferson. "At all events, I shall never want a subject, when it is to you I write. I shall never think my letter an indifferent one, when it contains the declaration of my gratitude and my affection for you; and this, notwithstanding you thought hard of me for being employed by an English Association, which hurt me much while I was at Paris. You know your own heart, and if my suspicions are groundless, forgive them, since they proceed from the jealousy I have, not to lose the regard you have in times passed been pleased to honour me with. You are not obliged to esteem me, but I am obliged to esteem you, or to take leave of my senses, and confront the opinions of the greatest and best characters I know. If I cannot, therefore, address myself to you as a man you regard, I must do it as one that regards you for your own sake, and for the sake of my country, which has set me the example."

His exertions, under the influence of the Egyptian climate, produced a bilious complaint; to alleviate which, he took vitriolic acid; but in so immoderate a quantity, most probably from mistake, that it caused a burning and intolerable pain, which terminated in death. The precise day of his death is not known, but it happened somewhere about the end of November, 1788. He was then in the thirty-eighth year of his age. The following description of him, is from the pen of Mr. Beaufoy:

"To those who have never seen Mr. Ledyard, it may not perhaps, be uninteresting to know that his person, though scarcely exceeding the middle size, was remarkably expressive of activity and strength; and that his manners, though unpolished, were neither uncivil nor unpleasant. Little attentive to difference of rank, he seemed to consider all men as his equals, and as such

he respected them. His genius, though, uncultivated and irregular, was original and comprehensive. Ardent in his wishes, yet calm in his deliberations; daring in his purposes, but guarded in his measures; impatient of controul, yet capable of strong endurance; adventurous beyond the conception of ordinary men, yet wary and considerate, and attentive to all precautions, he appeared to be formed by nature for achievements of hardihood and peril."

His letters afford abundant proofs of a sweet disposition; no man was more unselfish in his dealings, or acted from a more extended sympathy with mankind. No man was more grateful to his benefactors, yet freer from servility. He was modest, unaffected, and not to be daunted by misfortune. His fortitude was of the finest kind; to great personal courage, an active body, with an expanse of chest which struck every one at first sight, he added great presence of mind, an inexhaustible patience, a fervent love for his kind, perfect confidence in the goodness of man, and of his God. We cannot conclude this article better than with his own words—his celebrated praise of woman, (written among the snows of Siberia,) which has become so famous for its great feeling and truth:—

"I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

In one of the baronial castles of the north, which had been uninhabited for years, there was heard at times such extraordinary noises, as to confirm the opinion among the country people that the place was haunted. In the western tower an old couple were permitted to live, who had been in the service of the former lord, but so imbued were they with the superstitions of the country, that they never went to bed without expecting to hear the cries of the disturbed spirits of the mansion. An old story was current, that an heir apparent had been murdered by an uncle, that he might possess the estate, who, however, after enjoying it for a time, was so annoyed by the sounds in the castle, that he retired with an uneasy conscience from the domain, and died in France.

Not many years ago, the property descended to a branch of the female line, (one of the heroes of Waterloo,) who, nothing daunted, was determined to make this castle his place of residence. As the noises were a subject of real terror to his tenantry, he formed the resolution of sleeping in the castle on the night he took possession, in order to do away these superstitious fears. Not a habitable room could be found, except the one occupied by the old gardener in the western turret, and he ordered his camp-bed to be set up in that apartment. It was in the autumn, at nightfall, that he repaired to the gloomy abode, leaving his servant, to his no small comfort, at the village inn; and after having found everything comfortably provided, turned the large old rusty key upon the antiquated pair, who took leave of him, to lodge at a farm hard by. It was one of those nights which are checkered with occasional gleams of moonshine and darkness, when the clouds are riding in a high wind. He slept well for the two first hours, he was then awakened by a low mournful sound that ran through the apartments. This warned him to be up and accoutred. He descended the turret stairs with a brilliant light, which, on coming to the ground floor, cast a gigantic shadow of himself upon the high embattled walls. Here he stood and listened; when presently a hollow moan ran through the long corridor, and died away. This was followed by one of a higher key, a sort of scream, which directed his footsteps with more certainty to the spot. Pursuing the sounds, he found himself in the great hall of his ancestors, and vaulting upon the large oaken table, set down his lamp, and folding his cloak about him, determined to wait the appearance of all that was terrible. The night, which had been stormy, became suddenly still: the dark flitting clouds had sunk below the horizon, and the moon insinuated her silvery light through the chinks of the mouldering pile. As our hero had spent the morning in the chase, Morpheus came unbidden, and, he fell asleep upon the table. His dream was short,

for close upon him issued forth the horrid groan; amazed, he started up and sprang at the unseen voice, fixing with a powerful blow his Toledo steel in the arras. The blade was fast, and held him to the spot. At this moment the moon shot a ray that illumined the hall, and showed that behind the waving folds, there lay the cause concealed. His sword he left, and to the turret retraced his steps. When morning came, a welcome crowd greeting, asked him if he had met the ghost? "Oh yes," replied the knight, "dead as a door nail, behind the screen he lies, where my sword has pinned him fast; bring the wrenching bar, and we'll haul the disturber out." With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng tore down the screen where the sword was fixed; when lo! in a recess, lay the fragments of a chapel organ, and the square wooden trunks, made for hallowed sounds, were used as props, to stay the work when the hall was coated round with oak. The wondering clowns now laughed aloud at the mysterious voice. It was the northern blast that found its way through the crannies of the wall to the groaning pipes, which had alarmed the country round for a century past.—*Gardner's Music of Nature.*

TABLE-TALK.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

[For the London Journal.]

I HAD only just heard of the murder of the poor wanderer, Carlo Ferrari, and having walked out in the hope of removing from my mind the painful feeling such atrocity awakened, I happened to overtake a lad with an organ and a little box of white mice. I now found any attempt to forget the murder fruitless, and minutely observed the youth before me. His eye, deeply sunken under a dark-lined brow, and his finely marked profile, told me from whence he came; he stopped opposite to a print shop, and having scanned the contents of the window, he suddenly fixed his attention on a drawing: a gleam of pleasure lightened up his face—his hitherto curled lip melted into a beautiful smile; a tear, like a fountain embosomed in a cave, stood ready to fall, when reverently uncovering his head, he moved his lips as it were in prayer. Gently retiring, and replacing his hat, he walked on. The object of his thought was a picture of the "Madonna and Child." "And they have murdered thy countryman," thought I, "and he was a stranger."

FREDERICK ARNAY.

Affecting proof of a loving disposition.—Three months before her death, (his wife's,) when she was so afflicted with an asthma that she could neither walk, stand, sit, or lie, but while on a chair, I was obliged to support her head, I told her that she never approached me without diffusing a ray of pleasure over the mind, except when any little disagreement had happened between us. She replied, "I can say more than that. You never appeared in my sight, not even in anger, without that sight giving me pleasure." I received the dear remark as I now write it, with tears.—*Hutton's Autobiography.* Hutton was a good and clever man, and with allowance for something a little coarse, a man fit to engage the heart of a sensible and estimable woman; but the compliment here paid him by his wife, though of the highest description, implies still more merit in herself than in him.

Singular Frontispiece to an edition of one of the classics, published about fifty years since on the Continent. The copper-plate which faces the title-page represents, on one side, Christ upon the cross, and on the other, a figure of the author, from whose mouth a label issues with the following words, "Lord Jesus, lovest thou me?" His question is thus answered by another label affixed to the mouth of the figure addressed; "Highly famed, excellent, and most learned Rector Seger, imperial poet, and well deserving master of the School at Wittenberg: yes, thou knowest that I love thee!!!" This is in similar taste to the portrait of the Spanish grandee, who was represented standing with his hat in his hand before an image of the Virgin Mary, the virgin saying to him, by the like help of a label, "Cousin, be covered."

Affecting Association of Ideas.—Poggio has commemorated in his Facetiae, (jest-book) a mortifying explanation which a noisy declaimer provoked by his over-weening vanity. A monk preaching to the populace, made a most enormous and uncouth noise, by which a good woman, one of his auditors, was so much affected, that she burst into a flood of tears. The preacher, attributing her grief to remorse of conscience, excited within her by his eloquence, sent for her, and asked her why she was so piteously affected by his discourse. "Holy father," answered the mourner, "I am a poor widow, and was accustomed to maintain myself by the labor of an ass, which was left me by my late husband. But alas! my poor beast is dead, and your preaching brought his braying so strongly to my recollection, that I could not restrain my grief."

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1834.

No. 12.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We have the pleasure of informing the vendors of this Journal in town and country, and all other friends, that some obstacles which stood in the way of its hour of publication are now removed, and that they can have it in any part of the kingdom, at the time most convenient to them.

A PINCH OF SNUFF.

WILL the reader take a pinch of snuff with us?

Reader. With pleasure.

Editor. How do you like it?

Reader. Extremely fine! I never saw such snuff.

Editor. Precisely so. It is of the sort they call *Invisible*—or as the French have it, *Tabac imaginaire*—Imaginary snuff. No macuba equals it. The tonquin bean has a coarse flavour in comparison. To my thinking it has the hue of Titian's orange-colour, and the very tip of the scent of sweet-brier.

Reader. In fact, one may perceive in it just what one pleases,—or nothing at all.

Editor. Exactly that.

Reader. Those who take no snuff whatever, or even hate it, may take this and be satisfied. Ladies, nay brides, may take it.

Editor. You apprehend the delicacy of it to a nicety. You will allow, nevertheless, by virtue of the same fineness of perception, that even when you discern, or chuse to discern, neither hue, scent, nor substance in it, still there is a very sensible pleasure realized, the moment the pinch is offered.

Reader. True, the good-will—that which is passing between us two now.

Editor. You have it—that which loosens the tongues of people in omnibuses, and helps to thaw even the frozen-heartedness of diplomacy.

Reader. I beg your pardon for a moment,—but is *thaw*, my dear Sir, the best word you could have chosen? Snuff can hardly be said to *thaw*.

Editor. (*Aside*. This it is to set readers upon being critical, and help them to beat their teachers. You are right—What shall we say? To dissipate—to scatter—to make evaporate? To blow up in a sneeze?

Reader. I will leave you to judge of that.

Editor. (*Aside*. His politeness is equal to his criticism. Oh penny, two-penny, and three-halfpenny “trash!” You will end in ruining the trade of your inventors!) My dear reader, I wish I could give you snuff made of the finest Brazil, in a box of diamond. But good will is the flower of all snuff-taking; and luckily a pinch of that may be taken equally as well out of horn, or of invisible wood, as of the gifts of emperors. This is the point I was going to speak of. The virtues of snuff itself may be doubted; but the benevolence of an offered pinch and the gratitude of an accepted one, are such good things, and snuff-takers have so many occasions of interchanging these, that it is a question whether the harm of the self-indulgence (if any) is not to be allowed for the sake of the social benefit.

A grave question! Let us consider it a little, with the seriousness becoming snuff-takers, real or imaginary. They are a reflecting race; no men know better that every thing is not a trifle which appears to be such in uncleared eyes; any more than every thing is grand, which is of serious aspect or dimensions. A snuff-taker looks up at some mighty error, takes his pinch, and shakes the imposture, like the remnant of the pinch, to atoms, with one “flesh-quake” of head, thumb, and indifference. He also looks into some little

nicety of question or of creation,—of the intellectual or visible world,—and having sharpened his eyesight with another pinch, and put his brain into proper *cephalick* condition, discerns it, as it were, microscopically, and pronounces that there is “more in it than the *snuff-taking* would suppose.”

We agree with him. The mere fancy of a pinch of snuff, at this moment, enables us to consider divers worlds of mistake in the history of man but as so many bubbles, breaking, or about to break; while the pipe out of which they were blown, assumes all its real superiority in the hands of the grown smoker,—the superiority of peace and quiet over war and childish dispute. An atom of good will is worth an emperor's snuff-box. We happened once to be compelled to moot a point of no very friendly sort with a stranger whom we never saw before and of whom we knew nothing, but whose appearance in the matter we conceived to be altogether unwarrantable. At one of the delicatest of all conjunctures in the question, and when he presented himself in his most equivocal light, what should he do, but with the best air in the world, take out a snuff-box, and offer us the philanthropy of a pinch? We accepted it with as serious a face as it was offered; but secretly the appeal was irresistible. It was as much as to say—“Questions may be mooted—doubts of all sorts entertained—people are thrown into strange situations in this world—but abstractedly, what is any thing worth compared with a quiet moment, and a resolution to make the best of a perplexity?” Ever afterwards, whenever the thought of this dispute came into our recollection, the bland idea of the snuff-box always closed our account with it; and our good-will survived, though our perplexity remained also.

But this is only a small instance of what must have occurred thousands of times in matters of dispute. Many a fierce impulse of hostility must have been allayed by no greater a movement. Many a one has been caused by less! The *Times* of Wednesday contained some extracts from a petition lately presented to the House of Commons on the subject of duelling; by which it appeared, that people have challenged and killed one another for words about “geese” and “anchovies,” and “a glass of wine.” Nay, one person was compelled to fight about our very peace-maker, “a pinch of snuff.” But if so small are the causes of deadly offence, how often must they not have been removed by the judicious intervention of the pinch itself. The geese, anchovies, glass of wine and all, might possibly have been made harmless by a dozen grains of Havannah. The handful of dust with which the Latin poet settles his wars of the bees, was the type of the pacifying magic of the snuff-box:—

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.

These movements of high minds, these mortal foes,
Give but a pinch of dust, and you compose.

Yet snuff-taking is an odd custom. If we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder, and then with the most serious air possible, as if he was doing one of the most important actions of his life (for even with the most indifferent snuff-takers there is a certain look of importance), proceeds to thrust, and keep thrusting it, at his nose! after which he shakes his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well-being. What should we say to this custom among the inhabi-

tants of a newly-discovered island? And to provoke the poor nose in this manner! and call people's attention to it! A late physician, whom we had the pleasure of knowing, and who had a restless temperament, used to amuse us, as he sat pondering in his chair, with taking up a pair of scissors, and delicately poking the tip of his tongue with it,—thus taking delight in the borders of an uneasy sensation, for want of a better. We have often thought, that a snuff-taker, fond of a potent snuff, might as well addict himself to the doctor's scissors; or puncture any other part of his face with a fork at once. Elegant *fork-takers* might have boxes with little instruments made accordingly, and politely offer them to the company to poke their cheeks with. Or they might hover about the eyes; or occasionally practise some slight scarification. Bleeding is accounted *cephalick*.

It is curious to see the various modes in which people take snuff. Some do it by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. These are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is every thing. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff,—a sort of essence of pin's points. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanour; they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as the snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; others, with a luxuriance of gesture, and a lavishness of supply, that announces a moister article, and sheds its superfluous honours over neckcloth and coat. Dr. Johnson's was probably a snuff of this kind. He used to take it out of his waistcoat-pocket, instead of a box. There is a species of long-armed snuff-taker, that performs the operation in a style of potent and elaborate preparation, ending with a sudden activity. But smaller and rounder men sometimes attempt it. He first puts his head on one side; then stretches forth the arm, with pinch in hand; then brings round his hand, as a snuff-taking elephant might his trunk; and, finally, shakes snuff, head, and nose together, in a sudden vehemence of convulsion. His eyebrows all the while are lifted up, as if to make the more room for the onset; and when he has ended, he draws himself back to his perpendicular; and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the previous moment, by a sniff and a great “Hah!”

We foresee that this article will be too long for the present number. We must finish it in our next.

THE WEEK,

From 18th to 25th of June inclusive.

MIDSUMMER WITH SHAKESPEARE.

NEXT Tuesday is Midsummer Day. Let us see if we cannot pass it with Shakspeare, by help of his “Midsummer Night's Dream.” What a dream for a full-grown poet, hacknied (as might be supposed) in the ways of the world! Milton, when he conjures up visions of bridal festivity, calls them

Such sights as youthful poets dream;

but Shakspeare was always young. The last play he wrote was *Twelfth Night*, with Viola in it,—a lover's play! The *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with two fond maidens, and its pretty cross-purposes between the four lovers, is another of the same kind. No man could have written it, who had not gone through

all the faith and worship of the passion when young, and who did not retain a capability of it in the goodness of his heart. Shakspeare's genius, like the trees, was always prepared to put forth the youngest and tenderest blossom.

Did he actually *dream* this dream? We should not have wondered. While Burielgh was dreaming of despatches, and Sir Thomas Gresham of the Exchange, it is far from impossible that Shakspeare might have dreamt of lovers, and woods, and fairies. But at all events the play shews what he thought a fit dream for a night at Midsummer. And we may all partake of his dreams, at least by day,—politicians, merchants, and all. It will do none of us any harm, any more than a country walk, or the sound of the trees near the country houses that we possess, or hope to possess. It refreshes us for our tasks; helps us to remoteness and recreation, at a minute's notice, and in the intervals of our toil; makes the commonest in-door luncheon as if we took it on the grass, by the side of a brook, or in a June hay-field. Let us see how much June and Midsummer we can pick out of his play. Here is a morning by the sea-side, to begin with,—a picture uniting Claude and Titian. "I," says Oberon the fairy, (and Shakspeare might have said so to)—

I with the morning's love,* have oft made sport,
And, like a fosterer, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

A BOWER FOR NOON.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip† and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with lush‡ woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

TITANIA RECOMMENDS HER LOVE TO THE FAIRIES.

It is Mr. Hazlitt, we think, who has noticed the luxurious effect of the repetition of the rhyme in this passage:—

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes,
Feed him with apricots and dew-berries,||
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

In Shakspeare's time, the sound of the word *bees* in this passage was thought no such departure from the rhyme in *i*, as it is now-a-days. See the divine invocation to sleep in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*,—

Easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses.

The fine ears of our ancestors discerned a harmony with the vowel *e* in the sound *i*,—*ai-ee*. Poetry was read more slowly in those days, and with a luxurious fetching out of the music. The Scotch, in their slower enunciation, retain evidence of the old sound. There is an *e* discernible in the way in which they pronounce the words light and night—*Laigh-eet*—*Naigh-eet*.

DEW-FALL.

I, says Puck,

— Serve the fairy green,
To dew her orbs‡ upon the green;
The cow-slips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

EVENING.

Wania (to her fairies) Come, now a roundel,¶ and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rear-mice** for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

* Cephalus, with whom Aurora was in love.

† The greater cowslip.

‡ Some say of a deep colour opposed to a faint one, others vigorous of growth, or exuberant, as if a contraction of "Insculous." "Eglantine" (a beautiful word) is the wild rose or sweet-brier, though Milton has made a distinction between them in his *Allegro*.

§ Gooseberries.

¶ Fairy circles or rings.

¶ A dance round about her.

** Bats.

All these "offices" are to be done in the "third part of a minute." A truly pigmy division of time, without being made too little. An inferior poet might have said the tenth part of a minute; but there are probabilities in Fairy-land as elsewhere; and Shakspeare must stick to truth!

NIGHT.

The iron tongue of midnight has told twelve.
Lovers, to bed.

June has ever been a bridal month; for by a most unseasonable superstition (we know not why) it was formerly thought unlucky to marry in the month of May. We would have concluded with a passage of exquisite delicacy, out of Mr. Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," not unworthy to close these luxuries of Shakspeare; but somebody has got our copy of the book.

BIRTH DAYS.

June 20th, (8th O. S.) 1635, in Piedmont, of a noble family, Giovanni Domenico Cassini, the astronomer, who determined the diurnal motion of the planet Jupiter round his axis, by means of his belt, and made several other interesting discoveries.

June 23d, (11th O. S.) 1588, at Bentworth, in Hampshire, George Wither, a puritan writer, the rescue of some of whose verses from an oblivion too well merited by the prosaicalness and contented mediocrity of the rest, affords a gratifying proof of the discernment and justice of the present taste in poetry. We allude chiefly to his "Address to his Muse," which has been praised by Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Lamb, and extracted by Mr. Hazlitt into his "New Elegant Extracts." Wither wrote it during an imprisonment occasioned by a political satire. An ample memoir of this author has just appeared in the "Lives of Sacred Poets," by Robert Aris Wilmott, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge; * a work interesting to the curious in poetry for its research, its air of sincerity, and yet at the same time, the more than justice, the generosity, which it shows to the very unequal objects of its criticism. Our own criticism upon it is at all events not hasty, for we have read every bit of the volume, and will read with equal attention as many more as Mr. Wilmott chuses to favour the public with, though he may dwell a little too much, perhaps, on points important only to book antiquaries. So delightful is the sincerity of an amiable man of taste. The following short extract from the life of Giles Fletcher, (cousin of Fletcher the dramatist,) a real poet, though failing with posterity for want of the power of selecting his thoughts, contains some delicate, seasonable touches, truly enjoyed both by poet and critic, upon three very pleasant things, to wit:—

NIGHTINGALES, VIOLETS, AND DEW-DROPS

"The monosyllabic terminations of the following lines produce (observes Mr. Wilmott) an inharmonious effect, but the imagery is very rural.

"Tell me, sad Philomel, that yonder sits't
Piping thy songs unto the dancing twig,
And to the water-fall thy music fit'st,
So let the friendly prickles never dig
Thy watchful breast with wound or small or big.
Whereon thou lean'st; so let the hissing snake.
Sliding with shrinking silence, never take
Th' unwary foot, while thou perchance hang'st half
awake.

"The picture (continues the critic) of "the snake sliding with shrinking silence," is one of the happiest touches of description I have ever seen. It would be impossible more vividly to represent the sudden rustling of the leaves, and the shrinking stillness that follows. The idea is partly borrowed from Virgil.

"The following verses upon the "velvet-headed violets," are equally meritorious in a different manner:

"So let the silver dew but lightly lie
Like little watery worlds, within your azure sky,"

"This image might have dropped from the pencil of Rubens. Every wanderer in our green lanes on a spring morning, must have seen these "little watery worlds."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XIX.—GEORGE PSALMANAZAR, A LITERARY IMPOSTOR.

GEORGE PSALMANAZAR, a man of learning, of unknown origin, and subsequently one of the writers employed in compiling the *Universal History*, a task which he appears to have executed with sufficient skill and fidelity, actually took the pains to invent a language, which he wrote and spoke to the satisfaction of curious enquirers, alleging it to be that of the island of Formosa, where he pretended to have been born.

This adventurer, who attracted in his time no small attention, was first noticed by a Col. Lauder, in the garrison of Sluys, at which place, a wanderer from his parents and country, and under the pressure of extreme poverty, he had enlisted as a private soldier. But he industriously and artfully circulated a strange story that he was a native of the above island, con-

verted from idolatry by certain missionaries of the Society of Jesus, and that he was obliged to fly from the vengeance of the Japanese, whose hatred used to be described as particularly virulent against Christianity in all its forms.

The singularity of this relation, and the apparent simplicity of the stranger's manners, induced the Colonel, and Innes, his regimental chaplain, an unprincipled profligate, to take him under their protection. Psalmanazar accompanied them to England, and was soon after introduced to the Bishop of London, who listened to his account with pity and implicit faith, became his patron, contributed generously towards his support, and rewarded with considerable preferment, the chaplain Innes, who was aware of, and had early detected the cheat, but considered it as a convenient step to patronage.

The artful conduct of the stranger, in producing and speaking a language, alphabet, and grammar, purely of his own invention, and of his eating raw meat, roots, and herbs, soon rendered him an object of public notice, and occasioned much curious disquisition between many characters of the first rank in church and state. The keen-eyed scepticism of the Doctors Halley, Mead, and Woodward, rescued them, however, from the charge of blind credulity, in which many of their respectable contemporaries were involved; these gentlemen had cried down Psalmanazar as an arrant rogue from the beginning.

The most sanguine hopes of the impostor, could he have silenced the accusation of his own heart, appear to have been crowned with success, and he derived liberal contributions from the pity, the curiosity, or the folly of mankind, who considered it their duty as Christians and as men, to protect an unfortunate fugitive, who had suffered in the cause of truth.

Psalmanazar drew up, in Latin, an account of the Island of Formosa, a consistent and entertaining work, which was translated and hurried through the press, had a rapid sale, and is quoted, without suspicion, by Buffon, whilst his adherence to certain singularities in his manners and diet, gathered from popular opinion, or from books, considerably strengthened the imposition for the carrying on of which he was eminently qualified, by possessing a command of countenance, temper, and recollection, which no perplexity, rough usage, or cross examination, could ruffle or derange.

His memory was, at the same time, so correctly tenacious, that after the exercise of habit, in verbal arrangement, on being desired to translate a long list of English words into the Formosan language, they were marked down without his knowledge, and his credit was considerably corroborated by his correctly fixing the same terms to the same words, three, six, or even twelve months afterwards. In this manner his imposture had been first discovered by Innes, but this disgrace to his cloth suppressed what he knew, and joined in the fraud, from sinister motives.

By favour of the Bishop of Oxford, who proved a warm advocate in his cause, Psalmanazar was enabled to improve himself in his studies, and convenient apartments were provided for him in one of the colleges of that university. To impress his neighbours at this place with proper ideas of his intense and unceasing application, it was his custom to keep lighted candles in his room during the night, and to sleep in an easy chair: that his bed-maker, finding his bed untumbled (and not failing to repeat the circumstance) might not suppose he indulged in so unphilosophical and illiterate a refreshment, as going to bed; he would also occasionally lament the noise and interruptions of certain young men in an adjoining apartment, who preferred the joys of wine and good fellowship, to solitude and midnight studies.

On his return to London, he drew up, at the desire of his ecclesiastical friends, a Version of the Church Catechism, in what he called his native tongue, which was examined by the learned, found regular and grammatical, and pronounced a real language and no counterfeit. By these and other conciliating arts, the supplies of his patrons continued liberal, and he was enabled to lead an idle, and in some instances, when he was thrown off his guard, an extravagant life. The person of our Formosan was far from being attractive, but his qualities, it is said, were thought otherwise by some fashionable ladies, one of whom is reported to have exclaimed, "I positively shall never be easy till I have been introduced to this strange man with a hard name, who has fled from Japan, and eats raw meat."

But many of his friends were offended by such conduct; and the critics, and among others, Dr. Douglas, "the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks," could not rest till their doubts and incredulity were justified. They pointed out various absurdities and many contradictions, in his narrative, as well as in his declarations; he was gradually lowered in the general esteem, his benefactors silently withdrew their support;—the fraud was at length understood; the favour of the public converted, by a natural process, into resentment; and those who had originally given warning against the imposture, did not forget to increase the confusion of their opponents, by ridicule and sarcasm.

The situation of Psalmanazar thus became critical. Detected, and almost deserted, his subsistence was precarious, but having displayed in his assumed character considerable abilities, and having cultivated an extensive acquaintance with a class of men, who have been pronounced the best patrons of literary adventure, he was employed by the booksellers in a periodic pub-

lication, and lastly in a Universal History, a considerable portion of the ancient part of which was committed to his care.

By degrees he became quiet, untalked of, and comparatively respectable, and he privately confessed his imposture. He could never be prevailed on to disclose his real name and country, (supposed to be the South of France); he was afraid, he said, of disgracing his family; but the imposition he confessed thoroughly, adding to his confession all the marks of remorse. His repentance was sincere, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, who used to say that the sorrows of Paalmanazer, in speaking of his deception, were heartfelt, strong, and energetic, like those of Peter after the denial of his Saviour, when he went out and wept bitterly; it was no common grief, arising from blasted hopes, but a real hatred of himself for the crime he had committed, and a dread of that punishment which he thought he deserved. His frame on these occasions was shaken and convulsed, his face drowned in tears, and his utterance choked with sobs; a spectacle which no feeling man could behold without emotion, or consider as produced by any thing short of real anguish.

Upon the whole, Paalmanazer appears to have been a clever, weak, and not bad-hearted man, whose vanity supported him in his falsehood till he got tired of it, and who then took extreme pity on himself and so was drowned in tears. The best point about him, and which shews his nature to have been good in the main, was his being able to sit down quietly and earn an honest living.

MODERN ANTIQUES.

PAGANINI ANTICIPATED.

(From the Common Place Book of a bookish Comedian.)

"There is nothing new under the sun."

My motto is nearly "as old as the hills," yet in spite of proverbial wisdom, and the march of intellect; John Bull still retains all his inordinate passion for novelties, and eagerly welcomes every supposed rarity with his usual cuckoo cry, "wonderful, wonderful! and most wonderful wonderful!! and yet again wonderful!!! and after that out of all whooping!!!!" In reality, however, most modern marvels, are merely reproduced, or reimported objects of ancient popularity, and the fashionable plaudits of to-day, only echo the acclamations bestowed by the children of Cockerney on similar exhibitions some centuries past. Public shows of animal sagacity are to be traced from very remote antiquity. It is asserted by classical authority that the effeminate Sybarites taught their horses to tread a measure "in graceful motion to harmonious sounds," and even elephants were displayed on the tight rope in imperial Rome. Zoological exercises are of early record in Britain. Caesar bears testimony to the skill of the Aborigines in managing their coursers when he first invaded the island, and Mr. Sukkt in his "Sports and Pastimes" has copied from an M. S. of the fourteenth century, in the Bodleian collection, several curious sketches of horse display, with various others, one representing a cock dancing on stilts to the music of a pipe and tabor, and another, a hare standing on his hind legs whilst beating the latter instrument. At a later period, Ben Jonson, also, enumerates among the amusements of Bartholomew Fair, "The Hare o' th' Taber" and a company of dogs that danced the morris. From the same minute painter of manners and customs, it appears that the "Industrious Fleas" now "all alive" in Regent Street, are not original in their achievements, for Lovewit, in "The Alchemist" of 1610, mentions among the "curiosities" then to be seen in London "the fleas that run at tilt upon a table." In the present age, the quadrupeds trained by Ducrow, though they may do every thing but speak, will never equal in fame, Bankes's celebrated bay horse, Morocco, so frequently alluded to by Shakespeare and his poetic brethren of the Elizabethan era; nor will the name of Ducrow himself, though the daring of his unrivalled equestrian feats, might lead a spectator to imagine he bore "a charmed life," descend to posterity with the singular honours that closed the career of Bankes and his learned steed at Rome, where the skill of Morocco in arithmetic, dancing, dice playing, and other accomplishments (some not very decorous), aroused the horrors of superstition to such a degree, that both the master and his docile pupil were, as "rare Ben" records in one of his epigrams, "burned for one witch" by command from the Pope, who decided that the wonders witnessed must be effected by too familiar an acquaintance with a certain personage unmentionable to "ears polite." Of biped prodigies, I presume, the most remarkable now extant, is the musical magician, who when he first drew bow in Britain, was shrewdly suspected of practising, like poor Bankes, "arts inhibited and out of warrant." Indeed, a poet not unknown to fame, openly sang, scarce seven days since, of this "observed of all observers"—

"The utmost seem'd,
To feeble or to melancholy eyes,
One that had parted with his soul for pride,
And in the sable secret liv'd forlorn."

With these surmises respecting the unearthly powers of Paganini floating in my memory, I was much inter-

ested by accidentally meeting in the course of my desultory studies, with some notices of another individual, so extraordinary in their coincidence of circumstances as almost "makes me waver in belief, to hold opinion with Pythagoras," for admitting the possibility of spiritual transmigration. I should at once say that the mortal frame of the Italian maestro, is but the temporary tenement of a wandering soul; perhaps, in its primeval state, the amputating essence of Orpheus, but which in the Seventeenth century inhabited the body of "Thomas Baltzar, a Lubbeckerborne" who in 1658, at Oxford, Anthony a Wood (according to his autobiography), "did then and there, to his very great astonishment, hear play on the violin. He then saw him run up his fingers to the end of the finger board of the violin, and run them back insensibly, and all with alacrity and in very good time, which he nor any in England saw the like before." At a subsequent meeting, Baltzar "played to the wonder of all the auditory and exercising his fingers and instrument several ways to the utmost of his power; Wilson, thereupon the public professor (the greatest judge of music that ever was), did, after his humoursome way, stoop down to Baltzar's feet, to see whether he had a Huff-on, that is to say, whether he was a Devil or not, because he acted beyond the parts of man." The sensation created here by Paganini's first appearance among "the greatest judges of music that ever was," is so well known, and corresponds so completely with honest Anthony's narrative, that any further comment were a waste of words, but whether the mysterious incarnation of melody, in question, brought with him "airs from heaven, or blasts from hell," most assuredly it is very fortunate for the corporeal covering at present worn by him, that *Auto da fe* are no longer in fashion.

Our correspondent may be right, to a certain extent, in saying that "there is nothing new under the sun," but he will allow that it is difficult to say how far old genius may not revive with new variations; and surely it is a fine thing to have it back again at all. One of the very delights we feel in the playing of Paganini, arises from reflecting that the wonderful things one hears about the ancient Greek music are possibly realized in his "magic shell." The sun itself, under which there is nothing new, is a fine thing. We are glad of its shining, though our ancestors had it in the times of Orpheus and Solomon.

THE READER DOMESTICATED WITH THE OLD DUTCH COLONISTS AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

We always wish, when we give an extract in the "London Journal," to give one of as complete a character as possible,—something that comes home to the greatest number of people's feelings, and that comprises within its limits an entire and satisfactory account of what it undertakes to describe. We are particularly anxious that this should be the case, when the extract is long; and such we conceive to be the character of the following domestic picture, from Mr. Pringle's *African Sketches*,—a book that has lately issued from the shop of one who publishes nothing that is not worthy of reception.—Mr. Moxon.

On riding up to the place, which consisted of three or four thatched houses, and a few reed cabins (*kerseboest huisjes*) inhabited by the Hottentot dependents, we were encountered by a host of some twenty or thirty dogs, which had been lying about in the shade of the huts, and now started up around us, open-mouthed, with a prodigious clamour, as is generally the case at every farm-house on the approach of strangers. In daylight, these growling guardians usually confine themselves to a mere noisy demonstration; but at night, it is often a matter of no small peril to approach a farm-house, for many of these animals are both fierce and powerful, and will not hesitate to attack a stranger, if, in their eyes, he has the ill luck to appear in any way suspicious. The barking of the dogs brought out Arend Coetzer, one of the farmer's sons, from the principal dwelling-house, a frank young fellow who had previously visited us at at Glen-Lynden. Seeing us thus beset, he came instantly to our help against the canine rabble, whom he discomfited with great vigour by hurling at them a few of the half-gnawed bones and bullocks horns which were lying about the place. The young boor was rejoiced to see me, and introduced me to his mother and sisters—a quiet looking matron, and two bashful girls, who now made their appearance from the house. My companion was already known to them. "Wil mynheer afadel?" ("Will the gentleman unasside?") was the first enquiry. I readily agreed, intending indeed, though it was still early in the afternoon, to spend the night in this place, with the view of becoming better acquainted with our rustic neighbours.

On entering the house, I found that the old boor had not risen from his afternoon nap or siesta, a habit which is generally prevalent throughout the colony. He was not long, however, in making his appearance; and after shaking hands with a sort of gruff heartiness,

he took down a bottle of brandy from a shelf, and urged me to drink a dram (*zoopgi*) with him, assuring me that it was good *brandewyn*, distilled by himself from his own peaches. I tasted the spirit, which was colourless, with something of the flavour of bad whiskey; but preferred regaling myself with a cup of tea, which had in the meanwhile been prepared and poured out for me by the respectable and active-looking dame. This tea-water is made by a decoction rather than an infusion, of the Chinese leaf, and being diluted with a certain proportion of boiling water, without any admixture of milk or sugar, is offered to any visitor who may chance to arrive during the heat of the day. A small tin-box, containing sugar-candy, is sometimes handed round with the "tea-water," from which each person takes a little bit to keep in his mouth, and thus to sweeten, in frugal fashion, the beverage, as he swallows it. During this refreshment, I carried on a tolerably fluent conversation in broken Dutch with my host, and his huisvrouw (housewife); and gratified them by communicating the most recent information I possessed of the state of European politics; respecting which, old Coetzer was very inquisitive.

The domicile of my hospitable neighbours, in which we were thus seated, was not calculated to suggest any ideas of peculiar comfort of an Englishman. It was somewhat of the size and appearance of an old fashioned Scotch barn. The walls were thick and substantially built, of strong adhesive clay, a material, which being well prepared or *tempered*, in the manner of mortar for brick making, and raised in successive layers, soon acquires, in this dry climate, a great degree of hardness, and is considered scarcely inferior, in point of durability, to burned brick. These walls, which were about nine feet high, and tolerably smooth and straight, had been plastered over within and without, with a composition of sand and cow-dung; and this being afterwards well white-washed with a sort of pipe-clay, or with lime made of burned shells, the whole had a very clean and light appearance.

The roof was neatly thatched, with a species of hard rushes, which are considered much more durable and less apt to catch fire than straw. There was no ceiling under the roof, but the rafters over head were hung with a motley assemblage of several sorts of implements and provisions, such as hunting apparatus, dried flesh of various kinds of game, large whips of rhinoceros and hippopotamus hide (termed *Sjamboks*), leopard and lion skins, ostrich eggs and feathers, dried fruit, strings of onions, rolls of tobacco, bamboos for whip handles, calabashes, and a variety of other articles. A large pile of fine home-made soap graced the top of a partition wall.

The house was divided into three apartments; the one in which we were seated, (called the *voorhuis*) (forehouse) opened immediately from the air, and in the apartment in which the family always sit, eat, and receive visitors. A private room (*slaap kamer*), (sleeping chambers) formed at either end of this hall, by partitions of the same height, and construction as the outer walls. The floor, which though only of clay appeared uncommonly smooth and hard, I found, on enquiry, had been formed of ant-heaps, which being pounded into dust, and then watered and well stamped, assume a consistency of great tenacity. In making these floors, however, care must be taken to use only such ant-hills, as have been broken up and plundered by the ant-eater, and consequently deserted by the surviving insects; otherwise, in spite of all your pounding, you may find you have planted two or three troublesome colonies beneath your feet. This floor is carefully washed over every morning with water mixed with fresh cow-dung, in order to keep it cool and free from vermin—especially fleas, which are apt to become an intolerable pest in such mansions.

The house was lighted by four square windows in front, one in each of the bed-rooms, and two in the *voorhuis*; and also by the door, which appeared to be shut only during the night. The door consisted of reeds, rudely fastened on a wicker frame, and was fixed to the door-post by thongs of bullock's hide. The windows were without glass, and were closed at night, each with an untanned quagga-skin. There was neither stove nor chimney in any part of the dwelling-house; but the operations of cooking were performed in a small circular hut of clay and reeds, which stood in front of it. The furniture of the sitting-room consisted of a couple of wooden tables, and a few chairs, stools, and waggon chests; an immense churn, into which all the milk saved from the sucking calves, was daily poured and churned every morning; a large iron pot for boiling soup, two or three wooden pitchers, hooped with brass, and very brightly scoured; a cupboard, exhibiting the family service of wooden bowls and trenchers, pewter tureens, brandy flasks, with a goodly array in phials of Dutch quack medicines. A tea-vase and brass tea-kettle, heated by a chafing-dish,—which with a set of Dutch tea-cups, and a large brass-clasped Dutch bible, occupied a small table at which the mistress of the house presided,—completed the inventory. The bed-rooms, in which I more than once slept on future occasions were furnished each with one or more large bedsteads, or stretchers, without posts or curtains, but provided with good feather beds, spread on elastic frames, woven with thongs of bullock's hide, like a cane-bottomed chair.

In a corner of the hall, part of the carcass of a sheep was suspended from a beam; and I was informed that two sheep, and sometimes more, were daily slaughtered

for family consumption; the Hottentot herdsmen and their families, as well as the farmer's own household, being chiefly fed upon mutton, at least during summer, when beef could not be properly cured. The carcasses were hung up in this place, it appeared, chiefly to prevent waste, by being constantly under the eye of the mistress, who, in this country, instead of the ancient Saxon title of "giver of bread" (*plafidiga lavedy*, whence our term *lady*), might be appropriately called the "giver of flesh." Flesh and not bread, is here the staff of life, and the frontier colonists think it no more odd to have a sheep hanging in the *voorhuis*, than a farmer's wife in England would do to have the large household loaf placed for ready distribution on her hall table. At this very period, in fact, a pound of wheaten bread, in this quarter of the colony, was three or four times the value of a pound of animal food.

In regard to dress there was nothing very peculiar to remark. That of the females, though in some respects more slovenly, resembled a good deal the costume of the rustic classes in England about thirty or forty years ago. The men wore long loose trousers of sheep or goat skin, tanned by their servants and made in the family. A check shirt, a jacket of coarse frieze or cotton, according to the weather, and a broad-brimmed white hat completed the costume. Shoes and stockings appeared not to be considered essential articles of dress for either sex, and were, I find, seldom worn, except when they went to church or to merry-makings. A sort of sandals, however, are in common use, called *veld schoenen* (country shoes) the fashion of which was, I believe, originally borrowed from the Hottentots. They are made of raw-bullocks hide, with an upper leather of sheep or goat skin, much after the same mode as the brogues as the ancient Scottish Highlanders.

Having previously heard that the industrious dame, Juffrowe Coetzer, sometimes manufactured leather dresses for sale, I bespoke a travelling jacket and trousers of dressed Springbok skin, the latter to be faced with leopard fur, the price of which altogether was thirteen rix dollars, or about one pound sterling. I purchased also the skin of a very beautiful leopard, which one of the young Coetzers had lately shot, for half a pound of gunpowder.

Old Coetzer and his family, like the remote Dutch colonists generally, were extremely inquisitive, asking a great variety of questions, some of them on very trifling matters. Englishmen are apt to feel annoyed by this practice, but without sufficient reason; for although it betokens a lack of refinement, it is not at all allied to rudeness or impertinence; it is simply the result of untutored curiosity in the manners of people living in a wild and thinly inhabited country, to whom the sight of a stranger is a rare event, and by whom *news* of any description is welcomed with avidity. Instead, therefore, of haughtily or sullenly repelling their advances to mutual confidence, I readily answered all questions, including those that respected my own age, the number, names, and ages of my family and relatives, the direction and extent of my present journey, and the like. In return, I plied them with similar and still more various interrogatories, to all of which they not only replied with the utmost openness, but seemed highly pleased with my frankness.

In this manner I soon learnt that my host had eight or ten brothers, all stout frontier graziers like himself, and all with numerous families. His own family consisted (if I rightly recollect) of six sons and as many daughters, several of whom were married and settled in the neighbourhood. Two of his sons, with their wives and families, were at present living at this place in cottages adjoining to his house. The old dame informed me that she was herself by birth a Jourdan, and was descended from one of the French Huguenot families, who settled in the colony after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Her father, she said, could speak French; but she herself knew no language but Dutch. Her manner and address, however, retained something of the French urbanity and politeness, which contrasted agreeably with the Batavian bluntness of her husband.

After exhausting the usual topics of country chat, I suggested a walk round the premises, and we sallied forth, accompanied by old Winzel and his son Arned. They led us first to the orchard, which was of considerable extent, and contained a variety of fruit, all in a thriving state. The peach trees, which were now in blossom, were most numerous; but there were also abundance of apricot, almond, walnut, pear, apple, and plum tree, and whole avenues of fig and pomegranates. The outward fence consisted of a tall hedge of quinces. There was also a fine lemon grove, and a few young orange trees. The latter require to be sheltered during the winter, until they have attained considerable size, the frost being apt to blight them in this upland valley. All the other fruits are reared with care; peach trees often bearing fruit the third year after the seeds are put in the ground. From the want of care, however, or of skill in grafting, few of the fruits in this part of the colony are of superior sorts or of delicate flavour. The peaches especially are but indifferent; but as they are chiefly grown for making brandy, or to be used in a dried state, excellence of flavour is but little regarded. Some mulberry trees, which had been planted in front of the house, were large and flourishing, and produced I was informed, abundance of fruit. These were not the wild or white mulberry, raised in Europe for feeding silkworms; but the latter sort also thrive extremely well in most parts of the colony.

The kitchen garden was very deficient in neatness, but contained a variety of useful vegetables. Onions were raised in great abundance, and of a quality fully equal to those of Spain. Pumpkins, cucumbers, musk and water-melons were cultivated in considerable quantities. The sweet potatoe was also grown here.

Adjoining to the garden and orchard was a small but well kept vine-yard, from which a large produce of very fine grapes is obtained, but these, as well as the peaches, are chiefly distilled into brandy.

The whole of the orchard, vineyard, and garden ground, together with twenty acres of corn land adjoining, were irrigated by the waters of a small mountain rill, which were collected and led down in front of the house by an artificial canal. This limited extent was the whole that could be cultivated on a farm comprising about six thousand acres. But this is quite sufficient for the wants of a large family; the real wealth of the farm, so far as respects marketable commodities, consisting in the flocks and herds raised on its extensive pastures. This old Winzel himself hinted, as, shutting up a gap in the garden hedge with a branch of thorny mimosa, he led us towards the kraals, or cattle folds, exclaiming, in a tone of jocund gratulation, while he pointed to a distant cloud of dust moving up the valley,—"Near daar koomt myn kee—de beste tuin!" ("But there come my cattle, the best garden.")

On approaching the cattle-kraals, I was struck by the great height of the principal fold, which was elevated fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the adjoining plain, and my surprise was certainly not diminished when I found that the mound on the top of which the pen was constructed, consisted of a mass of hard, solid dung, accumulated by the cattle of the farm being folded for a succession of years on the same spot. The sheep folds, though not quite so elevated, and under the lee, as it were, of the bullock-kraal, were also fixed on the top of similar accumulations. The several folds (for those of the sheep and folds consisted of three divisions,) were all fenced in with branches of the thorny mimosa, which formed a sort of rampart around the margin of the mounds of dung, and were carefully placed with their prickly sides outwards, on purpose to render the enclosures more secure from the nightly assaults of the hyænas, leopards, and jackals. Against all these ravenous animals the oxen are, indeed, quite able to defend themselves; but the hyænas and leopards are very destructive to calves, foals, sheep, and goats, when they can break in upon them, which they sometimes do, in spite of the numerous watch-dogs which are kept for their protection, and the cunning jackal is not less destructive to the young lambs and kids.

While we were conversing on these topics, the clouds of dust which I had observed approaching from three different quarters, came nearer, and I perceived that they were raised by two numerous flocks of sheep, and one large herd of cattle. First came the wethers, which are reared for the market, and are often driven by the butcher's servants even to Cape Town, seven hundred miles distant. These being placed in their proper fold, the flock of ewes, ewe-goats, and lambs, was next driven in, and carefully penned in another, those having young ones of tender age being kept separate. And finally, the cattle herd came rushing on pell-mell, and spontaneously assumed their station upon the summit of the guarded mound, the milch cows only being separated in order to be tied up to stakes within a small enclosure nearer the houses, where they were milked by the Hottentot herdsmen, after their calves, which were kept at home, had been permitted to suck for a certain period. Not one of those cows, I was told, would allow herself to be milked, until her calf had first been put to her; if the calf dies, of course there is an end of her milk for that season. About thirty cows were milked; but the quantity obtained from them was scarcely as much as would have been got from eight or ten good English cows.

The farmer and his wife, with all their sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren who were about the place, were assiduously occupied, while the herds and flocks were folding, in examining them as they passed in, and in walking among them afterwards, to see that all was right. I was assured that, though they do not very frequently count them, they can discover at once if any individual ox is missing, or if any accident has happened among the flocks from beasts of prey or otherwise. This faculty, though the result, doubtless, of peculiar habits of attention, is certainly very remarkable; for the herd of cattle at this place amounted to nearly 700 head, and the sheep and goats to about 5,000. This is considered a very respectable, but by no means an extraordinary stock, for a Tarka grazer.

Every individual of an African farmer's family, including even the child at the breast, has an interest in the welfare of the flocks and the herds. It is their custom, as soon as a child is born, to set apart for it a certain number of the young live stock, which increase as the child grows up, and which having a particular mark regularly affixed to them, form, when the owner arrives at adult age, a stock sufficient to be considered a respectable dowry for a prosperous farmer's daughter, or to enable a young man, though he may not possess a single dollar of cash, to begin the world respectably as a Kee-Boer, or grazer.

After the folding of the cattle was over, my host shewed us his corn mill, which was of very small dimensions and simple construction. The water-wheel which was driven horizontally by the little canal of

irrigation on its passage to the orchard, was only about five feet in diameter, and the mill-stones not more than two. A slender iron axle, of which the lower end was fixed in the horizontal water-wheel, passing through a small hole in the centre of the nether mill-stone, was mortised into the upper one, which by this means was put in motion. The corn was supplied by an orifice in the upper stone, and the flour conveyed by a little wooden spout into a leathern bag; and this was the whole machinery. I was informed it would grind about a bushel of wheat in eight hours.

On returning to the house, the feet of all the family, commencing with Winzel and his wife, were washed in succession by an old slave woman. Supper was then served up, consisting chiefly of mutton broiled and stewed, with excellent wheaten bread, butter-milk, and some dishes of vegetables and dried fruits. Supper (*avond-stuk*) is the principal meal throughout the interior of the colony; the only other regular meal being breakfast, which consists of nearly the same viands, and is taken about eight in the morning. Grace was said before and after meat by one of the young girls, daughter of our host.

My companion and I slept on feather beds spread on mats for us in the *voorhuis*, which is the usual dormitory allotted for strangers in houses of this description, where there are seldom spare beds or bed-rooms. On subsequent occasions, when I happened to spend a night at this house with my wife on our way to Cra-dock, we had a bed allotted to us in the principal sleeping chamber, old Winzel and his wife occupying another bed in the same apartment. Some other of our neighbours who had superior accommodations, such as Basend Baster on the Tarka, and William Prinsloo of our own valley, always had a separate chamber for us, however numerous might be their guests.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

ABSTRACT OF THE NOVEL OF "LA MAISON BLANCHE,"
BY PAUL DE KOCK, WHICH HAS NOT YET BEEN
TRANSLATED.

M. ROBINEAU, a round, bustling little clerk, about seven and eight and twenty, suddenly finds himself possessed, by the death of a relation, of what is to his notions a handsome fortune. From an economical, thrifty quill driver he is changed into an anxious aspirer after grandeur and distinction. He must immediately have clothes, horse, carriage, servants, house, and, above all, a name, more sounding and genteel than that he was born to. A chateau, situated in Auvergne, is offered to him for purchase; it is a real castle, a castellated castle, and is called *la Roche Noire*! (the Black Rock) Admirable! In France, a man may take the name of his estate. "Monsieur de la Roche Noire!" What an acquisition of a name for *ci-devant* little clerk! Nothing will content him but immediate possession; before the place is put in repair, or servants engaged. He sets off post, accompanied by his two friends, Alfred de Marcey, the heir of a rich marquis, and Edward Beaumont, a young author, who kindly give Robineau their countenance and instruction while he becomes initiated in the mysteries of house-keeping and gentility. On the day of their departure, Robineau placed himself in the chaise before the horses were put to. Three times he sent for his friends. At length they arrive, the luggage is fixed, they set off, and Robineau exclaims "Now we are on the road to my castle!"

At the little town of Clermont Ferrand, Alfred and Edward insist upon abandoning their carriage, and pursuing the remainder of their journey on foot; although Robineau would have been better pleased to enter his domain in greater style. At the door of the post-house a man was indolently sitting on a stone bench, his dress was poor, or rather vagabond. He appeared about forty-five or fifty years of age, but his mean dress, neglected beard, and black hair, hanging in matted locks about his face, made his age difficult to be decided upon. Still, in spite of these disfigurements, his face exhibited the remains of beauty. His nose was handsome, his mouth well-formed, but almost devoid of teeth, his eye-brows black and arched, and his large black eye had an ironical expression which well accorded with the sarcastic smile that from time to time played upon his lips. His figure was tall and firmly knit. In short, although dressed in shabby trowsers of grey-cloth, a red waistcoat covered with stains, a great coat to which, in many places, were adapted patches of far other texture, worn out boots, and a blue handkerchief round his neck, he had something in his face which announced more than a common origin, and in his manners an air of ease and almost haughtiness, which contrasted strangely with his costume.

This man overhearing the gentlemen speak of walking to the chateau, which was six miles distant, offered himself to be their guide, but Robineau thought he recognized something of the brigand in him, and declined his services.

Alfred and Edward harass Robineau by their admiration of the beauties of Nature, which delays his approach to *la Roche Noire*. Their benign philosophy leads them astray into a village, where Edward writes verses; and Alfred joins a rustic girl in a dance. With much persuasion, Robineau gets them away from their pastoral attractions; but they have not got far on the way, ere they find they are overtaken in a miserable *aml*, by the dark night. They knock up some peasants,

and demand a guide; but the road to la Roche Noire is through a lonely valley, by the "White House," which is said to be haunted. Its history may be briefly told. A thrifty peasant and his wife occupied a little cottage in the middle of a fertile valley. In the course of time, Andrew Larpottie, the peasant, built a house near his cottage, with a view to profit by its sale. About this time his wife took a child to nurse, which they said was of poor parents; and soon after Andrew sold his house to a gentleman named Gervais; the house was furnished, but not inhabited. Lights occasionally seen in it at night were the only signs it possessed of inhabitants of any kind. In process of time, the old couple died, and left their foster child, Isaura, who had grown up into a charming girl, in possession of their little cottage. She still possessed it, untroubled by the midnight lights that sometimes (so frightfully to the peasantry) broke the solitary and desolate look of the White House. Nay more, she herself shared the ill-fame of the house; for somehow or other she cured a neighbour's cow or so; had attended a wounded dog; and, *per contra*, many an accident that had happened to the flocks of the neighbouring goatherds was attributed to her arts. There was even a talk of a large black demon, that relieved the solitude of her life with his company. Isaura was left thus alone at the age of fifteen, and had continued to live so; cheerful, busy with her garden, her goats, and her household cares; gradually more and more shunned by her neighbours and unharmed by the neighbouring horrors of the White House.

As Robineau and his friends could not procure a guide, they were obliged to pass the night in the miserable hut of their informant.

On the morrow, under the cheering influence of daylight, the peasant set out to show them their way. Arrived at the White House, Alfred stopped to examine it, and knocked at the gate to see if it was really desolate. There was no answer to his knocks. The barking of a large Newfoundland dog at the cottage attracted their notice, and while they regard the noble animal with admiration, "There she is!" cried the peasant, pointing with his finger up a hill. The young men turned their eyes that way, and perceived a young girl, who, driving her goats before her, descended rapidly into the valley. Alfred and Edward are immovable, and follow the young girl with their eyes. Now she descends a rapid slope, and her feet seem hardly to touch the ground—now she sportively leaps across a yawning fissure; at length she is in the valley, and her features are more easily distinguished. Her large eyes, of a deep blue, are shaded by long black eyebrows; and her eyelids, often half cast down, add to the sweetness of her look, which has an expression of simplicity and tenderness. Her nose is small and well made; her mouth a little large, and smiling, exhibits teeth as white as enamel; her flaxen hair falls in large curls on her forehead, and appears kept with more care than is usual with the peasantry. Her complexion is but slightly tanned, for a large straw hat shades it from the sun; her figure is of a middle height, but light-some and graceful, her foot small, and her hand the dearest little thing in the world. A brown corset, and a shirt of the same colour, with a red and white apron, compose all that adorn her person; but there is a grace in the manner she wears them, that has little of the heavy and awkward appearance of the Auvergnates.

She is charming," cries Alfred. Edward says nothing, but cannot move his eyes from her. "Yes," said Robineau, "she is pretty enough for a peasant." The little girl frankly invites the travellers to take what refreshment her cottage affords. While she prepares their breakfast, her dog Vaillant, by his mistress's orders, shews the travellers round the well-kept garden. Returning to the house, they find a breakfast of fruit, milk, butter, and bread, disposed upon a table with a taste and propriety that charms the sight. While the travellers are at their breakfast, she sits near them with her trusty guardian at her feet. Alfred told her that they had knocked at the White House; she betrayed some anxiety to know whether they had been answered. She confirmed his idea that the house was empty. At length Robineau persuades them once more to set off.

We must cut short his reception at the castle, where he made his appearance on an ass, which he had picked up by the way; he would have got off at a little distance, but the impatient donkey carried the unwilling Castellan into the stable. He had sent on his valet the day before, to prepare his vassals to receive him with dutiful attention; accordingly he is received by two old men, who had the care of the chateau, a few rustics, a schoolmaster, a veterinary surgeon, and a crowd of little children. The chateau is old and in miserable repair; but its antiquity and name more than reconcile Robineau to the necessary expences for repair. Henceforward he insists upon being called *Monsieur de la Roche Noire*.

In the morning Edward arises betimes, before Alfred has yet left his chamber, and with much philosophical meditation sets out to pay a visit to the fair goatherd. He finds her in the neighbourhood of her cottage, reading while she is tending her goats. He finds she reads much; and a work of Florian's is before her. Edward recommends her choice; "I did not chose it," said Isaura; "it was given me to read." Edward was on the point of asking "by whom?" but he could not summon courage; and yet he felt most uneasy, and desirous to know. Sometimes the young girl chatted with him, in the most frank and innocent manner pos-

sible. One of her goats goes astray, and Isaura runs after it. Edward watches the grace and freedom of her action with admiration. He falls into a train of reflection. Her equivocal situation, her beauty, the solitude, his youth! He begins to think less charitably of her than before; and almost determines to try how far she is really to be tempted. While he is yet buried in reflection, Isaura returns; she comes again to his side, smiling as she says "Here I am!" There was in this action, and in her countenance so much of the confidence of goodness, and so much openness of manner, that Edward was ashamed of the thoughts which had come over him; and it was not till his pulse was calmed that he dared again look at Isaura. He declined her invitation to breakfast, and returned to the Chateau; determining on his way not to inform Alfred where he had been. Alfred, however, guesses; and next morning, when Edward rises, he finds Alfred has stolen a march upon him. He follows as fast as he can; and finds the more enterprising Alfred seated in the cottage, with a plentiful breakfast before him; not a bit of which has he touched. The lively fellow, too, lets out that Vaillant had aided her mistress in avoiding a kiss, which he would unceremoniously have given her. Edward cannot conceal his jealousy; and Isaura is surprised and terrified at the appearance of anger between the young men. They put a stop, however, to this folly, and agree to start fairly and frankly in rivalry, and as a preliminary, never to visit Isaura, except together. The reconciliation and quarrel were equally unintelligible to her.

Time passes away, but not a morning escapes without the two friends paying a visit to Isaura. At length M. de la Roche Noire having completed his repairs, gives a plentiful bustling fete to some of the neighbouring gentry, full of mock heroic pretensions and ludicrous accidents. That day de Marcey and Beaumont would not abandon their kind hearted little host. The party breaks up late, and Alfred sleeps heavily in the morning. Edward slept not at all. That day was the first he had passed in the chateau without having seen Isaura in the morning. He rose early, and Alfred was not ready to depart. Should he wait for him? He knew that Alfred's feelings were less serious than his own; and, for once breaking his promise, he left the chateau without his friend. Isaura had passed a wearier day than usual; she missed the society of kind friends, who interested her, and took such an interest in her. She did not attempt to hide the pleasure she felt in seeing Edward again. "Here you are," said she, "Ah! I thought you were not coming again!" Edward explains the cause of his absence. Isaura confesses that she has become so accustomed to see her two friends that she fears she will never be so happy again when they are gone. Edward cannot contain himself; he avows his affection and asks Isaura whether she can love him. "Mon Dieu!" cried she, "I love to see you—both of you—" "Both!—equally?" The young girl blushed; she could not say what she felt. Edward drew closer, and passing his arm softly round her waist, said tenderly, "If Alfred did not come again, you would be sorry?"—"I should think of him sometimes;—we would talk of him together!"—"And if I did not return, would you console yourself the same way, talking with him?" "Never! never!" cried Isaura, in an accent which came from her soul.—Edward presses Isaura to become his wife and accompany him to Paris. He traces with enthusiasm the happy life they shall pass together. Isaura's delight is damped: she cannot leave the neighbourhood of the White House! "Why?—is she not alone—an orphan?—Has she relations living?"—"No; but still she cannot leave the White House; nor can she explain the reason. Her tenderness and the frankness of her manner, in spite of this mystery, convince Edward of her honest affection. They part, secure at least of seeing each other on the morrow. On his return to the chateau Edward encounters de Marcey. Indignant at his treachery, enraged with jealousy, Alfred bitterly reproaches him, and without listening to his defence challenges him on the spot. Edward bethinks himself of his own happiness and of Alfred's disappointment, and reminds Alfred of their friendship. "Friendship!" cried de Marcey, "I no longer believe in yours." "Alfred, I have but one thing to say," Alfred, surprised, confesses that his own intentions were not so serious, and frankly gives up the contest to his friend.

Edward now passed every morning alone with Isaura. He would sometimes press her to become his wife; but she always urged the necessity of delay. His jealousy was at length excited. He watched her sometimes after he had parted from her. She was the whole time alone; nor attempted to go to the White House; if she turned her eyes that way her countenance was instantly saddened. One day, after he had taken leave of her, he proceeded to the White House. It was a stormy September day, and he knew Isaura would be confined to the cottage. A gap in the high wall admits him to the garden. At every step his feet are entangled in the weeds and branches that overgrow the paths. All is gloomy and silent. He gets through a window into the house. It is furnished; he sees a library, the source of Isaura's reading; and on the table there are pistols. But there is no appearance of living thing within the walls; all is deserted. He has discovered nothing.

One night M. de la Roche Noire's whole household are aroused with the alarming announcement that there is an apparition in the castle;—a light has been seen in an

old and uninhabited tower. While Edward remains to secure the safety of the terrified ladies, for there are visitors in the chateau, Alfred undertakes to dislodge the apparition. He goes, and returns somewhat graver; but alleges that the alarm was in every respect groundless, and the household return to their respective beds. Alfred had not told precisely the fact; there had been a light in the tower, and on entering the top room in the old tower he had found the same old man who had offered himself as a guide at the inn at Clermont—Ferrand, when they first came to Auvergne. They had often met him in their walks since, and found him to be fierce, sarcastic, misanthropical; a strange mixture of blackguardism and philosophy; next kin to a beggar, but refusing all assistance; he called himself the vagabond. He had once sneered at de Marcey's allowing Edward to continue his visits to Isaura alone for he had perceived and watched their movements in that quarter; and had even offered to carry her off for him. Alfred indignantly repulsed him. He now came to tell de Marcey that the young girl they so much admired had already a lover; that a light had been that night shown in the windows of the White House; that upon perceiving it Isaura immediately went there and was received in the arms of a man. A full hour elapsed before she returned to her own cottage.

The following day being devoted to Robineau's marriage with the daughter of a neighbour, a most poor marquis, Edward was obliged to refrain from seeing Isaura. Next morning he rose full early and hastened to repay himself for the self-denial he had practised.

Isaura did not shew her accustomed delight at seeing him. She is pale and sad. Edward enquires the cause of her chagrin; with tender sorrow she tells him that she shall always love him; but that he must forget her;—she had been forbidden to see him more. "Ah, who has said this? could I but find the person?"—"No!" cried Isaura with terror, "you must not even seek him." "Him!—Isaura you betray yourself! who then is this man? What right has he over you?" Isaura does not know herself. She only knows that she owes every thing to him; even her support with the peasants who appeared to the world to have adopted her. Edward rushes from her in despair, leaving her hardly less miserable, though more resigned.

Edward communicated his unhappiness to Alfred de Marcey, who told him of the vagabond's communication. They determine to unravel the mystery, and set out at night to watch. They see Isaura leave her house;—she is received at the White House,—by Alfred's father, the Marquis de Marcey! Edward's plans of vengeance upon his rival fall to the ground. Alfred now exerts himself to remove his friend from the scene of his troubles, and to that end they take leave of the newly married de la Roche Noire, who has already begun to give up his independence to his high-born wife. Edward cannot resist taking a last look at Isaura, and they seek the cottage. All is still. They enter. Vaillant is stretched at length in the court, bathed in his blood. Isaura is not to be seen! In the immediate search after her, they encounter, with mutual surprise, the Marquis de Marcey; who relates the poor girl's history to them. The Marquis had married twice. His second wife married him solely from obedience to her father. On their wedding-night, she attempted her own life, but was saved by the vigilance of the Marquis. She then informed him, though almost distracted with grief and shame, that she had been attached to another, the Chevalier de Lavigny; but that her father, discovering the attachment, and disapproving of the dissolute habits of Lavigny, had dismissed him, and forbidden his daughter to see him again; not however before the libertine had effected her ruin. The Marquis consoled his unfortunate young wife the best he could, and promised to be to her a tender brother. He immediately took her to Italy, where she gave birth to Isaura. On their return to France, he put the child under the care of Sarpiotte, at the same time buying the White House. A few years after his grateful wife died of a broken heart, and ever since then he had continued to come down from time to time to see her child; but always secretly, making the White House his abode. Even Isaura knew not her own history. Late he had observed her changed in manner. He questioned her, and heard how she loved "Edward." He knew not who this Edward was, nor his friend. He could only gather from her description that they appeared to be young men of fashion; and, if so, he feared for her happiness; and thus had desired her to break off the connexion, ere it should be too late.

Edward, in spite of the misfortune of her birth, was as anxious as ever to obtain the good, lovely, and innocent Isaura for his wife. The Marquis was rejoiced in her having gained so true a heart; for he had long known Beaumont as his son's most estimable friend; and Alfred desired nothing better than to love and be loved as the brother of both. The first step was to seek the lost treasure; and they all united in the search. Their suspicions, directed by Alfred, lighted on the vagabond. For some time they sought far and near, in vain. At length Vaillant, recovered from his wounds, aided them in his search. He leads them to a hut they had visited before.

Alfred's suspicions were not untrue. The vagabond had entered Isaura's unguarded cottage, and obliged her to depart with him. He carried her to a hut in a lonely place, among steep places, behind which was constructed an excavation in the hill, with a private

entrance, with no other opening but to the sky. Here Isaura remained for many a weary day. Her long delayed hopes were suddenly revived; she hears Vailant's bark; and now voices are calling to the inmates to open the hut. The Vagabond enters the excavation, a sword in his hand. There is no hope that he can fly with Isaura, or evade the sagacity of her faithful dog. He determines to take her life. Her prayers are of no avail, he aims a fatal blow; but a hard substance in her bosom receives the blow. It is a miniature of her mother, which is driven from its gentle resting-place by the violence. The vagabond starts. "Who is this?" "My mother," said the terrified girl. "Your mother! Adila! then you are—" He seemed paralyzed. Ere he recovered his self-possession, the three friends enter the cave. The vagabond received a fatal wound from the hand of Alfred, he fell, and, expiring, confessed that he had taken Isaura for the Marquis's mistress; and that his persecution of her he had meant for retribution, for he was—Lavigny, her mother's unworthy lover.

Isaura was insensible to the horror of her situation, for she had fainted when the entrance of her friends had assured her safety. Her father's degradation was kept from her: the dying Lavigny himself requested that she might not be taught to consider her father, and the worst enemy her innocence had had, as the same. The friends carefully conveyed her to the White House. Here she recovered, and was united to her loving Edward, and has lived since among the dear friends, whom misfortune had taught to appreciate her unvarying sweetness.

Robineau, three years after these events, abandoning estate, wife, name, and all his grand schemes, came up to Paris with the wreck of his fortune. The last we hear of him is that Alfred, who was married, still welcomed him as cordially as ever to his house, and had promised to procure him a clerkship, better than the one he had lost.

APPLICATION OF STEAM TO VARIOUS PURPOSES.

[From Mr. Alderson's *Prize Essay* (just published), on the *Nature and Application of Steam*; a treatise containing scientific knowledge with popular explanation, and illustrated by nineteen lithographic plates.]

STEAM is used for warming rooms, manufactories, and public institutions, of an ordinary temperature; hot-houses, forcing-houses, and woollen, cloth, cotton, and other drying houses, of a very high temperature.

From the facility afforded of varying the heat of steam by increasing or diminishing the weight upon the safety valve, it is now generally used in chemical operations, which require an exact and certain degree of heat steadily exerted, and has almost superseded the use of the sand-bath, so frequently mentioned in works on chemistry.

It is used for the boiling of salt, several patents having been taken out for the peculiar modes of applying it; and immense salt-works are erected, both here, in England, and on the continent, carried on entirely by steam.

In the manufacturing or refining of sugar it is also extensively employed, and patents are taken out for different modes of using it.

It is also in request for steaming wood, previous to its being used by coach and cabinet makers, ship-builders, &c., in order to soften its fibres, and facilitate the bending of it to the required form.

Patents have been taken out for washing by steam, but as "*the women folk cannot be fash't w'it*," the ingenious and well meaning inventors are, we believe, seldom applied to for licenses, and certainly have no ground of complaint for infringement of patent right.

In agriculture it is used chiefly for boiling, on a large scale, potatoes, turnips, &c., and the same for domestic purposes on a small scale, as also for warming baths and cooking.

It is also used for destroying those noxious vermin called bugs, and for hatching chickens; destroying life by its intense heat in the one instance, and producing it in the other by its gentle and continued warmth.

Steam has been successfully and extensively employed for extinguishing that element from whence it derives its power, namely fire. But although it is stated by some that when supplied in large quantities, where there is no current of air, it is of itself sufficient to extinguish conflagration, yet the most common mode is by applying its mechanical power to the working of a force-water-pump. This may be done to great advantage in any place where there is already a powerful engine in use for driving machinery, as an air vessel can be fixed in a tower in a central situation in the yard, and connected by pipes with the pump of the engine. A play-pipe should be fixed on the top of the tower, connected to the air vessel with an universal joint, which would command all adjacent buildings. This is done in the flax manufactory of Messrs. Marshall and Co., of Leeds, and at many other places in the neighbourhood; and we have been informed by persons who have seen it tried, that its action is so effective as to make the ejected stream of water break the glass of the windows.

It is a desideratum to apply this active and powerful

agent to the common fire engines, and this has been successfully attempted by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson.

The machine is almost as small and compact, and when properly made nearly as manageable as the common fire-engine, with the advantage, that as soon as the steam is up, it never flags or tires. It consists of a boiler fixed on wheels, with springs similar to a steam carriage, and a working cylinder and piston, which by a crank of one or more throws works the required number of pumps. An air vessel is necessary to keep up an equable stream of water from the play-pipe: hose, buckets, &c., are wanted as in the common engine.

To protect the immense warehouses and other property on the banks of the Thames in and about London, a fire engine on the common construction is fixed in a wherry, to be rowed where wanted, and worked by hand, thus constituting a floating fire engine.

For cooking steam is much used, and particularly in large establishments; almost all the large taverns and the public halls of the city companies are provided with a steam cooking apparatus. A pipe conveys the steam along a sort of sideboard, upon which is placed, in properly constructed dishes of tin, the food intended to be cooked. Branch pipes of small diameter go from the steam pipe into the several tin dishes, with a cock to each to enable the cook or attendant to shut off the steam. A cock is also left in the steam cooking vessel, to let off the waste steam. These vessels are sometimes made double and sometimes single, according to the kind of food to be cooked. The double ones answer for roast, the steam being contained between the two dishes, the other for boiled.

A syphon is applied to the end of the main steam-pipe to get the proper degree of pressure, in the same way as already described in the steam warming apparatus.

Patents have been taken out for ship's hearths for cooking by steam, and at the same time rendering salt-water quite fresh; the latter process is the same as that already described for making salt, excepting that here the evaporated water is the valuable commodity, and the salt the refuse. In this operation the steam is condensed as it rises and collected in vessels for the use of the ship, being the same process nearly as distillation. A ship's company need never run short of fresh water, so long as they retain a large kettle and the means of making a fire. The sea-water being put in the kettle and placed upon the fire, as soon as the steam issues out of the spout wet cloths are applied around it, which condensing the vapour as it arises, it assumes its original form of water, but quite freed from its saline qualities. An apparatus on this principle neatly and properly constructed, and combined with the cooking apparatus already described, but rendered more compact and portable by piling the tin dishes upon each other, the lower one being inserted in the lid of the boiler forms what is called the "Patent Ship's Hearth."

For destroying vermin a portable boiler is made similar to Papen's digester, fixed upon a chafing dish of charcoal. The spout should have a small tube attached by an universal joint, so that it can be turned in any direction. When the steam is raised of a high temperature, the spout should be applied to the crevices or other places containing the vermin, which by its action it instantly destroys.

For hatching chickens the eggs are placed in regular order similar to the manner in which the parent bird places them for incubation. The place in which they are deposited is then warmed by steam, conveyed in pipes, backwards and forwards, through the place of deposit, great care being taken to keep the place of an equal temperature of 96° Fahrenheit or 32° Réaumur; for at lower temperatures the living principle appears to become torpid and unable to assimilate the nourishment provided for developing the embryo. The eggs should not be laid upon the bare floor of the oven, but upon a mat, or bed of flax, or other non-conducting material.

THE REGULATORS.

"Regulators" is a very gentle and judicious word! The utmost urbanity of utilitarianism is in it. The gentlemen, however, thus designated in the present instance, have a trick of regulating people, not merely with advice and remonstrance, and other spiritual modes of ruling, but with good bodily applications of twigs and stinging nettles; and if these fail in regulating the patient, a rifle-ball is administered.

The passage is taken from Mr. Audubon's most interesting and valuable work, entitled "*Ornithological Biography*,"—a production which has but just been put into our hands, but with which we purpose to make both ourselves and our readers as well acquainted as lovers of nature ought to be.

"The population of many parts of America is derived from the refuse of every other country. I hope I shall elsewhere prove to you, kind reader, that even in this we have reason to feel a certain degree of pride, as we often see our worst denizens becoming gradually

freed from error, and at length changing to useful and respectable citizens. The most depraved of these emigrants are forced to retreat farther and farther from the society of the virtuous, the restraints imposed by which they find incompatible with their habits and the gratification of their unbridled passions. On the extreme verge of civilization, however, their evil propensities find more free scope, and the dread of punishment for their deeds, or the infliction of that punishment, are the only means that prove effectual in reforming them.

In those remote parts, no sooner is it discovered that an individual has conducted himself in a notoriously vicious manner, or has committed some outrage upon society, than a concave of the honest citizens takes place, for the purpose of investigating the case, with a rigour without which no good result could be expected. These honest citizens, selected from among the most respectable persons in the district, and vested with powers suited to the necessity of preserving order on the frontiers, are named *Regulators*. The accused person is arrested, his conduct laid open, and if he is found guilty of a first crime, he is warned to leave the country, and go farther from society, within an appointed time. Should the individual prove so callous as to disregard the sentence, and remain in the same neighbourhood, to commit new crimes, then wo be to him; for the Regulators, after proving him guilty a second time, pass and execute a sentence, which, if not enough to make him perish under the infliction, is at least for ever impressed upon his memory. The punishment inflicted is generally a severe castigation, and the destruction by fire of his cabin. Sometimes, in cases of reiterated theft or murder, death is considered necessary; and, in some instances, delinquents of the worst species have been shot, after which their heads have been stuck on poles, to deter others from following their example. I shall give you an account of one of these desperadoes, as I received it from a person who had been instrumental in bringing him to punishment.

The name of Mason is still familiar to many of the navigators of the Lower Ohio and Mississippi. By dint of industry in bad deeds he became a notorious horse-stealer, formed a line of worthless associates from the eastern parts of Virginia (a State greatly celebrated for its fine breed of horses) to New Orleans, and had a settlement on Wolf Island, not far from the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, from which he issued to stop the flat-boats, and ride them of such provisions and other articles as he and his party needed. His depredations became the talk of the whole Western Country; and to pass Wolf Island was not less to be dreaded than to anchor under the walls of Algiers. The horses, the negroes, and the cargoes, his gang carried off and sold. At last, a body of Regulators undertook, at great peril, and for the sake of the country, to bring the villain to punishment.

Mason was as cunning and watchful as he was active and daring. Many of his haunts were successively found out and searched, but the numerous spies in his employ enabled him to escape in time. One day however, as he was riding a beautiful horse in the woods, he was met by one of the Regulators, who immediately recognised him, but passed him as if an utter stranger. Mason, not dreaming of danger, pursued his way leisurely, as if he had met no one. But he was dogged by the Regulator, and in such a manner as proved fatal to him. At dusk, Mason having reached the lowest part of a ravine, no doubt well known to him, hopped (tied together the fore-legs of) his stolen horse, to enable it to feed during the night without chance of straying far, and concealed himself in a hollow log to spend the night. The plan was good, but proved his ruin.

The Regulator, who knew every hill and hollow of the woods, marked the place and the log with the eye of an experienced hunter, and as he remarked that Mason was most efficiently armed, he galloped off to the nearest house, where he knew he should find assistance. This was easily procured, and the party proceeded to the spot. Mason, on being attacked, defended himself with desperate valour; and as it proved impossible to secure him alive, he was brought to the ground with a rifle ball. His head was cut off, and stuck on the end of a broken branch of a tree, by the nearest road to the place where the affray happened. The gang soon dispersed, in consequence of the loss of their leader, and this infliction of merited punishment proved beneficial in deterring others from following a similar predatory life.

The punishment by castigation is performed in the following manner. The individual convicted of an offence is led to some remote part of the woods, under the escort of sometimes forty or fifty Regulators. When arrived at the chosen spot, the criminal is made fast to a tree, and a few of the Regulators remain with him, whilst the rest secure the forest, to assure themselves that no strangers are within reach, after which they form an extensive ring, arranging themselves on their horses, well armed with rifles and pistols, at equal distances and in each other's sight. At a given signal that "all's ready," those about the culprit, having provided themselves with young twigs of hickory, administer the number of lashes prescribed by the sentence, untie the sufferer, and order him to leave the country immediately.

One of these castigations which took place more within my immediate knowledge, was performed on a

fellow who was neither a thief nor a murderer, but who had misbehaved otherwise sufficiently to bring himself under the sentence with mitigation. He was taken to a place where nettles were known to grow in luxuriance, completely stripped, and so lashed with them, that although not materially hurt, he took it as a hint not to be neglected, left the country, and was never again heard of by any of the party concerned.

Probably at the moment when I am copying these notes respecting the early laws of our frontier people, few or no Regulating Parties exist, the terrible examples that were made having impressed upon the new settlers a salutary dread, which restrains them from the commission of flagrant crimes.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES OF BURNS.

From the fifth volume of Mr. Cunningham's edition, one of the most interesting of the series, containing the poet's correspondence with the original publisher of his songs. It makes us feel no end of our admiration of Burns's disinterested love of his art, and his most gentlemanly patience with the publisher's criticisms.

"Laddie, lie near me," (says he in one of his letters, speaking of a song) must lie near me for some time. I do not know the air; and until I am complete master of a tune, in my own singing (such as it is), I can never compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza—when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature round me, that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy, and workings of my bosom; humming every now and then the air, with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fire-side of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper; swinging, at intervals, on the hind legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures, as my pen goes on. Seriously, this, at home, is almost invariably my way. What cursed egotism!"

It was modest in the poet to say that this was "egotism;" but how truly the reader feels that it was no such thing, and how glad we should have been of more friendly communications of the same sort.

"Dumfries is a small town; a few steps carried Burns to green lanes, daisied brae-sides, and quiet stream banks. Men returning from labour were sure to meet him "all under the light of the moon," sauntering forth as if he had no aim; his hands behind his back, his hat turned up a little behind by the shortness of his neck, and noting all, yet seeming to note nothing. Yet those who got near without being seen, might hear him humming some old Scottish air, and fitting verses to it."

This is a capital portrait in action. The homely touch of the hat turned up behind by the shortness of the neck, lets us at once into the robustness of the poet's frame, and his freedom from coxcombray.

A FAIR DEVIL.

(From Miss Isabel Hill's new novel, the "*Brother Tragedians*,"—a production uniting in a rare degree the most reflective feeling with a charming womanly vivacity, though injured by an imperfect transpiration of the incidents through an exuberance of dialogue.)

"A Gottingen student went forth at night,
To meet with the forest-haunting sprite;
And 'first I'll preach to it, then I'll fight,'
Quoth this erudite Gottingen student.

His book and his sword were of ponderous size,
For the Gottingen student was brave and wise—
At least in his own remarkable eyes—
A handsome pair—for a student.

"Wisdom and wealth!" to himself he said,
'My mother and father are long since dead,
I want a few books, a new coat, and a bed,
And to dine don't disgrace a student.

"Thrice have I dreamt of our meeting high,
That is, this bountiful fiend and I,
Who am holy enough, all wiles to defy,
That can tempt a temperate student."

He wandered about the whole of the night
'Twas unluckily warm, and calm, and bright,
So the fiend a symptom he saw of the sprite—
Adventurous Gottingen student:

"Till he came to a castle, that frowned from a rock:
Six in the morning was tolled by a clock,
And answered by many a crowing cock—
'Too late even for ghosts!' sighed the student.

"But by him that instant a form there floats,
White as the whitest of new bank-notes,
While guinea-gold rouleaux of curls its coats
Half hid from the awe-stricken student.

"Fancy a face full of wit and lore,
Full of all that philosophers taught of yore,
Save Plato, for little it owed to his store—
'I'm lost!' thought the spell-bound student.

"From the vision's lip flowed a silvery voice,
Chanting, 'If wisdom and wealth's thy choice,
Take me into the bargain, come on and rejoice!
'It rings the right tune,' mused our student.

"'Tho' Landgraves and Counts may woo,' sung she,
'Not my cousin the Baron can rival thee,'—
'What, is not thy cousin a demon?' quoth he;
'The devil a bit, sir student.'

"'I'm the orphan heiress of earthly gold,
My library hundreds of tomes doth hold,
I will yield them all to the gay and bold!
'That's me!' cried the convert student."

TABLE TALK.

The Pet of the Petticoats.—Our Journal is not theatrical, but our heart, for many good old reasons, is so; and for some special reasons, in addition to those general ones, we cannot but express a wish, that as many of our theatre-loving readers as admire a natural actress and a whole heap of attractive entertainments, will go to Drury Lane to-morrow to see the piece above mentioned, with Mrs. Fitzwilliam in it. It is from the tried and hearty pen of Mr. Buckstone, and founded on Gresset's charming mock-heroic poem, recording the gallantries of the Parrot of Nevers, whom the author, by a very natural metamorphosis, has converted from Poll into Paul,—a little human rogue, instead of one with a beak. After the play, there is more of Mr. Barnett's music, and there is Mr. Phillips's singing, and Mr. Fitzwilliam's (who returns for the purpose, after an absence of several years) and there is Monsieur Albert's dancing, and Mr. Ducrow with his horses; in short, all sorts of gratifications for eye, ear, and imagination.

Catching is not keeping.—"Here's to the blessed memory of Redmond O'Hanlon!" cried Titus, draining a bumper. "And as to the story, did you ever hear mention made of one Captain Power? He was another brave boy, and quite the gentleman. Nicely he turned the tables on an ensign of musqueteers, that came out from Cork to seize him. You shall hear how it happened."

"This ensign had received intelligence that Power had taken up his quarters at a small inn, on the road leading from Kilworth, and being anxious to finger the reward offered for his apprehension, set out with a file of men. It was growing dusk when they reached the inn, and there, sure enough, was Power drinking, for they saw him through a window with his bottle before him, lighting his pipe, quite comfortable. 'Ha, ha,' thinks the ensign, 'my boy, I have you safe enough now, but knowing his man, and expecting a devil of a resistance, if he attempted to lay hands on the captain by force, he determined to resort to stratagem; so, entering the house, just as if he were on a recruiting party, he (the ensign) calls loud for whiskey for his men, and a bottle of port for himself, and marches into the room where Power was sitting, who got up to receive him very politely. Now, whether the captain suspected his intentions or not I can't say; at all events, he didn't let the ensign perceive it; but took his wine as pleasantly as we are doing now, with no suspicion of any thing in our heads—and no thoughts of any mischief brewing."

"Exactly," said Jack; "I understand."

"Well, the bottle was drawing to a close, and Power rose up to call for another, when the ensign, thinking it time, starts to his feet, presents a pistol to his head, and commands him to surrender. 'With all the pleasure in life,' replied the captain, 'that is, when you can take me; and knocking up the ensign's arm, so that he could not even pull his trigger, he threw himself upon him, effectually preventing his crying out, by stuffing his coat-pocket into his mouth; he then very coolly proceeded to divest the ensign of his grand uniform, and taking his purse and sword, and military cloak, tied him hand and foot, and telling him he hoped he was satisfied with his reward, walked out of the room, locking the door on the other side unconcernedly after him, and putting the key in his pocket. The men, who were busy with their whiskey toddy, seeing their officer, as they thought, come out and motion them to keep still, never stirred a peg—but suffered Power to get clear away, without so much as a question.—*Rookwood.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We wish we could give a distinct answer to every one of our correspondents, and at as much length as each could desire; but as this is impossible, and, for reasons which they themselves would approve if they knew the circumstances, not always the best for any party, we have adopted certain rules for the occasion, which we trust will not be thought incompatible with due consideration for all.

To such correspondents as render a particular attention a matter of evident justice or courtesy, and to all such as request it, an answer will be given, as speedily as the nature of the publication will allow. But it is begged, on the Editor's part, for reasons which will be obvious to the considerate, that as few private answers will be required as possible; and no time is at present specified for the answers, because we do not yet know how long before the date of publication our Journal may be forced to go to press. But we undertake to keep nobody waiting longer than can be helped.

Correspondents, who are noticed only by their initials, or a simple acknowledgment of the receipt of their letters, will conclude that we think it all they require.

Letters intended for insertion or extract, will receive notices to that effect.

And should no notice at all be given, the writers will conclude, either that we think they do not desire any, or that our silence arises from any feeling but want of courtesy, or (which is not at all impossible, and which it will be a good-nature towards us to suppose) that their communications have not come to hand.

We shall now proceed to act upon these rules with regard to letters already received; but the first that presents itself extremely puzzles us, particularly as it was the prototype of a heap of others. It is the one from the "Son of an Old Friend." He will see how we have, at least, treasured up his friendliness. What can we say to letters so very kind, so very flattering, so tempting to one's self-love to communicate, and yet impossible for any reasonable degree of modesty to shew! And yet we have, truly, an honest doubt on that matter with regard to some of them. We remember when we first had the editorship of a journal, we thought it a fine magnanimous thing to suppress every word of approbation on the part of our correspondents; but as we grew older, and less self-satisfied, we discovered that there were two parties concerned in these matters, instead of one, and that there might be a sort of modesty prouder than pride, or if you will, vainer than vanity, in thus treating the good opinion of others. Besides, the general encouragement to good-will is not to be lost sight of. We believe that when the correspondent in these instances has so written his letter as to render it available for purposes of entertainment or instruction to the general reader (for he also is a third, and the most important party, to be considered) the best way is to let the goodwill have its pleasure, and the friendliness be openly shewn and honoured,—always, of course, with due consideration to quantity as well as quality, and to times and seasons. In short, the social spirit, which is our only inspirer on any occasions, must be our warrant and excuse on these, whether we do too much or too little. We shall endeavour strictly to make it our arbiter. But we will give a taste of these puzzling but most delightful letters, that the reader may see how natural it is in us to make use of both of those epithets, and what credit we really deserve for at all withholding them (for we are resolved to make our merit out somehow!) The passage is from the communication above-mentioned. Who the writer is, we know not.

"Dear Sir,

March 3.

Welcome, thrice welcome back, to your own peculiar department of our literature. Much has been done—and much more attempted—since your secession from the editorial throne; but I have a suspicion, that your place still has remained unoccupied in the hearts of your readers; every man has kept sacred a corner at his fire-side for the all-loved Burchell. What agreeable soirées and pleasant jaunts have we not passed and enjoyed in your company in the Indicator; what delightful *chit-chat* in the Tatler! And we are to have these fine times again, Sir! For one, I thank you; it is bravely determined on your part; may the resolution be as bravely appreciated."

Here follows a passage from a lady's letter (Griselda); and if encouraging letters from male correspondents are sometimes intoxicating, those from females may be allowed fairly to "take one off one's legs:—"

"Dear Quondam Indicator,

"That which I have so long desired is at length accomplished; I mean your return to us in the hebdomadal way, which in by-gone days afforded both pleasure and instruction to many circles. Fifteen years since, when sitting at the tea-table with your paper, I have imagined myself one, living in the "Queen's time, whose taste was directed and conserved by an Addison."

We should be ashamed to repeat words like these, if it were not a greater shame to be ashamed of kindness from any body, much more from the intelligent and amiable. But we must give this lady's letter entire in a succeeding number, since it contains matter of general import.

The reader may judge, however, from these specimens how difficult it is to make one's way through much of this kindly perplexity, and we have had (thank our stars) a great deal of it! It has even now, on the very threshold of our acknowledgments, cut us short, and forced us to delay all our answers but two, to the next number. We will make greater despatch then.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1834.

No. 13.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

We have the pleasure of informing the venders of this Journal in town and country, and all other friends, that some obstacles which stood in the way of its hour of publication are now removed, and that they can have it in any part of the kingdom, at the time most convenient to them.

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A PINCH OF SNUFF.

(Concluded.)

FROM the respect which we shewed in our last to scented snuffs, and from other indications which will doubtless have escaped us in our ignorance of his art, the scientific snuff taker will have concluded that we are no brother of the box. And he will be right. But we hope we only give the greater proof thereby of the toleration that is in us, and our wish not to think ill of a practice merely because it is not our own. We confess we are inclined to a charitable regard, nay, provided it be handsomely and cleanly managed, to a certain respect for snuff-taking, out of divers considerations: first, as already noticed, because it helps to promote good-will: second, because we have known some very worthy snuff-takers: third, out of our regard for the snuff-taking times of Queen Anne, and the wits of France: and last, because in the benevolence, and imaginativeness, and exceeding width of our philosophy (which fine terms we apply to it in order to give a hint to those who might consider it a weakness and superstition),—because we have a certain veneration for all great events and prevailing customs, that have given a character to the history of society in the course of ages. It would be hard to get us to think contemptuously of the mummies of Egypt, of the ceremoniousness of the Chinese, of the betelnut of the Turks and Persians, nay, of the garlick of the South of Europe; and so of the tea-drinking, coffee-drinking, tobacco-smoking, and snuff-taking, which have come to us from the Eastern and American nations. We know not what great providential uses there might be in such customs; or what worse or more frivolous things they prevent, till the time comes for displacing them. "The wind bloweth where it listeth;" and so for ought we know doth the "cloud" of the tobacco-pipe. We are resolved, for our parts, not to laugh with the "scornor," but even to make merry with submission; nay, to undermine (when we feel compelled to do so) with absolute tenderness to the thing dilapidated. Let the unphilosophic lover of tobacco (if there be such a person), to use a phrase of his own, "put that in his pipe, and smoke it."

But there is one thing that puzzles us in the history of the Indian weed and its pulverization; and that is, how lovers, and ladies, ever came to take snuff. In England, perhaps, it was never much done by the latter, till they grew too old to be "particular," or thought themselves too sure of their lovers; but in France, where the animal spirits think less of obstacles in the way of inclination, and where the resolution to please and be pleased is, or was, of a fancy less nice and more accommodating, we are not aware that the ladies in the time of the Voltaires and Du Chatelets ever thought themselves either too old to love, or too young to take snuff. We confess, whether it is from the punctilios of a colder imagination, or the perils incidental to a warmer one, that although we are interested in comprehending the former privilege, we never could

do the same with the latter. A bridegroom in one of the periodical essayists, describing his wife's fondness for rouge and carmine, complains that he can never make pure, unsophisticated way to her cheek, but is obliged, like Pyramus in the story, to kiss through a wall,—to salute through a crust of paint and washes:

"Wall, vile wall, which did those lovers sunder."

This is bad enough; and considering perhaps a due healthiness of skin, worse; yet the object of paint is to imitate health and loveliness; the wish to look well is in it. But snuff!—Turtle-doves don't take snuff. A kiss is surely not a thing to be "sneezed at."

Fancy two lovers in the time of Queen Anne, or Louis the Fifteenth, each with snuff-box in hand, who have just come to an explanation, and who in the hurry of their spirits have unthinkingly taken a pinch, just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress. He does so, finds his honest love as frankly returned, and is in the act of bringing out the words, "Charming creature," when a sneeze overtakes him!

"Cha - Cha - Cha - Charming creature!"

What a situation! A sneeze! O Venus, where is such a thing in thy list?

The lady, on her side, is under the like mal-a-propos influence, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all bashful and loving speeches, with the shock of the sneeze respondent:—

"Oh, Richard! Sho - Sho - Sho - Should you think ill of me for this!"

Imagine it.

We have nothing to say against the sneeze abstract. In all nations it seems to have been counted of great significance and worth respectful attention, whether advising us of good or ill. Hence the "God bless you," still heard among us when people sneeze; and the "Felicita" (Good luck to you) of the Italians. A Latin poet, in one of his most charming effusions, though not, we conceive, with the delicacy of a Greek, even makes Cupid sneeze at sight of the happiness of two lovers:

Hoc ex dicit, Amor, sinistram ut ante,
Dextram sternuit approbationem.

Catullus.

Love, at this charming speech and sight,
Sneez'd his sanction from the right.

But he does not make the *lovers* sneeze. That omen remained for the lovers of the snuff-box; people more social than nice.

We have no recollection of any self-misgiving in this matter on the part of the male sex, during the times we speak of. They are a race, who have ever thought themselves warranted in taking liberties which they do not allow their gentler friends; and we cannot call to mind any passage in the writings of the French or English wits in former days, implying the least distrust of his own right, and propriety, and charmingness in taking snuff, on the part of the *gentleman* in love. The "beaux," marquises, men of fashion, Sir Harry Wildairs, &c. all talk of, and use, and pique themselves on their snuff boxes, without the slightest suspicion that there is any thing in them to which courtship and elegance can object; and we suppose this is the case still, where the snuff-taker, though young in age, is old in habit. Yet we should doubt, were we in his place. He cannot be certain how many women may have refused his addresses on that single account; nor, if he marries, to what secret sources of objection it may give rise. To be clean is

one of the first duties at all times; to be the reverse, or to risque it, in the least avoidable respect, is perilous in the eyes of that passion, which of all others is at once the most lavish and the most nice,—which makes the greatest allowance for all that belongs to it, and the least for whatever is cold or foreign, or implies a coarse security. A very loving nature, however, may have some one unlovely habit, which a wise party on either side may correct, if it have any address. The only passage which we remember meeting with in a book, in which this license assumed by the male sex is touched upon, is in a pleasant comedy translated from the French some years ago, and brought upon the stage in London—the "Green Man." Mr. Jones, we believe, was the translator. He also enacted the part of the lover, and very pleasantly he did it. It was one of his best performances. Luckily for our present purpose, he had a very sweet assistant, in the person of Miss Blanchard, a young actress of that day, who after charming the town with the sprightly delicacy of her style, and with a face better than handsome, prematurely quitted it to their great regret, though, we believe for the best of all reasons. In the course of her lover's addresses, this lady had to find fault with his habit of snuff-taking, and she did it with a face full of such loving and flattering reason, and in a voice also so truly accordant with the words which the author had put into her mouth, that we remember, thinking how natural it was for the gentleman to give up the point as he did, instantly, and to pitch the cause of offence away from him, with the exclamation, "Ma tabatiere, adieu." (Farewell, snuff-box.) Thus the French, who were the greatest sinners in this matter, appear, as they ought, to have been the first reformers of it; and openly to have protested against the union of love and snuff-taking, in either sex.

We merely give this as a hint to certain snuff-takers at a particular time of life. We are loth to interfere with others, till we can find a substitute for the excitement and occupation which the snuff-box affords, fearing that we should steal from some their very powers of reflection; from some their good-temper, or patience, or only consolation; from others their helps to wit and good-fellowship. Whenever Gibbon was going to say a good thing, it was observed that he announced it by a complacent tap on his snuff-box. Life might have been a gloomier thing, even than it was, to Dr. Johnson, if he had not enlivened his views of it, with the occasional stimulus of a pinch. Napoleon, in his flight from Moscow, was observed one day, after pulling a log on to a fire, impatiently seeking for his last chance of a consoling thought, and he found it in the corner of his snuff-box. It was his last pinch; and most imperatively he pinched it! digging it, and fetching it out from its intrenchment. Besides, we have a regard for snuff-shops and their proprietors, and never pass Pontet's, or Killpack's, or Turner's, without wishing well to the companionable people that frequent them, and thinking of the most agreeable periods of English and French wit. You might almost as soon divorce the idea of the Popes, Steeles, and Voltaires, from their wigs and caps, as from their snuff-boxes. Lady Mary Wortley took snuff; Madame Du Bocage also, no doubt; we fear even the charming Countess of Suffolk, and my lady Harvey. Steele in the character of Bickerstaff, speaking of his half-sister, Miss Jenny Distaff, who was a blue-stock and about to be married, thinks it desirable that she should not continue to have a nose "all over snuff" in future. He seems, in consideration of her books, willing to compromise with a reasonable beginning. Ladies are

greatly improved in this respect. No blue-stockings now-a-days, we suspect, take snuff, that have any pretensions to youth or beauty. They rather chuse to realize the visions of their books, and vindicate the united claims of mind and person. Sure of their pretensions, they even disclaim any pretence, except that of wearing stockings like other people; to prove which, like proper, unaffected women, they give into the fashion of short petticoats, philosophically risking the chance of drawing inferior eyes from the charms of their talk, to those of their feet and ancles.

In the battle of the Rape of the Lock, Pope makes his heroine Belinda conquer one of her gallant enemies by chucking a pinch of snuff in his face; nor does he tell us that she borrowed it. Are we to conclude that even she, the pattern of youthful beauty, took it out of her own pocket?

But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued,
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust;

A capital line!

Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

This mode of warfare is now confined to the shop-lifters. No modern poet would think of making his heroine throw snuff at a man.

An Italian wit has written a poem on Tobacco (*La Tabaccheide*), in which, with the daring animal spirits of his countrymen, he has ventured upon describing a sneeze. We shall be bolder than he, considering the less enthusiastic noses of the north, and venture to give a free version of the passage.

Ma mi sento tutto mordere
E dentro e fuori
Il meato degli odori,
E la piramide
Rinocerontica;
E via più crescere
Quella prurigine,
Che non mai sazia,
Va stuzzicandomi,
Va rimorrendomi,
E inugiolandomi,
E va gridandomi
Fiuta, fiuta, annasa, annasa
Questa poca, ch'è rimasa.—
Chi m'ajuta? su, finiamola,
Che non è già questa elleboro,
Ma divina quintessenza,
Che da Bacco ha dipendenza,
Donatrice d' allegri . . .
D' allegri . . . gri—gri—allegri . . .
(Lo starnuto mel rapia),
Donatrice d' allegria.

There is more of it, but we cannot stand sneezing all night. (We write this towards bed-time).

What a moment! What a doubt!—
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
Pyramid rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,
Now says "Sneeze, you fool; get through it."
What shall help me—Oh! Good heaven!
Ah—yes, thank 'ye—Thirty-seven—
*Shee—shee—*Oh, tis most del-*ishi*
*Ishi—ishi—*most del-*ishi*
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

Sneezing however is not a high snuff-taking evidence. It shews the author to have been raw to the science, and to have written more like a poet than a professor.

As snuff-taking is a practice inclining to reflection, and therefore to a philosophical consideration, of the various events of this life, grave as well as gay, we shall conclude the present article with the only tragical story we ever met with in connexion with a snuff-box. We found it in a very agreeable book—"A Week on the Loire."

"The younger Cathilineau, devoted with hereditary zeal to the worn out cause of the Bourbons, took up arms for Madame la Duchesse de Berri; associated in his successes with M. de Suriau, M. Morriset, and M. de la Soremere, names dear in the annals of fidelity and courage. Orders were given to arrest them at Beaupreau; they took refuge in a Chateau in the neighbourhood. The troops surrounded and searched it, but all in vain; not a single human being was found in it. Certain however that the objects of their search were actually within the precincts of the Chateau, they closed the gates, set their watch and allowed no one to enter, except a peasant whom they employed to show

the hiding places. This watch they kept three days, till wearied by the non-appearance of the parties, and the bellowing of the cattle, who were confined without water and on short allowance, they were on the point of quitting the spot; one of the officers, however, thought, previous to doing so, he would go over the Chateau once more—the peasant followed close at his heels: suddenly the officer turned towards him, "Give me a pinch of snuff, friend," said he.

"I have none," replied the man, "I do not take it."

"Then who is there in this Chateau that does!"

"No one that I know of—there is no one in the Chateau, as you see."

"Then whence comes the snuff which I see here?" said the officer, pointing with his foot to some which was scattered on the ground.

The man turned pale, and made no reply; the officer looked round again, examined the earth more closely, stamped with his foot, and at last thought he felt a vibration, as if the ground below were hollow. He scrutinized every inch, and at length saw something like a loose board; he raised it up, and then alas! he beheld Cathilineau, in front of his three companions with his pistols in his hand ready to fire. The officer had not a moment to deliberate,—he fired,—Cathilineau fell dead, and his companions were seized. This story was told us by the keeper of the Muscè, and afterwards confirmed by an officer who was one of the party employed."

We almost regret to have closed a light article with "so heavy a stone" as this. ("To tell him that he shall be annihilated," saith Sir Thomas Brown, "is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man.") But the snuff-taker, with his magic box in hand, is prepared for all chances. As the Turk takes to his pipe, and the sailor to his roll of tobacco, so he to his pinch; and he is then prepared for whatsoever comes,—for a melancholy face with the melancholy, or a laugh with the gay.

Another pinch, reader, before we part.

THE WEEK.

From the 25th of June to the 3d of July, inclusive.

HONEY-DEW.

"How honey-dews enbalm the fragrant morn."

GARTH.

DURING the latter half of June and the first half of July, the observer of trees is most accustomed to find upon them a sweet and mysterious liquid, the origin of which is still a question among naturalists. The following chapter on this subject is taken from the work which furnished us with our extract the other day respecting the swarming of bees, and the title of which was accidentally omitted. We hasten to repair this involuntary injustice to the best-written and most comprehensive book which exists in the English language on the subject of bees. It is entitled "The Honey-Bee, its Natural History, Philosophy, and Management," and is the production of Dr. Bevan. It was published some years ago by the house of Baldwin and Cradock, and we cordially recommend it to all who love to have thorough information on a pleasant subject.

The term Honey-dew, (says Dr. Bevan,) is applied to those sweet clammy drops that glitter on the foliage of many trees in hot weather. The name of this substance would seem to import that it is a deposition from the atmosphere, and this has been the generally received opinion respecting it, particularly among the ancients; it is an opinion still prevalent among the husbandmen, who suppose it to fall from the heavens. Virgil speaks of "Aëri mellis cœlestia dona;" (the celestial present of honey out of the air), and Pliny expresses his doubts, "sive ille est cœli sudor, sive quædam siderum saliva sive purgantis se aëris succus," (whether it is an exudation from heaven, or the stars, or the atmosphere). The Rev. Gilbert White, in his Naturalist's Calendar, regards honey-dew as the effluvia of flowers, evaporated and drawn up into the atmosphere by the heat of the weather, and falling down again in the night with the dews that entangle them. But if this were the case, the fall would be indiscriminate, and we should not have it confined to particular trees and shrubs, nor would it be found upon green-house and other covered plants. Some naturalists have regarded honey-dew as an exudation or secretion from the surface of those leaves upon which it is found, produced by some atmospheric stroke, which has injured their health. Dr. Darwin stands in this class. Others have viewed it as a kind of vegetable perspiration, which the trees emit for their relief in sultry weather; its appearance being never observed in a cold ungenial summer. Dr. Evans is of this opinion. Mr. Curtis has given it as his opinion that the honey-dew is secreted by the aphid or vine-fretter, an insect which he regards as the general cause of what are called blights. He assures us that he never, in a single instance, observed the honey-dew unattended with aphids.

I believe it will be found that there are at least two sorts of honey-dew; the one a secretion from the surface of the leaf, occasioned by one of the causes just alluded to; the other a deposition from the body of the aphid. Sir J. E. Smith observes, of the sensible perspiration of plants, that "when watery, it can be considered only as a condensation of their insensible evaporation, perhaps from some sudden change in the atmosphere. Groves of poplar or willow exhibit this phenomenon, even in England, in hot calm weather, when drops of clear water trickle from their leaves, like a slight shower of rain. Sometimes this secretion is of a Saccharine nature, as De la Hire observed in orange trees. "It is somewhat glutinous in the tilla or lime tree, rather resinous in poplars, as well as in *Cistus Creticus*." Ovid has made an elegant use of the resinous exudations of Lombardy poplars, which he supposes to be the tears of Phaeton's sisters, who were transformed into those trees. Such exudations must be considered as effusions of the peculiar secretions; for it has been observed that manna may be scraped from the leaves of *Fraxinus ornus*, as well as be procured from its stem by incision. They are often, perhaps, a sign of unhealthiness in the plant; at least such appears to be the nature of one kind of honey-dew, found in particular upon the beech, which in consequence of an unfavourable wind, has its leaves often covered with a sweet exudation, similar in flavour to the liquor obtained from its trunk. So likewise the hop, according to Linnæus, is affected with the honey-dew, and its flowers are rendered abortive, in consequence of the attacks of the caterpillar of the Ghost moth (*Phalena Humuli*) upon its roots. In such case the Saccharine exudation must decidedly be of a morbid nature.

The other kind of honey-dew, which is derived from the aphid, appears to be the favourite food of ants, and is thus spoken of by Messrs. Kirby and Spence, in their late valuable Introduction to Entomology. "The loves of the ants and the aphides have long been celebrated; and that there is a connexion between them, you may at any time, in the proper season, convince yourself; for you will always find the former very busy on those trees and plants on which the latter abound; and, if you examine more closely, you will discover that the object of the ants, in thus attending upon the aphides, is to obtain the saccharine fluid secreted by them, which may well be denominated their milk. This fluid, which is scarcely inferior to honey in sweetness, issues in limpid drops from the abdomen of these insects, not only by the ordinary passage, but also by the setiform tubes placed, one on each side, just above it. Their sucker being inserted in the tender bark, is, without intermission employed in absorbing the sap, which, after it has passed through the system, they keep continually discharging by these organs. When no ants attend them, by a certain jerk of the body, which takes place at regular intervals, they ejaculate it to a distance. The power of ejecting the fluid from their bodies, seems to have been wisely instituted to preserve cleanliness in each individual fly, and indeed for the preservation of the whole family; for, pressing as they do upon one another, they would otherwise soon be glued together and rendered incapable of stirring. "When the ants are at hand, watching the moment at which the aphides emit their fluid, they seize and suck it down immediately; this, however, is the least of their talents; for the ants absolutely possess the art of making the aphides yield it at their pleasure; or in other words, of milking them." The ant ascends the tree, says Linnæus, *that it may milk its cows the aphides*, not kill them. Huber informs us that the liquor is voluntarily given out by the aphid, when solicited by the ant, the latter tapping the aphid gently, but repeatedly, with its antennæ, and using the same motion as when caressing its own young. He thinks, when the ants are not at hand to receive it, that the aphid retains the liquor for a longer time, and yields it freely and apparently without the least detriment to itself, for even when it has acquired wings it shows no disposition to escape. A single aphid supplies many ants with a plentiful meal. The ants occasionally form an establishment for their aphides, constructing a building in a secure place, at a distance from their own city, to which after fortifying it, they transport those insects, and confine them under a guard, like cows upon a dairy farm, to supply the wants of the metropolis. The aphides are provided with a hollow pointed proboscis, folded under the breasts, when the insects are not feeding, with which instruments they puncture the turgid vessels of the leaf, leaf-stalk, or bark, and suck with great avidity their contents, which are expelled nearly unchanged, so that, however fabulous it may appear, they may literally be said to void a liquid sugar. On looking steadfastly at a group of these insects (aphides *Salicis*), while feeding on the bark of the willow, their superior size enables us to perceive some of them elevating their bodies and emitting a transparent substance in the form of a small shower.

"Nor scorn ye now, fond elves, the foliage scar
When the light aphid, arm'd with puny spear,
Probe each emulgent vein, till, bright below
Like falling stars, clear drops of nectar glow."

EVANS.

The willow accommodates the bees in a kind of three-fold succession, the farina of the flowers yielding spring food for their young,—the bark giving out propolis for sealing the hives of fresh swarms,—and the leaves

shading with honey-dew in the midst of summer scarcity. But to return to the aphides. "These insects may also be seen distinctly with a strong magnifier, on the leaves of the hazel, lime; but invariably on the inferior surface, piercing the vessels, and expelling the honey-dew from their body with considerable force." "These might easily have escaped the observation of the earlier philosophers, being usually concealed within the curl of the leaves that are punctured." The drops that are spurted out, unless intercepted by the surrounding foliage, or some other interposing body, fall upon the ground, and the spots may often be observed, for some time, beneath the trees affected with honey-dew, till washed away by the rain. When the leaves of the kidney-bean are affected by honey-dew, their surface assumes the appearance of having been sprinkled with soot.

Honey dew usually appears upon the leaves, as a viscid, transparent substance, sweet as honey, sometimes in the form of globules, at others resembling a syrup, and is generally most abundant from the middle of June to the middle of July.

It is found chiefly upon the oak, the elm, the maple, the sycamore, the lime, the hazel, and the blackberry; occasionally also on the cherry, currant, and other fruit trees. Sometimes only one species of trees is affected at a time. The oak generally affords the greatest quantity. At the season of its greatest abundance, the happy humming noise of the bees may be heard at a considerable distance from the trees, sometimes nearly equalling in loudness the united hum of swarming. Of the plane there are two sorts; the oriental and the occidental, both highly ornamental trees, and much regarded in hot climates for the cooling shade they afford.

"Jamque ministrantem Platanum potantibus umbran."
Virgil.

(And plane-tree, ministering a shade to drinkers.)

The ancients so much respected the former that they used to refresh its roots with wine instead of water, believing, as Sir William Temple has observed, that this tree loved that liquor, as well as those that used to drink under its shades.

"Crevit et effuso latior umbra mero."

Virgil.

(It drank the wine, and spread a kindlier shade.)

The sycamore has been discarded from the situation it used formerly to hold near the mansions of the convivial, owing to the bees crowding to banquet on its profusion of honey-dew, and occasionally an early fall of its leaves. The lime or linden tree has been regarded as doubly acceptable to the bees, on account of its fragrant blossom, and its honey-dewed leaves appearing both together, amidst the oppressive heats of the dog-days; but it seems doubtful whether the flowers have any attraction but their fragrance, as they are said to have no honey-cup.

It is of great importance to apianians who reside in the vicinity of such trees as are apt to be affected with honey-dew, to keep their bees on the storifying plan, where additional rooms can at all times be provided for them at pleasure, as, during the time of a honey-dew, more honey will be collected in one week than will be afforded by flowers in general. So great is the ardour of the bees on these occasions, and so rapid are their movements, that it is often dangerous to be placed betwixt the hives and the dews.

That species of honey-dew which is secreted from the surface of the leaves, appears to have been first noticed by the Abbe Boisier de Sauvages. He observed it upon the old leaves of the holm-oak; and upon those of the blackberry, but not upon the young leaves of either, and he remarked at the same time that neighbouring trees of a different sort were exempt from it: among these latter he noticed the mulberry tree, "which," says he, "is a very particular circumstance, for the juice (honey-dew) is a deadly poison to silk-worms."

Some years do not afford any honey-dew; it generally occurs pretty extensively once in four or five years.

BIRTH-DAYS.

1st July (19th June, O. S.), 1623, at Clermont, in Auvergne (France), Blaise Pascal, a man remarkable for the greatness of his understanding and the weakness of his temperament, which rendered him, in spite of his wisdom, a victim to hypochondria and superstition. He was an admirable mathematician, reasoner, wit, and a most excellent man; and yet, notwithstanding this union of the most solid and brilliant qualities, a wretched constitution sometimes reduced him to a state which idiots might have pitied. As if his body was not in ill condition enough, he wore an iron girdle with points on it next his skin, and was in the habit of striking it with his elbow, when a thought which he regarded as sinful or vain, came across him. During his latter days, he imagined that he saw a deep abyss by the side of his chair, and that he was in danger of falling into it. How modest it becomes the cleverest men to be, and thankful for a healthier state of blood, when they see one of the greatest of minds thus miserably treated by the case it lived in! Pascal languished several

years in a state of occasional nervous imbecility, and died at Paris, aged thirty-nine. He made himself hateful to the Jesuits by his admirable exposition of the casuistry and daring want of principle of that extraordinary body; but good men of all parties honoured and loved him.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XX.—ADVENTURE OF EUSTACHIO CHERUBINI.

This account, which was first published, it we remember, by Mrs. Graham, in her "Six Months Residence near Rome," has been repeated by Mr. M'Farlane in the "History of Banditti;" but we are not aware that it has hitherto appeared in any publication which gives it so cheap an introduction to thousands, as one like our own. The undoubted authenticity of the terrors so naturally painted by the poor apothecary, produces the last degree of interest, by uniting certainty with surprise, and a domestic familiarity with the remoteness of wild stories. The narrative is given in a letter from the person principally concerned.

Castel Madama, August 30, 1819.

I send you the detailed account you requested of the misfortune which befel me on the 17th current. Early on the morning of that day, the factor (baillif or farm-agent) of the Cavaliere Settimio Bischi, named Bartolomeo Marasca, a person well known to me, came to my house with a letter from his master, desiring me to come to Tivoli, my assistance, as a surgeon, being necessary, both to Signor Gregorio Celestini, and to the nun sister, Chiara Eletta Morelli. On this account I hurried over my visits to my patients at Castel Madama, and set off on horseback accompanied by the factor, who was armed with a gun, towards Tivoli. I passed through all the parish of San Gregorio and that of Tivoli, as far as the second arch of the antique aqueducts which cross the road two miles from that town, to a spot commonly called the narrows of Tivoli, without accident. And here I must observe, that it is impossible for the road, from its natural position, to be better adapted for banditti, or more terrible to travellers. After passing the bridge degli arabi, on the way to Tivoli, it is bounded on the left by a steep hill, covered with thick underwood, which reaches to the very edge of the road; the other side is a continued precipice of great height, and quite perpendicular to the plain, through which the Anio runs below. The breadth of this road is very little more than sufficient for a carriage, so that it is not possible to perceive the danger, which may easily be concealed in the thicket above, nor to fly from it on either side when it bursts out upon one, and therefore one must inevitably become the victim of lawless violence.

I had scarcely passed the second arch of the antique aqueducts, when two armed men rushed from the thicket, near a little lane to the left, and stopped the way; and pointing their guns at the factor, who was riding a little before, ordered him to dismount. Meantime two others came out of the wood behind me, so as to have us between them and the former. We had both dismounted on the first intimation. The two men behind me ordered me to turn back instantly, and to walk before them not by the road to Castel Madama, but that to San Gregorio.

The first question they asked me was, whether I was the Prince of Castel Madama, meaning, I fancy, the Vice-Prince, who had passed a little before. To this I answered, that I was not the Prince, but a poor surgeon of Castel Madama; and to convince them I spoke truth, I showed them my case of lancets, and my bag of surgical instruments; but it was of no use. During our walk towards San Gregorio, I perceived that the number of brigands increased to thirteen. One took my watch, another my case of lancets. At the beginning of our march we met at short distances, four youths belonging to San Gregorio, and one elderly man, all of whom were obliged to share my fate; shortly after, we met another man, and an old woman, whose earrings were taken, and they were then permitted to continue their journey.

In the meadow by the last aqueduct, the horses which I and Bartolomeo had ridden were turned loose, and after passing the ravine, called *dell'Ascensore* we began to pass the steepest part of the mountain with such speed that, together with the alarm I felt made me pass so violently that I trembled every moment lest I should burst a blood-vessel. At length, however, we reached the top of the hill, where we were allowed to rest, and we sat down on the grass. The factor Marasca then talked a good deal to the brigands, showed himself well acquainted with their numbers, and said other things, which my wretched state of mind prevented me from attending to very distinctly; but seeing him apparently so intimate with the robbers, a suspicion crossed my mind that I was betrayed by him.

The chief brigand then turned to me, and throwing down my lancet case by me, said that he had reflected upon my condition, and that he would think about my ransom. Then I with tears explained to him my poverty, and my narrow means, and told him how, to gain a little money, I was on my road to Tivoli to

attend a sick stranger. Then he ordered me to write to that stranger, and desire him to send two thousand dollars, or I should be a dead man, and to warn him against sending out an armed force. He brought me pen, ink, and paper; and I was obliged to write what he bade me, with all the earnestness that thirteen assassins, and the fear of death could inspire me. While I was writing he sent two of his men to take a man who was ploughing a little lower down; he belonged to San Gregorio, but one of the messengers having seen one of Castel Madama in the flat below, he went down for him, and they were both brought up to us. As soon as they were come, I begged the man of Castel Madama to carry my letter to Tivoli for Signor Celestini; and, in order to enforce it, I sent my case of surgical instruments, with which he was well acquainted as a token. This countryman, who was as civil, as he was wary, prudent, and fit for the business, accepted the commission which I gave him, and after having afforded me some encouragement without however offending the brigands, he gave me some bread which he had with him, and set off for Tivoli, the chief desiring him to take one of the horses we had left below, that he might make more speed. The ploughman from San Gregorio was sent with him, but not quite to Tivoli, and only to await at a given spot the return of the peasant of Castel Madama.

We were remaining in the same state in expectation of the return of the messenger, when, in about three hours time we saw, in the distance, a man on horseback, coming straight to us, which we believed to be the man returning. A little after, however, several people were seen together, which the chief took to be the armed force of Tivoli. He abused one of his companions who had broken his spy glass the day before, because he could not obtain a more satisfactory view of them. At length having made the best observations he could, he concluded that there was really an armed force advancing, and gave orders to his men to retire to the highest and most woody part of the mountain, obliging me and the other prisoner to keep pace with them. After a long and painful march finding himself in a safe place, he halted, and there awaited the return of the messenger; but, as he still delayed, the chief came to me and said perhaps it might happen to me, as it did to a certain inhabitant of Viterbi, who had been taken by this very party that entered his house in disguise, and carried him off to the woods, and because his ransom was long in coming, they killed him, and when the money came, the messenger found him dead. I was alarmed beyond measure at this story, and regarded it as a fore-runner of my own speedy death.

However, I entreated them with tears to have a little patience, and the messenger would surely return with the money. Meantime, to satisfy the chief as well as his companions, I told them I might have written another letter to Castel Madama, with orders to sell whatever I possessed, and to send up the money immediately. Thank God, this pleased them, and instantly they caused me to write another letter to Castel Madama, and one of the prisoners from San Gregorio was sent with it. After he was gone, I saw the factor Marasca walking carelessly about among the brigands, looking at their arms and making angry gestures, but he did not speak. Shortly after he came and sat down by me; it was then that the chief, having a large stick in his hand, came up to him, and without saying a single word, gave him a blow on the back of the head just where it joins the neck. It did not kill him; so he rose and cried, "I have a wife and children; for God's sake spare my life," and thus saying, he defended himself as well as he could with his hands. Other brigands closed round him; a struggle ensued, and they rolled together down a steep precipice. I closed my eyes, my head dropped on my breast, I heard a cry or two, but I seemed to have lost all sensation. In a very short time, the brigands returned, and I saw the chief thrust his dagger still stained with blood, into his sheath; then turning to me he announced the death of the factor in these very words: "Do not fear: we have killed the factor because he was a sbirro; such as you are not sbirri; then he was of no use among us. He looked at our arms, and seemed disposed to murmur; and if the force had come up, he might have been dangerous." And thus they got rid of Marasca. The chief seeing that the money did not come from Tivoli, and being afraid least troops should be sent, seemed uncertain what to do, and said to his companions, "How shall we dispose of our prisoners; we must either kill them or send them home;" but they could not decide on either, and he came and sat down by me. I, remembering that I had a little money about me which might amount altogether to thirty pauls (three crowns)—gave them frankly to him to gain his goodwill. He took it in good part, and said he would keep it to pay the spy.

After this it came on to rain heavily; it was already twenty-one o'clock (about four in the afternoon, English time) and I was wet to the skin. Before the rain was quite over we heard some voices from the top of the hill above us on the left hand. Then a strict silence was kept, that we might discover if they were the voices of the messengers from Tivoli, or some party of the troops of whom they seemed much afraid. I endeavoured to convince them that it was probably the messenger. They then called out "Come down;" but no one came; nor did we ever find out who it was, so we remained where we were.

After another short interval we heard another voice also from above, on the left; and then we said, surely

this must be the messenger. But the brigands would not trust to it, and forced us to go on to a place a good deal higher, and even with that whence the voice proceeded. When we reached it they all presented their muskets, keeping the prisoners behind them, and thus prepared to stand on the defensive they cried out, "Come forward!" In a few moments the men appeared among the trees, one of them the peasant of Castel Madama, who had been sent in the morning to Signor Celestini at Tivoli; the other, the ploughman of San Gregorio his companion.

As they were recognized they were ordered to lie down with their faces to the ground, and asked if they came alone. But the man of Castel Madama answered—"It would be a fine thing, indeed, if I, who am almost dead with fatigue after climbing these mountains, with the weight of five hundred scudi about me, should be obliged to prostrate myself with my face to the earth! Here's your money. It was all that could be got together in the town! Then the chief took the money, and ordered us to change our station. Having arrived at a convenient place, we stopped, and he asked if there were any letters; being answered that there were two, he gave them me to read; and learning from them that the sum sent was five hundred crowns, he counted them, and finding them exact, said all was well, praised the punctuality of the peasant, and gave him some silver as a reward for his trouble: his companion also received a small present.

The robbers, who no longer cared to keep the prisoners belonging to San Gregorio, from whom they could not hope to get anything, released them all from this spot. I, therefore, and the peasant of Castel Madama, remained the only prisoners; and we began to march across the mountains, perhaps only for the sake of changing place. I asked why they did not set me at liberty as well as the others, as they had already received so considerable a sum on my account. The chief said that he meant to await the return of the messenger sent to Castel Madama. I continued to press him to let me go before night, which was now drawing on apace, saying, that perhaps it had not been possible to procure any more money at Castel Madama, and that if I remained out all night on the hill in the cold air, it would have been better to have killed me at once. Then the chief stopped me and bade me take good care how I said such things, for that to them killing a man was a matter of perfect indifference. The same thing was also said to me by another outlaw who gave me his arm during our rocky journey. At length we reached the top of the mountain where there were some pools of water, formed by the rain that had fallen a little before; and then they gave me some very hard and black bread that I might eat, and drink some of that water. I drank three times, but I found it impossible to eat the bread.

The journey continued over the tops of those mountains which succeed one another, till we arrived at a place known by the name of S. Sierla, about midnight. There we saw an ass feeding, and heard some one call to us, to ask if we had seen the ass. The chief in a feigned voice, answered, Yes; and then made the man from Castel Madama desire him to come down from the ass. It appeared that the man was afraid to come down; for which reason the chief said that if he were near enough, he would have stuck his knife into him. Piqued that the shepherd was afraid of them, he said, "Did one ever hear of a shepherd being afraid of the brigands?" When the man at length came down, they reproached him with his fear; but he, taking courage, said he was not afraid, and invited them to his hut. The ass was then taken and a great coat put upon his back, with a shepherd's coat of sheepskin, upon which I was mounted, and we went on to the hut, where there was a threshing-floor. This was the only time I saw them drink anything but water. The chief told me they were always afraid when fresh wine came, lest it should be drugged; and that they always made whoever brought it, drink a good deal of it; and if in two hours no bad symptom appeared, they used the wine.

After this we went to the sheep-fold, which we reached about the fifth hour; and where we found a quantity of boiled meat which the brigands tied up in various handkerchiefs, and a great coat, together with some cheeses. Before we left the fold, the chief, reflecting that the messenger was not come back from Castel Madama, began to think he might have made his escape entirely, because he was one of the prisoners from San Gregorio, and determined to make me write another letter, and accordingly brought me all that was requisite for writing; and ordered me to tell my friends at Castel Madama that if they did not send eight hundred crowns the following day, they would put me to death; or carry me to the woods of Fajola, if there was a farthing less than the abovenamed sum. I consequently wrote a second letter, and gave it to the countryman to carry, telling him also by word of mouth, if they found no purchasers at Castel Madama for my effects, to desire that they might be sent to Tivoli and sold for whatever they might fetch. The chief of the brigands also begged to have a few shirts sent. One of the brigands proposed, I don't know why, to cut off one of my ears, and send it with my effects to Castel Madama. It was well for me that the chief did not approve of the civil proposal, so it was not done. He, however, wanted the countryman to set out that moment; but the man, with his usual coolness, said it was not possible to go down that steep mountain during night; on which the chief told him he might remain in the

sheep-cote all night and set out at daylight: "But take notice," said he, "if you do not return at the twentieth hour to-morrow to the sheep-cote, you may go about your business, but we shall throw Cherubini into some pit." The peasant tried to persuade them that perhaps it might not be possible to collect so much money in a small town, at so short a notice, and begged to have a little more time; but the chief said that they had no time to waste, and that if he did not return next day by the twentieth hour, they would kill Cherubini."

After they had given their orders they left the countryman at the sheep-fold, to wait for daylight before he set out for Castel Madama, which was about three miles from it. The brigands then set off, carrying me with them, and obliging a shepherd to carry the great coat, in which they had wrapped up the cold meat and cheese. And now, instead of the low thicket which it was so difficult to walk through, we came to fine, tall timber trees, where the road was comparatively smooth, except where a fallen tree, here and there, lay across it. At this time I was overcome by fear in consequence of the new threats I had heard to kill me next day if the whole sum of eight hundred crowns was not brought by the twentieth hour; for I thought it quite impossible that so much money could be collected at Castel Madama. I therefore recommended myself to God and begged him to have compassion on my wretched state, when one of the brigands, a man of great stature, who figured among them as a kind of second chief, came up to me, and taking me by the arm, he assisted me to walk, and said, "Now, Cherubini, that you cannot tell the man from Castel Madama, I assure you that to-morrow you shall go home free, however small the sum he brings may be. Be of good cheer, therefore, and do not distress yourself! At that moment I felt such comfort from the assurance of the outlaw, that he appeared to me to be an angel from heaven; and, without thinking why I should not, I kissed his hand, and thanked him fervently for his unexpected kindness.

When we again reached the thicket, and found a fit place, we all lay down to sleep, and I had the skins to rest on as before, and the chief wrapped my legs in his own great coat, and he and the second chief lay on each side of me. Two sentinels were placed to keep watch, and to prevent the shepherd with the provisions from making his escape. I know not how long we rested before one of the sentinels came, and gave notice of day-break. "Come again, then, when it is lighter," said the chief, and all was again quiet. I turned my face so as not to see the brigands, and dozed a little, till I was roused by the cry of some wild bird. I am not superstitious; but I had often heard that the shriek of the owl foreboded evil; and in the state of spirits in which I was, every thing had more than its usual effect upon me. I started, and said, "What bird was that?" They answered, "A hawk." "Thank God!" I replied, and lay down again. Among my other sufferings I cannot forget the stings and torments of the gnats, which fastened on my face and throat; but after the death of poor Marasca, I dared not even raise my hand to drive them away, lest it should be taken for a sign of impatience. A little after this we all arose and walked on for about an hour, when we came to a little open space in the midst of the thicket, where the brigands began to eat their cold meat, inviting me to join them; but I only took a little new cheese, without bread. After they had breakfasted they lay down to sleep, the second chief giving me his great coat to wrap myself in, as the ground was damp. While the others slept, one of them began to read in a little book, which I understood to be the romance of the Cavalier Meschino. After about an hour, they all arose, and fled off one by one guard to a higher place, leaving a single sentinel to me and the shepherd. In another hour the youngest of the robbers came to relieve the guard, who then went and joined the others. When I saw this, and perceived that they were engaged in a kind of council of war, I feared that they had taken some resolution about my life, and that the new sentinel was come to put their cruel designs in execution; but he very soon said to me, "Be cheerful, for to night you will be at home;" which gave me some comfort; but as I could not entirely trust them, I had still an internal fear, which, however, I endeavoured to hide. Shortly afterwards we were called to join the rest, our station being now on the mountain, commonly called Monte Picione, not very far from the ancient sanctuary of Mentorella. There we remained the rest of the day only going out of the way once, on the approach of a flock of goats, that we might not be seen; but we soon returned.

Then the second chief, who said he was of Sonnino, and one of the five who went to treat with the President of Frosinone, began to talk of the political nature of their situation. He said that government would never succeed in pulling them down by force; that they are not a fortress to batter down with cannon, but rather birds, which fly round the tops of the sharpest rocks without having any fixed home; that if, by any misfortune, seven perished, they were sure of ten recruits to replace their loss; for criminals, who would be glad to take refuge among them were never wanting; that the number of their present company amounted to a hundred and thirty individuals; and that they had an idea of undertaking some daring exploit, perhaps of threatening Rome itself. He ended by saying that the only way to put an end to their depredations would be to give them a general pardon,

without reservation or limitation, that they might all return to their houses without fear of treachery; but otherwise they would not trust to, nor treat with any one; and added, that this was the reason for which they had not concluded anything with the prelate sent to Frosinone to treat with them. As it was, their company was determined to trust nothing but a pardon from the Pope's own lips; and he repeated this same sentiment to me several times during the second day I was obliged to pass with him and his fellows.

One of the brigands begged me to endeavour to obtain from government the freedom of his wife, Marinicia Carcapola di Pistero, now in the prison of St. Michael in Rome. Another said to me, "Have patience, Signor Cherubini; we made a blunder when we took you; we intended to have had the prince, who according to our information, should have passed by at that very time." In fact, he was to have travelled that road, and just before I passed, not the prince, but the person commonly called so, the vice-prince, or agent, Signor Filippo Gazoni had gone by, but fortunately for him they did not know him, because, as I understood, he was walking leisurely, only accompanied by an unarmed boy, who was leading his horse. The banditti bit their fingers with rage when they found that they had let him slip, for they said they would not have released him under three thousand crowns. The brigand who said all this had the collar of the Madonna della Carmine round his neck, and said to me, "Suffer patiently, for the love of God." Then the chief came to me and told me he was not very well, and desired me to prescribe for him, which I did in writing. Another, the same who had taken my watch from me, told me that the watch did not go, and shewed it me. I found that he had broken the glass and the minute hand. He said if I had any money he would sell it me, but I gave it him back saying nothing, but shrugging up my shoulders. Meantime the day was drawing to a close, and the chief, taking out his watch, said it was now twenty o'clock. He called the shepherd to him, and ordered him to return to the sheepfold which we had left during the night, and see if the countryman was come back with the answer to the second letter to Castel Madama. In that case he ordered him to accompany him back to the place we were now in; and if he were not come, he ordered him to wait three hours; and if he did not come then, to return alone. The shepherd obeyed, and after an hour and a half he came back with the countryman and another shepherd, who had been sent with him. They brought with them two sealed packets of money, which they said contained six hundred crowns. They also brought a few shirts of home-spun linen, which the chief had begged of me, and some little matter for me to eat, and a little wine to recruit me. But I could take nothing but a pear and a little wine, the rest was eaten by the robbers. They took the money without counting, and gave the messengers some silver for their pains; after which, they gave me leave to depart. And thus I found myself free from them, after having thanked them for their civility, and for my life, which they had had the goodness to spare.

On the way homewards the two men of Castel Madama informed me, that the prisoner from San Gregorio, who was sent the day before with the first letter to Castel Madama for money, and who had not been seen since, had really been there, and had gone back the same day, at the hour and to the place appointed, with the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven crowns sent from Castel Madama; but the robbers having forgotten to send any one to meet him at the place agreed on, because we were a great way from it, the messenger returned to town with the money, after having waited till night, carrying back the intelligence that the factor had been killed, which alarmed all my townsmen who began to fear for my life. I found that the last six hundred dollars had been furnished half by Castel Madama, and half by Tivoli.

I went on towards Castel Madama, where all the people anxiously expected me. In fact, a mile before I reached the town, I found a number of people, of all ranks, who had come out to meet me, and I arrived at home a little before night, in the midst of such public congratulations and acclamations as were never before heard, which presented a most affecting spectacle. I had hardly arrived, when the arch-priest Giustini ordered the bells to be rung to call the people to the parish church. On the first sound all the people flocked thither with me, to render public and devout thanks to the most merciful God, and to our protector, Saint Michael, the arch-angel, for my deliverance. The priest had done the same when he first heard of my capture, and soon after, when he sent the six hundred crowns. Both times he had assembled his congregation in that very church, to offer up supplications to the Lord to grant me that mercy which he deigned afterwards to shew.

I cannot conclude without saying that the epoch of this my misfortune will be ever remembered by me. I shall always recollect that the Lord God visited me as a father; for, at the moment when his hand seemed to be heavy upon me, he moved the city of Tivoli, and the whole people of Castel Madama, even the very poorest, to subscribe their money, and to sell their goods in so short a time, and with such profusion, for my sake. The same epocha will also always remind me what gratitude I owe to those, particularly the Signors Cartoni and Celestini, both Romans, who, with such open-

• The Virgin Mary.

ness of heart, exerted themselves in my favour. I now pray God that he will preserve me from all the bad consequences which commonly arise out of similar misfortunes; and I am always

Your Affectionate Friend,
EUSTACHIO CHERUBINI.

UNSOCIAL READERS OF PERIODICALS.

Dear *Quondam* Indicator,

That which I have so long desired, is at length accomplished;—I mean your return to us in the hebdomadal way, which in by-gone days afforded both pleasure and instruction to so many circles. But wherefore have you changed the size of your sheet? Fifteen years since, when sitting at the tea-table with your paper, I have imagined myself one, living in the "queen's time," whose taste was directed and conserved by an Addison. The lapse of years has not impaired the character of the Indicator with me, and I have a sensible gratification in the prospect of a renewal of those times. This change in the form is however, some drawback, and is to me twofold. First, inasmuch as the illusion is weakened;—and secondly, which is yet more tantalizing. . . . But the "second count" involves a narrative, which shall be unfolded with all brevity, and to which you are invited most graciously to lend an ear.

Imprimis, I wish you would not place *Leigh Hunt* at the head of your Journal; I would still call you, "dear Indicator;" but no matter for the name. Now to the narrative. Know then, that I am the wife of a gentleman, remarkable for the regularity of his habits, on which he plumes himself not a little. Having a taste for purchasing most of the periodicals, he stitches together all those, which from their similarity in size, are susceptible of this conjunction. Thus, when I would be *lôte-a-lôte* with you, "Chambers's Information for the People," presents itself; and what is more, the sheet must always be appended to those miscellanies, ere it be consigned to me. The octavo would not have been liable to this accident, there being no work of that form going on at this time in weekly succession.

This is one of the many annoyances arising out of the love of order; a superstition (when it amounts to such) to which you, as a party concerned, would do well to apply your ingenuity in the exposure of its inconvenience. "The inconvenience of order!" some would exclaim. To such I would not address myself. There is no one to whom I would consign the handling a paradox, with such confidence, as to you. Twenty years long have I borne that the *Examiner* should be cut and sewed before it was resigned to one, out of four or five, who waited in vain for a sheet. Need I point out to you the comfort of holding a page of a favourite author between the fire and your eyes, with your feet placed on the fender; contrasted with being planted at a large table, remote from such appliances, and sitting bolt upright as though you were examining *Magna Charta*? I hope you will think of some alleviation to a lone family, living in the country, where to read is almost the only resource, and where any abridgment of this pleasure is a serious annoyance. One thing I do insist on, that you turn not the shafts of your wit against us. We look to you for succour. We hear a vast deal of the "ignorant impatience" of women, and the necessity of restraining it; and if you, too, were to glance that way, it would be the *unkindest cut of all*. But we know you for a 'Squire of Dames. *En passant*, an occasional Essay in support of our claims to a small share of understanding, would not be misplaced. Your late friend Hazlitt took some pains to prove, that women were totally incapable of reasoning; and it must be acknowledged that he had reason for the assertion. I never knew any woman, nor man either, save one or two fantastical wits, who could develop the mysteries of his ratiocinations. But *de mortuis*, &c. I shall look with no small trepidation for the recognition of our grievances; and do engage, in case they are properly noticed, to furnish such remuneration, as may amply reward a man of letters and an elegant poet. Imprimis, in the village of *Mopeham*, where I reside, it is not that *Mopeham* where dwells the old lady of oblivious memory; and from whence the "Parson's Daughter" posted home in the carriage *lôte-a-lôte* with the young Count. This was thought, in our circle, rather a new incident, and a happy hit in the *novel* department.) But to leave digression: this *Mopeham* is *Our Village*; and in its woody haunts are to be found more nightingales than, perchance, you may have ever heard or seen congregate; for you see them in their flight from one tree to another throughout the day "when every goose is cackling," yet lose they none of their fame as *prima donnas*. Now do I intend noting every minim, crotchet, quaver, &c. &c. in the combined scale of harmony, to present you with; and yet this is only a small part of what I project, if you will undertake to prove that order does not *always* produce harmony; and to disabuse, of that other heresy, one, on whom time has no other effect than to strengthen and confirm him in preconceived errors.

It was with much concern I read in your commencement to your present work, that you should cease to speak of yourself in future. There has been a long hiatus in our acquaintance, and I had hoped to have collected some gleanings from your hearth again,—that

hearth which I used to picture as the union of what was most pleasing and elegant. You once wrote, long ago, that in the contemplation of a Poet's honey-moon, there was more of speculation than in the moons of common mortals; and the sequel, in that instance, strengthened your hypothesis. But hearths change; blooming children become men and women, having the same wants as ourselves, which we are not so ready to accord to them; they murmur, and often with reason. There is much difficulty in abstracting from the mind the impression that they are still but children. But I must conclude; for this subject will lead me beyond my limits; so I finish with expressing a hope that these changes may have fallen lightly on one, who has been so much the favourite of nature, that fortune, in her envy of his endowments, has been oft unwilling to recognise the justice of his claims.

Pardon must be asked for the loose half sheet, with which this letter commences. It had been written on the other side, before the mistake was discovered.

Vale!

GRISelda.

Mopeham, May-day, (Incongruous!) 1834.

Again we must ask, what are we to do with letters so intoxicating as these, and from fair correspondents? For before we have done reading them, our heads are not in a condition to judge. If we publish them entire, we seem shameless; and if garbled, ungrateful; and in the latter case, our friends may think also that we baulk that openness of intercourse, and those impulses of good-will and sociality, which it is one of the first objects of this Journal to encourage. We feel however what must be our course in future:—we must endeavour to reconcile with that encouragement a most unwilling portion of sobriety and self-sacrifice. We can assure the writers of such letters that the passages we omit will be those that are the most precious to us, and that our virtue will be indeed so unwilling as to have no merit whatsoever. And yet this, instead of depriving us of any other rewards, such as the nightingale's songs, &c. so generously held forth by our fair friend, will, we conceive, doubly secure them for us; for it is not merit alone that elicits recompence from the charitable:—grievous privations are held to be some title. We think we even deserve a little balm before-hand, for the very painful, though we are sure unintentional, wound inflicted on us by our correspondent in her objection to the use of the name at the head of our paper,—a most involuntary and long-contested concession on our part to the representations of persons conversant with periodical literature and with the state of public feeling, and for which we have since been consoled by the opinion of a friend of ours, conversant both with literature and business, that he "looked upon it as the cause of half of the Journal's success." We mention this in self-defence. The name is now identified with the Journal, and cannot be laid aside: and to say the truth, we had one consolation in it before; for it looked like a part of the frankness and open dealing which our paper recommends, and was, perhaps (if we may say so without arrogance), not without its use in furthering the pretensions of cheap literature. With regard to the size, it was thought best to square that to the similitude of our popular friend Chambers. The Indicator we never thought of. But what have we been saying all this while? Of what ungrateful forgetfulness have we not been guilty? For now we think of it, our fair friend no sooner inflicted the wound, than she did apply the balm to it, when she followed it up with a reason for the objection. Is there no way by which we can still retain this right of being so pleasantly addressed? Might not some *nom-de-guerre* (*de pair*, rather,) some appellation implying a friend in masquerade, be found out by us, or for us, so that we might be addressed by it notwithstanding appearances, and in spite of that brazen-faced necessity at the head of our Journal? Will the lady herself christen us? We cannot promise to be a very "good little boy;" but we will promise to be a very great big godson, a great deal older perhaps than herself.

As to the case which she has done us the honour to submit to our judgment, and which (from the allegorical name she has given her village) we conclude she has enveloped in a due quantity of generous inapplicability as to sex or relationship, it surely requires no other discussion, after the very argumentative conclusions implied by the way in which she has stated it. Extremes meet this as in all other cases. Order is not order if it pervert the very end of order,

and produce disordered feelings and a sense of superogation and tyranny. Primness and petty exactions have none of the ease and liberality of true order, which should go gracefully and equably like a dance, and not stiffly and slavishly like soldiers before a martinet. One of the very advantages of a periodical consisting of several sheets, is the power it affords a generous reader of enabling the persons around him to do as he does, and partake at the same moment of the same pleasure. For this, among other reasons, were *Examiners*, and *Atlases*, and *Spectators*, and *True Sons* ordained. There is an old story which will settle the spirit of this matter. A professed lover of order called out one day, in a crowd, so vociferously and provokingly for "silence," that some one was at length moved to exclaim, "Knock down that fellow crying silence!" We might have asked whether the gentleman in the present instance could not be coaxed out of his humour; for there is no counter-argument like your coaxing,—no lips so eloquent as those which

"Convince us at once with a kiss."

But "twenty years" is a long time for a crick in the fancy.

PETRARCH'S ACCOUNT OF A DREADFUL STORM AT NAPLES.

THE late storm at Brighton, with its four-inch globes of hail-stones, and its windows battered as with musketry, has reminded us, not in those particulars, but in its having taken place by the sea-side, of a more awful tempest which had the above great poet for one of its spectators, and of which he has left an account to posterity. We take it from the "Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples," which we mentioned the other day as a work deserving greater publicity than it appears to have obtained. The tempest, the poet, the black night-time, the day as black, the earthquake, the cavaliers "coming as if to assist at the obsequies of their country," the white ghastly sea, and the fair queen with her ladies issuing forth barefoot and with dishevelled locks, to beg the mercy of heaven, make up a picture truly southern and appalling. It is only in climates of general luxury and occasional violence that such combinations of beauty and horror take place.

"Petrarch (says our author) had frequent conferences with Joanna during his stay at Naples at this period. These turned chiefly on literary subjects and inspired her with a high esteem for his abilities and worth. Loving letters, she wished to attach him to her court, and under happier circumstances might perhaps have succeeded, but being, as she afterwards herself expressed it, 'a queen in name only, without power to do good to any one,' she was obliged to content herself with appointing him, in imitation of Robert, her domestic chaplain and almoner, an office possessed only by people of distinction, and to which some valuable privileges are attached. It is a remarkable circumstance that the letters patent for this employment bear date on the day of the most remarkable tempest by which Naples had ever been visited. This tempest was caused by a violent Sirocco* and was felt all round Italy, and on all the shores of the Mediterranean, but more particularly at Naples. Petrarch's description of its effects in that capital is peculiarly lively and interesting.

"This scourge of God, says he, had been predicted a few days before, by the bishop of a neighbouring island skilled in astrology. But as an astrologer never foretells the exact truth, he had also predicted that Naples would be destroyed by an earthquake, on the 25th of November. This prediction had gained so much credit, that the greater part of the populace, resigning every other thought, and expecting only immediate death, craved the mercy of heaven for their sins. Others, however, derided the prophecy and the vain science of the astrologer. Between hope and fear, but I confess rather more inclined to fear, for accustomed to inhabit colder climates I regarded a storm of thunder and lightning in winter as a phenomenon, and looked on that I now witnessed as a menace from heaven,—on the evening of the 24th I retired at an early hour to the convent of St. Lawrence, where I lodged, having previously seen the principal part of the ladies of the metropolis, more

* A hot and close south wind.

mindful of the presaged danger than of decorum, running to and fro with bare feet and dishevelled tresses, with their children in their arms, visiting the churches and bathing the altars with their tears, exclaiming, "Mercy, Lord! Have pity on us!"

"The evening was, however, more serene than ordinary: my servants after supper retired to rest: but I thought it best to observe how the moon looked, and opening the window I remained at it till it set about midnight behind San Martino, looking dim and surrounded with clouds. Barring the window, I laid myself on the bed, and after lying awake a considerable time, I was falling into a sound sleep when I was roused by the rumbling of an earthquake, which not only burst open the windows and extinguished the light which I was accustomed to keep in my chamber, but shook the walls to the foundations. The calm of sleep being thus changed into fear of instant death, I went out into the cloisters where we groped about for each other in the dark, and exhorted one another to patience and fortitude. The brothers and the prior, David, (a most holy man) who had risen to chaunt matins, terrified at the tremendous storm came with devout prayers and tears, and with crosses and relics and a number of lighted torches to the place where I was. This gave me a little courage, and I went with them into the church where we all threw ourselves on the ground and implored the mercy of heaven, expecting from time to time that the church would fall upon us. The terrors of that infernal night would take too long to narrate, and though the truth would much exceed anything I could say, yet my words would appear incredible.

"What bursts of water!—What wind!—What flashings of lightning!—What awful re-echoing of the heavens!—What fearful trembling of the earth!—What horrible roaring of the sea!—and what groans of the assembled populace! It seemed as if by magic art the duration of that night had been doubled; but at last the morning arrived, which we knew rather by conjecture than by any light it afforded. The priests then robed themselves to celebrate mass, whilst we not daring to raise our eyes to heaven, prostrate on the earth continued to sigh, and pray, and weep. Day at length appeared, but scarcely less obscure than night; the wakings in the higher part of the town beginning to cease, we could hear frightful cries from the Strand. We also heard a number of horses prancing through the streets, we knew not what for. Exchanging despair for hardness I mounted on horseback, determined to see what was going on, or to die. Great God! when was such a sight ever seen! The most aged mariners had never heard of or seen anything like it. In the middle of the bay an immense number of wretches were seen tossed about by the waves, who whilst they endeavoured to gain the shore were driven by their fury against the rocks, and appeared like so many eggs broken in pieces. All this space was full of drowned or drowning persons, and the shore was strewn with corpses and shattered limbs; some with arms and legs broken; some with their brains and some with their entrails protruding. Nor were the shrieks of the men and women who inhabited the falling houses close to the sea, less terrific than the roaring of the sea itself. Where the day before we had gone to and fro on a dusty path, was now a sea more dangerous than the straits of Messina. The ocean seemed no longer to observe the bounds which God has prescribed it; respecting neither the works of man nor those of nature, that immense causeway, which, as Virgil says, "projects to break the rolling waves," was covered by the waves, as well as the whole of the lower town. You could not pass in the streets without the risk of being drowned. More than a thousand Neapolitan cavaliers came from all sides to the spot where we were, as if to assist at the obsequies of their country. This brilliant troop re-assured me a little. "If I perish," thought I, "it will at least be in good company." But at the instant in which I was making this reflexion, a terrible cry was set up around, that the ground on which we stood was beginning to be submerged: the water had sapped the foundation, and we retired in haste to the upper part of the town. Certainly it was beyond measure awful to mortal eyes, to behold the raging of the heavens and the fury of the sea. A thousand mountains of water seemed to come from Iachia to Naples, neither black, nor azure, as in common tempests, but of a dazzling whiteness. The young queen now came out of her palace bare-footed, and with her hair flowing loose about her, at the head of an immense troop of ladies in the same penitential disarray, and visited in turn all the churches of the Virgin Mother of God.

"But it was not the virgin who was supposed at last to have calmed the fury of the elements. In the evening the storm ceased, when St. Nicholas, St. George, and St. Mark, shewed a fisherman at Venice a boat filled with demons endeavouring to enter the port, who, at the command of the saints disappeared, and a calm immediately ensued, as by their evil agency a storm had been raised. The malice of these imps of Satan effected no irreparable injury on shore, but it was far otherwise at sea. Not a vessel in the port of

Naples escaped, except one galley of mulefactors, destined to be sent on the first expedition against Sicily, the forlorn hope of Naples."

We may fairly conclude that Petrarch and his brilliant band of cavaliers resorted to the palace of Joanna on the occasion of the storm: she was not likely otherwise to have thought of his letters patent, on the eve of the this agitating day, and she was still less likely to sign them previous to her devout pilgrimage. Passing from one extreme to another, it is not unlikely that the halls of Castelnuovo, were the scene of more real gaiety that evening, than they had been since the death of good Robert.

The damage sustained by the merchants at Naples from this storm, was estimated at forty thousand ounces of gold: the Venetian and Genoese trade was also so much injured by it, that silk and spices, and the products of the trade of the Levant, rose from fifty to a hundred per cent.

BIANCA CAPELLO.

The work upon which this abstract is founded, is the *Life by Siebenkees*, translated by Ludger. A work had appeared by Muller, written in a style of florid romance,—an unmeasured laud—to which Mr. I. obviously wrote in opposition. Thus he has fallen into the opposite extreme, and would make Bianca the scapegoat for all the censures due to the intrigues and follies with which she was any way connected. It will be seen that we have taken a very different view of the subject; which we leave to the facts to justify.

The precise light in which we should view the reputation of Bianca Capello is, at the present time, rather difficult to determine. While, on the other side, she is assailed with the bitterest reproaches by her opponents, her friends obscure their own defence of her by adulatory exaggeration. Much, however, that is urged against her, is referable rather to the perverted morals of the time, than to any personal deficiency of rectitude. She was one against many; and yet even her greatest enemies cannot charge her with deeds so bad as many a well-famed princess has committed; on the other hand, her artfulness, with one exception alone, is always of a very equivocal nature, and very like a charming kindness and candour. If she made use of art, at least she had taste, wisdom, and confidence enough in goodness, to base her cunning upon kindness and endearment. It is an easy but a very dangerous and uncertain plan, to test human action by motives, rather than consequences; particularly when the heart that felt those motives, and the face that betrayed them, has long ceased to be, and we have no eye-witness to interpret that countenance but such as could neither see, nor speak disinterestedly. Her most credible defamer, her brother-in-law, Cardinal de' Medici, is at least stained with prejudice, inconsistency, and ingratitude.

Bianca Capello descended from the Venetian house of the Capelli, and spent her early days in strict confinement to her father's palace, as was then customary with the ladies of Venice. The nobles of Italy in those days, sometimes augmented their substance by thrifty commerce. The Salviati, a celebrated Florentine family, so trading, held a counting-house in Venice, in the neighbourhood of the Capelli palace. In this counting-house was one Buonaventuri, a man addicted to intrigue; the beauty of the young Bianca caught his eye, and he pursued her. At church he spoke to her, representing himself as a partner in the house he served, and obtained her affection. It is rather to be imagined that that affection, as astonishment is said to be, was the effect of novelty upon ignorance; for Buonaventuri was a heartless man, not calculated to inspire a genuine attachment. May not this, by the way, have paved a road for Francesco's advances afterwards? Their meetings continued till Bianca found herself unable to conceal them much longer. Taking some of her jewels with her, she absconded from Venice, with Buonaventuri, to whom she was married. Of course he had already been obliged to apprise her of the deception he had originally practiced upon her. They sought refuge in Florence.

For some time Bianca lived as secretly as she could, dreading the displeasure of her family, and the Venetian government. Francesco de' Medici was then Regent; his father, the Grand Duke, having withdrawn himself, in his old age, from all participation in public affairs. By some means, for it is by no means certain how, he obtained a sight of Bianca; her beauty quite ensnared

him; and her art, (and most probably that consisted in her real kindness and engaging disposition,) made a constant lover of one naturally weak, impetuous, and fickle. It has been asserted that he saw her one day, as he was passing the house in which she lived, some casual disturbance in the streets having drawn her to the window. The story is, however, very apocryphal. It appears that Bianca for some time resisted Francesco's advances. Her husband, as we have before said, was a heartless fellow, and had cruelly deceived her at the first. It is little likely that she could really feel much lasting affection for him; he was coarse and cowardly. Francesco, on the contrary, has given many testimonies of having a sincere and most durable attachment to Bianca; partly attributable, no doubt, to her own attractiveness. This love he made known to her. It is to be remembered that Bianca was young, undefended from the threatened vengeance of her family and the Venetian State, poor, and in restraint. The connexion offered her with Francesco, would be a defence against her dangers, it held out to her acceptance, power, enjoyment, and freedom; the manners of the time, in her country especially, presented little in the way of obstacle to such a connexion; and accordingly Bianca Capello became the mistress of Francis de' Medici.

At first the affair was kept a secret, for about this time, one of those curses of royal life, a political marriage, was in treaty, between Francesco and Joanna, the sister of the Empress Maximilian. The reviving power of the Medici had excited the jealousy of the neighbouring princes, and a marriage of the kind was necessary to preserve the importance of the family. When however the prince was married, and caution was no longer necessary, the concealment was less carefully preserved, and ultimately Bianca was introduced at court. Although the dutchess never appears to have been quite reconciled to her consort's infidelity, she shared with others in yielding to the effects of Bianca's fascination, though both irritable and violent by nature. At last however her passion was too much even for Bianca's art, and meeting her one day on the Lungarno, she was about to desire her attendants to throw her into the river. A gentleman represented to her that this murderous impulse was suggested by the devil, and she being very superstitious, she was struck with repentance.

Buonaventuri, made indolent by the honors accorded him by the prince, was so indiscreet as to boast of the favors of a lady of high family, two of whose paramours had already paid the price of their lives for a similar mistake. He was assassinated by her relations; and the lady herself was the same night slain in her bed. To the last, though little regarded by him, nay, treated always with ingratitude, and roughness, Bianca always shewed a lively consideration for her husband's welfare; and had he listened to her representations, he might have avoided his fate. Repeated insolence and insult, not a single transgression, had drawn upon him the revenge of the insulted parties.

Francesco greatly desired a son. He had said that he would, rather than none, welcome even an illegitimate son. Bianca had only borne a daughter to her husband (who afterwards married a Tuscan nobleman.) The Grand-Dutchess had only had daughters. Bianca artfully feigned herself indisposed, and finally produced a child as her own; which, however, was the child of a poor woman, procured by Bianca's agents. Many suspected the fraud. Francesco was delighted; and even when some years afterwards Bianca confessed the deception, he still persisted in looking upon the child as his own. Bianca's object in this deception is not very clear; nor is it at all defensible. If she desired to provide a male heir to Francesco, why confess the fraud, as long as her husband continued to believe her? Most probably, her object was merely to please him, without proposing any definite end to be gained; she felt herself sure of his regard, the wish not to risk losing it by detection, with which she was continually threatened, enforced by regret at having ever deceived him, made her rather forestall her enemies, and tell him with her own lips the worst he could hear; making the friend, accuser, and culprit all in one, and drowning the deceit in greater ingenuousness. If she were artful, this was always the drift of her art. If she struggled, and conquered it, was always with kindness, and womanly gentleness. She has been accused of some tyrannical and bloody deeds in conducting the fraud,—of making away with her own agents,—but there is not a credible word in the evidence of that kind, and such proceedings were quite inconsistent with the genius of her alleged artfulness. Don Antonio, the child, was legitimated many years afterwards, by Francesco. His legitimation was revoked by Ferdinand on his accession to the throne, but presently restored; and Ferdinand ultimately procured him the grand priorship of the order of Malta.

In the year 1578 the Grand-Dutchess died. She had not long been dead, when Francesco determined to fulfil a vow he had made during his life-time, to wed Bianca. His decision was much opposed by his confessor, and many of his friends; but he more regarded Bianca's smiles and tears, than the etiquette of courts of priesthood. His determination was strengthened by the tender and solicitous care with which she nursed him through a fit of illness. On the morning of the fifth of June, 1579; Bianca entered his apartment, to ask, if he wished to eat; "No," said he, "I feel no appetite." "Well," replied Bianca, "accept

at least this egg from me as a present; eat it, it will certainly do you good." Francesco ate the egg, and said to her: "I feel a great deal better and thank you for your present. I have been a debtor to you this long while, and that debt I now, in return for your kindness, discharge. Here, take my hand; you are my wife." They were on the same day secretly married. The marriage was kept very private during the mourning for the late Grand-Duchess. Nobody was surprised at Bianca's having apartments assigned her in the palace, because a report prevailed, that she had been appointed governess of the young princesses.

At the expiration of the proper time it was publicly announced. Cardinal Ferdinando seems to have received intelligence of this marriage some time before it was publicly known. He had, indeed, long suspected this step, from his brother's aversion to a match with another princess, and his reconciliation with Bianca. But he had not been apprised of their actually having contracted a matrimonial connection till towards the middle of the year 1579. The illness of his brother at that time called him to Florence, when he perceived that Bianca never left the Grand-Duke, whom she attended with the most assiduous perseverance. The Cardinal having asked him the cause of this particular attachment, the Grand-Duke confessed that they were secretly married. Ferdinando concealed his resentment, and returned to Rome, as soon as the recovery of his brother would permit his departure, without ever disclosing to any one his opinion on the subject.

Francesco and Ferdinando had never agreed; on the contrary, their quarrels were frequent and bitter. Francesco was an inconsiderate impulsive person; Ferdinando proud and irascible; not unkind, but hard, and little softened by sentiments of affection. It was undoubtedly to Bianca's interest to keep friends with Ferdinando; but it must have required more than common temper to do so, even following her interest, with so headstrong and ungrateful a person as the Cardinal. As soon as Bianca was in power, she sought his friendship. The Cardinal, on his part, did not hold back; and many were the benefits that he derived from her kindness. Her intercession often procured him money from his brother, wherewith to make a figure. Her gentleness and quick kindness made them many times reconciled; nay, almost her last act was reuniting the disaffected brothers. And yet the Cardinal denied her virtues, persecuted her very corpse, and blazoned her failings, after her death. Pride is said to be the meanest of passions. The Cardinal's pride made him ungrateful, cowardly, and mean. He accepted favours from the hand he abused, he strove to injure when his interest was not at stake, and forgot every benefit received, when hostility was his readiest way to arrangement.

After her marriage, Bianca was created a "Daughter of the Republic," by the Venetian senate, a title which put her upon an equality with the princesses of Italy, and crowned as such with a ducal crown; and shortly after crowned Grand-Duchess of Tuscany. Her marriage was immediately followed by a fresh reconciliation between the Grand Duke and his brother, brought about entirely by her address. Still Ferdinando feared lest Bianca should now present Francesco with a legitimate heir; for the surviving son of Joanna, a very weakly boy, was the only barrier between him and the throne, in case of Francesco's decease. A very delicate and important disputed treaty with the court of Mantua, concerning a marriage between Vincenzo, the Duke of Mantua's son, and the princess Eleonora of Tuscany, was among the things to which her address gave a happy conclusion. It was ever her policy to conciliate every one, and gain her ends by persuasion and gentleness. If this were art, a little more such would hardly make politicians less humane, or every body less happy.

Her married life was past in this way, varied only by hopes and doubts of having a son, which her husband ardently desired. Her cleverness in resolving political discords, and uniting angry powers, obtained for her the admiration of Pope Sixtus V., who was about to pay the court of Tuscany a visit, out of compliment to her, when his intentions were frustrated by the death of Francesco (on the 15th August, 1587,) of an intermittent fever, followed in a few hours by her own, of the like disorder. Francesco was aged forty, Bianca forty-five.

Many stories were circulated concerning the manner of her death; some saying that she had attempted to poison the cardinal in a tart; that the cardinal suspecting, she was obliged to eat of it herself, in order to save her fame, and that her husband ate with her. Others said the cardinal himself had poisoned the tart, and as soon as the poison had taken effect, had locked his brother and sister into a bed-room, suffering no one to enter to assist them. These reports are however all groundless, and on their face absurd, and inconsistent with the characters of the parties concerned.

Thus died Bianca Capello, originally a private gentlewoman, then the wife of a man of obscure origin, then the mistress of the regent prince, and eventually his wife, and dutchess, and one of the most influential personages among the petty states of Italy. What were the means she possessed to attain this eminence? Not family importance.—Not wealth.—Not fame, and high estimation.—Was it beauty in the first instance?—Granted; but beauty is transient, and produces no lasting impression of any kind. It was then her good

sense, her ready perception of difficulties, and the means to overcome them, supported by an unflinching patience and a happiness of temper, that outlasted every opposing passion in the struggle for power. She conciliated the hostile, subdued the haughty, fixed the fickle, cheered the discontented, and reconciled the quarrels of all around by means of this inexhaustible store of kindness, which was perpetually called upon, and always given out with liberal and urgent bounty.

FRIENDS AND BOYHOOD.

[We anticipate the feelings of tenderness and respect which the reader will experience in seeing the name which is appended to the following (we believe) original verses. No sickness can extinguish the kindly fire of his nature.]

Talk not of years! 'twas yesterday
We chased the hoop together,
And for the plover's speckled egg
We waded through the heather.

The green is gay where gowans grow,
'Tis Saturday—oh! come,
Hark! hear ye not our mother's voice,
The earth—she calls us home.

Have we not found that fortune's chace
For glory or for treasure,
Unlike the rolling circle's race,
Was pastime, without pleasure?

But seize your glass—another time
We'll think of clouded days—
I'll give a toast—fill up, my friend!
Here's "Boys and merry plays!"

JOHN GALT.

TABLE-TALK

Spenser's Stanza.—It is somewhat remarkable that, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's objections to the Spenserian stanza, and his presumption of its unfitness for popularity, the best poems of the best poets since that dictum was delivered, have been written in that same despised stanza! I need only mention "Childe Harold," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "The Revolt of Islam." Others might be enumerated, such as Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night;" Shenstone's exquisite "School-mistress," which will keep his name alive; and Beattie's "Minstrel," which, as long as there are young and romantic minds, will find admirers, for it is beautifully descriptive of the yearnings and struggles of young intellect. Added to these again are Keats's "Eve St. Agnes," written in the very spirit and warmth of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet;" Wordsworth's noble "Laodamia," and John Clare's "Village Minstrel."

C. W.

Philosophy in Trifles.—Those persons who cannot find pleasure in trifles are generally wise in their own opinion, and fools in the opinion of the wise: they neglect the opportunity of amusement, without which the rugged road of life would be insupportably tedious. I think the French are the best philosophers, who make the most they can of the pleasures, and the least they can of the pains of life; and are ever strewing flowers among the thorns all mortals are obliged to walk through; whereas, by much reflection, the English contrive to feel and see the thorns double, and never see the flowers at all, but to despise them; expecting their happiness from things more solid and durable, as they imagine: but how seldom do they find them! *Lady Luxborough's Letters.*

Apparent Idleness not always such. Pardon me for differing with you in opinion, you are not the idle man of the creation. You may be busied to the benefit of society without stirring from your seat, as much as the mischievous man, with seeming idleness, may be busied in the destruction of it. You give innocent pleasure to yourself, and instruction as well as pleasure to others, by the amusements you follow. Your pen, your pencil, your taste, and your sincere unartful conduct in life (which are things that make you appear idle) give such an example as it were to be wished might be more generally followed—few have the capacity, fewer the honesty to spend their time so usefully, as well as unblameably. *Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone.*

Death from a Frightened Imagination.—We have all heard of the Italian jester who perished with the mere fear of being executed, and of the criminal, who died in the same manner under the belief that he was being bled to death.—The following similar instance of mortal sensibility is believed to be new to the reading public: About thirty years ago, a man, named Whitwam, was employed in a coal-yard at Taunton, who had been, during the greater part of his life, a soldier in the 33rd regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, and was very actively engaged throughout the American war. He had been wounded in almost every part of

his body, and eked out the pension which he received from Government by working as above stated. One day, having been out delivering coals at a house in the town, he is supposed, while taking some refreshment, to have held his handkerchief to the fire, for, on returning to the coal-yard, in taking it out of his hat, it suddenly burst into a flame. He looked upon it as an omen, cried out, "I am a dead man;" went home, took to his bed, and in a few days expired.

True National Spirit. Testimony of an enlightened Frenchman to the merits of England and Germany.—The true greatness of a people does not consist in borrowing nothing from others, but in borrowing from all whatever is good, and in perfecting whatever it appropriates. I am as great an enemy as any one to artificial imitations; but it is mere pusillanimity to reject a thing for no other reason than that it has been thought good by others. With the promptitude and justness of the French understanding, and the indestructible unity of our national character, we may assimilate all that is good in other countries without fear of coming to be ourselves. Placed in the centre of Europe, possessing every variety of climate, bordering on all civilized nations, and holding perpetual intercourse with them, France is essentially cosmopolitan; and indeed this is the main source of her great influence. Besides, civilized Europe now forms but one great family. We constantly imitate England in all that concerns outward life, the mechanical arts, and physical refinements; why, then, should we blush to borrow something from kind, honest, pious, learned Germany, in what regards inward life and the nurture of the soul?—*Victor Cousin's Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia.*

Venetian Horsemanship.—Venice being a city built in the sea, with canals for streets, the other Italians joke the inhabitants on their ignorance of horsemanship, as we joke sailors in England. In Mr. Shepherd's Life of Poggio Bracciolini, it is related that Antonio Lusco, a friend of Poggio's, in the course of a journey to Vicenza overtook a Venetian, in whose company he rode to Siena, where they took up their lodgings for the night. The inn was crowded with travellers, who, on the ensuing morning, were busily employed in getting their horses out of the stable, in order to pursue their journey. In the midst of the bustle, Lusco perceived his Venetian friend booted and spurred, but sitting with great tranquillity at the door of the inn. Surprised at seeing him thus inactive, he told him, that if he wished to become a fellow traveller for that day's journey, he must make haste as he was just going to mount; on which the Venetian said, "I should be happy to accompany you, but I do not recollect which is my horse, and I am waiting till the other guests are gone in order that I may take the beast which is left."

The above is given as a fact. The following is a caricature, in the style of our Irish jokes.

As a Venetian (says Poggio), was journeying to Trivigi on a hired horse, attended by a running footman, the servant received a kick from the beast, and in the first emotion of pain took up a stone and threw it at the aggressor; but missing his aim, he hit his master on the loins. The master looking back, and seeing his attendant limping after him at some distance, asked him why he did not quicken his pace. The servant excused himself by saying that the horse had kicked him, on which his master replied, "I see he is a vicious beast, for he has just now given me a severe kick on the back."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. of Birmingham, on Cricket and other Games, in our next. The lines beginning "When Israel's car," will be inserted the first opportunity. Also the article "On a Stone;" and the "Remarks on the Metropolis" suggested by accompanying a boy to school. Several other papers will be read forthwith, and the authors replied to in our next.

Our cordial thanks are returned to C., to C. W., H. B. D., Orlando, W. H. C., T. R., A. constant Reader and Friend, A. W. D., An Invalid, Hugh McG., G. E. I., A. M. P., and our Norfolk friend J. B., whose invitation we should gladly accept, especially this fine weather, if time and circumstances were as accommodating as he is.

We are obliged by the suggestions of W. M. T., and have thought much on that and similar projects; but must postpone its consideration for the present.

By some chance, which we much regret, the first note written some weeks ago by our fair correspondent I. H. was overlooked.

We are sorry we could not see the "wrestling." Perhaps our correspondent will give us another opportunity.

The "Addison" who translated Anacreon is not the celebrated Addison.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1834.

No. 14.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

BREAKFAST IN SUMMER.

"Breakfast in Summer!" cries a reader, in some narrow street in a city: "that means, I suppose, a breakfast out of doors, among trees; or at least, in some fine breakfast-room, looking upon a lawn, or into a conservatory. I have no such breakfast-room; the article is not written for me. However, let us see what it says:—let us see whether, according to our friend's recipe,

One can hold

A silver-fork, and breast of pheasant on't

By thinking of sheer tea, and bread and butter.

Nay, let us do him justice too. Fancy is a good thing, though pheasant may be better. Come, let us see what he says:—let us look at his Barmecide breakfast;—at all the good things I am to eat and drink, without tasting them.

Editor. Reader, thou art one of the right sort.—Thy fancy is large, though thy street be narrow. In one thing only do we find thee deficient. Thy faith is not perfect.

Reader. How? Am I not prepared to enjoy what I cannot have? And do I not know the Barmecide? Am I not a reader of the Arabian Nights,—a willing visitor of that facetious personage, who set the imaginary feast before the poor hungry devil Shacabac, and made him drunk with invisible wine, till, in the retributive intoxication of the humour, mine host got his ears boxed?

Editor. Hallo—what is that you are saying?—Oh you "intend nothing personal." Well, it is luckily added; for look you—we should otherwise have "heaped coals of fire on your head." The want of faith we complain of is not the want of faith in books and fancies, but in us and our intentions towards thyself; for how camest thou to suppose that we intended omitting thy breakfast,—thy unsophisticated cup of bohea, and most respectable bread and butter? Why, it is of, and to such breakfasts, that we write most. The others, unless their refinement be of the true, universal sort, might fancy they could do without us: whereas those that really can do so, are not unwilling to give us reception, for sympathy's sake, if for nothing else. To enjoy is to reciprocate. We have the honour (in this our paper-person) of appearing at some of the most refined breakfast-tables in the kingdom, some of these being at the same time the richest, and some the poorest, that epicure could seek or eschew; that is to say, unintellectual epicure; and when such a man is found at either, we venture to affirm that he misses the best things to be found near him. It does not become us to name names; but we may illustrate the matter by saying, that, had it been written forty years back, we have good reason to think that the intentions of the London Journal would have procured it no contemptuous welcome at the breakfast-table of Fox with his lords about him, or Burns with his "bonnie Jeanie" at his side. Porcelain, or potter's-clay, silver or pewter, potted meats, oatmeal, or bacon, are all one to us, provided there is a good appetite, and a desire to make the best of what is before us. Without that, who would breakfast with the richest of fools? And with it, who that knows the relish of wit and good humour, would not sit down to the humblest fare with inspired poverty?

Now the art of making the best of what is before us, (not in forgetfulness of social advancement, but in encouragement of it, and in aid of the requisite activity or patience, as the case may require), is one of the main objects of this publication; and as the commoner breakfast seems to require it most, it is to such tables

the present paper is chiefly addressed,—always supposing that the breakfaster is of an intelligent sort; and not without a hope of suggesting a pleasant fancy, or so to the richest tables that may want it. And there are too many such!—perhaps because the table has too many "good things" on it already,—too much potted gout, and twelve-shilling irritability.

Few people, rich or poor, make the most of what they possess. In their anxiety to increase the amount of the means for future enjoyment, they are too apt to lose sight of the capability of them for present. Above all, they overlook the thousand helps to enjoyment, which lie round about them free to every body, and obtainable by the very willingness to be pleased, assisted by that fancy and imagination which nature has bestowed, more or less, upon all human beings. Some mis-called Utilitarians, incapable of their own master's doctrine, may affect to undervalue fancy and imagination, as though they were not constituent properties of the human mind, and as if they themselves, the mistakers, did not enjoy even what they do by their very assistance! Why they have fancies for this or that tea-cup, this or that coat, this or that pretty face! They get handsome wives, when they can, as well as other people, and when plain ones would be quite as "useful!" How is that? They pretend to admire the green fields, the blue sky, and would be ashamed to be insensible to the merits of the flowers. How can they take upon them to say where the precise line should be drawn, and at what point it is we are to cease turning these perceptions of pleasure and elegance to account?

The first requisite towards enjoying a breakfast, or anything else, is the willingness to be pleased; and the greatest proof and security of this willingness, is the willingness to please others. "Better" (says a venerable text) "is a dinner of herbs, where peace is, than a stalled ox with contention." Many a breakfast, that has every other means of enjoyment, is turned to bitterness, by unwilling discordant looks, perhaps to the great misery of some persons present, who would give and receive happiness, if at any other table. Now breakfast is a foretaste of the whole day. Spoil that, and we probably spoil all. Begin it well, and if we are not very silly or ill-taught persons indeed, and at the mercy of every petty impulse of anger and offence, we in all probability make the rest of the day worthy of it. These petty impulses are apt to produce great miseries. And the most provoking part of the business is, that for want of better teaching, or of a little forethought, or imagination, they are sometimes indulged in by people of good hearts, who would be ready to tear their hair for anguish, if they saw you wounded or in a fit, and yet will make your days a heap of wretchedness, by the eternal repetition of these absurdities.

It being premised then that persons must come to breakfast without faces sour enough to turn the milk, (and we begin to think that our cautions on this head are unnecessary to such readers as take in the London Journal) we have to inform the most unpretending breakfaster—the man the least capable of potted meats, partridges, or preserves, that in the commonest tea-equipage and fare which is set upon his board, he possesses a treasure of pleasant thoughts; and that if he can command but the addition of a flower, or a green bough, or a book, he may add to them a visible grace and luxury, such as the richest wits in the nation would respect.

"True taste," says one of these very persons, (Mr. Rogers in his notes to a poem,) "is an excellent economist. She delights in producing great effects by small means." This maxim holds good, we see, even

amidst the costliest elegancies; how much more is it precious to those whose means are of necessity small, while their hearts are large? Suppose the reader is forced to be an economist, and to have nothing on his breakfast table but plain tea and bread and butter. Well; he is not forced also to be sordid, or wretched, or without fancy, love, or intelligence. Neither are his tea-cups forced to be ill shaped, nor his bread and butter ill cut, nor his table-cloth dirty: and shapeliness and cleanliness are in themselves elegancies, and of no mean order. The spirit of all other elegance is in them,—that of selectness,—of the superiority to what is unfit and superfluous. Besides, a breakfast of this kind is the preference, or good old custom, of thousands who could afford a richer one. It may be called the staple-breakfast of England; and he who cannot make an excellent meal of it, would be in no very good way with the luxuries of a George the Fourth, still less with the robust meats of a huntsman. Delicate appetites may reasonably be stimulated a little, till regularity and exercise put them in better order; and nothing is to be said against the innocencies of honies and marmalades. But strong meats of a morning, are only for those who take strong exercise, or who have made up their minds to defy the chances of gout and corpulence, or the undermining pre-digestion of pill-taking.

If the man of taste is able to chuse his mode of breakfasting in summer time, he will of course invest it with all the natural luxuries within his reach. He will have it in a room, looking upon grass and trees, hung with paintings, and furnished with books. He will sit with a beautiful portrait beside him, the air shall breathe freshly into his room, the sun shall colour the foliage at his window, and shine betwixt their chequering shadows upon the table; and the bee shall come to partake the honey he has made for him.

But suppose that a man capable of relishing all these good things, does not possess one of them,—at least can command none that require riches. Nay, suppose him destitute of every thing but the plainest fare, in the plainest room, and in the least accommodating part of a city. What does he do? Or what, upon reflection, may he be led to do? Why, his taste will have recourse to its own natural and acquired riches, and make the utmost it can out of the materials before it. It will shew itself superior to that of thousands of ignorant rich men, and make its good-will and its knowledge open sources of entertainment to him unknown to treasures which they want the wit to unlock. Be willing to be pleased, and the power will soon come. Be a reader, getting all the information you can; and every fresh information will paint some common-place article for you with brightness. Such a man as we have described will soon learn not to look upon the commonest table or chair without deriving pleasure from its shape or shape-ability; nor on the cheapest and most ordinary tea-cup, without increasing that gratification with fifty amusing recollections of books and plants and colours, and strange birds, and the quaint domesticities of the Chinese.

For instance, if he breakfasts in a room of the kind just mentioned, (which is putting the case as strongly as we can, and implies all the greater comforts that can be drawn from situations of a better kind,) he will select the snuggest or least cheerless part of the room, to set his table in. If he can catch a glimpse of a tree from any part of a window, (and a great many more such glimpses are to be had in the city than people would suppose) he will plant his chair, if possible, within view of it; or if no tree is to be had, perhaps the morning sun comes into his room, and he will con-

trive that his table shall have a slice of that. He will not be unamused even with the Jack-o'-lantern which strikes up to the ceiling, and dances with the stirring of his tea, glancing and twinkling like some chuckling elfin eye, or reminding him of some wit making his brilliant reflections, and casting a light upon common-places. The sun is ever beautiful and noble, and brings a cheerfulness out of heaven itself into the humblest apartment, if we have but the spirit to welcome it.

But if we have neither tree nor sun, and nobody with us to make amends, suppose it winter time, and that we have a fire. This is sun and company too, and such an associate as will either talk with us, if we chuse to hear it; or leave us alone, and gives us comfort, unheard. It is now summer time however, and we had better reserve our talk of fires for colder weather. Our present object is rather to point out some new modes of making the best of imaginary wants, than to dilate upon luxuries recognised by all.

Suppose then, that neither a fire, the great friend in-doors, nor sunshine, the great friend out of doors, be found with us in our breakfast room,—that we could neither receive pleasure from the one, if we had it, nor can command a room into which the other makes its way,—what ornament is there,—what supply of light or beauty could we discover, at once exquisite and cheap—that should furnish our humble board with a grace, precious in the eyes of the most intelligent among the rich? Flowers.—Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay, if you can get it,—or but two or three,—or a single flower,—a rose, a pink, nay, a daisy. Bring a few daisies and butter-cups from your last field-walk, and keep them alive in a little water; aye, preserve but a branch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant as well as cheap of nature's productions,—and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauties of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honour. Put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table, and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table,—morning, we believe, noon, and night; that is to say, at all his meals; for dinner, in his time, was taken at noon; and why should he not have flowers at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day? Now here is a fashion that shall last you for ever, if you please, never changing with silks, and velvets and silver forks, nor dependent upon the caprice of some fine gentleman or lady, who have nothing but caprice and change to give them importance and a sensation. The fashion of the garments of heaven and earth endures for ever, and you may adorn your table with specimens of their drapery,—with flowers out of the fields, and golden beams out of the blue ether.

Flowers on a morning table are specially suitable to the time. They look like the happy wakening of the creation; they bring the perfumes of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the representations and embodiments of the very smiles of your home, the graces of its good-morrow, proofs that some intellectual beauty is in ourselves, or those about us, some house Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweets, or in ourselves some masculine mildness not unworthy to possess such a companion, or unlikely to gain her.

Even a few leaves, if we can get no flowers, are far better than no such ornament,—a branch from the next tree, or the next herb market, or some twigs that have been plucked from a flowering hedge. They are often, nay always, beautiful, particularly in spring when their green is tenderest. The first new bougns in spring, plucked and put into a water-bottle, have often an effect that may compete with flowers themselves, considering their novelty, and indeed

Leaves would be counted flowers, if earth had none.

(There is a verse for the reader, and not a bad one, considering its truth). We often have vines (such as they are,—better than none) growing upon the walls of our city houses,—or clematis, or jessamine,—perhaps ivy on a bit of an old garden-wall, or a tree in a court. We should pluck a sprig of it, and plant it on our breakfast table. It would shew that the cheap elegancies of earth, the universal gifts of the beauty of nature, are not thrown away upon us. They shad-

dow prettily over the clean table-cloth or the pastoral milk, like a piece of nature brought in doors. The tender bodies of the young vernal shoots above-mentioned, put into water, might be almost fancied clustering together with a sort of virgin delicacy, like young nymphs, naïve-struck, in a fountain. Nay, any leaves, not quite faded, look well, as a supply for the want of flowers,—those of the common elm, or the plane, or the rough oak, especially when it has become gentle with its acorn tassels, or the lime which is tasseled in a more flowery manner, and has a breath as beautiful. Ivy, which is seldom or never brought in doors, greatly deserves to be better treated, especially the young shoots of it, which point in a most elegant manner over the margin of a glass or decanter, seeming to have been newly scissared forth by some fairy hand, or by its own invisible quaint spirit, as if conscious of the tendency within it. Even the green tips of the fir-trees, which seem to have been brushed by the golden pencil of the sun, when he resumes his painting, bring a sort of light and vernal joy into a room, for want of brighter visitors. But it is not necessary to a loving and reflecting spirit to have any thing so good as those. A bit of elm-tree or poplar would do, in the absence of any thing rarer. For our parts, as far as ourself alone is concerned, it seems to us that we would not be mastered by the blackest storm of existence, in the worst pass that our pilgrimage could bring us to, as long as we had shelter over our heads, a table with bread and a cup of tea upon it, and a single one of these green smiles upon the board, to shew us that good-natured Nature was alive.

Does any reader misgive himself, and fancy that to help himself to such comforts as these would be "trifling?" Oh, let him not so condescend to the ignorance of the proud or envious. If this were trifling, then was Bacon a trifier, then was the great Conde a trifier, and the old Republican Ludlow, and all the great and good spirits that have loved flowers, and Milton's Adam himself, nay, heaven itself; for heaven made these harmless elegancies, and blessed them with the universal good will of the wise and innocent. To trifle, is not to make use of small pleasures for the help and refreshment of our duties, but to be incapable of that real estimation of either, which enables us the better to appreciate and assist both. The same mighty energy which whirls the earth round the sun, and crashes the heavens with thunderbolts, produces the lillies of the valley, and the gentle dew-drops that keep them fair.

To return then to our flowers and our breakfast-table,—were time and place so cruel as not to grant us even a twig, still there is a last resource, and a rich one too,—not quite so cheap as the other, but obtainable now-a-days by a few pence, and which may be said to grow also on the public walls,—a book. We read, in old stories, of enchanters who drew gardens out of snow, and of tents no bigger than a nut-shell, which opened out over a whole army. Of a like nature is the magic of a book,—a casket, from which you may draw out at will, bowers to sit under, and affectionate beauties to sit by, and have trees, flowers, and an exquisite friend, all at one spell. We see it now before us, standing among the cups, edgeways, plain-looking, perhaps poor and battered, perhaps bought of some dull huckster in a lane for a few pence. On its back we read, in old worn-out letters of enchantment, the word "Milton;" and upon opening it, lo! we are breakfasting forthwith

— Betwixt two aged oaks
On herbs and other country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,

in a place which they call "Allegro." Or the word on the back of the casket is "Pope," and instantly] a beauty in a "negligé" makes breakfast for us, and we have twenty sylphs instead of butterflies, tickling the air round about us, and comparing colours with the flowers, or pouncing upon the crumbs that threaten to fall upon her stomach. Or "Thomson" is the magic name; and a friend still sweeter sits beside us, with her eyes on ours, and tells us with a pressure on the hand and soft low words, that our cup awaits us. Or we cry aloud "Theocritus!" plunging into the sweetest depths of the country, and lo! we breakfast down in a thick valley of leaves and brooks and the brown summer-time, upon creams and honeycombs, the guest of bearded Pan and the Nymphs; while at a distance on

his mountain-top, poor overgrown Polyphemus, tamed and made mild with the terrible sweet face of love, which has frightened him with a sense of new thoughts, and of changes which cannot be, sits overshadowing half of the vineyards below him; and with his brow in tears, blows his harsh reeds over the sea.

Such has been many a breakfast of our own, dear readers, with poverty on one side of us, and these riches on the other. Such must be many of yours; and as far as the riches are concerned, such may be all. But how is this? We have left out the milk, and the bread, and the tea itself! We must have another breakfast with the reader, in order to do them justice.

THE WEEK,

From the 2nd to the 9th of July.

SUMMER.

The following extract from Mr. Howitt's Book of the Seasons, requires no more introduction than a fine day itself. The luxuriance glows upon you at once, and remains fervid and beautiful to the last, like a proper piece of July.

Summer! glowing summer! This is the month of heat and sunshine; of clear, fervid skies, dusty roads, and shrinking streams; when doors and windows are thrown open:—a cool gale is the most welcome of all visitors, and every drop of rain is worth its weight in gold! such is July commonly; yet it is sometimes, on the contrary, a very showery month, putting the hay-maker to the extremity of his patience, and the farmer upon anxious thoughts for his ripening corn. Generally speaking, however, it is the heat of our summer. The landscape presents an air of warmth, dryness, and maturity; the eye roves over brown pastures, corn fields already white to harvest, dark lines of intersecting hedge-rows, and darker trees, lifting their heavy heads above them. The foliage at this period is rich, full, and vigorous; there is a fine haze cast over distant woods and bosky slopes; and every lofty and majestic tree is filled with a soft shadowy twilight, which adds infinitely to their beauty, a circumstance that has never been sufficiently noticed by either poet or painter. Willows are now beautiful objects in the landscape: they are like rich masses of arborescent silver, especially if stirred by the breeze, their light and fluent forms contrasting finely with the still and sombre aspect of the other trees.

Now is the general season of hay-making. Bands of mowers in their light dresses and broad straw hats, are astride long before the fiery eye of the sun glances along the horizon, that they may toil in the freshness of the morning, and stretch themselves at noon in luxurious ease by trickling waters, and beneath the shade of trees. Till then with regular strokes and a sweeping sound, the sweet and flowery grass falls before them, revealing, at almost every step, nests of young birds, mice in their cozy domes, and the mossy cells of the humble bee streaming with liquid honey; anon, troops of hay-makers are abroad, tossing the green swaths to the sun. It is one of Nature's festivities, endeared by a thousand pleasant memories and habits of the olden days, and not a soul can resist it.

There is a sound of tinkling teams and wagons rolling along lanes and fields the whole country over, aye, even at midnight, till at length, the fragrant ricks rise in the farm yard, and the pale, smooth-shaven fields are left in solitary beauty.

With the exception of a casual song of the lark in a fresh morning, and the blackbird and thrush at sunset, or the monotonous wail of the yellow hammer, the silence of birds is now complete; even the lesser reed-sparrow, which may very properly be called the English mock-bird, and which kept up a perpetual clatter with the notes of the sparrow, the swallow, the white-throat, &c., in every hedge-bottom, day and night, has now ceased its song also.

Spring-flowers have given place to a very different class. Climbing plants mantle and festoon every hedge. The wild hop, the bryony, the clematis or traveller's joy, the large white convolvulus, whose bold but delicate flowers will display themselves to a very late period of the year,—vetches, and white and yellow ladies' bed-straw invest every bush with their varied beauty, and breathe on the passers by their faint summer sweetness. The *Campanula rotundifolia*, the harebell of poets, and the blue-bell of botanists, arrests the eye on every dry bank, rock, and way-side, with its airy stems, and beautiful cerulean bells. There too we behold wild scabiouses, mallows, the woody night-shade, wood-betony and centaury; the red and white striped convolvulus also throws its flowers under your feet; corn-fields glow with whole armies of scarlet poppies, cockle, and the rich azure plumes of the viper's bugloss; even thistles, the curse of Adam, diffuse a glow of beauty over waste and barren places.

But whoever would taste all the sweetness of July, let him go in pleasant company, if possible, into heaths

and woods; it is there, in uncultured haunts, that summer now holds her court. The stern castle, the lowly convent, the deer, and the forester, have vanished thence many ages, yet nature still casts round the forest lodge, the gnarled oak, and lonely mere, the same charms as ever. The most hot and sandy tracks, which we might naturally imagine would now be parched up, are in full glory. The Erica Tetralix, or bell-heath, the most beautiful of our indigenous species, is now in bloom, and has converted the brown bosom of the waste into one wide sea of crimson. The air is charged with its honied odour; the dry elastic turf glows, not only with its flowers, but with those of the wild thyme, the clear blue milkwort, the yellow asphodel, and that curious plant the sundew, with its drops of inexhaustible liquor sparkling in the fiercest sun like diamonds. There wave the cotton-rush, the tall fox-glove, and the latter golden mullein; there grows the classical grass of Parnassus, the elegant favourite of every poet, there creep the various species of heath-berries, cranberries, bilberries, &c.; furnishing the poor with a source of profit, and the rich of simple luxury. What a pleasure it is to throw ourselves down beneath the verdant screen of beautiful fern, or in the shade of a venerable oak, in such a scene, and listen to the summer sounds of bees, grasshoppers, and ten thousand other insects mingled with the more remote and solitary cry of the pewit and curlew! Then to think of the coach-horse urged on his sultry stage, and the plough boy and his team plunging in the depths of a burning fallow, or of our ancestors, in time of national famine, plucking up the wild fern roots for bread, and what an enhancement of our own luxurious ease!

But woods, the depths of woods, are the most delicious retreats during the fiery noons of July. The great azure campanulas or Canterbury bells are there in bloom; and in chalk and lime-stone districts there are also now to be found those curious plants the *bee* and *fly orchis*. The soul of John Evelyn well might envy us a wood-lounge at this period;

All the cool freshness of the humid air, the walk by the border of the brook chiming over the shadow-chequered pebbles, the green and breezy canopy above us, and luxurious thoughts in our hearts.

HAND-WRITINGS

From the Fifth Vol. (just published) of Mr. D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

THE art of judging of the character of persons by their hand-writing, can only have any reality, when the pen, acting without constraint, becomes an instrument guided by, and indicative of the natural disposition. But regulated as the pen is now too often by a mechanical process, which the present race of writing-masters seem to have contrived for their own convenience, a whole school exhibits a similar hand-writing: the pupils are forced in their automatic motions, as if acted on by the pressure of a steam-engine; a bevy of beauties will now write such fac-similes of each other, that in a heap of letters presented to the most sharp-sighted lover, to select that of his mistress—though like Bassanio among the caskets, his happiness should be risked on the choice—he would despair of fixing on the right one, all appearing to have come from the same rolling-press. Even brothers of different tempers have been taught by the same master to give the same form to their letters, the same regularity to their line, and have made our hand-writings as monotonous as are our characters in the present habits of society. The true physiognomy of writing will be lost among our rising generation; it is no longer a face that we are looking on, but a beautiful mask of a single pattern; and the fashionable writing of our young ladies is like the former tight-lacing of their mother's youthful days, when every one alike had what was supposed to be a fine shape.

Assuredly Nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a peculiar countenance, a voice, and a manner. The flexibility of the manner differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions and the habits of the writers. The phlegmatic will pourtray his words, while the playful haste of the volatile will scarcely sketch them; the slovenly will blot, and efface, and scrawl, while the neat and orderly-minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. The merchant's clerk will not write like the lawyer or the poet. Even nations are distinguished by their writing; the vivacity and variousness of the Frenchman, the delicacy and suppleness of the Italian, are perceptibly distinct from the slowness and strength of pen discoverable in the phlegmatic German, Dane, and Swede. When we are in grief, we do not write as we should in joy. The elegant and correct mind which has acquired the fortunate habit of a fixity of attention, will write with scarcely an erasure on the page, as Fenelon, Gray, and Gibbon; while we find in Pope's manuscripts the perpetual struggles of correction, and eager and rapid interlineations struck off in heat. Lavater's notion of hand-writing is by no means chimerical; nor was General Paoli fanciful, when he told Mr. Northcote, that he had decided on the character and dispositions of a man from his letters, and the hand-writing.

Long before the days of Lavater, Shenstone in one of his letters said, "I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand-

writing, that I may judge of her temper." One great truth, however, must be conceded to the opponents of the *physiognomy of writing*.—general rules only can be laid down. Yet the vital principle must be true that the handwriting bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes operate to counteract or obstruct this result. I am intimately acquainted with the handwritings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a handwriting which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses, in a school-boy's rugged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness which polishes his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration; so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts without a solitary erasure. The handwriting of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs.

Oldys, in one of his curious notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writings of several of our kings. He observed nothing further than the mere fact, and did not extend his idea to the art of judging of the natural character by the writing. Oldys has described these hand-writings with the utmost correctness, as I have often verified. I shall add a few comments. "Henry VIII. wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen." The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding. I have no doubt the assessor of the Pope's supremacy and its triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill.

"Edward VI. wrote a fair legible hand." We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand; in all respects he was an assiduous pupil, and he had scarcely learned to write and to reign when we lost him.

"Queen Elizabeth writ an upright hand like the bastard Italian." She was indeed a most elegant calligrapher, whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegancies of the pen. The French editor of the little autographical work I have noticed has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very large tall character, and painfully elaborate. He accompanied it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; when in haste and distress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much the contrary. The French editor makes this observation: "Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch? The first denotes asperity and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness, and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, queen of England, the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two hand-writings answers most evidently to that of their characters."

"James I. writ a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line." James certainly wrote a slovenly scrawl, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil's ugly scribble, which sprawls about his careless and inelegant letters.

"Charles I. wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly perhaps than any prince we ever had." Charles was the first of our monarchs who intended to have domiciliated taste in our kingdom, and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their hand-writings, that he would not have been insensible to elegancies of the pen.

"Charles II wrote a little fair running hand, as if wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done." Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his restlessness and vivacity.

"James II wrote a large fair hand." It is characterized by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter of business genius of the writer.

"Queen Anne wrote a fair round hand;" that is, the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself; the copying hand of a common character,

vances which self-love naturally resorts to for the purpose of making amends for its confessions.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, (brother to Lewis XIII.) and of Marie de Bourbon Montpensier, was born in Paris, 1627. Her parents leaving France during her childhood, she was committed to the charge of her grandmother, the queen-regent, who appointed, as her governess, Madame de St. George, a woman of distinguished learning. To a taste for literature Mademoiselle added a singular passion for military exercises. During the civil dissension in France, in the disputes of the Fronde, the town of Orleans, belonging to the Duke, her father, was on the point of submitting to the party of the King. Mademoiselle, on this intelligence, immediately quitted Paris, and marching in person at the head of a small number of troops, forced the inhabitants to open their gates and join the Parliament, whose cause her father had espoused. Mademoiselle had probably been provoked to oppose the court in resentment for a recent mortification: suspected of a secret matrimonial negotiation with the archduke, she had been publicly reprimanded by her grandmother in the council chamber, whence she retired full of indignation, and meditating vengeance for the affront she had received.

Having returned to Paris after her martial exploit, she passed thence to Etampes; where, having reviewed the parliament troops and those of the Prince of Conde, she gave battle to marshal Turenne, who commanded the royal army. In this engagement, perhaps too unequal, she suffered a defeat. Disconcerted by this blow, she negotiated for assistance with Spain; and advancing at the head of 6000 Spaniards, encamped close to *La Porte St. Antoine*, one of the gates of Paris, defended by the forces of the King. At the head of her troops Mademoiselle ascended the Bastille, and, seizing the canon placed on the ramparts, turned them against the enemy, whom, having drove back, she entered the city in triumph.

Cardinal Mazarine, who knew the ambition of Mademoiselle to espouse a sovereign prince, said, on this occasion, in his bad French, '*Elle a tue son marie*.' ('she has killed her husband'), a prediction which he took care should be verified.

Our heroine was at length obliged to resign her laurels, and submit to a stronger power. Banished by the King to her estate at St. Fargeau, she passed some years in discontent, disgraced at court, and involved in a contention with her father respecting her mother's property, a part of which she had been entitled to on her coming of age. These differences being at length accommodated, she returned to court, and was well received. Disappointed in her hope of marrying the Arch-duke, she rejected the Kings of Portugal and of England, with several other Princes, who solicited her alliance. At the age of forty-five she became attached to Mons. de Lauzun, Captain of the King's Garde de Corps, whom she was desirous to espouse, and obtained the consent of Louis XIV. to the marriage. Mademoiselle and her lover received the compliments of all France on this occasion. The contract was drawn up and magnificent preparations made for the nuptials, when the king, on the representations of the princes of the blood, who considered this alliance as humiliating, was induced to retract his consent, and to refuse his signature to the contract.

Mademoiselle was sensibly affected by the dissolution of the engagement and the failure of her hopes, while de Lauzun, who lost a princely fortune, loudly complained. It was the opinion of many that the lovers had concluded a secret marriage, when, a short time after, de Lauzun was precipitated from the favour of the king, and thrown into prison, where he remained ten years. His liberty was then obtained through the intercession and sacrifices of Mademoiselle; who purchased his freedom by the surrender of a large part of her estates to the Duke du Maine, natural son of Louis XIV, and of Mad. de Montespan. Mons. de Lauzun ill repaid his benefactress for her constancy and generosity. He assumed on his liberation the authority of a husband, and treated the princess with tyranny and hauteur. The affection of Mademoiselle for this ungenerous man enabled her for some time to endure his imperious manners, till, with the insolence and ingratitude of a vulgar mind, he exceeded the limits of forbearance, and converted her attachment into disgust. Returning one day from the chace—'Henriette de Bourbon,' exclaimed he, angrily, 'come and draw off my boots.' The unfortunate Henrietta, remonstrating on the impropriety and cruelty of his conduct, he made an effort to strike her with his foot. This insult was not to be borne: Mademoiselle, resuming, with the pride and spirit which belonged to her character, the privileges of her birth and rank, insisted on his withdrawing from her presence, and forbade him to see her again.

Justified by her birth, her fortunes, her connexions, and her talents, in the most aspiring views, the life of Henrietta de Bourbon exhibited a series of vexations, disappointments, and mortifications. She died in 1693, leaving memoirs of her own life and times, in six volumes, with other writings, principally on subjects of religion and morals, composed at an advanced period of life. Her portrait and character are drawn in the fashion of the times, by her own pen, with apparent truth and modesty.

'I could wish,' said she 'that I had been more indebted to nature and less to art: I am sensible that my defects are not few, and I purpose to speak of myself

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXI. HENRIETTA OF BOURBON; OTHERWISE STYLED MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER.

We take the account of this lady and her unusual marriage, from Miss Hays's "Female Biography," a work of considerable judgment and impartiality, not unworthy the attention of the most accomplished of the writer's sex. The reader will be amused at the close of the narrative with the portrait which the princess has drawn of herself. There are many such portraits in French memoirs, and many too almost as remarkable for their candour, as for the subtle contri-

with a sincerity which, I trust, with my friends will in some degree palliate them. It would hurt me to be pitted, therefore I ask it not: raillery would be more agreeable to me, of which envy is often the source, and which is seldom used but against persons of merit. Called upon by my friends to draw my own character, I will begin with my exterior. My shape is good and easy; my aspect open; my neck rather handsome; good hands and arms, but not fine. My legs are straight, and my feet well made. My hair a fine ash colour; my face long; my nose large and aquiline; my mouth neither large nor small, but well proportioned, with lips of a good colour. My teeth, though not fine, are far from bad. My eyes are light blue, clear, and sparkling. My air stately, but not haughty. I dress negligently, but not slovenly, which I abhor: whether in diaphanous or magnificently apparelled I preserve the same air of consequence. Negligence of dress does not misbecome me; and I may venture to say, I disfigure the ornaments I put on, less than they embellish me. I am civil and familiar, but not more so than is consistent with commanding respect. I talk a great deal without using a foolish, vulgar, or uncouth expression. By never speaking on any subject I do not well understand, I avoid the error of great talkers, who, over-rating their own abilities, are apt to despise those of others. I confess I love praise; and seek eagerly occasions to acquire it; on this subject perhaps I am the most vulnerable to raillery. There is nothing on which I pique myself so much as on constancy in friendship; when I am so fortunate as to find persons who merit my esteem, I am a real and steady friend. Nothing can equal my fidelity towards those I have professed to love: would to God I had found in others the same sentiment! From this disposition I bear impatiently the levity of my acquaintance. To repose confidence in me gains above all things upon my regard: I consider confidence as the highest mark of esteem, and I am secret to excess. I am a dangerous enemy; I resent warmly, and do not easily pardon. This vindictive temper, joined to my influence and high station, has made my enemies tremble; but I possess also a noble and an upright mind, incapable of base or criminal actions. I am of a melancholy turn of mind, and prefer solid and serious books to lighter compositions, which soon weary me. My judgment of the merit of an author is perhaps not less just than that of those who boast more learning. I love the conversation of men of sense, and can endure without lassitude those who are less entertaining, since my rank imposes on them some constraint. Though not always amused, I am seldom offended. I discern and esteem all persons of merit, of whatever profession, but I greatly prefer military men. On the subject of war I converse with pleasure, for, with great personal courage, I have much ambition. My resolutions are suddenly taken and firmly kept. I feel so much indifference for some things in the world, so much contempt for others, and entertain so good an opinion of myself, that I would choose rather to pass the remainder of my life in solitude, than impose the least constraint on my humour, however advantageous it might be to my fortune. I love best to be alone. I have no great complaisance, though I expect a great deal. I love to provoke and irritate, though sometimes I can oblige. I am not fond of diversions, neither do I trouble myself to procure them for others. Of all instruments of music, I prefer the violin. I did love dancing, and danced well. I hate cards; love games of exercise; am a proficient in all kinds of needle-work; and am fond of riding on horseback. I am more sensible to grief than to joy, possibly from having had more acquaintance with the former, but it is difficult to distinguish with which I am affected; for, though no comedian, I am too much mistress of my looks and actions to discover to those about me more than I choose they should know. I am at all times self-possessed. The vexations and chagrin which I have suffered would have killed any other than myself; but God has been merciful and good in endowing me with sufficient strength to sustain the misery which he has allotted to me. Nothing fatigues, dejects, or discourages me. Though I sincerely wish to be so, I am not devout. Though indifferent to the world, I do not, I fear, sufficiently despise it, wholly to detach myself from it; since I have not enrolled myself among the number of those, who by quitting it, prove their contempt. Self-love is not requisite to become devout. I am naturally distrustful and suspicious. I love order even in the minutest article. I know not whether I am liberal, but I know well that I love magnificence and pomp, and give generously to men of merit, and to those whom I regard; but, as on these occasions I am guided by my fancy, I know not whether the term liberal would be properly applied to me, however I feel a pleasure in doing everything of this kind in the handsomest manner. I have no inclination for gallantry, nor do I possess any great tenderness of soul; I am less sensible to love than to friendship. I like to know what passes in the world, without the trouble of mixing with it. I have a great memory, and form a tolerably good judgment of most things. No one will, I hope, be so rash as to attribute to a defect of judgment the misfortunes I have suffered; were fortune guided by judgment or justice, she would certainly have treated me better."

This lady's confessions, though not free from contradiction, have an air of ingenuousness. Her love of "pomp and magnificence" was probably her real character: her indifference and contempt for the world the offspring of disappointment.

CRICKET, TENNIS, FIVES, AND BOWLING.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

SIR,

Your leading article on cricket the other day has fairly "turned me round,"—to use an expression of a faithful old servant of mine, when anything extraordinary assails him. I have no wish, however, to trouble you with anything I have to say; the *Cacothætes scribendi* which once raged within me when politics ran high, and the court was corrupt, and Jeffreys *redivivus* sat in the judgment seat, (none of these things exist now!) and certain evils befel a certain person and an uncompromising kinsman of his, whom the honest and brilliant Hazlitt called "a patriot without an eye to himself," has long ceased to trouble me; but if you are to go on at this rate, calling up one's sympathies in every imaginable way, reviving all one's old and most delightful recollections, and giving them the freshness and vigour of youth, why, you must take the consequences—that's all. You are only arrived at your eighth number (may you live to write and I to read a million), yet I protest you have written more provoking things than any man in England, since the vexatious close of the *Indicator* and *Companion*. You may well say that letters have showered upon you like April blossoms, and if you don't revoke your invitation to contributors contained in your second number, take care the blossoms don't smother you.

Sir, I am an old cricketer, and have been not a little delighted with your remarks on that noble game, and offer you my thanks for the greater publicity you have given to that admirable book, "The Young Cricketer's Tutor." This book ought to become national property, and the government should lose no time in seeing that a copy of it is put into the hands of every lad in Great Britain above ten years of age, and should recommend to parliament to grant a piece of ground in every town and village in the kingdom for the use of its inhabitants, expressly for cricket and other games. If there be one member of parliament who desires to live for ages in the minds of a grateful posterity, let him set about carrying a measure of this sort, and when accomplished, ten years would not elapse before this country would exhibit a very different race of men to those which are now found either in our manufacturing or agricultural districts.

To every cricket ground I would by all means attach a Fives Court and a Tennis Court. Both these games, notwithstanding the fascination which Miss Mitford and Messrs. Nyren and Clarke have thrown around the game of cricket, are more calculated to improve a man's digestion, drive the blue devils out of his head, rub a wrinkle out of his heart, and the rheumatism out of his bones, than even the noble game of cricket. You have said, that it is not in every one's power to become a cricketer—true; but it is in every one's power, who is able to stand on his legs, to play both the game of Fives and Tennis. The degree of skill, of course, will depend on the taste, activity, and practice of the party. Again, unless the cricket ground is tolerably dry, and the temperature of the atmosphere moderate, the pleasure of the game is materially lessened, to say nothing of the evil to be apprehended from cold. Now if a Fives or Tennis Court be probably laid down, in ten minutes after a shower of rain it is fit to play on, and barring a deep snow, I know of nothing which need prevent these games being played from January to December; whereas, the finest county in England will hardly admit of cricket being played more than six months in the year, say from May to October. What is a man like myself, and I am afraid I am one of a large class in this country, who has a family to provide for, whose business is nearly profitless, subject as I am to "all the skye influences," and hypochondriacal withal, what, I say, am I to do for vigorous exercise from October to May? Shall I be able with a game of cricket, say twice a week during the summer months, to get a sufficient stock of physical health for my occupation during the six winter months, when the country no longer affords its delicious pleasures? I have never yet been able to do it; and the health and spirits I now enjoy I attribute more to the manly invigorating exercise of Fives and Tennis, than either to cricket or horse exercise.

If these remarks are worthy of appearing in your most interesting Journal, insert them, and you will gratify one of your oldest acquaintances.

H.

Birmingham, May 26, 1834.

* * * We heartily agree in these matters with our correspondent, who has gratified us much by his friendly letter, and made us feel the old acquaintance-ship, though we have not the pleasure of knowing who he is. He will not object to our adding a word in favour of the now despised, but once fashionable game of *bowls*,—bowls, the pastime of the wits of the court of Charles the Second, and the nobler spirits of his father's court, and of Cromwell's,—now reduced to the exclusive patronage of the frequenters of public houses; and very lucky and sensible they are in retaining it. It is a game that may be practised, in all weathers, rain or shine, under cover or out of it, and by all sorts of people, robust or delicate; for even the weakest, who could not stoop, might have the bowl fetched to them; and in a little time they would

feel their strength returning. We have seen the beautiful bowling-greens still existing in the venerable old grounds of the most celebrated English families, and have mourned to think how melancholy they looked in their forlornness, and how much melancholy they might have prevented, had the frivolous hand of fashion been taught to know better than to despoil them. But we must have a separate "article" on this subject, and recommend H. to think of it meantime, and prepare (we hope) to second our endeavours in its behalf. We agree with him as to the merits of tennis and fives, and all other manly games; but bowls has this advantage over most of them, that it can be played in almost any place, and suits people of all ages, sizes, and conditions.

KENTUCKY AND THE SPORTS THERE.

THESE are the rough sports of a roughly formed settlement. And livelier ones remain untold, such as Mr. Audubon (for it is from him we quote) does not think it might have been equally in keeping to detail to his "kind readers;" to wit, such as squeezing men's eyes out, biting off their noses, and other small evidences of a robust and primitive state of the social compact, and of "roughing it" through the world.

Kentucky (says Mr. A.) was formerly attached to Virginia, but in those days the Indians looked upon that portion of the Western wilds as their own, and abandoned the district only when forced to do so, moving with disconsolate hearts further into the recesses of the unexplored forests. Doubtless, the richness of its soil, and the beauty of its borders, situated as they are along one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, contributed as much to attract the old Virginians, as the desire so generally experienced in America, of spreading over the uncultivated tracts, and bringing into cultivation lands that have for unknown ages teemed with the wild luxuriance of untamed nature. The conquest of Kentucky was not performed without many difficulties. The warfare that long existed between the intruders and the redskins was sanguinary and protracted; but the former at length made good their footing, and the latter drew off their shattered bands, dismayed by the mental superiority and indomitable courage of the white men.

This region was probably discovered by a daring hunter, the renowned Daniel Boone. The richness of the soil, its magnificent forests, its numberless navigable streams, its salt springs and licks, its saltpetre caves, its coal strata, and the vast herds of buffalo and deer that browsed on its hills and amidst its charming valleys, afforded ample inducement to the new settlers, who pushed forward with a spirit far above that of the most undaunted tribes, which for ages had been the sole possessors of the soil.

The Virginians thronged towards the Ohio. An axe, a couple of horses, and a heavy rifle, with store of ammunition, were all that were considered necessary for the equipment of the man, who, with his family, removed to the new state, assured that, in that land of exuberant fertility, he could not fail to provide amply for all his wants. To have witnessed the industry and perseverance of these emigrants must at once have proved the vigour of their minds. Regardless of the fatigue attending every movement which they made, they pushed through an unexplored region of dark and tangled forests, guiding themselves by the sun alone, and reposing at night on the bare ground. Numberless streams they had to cross on rafts with their wives and children, their cattle and their luggage, often drifting to considerable distances before they could effect a landing on the opposite shores. Their cattle would often stay amid the rich pasturage of these shores, and occasion a delay of several days. To these troubles add the constantly impending danger of being murdered, while asleep in their encampment, by the prowling and ruthless Indians, while they had before them a distance of hundreds of miles to be traversed, before they could reach certain places of rendezvous called *stations*. To encounter difficulties like these must have required energies of no ordinary kind; and the reward which these veteran settlers enjoy was doubtless well merited.

Some removed from the Atlantic shores to those of the Ohio in more comfort and security. They had their waggons, their negroes, and their families. Their way was cut through the woods by their own axemen, the day before their advance; and when night overtook them, the hunters attached to the party came to the place pitched upon for the encamping, loaded with the dainties of which the forest yielded an abundant supply, the blazing light of a huge fire guiding their steps as they approached, and the sound of merriment that saluted their ears assuring them all was well. The flesh of the buffalo, the bear, and the deer, soon hung in large and delicious steaks, in front of the embers; the cakes already prepared were deposited in their proper places, and under the rich dripping of the juicy roast, were quickly baked. The waggons contained the bedding, and whilst the horses which had drawn them were turned loose to feed on the luxuriant undergrowth

of the woods, some perhaps hopped, but the greater number merely with a light bell hung to their necks, to guide their owners in the morning to the spot where they might have rambled, the party were enjoying themselves after the fatigues of the day.

In anticipation all is pleasure; and these migrating bands feasted in joyous society, unapprehensive of any greater difficulties than those to be encountered in forcing their way through the pathless woods to the land of abundance; and though it took months to accomplish the journey, and a skirmish now and then took place between them and the Indians, who sometimes crept unperceived into their very camp, still did the Virginians cheerfully proceed towards the western horizon, until the various groups all reached the Ohio, when, struck with the beauty of that magnificent stream, they at once commenced the task of clearing land, for the purpose of establishing a permanent residence.

Others, perhaps encumbered with too much luggage, preferred descending the stream. They prepared arks, pierced with port-holes, and glided on the gentle current, more annoyed, however, than those who marched by land, by the attacks of the Indians, who watched their motions. Many travellers have described these boats, formerly called *arks*, but now named *flat-boats*. But have they told you, kind reader, that in those days, a boat thirty or forty feet in length, by ten or twelve in breadth, was considered a stupendous fabric; that this boat contained men, women, and children, huddled together, with horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry for their companions, while the remaining portion was crammed with vegetables and packages of seeds? The roof or deck of the boat was not unlike a farm-yard, being covered with hay, ploughs, carts, waggons, and various agricultural implements, together with numerous others, among which the spinning-wheels of the matrons were conspicuous. Even the sides of the floating mass were loaded with the wheels of the different vehicles, which themselves lay on the roof. Have they told you that these boats contained the little all of each family of venturous emigrants, who, fearful of being discovered by the Indians under night moved in darkness, groping their way from one part to another of these floating habitations, denying themselves the comfort of fire or light, lest the foe that watched them from the shore should rush upon them and destroy them? Have they told you that this boat was used, after the tedious voyage was ended, as the first dwelling of these new settlers? No, kind reader, such things have not been related to you before. The travellers who have visited our country have had other objects in view.

I shall not describe the many massacres which took place among the different parties of white and red men, as the former moved down the Ohio; because I have never been very fond of battles, and indeed have always wished the world were more peaceably inclined than it is; and shall merely add, that in one way or other, Kentucky was wrested from the original owners of the soil. Let us, therefore, turn our attention to the sports still enjoyed in that happy portion of the United States.

We have individuals in Kentucky, kind reader, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. To *drive a nail* is a common feat, not more thought of by the Kentuckians than to cut off a wild turkey's head at a distance of a hundred yards. Others will *bark off squirrels* one after another, until satisfied with the number procured. Some, less intent on destroying game, may be seen under night snuffing a candle at the distance of fifty yards, off hand, without extinguishing it. I have been told that some have proved so expert and cool, as to make choice of the eye of a foe at a wonderful distance, boasting beforehand of the sureness of their piece, which has afterwards been fully proved when the enemy's head has been examined.

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle sports, I shall present you with the result of my observation, leaving you to judge how far rifle-shooting is understood in that State.

Several individuals who conceive themselves expert in the management of the gun, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill, and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which a common sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds of its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called *wiping*; it, and places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn upon it as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is of course somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. Well, kind reader, one out of three shots generally hits the nail, and should the shooters amount to half-a-dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial amongst themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settle the affair, when all the sportsmen adjoin to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing, before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed *Driving the Nail*.

Barking off squirrels is delightful sport, and in my

opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels whilst near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boon. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black-walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gambolling on every tree round us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a home-spun hunting shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to shew me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boon pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually, until the *bead*, (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the sight) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal, and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boon kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for you must know, kind reader, that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot it will do duty for hours. Since that first interview with our veteran Boon, I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

The *snuffing of a candle* with a ball I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River, not far from a large pigeon-roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen of tall, stout men, who told me they were exercising, for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torchlight, of which I shall give you an account somewhere else. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance, which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle, whilst all the other shots either put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians with the rifle I could say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. In every thinly-peopled portion of the state, it is rare to meet one without a gun of that description, as well as a tomahawk. By way of recreation, they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, make a target of it, using a little powder wetted with water or saliva, for the bull's eye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, picking them out of the wood again.

After what I have said, you may easily imagine with what ease a Kentuckian procures game, or dispatches an enemy, more especially when I tell you that every one in the state is accustomed to handle the rifle from the time when he is first able to shoulder it until the close of his career. That murderous weapon is the means of procuring their subsistence during all their wild and extensive rambles, and is the source of their principal sports and pleasures.

TRAGICAL DISAPPEARANCES FROM LIGHT AND LIFE.

THE following concentrated heap of tragical circumstances,—much melancholy in a little compass—is from the book mentioned in our last, entitled “Six Weeks on the Loire.” It begins with frightful private evidences of public tyranny, and ends with some tragedies of a different sort, unintentional, unmalignant, and relieved by the very youth and gentleness of the parties. We never met with a more complete *blossom* of tragedy (if we may so term it) than the account of the poor girl who perished in the height of her health and spirits while leaping over an unseen abyss to catch at an almond tree.

Chinon is on the right bank of the Vienne, and is sheltered between craggy hills; on the top of the loftiest of which, are the remains of the once formidable castle, which for a thousand years held the surrounding country in awe. It was the favourite residence of Henry the Second of England, and the scene of his last moments in 1189, when, broken hearted by the undutiful conduct of his children, he left the world with a malediction on them upon his lips. And here, ten years afterwards, his son, the lion-hearted Richard, closed his valiant career, and his giant-like ambition in the narrow precincts of the grave. This castle was the chosen abode of Charles the Seventh. The apartments he inhabited are still in tolerable preservation, as is also the room in which Joan of Arc was introduced into his presence, and selecting him, in his assumed disguise, from the nobles by whom he was surrounded, declared to him her divine mission. Here likewise it was that his unnatural son, Louis the Eleventh, whilst yet Dauphin, dared to propose the assassination of his parent to the Comte de Chabannes, the favourite minister, who had virtue enough to shrink from the horrible crime, and revealed the intention to his royal master. The dismal “*oubliettes*” may still be traced, close behind the fire-place, in the principal sitting-room; so that the haughty prince might be stretching his legs over the fire, with the utmost nonchalance, at the moment that the wretch who had offended him, might be precipitated, at his very side, into this horrid grave. Alas! that history should have recorded this to have actually been the case, with that mirror of chivalrous honour, Francis the First, in company with one of his mistresses; but having seen such incontrovertible proof of the monstrous cruelty of the ages of despotism, I can now believe almost anything that is told of them; and amongst the rest the account of a French writer, which, before, I thought only adapted for the pages of a romance.

“The chamber which this monarch occupied,” says he, speaking of Louis the Eleventh, at the Chateau des Loches, “was exactly over the frightful dungeons in which the unfortunates, cast in by his orders, languished. What reflections could a king make, thus taking up his abode above the horrible vaults from which the last sighs of his expiring victims were breathed. What hope of pardon for these despairing wretches, when he alone who had the power of granting it, could thus unfeelingly repose over the spot where they were suffering! A considerable time after the death of Louis the Eleventh, a captain of the name of Pontbriant, governor of the chateau, discovered an iron door which he caused to be opened, and traced by the light of flambeaus, the subterranean passages, the entrance to which its purport was to close. After advancing a little way, he perceived a second iron door which was opened, as the first; he then penetrated into a vast dungeon, at the extremity of which he beheld, exactly under the apartments of Louis the Eleventh, a man sitting on a stone bench, leaning his head on his hand. No doubt the unhappy wretch had died in this position of famine and despair! There was nothing near him excepting some linen in a small trunk. Pontbriant approached and touched him; but only a hideous skeleton, of large proportion, remained beneath his hand, at the pressure of which, slight as it must have been, the flesh and garments had instantly fallen to the earth a heap of dust!”—It is natural enough that tyrants should be cowards: the castle of Chinon, like most of the same period, has several subterranean passages, to favour escape in case of any sudden attack. One, in the corner of the king's dormitory, ran not only to the river, but under the bed of it to a chateau on the other side, within sight of the castle; and thence to another; it is said at twelve miles distance. What a picture might the imagination draw of a blood-stained, conscience-stricken monarch, thus flying by torch-light through the very bowels of the earth; fear leading the way—hate pursuing him! whilst above, in the blessed sunshine and pure breezes of heaven, the shepherd throws himself on the enamelled turf

“With all his little flock at feed before him,”

ignorant alike of the troubles and crimes of the great. But enough of horrors! It is only the powerful impression objects so new to me, in England happily unseen, unthought of, made upon my fancy, that can excuse me to myself, for having dwelt upon them so long. How different, how peaceful now the scene around! From the *Tour d'Argenton*, once communicating by a secret passage to the *Maison Roberdeau*, where the beautiful Agnes Sorel resided when Charles the Seventh was at the castle, from this tower we overlook the windings of the clear Vienne, the verdant banks of the Loire, the promontory of Landes, and the distant castle of Saumur, with a vast extent of country, all uniting in abundance and security. The interior of the quadrangle is laid out in garden grounds, watered by a well two hundred and forty-eight feet deep. This well was eight years ago, the scene of a most calamitous accident: the mouth of it was by most unpardonable negligence left open, with only a temporary covering of straw over it; so much worse than nothing, as it hid the appearance of danger. Hanging over the aperture was an almond tree, which, luxuriant in blossom, caught the attention of a young lady, the boast of La Touraine for her beauty, and the only child of wealthy parents, who with their daughter, and a few friends had come from some distance on an excursion of pleasure, to explore the remains of the castle—her eyes fixed on the fragrant flower above her

head, she thought not of the cavity beneath, she sprang forward in youthful hilarity, to catch the branch—her foot touched the straw, in an instant she disappeared, and was no more! Thus, without a moments warning of her fate, realising in days of peace and refinement, the barbarous death of the "oubliettes" in the darkest ages of cruelty.

This sad recital reminded me of a similar misfortune in England, within the same period, which bereaved a professional gentleman and his wife of their only daughter, in the bloom of youth and full of charms and talents. It was in the romantic precincts of Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, that he went with her affianced lover and a party of young friends, to enjoy the wild beauties of those unspoiled scenes of nature. At the well-known spot called the Strid, where the river wharf rushes between a cleft rock not more than six or eight feet in width, the young lady stopped an instant to look down the abyss, her companions turned round, they saw her not. It was supposed that giddy with the sight, she had fallen forward, and was engulfed by the deep and fearful current; as the youthful heir of Egremont had been, seven hundred years before; drawn into it by the starting back of his greyhound, with whom he had attempted to leap the narrow space which was to serve him as the boundary between himself and eternity.

MORE THOUGHTS "ON A STONE."

(For the London Journal.)

"Honoured therefore be thou, thou small pebble lying in the lane; and whenever any one looks at thee, may he think of the beautiful and noble world he lives in, and all of which it is capable."—*London Journal*, page 10.

AND is not the subject exhausted? has not the poet, the philanthropist, the lover of his species, said all that can be said upon a stone? Gentle reader, bear with me, and I will shew thee that this misshapen mass, this mere flint, is an inexhaustible source of interest to the contemplative mind. Well might our immortal Shakspeare talk of "Sermons in stones," and Lavater exclaim that "Every grain of sand is an immensity," and the Author of Contemplations of Nature remark, that "There is no picking up a pebble by the brook-side without finding all nature in connexion with it." I shall confine my remarks to a flint pebble, as being the kind of stone familiar to every one. The flint which I now hold in my hand was picked up in yonder torrent that is dashing down the side of the hill, and winding its way through that beautiful valley, and over those

Rocks and mounds confus'dly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world,

which partially filling up the chasm, and obstructing the rushing waters, give rise to those gentle murmurings which are so inexpressibly soothing and delightful to the soul.

Upon examining this stone, I perceive that it is but a fragment of a much larger mass; and, as its surface is smooth and rounded, the angles being worn off by attrition, it has manifestly been transported from a distance. I follow the stream to its source near the summit of the hill, and find that the waters issue from a bed of gravel and stones which forms the eminence upon which I now stand, being nearly 600 feet above the level of the British Channel, which is almost a mile distant. From this bed of flints our specimen has evidently been removed by the spring, and carried down to the spot where it first attracted our notice: but we are yet very far from having ascertained its origin. The bed of stones on the summit of this hill is clearly but an accumulation of water-worn materials—an ancient sea-beach, consisting of chalk-flints that have been detached from their parent bed, and broken, and mounded, and heaped together. We are certain of this, because we know that flints cannot grow; that they must be formed in hollows or fissures of other stones; and upon inspecting our specimen more minutely, we are certain not only that such was the case, but also that it was formed in chalk, for it contains impressions of shells and corals, that are found only in that rock. Here too, another wonderful fact presents itself: this flint, now so hard and unyielding, was once in a state of softness or fluidity, for we have the most delicate markings of the sea-hedgehog (*echinite*) impressed on its surface; and, here too, a fragile shell covered with spines partially imbedded in it; nay more, upon breaking off one end, we perceive that a sponge is enveloped in the substance of the flint, as well as several minute corals, with here and there scales of fishes! What a "Medal of Creation" is here! what a page of Nature's volume to interpret! what startling reflections crowd upon the mind!—To avoid confusion, we must reverse the order of our enquiry, and first contemplate the formation of the flint in its parent bed. The chalk, that beautiful white stone, which, as an American friend, who saw it for the first time observed, is so like an artificial production, abounds in sea-shells, corals, the remains of fishes, crabs, lobsters, and reptiles, all of which differ essentially from the living species, although a few of them resemble in some particulars certain shells and corals of the seas of hot climates. These remains are found in so perfect a state, the shells with all their spines and delicate processes, and the fishes with their

forms so entire, that no doubt can be entertained that they were not only surrounded by the chalk while living in their native seas, but also that they were entombed in their stony sepulchres suddenly, and while the chalk was in the state of liquid plaster of Paris. Now the flint occurs in the chalk in various forms: sometimes in nodules or irregularly formed globular masses; sometimes in continuous layers or veins, either horizontal or oblique; the former have generally shells, corals, or other zoophytes as a nucleus, as in the specimens before us: while the latter occupy fissures in the chalk rock. The chalk is stratified; that is, it is separated into layers, as if a certain quantity had been poured out, and had sunk to the bottom of the sea, enveloping the animals that fell in its way, and this layer had consolidated before a fresh mass was superposed. There is conclusive evidence that the flint and chalk were dissolved in this same liquid, and thrown down together, the two substances separating (upon well known chemical principles) as they became solid, the organic bodies serving as nuclei, to which the siliceous particles attached themselves: hence we often find a shell or a fish partly imbedded in chalk, and partly in flint. We may further add, that we know the chalk (at least of the south of England,) was not only formed in a sea, but at the bottom of a very deep sea; for the ammonites or snake-stones which, like the recent nautili, were inhabitants of deep waters, abound in it. These shells, which are only known in a fossil state, were very abundant in the ancient seas of our globe: those of Whitby are well known.

Thus the nuns of Whitby told,
How a thousand snakes each one,
Was chang'd into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd:
Themselves within their sacred bound,
Their stony folds had often found.

Sir W. Scott.

Our flint, then, we see, was once fluid, and being poured out (probably in thermal waters) into a deep ocean inhabited by myriads of beings, some of which are not known to exist, became consolidated and surrounded by the chalk, entangling the shells, corals, and other remains which are now embedded in it. Thus much for its origin;—how came it dislodged from its rocky envelopment, cast up from the depths of the ocean, and deposited upon yonder mountain? If we stroll along the sea-shore, we shall solve some of these inquiries, for—

There is a language by the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar!

The incessant dashing of the waves against the base of the chalk cliffs, undermines the rock, and huge masses are constantly giving way and falling into the waters: the chalk becomes softened, and finally transported to the tranquil depths of the ocean, to form new deposits; and the flints being detached are broken and rolled by attrition into the state of brack and gravel, and ultimately of sand. But this could not take place if the chalk were at the bottom of the deep sea where it was originally deposited: it is therefore manifest that the bed of the chalk ocean has been broken up, and great portions of it elevated to the situations which they now occupy, at some remote period of the earth's history; and in the like manner has the ancient sea-beach been lifted up to its present elevation of several hundred feet above the level of the sea. Every part of the earth's surface presents incontrovertible proofs that the elevation of the bottom of the deep in some places, and the subsidence of the dry land in others, has been and is still going on; and that in truth this mutability of the surface is the effect of one of those laws which the Author of the Universe has impressed on matter, and thus rendered it capable of eternal renovation.

Art, Empire, Earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have rais'd to heaven the humble vale
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.

We conclude these remarks with the following magnificent lines of Lord Byron, which embody the startling fact, that inquiries of this kind have established,—namely, that if the character of immutability be applicable to any thing in this world, it is to the ocean, and not to the land!

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them while they yet were free,
And many a tyrant since their shores obey,
The stranger, slave, and savage: their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

Brighton, May, 1834.

MR. MORIER'S NEW NOVEL, "AYESHA, THE MAID OF KARS."

THOUGH the plot of this novel is explained in the following abstract, it is not told; the details of it are not anticipated. The curiosity of the reader, therefore,

is still kept fresh for a thorough perusal—nay, we trust, is additionally excited.

Lord Osmond, the heir of a noble English family, is about to return home after long travelling and residing in the East. Perfectly familiar with Oriental customs, and wearing the costume of the country, he is hardly to be distinguished from a veritable Osmanli. His personal attendants are Anastasio, or, more familiarly, Stasso, and Mustafa, Tatar, or courier. Arriving at Kars, his horse falls with him, and the accident draws a compassionate exclamation from a beautiful Turkish girl, who enters the house next door to the Armenian's, with whom he is to lodge. He eventually obtains an interview with her, and a mutual attachment arises. Their intercourse is discovered, and he is lodged in prison. From prison he escapes by the aid of a Yezidi, an officer of Kara Bey. After his departure his effects are seized by the Pacha of Kars, and overhauled in full divan.

"Many were the mistakes which occurred." * * * They pondered deeply over every article; they turned the books upside down, they split the mercury from the artificial horizon, broke the thermometers, displaced the barometer, scattered the mathematical instruments about, so that they never could be re-inserted in the case. A small ivory box attracted their attention; it was so prettily turned, so neat, and so ornamental, that, like children quarrelling for a toy, each of them longed to possess it. At length it was ceded to the Mufti. This sapient personage had enjoyed the pleasure of laughing at others, but as yet had not been laughed at himself. Twisting the box in all directions, at length he unscrewed it, much to his satisfaction, and seeing a small tube within, surrounded by a bundle of diminutive sticks, he concluded this must be the Frank's inkstand—the liquid in the tube being the ink, the sticks the pens. He was not long in inserting one of the sticks into the tube; he drew it out, and on a sudden instantaneous light burst forth. Who can describe the terror of the Turk? He threw the whole from him, as if he had discovered that he had been dandling the *shaitan* in person. "Ai Allah!" he exclaimed with eyes starting from his head, his mouth open, his hand clinging to the cushions, his whole body thrown back:—"Allah protect me! Allah, Allah, there is but one Allah!" he exclaimed in terror, looking at the little box and the little sticks, strewn on the ground before him, with an expression of fear that sufficiently spoke his apprehension that it contained some devilry, which might burst out and overwhelm him with destruction. Nor were the surrounding Turks slow in catching his feelings; they had seen the ignition, and partaken of the shock. Every one drew back from the box and its contents, and made a circle round it: looking at it in silence, and waiting the result with terror, low "Allah, Allah!" broke from the audience, and few were inclined to laugh. At length, seeing that it remained stationary, the ludicrous situation of the Mufti began to draw attention, and as he was an object of general dislike, every one who could do so with safety, indulged in laughing at him. The grave Suliman, who had seen more of Franks than the others, at length ventured to take up the box, though with great wariness; he was entreated, in the name of the Prophet! to put it down again by the Pasha, who then ordered Bogos, the Armenian, to take up the whole machine, sticks and all, and at his peril instantly to go and throw it into the river; swearing by the Koran and by all the Imams, that if the devil ever appeared amongst them again, he would put not only him, but every Armenian and Christian in Kars, to death.

"The Yezidies, or worshipers of Satan, as they are frequently called, are one of the numerous sects which were formed in Mesopotamia among the Musselmans after the death of their prophet, and extended themselves more particularly among that ancient people, the Kurds. They constitute a curious chapter in the history of man. Their founder was Sheikh Yezid, the declared enemy of the family of Ali. The doctrine they profess is a mixture of Manicheism, Mahomedanism, and the religion of the ancient Persians. It is preserved by oral tradition, reading and writing not being allowed among them.

"By the true believers they are looked upon as accursed; their names are synonymous with blasphemers, barbarians, and men of blood. Owing to the want of written records, it is very difficult to procure any accurate information concerning them, as they preserve great secrecy in matters of religion. The general report is, that the first principal of the Yezidies is to ensure the friendship of the Devil, and to defend his interest by the sword. They never mention his name, and even adopt all sorts of circumlocution rather than pronounce any word or sound which expresses it. Whoever approaches their habitations must be careful not to pronounce the word *Shaitan* and *Lahnet*—devil and accursed, for fear of being ill treated, or even put to death. The evil spirit has no precise name in their language. They designate him as the Sheikh Mara, or the great chief. They admit the prophets and the saints revered by Christians, and respect the monasteries bearing their names, situated within their territories. They believe that all such holy personages, when they lived on the earth, were more or less distinguished according as the Devil was pleased to notice them. In a word, they affirm that it is God who ordains; but that he delivers over the execu-

tion of his orders to the Devil. In the morning, as soon as the sun appears, they fall on their knees, their feet being naked, with their faces towards that luminary, and worship him touching the ground with their foreheads; and this they do in all secrecy. They keep no fasts, and say no prayers; and to justify this omission, they assert that their Sheikh Yezid, has in his own person made sufficient atonement until the end of the world, that he received a positive assurance of this in the revelation made to him, and that therefore it is prohibited to them to learn to read and write. Nevertheless every chief of a tribe, and all large villages, pay a Mahomedan scribe to read any letters which may be received from Turks and men in authority. Whatever regards their own immediate concerns is always performed by word of mouth, conveyed by messengers of their own sect.

"Without prayers, without fasts without rites, they have no religious festivals, except one on the 10th of August, when they assemble in great numbers in the neighbourhood of Sheikh Adi. At that time many Yezidies come from the most distant points; the festival lasts all that day and the night following; and during their passage to the place of congregation they do not scruple to rob and plunder. Married women go in numbers to the surrounding villages; and on that night, it is said, after having eaten and drunk their fill, the lights are extinguished and nothing more is said until the morning. They eat every thing without discrimination, except lettuce and pumpkins; they only bake barley bread. They use indiscriminately the same form of oaths as Turks, Christians, and Jews, but their great oath is 'By the standard of Yezid.'

"The Yezidies recognise for the chief of their religion the Sheikh who governs the tribe, to whom is confided the care of the tomb of Adi, the restorer of their sect. This tomb is in the jurisdiction of the governor of Amadiyah. The chief of this tribe must always be chosen from among the descendants of Yezid. The respect which is paid him by his adherents is such that they are charmed if they can obtain one of his old shirts as a winding sheet; they think they shall be well off in the next world with such an appendage. Some zealots will even give forty piastres for such a relic—a remnant suffices, if they cannot procure a whole shirt. When he wishes to confer a peculiar favour, he sends an old shirt as a present. The Yezidies convey to him secretly a portion of their robbery and plunder, by way of indemnification for the hospitality he exercises towards the individuals of his own sect.

"The chief of the Yezidies always keeps near him another personage, who is called Kotchek, and without whose advice he does not venture to do anything. This man is looked upon as the oracle of the chief, because he is said to enjoy the privilege of being the immediate recipient of the devil's communications. When any Yezidi is in doubt whether he should engage in an important affair or not, he seeks the advice of the Kotchek, which, however, is not given to him without consideration. Before the Kotchek affords his advice in order to give the utmost weight to his answer, he extends himself at full length on the ground, and covering himself over, he either sleeps, or pretends to sleep, after which he communicates what has been revealed to him, and the decision is made. Sometimes he takes a long while to consider.

"The Yezidies, as a race, are one of the most cruel and sanguinary that are known in Asia; for it is generally reported of them that in war, particularly in their petty differences with the Turks, whenever they make prisoners, they give no quarter, but put every one to death without discrimination. At the same time they are the greatest moral dastards and cowards, because, according as their interest may impel them, they do not hesitate to call them Mahomedans, Christians, or Jews, as may best suit their purpose at the moment. They pretend to hold in great veneration the Koran, the Gospel, the books of Moses, and the Psalms; and although they may be convicted of being Yezidies, yet they swear through thick and thin that they are not, and, for the time being, abjure real faith."

Cara Bey, with whom Osmond takes refuge from the authority of Kars, is an influential chief of this barbarous people; and a sort of epitome of their qualities. Osmond finds him reclining upon cushions spread upon the ground. "His countenance seemed as if the rallying point of every evil passion; he looked the very personification of wickedness. He was rather inclined to be fat and bloated; but his cheeks were pale and livid, his forehead of a marble whiteness; whilst the lower part of the face was dark and blue. The nose was strongly arched, the mouth drawn down and full, with two strong lines on either side, and the cheek bones broad—but it was the eyes which gave the look of the demon to the whole. Their brilliancy was almost superhuman; it might be said, 'they flashed intolerable day;' they shone through the shade of an overhanging brow, like torches within a cavern. There was an obliquity in their look which produced deformity and gave a cast of villainy to their expression—had they been well matched, they would have been accounted beautiful. And, withal, the settled tone of the features was a fixed smile. He was remarkable for a scowl on the brow, and a smile on the lip—a smile denoting contempt of everything good, which did not vanish even at the sight of inflicted tortures and agonizing death. Such was the man before whom Osmond stood, and this was Cara Bey. In his person he was tall and muscular, and the breadth

of his shoulders, and the deepness of his chest, spoke for his strength."

Osmond is compelled by Cara Bey to accompany him in an expedition against a neighbouring Russian garrison; where he is chiefly instrumental in capturing Ivanovitch, a young Russian officer. On their return to the castle, Osmond is suddenly and unexpectedly confined in an empty apartment. In the same room is a dry well, down which Ivanovitch is lowered. Osmond, to his great horror, hears that Cara Bey is about to abduct Ayesha, and poison himself in a pilau. When the ruffian returns from Kars with his prize, the rich pilau is sent. Osmond's friend, Hassan, who had brought him to the castle, sends him a key in the poisoned dish, which is to effect his deliverance. Instead of leaving the castle himself, he affords Ivanovitch the means of egress and ingress, by means of this key, and the officer returns with a party of soldiers, and takes possession of Cara Bey's person and castle. With their prisoners they depart for the Russian encampment, where the criminal is branded and set free. Osmond and his friends embark for Constantinople. Their bark is peculiar: it is called "a saique, was square rigged, and had two masts and a bowsprit. She could hoist two sails upon each, and one on the bowsprit; occasionally she could also display a trinquet over the mainsail; but the usual practice is only to hoist one sail on either mast. The masts were secured by backstays, but were without shrouds, the only method of ascending being by a small ladder up the sides. There were two cabins astern, one of which was occupied by Osmond, the other by Ayesha, her mother, and Mariam. Of the cabins constructed on the fore-castle, was made over to Stasso and Mustafa, and the remainder were taken up by passengers. On the poop, close to the mizen, was erected a small wooden kiosk, only carpeted and cushioned, which was the peculiar property of the Reis, or captain. What we call a quarter gallery, was a sort of circular cage, which hooked on at pleasure on any exterior part of the ship. Altogether, she was as rude a specimen of a vessel as could be seen in modern times, and the only wonder was how she was ever got where she now floated."

"Osmond was anxious not to be detained, but he had to do with men to whom the meaning of the words, 'being in a hurry,' was unknown;" "The only answer which he could ever obtain from the captain was, 'Yavash, yavash,—slowly, slow,—or 'Bakalun,—we shall see,—or 'Inshallah,—if it pleases God!' He was an old weather beaten personage, with red cheeks and a white beard, whose legs had grown quite arched from being constantly seated tailor-like on the deck, and whose eyes had sunk deep into his head from gazing at the weather. Though Osmond insisted that the wind was now as fair as it could blow, all the answer he got was, 'Let us see how it will be to-morrow.' With such a person, all that could be done was to adopt the Persian's philosophy—to spread the carpet of hope, and smoke the pipe of expectation."

"Oghour Allah—a good passage to you, Omar Reis," (for that was the captain's name,) said Osmond, accosting him with that familiarity of manner which is most likely to win a sailor.

"May Allah give us success, friend!" answered he, "Please heaven, we shall get on well."

"Inshallah!" answered Osmond.

"Inshallah!" repeated the Reis.

"Are we likely to have a good passage?" inquired Osmond.

"What can I say?" answered the other. Kismet—fate! We are in God's hands. The wind is fair, please God it will last."

"Whither are you steering now?" inquired Osmond, finding that they were out of sight of land.

"To Sinope, Inshallah!" said the old man, extending his hand right a-head.

"By what point are you steering?"

"By what point?" inquired Omar; "what do I know? by the way I have always gone. Don't I know that there lies Trebisond?" pointing with his left hand on the larboard beam; "and don't I know that Caffa is there?" pointing with his right hand. "Besides, have I not my compass?"

"Ah, the compass! do you ever steer by compass?" said Osmond. "Evallah!—To be sure!" said the old man, in great exultation, expecting to surprise the Frank by his knowledge; then, calling for the compass which was kept in a square box, he placed them before them, and pointed to the fleur-de-lis on the index, "There, that is north; here is south: on this side is east, and on that west. This is the direction of the blessed Mecca. We—praise be to the Prophet!—we know many things!"

"But have you no chart?"

"We have no chart," said the old man.

"Then what is the use of a compass?" replied Osmond.

"Of what use is it?" said Omar. "I have always done very well without a chart; my father did very well before me; and my grandfather before him. After that, what can you want more? Give me only wind—I want nothing more; after all that is the father and mother of sailors; charts are *bosh*—nothing!"

"But were you to meet with a fortuna—a tempest, what would you do then? you ought to know where you are."

"Inshallah!" said the Reis, with a sigh, "we shall have no fortuna! Allah buyuk der!—God is great!"

"Are the gales violent in this sea?" asked Osmond.

"What can I say?" said Omar, evidently wishing to

waive the subject, pulling his jacket over his breast, and looking miserable at the very thought. "Inshallah! we shall have no gale! Allah kerim der!—God is merciful!" he repeated several times, with great seriousness, at the same time shaking his head, and throwing his eyes up to heaven. "Inshallah! fortuna yok!—we shall have no tempest!"

The captain is deceived by his hopes; they have a tempest, and his despair is almost as inactive as his hopefulness. The vessel is saved by the exertions of Osmond. During the storm he discovers that Cara Bey is on board; and with difficulty saves him from the superstitious crew, who conceive that the impious Yezidi is the cause of the dangers with which they have been visited. Arrived at Constantinople, Cara Bey persuades Zabetta, Ayesha's mother, with the promised bribe of making a fine lady of her, to accuse Osmond of having run away with two Turkish women. Osmond is accordingly made the victim of the artful Greek woman's ingratitude. He undergoes a summary trial, and is removed to the Isle of Rhodes. Ayesha is thus left exposed to the machinations of Cara Bey, who out of revenge, tries to get her into the Sultan's harem. His plans are frustrated by Wortley, a friend of Osmond's who finds a sister in Ayesha. Zabetta, before her marriage with her Turkish husband, had been in the service of an English family, and had escaped with the child, which she had made to pass for her own. Wortley conveys his sister to England, where they are joined by Osmond; not, however, before he had witnessed the execution of his inveterate enemy, Cara Bey; who had been conveyed to Rhodes by the same conveyance that brought the order for Osmond's release. His last act was an attempt to assassinate his generous foe.

The Maid of Kars is a highly interesting romance, and exceeding graphic, but its effect is something deteriorated by the too great a degree of perfection awarded to the hero. He is too much of a Sir Charles Grandison in Turkey,—too infallible both in mind and muscle.

TABLE TALK.

Mrs. Siddons when a child.—In the memoranda which she has left me, Mrs. Siddons says nothing of her juvenile days, but I remember her telling an anecdote of her infancy which strongly illustrated her confidence in the efficacy of prayer, or rather of the Prayer-Book. One day, her mother had promised to take her out the following, to a pleasure party in the neighbourhood, and she was to wear a new pink dress, which became her exceedingly. But whether the party was to hold, and the pink apparel to be worn, was to depend on the weather to-morrow morning. On going to bed, she took with her her Prayer-Book, opened, as she supposed, at the prayer for fine weather, and she fell asleep with the book folded in her little arms. At day-break she found that she had been holding the prayer for rain to her breast, and that the rain, as if heaven had taken her at her word, was pelting at the windows. But she went to bed again with the book opened at the right place, and she found the mistake quite remedied; for the morning was as pink and beautiful as the dress she was to wear.—*Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons*, (just published.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Happy Mother," and "Errors of Education," will have all due attention paid them. The result in our next.

A letter will be sent to the gentleman who favoured us with a letter and manuscript from Holloway, and to the other to whom we are indebted for the sight of the two books, and for the letter about the Countess of Exeter's story (not Plymouth, we believe). We allude to the well known Romance of Real Life, the marriage of a farmer's daughter by an Earl in disguise, which has been celebrated among others by the verses of Mr. Moore, and the eloquent envy of Hazlitt.

The lines of J. A. O. have much vivacity, and shew stuff in him that is worth working. But satire is not within the plan of our Journal.

We are much perplexed to know what to do with many of the longer copies of verses sent us; for if we insert one, we seem bound to insert all of equal merit, otherwise the feelings of the authors are hurt. We must take the liberty of making occasional extracts; and the writers, for the reason we state, will pardon our doing no more. Among others we have been looking for a corner for some of the lines of R. W. whom we had not overlooked, though we thought so, and though his irritation (which was quite excusable under his good nature, we suspect, will like to stand to.

We are considering what to do with a variety of publications connected with Music and the Fine Arts, the necessity for being in advance with our Journal precluding the first plan acted upon. We shall try hard to find a corner for them some how.

Many thanks to R. B. H. and to a variety of other correspondents, whom we cannot specify in this number.

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No. 15.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE SUBJECT OF BREAKFAST CONTINUED.—TEA-DRINKING.

A breakfast-table in the morning, clean and white with its table-cloth, coloured with the cups and saucers, and glittering with the tea-pot,—is it not a cheerful object, reader? And are you not always glad to see it?

We know not any inanimate sight more pleasant, unless it be a very fine painting, or a whole abode snugly pitched; and even then, one of the best things to fancy in it, is the morning meal.

The yellow or mellow-coloured butter, (which softens the effect of the other hues), the milk, the bread, the sugar,—all have a simple, temperate look, very relishing however to a hungry man. Perhaps the morning is sunny; at any rate the day is a new one, and the hour its freshest; we have been invigorated by sleep; the sound of the shaken canister prepares us for the fragrant beverage that is coming; in a few minutes it is poured out; we quaff the odorous refreshment, perhaps chatting with dear kindred, or loving and laughing with the “morning faces” of children,—or if alone, reading one of the volumes mentioned in our last, and taking tea, book, and bread-and-butter all at once,—no “inelegant” pleasure, as Sir Walter Scott saith of the eating of tarts.*

Dear reader, male or female (very dear, if the latter), do you know how to make good tea? Because if you do not (and we have known many otherwise accomplished persons fail in that desideratum) here is a recipe for you, furnished by a mistress of the art:—

In the first place, the tea-pot is found by experience to be best, when it is made of metal. But whether metal or ware, take care that it be thoroughly clean, and the water thoroughly boiling. There should not be a leaf of the stale tea left from the last meal. The tests of boiling are various with different people; but there can be no uncertainty, if the steam come out of the lid of the kettle; and it is best therefore to be sure of that evidence. No good tea can be depended upon from an urn, because an urn cannot be kept boiling; and water should never be put upon the tea but in a thoroughly and immediately boiling state. If it has done boiling, it should be made to boil again. Boiling, proportion, and attention, are the three magic words of tea-making. The water should also be soft, hard water being sure to spoil the best tea; and it is advisable to prepare the tea-pot against a chill, by letting a small quantity of hot water stand in it before you begin; emptying it out, of course, when you do so. These premises being taken care of, excellent tea may be made for one person by putting into the pot three tea-spoons full, and as much water as will cover the quantity. Let this stand five minutes, and then add as much more as will twice fill the cup you are going to use. Leave this additional water another five minutes, and then, *first* putting the sugar and milk into the cup, pour out the tea; making sure to put in another cup of boiling water directly.

Of tea made for a party, a spoonful for each and one over must be used, taking care *never to drain the tea-pot*, and always to add the requisite quantity of boiling water as just mentioned.

The most exquisite tea is not perhaps the wholesomest. The more green there is in it, certainly the less wholesome it is; though green adds to the palatableness. And drinking tea very hot is a pernicious custom.

Green tea and hot tea make up the two causes which produce perhaps all the injurious results attributed to tea-drinking. Their united effects, in particular, are sometimes formidable to the “nerves,” and to persons liable to be kept awake at night. Excellent tea may be made, by judicious management, of black tea alone; and this is unquestionably the most wholesome.

Now have a cup of tea thus well made, and you will find it a very different thing from the insipid dilution which some call tea, watery at the edges, and transparent half way down; or the syrup into which some convert their tea, who are no tea-drinkers, but should take treacle for their breakfast; or the mere strength of tea, without any due qualification from other materials,—a thing no better than melted tea-leaves, or than those which it is said were actually served up at dinner, like greens, when tea was first got hold of by people in remote country parts, who had not heard of the way of using it,—a dish of acrid bitterness. In tea, properly so called, you should slightly taste the sugar, be sensible of a balmy softness in the milk, and enjoy at once a solidity, a delicacy, a relish, and a fragrance in the tea. Thus compounded, it is at once a refreshment and an elegance, and we believe, the most innocent of cordials; for we think we can say from experience, that when tea does harm, it is either from the unmitigated strength just mentioned, or from its being taken too hot,—a common and most pernicious custom. The inside of a man, dear people, is not a kitchen copper.

But good tea, many of you may say, is dear. Tea of all sorts is a great deal too dear; but we have known very costly tea turn out poor in the drinking, and comparatively poor tea become precious. Out of very bad tea it is perhaps impossible to make a good cup; but skill and patience are famous for converting ordinary materials into something valuable. And it should be added, that it is better to have one cup of good tea, than half-a-dozen of bad. Nevertheless we are not for despising the worst of all, if the drinker finds any kind of refreshment in it, and can procure no better. The very names of tea and tea-time are worth something.

And this brings us to an association of ideas, which, however common with us at the breakfast-table, and doubtless with hundreds of other people, we never experience without finding them amusing. We allude to China and the Chinese. The very word *tea*, so petty, so infantine, so winking-eyed, so expressive somehow or other of something inexpressibly minute, and satisfied with a little (*tee !*), resembles the idea one has (perhaps a very mistaken one) of that extraordinary people, of whom Europeans know little or nothing, except that they sell us this preparation, bow back again our ambassadors, have a language consisting only of a few hundred words, gave us *China-ware* and the strange pictures on our tea-cups, made a certain progress in civilization long before we did, mysteriously stopped at it and would go no further, and if numbers, and the customs of “venerable ancestors” are to carry the day, are at once the most populous and the most respectable nation on the face of the earth. As a population, they certainly are a most enormous and wonderful body; but as individuals, their ceremonies, their trifling edicts, their jealousy of foreigners, and their tea-cup representations of themselves (which are the only ones particularly known) impress us irresistibly with a fancy, that they are a people all toddling, little-eyed, little-footed, little-bearded, little-minded, quaint, over-weening, pig-tailed, bald-headed, cone-capped or pagoda-hatted, having childish houses and temples with bells at every corner and story, and shuffling about in blue landscapes, over “nine-inch bridges,” with little mysteries of bell-hung whips in their hands,—a boat, or a house, or a tree made of a pattern, being over their heads or un-

derneath them (as the case may happen), and a bird, as large as the boat, always having a circular white space to fly in. Such are the Chinese of the tea-cups and the grocer’s windows, and partly of their own novels too, in which every thing seems as little as their eyes,—little odes, little wine-parties, and a series of little satisfactions. However, it must be owned, that from these novels one gradually acquires a notion that there is a great deal more good sense and even good poetry among them, than one had fancied from the accounts of embassies and the autobiographical paintings on the China-ware; and this is the most probable supposition. An ancient and great nation, as civilized as they, is not likely to be so much behind-hand with us in the art of living, as our self-complacency leads us to imagine. If their contempt of us amounts to the barbarous, perhaps there is a greater share of barbarism than we suspect, in our scorn of them.

At all events, it becomes us to be grateful for their tea. What a curious thing it was, that all of a sudden, the remotest nation of the East, otherwise unknown and foreign to all our habits, should convey to us a domestic custom, which changed the face of our morning refreshments; and that instead of ale and meat, or wine, all the polite part of England should be drinking a Chinese infusion, and setting up earthen-ware in their houses, painted with preposterous scenery. We shall not speak contemptuously, for our parts, of any such changes in the history of a nation’s habits, any more than of the changes of the wind, which now comes from the west, and now from the east, doubtless for some good purpose. It may be noted, that the introduction of tea-drinking followed the diffusion of books among us, and the growth of more sedentary modes of life. The breakfasters upon cold beef and “cool tankards,” were an active, horse-riding generation. Tea-drinking times are more domestic, given to reading, and are riders in carriages, or manufacturers at the loom or the steam-engine. It may be taken as an axiom,—the more sedentary, the more tea-drinking. The conjunction is not the best in the world; but it is natural, till something better be found. Tea-drinking is better than dram-drinking, a practice which, if our memory does not deceive us, was creeping in among the politest and even the fairest circles, during the transition from ales to teas. When the late Mr. Hazlitt, by an effort worthy of him, suddenly left off the stiff glasses of brandy and water, by which he had been tempted to prop up his disappointments, or rather to loosen his tongue at the pleasant hour of supper, he took to tea-drinking, and it must be owned, was latterly tempted to make himself as much amends as he could for his loss of excitement, in the quantity he allowed himself; but it left his mind free to exercise its powers,—it “kept,” as Waller beautifully says of it,

“The palace of the soul serene;”

not, to be sure, the quantity, but the tea itself, compared with the other drink. The prince of tea-drinkers was Dr. Johnson, one of the most sedentary of men, and the most unhealthy. It is to be feared his quantity suited him still worse; though the cups, of which we hear such multitudinous stories about him, were very small in his time. It was he that wrote, or rather *effused*, the humorous request for tea, in ridicule of the style of the old ballads (things, be it said without irreverence, which he did not understand so well as “his cups.”) The verses were extempore, and addressed to Mrs. Thrale:—

‘And now, I pray thee, Hetty dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.

* In his *Life of Dryden*. Original edition, p. 86. “Even for some time after his connection with the theatre, we learn, from a contemporary, that his dress was plain at least, if not mean, and his pleasures moderate, though not inelegant. ‘I remember,’ says a correspondent of the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1748, ‘plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich-drugget. I have sat late with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry-gardens, when our author advanced to a sword and a Chateaux wig.’”

But hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown,—
Thou canst not make the tea so fast,
As I can gulp it down.

Now this is among the pleasures of reading and reflecting men over their breakfast, or on any other occasion. The sight of what is a tiresome nothing to others, shall suggest to them a hundred agreeable recollections and speculations. There is a tea-cup, for example. "Well, what is a tea-cup!" a simpleton might cry;—"it holds my tea—that's all." Yes, that's all to you and your poverty-stricken brain; we hope you are rich and prosperous, to make up for it as well as you can. But to the right tea-drinker, the cup, we see, contains not only recollections of eminent brethren of the bohea, but the whole Chinese nation with all its history, Lord Macartney included; nay, for that matter, Ariosto and his beautiful story of Angelica and Medoro; for Angelica was a Chinese; and then collaterally come in, the Chinese neighbours and conquerors from Tartary, with Chaucer's

—Story of Carubscan bold,

and the travels of Marco Polo and others, and the Jesuit missionaries, and the Japanese with our friend Golownin, and the Loo Choo people, and Confucius; whom Voltaire (to shew his learning) delights to call by his proper native appellation of Kong-foo-tsee (reminding us of Congo tea), and then we have the Chinese Tales, and Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, and Goldsmith brings you back to Johnson again and the tea-drinkings of old times, and then we have the Rape of the Lock before us with Belinda at breakfast, and Lady Wortley Montague's tea-table eclogue, and the domestic pictures in the Tatler and Spectator, with the passions existing in those times for china-ware, and Horace Walpole who was an old woman in that respect, and, in short, a thousand other memories, grave and gay, poetical and prosaical, all ready to wait upon any body who chooses to read books, like spirits at the command of the book-readers of old, who for the advantages they had over the rest of the world, got the title of Magicians.

Yea, pleasant and rich is thy sight; little tea-cup (large though, at breakfast) round, smooth, and coloured;—composed of delicate earth,—like the earth, producing flowers, and birds, and men; and containing within thee thy Lilliputian ocean, which we, after sending our fancy sailing over it, past islands of foam called "sixpences," and mysterious bubbles from below, will, giant-like, engulf,—

But hold—there's a fly in.

Now why could not this inconsiderate monster of the air be content with the whole space of the heavens round about him, but he must needs plunge into this scalding pool? Did he scent the sugar? or was it a fascination of terror from the heat? "Hadst thou my three kingdoms to range in," said James the First to a fly, "and yet must needs get into my eye?" It was a good-natured speech, and a natural. It shews that the monarch did his best to get the fly out again; at least we hope so; and therefore we follow the royal example in extricating the little winged wretch, who has struggled hard with his unavailing pinions, and become drenched and lax with the soaking.

He is on the dry clean cloth. Is he dead? No:—the tea was not so hot as we supposed it:—see, he gives a heave of himself forward; then endeavours to drag a leg up, then another, then stops, and sinks down, saturated and overborne with wateriness; and assuredly, from the inmost soul of him, he sighs (if flies sigh,—which we think they must do sometimes, after attempting in vain, for half an hour, to get through a pane of glass). However, his sigh is as much mixed into joy, as fright and astonishment and a horrible hot bath can let it be; and the heat has not been too much for him; a similar case would have been worse for one of us, with our fleshy bodies,—for see; after dragging himself along the dry cloth, he is fairly on his legs; he smoothes himself, like a cat, first one side then the other, only with his legs instead of his tongue; then rubs the legs together, partly to disengage them of their burthen, and partly as if he congratulated himself on his escape; and now, finally, opening his wings (beautiful privilege! for all wings, except the bat's, seem beautiful, and a privilege, and fit for envy) he is off again into the air, as if nothing had happened.

He may forget it, being an inconsiderate and giddy fly; but it is to us, be it remembered by our conscience, that he owes all which he is hereafter to enjoy. His suction of sugar, his flights, his dances on the window, his children, yea, the whole House of Fly, as far as it depends on him their ancestor, will be owing to us. We have been his providence, his guardian angel, the invisible being that rescued him without his knowing it. What shall we add, reader? Wilt thou laugh, or look placid and content,—humble, and yet in some sort proud withal, and not consider it as an unbecoming meeting of ideas in these our most mixed and reflective papers,—if we argue from rescued flies to rescued human beings, and take occasion to hope, that in the midst of the struggling endeavours of such of us as have to wrestle with fault or misfortune, invisible pity may look down with a helping eye upon ourselves, and that what it is humane to do in the man, it is divine to do in that which made humanity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TEA, COFFEE, AND CHOCOLATE.

[Extracted, by way of Appendix to our first article, from Mr. D'Irasci's *Curiousities of Literature*.]

It is said, that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire; and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder, which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to receive a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest to blow away the whole colony.

In our recollection, strange imaginations impeded the first period of vaccination; when some families terrified by the warning of a physician, conceived their race would end in a species of

Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem.
(Half-cow men, and half-men cows.)

We smile at the simplicity of the men of nature, for their mistaken notions at their first introduction among them of exotic novelties; and yet even in civilized Europe, how long a time those whose profession, or whose reputation, regulate public opinion, are influenced by vulgar prejudices, often disguised under the imposing form of science! and when their ludicrous absurdities and obstinate prejudices enter into the matters of history, it is then we discover that they were only imposing on themselves and others.

It is hardly credible that on the first introduction of the Chinese leaf, which now affords our daily refreshment; or the American leaf, whose sedative fumes made it so long a universal favourite; or the Arabian berry whose aroma exhilarates its European votaries; that the use of these harmless novelties should have spread consternation among the nations of Europe, and have been anathematized by the terrors and the fictions of some of the learned. Yet this seems to have happened. Patin, who wrote so furiously against the introduction of antimony, spread the same alarm at the use of tea, which he calls "l'impertinente nouveauté du Siècle." In Germany, Hanneman considered tea-dealers as immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives; and Dr. Duncan, in his treatise on hot liquors, suspected that the virtues attributed to tea were merely to encourage the importation.

Many virulent pamphlets were published against the use of this shrub, from various motives. In 1670, a Dutch writer says it was ridiculed in Holland under the name of hay-water. "The progress of this famous plant," says an ingenious writer, "has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues."

The history of the tea-shrub, by Dr. Lettsom, usually referred to on this subject, I consider little more than a plagiarism on Dr. Short's learned and curious dissertation on Tea, 1730, 4to. Lettsom has superadded the solemn trifling of his moral and medical advice.

These now common beverages are all of recent origin in Europe; neither the ancients, nor those of the middle ages, tasted of this luxury. The first accounts we find of the use of this shrub, are the casual notices of travellers, who seemed to have tasted it, and sometimes not to have liked it: a Russian Ambassador in 1639, who resided at the court of the Mogul, declined accepting a large present of tea for the Czar, "as it would only encumber him with a commodity for which he had no use." The appearance of "a black water," and an acrid taste seems not to have recommended it to the German Olearius in 1633. Dr. Short has recorded an anecdote of a stratagem of the Dutch in their second voyage to China, by which they at first obtained their tea without disbursing money; they carried from home great store of dried sage; and bartered it with the Chinese for tea, and received three or four pounds of tea for one of sage; but at

length the Dutch could not export sufficient quantity of sage to supply their demand. This fact, however, proves how deeply the imagination is concerned with our palate; for the Chinese, affected by the exotic novelty, considered our sage to be more precious than their tea.

The first introduction of tea into Europe is not ascertained: according to the common accounts it came into England from Holland in 1666, when Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory brought over a small quantity, the custom of drinking tea then became fashionable, and a pound weight sold for sixty shillings. This account, however, is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's tea-pot in the possession of a collector, and this will derange the chronology of those writers who are perpetually copying the researches of others, without confirming or correcting them.

Amidst the rival contests of the Dutch and the English East India Companies, the honour of introducing its use into Europe may be claimed by both. Dr. Short conjectures that tea might have been known in England as far back as the reign of James the First, for the first fleet set out in 1600: but had the use of this shrub been known, the novelty had been chronicled among our dramatic writers, whose works are the annals of our prevalent tastes and humours. It is rather extraordinary that our East India Company should not have discovered the use of this shrub in their early adventures; yet it certainly was not known in England so late as in 1641, for in a scarce "Treatise of Warm Beer," where the title indicates the author's design to recommend hot instead of cold drinks, he refers to tea only by quoting the Jesuit Maffei's account; "that they of China do for the most part drink the strained liquor of an herb called *Chia*, hot." The word *Chia* is the Portuguese term for tea retained to this day, which they borrowed from the Japanese; while our intercourse with the Chinese made us no doubt adopt their term *Tea*, now prevalent throughout Europe, with the exception of the Portuguese. The Chinese origin is still preserved in the term *Bohea*, tea which comes from the country of Vochi; and that of Hyson was the name of the most considerable Chinese then concerned in the trade.

The best account of the early use and the prices of tea in England, appears in the hand bill of one who may be called our first tea-maker. This curious hand-bill bears no date, but as Hanway ascertained that the price was sixty shillings, in 1600, his bill must have been dispersed about that period.

Thomas Garway, in Exchange-alley, tobaccoist and coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following shop-bill is more curious than any historical account we have:—

"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments and presents thereof to princes and grandes till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf or drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c. have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound."

Probably tea was not in general use domestically so late as in 1687; for in the Diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, he registers that "Pierre Couplet supped with me, and after supper we had tea, which he said was really as good as any he had drunk in China." Had his Lordship been in the general habit of drinking tea, he had not probably made it a subject for his diary.

While the honour of introducing tea may be disputed between the English and the Dutch, that of coffee remains between the English and the French. Yet an Italian intended to have occupied the place of honour; that admirable traveller Pietro della Valle, writing from Constantinople, 1615, to a Roman, his fellow-countryman, informing him that he should teach Europe in what manner the Turks took what he calls "*Cakus*," or as the word is written in an Arab and English pamphlet, printed at Oxford, 1659, on the "Nature of the Drink *Kauki*, or Coffee." As this celebrated traveller lived to 1653, it may excite surprise that the first cup of coffee was not drank at Rome; this remains for the discovery of some member of the "Arcadian Society." Our own Purchas, at the time that Valle wrote, was also "a pilgrim," and well knew what was "*Coffa*," which, "they drank as hot as they can endure it; it is as black as soot, and tastes not much unlike it; good they say for digestion and mirth."

It appears by Le Grand's "*Vie privée des Français*," that the celebrated Thevenot, in 1658, gave coffee after dinner; but it was considered as the whim of a traveller; neither the thing itself, nor its appearance was inviting; it was probably attributed by the gay to the humour of a vain philosophical traveller. But ten years afterwards a Turkish ambassador at Paris made the beverage highly fashionable. The elegance of the equipage recommended it to the eye, and charmed the women: the brilliant porcelain cups in which it was poured; the napkins fringed with gold, and the Turkish slaves on their knees presenting it to the ladies, seated on the ground on cushions, turned the heads of the Pa-

risian dames. This elegant introduction made the exotic beverage a subject of conversation, and in 1673, an Armenian at Paris, at the fair-time, opened a coffee-house. But the custom still prevailed to sell beer and wine, and to smoke and mix with indifferent company in their first imperfect coffee-houses. A Florentine, one Procope, celebrated in his day as the arbiter of taste in this department, instructed by the error of the Armenian, invented a superior establishment, and introduced ices; he embellished his apartment; and those who had avoided the offensive coffee-houses, repaired to Procope's; where literary men, artists, and wits resorted, to inhale the fresh and fragrant steam. Le Grand says, that this establishment holds a distinguished place in the literary history of the times. It was at the coffee-house of Du Laurent that Saurin, La Motte, Danchet, Boindia, Rousseau, &c. met; but the mild streams of the aromatic berry could not mollify the acerbity of so many rivals, and the witty malignity of Rousseau gave birth to those famous couplets on all the coffee-drinkers, which occasioned his misfortune, and his banishment.

Such is the history of the first use of coffee and its houses at Paris. We had the use, however, before even the time of Thevenot; for an English Turkish merchant brought a Greek servant in 1652, who, knowing how to roast and make it, opened a house to sell it publicly. I have also discovered his hand bill, in which he sets forth, "The virtue of the coffee-drink, first publickly made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

For about twenty years after the introduction of coffee in this kingdom, we find a continued series of invectives against its adoption, both for medicinal and domestic purposes. The use of coffee, indeed, seems to have excited more notice, and to have had a greater influence on the manners of the people, than that of tea. It seems at first to have been more universally used, and is still on the continent: and its use is connected with a resort for the idle and the curious: the history of coffee-houses, ere the invention of clubs, was that of the manners, the morals, and the politics of a people. Even in its native country, the government discovered that extraordinary fact, and the use of the Arabian berry was more than once forbidden where it grows; for Ellis, in his "History of Coffee," 1774, refers to the Arabian MS. in the King of France's library, which shews that coffee-houses in Asia were sometimes suppressed. The same fate happened on its introduction into England.

Among a number of poetical satires against the use of coffee, I find a curious exhibition, according to the exaggerated notions of that day, in "A Cup of Coffee, or Coffee in its colours," 1663. The writer, like others of his contemporaries, wonders at the odd taste which could make coffee a substitute for Canary.

"For men and Christian to turn Turks and think
To excuse the crime, because 'tis in their drink!
Pure English apes! ye may, for aught I know,
Would it but mode—learn to eat spiders too.*
Should any of your grandire's ghosts appear
In your wax-candle circles and best hear
The same of coffee so much called upon;
Then see it drunk like scalding Phlegmation;
Would they not startle, think ye, all agreed
'Twas conjuration both in word and deed;
Or Catiline's conspirators, as they stood
Sending their nates in draughts of blackest blood,
The merriest ghost of all your sins would say,
Your wine's much worse since his last yesterday.
He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
O'er tavern base into a farmer's shop.
Where he'd suppose, both by the smoke and stench,
Each man a horse, and each horse at his drench.
"Sure you're no poets, nor their friends, for now
Should Jonson's strenuous spirit, or the rare
Beaumont and Fletcher's in your sound appear,
They would not find the air perfum'd with one
Castalian drop, nor dew of Helicon;
When they but men would speak as the Gods do
They drank pure nectar as the Gods drink too,
Sublimed with rich canary,—say shall then
These less than coffee's self, these coffee men;
These sons of nothing that can hardly make
Their breath, for laughing how the jest does take,
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
A Anticham potion, not yet understood,
Grop of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dashed with diurnals and the books of news."

Other complaints arose from the mixture of the company in the first coffee-houses. In "a broadside against coffee, or the marriage of the Turk," 1672, the writer indicates the growth of the fashion:—

Confusion huddles all into one scene,
Like Noah's ark, the clean and the unclean;
For now, alas! the drench has credit got,
And he's no gentleman who drinks it not.
That such a dwarf should rise to such a stature!
But custom is but a remove from nature.

In "the women's petition against coffee," 1674, they complained that "it made men as unfriendly as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought;

* This witty poet was not without a degree of precision; the January of eating spiders has never indeed become "modish," but Messrs. Lalande, the French astronomer, and one or two humble imitators of the modern philosopher, have shewn this triumph over vulgar prejudices, and were epicures of this stamp.

that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies; and on a domestic message, a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee." It was now sold in convenient penny-worths; for in another poem in praise of a coffee-house, for the variety of information obtained there, it is called "a penny university."

Amidst these contests of popular prejudices, between the lovers of forsaken canary, and the terrors of our females at the barrenness of an Arabian desert, which lasted for twenty years, at length the custom was universally established; nor were there wanting some reflecting minds desirous of introducing the use of this liquid among the labouring classes of society, to wean them from strong liquors. Howel, in noticing that curious philosophical traveller, Sir Henry Blount's "Organon Salutis," 1669, observed that this "coffa drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations; formerly apprentices, clerks, &c., used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business. Now they play the good fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman, Sir James Muddiford, who introduced the practice hereof first in London, deserves much respect of the whole nation." Here it appears, what is most probable, that the use of this berry was introduced by other Turkish merchants, besides Edwards and his servant Pasqua. But the custom of drinking coffee, among the labouring classes, does not appear to have lasted; and when it was recently even the cheapest beverage, the popular prejudices prevailed against it, and ran in favour of tea. The contrary practice prevails on the continent, where beggars are viewed making their coffee in the street. I remember seeing the large body of shipwrights at Helvoetsluys, summoned by a bell to take their regular refreshment of coffee; and the fleets of Holland were not then built by arms less robust than the fleets of Britain.*

The frequenting of coffee-houses is a custom which has declined within our recollection, since institutions of a higher character, and society itself, has so much improved within late years. These were, however, the common assemblies of all classes of society. The mercantile man, the man of letters, and the man of fashion, had their appropriate coffee-houses. The Tatler dates from either to convey a character of his subject. In the reign of Charles II. 1675, a proclamation for some time shut them all up, having become the rendezvous of the politicians of that day. Roger North has given, in his examination, a full account of this bold stroke: it was not done without some apparent respect to the British constitution, the court affecting not to act against law, for the judges were summoned to a consultation, when, it seems, the five who met did not agree in opinion. But a decision was contrived that "the retailing of coffee and tea might be an innocent trade; but as it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalize great men, it might also be a common nuisance." A general discontent in consequence, as North acknowledges, took place, and emboldened the merchants and retailers of coffee and tea to petition, and permission was soon granted to open the houses to a certain period, under a severe admonition that the masters should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels, from being read in them, and hinder every person from spreading scandalous reports against the government. It must be confessed, all this must have frequently puzzled the coffee-house master to decide what was scandalous, what book was fit to be licensed to be read, and what political intelligence might be allowed to be communicated. The object of the government was, probably to intimidate, rather than to persecute, at that moment.

Chocolate the Spaniards brought from Mexico, where it was denominated Chocoatliti; it was a coarse mixture of ground cacao and Indian corn with recau; but the Spaniards liking its nourishment, improved it into a richer compound, with sugar, vanilla, and other aromatics. The immoderate use of chocolate, in the 17th century, was considered as so violent an inflamer of the passions that Joan. Fran. Rauch, published a treatise against it, and enforced the necessity of forbidding the monks to drink it; and adds, that if such an interdiction had existed, that scandal with which that holy order had been branded might have proved more groundless. This *Disputatio medico dietetica de aere et aculeantia, nonum de potu*, Vienna, 1634, is a rare asie among the collectors. This attack on the monks as well as on Chocolate, is said to be the cause of its scarcity; for we are told that they were so diligent in suppressing this treatise, that it is supposed not a dozen copies exist. We had chocolate-houses in London long after coffee-houses; they seemed to have associated something more elegant and refined in their new terms than when the other had become common.—Roger North thus inveighs against them: "The use of coffee-houses seems much improved by a new invention, called chocolate houses, for the benefit of rooks and cullies of quality, where gaming is added to all the rest, and the summons of W— seldom fails; as if the devil had erected a new university, and those were the colleges of its professors, as well as his schools of discipline." Roger North, a high tory, and attorney-general to James the Second, observed, however, that these rendezvous were often not entirely composed of those "factions gentry he so much dreaded;" for he says, "This way of passing time might have been

* Coffee has since become very popular in England. *Editor of the London Journal.*

stopped at before people had possessed themselves of some convenience from them of meeting for short despatches, and passing evenings with small expenses." And old Aubrey, the small Boswell of his day, attributes his general acquaintance to the "modern advantage of coffee-houses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted, but with their relations and societies;" a curious statement, which proves the moral connexion with society of all sedentary recreations, which induce the herding spirit.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 9th to Tuesday the 15th of July.

FIELD-PATHS.

THE days are now (or ought to be) at their finest,—a little too hot sometimes, but there is seldom too much heat in an English summer, especially for healthy people or any genuine lovers of nature. It is true, we are all apt, occasionally, to complain of heat,—to say that it is "too hot"—"dreadfully hot," &c. &c. and make use of other unthinking and ungrateful phrases; which only means, if we would reflect a little, that we do not meet the hot weather as we ought, nor seek its proper alleviations, in reasonable exercise that strengthens us, and in the enjoyment of the freshest times of day out of doors, and natural shady places. When it is cold, we long for the sun; and when the sun comes, we long for the cold; forgetting that we may turn both to excellent account by preparing for them like proper masculine men, and womanly (that is to say, gentle and joy-making) women. Come then, let us take one of the most delightful of all walks,—that in a field, through the old field path,—with our eloquent friend Mr. Howitt. There is one of his stiles before us, in the next meadow yonder, on which we will sit awhile; and then we will vary our walk by the wood-side, along one of those rich receptacles of wild-flowers, bushes, and magnificent dock-leaves, contemptuously called ditches; where perhaps we shall have the pleasure of hearing a running-brook.

Field paths (says Mr. Howitt) are at this season particularly attractive. I love our real old English footpaths. I love those rustic and picturesque stiles opening their pleasant escapes from frequented places and dusty highways into the solitudes of nature. It is delightful to catch a glimpse of one on the old village green; under the old elder tree by some ancient cottage, or half-hidden by the overhanging boughs of a wood. I love to see the smooth, dry track, winding away in easy curves, along some green slope to the church-yard—to the forest-grange, or to the embowered cottage. It is to me an object of certain inspiration. It seems to invite me from noise and publicity into the heart of solitude, and of rural delight. It beckons the imagination on through green and whispering corn-fields, through the short but verdant pasture, the flowering mowing grass, the odorous and sunny hay-field; the festivity of harvest; from lonely farm to farm, from village to village, by clear and mossy wells; by tinkling brooks and deep wood skirted streams, to crofts where the daffodil is rejoicing in spring, or meadows where the blue geranium embellishes the summer way-side; to heaths with their warm elastic sward and crimson bells—the chattering of grass-hoppers,—the fox-glove, and the old gnarled oak; in short, to all the solitary haunts after which the city-peet lover of nature pants, "as the heart panteth after the water-brooks." What is there so truly English? What is so truly linked with our rural tastes, our sweetest memories and our sweetest poetry, as stiles and foot-paths? Goldsmith, Thomson, and Milton have adorned them with some of their richest wreaths. They have consecrated them to poetry and love. It is along the footpath in secluded fields, upon the stile in the embowered lane, where the wild rose and the honeysuckle are lavishing their beauty and their fragrance, that we delight to picture to ourselves rural lovers, breathing, in the dewy sweetness of summer evenings, vows still sweeter. There it is that the poet seated sends back his soul into the freshness of his youth, amongst attachments since withered by neglect,—rendered painful by absence or broken by death; amongst dreams and aspirations which, even now that they pronounce their own fallacy, are lovely. It is there that he gazes upon the gorgeous sunset—the evening star following with its silvery lamp the fading day, or the moon showering her pale lustre through the balmy night air—with a fancy that kindles and soars into the heavens before him; there that we have all felt the charm of woods and green fields, and solitary boughs waving in the golden sunshine, or darkening in the melancholy beauty of evening shadows. Who has not thought how beautiful was the sight of a village congregation, pouring out from their old grey church on a summer day, and streaming off through the quiet meadows, in all directions, to their homes? Or who that has visited Alpine scenery, has not beheld with a poetic feeling, the mountaineers come winding down out of their romantic seclusions on a sabbath morning, pacing the solitary heath-tracks, bounding with elastic step down the fern clad dells, or along the course of a riotous stream, as

cheerful, as picturesque, and yet as solemn as the scenes around them?

Again I say, I love field paths and stiles of all sorts, ay, even the most accessible piece of rustic erection ever set up in defiance of age, laziness, and obesity. How many scenes of frolic and merry confusion have I seen at a clumsy stile! What exclamations! and blushes, and fine eventual vaulting on the part of the ladies! and what an opportunity does it afford to beaux of exhibiting a variety of gallant and delicate attentions! I consider a rude stile as anything but an impediment in the course of a rural courtship.

Those good old turnstiles too—can I ever forget them? the hours I have spun round upon them when a boy! or those in which I have almost laughed myself to death at the remembrance of my village pedagogue's disaster! Methinks I see him now!—the time a sultry day,—the *domine* a goodly person of some eighteen or twenty stone,—the scene a footpath sentinelled with turn-stiles, one of which held him fast as in amazement at his bulk. Never shall I forget his efforts and agonies to extricate himself; nor his lion-like roars, which brought some labourers to his assistance, who, when they had recovered from their convulsions of laughter, knocked off the top of the turn-stile, and let him go. It is long since I saw a stile of this construction, and I suspect the Falstaffs have cried them down. But without a jest, stiles and footpaths are vanishing every where. There is nothing upon which the advance of wealth and population has made so serious an inroad. As land has increased in value, wastes and heaths have been parcelled out and enclosed, but seldom have footpaths been left. The poet and the naturalist who before had, perhaps, the greatest real property in them, have had no allotment. They have been totally driven out of the promised land. Goldsmith complained in his day, that

The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth:
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.

And it is but too true that the pressure of contiguous pride has driven further, from that day to this, the public from the rich man's lands. "They make a solitude and call it peace." Even the quiet and picturesque footpath that led across his fields, or stole along his woodside, giving to the poor man with his burden, a cooler and nearer cut to the village, is become a nuisance. One would have thought that the rustic labourer, with his scythe on his shoulder, or his bill-hook and hedging-mittens in his hand, the cottage dame in her black bonnet and scarlet cloak, the neat village maiden in the sweetness of health and simplicity, or the boy strolling along full of life and curiosity, might have had sufficient interest in themselves, for a cultivated taste not merely to tolerate but to welcome—passing occasionally at a distance across the park or wood, as objects agreeably enlivening the stately solitude of the hall. But they have not; and what is more, those are commonly the most jealous of pedestrian trespassers, who seldom visit their own estates, but permit the seasons to scatter their charms around their villas and rural possessions without the heart to enjoy, or even the presence to behold them. How often have I myself been arrested in some long frequented dale; in some spot endeared by its own beauties and the fascinations of memory, by a board exhibiting in giant characters, "STOPPED BY AN ORDER OF SESSIONS," and denouncing the terrors of the law upon trespassers! This is a little too much. I would not be querulous for the poor against the rich. I would not teach them to look with an envious and covetous eye upon their villas, lawns, cattle, and equipage; but when the path of immemorial usage is closed, when the little streak, almost as fine as a mathematical line, along the wealthy man's ample field is grudgingly erased, it is impossible not to feel indignation at the pitiful monopoly. Is there no village champion to be found bold enough to put in his protest against these encroachments,—to assert the public right?—for a right it is as authentic as that by which the land is held, and as clearly acknowledged by the laws. Is there no local "Hamptden with dauntless breast" to "withstand the petty tyrants of the field," and to save our good old foot-paths? If not, we shall in a few years be doomed to the highways and the hedges, to look, like Dives, from a sultry region of turnpikes, into a pleasant one of verdure and foliage which we may not approach. Already the stranger, if he lose his way, is in jeopardy of falling into the horrid fangs of a steel-trap; the botanist enters a wood to gather a flower, and is shot with a spring-gun; death haunts our dells and copses, and the poet complains, in regretful notes, that he

Wanders away to the field and the glen,
Far as he may for the gentlemen.

I am not so much of a poet, and so little of a political economist, as to lament over the progress of population. It is true, that I see with a poetical regret, green fields and fresh beautiful tracts swallowed up in cities; but my joy in the increase of human life and happiness, far outbalances that imaginative pain. But it is when I see unnecessary and arbitrary encroachments upon the rural privileges of the public, that I

grieve. Exactly in the same proportion as our population and commercial habits gain upon us, do we need all possible opportunities to keep alive in us the spirit of nature.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little there is in nature that is ours.

We give ourselves up to the artificial habits and objects of ambition, till we endanger the higher and better feelings and capacities of our being; and it is alone to the united influence of religion, literature, and nature, that we must look for the preservation of our moral nobility. Whenever, therefore, I behold one of our old field-paths closed, I regard it as another link in the chain which Mammon is winding round us,—another avenue cut off, by which we might fly to the lofty sanctuary of nature, for power to withstand him.

BIRTH-DAYS.

July 9th (21st O. S.) in London according to some, at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, according to others, Matthew Prior, son of a joiner,—one of the liveliest and airiest of the wit-poets of England, an excellent court panegyrist, but more acquainted with gallantry than love, and far inferior in sentiment and natural freshness to the leader of this race of authors, Sir John Suckling. He wrote, however, one truly loving verse, if no other. It is in his "Solomon." The monarch is speaking of a female slave, who had a real affection for him:—

And when I call'd another, Abra came.

July 10 (22d O. S.) At Exeter House, [in London, (on the site of the present Exeter Street)] Lord Shaftesbury, the philosopher. He was an honest man and politician, an elegant but fastidious writer, and could discern and forcibly expose the vulgar errors of a creed, though a little more philosophy was wanting to enable him to get at the heart of its mystery. In one of his letters is an extraordinary passage, not much calculated to delight the lady whom he married. He said he found marriage "not so much worse" than celibacy as he had expected!

Same day (1707) at Maestricht, in the Netherlands, son of a protestant clergyman of French origin, Peter Lyonnet the naturalist, eminent for resolving to obtain a reputation, and for obtaining it, by means of a work in some one single object of minute enquiry; for which purpose he selected a species of caterpillar. A German writer, Frederick Matthison, has left a notice of him in his Letters, translated by Miss Plumtre, which may not be uninteresting to the reader. The closing anecdote, however, about the rope-dancing is not so "great" a thing, as the writer seems to take it for. It was a waste of energy, upon a matter not worthy of emulation.

"My host (says Matthison, speaking of the celebrated Bonnet, with whom he was on a visit) continues to read his works to me every morning, and we have now entered upon his "*Contemplation de la Nature*." I read aloud, and when any passage occurs which he thinks wants explanation, he gives it with the clearness and precision which he so peculiarly possesses. We dwelt for a long time yesterday on the *Phalena cossus*, and on the work which Lyonnet has written on that animal, with which I now for the first time became acquainted. The history of the origin and progress of this work is very extraordinary. Lyonnet, who unites to the most ardent passion for natural history, uncommon perseverance, excessive thirst for fame, and profound observation, determined to strike into a path which should be perfectly new, and to produce a work single of its kind. He first thought of writing on the *Aphis*, then on the *Polypus*, but through an extraordinary caprice of chance, he found that in the former Bonnet would be his rival, in the latter Trembley. The question then, was to find another subject wherein so many difficulties should be combined, as effectually to preclude him from any danger of competition, and this point he gained by engaging in the dissection of the *Phalena cossus*. But on applying to different persons to undertake the designs for the plates, his expectations seemed so out of all bounds, that it was impossible to answer them, and every one shrunk back affrighted from the task. He therefore immediately applied himself to learn drawing, in which art he made, in a short time, such a rapid progress, that he was able to execute designs incredibly difficult with a delicacy and exactness astonishing to every one, both connoisseurs and practitioners. But now he was precisely in the same predicament with the engravers, as before with the draughtsmen; no one had sufficient confidence in his own abilities as to hope that he could satisfy him, and he was compelled, therefore, to learn this art also, in which he soon arrived at such perfection, that the engravings to his works are of a very distinguished excellence. Lyonnet's portrait is much more deserving of the inscription, "Man can do whatever he is resolved

on," than the figure of that long forgotten *Kraftmann* in Lavater's Physiognomy.

"The following trait of Lyonnet, as it is quite appropriate, may serve further to illustrate the character of so great a man. A rope-dancer of the Hague, whose exquisite dexterity was the astonishment of the public, excited Lyonnet's emulation to such a degree that he exclaimed, "This man has no more muscle than myself, nor is formed after any other manner; I must therefore be able to do whatever he can!" Immediately he had a rope stretched in his court-yard, and applied himself with such unwearied assiduity to rope-dancing, that he at last left his astonished master very far behind."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXII.—HISTORY OF THE LATE MR. COMBE.

THOUGH a moment's reflection tells us that "Romances of Real Life," must be daily occurring round about us, yet we are hardly the less surprised to find them true, especially in those ranks of life where we are accustomed to expect the reasonableness and regularity that seem the natural consequences of an educated understanding. We are even, perhaps, for the latter reason, more astonished at eccentric departures from conventional life, and changes from gentility to vagabondism, than at the more tragical results of bad and violent passions, the wilfulness of which defies speculation, or throws us into general reflections on the mysteries of one's common nature; whereas there seems no reason, at first sight, why a man, bred up in the comfort and convenience of refined intercourse, should think it worth his while to depart from it, and play the part of a madman on so poor and unaccommodating a scale. A reason however there is. It is to be found (if it be not actual madness), in an over lively state of the blood, acting upon a strong egotism and a vivid though weak imagination,—one that has a quick sense of the novelty and sufficiency of the moment, at the expense of all the future moments of life. Persons of this temperament and turn of mind, unless they stop short while young, never end in any thing superior to cleverness; and it manifests an unusual portion of natural goodness in them, if they ever shew themselves capable of the industry and regular conduct of Mr. Combe, even in old age.

The present curious account of this gentleman, which could not have been better written, is given by Mr. Campbell in one of the notes to his Life of Mrs. Siddons. The narrative runs well to the last; and the surprise, at the close of it, is truly dramatic.

Mr. Combe's history (says Mr. Campbell) is not less remarkable for the recklessness of his early days, than, for the industry of his maturer age, and the late period of life at which he attracted popularity by his talents. He was the nephew of a Mr. Alexander, an Alderman of the city of London; and as he was sent, first to Eton College, and afterwards to Oxford, it may be inferred, that his parents were in good circumstances. His uncle left him sixteen thousand pounds. On the acquisition of this fortune, he entered himself of the Temple, and in due time was called to the bar. On one occasion he even distinguished himself before the Lord Chancellor Northington. But his ambition was to shine as a man of fashion, and he paid little attention to the law. Whilst at the Temple, his courtly dress, his handsome liveries, and it may be added, his tall stature and fine appearance, procured him the appellation of Duke Combe. Some of the most exclusive ladies of fashion had instituted a society which was called the Coterie, to which gentlemen were admitted as visitors. Among this favoured number was the Duke Combe. One evening Lady Archer, who was a beautiful woman, but too fond of gaudy colours, and who had her face always lavishly rouged, was sitting in the Coterie, when Lord Lyttleton, the graceless son of an estimable peer, entered the room evidently intoxicated, and stood before Lady Archer for several minutes with his eyes fixed on her. The lady manifested great indignation, and asked why he thus annoyed her. "I have been thinking," said Lord Lyttleton, "what I can compare you to, in your gaudy colouring, and you give me no idea, but that of a drunken peacock." The lady returned a sharp answer, on which he threw the contents of a glass of wine in her face. All was confusion in a moment; but though several noblemen and gentlemen were present, none of them took up the cause of the insulted female till Mr. Combe came forward, and, by his resolute behaviour, obliged the offender to withdraw. His spirited conduct on this occasion, gained him much credit among the circles of fashion; but his grace's diminishing

* "Kraftmann," from having been a term much in use in Germany as an epithet of distinction, is now become a mere cant phrase, and chiefly applied to an author who affects any peculiarity of expression, particularly the use of very high sounding words; or who makes a great boast of his superior attainments, and having as he thinks, thrown off all prejudices.—*The Traveller*.

finances ere long put an end to the fashionableness of his acquaintance. He paid all the penalties of a spendthrift, and was steeped in poverty to the very lips. At one time he was driven for a morsel of bread to enlist as a private in the British army; and, at another time, in a similar exigency he went into the French service. From a more cogent motive than piety, he afterwards entered into a French monastery, and lived there till the term of his noviciate expired. He returned to Britain, and took service wherever he could get it; but in all these dips into low life, he was never in the least embarrassed when he met with any of his old acquaintance. A wealthy divine who had known him in the best London society, recognized him when a waiter at Swansea, actually tripping about with the napkin under his arm, and staring at him, exclaimed, "You cannot be Combe?" "Yes, indeed, but I am," was the waiter's answer. He married the mistress of a noble lord, who promised him an annuity with her, but cheated him; and in revenge he wrote a spirited satire, entitled "The Diaboliad." Among its subjects were an Irish peer and his eldest son, who had a quarrel that extinguished any little natural affection that might have ever subsisted between them. The father challenged the son to fight; the son refused to go out with him, not, as he expressly stated, because the challenger was his own father, but because he was not a gentleman.

After his first wife's death, Mr. Combe made a more creditable marriage with a sister of Mr. Cosway, the artist, and much of the distress which his imprudence entailed upon him was mitigated by the assiduity of this amiable woman. For many years he subsisted by writing for the booksellers, with a reputation that might be known to many individuals, but that certainly was not public. He wrote a work which was generally ascribed to the good Lord Lyttleton, entitled "Letters from a Nobleman to his Son," and "Letters from an Italian Nun to an English Nobleman," that professed to be translated from Rousseau. He published also several political tracts, that were trashy, time-serving and scurrilous. Pecuniary difficulties brought him to a permanent residence in the King's Bench, where he continued for about twenty years, and for the latter part of them a voluntary inmate. One of his friends offered to effect a compromise with his creditors, but he refused the favour. "If I compounded with my creditors," said Mr. Combe, "I should be obliged to sacrifice the little substance which I possess, and on which I subsist in prison. These chambers, the best in the Bench, are mine at the rent of a few shillings a week, in right of my seniority as a prisoner. My habits are become so sedentary, that if I lived in the airiest Square of London, I should not walk round it once in a month. I am contented in my cheap quarters."

When he was near the age of seventy, he had some literary dealings with Mr. Ackermann, the bookseller. The late caricaturist, Rowlandson, had offered to Mr. Ackermann a number of drawings representing an old clergyman and school-master, who felt, or fancied himself, in love with the fine arts, quixotically travelling during his holidays in search of the picturesque. As the drawings needed the explanation of letter-press, Mr. Ackermann declined to purchase them unless he should find some one who could give them a poetical illustration. He carried one or two of them to Mr. Combe, who undertook the subject. The bookseller, knowing his procrastinating temper, left him but one drawing at a time, which he illustrated in verse, without knowing the subject of the drawing that was next to come. The popularity of the "Adventures of Dr. Syntax," induced Mr. Ackermann afterwards to employ him in two successful publications, "The Dance of Life," and "The Dance of Death," in England, which were also accompanied by Rowlandson's designs.

It was almost half a century before the appearance of these works, that Mr. Combe so narrowly missed the honour of being Mrs. Siddons's reading-master. He had exchanged the gaieties of London for quarters at a tap-room in Wolverhampton, where he was billeted as a soldier in the service of his Britannic Majesty. He had a bad foot at the time, and was limping painfully along the high street of the town, when he was met by an acquaintance who had known him in all his fashionable glory. This individual had himself seen better days, having exchanged a sub-lieutenancy of marines for a strollership in Mr. Kemble's company. "Heavens!" said the astonished hystriion; "is it possible, Combe, that you can bear this condition?" "Fiddlesticks!" answered the ex-duke, taking a pinch of snuff, "a philosopher can bear anything." The player ere long introduced him to Mr. Roger Kemble; but, by this time, Mr. Combe had become known in the place through his conversational talents. A gentleman passing through the public-house had observed him reading, and looking over his shoulder, saw, with surprise, a copy of Horace. "What!" said he, "my friend, can you read that book in the original?" "If I cannot," replied Combe, "a great deal of money has been thrown away on my education." His landlord soon found the literary red-coat an attractive ornament to his tap-room, which was filled every night with the wondering auditors of the learned soldier. They treated him to gratuitous potations, and clubbed their money to procure his discharge. Roger Kemble gave him a benefit night at the theatre, and Combe promised to speak an address on the occasion. In this address, he noticed the various conjectures that had been circulated respecting his real name and character; and after concluding the enumeration, he said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall tell you what I am." While expect-

tation was all agog, he added, "I am—ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant." He then bowed, and left the stage.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

MONTAIGNE.

His Account of an Accident which befell him.

We propose in future, from time to time, to give extracts under the above head, from authors of the greatest celebrity or delightfulness;—those who have advanced the world by their wisdom, or cheered it in its advancement by their wit and good qualities. We take them at random, as time and circumstances render it convenient; and for obvious reasons, we make no apology for commencing with a passage from a translation; especially as the translation (Cotton's) is a most excellent one, tasting of all the raciness of the old French, and of its alovenly and ultra gossiping handling too, when required; as in part of the extract before us. Montaigne is a universalist, a man for all ages and nations. Some of our readers may be pleased to be informed, that he was a Frenchman of a noble family, living in the time of the Civil Wars under Charles the Ninth, and not altogether above the prejudices of his breeding; but far superior to the worst prejudices, not only of his own time but succeeding ones,—a genial, original, and candid thinker, who has been accused of egotism, because he could not help being alive to the nature working within himself as well as other men, but whose philosophy was full of consideration for all, and has helped to advance the world. Montaigne may be regarded as the Father of Modern Essay Writing,—the predecessor and superior of the Temples, Addisons, and Steeles, (extraordinary men as they were), just as Chaucer was of the majority of poets that followed him.

The present extract is a remarkable evidence of the habit which the gallant French philosopher had acquired, of reflecting upon every thing that came within his observation. He gets horribly knocked and bruised, within an inch of his life, is thrown into a swoon, and undergoes all the agonizing process of a recovery; and all this he notes down, as it were, in the faint light, the torn and battered tablets of his memory, during the operation; drawing these forth afterwards for the benefit of the reflecting. If you had met such a man in the streets, being carried along on a shutter, he would have been providing, as well as he was able, for your instruction and entertainment! This is philosophy surely.

"In the time of our third or second troubles, (I do not well remember which) going one day abroad to take the air, about a league from my own house, which is seated in the very centre of all the bustle and mischief of the late Civil Wars of France, thinking myself in all security, and so near to my retreat that I stood in need of no better equipage, I had taken a horse that went very easy upon his pace, but was not very strong. Being upon my return home, a sudden occasion falling out to make use of this horse in a kind of service that he was not acquainted with, one of my train, a lusty fellow, mounted upon a strong German horse that had a very ill mouth, but was otherwise vigorous and unfoiled, to play the Bravo, and appear a better man than his fellows, comes thundering full speed in the very track where I was, rushing like a colossus upon the little man and the little horse, with such a career of strength and weight, that he turned us both over and over topsie turvie, with our heels in the air. So that there lay the horse overthrown and stunned with the fall, and I ten or twelve paces from him stretched out at length, with my face all battered and broken, my sword, which I had in my hand, above ten paces beyond that, and my belt broke all to pieces, without motion or sense any more than a stock. 'Twas the only swoon I was ever in till this hour in my life. Those who were with me, after having used all the means they could to bring me to myself, concluding me dead, took me up in their arms, and carried me with very much difficulty home to my house, which was about half a French league from thence. Having been by the way, and two long hours after, given over for a dead man, I began to move and to fetch my breath; for so great an abundance of blood was fallen into my stomach that Nature had need to rouse her forces to discharge it. They then raised me upon my feet, when I threw off a great quantity of pure florid blood, as I had also done several times by the way, which gave me so much ease that I began to recover a little, but so leisurely and by so small advances, that my first sentiments were much nearer the approaches of death than life.

Perche dubbiosa anchor del suo ritorno,
Non s'assicura attonita la mente.

Tasso. Canto 12.

Because her soul her mansion half had quit,
And was not sure she was returned to it.

The remembrance of this accident, which is very well imprinted on my memory, so materially representing to me the image and idea of death, has in some sort reconciled me to that untoward accident. When I first began to open my eyes after my trance, it was with so perplexed, so weak and dead a sight, that I could yet distinguish nothing, and could only discern the light,

— Come quel ch'or apre, o chiude

Gli occhi, mezzo tra'l sonno, e l'esser desto.

Tasso. Canto 8

As people in the morning, when they rise
'Twixt sleep and wake, open and shut their eyes.

As to the functions of the soul, they advanced with the same pace and measure as those of the body. I saw myself all bloody, my doublet being stained and spotted all over with the blood I had vomited, and the first thought that came into my mind was that I had a harquebuse shot into my head; and indeed at the same time there were a great many fired round about us. Methought my life had just hung upon my lips, and I shut my eyes, to help, methought, to thrust it out; and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go. It was an imagination that only superficially floated upon my soul, as tender and weak as all the rest, but really not only exempt from pain, but mixed with that sweetness and pleasure which people are sensible of, when they indulge themselves to drop into a slumber. I believe it is the very same condition those people are in, whom we see to swoon with weakness in the agony of death, and am of opinion that we lament them without cause, supposing them agitated with grievous dolours, or that their souls suffer under painful thoughts. It has ever been my belief, contrary to the opinion of many, and particularly of Stephen Boetius, that those whom we see so subdued and stupified at the approaches of their end, or deprest with the length of the disease, or by accident of an apoplexy, or falling sickness,

—(Vi morbi scepe coactus

Ante oculos aliquis nostros ut fulminis ictu
Concidit, et spumas agit, ingemit et tremat artus,
Desipit, extantat nervos, torquetur, anhelat
Inconstanter, et in jactando membra fatigat)

Lucretius. Book 3.

(By the disease compelled, so we see some
As they were thunder-struck, fall, groan, and foam,
Tremble, stretch, writhe, breathe short, until at length
In various strugglings they tire out their strength.)

Or hurt in the head whom we hear to mutter, and by fits to utter grievous groans, though we gather from thence some sign by which it seems as if they had some remains of sense and knowledge,—I have always believed I say both the body and the soul benumbed, and asleep;

Vivit, et est vitæ nascius ipse suus.

Ovid. Tristia. Book i., Elag. 3.

He lives, but does not know
That he does so:

and could not believe that in so great a stupefaction of the members, and so great a defection of the senses, the soul could maintain any force within to take cognizance of herself, or look into her own condition, and that therefore they had no tormenting reflections, to make them consider and be sensible of the misery of their condition, and consequently were not much to be lamented. I can for my part think of no estate so insupportable and dreadful as to have the soul spritely and afflicted, without means to declare itself: as one should say of such who are sent to execution with their tongues first cut out: were it not that in this kind of dying, the most silent seems to be the most graceful, if accompanied with a grave and constanced countenance; or of those miserable prisoners who fall into the hands of the base bloody soldiers of this age, by whom they are tormented with all sorts of inhuman usage, to compel them to some excessive and impossible ransom, kept in the meantime in such condition and place, where they have no means of expressing, or signifying their mind and misery, to such as they may expect should relieve them. The poets have feigned some gods, who favour the deliverance of such as suffer under a languishing death.

Hunc ego Diti

Sacrum justa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.

Virgil. Book iii.

I, by command, offer to Pluto this,
And from that body do the soul dismiss.

Both the interrupted words and the short and irregular answers one gets from them sometimes, by bawling and keeping a clutter about them, or the motions which seem to yield some consent to what we would have them do, are no testimony nevertheless that they live an entire life at least. So it happens that in the yawning of sleep, before it has fully possessed us, as to perceive, as in a dream, what is done about us, and to follow, the last things are said with a perplexed and uncertain bearing, which seem but to touch upon the borders of the soul, and make answers to the last words have been spoken to us, which have more in them of fortune than of sense. Now, seeing I have effectually tried it, I make no doubt I have hitherto made a right judgment. For, first, being in a swoon, I laboured with both hands to rip open the buttons of my doublet, (for I was without arms,) and yet I felt

nothing in my imagination that hurt me; for we have many notions in us, that do not proceed from our direct: n

Semianimes que misent digiti, serrum que retractant.
And half dead fingers grope about, and feel
To grasp again the late abandoned steel.

So falling people extend their arms before them by a natural impulse, which prompts them to offices and motions, without any commission from us.

Falciferos memorant currus abecondere membra,
Ut tremere in terra videatur artubus, id quod
Decidit abscissum, cum mens tamen atque hominis via
Mobilitate mali non quid sentire dolorem.

How limbs scythe-bearing chariots lopt (they tell,
Would move and tremble on the ground they fell,
When he himself from whom the limb was ta'en,
Could by the swiftness feel no kind of pain.*

My stomach was so oppressed with the coagulated blood, that my hands moved to that part, of their own voluntary motion, as they frequently do to the part that itches, without being directed by our will. There are several animals and even men in whom one may perceive the muscles to stir and tremble after they are dead. New these passions which only touch the outward bark of us, as a man may say, cannot be said to be ours. To make them so, there must be a concurrence of the whole man; and the pains which are felt by the hand or foot while we are sleeping, are none of ours. As I drew near my own house, where the alarm of my fall was already got before me, and my family were come out to meet me, with the hubbub usual in such cases, I did not only make some little answer to some questions that were asked me, but they moreover tell me that I had so much sense, as to order that a horse I saw trip and falter in the way, which is mountainous and uneasy, should be given to my wife. This consideration should seem to proceed from a soul, that retained its functions, but it was nothing so with me. I knew not what I said or did, and they were nothing but idle thoughts in the clouds, that were stirred up by the senses of the eyes and ears, and proceeded not from me. I knew not, for all that, or whence I came, or whither I went, neither was I capable to weigh and consider what was said to me. These were light effects, that the senses produced of themselves, as of custom; what the soul contributed was in a dream, as being lightly touched, licked and bedewed by the soft impression of the senses. Notwithstanding, my condition was, in truth, very easy and quiet. I had no afflictions upon me, either for others or myself. It was an extreme drooping and weakness, without any manner of pain. I saw my own house, but knew it not. When they had put me to bed, I found an inexpressible sweetness in that repose; for I had been damnably tugged and lagged by those poor people who had taken the pains to carry me upon their arms a very great and a very ill way, and had in so doing all quite tired out themselves, twice or thrice, one after another. They offered me several remedies, but I would take none, certainly believing that I was mortally wounded in the head: and, in earnest, it had been a very happy death, for the weakness of my understanding deprived me of the faculty of discerning, and that of my body from the sense of feeling. I suffered myself to glide away so sweetly, and after so soft and easy a manner, that I scarce find any other action less troublesome than that was. But when I came again to myself, and to re-assume my faculties,

Ut tandem sensus convalescere mel,
As my lost senses did to me return,

which was two or three hours after, I felt myself on a sudden involved in terrible pain, having my limbs shattered and ground to pieces with my fall, and was so exceedingly ill two or three nights after, that I thought once more to die again, but a more painful death, having concluded myself as good as dead before, and to this hour am sensible of the bruises of that terrible shock. I will not here omit, that the last thing I could make them beat into my head, was the memory of this accident, and made it be over and over again repeated to me whither I was going, from whence I came, and at what time of the day this mischance befell me, before I could comprehend it. As to the manner of my fall, that was concealed from me in favour to him who had been the occasion, and other flim-flams were invented to palliate the truth. But a long time after, and the very next day that my memory began to return and to represent to me the state wherein I was, at the instant I perceived this horse coming full drive upon me (for I had seen him come thundering at my heels, and gave myself for gone: but this thought had been so sudden that fear had no leisure to introduce itself), it seemed to be like a flash of lightning that had pierced through my soul, and that I came from the other world.

This long story, of so light an accident, would appear vain enough, were it not for the knowledge I have gained by it for my own use; for I do really find, that to be acquainted with death, is no more but nearly to approach it. Every one, as Pliny says, is a good doctor to himself, provided he be capable of discovering himself near at hand. This is not my doctrine; 'tis my study; and is not the lesson of another, but my own, and yet if I communicate it, it ought not to be ill taken. That which is of use to me, may also peradventure be useful to another.

These translations of the verses, admirable for the most part, are by Charles Cotton.

MRS. SIDDONS.

Passages from the Life of her by Mr. Campbell,
(Just Published).*

A life of Mrs. Siddons by Mr. Campbell the poet cannot but strongly excite the curiosity of the public. With the exception of one critical quotation, we have read it through, with an interest proportionate to the eminence of the parties; and if we occasionally differ with the author in his conclusions, and regret to see that he has condescended to the affectation of saying "the Siddons" and "the Kemble," or forgotten his goodnature in giving a contemptuous epithet to young Betty, who, since he came to man's estate, is understood to estimate his former popularity with singular modesty and good sense, we never forget that a man of genius is writing to us, nor fail to recognise, amidst occasional stiffness and elaboration, those touches of fine poetic feeling, and especially those felicitous similes, for which Mr. Campbell's criticisms are always remarkable. Long and familiarly intimate however as the poet was with Mrs. Siddons, and ready as we are to believe all the good things he says of her heart, he has not succeeded in disengaging us of a notion (produced perhaps by our having known her only on the stage, and during the latter part of her career), that she was a person more admirable than charming, and not even so perfectly admirable on the stage, as the prevalence of an artificial style of acting in her time induced her worshippers to suppose. She was doubtless a grand and effective actress, never at a loss, and equal to any demands of the loftier parts of passion; but her grandeur always appeared to us rather of the queen-like and conventional order, than of the unaffectedly heroic. There was, we doubt not, really a lofty spirit in it, but a spirit not too lofty to take stage-dignity for the top of its mark. Mrs. Siddons, it is to be observed, was born and bred up in the profession, one of a family of actors, and the daughter of a mother of austere manners. Mr. Campbell somewhat quaintly calls her "the Great Woman;" but we know not in what respect she was particularly great as to womanhood. Surely it was *queen-hood*, not *womanhood*, that was her forte,—professional greatness, and not that aggregation of gentle and generous qualities, that union of the sexually charming and the dutifully noble, which makes up the idea of perfection in the woman. Great women belong to history and to self-sacrifice, not to the mere annals of a stage, however dignified. *Godiva* gives us the idea a great woman. So does *Edward the First's Queen*, who sucked the poison out of his arm. So does *Abelard's Eloise*, loving with all her sex's fondness as long as she could, and able for another's sake, to renounce the pleasures of love for the worship of the sentiment, and for the cultivation of literature and exalted thoughts. We can suppose *Pasta*, with her fine simple manner and genial person, the representative of a great woman. The greatness is relative to the womanhood. It only partakes that of the man, inasmuch as it carries to its height what is gentle and enduring in both sexes. The moment we recognize any thing of what is understood by the word *masculine* in a woman, (not in the circumstances into which she is thrown, but in herself or aspect) her greatness, in point of womanhood, is impaired. She should hereafter, as *Macbeth* says, "bring forth men-children only." Mrs. Siddons's extraordinary theory about *Lady Macbeth* (that she was a fragile little being, very feminine to look at) we take to have been an instinct to this effect, repellent of the association of ideas which people would form betwixt her and her personation of the character.

Mrs. Siddons's refinement was not on a par with her loftiness. We remember in the famous sleeping-scene in *Macbeth*, when she washed her hand and could not get the blood off, she made "a face" in passing them under her nose, as if she perceived a foul scent. We venture to think that she should have shuddered and looked in despair, as recognizing the stain on her soul.

But doubtless she was an extraordinary actress and an estimable woman. Mr. Campbell has exalted her in our opinion in the latter respect, and will put an end to some foolish and insidious mistakes circulated by her enemies, if any such persons remain. We are glad also to see the character of her husband set right; who with that readiness to think ill, so illustrative of the secret characters of those who indulge in it, was

* Two Vols. 8vo. Ellingham Wilson.

represented as living apart from his wife (when he did so) for any other reason than the true one; which turns out to have been a mere matter of necessity to both parties,—to himself, because of a rheumatism with which he was afflicted, and which forced him to live at Bath for the benefit of the waters, while Mrs. Siddons, for obvious reasons, was obliged to remain in town. They saw each other when they could, and were affectionate and content. Would it have been better that they should have been more sick and less happy? We quote with pleasure below some verses addressed by Mr. Siddons to his wife, at the very period of his going to sojourn at Bath; an evidence of the real state of the case, which Mr. Campbell justly adduces as throwing ridicule on the false reports of it. We think he might have added a good word in favour of the verses themselves, which are very agreeable, especially the last stanza; and we are surprised that he could find nothing better to say for the verses by Mrs. Siddons, than to give them a specimen of her "moderate talent for versification." We think them highly creditable to her, and even affecting. There is more "womanhood" in the last stanza, than in the greatness of her acting.

But we are keeping the reader from the book. We must add, that Mrs. Siddons appears to have been a good letter-writer, of a certain class; and to have studied composition more than is common in her profession, or than any body supposed.

Mrs. Siddons's Recollections of Dr. Johnson.

"I do not exactly remember the time that I was favoured with an invitation from Dr. Johnson, but I think it was during the first year of my celebrity. The Doctor was then a wretched invalid, and had requested my friend Mr. Windham to persuade me to favour him by drinking tea with him in Bolt Court.

The Doctor spoke highly of Garrick's various powers of acting. When Mr. Windham and myself were discussing some point respecting Garrick, he said, 'Madam, do not trouble yourself to convince Windham, he is the very bull-dog of argument, and will not loose his hold.' Dr. Johnson's favourite female character in *Shakspeare*, was *Catherine* in "*Henry VIII.*" He was most desirous of seeing me in that play, but said, 'I am too deaf and too blind to see or hear at a greater distance than the stage-box, and have little taste for making myself a public gaze in so distinguished a situation.' I assured him that nothing would gratify me so much as to have him for an auditor, and that I could procure for him an easy chair at the stage-door, where he could both see and hear, and be perfectly concealed. He appeared greatly pleased with this arrangement, but unhappily for me, did not live to fulfil our mutual wishes. Some weeks before he died, I made him some morning visits. He was extremely, though formally, polite; always apologized for being unable to attend me to my carriage, conducted me to the head of the stairs, kissed my hand, and bowing, said, 'Dear Madam, I am your most humble servant;' and these words were always repeated without the smallest variation."

Reservation of Scottish Praise.

How much more pleasantly (says Mr. Campbell,) people tell their history in social converse than in formal writing. I remember Mrs. Siddons describing to me the same scene of her probation upon the Edinburgh boards with no small humour. The grave attention of my Scottish countrymen, and their canny reservation of praise till they were sure she deserved it, she said, had well nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay, but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on those Northern flints. At last, as I well remember, she told me she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that, if this could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice, exclaiming, "*That's no bad.*" This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter. But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fears of the galleries coming down.

VERSES BY MR. SIDDONS ON HIS WIFE'S COTTAGE AT WESTBOURNE.

Would you I'd Westbourn Farm describe,
I'd do it then, and free from gall,
For sure it would be sin to gibe
A thing so pretty and so small.
The poplar-walk, if you have strength,
Will take a minute's time to step it;
Nay, certes, 'tis of such a length,
'T would almost tire a frog to leap it.
But when the pleasure ground is seen,
Then what a burst comes on the view;
Its level walk, its shaven green,
For which a razor's stroke would do.

Now pray be cautious when you enter,
And curb your strides from much expansion;
Three paces take you to the centre,
Three more, you're close against the mansion.
The mansion, cottage, house, or hut,
Call't what you will, has room within
To lodge the king of Lilliput,
But not his court, nor yet his usen.
The kitchen-garden, true to keeping,
Has length, and breadth, and width so plenty,
A snail, if fairly set a creeping,
Could scarce go round while you told twenty.
Perhaps you'll cry on hearing this,
What! everything so very small?
No, she that made it what it is,
Has greatness, that makes up for all

— LINES BY MRS. SIDDONS.

Say, what's the brightest wreath of fame,
But canker'd buds, that opening close;
Ah! what the world's most pleasing dream,
But broken fragments of repose?
Lead me where peace with steady hand
The mingled cup of life shall hold,
Where Time shall smoothly pour his sand,
And Wisdom turn that sand to gold.
Then haptly at religion's shrine
This weary heart its load shall lay,
Each wish my fatal love resign,
And passion melt in tears away.

Stage Habit.—Grandiosity of Manner.

"From intense devotion to her profession, Mrs. Siddons derived a peculiarity of manner, of which I have the fullest belief she was not in the least conscious, unless reminded of it; I mean the habit of attaching dramatic tones and emphasis to common-place colloquial subjects. She went, for instance, one day, into a shop at Bath, and after bargaining for some calico, and hearing the mercer pour forth an hundred commendations of the cloth, she put the question to him, 'But will it wash?' in a manner so electrifying as to make the poor shopman start back from his counter. I once told her this anecdote about herself, and she laughed at it heartily, saying, 'Witness truth, I never meant to be tragical.' This singularity made her manner susceptible of caricature. I know not what others felt, but I own that I loved her all the better for this unconscious solemnity of manner; for, independently of its being blended with habitual kindness to her friends, and giving, odd as it may seem, a zest to the humour of her familiar conversation, it always struck me as a token of her simplicity. In point of fact, a manner in itself artificial, sprung out of the *naïveté* of her character."

We need not bear testimony to the observation of nature, in which this last remark of the biographer is founded. And we have no doubt there is truth in the application of it to his heroine. But nature and art were so mixed up in her by the circumstances of her early life, that it is impossible to say how much of one or the other was more essentially her own. Perhaps, after all, the best and most extraordinary thing to be said of her, is that she left the impression she has upon the mind of an intimate acquaintance like Mr. Campbell.

CRICKET AND A FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE

BY MR. NYREN.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following brief, but genuine record, of an entertainment after a cricket-match, with which we have been favoured by our old, or rather ever-young friend, Mr. Nyren, the "Cricketer's Tutor." He calls it a "rough sketch," and modestly hints that we may re-cast it. We should as soon think of altering his cricket-bat. There is a right handling in it, and relishing hits. We need not point out to the reader the regard which our veteran cricketer naturally retains for the ladies; nor his pleasant vindication of himself from the charge of being "seventy." As to the close of his fourth paragraph, where he speaks of the descending of the dews, Burns himself might have written it. The mixture of warmth and coolness was never more happily touched; nor the fair picture, better intimated, under the darkening contrast of the twilight. This is the way that cricketers write,—O ye describers who grow sickly in doors! They feel substance and spirit at once, the body of beauty, and the breath of heaven.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Bromley, Middlesex, June 26.

MY DEAR SIR,

The wise men of the East invited me to stand umpire at a Cricket-match,—the married men against the bachelors. The day was highly interesting, and I cannot forbear giving you a short account of it. If you can take any thing from the description I give you for your paper, do it in any way you like; this will be only

a rough sketch. I call these gentlemen "the wise men of the East," as they will not suffer their names in print, and they live at the East-end of London.

When we arrived at the place of our destination, I was both surprised and delighted at the beautiful scene which lay before me. Several elegant tents, gracefully decked out with flags and festoons of flowers, had been fitted up for the convenience of the ladies; and many of these, very many, were elegant and beautiful women. I am not seventy; and

— "the power of beauty I remember yet."

(I am only sixty-eight!) Seats were placed beneath the wide spreading oaks, so as to form groups in the shade. Beyond these, were targets for ladies who love archery, the cricket-ground in front.

The carriages poured in rapidly, and each party as they entered the ground, was received with loud cheers by such of their friends as had arrived before them. At this time a band of music entered the ground, and I could perceive the ladies feathers gracefully waving to the music, and quite ready for dancing. However, the band gave us that fine old tune, *The roast beef of old England*.

We entered a large booth, which accommodated all our party, and a hundred and thirty sat down to the *déjeûné*. Our chairman was Young, but old in experience. Many excellent speeches were made; and ever and anon, the whole place rang with applause. After this the dancing commenced, quadrilles, gallopade, &c. &c. It was, without exception, the most splendid sight that I ever witnessed, and reminded me far more of the descriptions we read of fairy-land, than of any scene in real life. The dancing was kept up with great spirit, till the dew of heaven softly descended on the bosoms of our fair countrywomen.

Not a single unfortunate occurrence happened to damp the pleasure of this delightful party. Had you been with us, you would have sung "Oh, the pleasures of the plains," &c. &c. How is it, that we have so few of these parties? Can any party in a house compare with it? God bless you and yours,

JOHN NYREN.

P.S. The cricket match was well contested, the Bachelors winning by three runs only.

* * The married men might be content to endure so honourable a defeat, especially if their wives were among these ladies, ready at hand to take pity on them. Bachelors must have some advantages, to make themselves amends. The line of verse from Dryden is quoted with singular appositeness, the poet, when he wrote it, having been just of the same age with the cricketer; that is to say, in number of years. The quality of them he would have been but too happy to exchange for those of the man of action.

But these parties out doors—"Can any parties in a house compare with them?" says Mr. Nyren. None, say we;—unless it be a bridal party, made out of the same kind of people; and even then, the rooms would be better if they could be had out in the fields and woods,—Nature's own apartments,—such as we see in Chaucer's "Flower and the Leaf," or in the pictures of Boccaccio and Stothard. It is a melancholy thing to say for England, with her beautiful country, that we have not even a word to express an entertainment amidst scenery out of doors, but must recur for one to the French,—Fête Champêtre; that is to say, a festival in the fields, or the country,—a rural entertainment. "Rural Entertainment" would sound affected in English!—But we shall grow wiser as real "knowledge of the world" extends, and when it is no longer confined to the signification of above a nine-hundredth million part of it.

"The world!"—The man of fashion means St. James's by it; the mere man of trade means the Exchange, and a good prudent mistrust. But cricketers, and men of sense and imagination, who use all the eyes and faculties God has given them, mean his beautiful planet, gorgeous with sunset, lovely with green fields, magnificent with mountains,—a great rolling energy, full of health, love, and hope, and fortitude, and endeavour. Compare this world with the others,—no better than a billiard ball, or a musty plum.

THE MEETING OF JACOB AND JOSEPH.

When Israel's car on Egypt's plain,
Drew up before the cloud of sand
That eddied round the rapid train
Of Joseph, close at hand;

And when the Venerable stopt,
Down to the earth—and at his feet,
The Great, the Found, the Injured, wept,
And hundreds saw them meet;

And when the guilty with that throng,
Worse than the meanest, bow'd by fears,
And hard in thought of their old wrong,
Stood tearless mid all tears;

Then thro' the Patriarch's mind was showered
His long long path of sorrow trod,
The sense of weakness overpowered,
The wondrous ways of God!

Rachel gone down to dust forlorn—
Rachel, in youth and beauty beaming—
The dreams, the dreams! received with scorn,
The pageant round him streaming;

The coat, sole vestige of his son;
The stains, and he had kiss'd them dim;
The web of falsehood round him spun,
And Joseph holding him!

And prophecy, long almost held
A nursery tale, and faith half fled,
From their deep night of doubt dispell'd,
Awakening from the dead!

"Now might I die!" the Patriarch prays,
As all the seer resumes its reign;
"For I have lived on thee to gaze—
Have touch'd my son again!"

TABLE-TALK.

Frabricius Serbellone, a disgrace to the military profession, was patronized and employed against the Protestants of Avignon and Orange, by Pope Pius the Fourth, and that unfeeling Emperor, Charles the Fifth. This infamous Satellite of the Vatican blots the present page only for the purpose of recording an execrable refinement of cruelty, united with religious rancour, worthy the monster who employed him, and highly gratifying to his own brutality of manners and thirst for blood. Having, as he imagined, exhausted his invention in search of new modes of torture, by suspending in chimnies, impaling, and roasting by slow fires the unfortunate wretches who fell into his hands, and by other means too shocking and too indecent to recite, at the instigation of Satan or his prime ministers, at St. Peter's and Vienna, he procured a number of Geneva bibles, and folding the leaves into long and narrow slips, he larded with them the bodies and limbs of his miserable victims, previous to his committing them to the flames. Adding insult to injury, he told them, in the agonies of death, "That he knew it was an edition of the bible they were attached to, and he was determined they should have enough of it." Such have been the enormities of those who fancied they were doing God service, and fulfilling their duty, under a gospel which preaches love and good will towards men.—*Lounger's Common-Place Book*.

A German Apologue.—An archbishop and his nephew were taking an evening's walk together, when they fell into a dispute about the spots in the moon. "I see a shepherdess sitting under a tree very clearly," said the young man. "I can distinguish the tower of a cathedral church," said the uncle.

Affecting and Blessed Epitaph.—In the cathedral at Vienne in France, a venerable Gothic structure, on the united tomb of two friends, are inscribed the words

MENS UNA, CINITUS UNUS.
One mind, one dust.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Errors of Education" and the letter of a "Happy Mother" on the question of Flogging at Public Schools, do credit to the feelings of the respective writers; but the subjects are not handled in a way to suit the plan of our Journal.

We shall be glad to hear from UN LECTEUR QUI A SOIR; though we fear we cannot vary our plan so as to meet his wishes.

RUSTICUS and A PART OF THE MANY shall have due attention.

Our friend HOMO may make himself easy, we think, upon the subject of his letter, considering he did his duty so long and strenuously. He set a good example in one respect; he may now fairly set it in another. If all men were to do as much, the world would soon be in excellent condition.

We have not time to go into the subject mentioned by TAU, ourselves; but we shall be ready, as we ever have been, to do it any service by the way, and to insert any information upon it communicated by others.

EDITOR'S opinion of verse-making as a pastime, and a resource against less innocent supports, is excellent; but he must cultivate his ear more, in order to do justice to his feelings.

We shall be glad to hear from F. L. a year hence.

BEPPO's Table-talk will appear. His "Romance of Real Life," besides not being authenticated, is hardly striking enough in the circumstances, for our series. An action may be very noble, and unusual too, and yet not be sufficiently unusual, or invested with interest, to furnish out a narrative.

We should have sooner noticed the communications of J. O. U.; but had been doubting whether his paper, however interesting to scholars, would have been popular and explanatory enough for the general reader. We have come to the conclusion however, that his subject is one which any intelligent mind will be glad to make the most of by the help of its own light, if it possess no other; and accordingly it shall appear next week.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1834.

No. 16.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

BREAKFAST CONCLUDED.

TEA AND COFFEE, MILK, BREAD, &c.

We have said nothing of coffee and chocolate at breakfast, though a good deal was quoted in our last paper from Mr. D'Israeli respecting those beverages. We confined ourselves to tea, because it is the staple drink. A cheap coffee however, or imitation of it, has taken place of tea with many; and the poor have now their "coffee houses," as the rich used to have. We say "used," because coffee-drinking in such places, among the rich, is fast going out in consequence of the later hours of dinner and the attractions of the club-houses. Coffee, like tea, used to form a refreshment by itself, some hours after dinner. It is now taken as a digester, right upon that meal; and sometimes does not even close it; for the digester itself is digested by a liqueur of some sort, called a *chasse-café* (coffee-chacer.) We do not, however, pretend to be learned in these matters. If we find ourselves at a rich table, it is but as a stranger in the land, to all but the lasting humanities of it. A custom may change next year, and find us as ignorant of it, as the footman is otherwise.*

As we claim the familiar intimacy of the reader, in this our most private-public Journal, and have had it cordially responded to by fair and brown (who will not cry out as a critic did against Montaigne, for saying he liked sherry, "Who the devil cares whether he liked sherry or not?") we shall venture to observe, in comment upon the thousand inaudible remarks on this question which we hear on all sides of us, that for our parts we like coffee better than tea, once in a way, but tea "for a constancy." And one after the other makes a "pretty" variety; (as Dr. Johnson, or Mr. Pepys, would phrase it). To be perfect in point of taste (we do not say, of wholesomeness) coffee should be strong, and hot, with little sugar and milk. In the East they drink it without either; which, we should think, must be intolerable to any palates that do not begin with it in childhood, or are not in want of as severe stimulants as those of sailors (though by the way, we understand that tobacco-chewing is coming into fashion!) It has been drunk after this mode in some parts of Europe; but the public have nowhere (we believe) adopted it. The favorite way of drinking it as a meal, abroad, is with a great superfluity of milk,—very properly called in France *Café-au-lait*, Coffee to the milk. One of the pleasures we receive in drinking coffee is, that being the universal drink in the East, it reminds of that region of the Arabian Nights; as smoking does, for the same reason: though neither of these refreshments, which are now identified with Oriental manners, is to be found in that enchanting work. They had not been discovered, when it was written. The drink was sherbet, and its accompaniments cakes and fruit. One can hardly fancy, what a Turk or a Persian could have done without coffee and a pipe, any more than the English ladies and gentlemen before the civil wars, without tea for breakfast. As for chocolate, its richness, if made good, renders it rather a food than a drink. Linnæus seems to have been fond of it; for it was he, we believe, who

gave it its generic name of Theobroma, or food of the gods. It is said to be extremely nourishing,* but heavy for weak stomachs. Cocoa (cacao) is a lighter kind of it, made of the shell instead of the nut. They make German flutes of the wood of the chocolate-tree. An Italian wit, who flourished when tea, coffee, and chocolate had not long been introduced into his country, treats them all three with great contempt, and no less humour:—

Non fia già, che il Cioccolato
V'adopra, ovvero il Tè:
Medicine così fatte
Non saran giammai per me.
Beveri prima il veleno,
Che un bicchier che fosse pieno
Del amaro e reo Caffè.
Colà tra gli Arabi,
E tra i Giannizzeri,
Liquor sì ostico,
Sì nero e torbido,
Gli schiavi ingollino.
Giù nel Tartaro,
Giù nell' Erebo,
L'empie Belidi l'inventarono;
E Tesifone, e l'altre Furie,
A Proserpina il ministrarono:
E se in Asia il Musulmano
Se lo cionca a precipizio,
Mostra aver poco giudizio.
Redi. Bacco in Toscana.

Talk of Chocolate! Talk of Tea!
Medicines made, ye Gods, as they are,
Are no medicines made for me!
I would sooner take to poison
Than a single cup set eyes on
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of Coffee.
Let the Arabs and the Turks
Count it 'mongst their cruel works.
Foe of mankind, black and turbid,
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
Down in Tartarus,
Down in Erebus,
Twas the detestable Fifty† invented it;
The Furies then took it,
To grind and to cook it,
And to Proserpina all three presented it.
If the Mussulman in Asia
Doats on a beverage so unseemly,
I differ with the man extremely.

These vituperations however are put into the mouth of the god of wine; who may justly have resented the introduction of

"the cups
Which cheer but not inebriate."

Chocolate is a common refreshment in Italy, in a solid shape. The pastry-cooks sell sweetmeats of it, wrapped up in little papers with printed mottoes, containing some couplet of humour or gallantry. They have made their appearance of late years in England, owing, we believe, to the patronage of George the Fourth, who is said to have given an order to a Paris manufacturer, to the value of 500*l*.

Off, ye inferior goods, ye comparative sophistications, perhaps fleeting fashions, and let us bethink ourselves of the everlasting virtues of beautiful milk and bread!

"Milk," says a venerable text, "is fit for children." It is too often unfit for men, not because their stomachs are stronger than those of children, but be-

* "An acquaintance, on whose veracity we can rely," says Mr. Phillips in his History of Fruits, "informed us, that during the retreat of Napoleon's army from the north, he fortunately had a small quantity of little chocolate cakes in his pocket, which preserved the life of himself and a friend for several days, when they could procure no other food whatever, and many of their brother officers perished for want."
Pomarium Britannicum, or Historical and Botanical Account of Fruits known in Great Britain. Third Edition, p. 67. Colburn.

† The daughters of Danaus, who killed their husbands.

cause they are weaker. Causes of various sorts, sorrow, too much thinking, dissipation, shall render a man unable to digest the good wholesome milk-bowl, that delighted him when a child. He must content himself with his experience, and with turning it to the best account, especially for others. A child over a milk-bowl is a pleasant object. He seems to belong to every thing that is young and innocent,—the morning, the fields, the dairies. And no fear of indigestion has he, nor of a spoiled complexion. He does not sit up till twelve at night; nor is a beauty tightlacing herself; nor does he suspend his stomach in breathlessness, with writing "articles," and thinking of good and evil.

Pleasant object also, nevertheless, is the milk-jug to the grown man, whether sick or well, provided he have "an eye." White milk in a white jug, or cream in a cream-coloured, presents one of those sympathies of colour, which are sometimes of higher taste than any contrast, however delicate. Drummond of Hawthornden has hit it, with a relishing pencil:—

In petticoat of green
With hair about her eine,*
Phillie, beneath an oak,
Sat milking her fair flock:
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture (rare
delight)
Her hand seem'd milk, in milk it was so
white.†

Anacreon beautifully compares a finely tinted cheek, to milk with roses in it. There is a richness of colouring, as well as of substance in the happy scriptural designation of an abundant country,— "A land overflowing with milk and honey." Milk and honey suit admirably on the breakfast-table. Their colours, their simplicity, their country associations, all harmonize. We have a dairy and a bee-hive before us,—the breath of cows, and the buzzing over the garden. By the way, there is a very pretty design, in Cooke's edition of Parnell's Poems, of a girl milking a cow, by Kirk, a young Scotch artist of great promise, who died prematurely, which has wandered to the tea-cups, and is to be found on some of the cheapest of them. We happened to meet with it in Italy, and felt all our old landscapes before us,—the meadows, the trees, and the village church; all which the artist has put into the back ground. The face is not quite so good on the tea-cup as in the engraving. In that, it is eminently beautiful,—at least in the work now before us. We cannot answer for re-prints. It is one of those faces of sweetness and natural refinement, which are to be met with in the humblest as well as highest classes, where the parentage has been genial, and the bringing up not discordant. The passage illustrated is the pretty exordium of the poet's Eclogue entitled Health:—

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass:
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

Is it not better to occupy the fancy with such recollections as these over a common breakfast, than to be lamenting that we have not an uncommon one? which perhaps also would do us a mischief, and for the gain of a little tickling of the palate take health and good temper out of us for the rest of the day. Besides, a palate unspoilt has a relish of milks and teas, and other simple foods, which a Nabob, hot

* Eine—een—Scotch and old English for eyes.

† See Cunningham's edition of Drummond, lately published, p. 249.

* We advert to the knowledge of this personage, out of no undue feeling either towards himself, or those whom he serves. Both classes comprise natures of all sorts, like others. But fashion, in itself, is a poor business, everlastingly shifting its eastons because it has nothing but change to go upon; and with all our respect for good people who wear its liveries, whether master or footman, we own we have no sort of veneration for the *passés* of neckcloths and coats, and the vicissitudes of the modes of dining.

from his mulligatawny and his enragins, would envy.

We look upon it as a blessing, for our parts, that we retain a liking for a very crust. We were educated at a school, where the food was poorer than the learning; but the monks had lived in its cloisters; and left us a spring of delicious water. Hence we have the pleasure of enjoying a crust of bread and a draught of water to this day. Oftentimes have we "spoilt our dinner," when it has not come up in time, with a "hunk" of bread, choosing ~~rather to spoil our dinner than our spirits: and sweet~~ have been those mouthfuls of the pure staff of life, and refreshing of the corn. To our apprehensions there is a sort of white taste in bread, analogous to the colour, and reminding us of the white milkiness of the wheat. We have a respect, both of self-love and sympathy, with the poor light-hearted player in Gil Blas, who went singing along the country road, dipping his crust in the stream. Sorrow had no hold on him, with ninety-nine out of her hundred arms. Carelessly along went he, safe from her worst handling, in his freedom from wants. She might have peered out of her old den, and grown softened at his chaunt. But he went alone too: he had none to care for; which was a pleasure also. It would be none to us,—one thing provided. There are pains, when you get heartily acquainted with them, which out-value the reverse pleasures. Besides, we must all get through our tasks, as manfully and cheerfully as we can; losing, if possible, no handsome pleasure by the way, and sustaining ourselves by the thought that all will be for the best, provided we do our best for all. It is not the existence of pain that spoils the relish of the world; but the not knowing how to make the most of pleasures, and thereby reducing the pains to their most reasonable size and their most useful account.

You may make a landscape, if you will, out of your breakfast table, better than Mr. Kirk's picture. Here where the bread stands, is its father, the field of corn, glowing in the sun, cut by the tawny reapers, and presenting a path for lovers. The village church (where they are to be married) is on a leafy slope, on one side; and on the other is a woody hill, with fountains. There, far over the water, (for this basin of water, with island lumps of butter in it, shall be a sea) are our friends the Chinese, picking the leaves of their tea-trees,—a beautiful plant; or the Arabs plucking the berries of the coffee-tree, a still more beautiful one, with a profusion of white blossoms and an odour like jessamine. For the sugar (instead of a bitterer thought, not so harmonious to our purpose, but not to be forgotten at due times) you may think of Waller's *Sacharissa*,* so named from the Latin word for sugar (*sacharum*) a poor compliment to the lady; but the lady shall sweeten the sugar, instead of the sugar doing honour to the lady; and she was a very knowing as well as beautiful woman, and saw farther into love and sweetness than the sophisticated court poet; so she would not have him, notwithstanding his sugary verses, but married a higher nature.

Bread, milk, and butter are of venerable antiquity. They taste of the morning of the world. Jael, to entertain her guest, "brought forth butter in a lordly dish." Homer speaks of a nation of milk-eaters, whom he calls the "justest of men." To "break bread" was from time immemorial the Eastern signal of hospitality and confidence. We need not add reasons for respecting it, still more reverend. Bread is the "staff of life" throughout the greater part of the civilized world; and so accordant in its taste with the human palate, that nature, in some places, seems to have grown it ready-made on purpose, in the shape of the Bread Fruit Tree. There is also a Milk-tree; but we no where find a carniferous, or

flesh-bearing tree; nor has the city yet been discovered in which "the pigs run through the streets ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in their sides." Civilized nations eat meat, but they can also do without it, living upon milk, grain, and vegetables alone, as in India. None but savages live without those. And common breakfasts, without any meat in them, have this advantage over others, that you can look back upon them without any sort of doubt or disgust, nor are theiravings offensive to the eye. It is one of the perplexities of man's present condition, that he is at once carnivorous, and has very good reason for being so, and relishing his chop and his steak, and yet cannot always reconcile it to the rest of his nature. He would fain eat his lamb, and pity it too; which is puzzling. However, there are worse perplexities than these; and the lambs lead pleasant flowery lives while they do live. Nor could they have had this taste of existence, if they were not bred for the table. Let us all do our best to get the world forward, and we shall see. We shall either do away all we think wrong, or see better reasons for thinking it right. Meanwhile, let us dine and breakfast, like good-humoured people; and not "quarrel with our bread and butter."

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday, the 16th to Tuesday, the 22d of July.

About the close of this week takes place that extraordinary proceeding of government among the bees,—the massacre of the drones.

"After the season of swarming," says Dr. Bevan, "viz.: towards the end of July, as is well known, a general massacre of the drones takes place. The business of fecundation being now completed, they are regarded as useless consumers of the fruits of others labours, 'fruges consumere nati;' love is at once converted into furious hate, and a general proscription takes place. The unfortunate victims evidently perceive their danger; for they are never, at this time, seen resting in one place, but darting in or out of the hive with the utmost precipitation, as if in fear of being seized. Their destruction has generally been supposed to be effected by the workers harassing them till they quit the hive; this was the opinion of Mr. Hunter, who says that the workers pinch them to and fro, without stinging them, and he considers their death as a natural rather than an untimely one. In this, Bonnet seems to agree with Mr. Hunter. But Huber has observed that their destruction is effected by the stings of the workers. He ascertained this by placing his hives upon a glass table. Reaumur seems to have been aware of this, for he has remarked that, "notwithstanding the superiority which the drones seem to have from their bulk, they cannot hold out against the workers, who are armed with a poison which conveys poison into the wound it makes." The moment this formidable weapon has entered their bodies, they expand their wings, and expire. This sacrifice is not the consequence of a blind indiscriminating instinct, for if a hive be deprived of its queen, no massacre takes place, though the hottest persecution rage in all the surrounding hives. This fact was observed by Bonnet, who supposed the drones to be preserved for the sake of the additional heat which they would generate in the hive during winter; but according to Huber's theory, they are preserved for the purpose of impregnating a new queen. The lives of the drones are also spared in hives which possess fertile workers only, but no proper queen; and likewise in hives governed by a queen whose impregnation has been retarded; but under any other circumstances, the drones all disappear before winter. Not only all that have undergone their full transformations, but every embryo, in whatever period of its existence, shares the same fate. The workers drag them forth from their cells, and after sucking the fluid from the bodies, cast them out of the hive. In all these respects the hive bees resemble wasps, but with this difference; among the latter, not only the males and the male larvae are destroyed, but all the workers and their larvae, (and the very combs themselves), are involved in one indiscriminate ruin, none remaining alive during the winter but the queens, which lie dormant in various holes and corners till the ensuing spring,—of course, without food, for they store none."

How are the destroyers then destroyed? Do they destroy one another? Is the whole of wasp-kind

Or do the queens go about, stabbing and making a finish?—These appear to be light questions on a subject that might be awful enough, were we bees or wasps: but human beings are too fond of drawing analogies between themselves and other creatures,—a practice, very good, where the latter can receive any benefit from it, but to be used with caution in all other cases. We have, in another publication, (the *Indicator*,—in a paper added to the second edition,) shewn the absurdity of arguing from bee-government to human government,—a process of political reasoning once in great favour with some, who in thinking to advocate the cause of monarchy, forgot the perils they might bring on another part of the state. If men were bees and wasps, they would not only have no sovereigns and mothers except queens, but massacre their nobility, and themselves into the bargain, once a year! But being men, and gifted with reason, they discover that it is a manlier thing to teach and improve one another, than massacre any body. Bees must not guide men. Men are their masters, and must guide them: perhaps, will ultimately give them a lift, and so be like gods to them!

As our extract in the present department of our paper is so short this week, we gladly take the opportunity of a beautiful little description of a nook to read in, to make the following striking extract from the *Seven Temptations* of Mrs. Howitt,—a production which we have read through with a pleasure, only bounded by our regret, that the fair writer's conventional opinions of what is good and pious, are not always in perfect harmony with her natural good sense and benevolence. The chief actor in the following scene is a spendthrift who has alienated his house and lands, and is resolved to get them back again by an inexorable pursuit of money.

SCENE III.

A fine moonlight night—A lonely field in the extremity of the valley of Torres.—Enter Thomas with an ass, he takes off the bridle and turns it to graze.

Thomas. There, thou poor, half-starved, patient animal,

There's grass, rare green grass for thee; eat thy fill, Would thou couldst take a store for forty days! This once was mine—I tell thee, it was mine! I know it inch by inch—yon leafy hedge is hazel every twig. I little dreamed When I was wandering here a happy boy, The time would come when I should steal in here A thief o' nights!

Ah! I remember well— There is a little hollow hereabout, Where wild-briar roses, and lithe honeysuckle Made a thick bower; 'twas here I used to come To read sweet books of witching poetry! Could it be I? No, no, I am so chang'd, I will not think this man was once that boy, The thought would drive me mad! I will but think I once knew one who call'd this vale his own; I will but think I knew a merry boy, And a kind, gentle father, years ago, Who had their dwelling here; and that the boy Did love this lonely nook, and used to find Here the first nests of summer; here did read All witching books of glorious poetry; And then, that as the boy became a youth, And gentle feelings strengthened into passion, And love became the property of life, Hither he wandered with a girlish beauty, Gathering, like Proserpine, sweet meadow flowers; And that they sat beneath the wild-briar rose, And that he then did kiss that maiden's cheek The first time as a lover!—Oh, my God! That was the heir of Torres,—a brave boy, A noble hearted boy! he grew a man, And what became of him? Ha! pass we that— Would that I knew not what became of him!

[He advances into the hollow.]

'Tis even as then! this bower hath little changed, But hearts have changed since then, and thoughts have changed,

And the great purpose of a life hath changed! Oh, that I were a bird among these boughs, To live a summer life of peace and joy; To never fret my soul for broken faith; To have no onward hope, no retrospection!— Ah! there's the tiny glowworm as of old! It is a lovely thing. Oh me! how much That's beautiful and pure have I forgotten! Years is it since a glow worm crossed my thoughts, And it was the bright marvel of my boyhood— A fire, and yet so cold! let's feel it now, If 'tis as it was then.

[He stoops to pick it up.]

Heavens, it is gold!

And here is more! bright, shining, glorious gold! *[He pulls away the moss and roots, and draws out a small bag of gold coin.]*

* *Sacharissa* was Lady Dorothy Sidney, of the great and truly noble family of the Sidneys. She married a sincere, affectionate, and courageous man, Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who was killed four years afterwards, in a cause for which he thought himself bound to quit the arms of the woman he loved. Her second husband was of the Smythe family. In her old age, meeting Walker at a card table, Lady Sunderland asked him, in good-humoured and not ungrateful recollection of his fine verses, when he would write any more such upon her; to which the "polite" poet, either from spite or want of address, had the poverty of spirit to reply, "Oh, madam! when your ladyship is as young again."

Bent
On bloody courses, till the rude scene ends,
And darkness is the burier of the dead?

Let me into the moonlight—gold, gold, gold!
A hoard of shining gold: here lieth more
Than I have saved in seven years weary toil,
And honest gain—this is some robber's booty—
It were no sin to take a robber's gold.

[A step is heard approaching.

Ha! some one comes!

[He shrinks into the shadow, and lies close under the bench.

Mrs. Now, by your leave, good friend,

Who may you be?

Thos. A poor night traveller,

Who takes up his cheap quarters 'neath the hedges

Mrs. I'm in the like case too. But, honest friend,

I have a little liking for your pillow,

May't please you take the further side o' the bed!

Thos. First come, first served—it is a well known
sage.

Mrs. Come, come, my friend, these are my
ancient quarters;

I have a foolish liking for this spot—

All are alike to you—

Thos. I have possession,

And will maintain it!

Mrs. It shall then be tried.

[He lays hold on Thomas, and they struggle together.

Ha, ha, you thief, then you have got the bag!

Thos. You villain! you marauding thief!

[Thomas rushes into the thicket, the men follow.

Mrs. (within the thicket). I am a dead man, help!

oh, I am murdered!

Christ help me! I am murdered!

Thos. (Rushing out). He is not! no!

Calls do not murder men!

[He runs off.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXIII.—A GAMESTER WITH A WIFE TOO GOOD FOR HIM.

THIS rare, because pleasing passage, in the domestic history of a gamester (we do not mean the having a wife too good for him—which must be the case with all gamesters whose wives are good for any thing—but the agreeable surprise which she had prepared for him against his downfall) is related by Goldsmith in his life of Beau Nash. It looks like a page out of one of Fielding's novels. We have only to imagine Booth grown less civil, and Amelia remaining what she was, and the incident would have perfectly suited her.

At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection, which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart; he began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but, at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably: it was determined therefore to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attender at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony, upon this occasion, was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman who sate near, to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there were no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alledging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company, would set him sixty guineas upon it: the company were silent; he then demanded fifty; still no answer: he sunk to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out, "By G—d it shall never go for less," and dashed it against the floor; at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece.

This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. "But, my dear Jenny," says his wife, "perhaps you

don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you." This account seemed only to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried, "There you lie, my dear; his estate is not settled upon me." "I beg your pardon," said she, "I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so." "No," returned he, "as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table." "What all?" replied the lady. "Yes, every farthing," returned he, "and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have got to pay." Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, "No, my dear," cried she, "you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing: our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me. Your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future." Her prudence had the proper effect. He ever retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

BEAU NASH.

We take the opportunity of following the above extract from Goldsmith's life of this once "influential personage," with an account of Nash himself. We do not add it to our list of "Romances," because though Nash was a real singularity, there was something in him too firm to bring him within the borders of so grave a thing as Romance. The most solid thing about him was his charitableness; and it would have made him respectable, had it been less a matter of temperament, and more accompanied with justice. But he was a curiosity of his kind, and a 'Reminiscence' of him will not be unacceptable to many of our readers just now, when a popular dramatist has made him the subject of a comedy.

Nash is to be added to the list of long livers; and the reader will observe, that what has been invariably observed of them, and appears (with temperance or great exercise) to be the only invariable condition of their longevity, has not failed in his instance:—he was an early riser.

It has been doubted whether Goldsmith was the author of the life attributed to him. We think, however, it bears strong internal marks of his hand, though not in its happiest or most confident moments. Its pleasantness is uneasy and overdone, as if conscious of having got into company unfit for it; and something of the tawdriness of the subject sticks to him,—perhaps from a secret tendency of his own to mix up the external character of a fine gentleman "in a blossom-coloured coat," with his otherwise natural and totally incompatible character of a single-hearted and unaffected writer. Chalmers, the compiler of the Biographical Dictionary, who was much in the secrets of book-making, appears to have had no doubt on the subject. It is not improbable, that Goldsmith had materials for the life, by some other person, put into his hands, and so made it up by touches of his own, and by altering the composition. The following summary of it is taken from Chalmers, (with the exception of a few words).

Richard Nash, Esq. was born at Swansea, in Glamorganshire, Oct. 18, 1674. His father was a gentleman, whose principal income arose from a partnership in a glass-house; his mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, who was killed by Oliver Cromwell, for defending Pembroke Castle against the rebels. He was educated at Caermarthen School, and thence sent to Jesus College, Oxford, in order to prepare him for the study of the law. His father had strained his little income to give his son such an education, and from the boy's natural vivacity, he hoped a recompense from his future preferment. In college, however, he soon shewed that though much might be expected from his genius, nothing could be hoped from his industry. The first method Nash took to distinguish himself at college was not by application to study, but by assiduity in intrigue. Our hero was quickly caught, and went through all the mazes and adventures of a college intrigue before he was seventeen; he offered marriage; the offer was accepted; but the affair coming to the knowledge of his tutor, his happiness, or perhaps his misery, was prevented, and he was sent home from college, with

necessary advice to him, and proper instructions to his father. He now purchased a pair of colours, commenced a professed admirer of the sex, and dressed to the very edge of his finances; but soon becoming disgusted with the life of a soldier, quitted the army, entered his name as a student in the Temple books, and here went to the very summit of second-rate luxury. He spent some years about town, till at last, his genteel appearance, his constant civility, and still more his assiduity, gained him the acquaintance of several persons, qualified to lead the fashion both by birth and fortune. He brought a person genteelly dressed to every assembly; he always made one of those who are called good company; and assurance gave him an air of elegance and ease.

He was, if not a brilliant, at least an agreeable companion. He never forgot good manners, even in the highest warmth of familiarity, and, as we hinted before, never went in a dirty shirt, to disgrace the table of his patron or friend. "These qualifications," says his biographer, "might make the furniture of his head; but for his heart, that seemed an assemblage of the virtues which display an honest benevolent mind; with the vices that spring from too much good nature." He had pity for every creature in distress, but wanted prudence in the application of his benefits. He had generosity for the wretched in the highest degree, at a time when his creditors complained of his justice.

Nash was now fairly for life entered into a new course of gaiety and dissipation, and steady in nothing but in the pursuit of variety. He was thirty years old, without fortune, or useful talents to acquire one. He had hitherto only led a life of expedients; he thanked chance alone for his support; and having been long precariously supported, he became, at length, totally a stranger to prudence or precaution. Not to disguise any part of his character, he was now by profession a gamester; and went on from day to day feeling the vicissitudes of rapture and anguish in proportion to the fluctuations of fortune. About 1703, the city of Bath became, in some measure, frequented by people of distinction. The company was numerous enough to form a country-dance upon the bowling-green; they were amused with a fiddle and a hautboy, and diverted with the romantic walks round the city. They usually sauntered in fine weather in the grove, between two rows of sycamore trees. Several learned physicians, Dr. Jordan and others, had even then praised the salubrity of the wells; and the amusements were put under the direction of a master of the ceremonies. Captain Webster was the predecessor of Nash. This gentleman, in 1704, carried the balls to the Town-hall, each man paying half-a-guinea each ball. One of the greatest physicians of his age conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of the waters; and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which, he said, "he would cast a toad into the spring."

In this situation things were when Nash first came into the city; and, hearing the threat of this physician, he humorously assured the people, that if they would give him leave, he would charm away the poison of the toad, as they usually charmed the venom of the tarantula by music. He therefore was immediately empowered to set up a band of music against the doctor's reptile; the company very sensibly increased, Nash triumphed, and the sovereignty of the city was decreed to him by every rank of people. None could possibly conceive a person more fit to fill this employment than Nash; he had some wit; but it was of that sort which is rather happy than permanent. He was charitable himself, and generally shamed his betters into a similitude of sentiment, if they were not naturally so before. His first care, when made master of the ceremonies, or King of Bath, as it is called, was to promote a music subscription of one guinea each, for a band; which was to consist of six performers, who were to receive a guinea a-week each for their trouble. He allowed also two guineas a-week for lighting and sweeping the rooms, for which he accounted to the subscribers by receipt. By his direction, one Thomas Harrison erected a handsome assembly-house for these purposes. A better band of music was also procured, and the former subscription of one guinea was raised to two. Harrison had three guineas a week for the room and candles, and the music two guineas a man. The money Nash received, and accounted for with the utmost exactness and punctuality. The balls, by his direction, were to begin at six and to end at eleven. Nor would he suffer them to continue a moment longer, lest invalids might commit irregularities, to counteract the benefit of the waters. By degrees, he made the gentlemen give up their custom of wearing their swords at the rooms; and in order to make their boots follow the swords, he was at the pain of getting up a puppet show, in which Punch did the most preposterous things, booted and spurred, going, among other pranks, to bed, thus accoutred. The city of Bath by such assiduity, soon became the theatre of summer amusements for all the people of fashion; and the magistrates of the city, finding him so necessary and useful, took every opportunity of paying the same respect to his fictitious royalty, that is generally extorted

by real power. His equipage was sumptuous, and he used to travel to Tunbridge in a post chaise and six greys, with outriders, footmen, French horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. He always wore a white hat; and to apologize for this singularity, said he did it purely to secure it from being stolen; his dress was tawdry, and not perfectly genteel; he might be considered as a beau of several generations, and, in his appearance, he, in some measure, mixed the fashions of a former age with those of his own. He perfectly understood elegant expense, and generally passed his time in the best company, if persons of the first distinction deserve that title.

But, perhaps, the reader may demand, what finances were to support all this finery?—or whence the treasures came that gave him such frequent opportunities of displaying his benevolence or his vanity? The secret was to be found in his gaming. Wherever people of fashion came, needy adventurers were generally found in waiting. With such, Bath swarmed; and among this class Nash was certainly to be numbered in the beginning—only with this difference, that he wanted the corrupt heart too commonly attending a life of expedients; for he was generous, humane, and honourable, even though by profession a gamester. But, whatever skill Nash might have acquired by long practice in play, he was never formed by nature for a successful gamester. He was constitutionally passionate and generous. While others made considerable fortunes at the gaming table, he was ever in the power of chance; nor did even the intimacy with which he was received by the great, place him in a state of independence. The considerable inconveniences that were found to result from a permission of gaming, at length attracted the attention of the Legislature; and in the twelfth year of his late Majesty the most prevalent games at that time were declared fraudulent and unlawful.

It was enacted that after the 24th of June, 1745, none should be permitted to keep a house, room, or place for playing, upon pain of such forfeitures as were declared in former acts instituted for that purpose.

By this wise and just act, all Nash's future hopes of succeeding by the tables were blown up. From that time, we find him involved in continual disputes, every day calumniated with some new slander, and continually endeavouring to obviate its effects. Nature had by no means formed him for a *beau garçon*: his person was clumsy, too large, and awkward, and his features harsh, strong, and peculiarly irregular; yet, even with those disadvantages, he made love, became a universal admirer of the sex, and was universally admired. He was possessed, at least, of some requisites of a lover. He had assiduity, flattery, fine clothes, and as much wit as the ladies he addressed. Wit, flattery, and finery clothes, he used to say, were enough to debauch a nunnery. He did not long continue an universal gallant; but in the earlier years of his reign, entirely gave up his endeavours to deceive the sex, in order to become the honest protector of their innocence, the guardian of their reputation, and a friend to their virtue. This was a character he bore for many years, and supported it with integrity, assiduity, and success; and he not only took care, during his administration, to protect the ladies from the insults of our sex, but to guard them from the slander of each other. He, in the first place, prevented any animosities that might arise from place and precedence, by being previously acquainted with the rank and quality of almost every family in the British dominion. He endeavoured to make scandal odious, by marking it as the result of envy and folly united. Whatever might have been his other excellencies, there was one in which few exceeded him—his extensive humanity. None felt pity more strongly, and none made greater efforts to relieve distress. "If we were," says his biographer, "to name any reigning and fashionable virtue in the present age, it should be charity. We know not whether it may not be spreading the influence of Nash too widely to say, that he was one of the principal causes of introducing this noble emulation among the rich; but certain it is, no private man ever relieved the distressed of so many as he."

As Nash grew old, he grew insolent, and seemed not aware of the pain his attempts to be a wit gave others. He grew peevish and fretful; and they who only saw the remnant of a man, severely returned that laughter upon him, which he had once lavished upon others. Poor Nash was no longer the gay, thoughtless, idly industrious person he once was; he now forgot how to supply new modes of entertainment, and became too rigid to wind with care through the vicissitudes of fashion. The evening of his life began to grow cloudy. His fortune was gone, and nothing but poverty lay in prospect. He now began to want that charity which he had never refused to any; and to find that a life of dissipation and gaiety is ever terminated by misery and regret. He was now past the power of giving or receiving pleasure, for he was poor, old, and peevish; yet still he was incapable of turning from his former manner of life to pursue happiness. An old man thus striving after pleasure, is indeed an object of pity; but a man at

once old and poor, running on in this pursuit, might excite astonishment.

Anxious, timid, his thoughts still hanging on a receding world, he desired to enjoy a little longer that life, the miseries of which he had experienced so long. The poor unsuccessful gamester husbanded the wasting moments with an increased desire to continue the game; and, to the last, eagerly wished for one yet more happy throw. He died at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, Feb. 3, 1761, aged 87. His death was sincerely regretted by the city, to which he had been so long and so great a benefactor.

In domestic life, among his servants and dependants, where no gloss was required to colour his sentiments and disposition, nor any mask necessary to conceal his foibles, Nash was ever fond of promoting the interests of his servants and dependants, and making them happy. In his own house, no man was, perhaps, more regular, cheerful, and beneficent. His table was always free to those who sought his friendship or wanted a dinner. As his thoughts were entirely employed in the affairs of his government, he was seldom at home but at the time of eating or of rest. His table was well served, but his entertainment consisted principally of plain dishes. He generally arose early in the morning, being seldom in bed after five; and to avoid disturbing the family and depriving his servants of their rest, he had the fire laid after he was in bed, and in the morning lighted it himself, and sat down to read some of his few, but well chosen books. His generosity and charity in private life, though not so conspicuous, was as great as that in public, and indeed far more considerable than his little income would admit of.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS. COWLEY.

His Preference of a Small Style of Living to a Great.

Abraham Cowley, a political court secretary, son of a grocer, born at the western corner of Chancery Lane in Fleet Street, A.D. 1618, and as honest a man in the ranks of the loyalists to Charles the First, as Milton was in those of the republicans, was looked upon, by the leaders of opinion in his time, as the greatest wit and poet that existed, perhaps that ever existed. A wit he was, and a poet too, though not of the great order that was supposed. His most admired poetry was full of "conceits;" that is to say, of laboured and far-fetched thoughts, instead of imagination and feeling; but amidst his less pretending compositions he has verses that abundantly satisfy both the taste and heart, and his prose is exquisite. It is the genuine expression of a sincere, thoughtful, kindly, and innocent nature. Pope has well touched upon the difference between what was mortal in his writings, and what has survived him:—

"Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art,
Yet still we love the language of his heart."

The following is one of those "Essays in Prose and Verse," which form the portion of his works that Pope alludes to, and which have ever been the delight of lovers of reading, especially those who are fond of taking a country walk with a book in their hand. The paraphrase of Horace at the end of it is not such close and finished writing as the original Latin; but the feeling in it is more true to the subject; and there is a more thorough air of goodness in Cowley than in Horace. Both were courtiers; but Horace was a courtier in the worldly sense. Cowley's heart always retained its boyhood.

"SINCE we cannot attain to greatness," (says the *Sieur de Montaigne*), "let us have our revenge by railing at it." This he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason: for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the inconveniences. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestered from it and made one of the principal officers of the state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of but small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial: I can therefore only make my protestation.

If ever I more riches did desire
Than cleanliness and quiet do require;
If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish so mean as to be great;
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will dispise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor spirited fellow; but I am content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so.

*Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finscerunt animi.*

Sat. iv. 17.

I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I ever were to fall in love again, (which is a great passion, and, therefore I hope I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a *bona roba*, nor, as *Homér* uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person; but, as *Lucretius* says,

Parvula, pumillo, xaphron pul, tota merum sal.

Lucr. iv. 1155.

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of *Senecio's* mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur *Seneca* the elder describes to this effect:—*Senecio* was a man of turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour at last grew into so notorious a habit or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town; he would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows; no plate or household stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion; you may believe me, for I speak it without railery, his extravagance came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet; he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse plums and pound pears; he kept a concubine that was a very giantess, and made her walk to always in *Chiopins*, till, at last, he got the name of *Senecio Grandio*, which *Messala* said, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomentum*; when he declaimed for the three hundred *Lacedæmonians*, who alone opposed *Xerxes's* army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms and stood on tip-toes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out in a very loud voice; "I rejoice, I rejoice!"—We wondered, I remember, what new fortune had befallen his eminence. '*Xerxes*,' says he, 'is all mine own. He who took away the sight of the sea, with the canvass sails of so many ships; and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burley way of nonsense.'

This is the character that *Seneca* gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at; and yet there are few men who are not in some things, and in some degrees, *Grandios*. Is anything more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, that all the ostentation of our grandees is, just like a train, of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and inconvenient. What is all this but a spice of *Grandio*? How tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation.

The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures, (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them), as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible diversions and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children. One of the most powerful and fortunate princes* of the world, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory as the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of human greatness (nay, that would not suffice, for they would be gods too), they certainly possessed it; and yet one of them who styled himself lord and god of the earth,† could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been *Beelzebub*.‡ One of his predecessors, *Nero*, who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite, could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them; this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was to sing, and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon a public stage: he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes than all his forefathers were of their triumphs over nations; he did not at his death complain that so mighty an emperor, and the last of all the *Cæsarean* race of deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end; but only cried out, 'Alas! what pity it is, that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner.§ His uncle *Claudius* spent half his time at playing at dice; and that was the main fruit

* *Louis XIII.* The Duke de *Laynes*, the constable of France, is said to have gained the favour of this powerful and fortunate prince, by training up singing birds for him.

† *Domitian*.

‡ *Beelzebub* signifies the Lord of Flies.—*Cowley*.

§ *Quæstus artifex perco*!—*Senecina*, in his *Life of Nero*.

of his sovereignty. I omit the madnesses of Caligula's delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreation, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding stones, with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating?

Was it for this that Rome's best blood be spilt,
With so much falsehood, so much guilt?
Was it for this that his ambition strove
To equal Cæsar first; and after, Jove?
Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys;
Her merchandize (I fear) is all in toys;
She would not else, sure, so uncivil be,
To treat his universal majesty,
His new-created Deity
With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meagre entertainment; she has not really wherewithal to make such feasts as we imagine. Her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cakes, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity what solid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? Not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well; not so many choice dishes at every meal; but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant; not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes; but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the tailor or valet-de-chambre; not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costliest tapestry; but a convenient brick-house, with decent wainscot, and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions), not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountains or cascade-gardens; but herb, and flower and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both; servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other, liberty, tranquillity, security and innocence. And when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you before but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object.

Sed quantum vertice ad auras
Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.*

As far up towards heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress; what a wonderful thing this is! Unless it degenerate into vice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery:

Mancipii locuples, eget æris-Cappadocum rex,†

This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor King of Cappadocia; "they abound with slaves, but are indigent of money." The ancient Roman Emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise; and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour and squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity; so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of rapine. As riches increase, (says Solomon), so do the mouths that devour them! The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, with an ass at the end perpetually eating it.

Out of these inconveniences arise naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself; still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it has got up to the very top of the Pic of Teneriff, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon.

The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroic attempt of scaling heaven in spite of the gods; and they cast Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa: two or three mountains more, they thought, would have done their business; but the thunder spoilt all their work when they were come up to the third story:

And what a noble plot was crost!
And what a brave design was lost!

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation,* when, from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain, and afterwards general, which was his second, and after that, absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touched the little heaven which he affected, is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of king and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would, perhaps, have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, being a creature of the fancy, a notion that exists only in relation and comparison: it is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us "that an idol is nothing in the world." There is, in truth, no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places: there is no right or left, no upper hand in nature; everything is little, and everything is great, according as it is diversely compared. There may be, perhaps, some village in Scotland or Ireland where I might be a great man; and in that case I should be like Cæsar, (you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in any thing,) and choose rather to be the first man of the village, than second of Rome. Our country is called Great Britain, in regard only of a lesser of the same name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it when we consider it with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground, in comparison of the whole earth besides, and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.

The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several chapters; and shall end this with an ode of Horace, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated:—

HORACE, B. III. ODE I.

"Odi profanum vulgus," &c.

Hence, ye profane; I hate you all;
Both the great vulgar and the small.
To virgin minds which yet their native whiteness hold,
Not yet discolour'd with the love of gold,
(That jaundice of the soul,
Which makes it look so gilded and so foul),
To you, ye very few, these truths I tell;
The muse inspires my song,—hark, and observe it well.
We look on men, and wonder at such odds
Twixt things that were the same by birth;
We look on kings as giants of the earth,
These giants are but pigmies to the gods.
The humblest bush and proudest oak
Are but of equal proof against the thunder stroke.
Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and power,
Have their short flourishing hour:
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their pre-eminence a while;
Even so in the same land,
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand;
Alas! death mows down all with an impartial hand.

And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,

Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:
If ye your eyes could upwards move
(But ye I fear think nothing is above),
Ye would perceive by what a little thread

The sword still hangs over your head:
No tide of wine would drown your cares;
No mirth or music over noise your fears:
The fear of death would you so watchful keep,
As not t' admit the image of it, sleep.
Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages:
His poppy grows among the corn.
The halcyon sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.

'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in the mind;
Darkness but half his work will do:
'Tis not enough; he must find quiet too.
The man, who, in all wishes he does make,
Does only nature's counsel take,
That wise and happy man will never fear
The evil aspects of the year:
Nor tremble, though two comets should appear:
He does not look in almanacs to see
Whether he fortunate shall be;

Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,
And what they please against the world design,
So Jupiter within him shine.
If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
God to your cares and fears will set no bound.
What would content you? who can tell?
Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,
As if ye liked it well:
Ye strive for more, as if ye liked it not.
Go level hills, and fill up seas,
Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please:
But, trust me, when you have done all this,
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

THREE GERMAN LEGENDS.

1.—HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

[We have drawn largely this time on the "Lays and Legends of various Nations;" but the new number, being another on "Germany," the most legendary of all nations, naturally tempts us; and our temptation is made virtuous by the excellent morals of what we quote.]

On a sultry Summer evening, Henry, Bishop of Halberstadt, and a foreign Bishop, who had been his guest for a month, were seated on the lawn before the castle of Gruningen. On a table before them stood, in two massive cups, their night drink. From ten o'clock in the morning, when they had seated themselves to their mid-day meat, their conversation had turned upon a mighty wine tun which had been constructed for a Bishop on the banks of the Rhine, and upon the propriety of every noble ecclesiastic having a similar one, for the purpose of giving suitable splendour to his residence. The question at length became so thoroughly exhausted, that the conversation began to flag, and was carried on for the most part slowly and in monosyllables, being from time to time interrupted by the yawnings of both parties.

Fortunately, at this moment Conrad, the shepherd, brought into the court-yard of the castle his well-tended flock, which Bishop Henry himself always counted over every evening. 'God greet thee, my lord Bishop.' 'Good evening to you, Conrad; where is the ram?' Conrad whistled, and a large handsome ram came bounding forth to the shepherd, and then to the Bishop, who stroked him, and fed him with crumbs of bread, which he had laid by on the table for the purpose. The Bishop then conversed for a minute or two with the shepherd, and asked him, jocosely, 'when his wedding was to take place?' Conrad was a little confused by the question, and withdrew, followed by his flock.

When he was gone, the Bishop began expatiating upon the beauty of the ram, which nothing could induce him to part with, and then upon his good shepherd Conrad, who was honesty itself. The foreign Bishop laughed at this declaration; for much travelling, and frequent residence at various princely courts, had filled him with distrust in his fellow-creatures. He maintained that it was impossible to find a really honest servant, at least in the retinue of an ecclesiastic; for they would all deceive their masters, and were all knaves more or less.

Bishop Henry contradicted this with great earnestness, praised the worthy disposition of the people over whom he wielded his crozier, but above all, Conrad the shepherd, who had never told him an untruth, nor deceived him in the most trifling affair. 'What, has Conrad never yet told you a lie,—never deceived you,—never betrayed his master?' said the foreign Bishop sarcastically. 'No,' answered Henry warmly, in defence of his retainer, 'Conrad never has been, nor ever will be, guilty of such conduct.' 'No!' repeated the foreign Bishop: 'what wager would you venture upon that?'

After sundry proposals, the Bishops at length agreed to support their opinions by a wager of a wine-tun, which should hold one hundred and fifty butts of wine. And, within three days, Conrad was, without being made aware of it, to be put to the test. This done, they took leave of one another for the night, well pleased to have found a fresh source of amusement for the next few days, and each feeling certain of victory.

The foreign Bishop, however, before retiring to rest, entered, as was his wont, into conversation and council with his servant Peter. This Peter, who was nominally only the servant and professed jester of the Bishop, was in fact much more his secret adviser than many of those who flattered it in titles and bands; and to him the Bishop looked for advice and assistance in all his difficulties, spiritual and temporal. Peter was accustomed to hear, to see, and occasionally to think for his master, without any body suspecting it; and this he had already done upon the very subject in question.

This evening he was, however, not in a very communicative humour; but the Knave, whom his master had made acquainted with everything, was vexed at heart, and it was only his master's promise of a new scarlet cap in case of winning the wager, which at all induced him to open his lips. After many biting remarks upon the cost of a wine tun which would hold a hun

* Virgil. Georg. II. 291.

† Horace. 1. Epist. VI. 39.

* Cron. well.

dred and fifty butts of wine, and come to more than half the yearly income of the bishoprick, he at length undertook to discover by what means this Conrad—this paragon pattern, and phoenix of honesty, as lord and servant jestingly called him, was to be tempted.

No sooner did the sun arise, than Peter set to work to bring about the object decided upon on the previous evening; and before noon he was enabled to tell his master that Conrad had a sweetheart, the pretty Lisette, but who would hear nothing of his passion till he had a house of his own to take her to, so poor were they both. The industrious Peter had himself already spoken to Lisette, and found her both ready and willing to assist in the scheme which he had devised. And all that he now had to ask from his master was a small sum of money to ensure the winning of this huge wine-tun. The bishop gave him what he desired, and seated himself in good heart at the table.

Peter then returned to the pretty Lisette, shewed her the money which he had got, and they discoursed together about a cottage which a poor widow in the neighbourhood had long wanted to dispose of; and Peter ended by promising to give Lisette the purchase-money for it, as soon as she had brought what he wished for.

On the following morning Lisette set to work in a spot past which Conrad must necessarily drive his flock. No sooner did Conrad see her in the distance, than he flew to her, accompanied by his favourite ram, and repeated to her all that he had previously told her, over and over again, to gain her consent to their marriage. But to all this Lisette answered him very coolly—that she had heard it a thousand times before, and if he had nothing more to say to her about a house of his own to take her to, that he knew very well what her determination was.

Conrad was about to take his leave with a troubled heart, when a half friendly glance from Lisette made him turn round and ask her, why she always behaved so coolly towards him, and what he should do to please her? 'Well, for the novelty of the thing, let us see whether you will do anything that I ask you,' said Lisette (the bishop's favourite ram had thrust himself between her and Conrad, and was eating bread out of her hand); 'will you, then, give me this ram, that I may sell it?'

Conrad's heart fell when he heard this request. Sorrowfully he replied, 'Everything in the world besides, but not that. If the bishop were not to feed my ram every evening, I should be sure to meet with some disaster. Take the ten best sheep of the flock, take the whole fifty of them that belong to me, but leave me the ram.'

'Well,' said Lisette; 'what a pattern of a man you are! But begone with your fifty sheep! Well! you are a pretty bridegroom, indeed, to refuse me such a trifle! You would certainly be a very good-natured husband when the honeymoon was over! Go, go to the bishop, let him feed your pet ram; and you may kiss his great toe into the bargain!'

Thus did they contend for awhile together. Conrad wept for very sorrow. Lisette, at least, acquainted him that she had sold the ram for the little cottage which they had both so often wished for, and that she must give it up that day, let it cost what it might, for she had passed her word to that effect, and would not be convicted of a falsehood, be the consequences what they might; she then dropped a few tears, to think that anything should have marred the unexpected joy she felt, at being able to purchase a snug dwelling, in which both themselves and their children might live so happy together; and then again enquired whether sheep did not die every day; whether they were never lost or stolen; and whether the wolf never ate any of the numbered flocks?

Love at length gained the victory. Conrad clapped his hands, and promised that before noon the ram should be her's; whereupon, Lisette gave Conrad her hand and promise, that in a month's time she would become his wife; and added a kiss to the bargain, as a sort of earnest money.

Lisette made the best of her way back to the village, and Conrad watched her as long as he could see her. The joy of his betrothing was, however, sorely troubled at the thoughts of the enquiries of his powerful, but at the same time, kind hearted master, in whose service he had hitherto conducted himself with such propriety, and who was so very fond of this favourite beast.

And he stood alone in the field where Lisette had been occupied, with his eyes fixed on the earth. At last he thrust his crook into the ground, hung his cloak over it, placed his bonnet on the top of it, and then began a series of soliloquies, or dialogues, whichever they may be called, in which he was occasionally assisted by the action of the ram.

'God greet you, my lord Bishop!—' 'Good even to you, Conrad; but where's the ram?' 'Ram, lord Bishop! why the ram is lost. I mean it has really strayed away.—(The beast, just as he was speaking, thrust himself between his master's feet, as if to eye the strange image before which he kept bowing so respectfully). 'Conrad, Conrad!' with a shake of the head, 'he is accustomed to be fed so regularly, I am sure he would not stray away—that won't do!'

A second dialogue, in which Conrad described the

ram as having been stolen, was interrupted by a powerful blow with which the beast returned his master's bow. 'You would not suffer yourself to be taken very easily, so that won't do.'

He continued for a full half hour conversing with himself in this manner, ending every excuse with a shake of the head, and a 'Conrad! that won't do!'

'And yet,' added he, 'I must part with the poor brute before noon, for I have promised to do so, and if Lisette does not give him to the person to whom she has sold him, she will be a cheat, and can never be my wife!'

At last he jumped for joy into the air, crying out, 'Honesty is the best policy! That will do—that will do!' He drew on his cloak, clapped his cap upon his head, and drove forward his herd. And yet, before noon, he handed over his favourite with a deep sigh to Lisette, who exchanged him for the purchase money of the cottage, without troubling her brains much upon the subject.

The evening was appointed for the trial of Conrad's honesty—a trial of which he had not the slightest suspicion. The bishops were, as usual, seated at their night drink, expecting the arrival in the palace court-yard of the shepherd, who was to decide their wager. They spoke but little, for each was anxious to leave to his friend the honour and expense of constructing the huge wine-tun.

Peter, the secret councillor, was in high spirits; and laughing to himself, rejoiced beforehand at the victory and success of his well laid plan. For he had the pet sheep in his possession, and felt sure that Conrad would never venture to speak the plain truth, whereby he would be certain to draw down upon himself the anger and high displeasure of his all powerful master, and get dismissed from his service.

Thus thought Peter, the secret adviser. In the meanwhile, Conrad drove his herd into the palace court, right before the bishops. Peter smiled, for he read, or he fancied he read, fear and anxiety in the countenance of the shepherd.

This evening, however, no favourite ram gambled before Bishop Henry, to eat the bread from his hand. 'Where is the ram?' enquired the bishop, with a significant glance. Conrad answered with a firm voice, 'I have sold it!—there, the truth is out—honesty is the best policy. That is my favourite saying, as you know, my lord bishop; and, by God's grace, my favourite saying it shall continue to be!'

Peter's visage lengthened considerably, but Bishop Henry called out, 'Way have you sold it without speaking to me? I would rather have paid ten times the sum it fetched. Don't you know that?'

'Lord Bishop,' said Conrad, 'pray hear me. Lisette has betrayed me, as Eve before her betrayed Adam; and a knave has betrayed Lisette, as the Evil One of old did Eve. If he will give me my ram again, I will not say who he is. (Peter turned away full of rage, for gone was his money, gone his promised cap of scarlet, and all hopes of a drinking bout, which he had calculated upon at the end of the business). Lisette had sold the beast without first speaking to me about it, otherwise it would not have happened. But as she had done so, I felt bound to give him up, how much soever I might be grieved at doing so, otherwise she would have told a lie, and would not have been what she is now to be—my wife. That is the real truth, lord bishop; so now do with me as you please. What is done, is done, but do not punish Lisette; a weak head is soon betrayed by a serpent.'

Bishop Henry would have scolded him, but the strange bishop said, with a troubled side glance to Peter, who was making off from the scene, 'I have lost my wager: that was the proof.'

And bishop Henry chided not. The pleasure of winning the wager consoled him; but the honesty of Conrad delighted him more than gaining the wine-tun, and he acknowledged the power of love.

'Verily,' cried the two bishops, 'Honesty is the best policy.' And Bishop Henry said, 'As a reward for thine honesty, I will be at the charge of thy wedding, and the half of the flock shall be thine.' 'And,' continued the other bishop, 'thou art welcome to thy ram again, and thou shalt still keep the cottage, as a christening present to thy first child!'

And the bishop who lost the wager caused the large wine-tun to be built, which formerly brought so many travellers to Groningen, and which is now on the Spigelsberg, near Halberstadt.

III. HANS JAGUENTEUFEL.

It is commonly believed that if any person is guilty of a crime for which he deserves to lose his head, he will, if he escape punishment during his life time, be condemned after his death to wander about with his head under his arm.

In the year 1644, a woman of Dresden went out early one Sunday morning into a neighbouring wood for the purpose of collecting acorns. In an open space, at a spot not very far from the place which is called Lost Water, she heard somebody blow a very strong blast upon a hunting horn, and immediately afterwards a heavy fall, as though a large tree had fallen to the ground. The woman was greatly alarmed, and concealed her little bag of acorns among the grass; shortly afterwards the horn blew a second

time, and on looking round she saw a man without a head, dressed in a long grey cloak and riding upon a grey horse; he was booted and spurred, and had a bugle horn hanging at his back. As, however, he rode past her very quietly, she regained her courage, went on gathering the acorns, and when evening came, returned home undisturbed.

Nine days afterwards, the woman returned to that spot for the purpose of again collecting the acorns, and as she sat down by the Fosterberg, peeling an apple, she heard behind her a voice, calling out to her, 'Have you taken a whole sack of acorns, and nobody tried to punish you for doing so?' 'No,' said she, 'the foresters are very kind to the poor, and they have done nothing to me; the Lord have mercy on my sins!' And with these words she turned about, and there stood he of the grey cloak, but this time he was without his horse, and carried his head, which was covered with curling brown hair, under his arm. The woman shrunk from him in alarm, but the Spirit said, 'You do well to pray to God to forgive you your sins, it was never my good lot to do so.' And thereupon he related to her how he had lived about one hundred and thirty years before, and was called Hans Jaguenteufel, as his father had been before him; and how that his father had often besought him not to be hard upon poor people, and that he had paid no regard to the advice that his father had given to him, but had passed his time in drinking and carousing, and all manner of wickedness. For which he was now condemned to wander about the world as an evil spirit.

III.—THE GREEN ROBE.

There were once three brothers, of whom the eldest ones always despised the youngest; and when they went out in the world to seek their fortunes, they drove him out of their company, saying, 'We have no need of you,—you must travel by yourself.' So they left him, and he was forced to wander alone. And he came to a very high mountain, on the top of which was a circle of trees, and he was almost starved; he sat down under these trees, and began to weep. Scarcely had he seated himself before he heard a loud noise, and immediately the Evil One came to him, dressed in a green robe, and with a cloven hoof, and asked him what he was crying for. Then he told him all his misfortunes, and how his brothers had abandoned him. When the Evil One heard this, he said, 'Well, I can assist you; put on this green robe, it has pockets, which will always keep full of gold, let you use it as fast as ever you may; but upon this condition, that for seven years, you neither wash yourself, comb yourself, nor say your prayers. If you die during these seven years, you will be mine; if not, you will be free from your bargain, and be a rich man all the days of your life.' His necessities obliged him to agree to these terms; so he put on the green robe, and when he put his hands in his pockets, he found them quite full of gold.

Now he went forth into the world with his wonderful robe; and for the first year it was well enough, for he could purchase whatever he wanted, and passed off tolerably well among his fellow-creatures, but the second year did not go off quite so pleasantly; his hair had grown so long that nobody knew him, and he had grown so frightful that he could scarcely find any person who would let him into their houses. Every year matters grew worse; but he gave great alms to the poor, that they might pray for him, that he might not die, and fall into the power of the Tempter during the seven years. It was during the fourth year that he came to an inn, the landlord of which would not take him in—till he saw what large sums of gold he took from his pockets,—then he was glad enough of his company. During the night, Green Robe heard some one moaning bitterly in the next room; and when he went to hear what was the matter, he found an old man, who bade him go his ways, for he could not assist him. So he asked the old man what he wanted. He said he had no money, and that because he was in the landlord's debt, he detained him until he paid it. 'Then,' said Green Robe to him, 'I have money enough—I'll soon pay it;' and he did so, and delivered the old man.

Now it happened that this old man had three beautiful daughters; so he asked him to go home and marry one of them, in return for his kindness. He went; but when they arrived there, and the eldest saw him, she declared that she would never marry so frightful an object; and the second flew from her home, rather than do so; while the youngest said,—'Dear father, since you have promised as much, and this man helped you in the time of need, I will do what you desire of me.' Then Green Robe took a ring from his finger, broke it in half, gave her the one half, and retained the other for himself; and in her half he wrote his name, and in his half her's, and said they must take good care of them. After staying with her a little, he departed saying, 'Now I must leave you for three years. Be faithful unto me for this period, and I will then return and marry you; but if I come not back again in three years, you are free, for I shall be dead; but in the meantime, pray for me that my life may be preserved.'

During these three years, the two elder sisters mocked and laughed at the youngest, saying that she was going to have a bear for her husband, instead of

an ordinary man. But she heeded them not, and thought, 'We should obey our father, come what may.' Meanwhile, Green Robe journeyed through the wide world, purchasing, wherever he came, the most beautiful presents for his betrothed; doing good to all, ill to none, and giving to the poor whatsoever they asked of him. And Providence rewarded him; for when the three years were past, he was still alive and hearty. So he went to the circle of trees upon the lofty mountain, and he heard the loud noise, and the Tempter came, angered and vexed at seeing him, and threw him back his old robe, and demanded the green one. This the youth handed to him quite joyfully, and so became free again, and a rich man for ever. So he went home, dressed and cleaned himself, and set forth to see his betrothed.

When he came to the door, her father met him, and he announced himself as the bridegroom; but the old man did not know him again, and would not believe him. Then he went to his future bride, but neither she believed him. Then he asked her if she had still got half of his ring. She said 'Yes;' and fetched it: and when he produced the other half, and she saw how they matched, she was assured that he could be no other than the bridegroom. And when she saw what a goodly man he was, she became deeply enamoured of him, and straightways they were married. But the two sisters were so grieved that they had rejected such good fortune, that on the day of the wedding, the one hanged, and the other drowned herself; and at night, a loud knocking was heard at the house, and when the bridegroom arose, and opened the door, he saw the Tempter in his green robe, who said, 'At all events, I have now got two souls instead of your one.'

MEDALS A KIND OF BOOKS.

(For the London Journal.)

We have, from our youth upwards, been addicted to the study of ancient medals. Ere the tail of our jacket exceeded a span in length, we were ever on the alert when we heard of the discovery of ancient treasure, and have often followed the plough, not as rural labourers, nor like the rooks to pick up the vermin so unceremoniously disturbed, but in the hope of seeing the plough-share bring to light some relic of the olden time.

We confess our relationship to the Dry-as-dust family; and let those, who will, sneer at our endeavours to eke out information from mould and dust and cobwebs; we have often derived both pleasure and profit from our examinations. Our business is now with a description of antiquities second only to the statuary of the ancients, those images, before which as Addison remarks, the politest nations of modern times have bowed the knee. Need we add, that we mean the coins of the Greeks and Romans, those minute relics upon which we certainly have the correct representation of many statues by the first masters of antiquity. The noble figure of Neptune, on a large brass coin of Hadrianus, resting his foot on the prow of a vessel, is evidently copied from a statue of the time, as are also the figures of Jupiter Stator, the deity to whom Cicero appeals in his tremendous orations against Catiline. But first a few words on the coins of the Greeks. Many obscure states struck coins and these are now almost their only remaining records. "When we compare," says Payne Knight, "the smallness and insignificance of many of these states, scarcely known to the historian or geographer, with the exquisite beauty, elegance, and costly refinement displayed in their money, the common drudge of retail traffic in the lowest stages of society, we must admit that there is scarcely any thing more wonderful in the history of man."

Of some Greek cities we have such an abundance of ancient coins that they are often sold at public sales for little more than their intrinsic value. The gold pieces of Carthage exist in great numbers, and although mostly of elegant fabric, bring but a trifle beyond the price of the metal of which they are composed. The coins of Sicily are common to excess, and of the most exquisite fabric; and the large silver medallions of Syracuse still remain in some numbers to delight the artist and the antiquary.* To enumerate the various emblems on the coins of the Greeks would occupy many volumes; plants, animals, weapons, armour, utensils, are given with surprising fidelity and spirit. Sicily displays her ear of barley and her fish; Carthage her palm-tree and horse; Corinth the Pegasus; Chios the Sphinx, and Athens her favourite badge, the bird of Minerva. In looking over a well arranged cabinet, we see the compositions of the first artists of antiquity: Hercules combats the lion and strangles Antæus; Bellerophon gives battle to the Chimera; the Dioscuri rush to the con-

flict with levelled lances; and Diana with buskined leg and curtailed tunic, directs her arrow with unerring certainty, to the heart of the fated stag. Nor are the other deities neglected: Ephesus glories in the temple of her Diana, who is represented with numberless breasts; and Samos boasts her Juno. The truly noble and godlike head of Jupiter must be as familiar to every numismatic student, as his own image in a mirror; in fact, that extraordinary compilation of fables, the Mythology, can in no manner be studied better than in the coins of the Greeks and Romans. Of the money of the latter, we have an infinite number of specimens, containing portraits of nearly all the Emperors, many of the Emperesses, and Cæsars, and several of those of the Consuls, not forgetting the heads of the early kings, Ancus and Numa; but the latter are found on coins of a period posterior to their reigns, and were struck by families who boasted their descent from those princes.

Having reached thus far we shall take occasion to mention a work which has been recently published and has received the approbation of our literary journals: it is entitled "*A Descriptive Catalogue of Roman Coins from the earliest period of the Roman Coinage to the extinction of the Empire under Constantine Paleologus, by J. Z. Ackerman, F.S.A.*" This Catalogue which is comprised in two volumes octavo, contains a description of upwards of ten thousand coins, and is illustrated by numerous fac-simile engravings from the originals in the British Museum, and other public and private collections in this country and on the continent. It commences with the "As, a large piece of brass first issued in the time of the Roman kings." The account which Pliny gives of this money is not satisfactory, for he speaks of a sudden and considerable reduction in its weight, while pieces exist which show that the declension was gradual. Our information with respect to this early money is very limited, and we shall be glad to see an elaborate treatise on the subject. Next follow the coins denominated Consular: of these we have many hundreds and we have little doubt that the varieties enumerated by Mr. Ackerman are susceptible of considerable augmentation; but here are enough for a moderate collector, all the rare and interesting coins being accurately described, and in many instances illustrated by plates. One or two of the most remarkable coins of this series we shall take occasion to introduce to our readers, more especially as there are no doubt many who consider the study of medals as unprofitable and unamusing. A coin of the family *Æmilia* gives us a representation of the crowning of the youthful Egyptian king Ptolemy Epiphanes by the Roman Consul, Marcus Lepidus who is styled "*tutor regis*," (the king's guardian). Another coin of the same family bears the figure of an equestrian carrying a trophy, and has a legend which tells us that Marcus Lepidus at the age of fifteen had slain an enemy and saved the life of a citizen. Another coin of the family, commemorates the subjection of Aretas king of Arabia, by *Æmilius Scæurus*. Others of the consular series bear numerous interesting records; on a denarius of the family Didia, we have the representation of a military punishment: on those of Tituria, the rape of the Sabines and the guilty Tarpeia receiving the just reward of her treachery; while on a coin of Mamiliæ, Ulysses is recognized by his faithful dog, a representation which, as a contemporary observes, proves that the study of Homer was popular at Rome. From the Consular, or family series, we pass to that of the Emperors, the portraits of which (to say nothing of the reverses), might furnish a day's amusement, and a subject for a week's study. The bald head, and crane-neck of the first Cæsar must be familiar to every one, while that of his successor is indicative of the subtle policy which enabled him to triumph over his rivals, and secure to himself the triumph of the world.

We have much to say on the portraits of the Cæsars, but must reserve our observations for another opportunity, contenting ourselves with a word on the bust of Nero, as represented on his medals. How characteristic are the features of the despot! his short neck, sensual chin, and scowling brow, answer to the description of the historian, and convince us that we have on these relics most faithful portraits of the tyrants or philosophers, in whose reign they were issued.

Of the reverses of the imperial coins we could say much; but must limit our notices to a few which we take from Mr. Ackerman's work. At page 146, vol. I. we find a coin described which records the only virtuous act of the monster Tiberius—his munificence to the cities of Asia which had suffered severely in the tremendous earthquake described so eloquently by Tacitus. Galba (page 172, vol. I.) registers (or rather the Senate registers for him) the circumstances which led to his succession, and Vespasian and Titus chronicle with a sententiousness peculiar to the Latin language the destruction of Jerusalem; the simple words "*JUDÆA CAPTA*" (Judea captive) tell the sad history of that memorable siege. The scroll of the annalist has mouldered to dust, and time has erased many high sounding inscriptions; but the money of the Romans still exists to publish the fame which that mighty empire had acquired. In the vineyards of Italy, the peasant's spade turns up a

denarius which once rattled in the money bags of the *nummularius*; it bears the word *Judæa*, and on it is portrayed the figure of that unhappy province weeping at the foot of a trophy. On the plains of France, where the bravest of Cæsar's legions earned their laurels, the same minute records are oftentimes discovered; and in England the descendant of the hardy tribes who opposed the hosts of the dictator, frequently turns up the coins of the masters of the world: the words *JUDÆA CAPTA* have been carried where even our gazettes have not travelled. What a lesson to those who have the direction of a national coinage! Gibbon justly observes, that "if all our historians were lost to us, medals and inscriptions would alone record the travels of Hadrian." To be assured of the truth of this observation, let the reader turn to page 241, vol. I. of the work under notice.

On the exquisite brass medallions of Antoninus Pius and of Commodus, we have many subjects of great beauty from the mythology of the ancients.

We shall conclude our notice for the present by an extract from vol. 2, p. 137, relative to the coins of Carausius, the admiral of the Roman fleet, in the reign of Diocletian and Maximian. This man having betrayed his trust, went over with the whole fleet to Britain, where he established himself as emperor. The emperors being unable to cope with him, agreed, as we are told to allow him the sovereignty of the Island, but he was assassinated not long after by his friend Allectus. During his stay in this Island he struck a number of coins, the most remarkable of which are those with the legend *PAX AVGG.* the three *g's* denoting the three *augusti*. The same is found on a few coins of Diocletian and Maximian, on which latter Mr. Ackerman offers the following remarks.

"The coins of Maximianus and Diocletianus, with these types, deserve especial notice. We learn from history that these emperors recognized the title which Carausius had assumed; but we know at the same time that they were not enabled to depose and punish the usurper. Mionnet, either doubting the authenticity of coins of these princes with *AVGG.*, or passing them over through inadvertence, does not notice the types here described, although they are of considerable rarity. But we have no proof that they were struck by authority of Diocletianus and Maximianus; while on the other hand, there appear some grounds for believing that they were minted by the usurper himself. Many coins of Carausius bear *AVGG.*; and this is not surprising, for he would naturally publish the recognition of his titles by Diocletianus and his colleague: but those of the emperors, though very common with *AVGG.*, are of rare occurrence with *AVGG.* Now it is somewhat singular, that the two coins in the British Museum with *PAX AVGG.* are in fabric, exceedingly like the rude coins of Carausius; so much so, that they might, if it were not for the legends, by a careless observer be supposed to belong to that personage. Eakhel (see Doct. Num. Vet.) after quoting a coin with *virtus AVGG.*, observes that it bears testimony to the truth of the account of the recognition of Carausius by Diocletianus and Maximianus; but he does not notice that on the Continent these coins are of great rarity, and even in England are of unfrequent occurrence; a circumstance certainly in favour of the supposition that they were minted by Carausius."

ITALY.

(From the Second Part (just published) of Mr. D'Israeli Junior's, "*Revolutionary Epick*.")

Set the red sun, the silver moon upsprang,
And morn again its rosy radiance shed
Upon the purple mountains; o'er the plain
The sunbeam steals, and o'er the gloomy woods,
And into light the dusky rivers glide.
Then rose the song of birds from sunny trees,
Their leaves all quivering in the gentle air,
The primal breathing of the waking world;
Fair is the dawn, right fair, and full of hope,
Though crimson eve is memory's gorgeous dower;
Fair is the dawn, and poets love its breath:
But can its sunbeam on a fairer scene
Than thine, Italia, rest, when on the hill
The hooded convent crowns, it brightly falls,
Flanked by a single tree, the sea-born pine;
Or sparkling village with its tall thin tower
Mid orchards bowered, and fields of Indian grain,
With vines enclosed and ploughed by milk-white steers,
Calls into lucid life?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. and the communication of our fair friend F. L. N. shall appear the first opportunity.

INDICATOR of Scarborough is informed, that the articles he speaks of were suspended on account of the difficulty of finding matter sufficiently "piquant" every week. But we are trying if we cannot revive them in some other shape.

We shall be glad to see a specimen of SAMUEL SQUARE-ACRES' dreaming. His most finished poetical performance was the one he put into the hand of the little sleeping beggar.

* One of the most interesting coins of the Greeks is perhaps that of Catania. When an eruption of Mount Etna destroyed that town, two young men bore off on their shoulders their aged parents to a place of safety: the act obtained for them divine honours in Sicily; and coins were struck with a representation of the brothers bearing their sacred burdens. Cæsar's Pompey, when he vainly endeavoured to avenge his father, struck a coin with the head of his parent on one side, and the type of the Catanian brothers on the other.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1834.

No. 17.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH FEMALES.

BRITISH COSTUME.

As Mr. Planché's curious and entertaining book on British Costume, and the following letter from a correspondent on the dress and gait of British ladies, happened to come into our hands at the same time, and led us to devote our principal article this week to such matters, we may as well introduce the letter in this place. The writer is very unmerciful on the ribbons, plumes, and other enormities of the present mode of dress, and having torn these to pieces, proceeds to rend away veils and gowns, and fall plumb down upon the pretty feet of the wearers, and their mode of walking: but when our fair readers see what he says of their faces, and call to mind how Momus found fault with the steps of Venus herself, we trust they will forgive his fury for the sake of his love, and consider whether so fond an indignation does not contain something worth their reflection.

FRENCH LADIES VERSUS ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

SIR,

It is Mrs. Gore, I think, in one of her late novels, who says, that ninety-nine English women out of a hundred, dress infinitely worse than as many French; but that the hundredth dresses with a neatness, elegance, and propriety, which is not to be paralleled on the other side of the channel. On my relating this to a fair relation of mine, she replied, "Very true,—only I never saw that hundredth."—Nor has any one else. Without exception, the English women wear the prettiest faces and the ugliest dresses of any in the known world. A Hottentot hangs her sheep-skin *caross* on her shoulders with more effect,—and it is from what I see every day of my life that I come to this conclusion.

I was the other day at a large shop at the west end of the town, where, if any where, we may expect to meet with favourable specimens of our countrywomen. Not a bit of it. There were a couple of French ladies there dressed smartly and tidily, one in blue and the other in rose-coloured silk, with snug little *scuffy* bonnets guiltless of tawdry ribbons or dingy plumes; and great was their astonishment at beholding the nondescript figures which ever and anon passed by. First came gliding out of her carriage with a languishing air, a young Miss all ringlets down to the knees—feathers drooping on one side of her bonnet, flowers on the other, and an immense Brussels veil (or some such trash) hanging behind; her gown pinned to her back like rags on a Guy Fawkes; a large warming-pan of a watch, secured round her neck by as many chains, gold, silver, and pinchbeck, as an Italian brigand;—with divers other articles, as handkerchiefs, boas, &c., which however costly and beautiful individually, formed all together an unbecoming and cook-maidish whole. Then came the old ladies—but I give them up as too far gone in their evil ways of dressing to hope for amelioration. Ditto for the widows in their hideous black bonnets, with a foot and a half of black crape tacked to each side like wings to a paper kite—the horned caps of Edward the confessor are nothing to them. The French damsels alluded to above, eyed one or two of these *machines* (they can go by no other name) with considerable attention, as if doubting the sanity of the wearer.

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead," says Pope's Narcissa. I might address a similar question to English widows,

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one mourns." I looked from one end to the other of the crowded shop, in hopes of finding some happy lady to retrieve the honour of her country—but in vain. All wore the same ugly garment more akin to a night-shift than a gown; the same warming-pan watch and chains; the same fly-flapping bonnet with bunches of ugly ribbons. Altogether they formed an awkward contrast to the "tight, regular built French craft," as Matthew's Tom Piper calls them. This time, how-

ever, it was the English who were "rigged so rum."

And then their walk! Oh *quondam* Indicator! *quondam* Tatler! *quondam* and present lover of all that is good and graceful! could you not "indicate" to our English ladies the way to walk? In what absurd book was it that I read the other day that French women walked ill, because from the want of *trottoirs* in France, they get a habit of "picking" with one foot which gave a jerking air to the gait. The aristocratic noodle! whose female relations shuffle about on smooth pavements till they forget how to walk at all! I would not have them cross my grass-plot for the world. They would decapitate the very daisies. How infinitely superior is the French woman's brisk springy step (albeit caused by a most plebeian and un-English want of cause-ways), to the languid sauntering gait of most English dames! Nature teaches the one—the drill-sergeant can do nothing with the other. I wonder how they walked in the days of Charles II. Surely Nell Gwynne and my Lady Castlemaine walked well—and if they did, they walked differently from what they do now.

I hope that some good creature like the London Journalist, who believes in the *improveability* of all things, will take up this subject. A word from him would set English ladies upon trying, at least, to improve both in dressing and walking. There are models enough—look at the French, the Spanish, the Italians. They have not better opportunities for dressing well than we, and yet they beat us hollow. Why can't we have a *basquina* or *mantilla*, as well as any one else? Let us endeavour.

Above all, let no one suppose that the writer of these desultory remarks is in the least deficient in love and duty to his fair countrywomen. If he offends any of them, they must imagine that it has been caused by excess of zeal for their interests. Bless their bonnie faces! if we could screw English heads on French figures, what women there would be—surely!

July 7th, 1834.

AN OLD CRONY.

To enter properly into this subject, however trifling it may appear (as indeed is the case with almost every subject so called) would be to open a wide field of investigation into morals, laws, climates, &c. Perhaps climate alone, by reason of the variety of habits it generates in consequence of its various heats, colds, and other influences, will ever present an entire similarity of manners, whatever may be the approximation of opinion; but taking for granted, as is not unreasonable, that the progress of knowledge and intercourse will not be without its effect in bringing the customs of civilized countries nearer to one another, and that each will be for availing itself of what is best and pleasantest amongst its neighbours, it becomes worth any body's while to consider in what respect it is advisable or otherwise to modify the behaviour or manners accordingly. We can say little, from personal experience, how the case may be in the present instance with regard to French manners. We have a great opinion of Mrs. Gore, both as a general observer, and one that particularly understands what is charming in her own sex. On the other hand, from books, and from a readiness to be pleased with those who wish to please, and even from merely having passed through France in our way from another country, we have got a strong impression, that the "hundreth" French woman, as well as the hundreth Englishwoman, nay, the hundreth Italian, that is to say, the one that carries the requisite graces, the *beau ideal*, of any country to its height, is likely to be so charming a person, in dress and every thing else, to her own countrymen, that what Mrs. Gore says of the perfectly dressing Englishwoman, is precisely the same thing that would be said of the perfectly dressing Frenchwoman by the French, and of her Italian counterpart by the Italians. It is impossible,

unless we are half-foreigners, or unless our own nation is altogether of an inferior grade (and then perhaps our prejudices and irritation would render it equally so) to get rid of some one point of national preference in forming judgments of this kind. Our friend the old Crony, we see, for all his connoisseurship and crony-ism, his regard for a certain piquancy of perfection in the French dress and walk, and his wish that his fair countrywomen would "take steps" after their fashion, cannot get rid of the preference in which he was brought up for the beauty of the English countenance. We have a similar feeling in favour even of a certain subjected manner, a bending gentleness, (how shall we term it?) in the bearing of the sweetest of our countrywomen, not exactly connected with decision of step nor perhaps with variety of harmony: for all pleasures run into one another, if they are of a right sort, and the ground of them true. Look at the paintings of the French, and you will find, in like manner, that their ideal of a face, let them try to universalize it as they can, is a French one; and so it is with the Spanish and Italian paintings, and with the Greek statues. The merry African girls shriek with horror when they first look upon a white traveller. Their notion of a beautiful complexion is a skin shining like Warren's blacking.

It is proper to understand, in any question, great or small, the premises from which we set out, the point which is required. In the dress and walk of females, as in all other matters in which they are concerned, the point of perfection, we conceive, is that which shall give us the best possible idea of perfect womanhood. We are not to consider the dress by itself, nor the walk by itself, but as the dress and the walk of the best and pleasantest woman, and how far therefore it does her justice. This produces the consideration of what we look upon as a perfect female; people will vary in their opinions on this head; and hence even so easy a looking question as the one before us, becomes invested into difficulties. The opinion will depend greatly on the temperament as well as the understanding of the judge. Our correspondent for instance, is evidently a lively fellow, old or young; and given a good deal rather to the material than to the spiritual; and hence his notion of perfection tends towards a union of the trim and the lively, the impulsive, and yet withal to the self-possessed. He is one, we conceive, who would "have no nonsense," as the phrase is, in his opinion of the possible or desirable; and who is in no danger of the perils, either of sentimentality or sentiment; either of an affected refinement of feeling, or any very serious perception of any sort. He is not for bringing into the walks of publicity, male or female, the notions of sequestered imaginations, nor to have women glancing and bashful like fawns. He is for having all things tight and convenient as a dressing-case; "neat as imported;" polished, piquant, well-packed, and with no more flowers upon it than serve to give a hint of the smart pungency within, like a bottle of attar of roses, or fleur d'épine. We do not quarrel with him. *Chacun a son gout*. Every man to his taste. Nay, his taste is our own, as far as concerns the improvement of female manners in ordinary. We do think that the general style of female English dressing and walking would be benefitted by an inoculation of that which we conceive him to recommend. We have no predilection in favour of shuffling, and shouldering, and lounging, of a mere

moving onwards of the feet, and an absence of all grace and self-possession. We can easily believe, that the French women surpass the English in this respect, because their climate is livelier; and themselves better taught and respected. People may start at that last word, but there is no doubt that the general run of French females are better taught, and therefore more respected than the same number of English. They read more, they converse more, they are on more equal terms with the other sex (as they ought to be), and hence the other sex have more value for their opinions, aye, and for their persons; for the more sensible a woman is, supposing her not to be masculine, the more attractive she is, in her proportionate power to entertain. But whether it is that we are English, or fonder of poetry, in its higher sense, than of *vers de société*, or the poetry of polite life, we cannot help feeling a prejudice in favour of Mrs. Gore's notion about the "hundreth" Englishwoman; though perhaps the "hundreth" Frenchwoman, if we could see her, or the hundredth Italian or Spanish woman, would surpass all others, by dint of combining the sort of *private* manner which we have in our eye, with some exquisite implication of a fitness for general intercourse, which we have never yet met with.

Meantime, we repeat, that we give up to our correspondent's vituperations the gait of English females in general, and their dress also; though it is a little hard in him to praise the smallness of the French bonnet at the expense of the largeness of the English, when it is recollected that the latter are copied from France, and that our fair countrywomen were ridiculed on their first visit there after the war, for the very reverse appearance. But it is to the spirit of our mode of dressing and walking, that we object; and both are unfit either for the private or public "walk" of life, because both are alike untaught and unpleasant,—alike indicative of minds not properly cultivated, and of habitual feelings that do not care to be agreeable. The walk is as saunter or shuffle, and the dress a lump. Or if not a lump throughout, it is a lump at both ends, with a horrible pinch in the middle. A tight-laced Englishwoman is almost invariably a most painful sight; because her notion of being charming is confined to three inches of ill-used ribs and liver; while her head is either grossly ignorant of the harm she is doing herself, or her heart more deplorably careless of the consequences to her offspring.

Are we of opinion then, that the dress and walk of Englishwomen would be bettered, generally speaking, by taking the advice of our correspondent? Most certainly we are; and for this reason; that there is some sense of grace, at all events, in the attire and bearing of the females of the continent; some evidence of mind, and some testimony to the proper claims of the person; whereas, the only idea in the heads of the majority with us is that of being in fashion merely because it is the fashion, or of dressing in a manner to shew how much they can afford. This is partly owing, no doubt, to our being a commercial people, and also to the struggles which every body has been making for the last forty years to seem richer than they are, some for the sake of concealing how they have decreased in means, and others to shew how they have risen; but a nation may be commercial, and yet have a true taste. The Florentines had it, when they were at once the leaders of trade and of the fine arts, in the time of Lorenzo de Medici. It is to our fine arts and our increasing knowledge that we ourselves must look to improvement even in dress, in default of being impelled to it by greater liveliness of spirit, or a more convenient climate. We shall then learn to oppose even the climate better, and to furnish it with the grace and colour which it wants. In France, the better temperature of the atmosphere, as well as intellectual and moral causes, impels people to a livelier and happier way of walking. They have no reason to look as if they were uncomfortable. In the South of Europe, where everything respires animal sensibility, and love and music divide the time with business, the most unaffected people acquire an apparent consciousness and spring in the gait, which in England would be thought ostentatious. It gave no such idea to the

severe and simple Dante, when (in the poetical spirit of the image, and not of course in the letter), he praised his mistress for moving along like "a peacock," and "a crane."

Soave à guisa va di un bel pavone,
Diritta sopra se come una grue.

Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; straight
Above herself, like to the lady crane.

Petrarch, speaking of Laura, does not venture upon these primeval images; but still he shews how much he thought of the beauty of a woman's steps! Laura too was a Frenchwoman, not an Italian, and probably had a different kind of walk. Petrarch, expresses the moral graces of it.

Non era l'audar suo cosa mortale,
Ma d'angelica forma.

Her walk was like no mortal thing, but shap'd
After an angel's.

In English poetry the lover speaks with the usual enthusiasm of his mistress's eyes and lips, &c., but he scarcely ever mentions her walk. The fact is remarkable, and the reason too obvious. The walk is not worth mention. Italian and (we believe) Spanish poetry abound with the reverse. Milton, deeply imbued with the Italian, as well as with his own perceptions of beauty as a great poet, did not forget, in his description of Eve, to say, that

Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

This moving and gesticulating beauty was not English; at least she is not the Englishwoman of our days. Mrs. Hutchinson perhaps might have been such a woman; or the ladies of the Bridgewater family, for whom he wrote his *Comus*. In Virgil, *Oneas* is not aware that his mother *Venus* has been speaking with him in the guise of a wood-nymph, till she begins to move away: the "divinity" then become apparent.

Et vera incesed patuit dea.

And by her walk the Queen of Love is known.

Dryden.

The women of Spain, and Spanish America, are celebrated throughout the world for the elegance of their walking, and for the way in which they carry their veil or *mantilla*, as alluded to by our correspondent. Knowing it only from books, we cannot say precisely in what the beauty of their walk consists; but we take it to be something between stateliness and vivacity,—between a consciousness of their being admired, and that grace which is natural to any human being who is well made, till art or diffidence spoils it. It is the perfection, we doubt not, of animal elegance. We have an English doubt, whether we should not require an addition or modification of something, not indeed diffident, but perhaps not quite so confident,—something which to the perfection of animal elegance, should add that of intellectual and moral refinement, and a security from the chances of coarseness and violence. But all these are matters of breeding and bringing up,—aye, of "birth, parentage, and education," and we should be grateful when we can get any one of them. Better have even a good walk than nothing, for there is some refinement in it, and moral refinement too, though we may not always think the epithet very applicable to the possessor. Good walking and good dressing, truly so called, are alike valuable, only inasmuch as they afford some external evidence, however slight, of a disposition to orderliness and harmony in the mind within,—of shapeliness and grace in the habitual movements of the soul.

We must postpone our remarks on existing male costume till next week, recommending the reader's attention meanwhile to the following extract from Mr. Planché's volume, a book, we suspect, that will be read wherever hat or bonnet is thought of; and that, we take it, is a pretty wide sphere, even in very serious countries.

MALE AND FEMALE COSTUME.

FROM THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND TO
THAT OF GEORGE THE THIRD INCLUSIVE.

(Taken from Mr. Planché's *History of British Costume from the Earliest Periods*,—published by the Society

for the Diffusion of Knowledge, and illustrated with
one hundred and thirty-six wood-cuts.)

REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

With the restoration of the house of Stuart, Fashion also regained the throne, from which she had been driven by the stern and puritanical republicans, and, like the "merry monarch" with whom she returned, many were the mad pranks she played in the delirium of her joy, many the excesses she committed. Taste and elegance were abandoned for extravagance and folly; and the male costume, which, in the time of Charles I. had reached the highest point of picturesque splendour, degenerated and declined from this moment, and expired in the square coat, cocked hat, full-bottomed wig, and jack-boots of the following century.

The birth of these odious articles may be traced to Charles the Second's reign; at the commencement of which a few fantastical additions to the Vandyke costume injured but did not totally destroy it. The doublet was made exceedingly short, open in front, without any under waistcoat, and displaying a rich shirt, which bulged out from it over the waist-band of the loose breeches, which, as well as the large full sleeves, were exceedingly ornamented with points and ribands. Beneath the knee hung long drooping lace ruffles, and the falling collar of lace, with a high crowned hat and plume of feathers, still preserved some of its old gallant cavalier character; but the fashions of the court of Louis XIV. of France soon found their way across the water to "White Hall Stairs;" and the servile imitation of the courtiers of the Grande Monarque gave rise to that absurd and detestable monstrosity, a periwig. His majesty, it appears, when a little boy, had remarkably beautiful hair, which hung in long waving curls upon his shoulders, and the courtiers, out of compliment to their young sovereign, had heads of false hair made to imitate his natural locks, which obtained the name of perukes. When the king grew up, he returned the compliment by adopting the article himself, and the peruke or peruke speedily lodged upon the heads and shoulders of all the gentlemen of England, under the corrupted appellation of a periwig.

"Misfortunes never come single," says the Proverb; so extraordinary a head-dress as the periwig demanded a different covering to the high crowned hat or broad-leaved Spanish Sombrero. Down went the crowns, and up went the brims at the side; a row of feathers was placed round it in lieu of the chivalric plume, and the first approach was made to the cocked hats of the eighteenth century.

JAMES II. AND WILLIAM III.

The two brief reigns of James II. and William III. are distinguished by scarcely any novelty in the civil costume. * * * * The periwig became more monstrous, and it was the fashion of the beaux to comb their perukes publicly, for which purpose large combs of ivory or tortoise shell, curiously chased and ornamented, were carried in the pocket as constantly as the snuff-box, which had latterly also become an indispensable appendage to a fine gentleman. At court, in the mall, and in the boxes of the theatre, a gallant of these days combed his peruke during a conversation or flirtation with the same air that a modern exquisite would twirl his moustachios. The full bottomed wig was worn by the learned professions, and those who affected particular gravity. Farquhar, in his comedy of 'Love and a Bottle,' written in 1698, remarks that "a full wig" is imagined as "infallible a token of wit as the laurel."

The broad brims of the hats were now frequently turned up on two sides; they were ornamented by several feathers placed round them, or by bows of ribands. To turn up the brim or flap of the hat, was, in the language of that day, to cock it, and each gallant cocked his hat according to his own fancy, or after the style of some leader of fashion. One mode was called after the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, the Monmouth cock.

THE FEMALE COSTUME

remained unaltered during the reign of James II.; but some Dutch fashions appear to have followed the court of William and Mary. The bosom, which had been for some years past indelicately exposed, was again consigned to the guardianship of the jealous and formal stomacher. The elegant full sleeve of the gown was replaced by a tight one, with a cuff above the elbow, in imitation of the coats of the gentlemen, from beneath which fell a profusion of lace in the shape of ruffles or lapets; and a long glove in the portrait of Queen Mary by Vischer, completes the envelopment of the arm in satin, lace, and leather. The hair, which had hitherto been permitted to fall in natural ringlets on the shoulders and seldom burdened with more ornaments than a jewel or a flower, was now combed up from the forehead like a rising billow, and surmounted by piles of ribands and lace, disposed in regular and alternate tiers, or the ribands were formed into high

* Holme spells it "perawicke." A letter was written by Charles II. to the University of Cambridge forbidding the members to wear periwigs, smoke tobacco, and read their sermons!

stiffened bows, like the late fashionable *coiffure à la Giraffe*, and covered or not, as it might happen, by a lace scarf or veil, that streamed down each side of the pinnacle. Farquhar, in his comedy of "Love in a Bottle," mentions the "high top-knots;" and Swift, "the pinners edged with colberteen," as the lace streamers were called. The fan in its modern, or what would now be termed "old fashioned" shape is seen in the hands of the Dutchess of Portsmouth and Queen Mary, having superseded its picturesque predecessor during the reign of Charles II.

With

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE, (1702—14.)

vanished every relic of our chivalric costume except the sword, which still completes the full dress of the court of St. James's.

Square-cut coats and long flapped waistcoats, with pockets in them, the latter meeting the stockings, still drawn up over the knee so highly as to entirely conceal the breeches, but gartered below it; large hanging cuffs and lace ruffles; the skirts of the coat stiffened out with wire or buckram, from between which peeped the hilt of the sword, deprived of the broad and splendid belt in which it swung in the preceding reigns; blue or scarlet silk stockings, with blue or silver clocks; lace neckcloths; square-toed short-quartered shoes, with high red heels and small buckles; very long and formally curled perukes, black riding-wigs, bag-wigs, and night-cap-wigs; small three-cornered hats, laced with gold or silver galloon, and sometimes trimmed with feathers, composed the habit of the noblemen and gentlemen during the reigns of Queen Anne and

GEORGE I., (1714—27.)

Minuter fashions were, of course, continually arising and disappearing, adopted and named after some leader of the ton, or in commemoration of some public event. The famous battle of Ramillie, for instance, introduced the Ramillie cock of the hat, and a long gradually-diminishing plaited tail to the wig, with a great bow at the top and a smaller one at the bottom called a *Ramillie tail*, and the peruke itself a *Ramillie wig*, which was worn as late as the reign of George III. Tying the hair is said to have been first introduced by the noted Lord Bolingbroke. (See Nash's Collect. for Worcestershire, in 561.) The cocked hat had a variety of shapes in the reign of Queen Anne. In No. 526 of the Spectator, "John Sly, a haberdasher of hats and tobacconist," is directed to take down the names of such country gentlemen as have left the hunting for the military cock of the hat upon the approach of peace; and in No. 532, is a letter written in the name of the said John Sly, in which he states that he is preparing hats for the several kinds of heads that make figures in the realms of Great Britain, with cocks significant of their powers and faculties. His hats for men of the faculties of law and physic do but just turn up to give a little life to their sagacity; his military hats glare full in the face; and he has prepared a familiar easy cock for all good companions between the above mentioned extremes.*

THE REIGN OF GEORGE II. (1727—60),

produced no alteration in the general character of the dress; but to the catalogue of wigs we find added the *tye wig* and the *bob-wig*, the latter sometimes worn without powder. The *ramillie tail* was followed by the *pig-tail*, which appears in prints of this reign as early as 1745, and some young men wore their own hair dressed and profusely powdered. In the Rambler, No. 109, dated 1751, is a letter from a young nobleman, who says his mother "would rather follow him to the grave than see him sneak about with dirty shoes and blotched figures, hair unpowdered, and a hat uncocked;" and in 1753, the *Adventurer*, No. 101, contains a description of the gradual metamorphosis of a green horn into blood. "I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob periwig of Wilding, of the same colour, with a single row of curls just round the bottom, which I wore very nicely curled, and without powder. My hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore corner of which projected nearly two inches further than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout." The fashion, however, soon changed, for we find he afterwards altered his hat by considerably elevating and shortening the fore corner of it till "it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced-pye."

This latter fashion was succeeded by a larger cocked hat imported from Germany, and distinguished by the name of the Keven-huller; and, at the commencement of the reign of

GEORGE III. (1760),

we are told, "hats are now worn upon an average six inches and three fifths broad in the brim, and cocked between Quaker and Kevenhuller. Some have their hats open before like a church spout, or the scales they weigh flour in; some wear them rather sharper, like the nose of a grey-hound, and we can distinguish by the look of the hat the mode of the wearer's mind."

* Nov. 12, 1728, John Sly writes to say he has seen of late French hats of a prodigious magnitude pass by his observatory

There is the military cock, and the mercantile cock; and while the beaux of St. James's wear their hats under their arms, the beaux of Moorfields wear them diagonally over their left or right eye. Some wear their hats with the corners, which should come over their foreheads, in a direct line pointed into the air. Those are the Gawkies. Others do not above half cover their heads, which is, indeed, owing to the shallowness of their crowns." The hat edged with a gold binding, the same informant tells us, was at that time the distinguishing badge of "the brothers of the turf." In 1770 the Nivernois hat was the rage. It was exceedingly small, and the flaps fastened up to the shallow crown, which was seen above them, by hooks and eyes. The corner worn in front was of the old spout or shovel-shape, and stiffened out by wire. Gold-laced hats were again general in 75; and in 78 were adopted by many to give them a military or distinguished air, and to escape the press-gangs that were remarkably busy in that year.*

Round hats began to be worn in the morning shortly after this date, and the French revolution in 1789, completed the downfall of the three-cornered cocked hat on both sides of the channel. It was insulted in its decay by the nickname of "an Egham, Staines, and Windsor," from the triangular direction-post to those places, which it was said to resemble; but a flat, folding, crescent-shaped beaver, still called a cocked hat, but more correctly an opera-hat, distinguished the beaux at the theatre, from whence it derived its name, and at full dress evening parties, till within the last few years, and the *chapeau-de-bras*, a small triangular silk article, the shadow of its gold-laced prototype, slipped under the arm of the courtier. The old original three-cornered cocked hat, banished from the fashionable world, has found a temporary refuge on the heads of the state coachmen of our royal and noble families, and enjoys a sort of life-interest in the pews of Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, dropping to the earth with its veteran wearer. The opera hat has given way to the crush hat, and the *chapeau-de-bras* is but just tolerated within the privileged precincts of the court.

The wig was likewise doomed to feel the influence of the French Revolution. During the latter half of the eighteenth century it had gradually diminished in size, and the practice of frizzing, plastering, and powdering the hair till it was at least as ugly as a wig, has even now some faithful followers. In 1772, a most macaw-like toupée and a portentous tail distinguished a *macaroni* (vide print, entitled *Macaroni's Courtship*, published Feb. 1, 1772); but the republican spirit of the Parisians revived the classical coiffure of Rome, and a "tête à la Brutus" put to flight the "ailes de pigeon" of the ancient regime. The bag still clings to the collar of the courtier, though the wig and even the powder has been gradually dispensed with, and a solitary pigtail is now and then seen reclining on an elderly gentleman's shoulder, as if only to remind us—

"That such things were,
And were most dear to us."

The square-cut coat and long flapped waistcoat of the reign of queen Anne and the first two Georges, underwent an alteration about the middle of the reign of their successor. The skirts were unstiffened, the waists shortened, and the art of the present court suit introduced. Cloth became the general material for the coat, and velvet, silk, satin, and embroidery were reserved for court dresses, or waistcoats and breeches only. The latter were, from the close of George the Second's reign, worn over the stockings, as at present, and fastened first by buckles and afterwards by strings. The shoes were worn with longer quarters and larger buckles.† The lace cravat was abandoned about 1735, and a black riband worn round the neck tied in a large bow in front.‡ To this succeeded white cambric stocks, buckled behind; and to them (about 1789) the modern muslin cravat, in which it was, at one time, the fashion to bury the chin. About the same period the shirt collar appeared and the ruffe vanished. The coat was made up with lapels and a tail, being cut square in front above the hips as well as the waistcoat, which, deprived of its flaps, was soon made as ridiculously short as it had previously been unnecessarily long. Pantaloon and Hessian boots were introduced about the same period: but from this time the fashions are in the recollection of most of our readers. Short boots and loose trousers the result of the visit of the Cossacks to London, have, together with frock coats, rendered our costume more convenient and less formal; and could we exchange the heavy and tasteless beaver hat for some light and more elegant head-covering, the dress of the present

* For this and several other interesting facts concerning the fashion of the long reign of George III., we are indebted to the notes and conversation of a highly esteemed octogenarian, whose veracity is as unquestionable as his memory is extraordinary.

† In 1777, the buckles on the coat and the buckles in the shoes were worn of an enormous size, and occasioned the production of a caricature, called "Buckles and Buttons, or I'm the thing, d'ne!" A beau with steel buttons dazzling a lady, is the subject of another caricature of the same year.

‡ This must not be confounded with the solitaire which was a black riband worn loosely round the neck almost like an order of knighthood. Vide portraits of Beffon, published by the Society of the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

day, if not so picturesque as that of Charles the First's time, would at least have comfort and durability to recommend it; and an Englishman, instead of being caricatured, as of yore, with a pair of sheers in his hand as uncertain what fashion to adopt, might remain contented, and described as—

"An honest man close buttoned to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within."

In attempting to describe the

COSTUME OF THE LADIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY,

we fling ourselves upon the generosity of those of the nineteenth, as a mere catalogue of articles introduced by fashion in our later days would, to make it complete, occupy more space than our limits can afford; and the very contemplation of them in the innumerable prints of the time has nearly bewildered us. An intelligent writer on this subject has remarked, that Fashion, from the time of George I., "has been such a varying goddess, that neither history, tradition, or painting has been able to preserve all her mimic forms; like Proteus struggling in the arms of Telemachus on the Phœnic coast, she passed from shape to shape with the rapidity of thought." And Addison tells us that there is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress, which rose and fell in his own memory above thirty degrees.

It is probable, however, that the inconstancy of fashion is not very much greater now than it was shortly after the Norman invasion, and in almost every succeeding century have we quoted the lamentations of some poet or historian over the caprices and extravagance of his contemporaries, male and female, lay and ecclesiastic. It is the multiplication of authorities that increases our difficulty with our information; but, on the other hand, (and we call the attention of our readers most particularly to this fact,) the costume of a nation is not disturbed by the introduction or abandonment of minute alterations and ephemeral fashions. Although we may scarcely find figures dressed or armed precisely alike in a dozen coeval monuments or paintings, the general character of the time is stamped upon all, and to that we have, at first from necessity, and, now upon principle, confined ourselves.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE, (1702-1714)

was brief as it was "happy and glorious." The dress of the ladies during the greater part of her short and gentle sway resembled, in its general features, that of the time of James II. and William III. The tower or commode was still worn, and the gowns and petticoats flounced and furbelowed so that every part of the garment was "in curl," and a lady of fashion "looked like one of those animals," says the Spectator, "which in the country we call a Friesland hen." But, in 1711, we find Mr. Addison remarking, that "the whole sex is now dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, and at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn: whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; though I find most are of opinion they are at present like trees lopped and pruned that will entirely sprout out and flourish with greater heads than before." He confesses himself, however, highly pleased with the coiffure then in fashion, which, as may be seen from the later portraits of Queen Anne, was of a natural and consequently elegant description; the hair clustering in curls down the back of the neck; and though hair-powder was worn by some, her Majesty's chestnut ringlets are unsullied by that abominable composition.

The praise the essayist lavishes upon the ladies heads he is shortly, however, obliged to qualify by his reprobation of a new fashion that had sprung up a few months later. This was an introduction of the true heiress and successor of the fardingale—the enormous, inconvenient, and ridiculous hoop. In Sir Roger de Coverley's picture gallery, his grandmother is said to have on "the new-fashioned petticoat except that the modern is gathered at the waist." The old lady was evidently in the wheel fardingale, which projected all round, for the knight adds—"My grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart;" the whale-bone petticoat, on its first introduction, representing a triangular rather than a hooped appearance. In the months of July in that year, we find that it was swollen out to an enormous size, so that what the ladies had lost in height, they made up in breadth; and a correspondent, speaking of the fashionable country ladies at sixty miles distance from London, says, they can absolutely walk in their hooped petticoats without inconvenience.

Hoods of various colours were worn by ladies at the opera in 1711-12, and cherry-colour was the prevailing fashion of the latter year. Scarlet stockings were worn by fashionable belles, and the practice of taking snuff is mentioned in No. 344 of the Spectator as one that fine ladies had lately fallen into,

The practice of wearing black patches on various parts of the face is amusingly ridiculed in several papers, and its application to party politics satirized in the 81st number.

The affectation of a male costume by ladies for riding suits is repeatedly noticed and censured by the Spectator. In No. 104 is a description of a lady in a coat and waistcoat of blue camlet, trimmed and embroidered with silver, with a petticoat of the same stuff by which alone her sex was recognized, as she wore a smartly cocked beaver hat edged with silver, and rendered more sprightly by a feather; and her hair, curled and powdered, hung to a considerable length down her shoulders, tied like that of a rakish young gentleman's, with a long streaming scarlet riband. They also assumed the male periwig on those occasions, in addition to the coat, hat, and feather. An exceedingly little muff was in fashion in 1710-11, and a black silk mantua is mentioned in the pleasant story of Brunetta and Phillis, No. 80.

THE REIGNS OF GEORGE I. (1714-27), and GEORGE II. (1727-60)

boast of Hogarth for their illustrator, and introduce small frilled or puff caps, loose gowns called sacques, and cloaks with hoods, termed cardinals. The hoop maintained its post, though it frequently changed its fashion. In 1735, we perceive it projecting all round like the wheel fardingale; the petticoat short and the gown without a train. In 1745 the hoop has increased at the sides and diminished in front, and a pamphlet was published in that year, entitled 'The enormous abomination of the Hoop-petticoat, as the fashion now is.' Ten years later, it is scarcely discernible in some figures, and in 1757 it re-appears, expanding, right and left, into the shape which the court dress of George III's reign has rendered familiar to us. In 1735 we find the heads still low and covered by small frilled caps, and flat gipsy-looking straw hats of moderate dimensions. In 1745-6 the caps are still smaller, but the hats larger; and a little bonnet tied under the chin appears almost of the last modern fashion. Aprons had become part of the dress of a fashionable belle during the early part of this century, and in 1744 they reached the ground. They were next shortened, and lengthened again before 1752, as a lady is made to exclaim in the Gray's Inn Journal, No. 7, that "short aprons are coming into fashion again." In the same year we find a successor to the hood in the *capuchin* or a new name for the old head covering. "Mr. Needlework, bid John come round with the coach to the door, and bring me my fan, gloves and capuchin in an instant." And in the eighth number of the same work is an advertisement of the sale by auction of "the whole stock of a coquette leaving off trade, consisting of several valuable curiosities, &c.," amongst which are mentioned "a transparent capuchin," "an elegant snuff-box with a looking glass within it, being a very good pocket companion for a beauty," directions for painting and the use of cosmetics, and "the secret of putting on patches in an artful manner, shewing the effect of their different arrangement, with instructions how to place them about the eye in such a manner as to give disdain, an amorous languish, or a cunning glance; translated from the French."

With regard to ornaments, the *watch* and *etui* adorned the waist; the jewelled necklace sparkled on the bosom, and bracelets were worn over the long gloves. Shortly after the accession of

GEORGE III. A. D. 1760,

a necklace composed of several rows of gold chains, beads, or jewels, the first close round the throat, and the others falling in festoons one under the other, so as to cover the whole neck, was highly fashionable, and called "an esclavage," from the collar and chains with which the wearer seemed laden. In 1772, the print called a Maccaroni Courtship, exhibits the same ridiculous toupee and curls by which the gentleman's head-dress of the same day was made hideous. A pretty cap, called the wing or fly-cap, and resembling one still worn in Holland, concealed in some instances the deformity of the hair, revealing only the club in which it was worn behind: the cap was again surmounted by a bonnet laden with bows and bunches of ribands, and the gown was tucked up behind as country girls frequently wear it at this day. The maccaroni head-dress was followed by those mountains of curls, powder, flowers, and feathers, which rose "alp above alp" upon the foreheads of our stately grandmammæ, fulfilling the prophetic fears of Addison, and which, notwithstanding every body wore them, were as much laughed at and caricatured then as they would be at present. Several prints published in the years 1776-7, represent those head-dresses composed, like the figures in some of our recent pantomimes, constructed by the clown from the contents of the nearest green grocer or buttermilkman. In one called 'the Green Stall,' the long side curls are imitated by carrots similarly disposed, and in another the slanting summit of the mountain is laid out as in a parterre, and a gardener is seen at work in it! The 'Maiden Aunt,' published July 4, 1776, exhibits a parrot perched upon the powdered precipice, and completing with its wings and tail the ludicrous effect of the picture. In 1778 and 1783 we still meet with

varieties of this fashion, which certainly is not exceeded in absurdity and ugliness by the horned and heart-shaped dresses of the fifteenth century. In 1783, a change appears to have taken place, and a flat-crowned, broad-brimmed straw or silk hat, surrounded with ribands, is worn upon the hair, which lowered atop, bulges out at the sides like a bishop wig profusely powdered, while two or three immense curls fall from beneath it upon the shoulders. In 1786-9, an improvement appears, which a modern writer attributes, in a great measure, to the taste of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Angelica Kauffman, Hopner, and the other painters of that day. The hair was worn full and flowing, we may almost say dishevelled; but powder maintained its ground till 1793, when it was discarded by Her Majesty Queen Charlotte and the Princesses, and at length disappeared, we trust for ever, from the toilets of a British beauty. Ladies wore white stockings even in mourning, as late as the year 78. Mrs. Damer, the eccentric and celebrated sculptor, is said to have been the first female who wore black stockings in England; which circumstance, combined with other peculiar habits, obtained for her the epithet of "Epicinean" in the newspaper epigrams of the day. Though the large hoop was, towards the close of the eighteenth century, only worn at court or in full dress, the pocket-hoop is ridiculed in 1780 by a print in which a girl so attired is placed beside a donkey laden with a pair of panniers. For the abolition of the court-hoop, we are indebted to the taste of George IV. The other excrescence lingered in fashion more or less till the French revolution in 89, which affected the female as powerfully as the male costume of Europe. Fashion, ever in extremes, rushed from high-peaked stays and figured satins, yard-long waists and hooped petticoats, into the lightest and slightest products of the loom, which clung round the form, whether graceful or ungainly, and were girdled absolutely under the armpits. Let those who have laughed at the habits of our ancestors—let the Lady Patroness of Almack's who would start back with horror at the idea of figuring in the wimple and gorget of the thirteenth, or the coat-hardie and monstrous head-dresses of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and even eighteenth century, peep into a lady's pocket-book or fashionable magazine, of which the cover is scarcely old—let her recal by such a glance the costume in which she paraded Bond-street and the park, as lately as 1815, or 20, (remembering at the same time that the fashions of the reign of Rufus or Henry V., have been rudely copied by monkish illuminators ignorant of the first principles of design, and their natural deformities made still more hideous by a total absence of taste and skill in the delineator, while those of the reigns of George III. and IV. have been displayed by creditable and even first-rate artists to the best advantage,) and then favour us with her honest opinion of the difference between the periods in ugliness and absurdity.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 23rd, to Tuesday the 29th of July.

A HOT DAY.

We have been reminded, in making extracts from other authors, that it might be taking no unreasonable or immodest advantage of our position to make one occasionally from writings of our own, especially as it might be of service to other publications, and the readers of the London Journal far outnumber any that may be supposed to possess the books from which we should quote. We should of course make no extracts that were not designated as such, and those who do possess the books will pardon us for old acquaintance sake, and because it is a convenience to us. The following passage is from the second edition of the "Indicator and Companion," lately published by Mr. Colburn.

A "NOW."

Descriptive of a Hot Day.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can: till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks every thing out of the sky, and holds sharp interrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upwards on one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now the labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the door of rural ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at

the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the roadside are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishing for "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to slobber lettuce into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box really does something. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths, and people make presents of flowers, and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounge recreates his head with applications of perfumed water, out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounge who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buckskins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockeys, walking in great coats, to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old-clothesman drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street, and bakers look vicious, and cooks are aggravated, and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of us like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats, and boys make their sleeping companion start up with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated, and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transported; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant-maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

We cannot conclude this article, however, without returning thanks, both on our own account and on that of our numerous predecessors who have left so large a debt of gratitude unpaid, to this very useful and ready monosyllable—"Now." We are sure that there is not a didactic poet, ancient or modern, who, if he possess a decent share of candour, will not be happy to own his obligations to that masterly conjunction, which possesses the very essence of wit, for it has the art of bringing the most remote things together. And its generosity is in proportion to its wit, for it always is most profuse of its aid, where it is most wanted.

BIRTH-DAYS.

24th July, at Rome, 100 years B. C. (12 O. S. We know not whether the computation is very accurate, but he should be mentioned during the month, which was named after him), Julius Cæsar, one of the greatest men that ever lived, as far as a man's greatness can be estimated from his soldiership, and general talents, and personal aggrandizement. He had the height of genius in the active sense, and was not without it in the contemplative. He was a captain, a writer, a pleader, a man of the world, in the largest as well as most trivial points of view, and superior to all scruples, except those which tended to the en-

largement of his fame, such as clemency in conquest. Whether he was a very great man in the prospective, universal, and most enduring sense, as a man of his species, instead of a man of his time is another question, which must be settled by the growing lights of the world and by future ages. He put an end to his country's freedom, and did no good that we are aware of to any one but himself, unless by the production or prevention of results known only to Providence.

July 26th, (14th O.S.) 1721, at one of the Orkney islands, where his family had settled during the Reformation, Sir Robert Strange, an engraver of true genius, knighted by George III.; famous for his congenial handling of some of the finest productions of Titian and others, particularly in the roundness and delicacy of his flesh. He was originally intended for the law; took up arms for the Pretender, partly to please the family of the lady whom he afterwards married; and was a most excellent, amiable man, the delight of his friends as well as of the connoisseur. He was so conscientious, however in the exercise of his art, and worked so hard at it, that he dreaded lest any of his children should adopt it as a profession, and was always anxious to keep the pencil out of their hands.

July 28th, (16.O.S.) 1723, at Plympton in Devonshire, the son of a schoolmaster, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the well-known portrait and historical painter, the greatest artist except Hogarth which this country is understood to have produced, till Wilkie rose to surpass him in correctness, and Edwin Landseer lately appeared, to surpass them all perhaps in the union of correctness and gusto. Hogarth remains unrivalled as a moralist and a wit on canvass; and Wilkie (of course, in no ill sense of the word), is the low humourist of his country; but Edwin Landseer is perhaps upon the whole the most perfect artist, and the least likely to be doubted by posterity, that has hitherto adorned the nation. Stothard however will be loved for his tenderness and grace; and we have a fine landscape-painter in Wilson. Sir Joshua Reynolds had colouring, elegance, and a taste for artificial refinement, which thoroughly suited his age; but he wanted drawing and real history, and tampered so with his colours that they do not last.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXIV.—STORY OF MADEMOISELLE DE TOURNON, RELATED BY MARGARET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

This story, which if we are not mistaken, has been worked up into a novel by Madame de Genlis, is taken from a translation of the autobiographical memoirs of the celebrated Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, who seems to have been beloved by every body but her husband, Henry IV., who divorced her. Her mastery, who was sister of Kings Charles IX. and Henry III., and much used by them for court purposes, on account of her wit and persuasiveness, is relating a journey which she had been advised to make into the Netherlands, in company with the Princess de la Roche Sur Yon; and we have retained, in our extract, the circumstances immediately preceding and following the young lady's story, as a sort of frame and contrast to the picture, and a specimen of those gay court enjoyments which invested whatever happened in those times, however tragical.

The Bishop of Liege, who is the sovereign of the city and country, (says the royal autobiographer) received me with all the cordiality and respect that could be expected from a person of his dignity and great accomplishments. He was, indeed, a nobleman endowed with singular prudence and virtue; agreeable in his person and conversation, gracious and magnificent in his carriage and behaviour; to which I may add that he spoke the French language perfectly well.

He was constantly attended by his chapter, with several of his canons, who are all sons of dukes, counts, or great German lords. The bishopric is itself a sovereign state, which brings in a considerable revenue, and includes a number of fine cities. The bishop is chosen from amongst the canons, who must be of noble descent, and resident one year. The city is larger than Lyons, and much resembles it, having the Meuse running through it. The houses in which the canons reside, have the appearance of noble palaces. The streets of the city are regular and spacious, the houses of the citizens well built, the squares large, and ornamented with curious fountains; the churches appear as if raised entirely of marble, of which there are considerable quarries in the neigh-

bourhood; they are all of them ornamented with beautiful clocks, and exhibitions of moving figures.

The bishop received me as I landed from the boat and conducted me to his magnificent residence, ornamented with delicious fountains and gardens, set off with galleries all painted, superbly gilt, and enriched with marble beyond description.

The spring which affords the waters of Spa, being distant no more than three or four leagues from the city of Liege, and there being only a village, consisting of three or four small houses on the spot, the Princess of Roche Sur Yon was advised by her physicians to stay at Liege, and have the waters brought to her, which they assured her would have equal efficacy, if taken up after sunset and before sunrise, as if drank at the spring. I was well pleased that she resolved to follow the advice of her doctors, as we were more comfortably lodged, and had an agreeable society; for besides his grace, (so the bishop is styled, as a king is addressed his majesty, and a prince his highness), the news of my arrival being spread about, many lords and ladies came to visit me. Amongst these was the countess d'Aremberg, who had the honour to accompany Queen Elizabeth to Mexiers, to which place she came to marry King Charles, my brother, a lady very high in the estimation of the empress, the emperor, and all the princes in christendom. With her came her sister, the Landgravine, Madame d'Aremberg, her daughter, Mons. d'Aremberg, her son, a gallant and accomplished nobleman, the perfect image of his father, who brought the Spanish succours to King Charles, my brother, and returned with great honour and additional reputation. This meeting, so honourable to me, and so much to my satisfaction, was damped by the grief and concern occasioned by the loss of Mademoiselle de Tournon, whose story being of a singular nature, I shall now relate to you, agreeable to the promise I made in my last letter.

Madame de Tournon, lady of my bed-chamber, had several daughters, the eldest of whom married Mons. de Balenson, governor, for the king of Spain, in the county of Burgundy. This daughter, upon her marriage, had solicited her mother to admit of her taking her sister, the young lady whose story I am now about to relate, to live with her, as she was going to a country strange to her, and wherein she had no relations. To this her mother consented; and the young lady being universally admired for her modesty and graceful accomplishments, for which she certainly deserved admiration, attracted the notice of the Marquis de Varenbon. The marquis was the brother of M. de Balenson, and was intended for the church; but, being violently enamoured of Mademoiselle de Tournon (whom, as he lived in the same house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing), he now begged his brother's permission to marry, not having yet taken orders. The young lady's family to whom he had likewise communicated his wish, readily gave their consent, but his brother refused his, strongly advising him to change his resolution, and put on the gown.

Thus were matters situated, when her mother, Madame de Tournon, thinking she had cause to be offended, ordered her daughter to leave the house of her sister, Madam de Balenson, and come to her. The mother, a woman of violent spirit, not considering that her daughter was grown up, and merited a mild treatment, was continually scolding the poor young lady, so that she was for ever with tears in her eyes. Still there was nothing to blame in the young lady's conduct; but such was the severity of the mother's disposition. The daughter, as you may well suppose, wished to be from under the mother's tyrannical government, and was accordingly delighted with the thoughts of attending me, in the journey to Flanders, hoping, as it happened, that she should meet the Marquis de Varenbon somewhere on the road, and that, as he had now abandoned all thoughts of the church, he would renew his proposal of marriage, and take her from her mother.

I have before mentioned that the Marquis de Varenbon, and the younger Balenson joined us at Namur. Young Balenson, who was far from being so agreeable as his brother, addressed himself to the young lady, but the Marquis, during the whole time we staid at Namur, paid not the least attention to her, and seemed as if he had never been acquainted with her.

The resentment, grief, and disappointment occasioned by a behaviour so slighting and unnatural, was necessarily stifled in her breast, as decorum and her sex's pride obliged her to appear as if she disregarded it; but, when, after taking leave, all of them left the boat, the anguish of her mind, which she had hitherto suppressed, could no longer be restrained, and labouring for vent, it stopped her respiration, and forced from her those lamentable outcries which I have already spoken of. Her youth combated for eight days with this uncommon disorder, but at the expiration of that time she died, to the great grief of her mother, as well as myself; I say of her mother, for though she was so rigidly severe over her daughter, she tenderly loved her.

The funeral of this unfortunate young lady was solemnized with all proper ceremonies, and conducted in the most honourable manner, as she was

descended from a great family allied to the queen my mother. When the day of interment arrived, four of my gentlemen were appointed bearers, one of whom was named La Boessiere. This man had entertained a secret passion for her, which he never durst declare, on account of the inferiority of his family and station. He was now destined to bear the remains of her, dead, for whom he had long been dying, and was now as near dying for her loss, as he had before been for her love.

The melancholy procession was marching slowly along, when it was met by the Marquis de Varenbon, who had been the sole occasion of it. We had not left Namur long, when the Marquis reflected upon his cruel behaviour towards the unhappy young lady; and his passion, (wonderful to relate!) being revived by the absence of her who inspired it, though scarcely alive while she was present, he had resolved to come and ask her of her mother in marriage. He made no doubt perhaps of success, as he seldom failed in enterprises of love, witness the great lady he has since obtained for a wife, in opposition to the will of her family. He might besides have flattered himself that he should easily have gained a pardon from her by whom he was beloved, according to the Italian proverb, *che la forza d'amore non riguarda al delitto*,—"Lovers are not criminal in the estimation of one another." Accordingly, the Marquis solicited Don John to be despatched to me on some errand, and arrived, as I said before, at the very instant the corpse of this ill-fated young lady was bearing to the grave. He was stopped by the crowd occasioned by this solemn procession. He contemplates it for some time. He observes a long train of persons in mourning, and remarks the coffin to be covered with a white pall, and that there are chaplets of flowers laid upon the coffin. He inquires whose funeral it is. The answer he receives is, that it is the funeral of a young lady. Unfortunately for him this reply fails to satisfy his curiosity. He makes up to one who led the procession, and eagerly asks the name of the young lady they are proceeding to bury. When oh! fatal answer! Love, willing to revenge the victim of his ingratitude and neglect, suggests a reply which had nearly deprived him of life. He no sooner heard the name of Mademoiselle de Tournon pronounced, than he fell from his horse in a swoon. He is taken up for dead and conveyed to the nearest house, where he lay, for a time, insensible; his soul, no doubt, leaving his body to obtain pardon from her whom he had hastened to a premature grave, and then to return to taste the bitterness of death a second time.

Having performed the last offices to the remains of this poor young lady, I was unwilling to discompose the gaiety of the society assembled here, on my account, by any show of grief. Accordingly, I joined the bishop, or, as he is called, his grace, and his canons in their entertainments at different houses, or in gardens, of which the city and its neighbourhood afforded a variety. I was every morning attended by a numerous company to the garden, in which I drank the waters, the exercise of walking being recommended to be used with them. As the physician who advised me to take them was my own brother, they did not fail of their effect with me; and for these six or seven years which are gone over my head since I drank them, I have been free from any complaint of Erysipelas on my arm. From this garden we usually proceeded to the place where we were invited to dinner; after dinner we were amused with a ball; from the ball we went to some convent, where we heard vespers; from vespers to supper, and that over, we had another ball, or music on the river.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

SWIFT.

A Treatise on Good Manners and Good Breeding.

It has happened, that in our first two extracts under this head, owing to a certain easiness in the temperament of the writers, the style has occasionally been more negligent than might have been looked for in models of composition, especially in that from Montaigne. We now present the reader with one, which the very infirmities of the author, his irritability and pride, conspired to render a sample of the very perfection of clearness and precision. Swift's distinction of a good style was "proper words in proper places;" and the passage before us is a triumphant exhibition of it. The treatise, throughout, is admirable, and calculated to be of the greatest service to every sensible reader who may happen to be in need of any of its precepts. The author, perhaps the greatest man of his time, had himself stood in need of bearing such precepts in mind, and may have profited by putting them down on paper; for though naturally subject to the infirmities above mentioned, he was scrupulous in observing certain laws of conversation, and till disease over-mastered him, was a very attractive companion.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred man in the company.

As the best law is founded upon reason, so are the manners. And as some lawyers have introduced unreasonable things into common law; so likewise many teachers have introduced absurd things into common good manners.

One principal point of this art is to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men; our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

For instance, to press either of the two former to eat or drink is a breach of manners; but a tradesman, or a farmer, must be thus treated, or else it will be difficult to persuade them that they are welcome.

Pride, ill-nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill-manners: without some of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for the want of experience; or what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

I defy any one to assign an accident wherein reason will not direct us what we are to say or do in company, if we are not misled by pride or ill-nature.

Therefore I insist that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners; but because the former is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules for common behaviour, best suited to their general customs and fancies; as a kind of artificial good sense to supply the defects of reason. Without which, the gentlemanly part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when they happen to get drunk, or engaged in squabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happeneth a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of these three motives. Upon which account, I should be exceedingly sorry to find the Legislature make any new laws against the practice of duelling; because the methods are easy and many, for a wise man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, and rakes to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law hath not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of good manners were intended for regulating the conduct of those who have weak understandings; so they have been corrupted by the persons for whose use they were contrived. For these people have fallen into a needless and endless way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troublesome to those who practise them and insupportable to every body else; in-somuch, that wise men are often more uneasy at the overcivility of these refiners, than they could possibly be in the conversation of peasants or mechanics.

The impertinences of this ceremonial behaviour are no where better seen than at those tables where the ladies preside, who value themselves upon account of their good breeding; where a man must reckon upon passing an hour without doing any one thing he hath a mind to; unless he will be so hardy as to break through all the settled decorum of the family. She determineth what he loveth best, and how much he is going to eat, and if the master of the house happeneth to be of the same disposition, he proceedeth, in the same tyrannical manner, to prescribe in the drinking part; at the same time you are under the necessity of answering a thousand apologies for your entertainment. And, although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among people of the best fashion, yet too much of it still remaineth, especially in the country; where, an honest gentleman assured me, that having been kept four days against his will at a friend's house with all the circumstances of hiding his boots, locking up the stable, and other contrivances of the like nature, he could not remember, from the moment he came into the house to the moment when he left it, any one thing, wherein his inclination was not directly contradicted; as if the whole family had entered into a combination to torment him.

But besides all this, it would be endless to recount the many foolish and ridiculous accidents I have observed among these unfortunate proselytes to ceremony. I have seen a dutchess fairly knocked down by the precipitances of an officious coxcomb, running to save her the trouble of opening a door. I remember, upon a birthday at court, a great lady was utterly disconsolate by a dish of sauce let fall by a page directly upon her head-dress and brocade; while she gave a sudden turn to her elbow upon some point of ceremony with the person who sat next to her. Mons. Buys, the Dutch envoy, whose politics and manners were much of a size, brought a son with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father whatever they put on their plates they first offered round in order, to every person in company, so that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At last their two plates happened to encounter, and with so much violence, that, being china, they broke in twenty pieces; and stained half the company with wet sweetmeats and cream.

There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and

sciences; and sometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the over-rating of any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itself, the pedantry is the greater. For which reason, I look upon fiddlers, dancing-masters, heralds, masters of the ceremony, &c. to be greater pedants than Lipsius, or the elder Scaliger. With these pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully stocked; I mean from the gentleman usher (at least) inclusive; down to the gentleman-porter, who are, generally speaking, the most insignificant race of people that this island can afford; and with the smallest tincture of good manners, which is the only trade they profess. For, being wholly illiterate, and conversing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole system of breeding within the forms and circles of their several offices; and as they are below the notice of ministers, they live and die in court, under all revolutions, with great obsequiousness to those who are in any degree of credit or favour, and with rudeness and insolence to everybody else. From whence I have long concluded, that good manners are not a part of the court growth; for if they were, those people who have understandings directly of a level for such acquirements, who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up. For as to the great officers who attend the prince's person, or councils, or preside in his family, they are a transient body, who have no better title to good manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourse to gentlemen-ushers for instruction. So that I know little to be learned at court upon this head, except in the material circumstance of dress; wherein the authority of the maids of honour must indeed be allowed to be almost equal to that of a favourite actress.

I remember a passage my lord Bolingbroke told me; that, going to receive Prince Eugene of Savoy at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the queen, the prince said he was much concerned he could not see her majesty that night; for Mons. Hoffman (who was then by) had assured his highness that he could not be admitted into her presence with a tied-up periwig; that his equipage was not arrived, and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My lord turned the matter to a jest, and brought the prince to her majesty, for which he was highly censured by the whole tribe of gentlemen-ushers, among whom, Mons. Hoffman, an old dull resident of the emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony; and which, I believe, was the first lesson he had learned in five-and-twenty years residence.

I make a difference between good-manners and good-breeding, although, in order to vary my expression, I am sometimes forced to confound them. By the first, I only understand the art of remembering and applying certain settled forms of general behaviour. But good-breeding is of a much larger extent; for, besides an uncommon degree of literature sufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play, or a political pamphlet, it taketh in a great compass of knowledge; no less than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse, and speaking French: not to mention some other secondary or subaltern accomplishments, which are more easily acquired. So that the difference between good-breeding and good-manners lieth in this, that the former cannot be attained to by the best understandings without study and labour; whereas a tolerable degree of reason will instruct us in every part of good manners without other assistance.

I can think of nothing more useful upon this subject than to point out some particulars wherein the very essentials of good manners are concerned, the neglect or perverting the which doth very much disturb the good commerce of the world, by introducing a traffic of mutual uneasiness in most companies.

First, a necessary part of good manners is a punctual observance of time, at our own dwellings, or those of others, or at third places; whether upon matter of civility, business, or diversion; which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reason, yet the greatest minister* I ever knew was the greatest trespasser against it; by which all his business doubled upon him and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often used to rally him as deficient in point of good-manners. I have known more than one ambassador, and secretary of state, with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good success and applause, by the mere force of exactness and regularity. If you duly observe time for the service of another, it doubles the obligation: if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly as well as ingratitude to neglect it; if both are concerned, to make your equal or your inferior attend on you to your own advantage, is pride and injustice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be styled ill manners, because forms are subject to frequent changes; and consequently being not founded upon reason are beneath a wise man's regard. Besides, they vary in every country; and after a short period of time, very frequently in the same, so that a man who travelleth must needs be at first a stranger to them in every court through which he passes; and,

perhaps, at his return as much a stranger in his own and after all, they are easier to be remembered or forgotten than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinencies which superficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal and more predominant than the rest: who look upon them not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance: and therefore are zealous upon all occasions to introduce and propagate the new forms and fashions they have brought back with them. So that, usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveller just returned from abroad.

PASSAGES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

"PER LEGEM TERRÆ, LORD CHANDOS OF SUDELY."*

SIR Egerton Brydges, notwithstanding all which the critics have said, sometimes too truly, of the self-seeking, the repetitions, and vague and commonplace ideas observable in this work, is in our minds not only an interesting personage, by reason of the very weakness with which he clings to the romance and heraldry of his family claims, forgetting all the evils of the day of feudality in the last lingering colours of its sunset, but we look upon him as a man possessed of a real genius, which has been spoilt for want of cultivation, and has now become affecting in consequence, like some long evening sigh over a barren moor, or through the ruins of an old castle. Some of the personal sketches in his book, as may be seen by the following extracts, are masterly; and if nothing else survived him but the sonnet entitled "Echo and Silence," it would fully bear out, we think, the opinion we have expressed of his natural powers. The use of the word "she," instead of "one of them," in the sixth line, is highly vivid and full of impulse, and all the remainder downwards, is in the very best taste of fanciful imagery.

Effect of worldly splendour upon childhood.—There is a dazzle in worldly greatness which no young mind or heart can resist. I always from a child, loved to get out of its way, and bury myself in the woods.—"When I could not conquer, I learned to fly." I sincerely and deeply wish I had never come back again out of those woods. But I used to hear from my earliest infancy of the rise and grandeur of my ancestor, Lord Chancellor Egerton, and of my royal blood. Then again I heard of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who was my father's relation, and of whose education I have heard that my grandfather had the care. The portrait of Chancellor Egerton, in his official robes, hung by the bedside in which I was born, and seemed with his grave countenance to look solemnly upon me. The engraved portrait of the other always hung over the fire-side of my uncle's justice-room. The Gibbon arms were there quartered with the York saltire, and reminded me of the relationship, for I was always observant of heraldic symbols. I have no doubt that these things made an impression on my mind which operated strongly on my future fate.

The Gentry of Kent.—At a particular age a peculiar cast of character prevails among the gentry of a particular province. We may not always be able to account for it; it is probably a fashion given by some one of leading rank and wealth. Kent once produced some very eminent men: witness Sir Thomas Wyatt, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Francis Walsingham. In the time of Charles I. the leading gentry were men of celebrity; such as Sir Dudley Diggs, Sir Roger Twysden, editor of the "Decem Scriptores," and Sir Edward Dering: this, of course, gave the bent to the minor gentry. One of the Knatchbulls, in the next reign, was an author, and in rather a singular department for a country baronet,—it was in divinity. I do not remember ever to have heard of a Honeywood having written a book. The Furnesses of Walsershire raised themselves to great riches at once, by smuggling, at Sandwich, in the reign of William and Mary, but expired in the next generation, enriching Lord Guildford, Sir Edward Dering, and the third Lord Bolingbroke. We had rarely much nobility. The second Lord Cowper, son of the Chancellor, was popular at the Moat, by his support of a pack of fox-hounds, and his love of the sports of the field; and I believe that the Lords Rockingham were well esteemed at Lee's Court, near Faversham; but the squires ruled the day. Mr. Barrett of Lee was a man of virtue, and a collector; he died 1758: Sir James Gray of Dennehill, was a diplomatist; and Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Rothesay, shot himself up, when he quitted Parliament, in his own independence of mind and habits, at Hopton, near Hythe. Old John Lewis pursued his

* Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer to Queen Anne.

* Two vols. 8vo. Embellished with two portraits, and a curious heraldic vignette. Cochrane and McCrone.

own antiquarianisms at Margate,—then a little fishing town,—far from all these merry spirits of the field; while Dr. Brook Taylor indulged his philosophical genius at Bifrons. Sir Thomas Palmer, of Wingham, indulged himself, as Pope says, in wedding "the whole personæ dramatis."

To Palmer's bed no actress comes amiss,

He weds the whole personæ dramatis.

At the same time Sir John Hales shut himself up in his house at St. Stephen's, living like old Elwes, with an immense estate, on a crust, and letting his only son die in a prison. Old Dr. Nicholas Carter, the father of the poetess, was writing theological tracts against his neighbour, the orthodox Randolph, and bandying Latin epigrams with Sir George Oxenden, of Deane; and the poetess herself was writing odes upon wisdom, corresponding with Archbishop Secker, and translating Epictetus; while Nicholas Hardinge was visiting the Grays, and writing Denhiliads. Then the boy Thurlow was leading a life of torment to his master, Talbot, by his tricks and drolleries at Canterbury school; and laying the foundation of his own future greatness, by the ascendancy of his temper, and the daring directness of his talents. There from a small house opposite the west door of the Cathedral issued a Countess of Salisbury, and a fate of future greatness was still hovering over the same humble tenement, destined to be the birth-place of the late most excellent Lord Chief Justice of England. From another town in the same district the noble and illustrious house of Yorke had already issued to adorn the woollack, and enlighten the legislation of the kingdom. At the time Mrs. Macauley from Ollantigh was nursing her radical politics, and collecting materials for her most furious "History," her brother Sawbridge was dreaming of civic honours and John Wilkes. Such was East Kent from about 1720 to 1765.

Lord Rokeby. When he took possession of Horton he laid down a plan of life peculiar to himself. He resolved to be shackled by no ceremonies, but to pass his days in independence, according to what it seemed to him that nature pointed out: he kept no carriage, he never mounted a horse; he allowed no liveries to his servants; but his house-keeping was bountiful, and his hospitality generous and large. He was a resolute and unbending whig, formed on the principles of Algernon Sydney and Locke; and he carried his arguments much further than in those days the people were accustomed. Daring to think only for himself, he sometimes indulged in crude ideas, and his style was inelegant and harsh. He carried his hatred of the artificial through everything; he took down his garden walls, and let his hedges drop, that his herds and flocks might have their full range. He hated the plough, and let his arable fields run to natural grass; so that his park became very large and very picturesque merely by letting it alone: he was skilful in the management of cattle, and as his land was rich his stock was fat and profitable.

He had some strange notions about money, and rarely put it out at interest; he kept a sum of money in gold for about fifty years in chests in his house, which, at a compound interest would have accumulated to £100,000; and he had at his death above £20,000 lying in the hands of different bankers, of which a great part had lain there for many years; he had also money in many of the continental banks. He had no faith in the public funds, and always predicted that they would break; a prediction which he contended was fulfilled when the bank was restricted from cash-payments in 1797; yet it was not very reasonable to fear the national bank and trust private banks. It must be admitted that he entertained some crochets in his head.

His clothes were plain to a degree that many would call mean; and latterly he let his white beard grow down to his waist. He was a great walker, and stalked along with his staff, like an aged peasant. His voice was loud but his manners were courteous, and he knew the world well. He was sagacious, manly and uncompromising. He had a great contempt for provincial importance; and therefore was not in great favour with some of the neighbouring gentry, who knew not how to estimate that dignity of mind which despised those outward trappings of superiority on which they prided themselves. By the yeomanry and peasantry he was adored, as their protector and benefactor.

He was a great reader, but not of works of imagination. His taste turned to politics, voyages, and travels. As he loved plainness, he did not relish the more refined parts of literature. He was the reverse of his father, who was never happy out of the high and polished society and clubs of London, and thought a country life a perfect misery. The father and son were not very fond of one another, and each was angry at the other's taste. In every thing Lord Rokeby was manly and straightforward: he had no dark and hidden passions; he was free from the slightest taint of envy or jealousy: he was nobly generous, while he knew the full value of money; so much so as to appear to superficial observers miserly. His very simple and humble dress, was mistaken by many for avarice.

When now and then some stranger of rank came

into the country, and paid him a visit through curiosity, founded on the absurd rumours of his eccentricities and hermit-life, he was surprised to meet with a man, though singular in his dress, yet a man of the world in his manners and conversation; ready, acute, easy, and full of good sense, with a power of sarcastic dignity which put down the smallest attempt at impertinence or misapprehension.

He retained his faculties to the last, and, I believe had enjoyed his earthly being altogether more than any other person I could name. He had an estate in Yorkshire as well as in Kent, of which I do not know the exact extent, and of which he never raised the rents; and he might have died amazingly rich in pastoral property, if he had made interest of his money.

Duncombe, the translator of Horace. John Duncombe, the translator of Horace, was at this time Sixpreacher at Canterbury, and rector of Herne. He was a sort of general *littérateur*,—very multifarious in his erudition, but not very exact; neglected and uncouth in his person; and awkward in his manner; a long face, with only one eye, and a shambling figure; his pockets stuffed with pamphlets; his manner hurried, and his articulation indistinct. He reached a certain point in everything, but in nothing went beyond mediocrity. The translations of Horace by himself and his father are miserably dull. Nothing was alleged against him, unless perhaps that he was mean in pecuniary matters. [This "unless" is a pleasant qualification.]

Bishop Berkeley's family. One of the prebendaries of Canterbury, was Dr. George Berkeley, son of the celebrated Irish Bishop. He recommended to my father, as a remedy, the bishop's pamphlet on tar-water; but my father unfortunately took a quack medicine called "Soap lees,"—a medicine strong enough to kill a horse. Dr. Berkeley was an amiable man, but talkative and wild, with a very small portion of his father's genius. He had married a virago, the most garrulous, vain, foolish, presumptuous, and ill tempered of women; by whom he had a son George Moncke Berkeley; who mingled most of the absurdities of his parents, except that he was not so bad-tempered as his mother. He died at the age of between twenty and thirty, and his mother published a heavy quarto "Memoir," purporting to be an account of his life, but stuffed with every sort of nonsense and impertinence. Thus ended the descendants of the excellent and illustrious Bishop Berkeley, to whom Pope ascribed "every virtue under heaven." The pious Mrs. Catherine Talbot (niece of Chancellor Talbot) has been, in early life, deeply attached to Dr. Berkeley, the son,—an attachment, which it was suspected, she could not eradicate from her heart to the last. Mrs. Berkeley, when angry, could sit for hours relating a set of scandalous stories, all falsehoods of her own fertile invention from beginning to end. Though the very picture of ugliness and deformity, she affected to have been a great beauty, and said she endeavoured to spoil her face, in pity to the worshipping swains, who would otherwise have died of admiration. Her husband was a dreaming, light-hearted, self-deluding man, who bore all this without great annoyance.

Country gentlemen fifty years ago.—I never saw London till I was sixteen years old; nor indeed ever went out of Kent. My father's health was bad, and he lived entirely in the country, his family was large, and though he lived plentifully, he lived plainly and unostentatiously. Few country gentlemen then went much to London, unless they were in parliament; and my father had on his own side no near relation except his brother.

The fame of writers compared with that of statesmen and worldly greatness.—The fame of men, of whose minds the fruits are spent upon their contemporaries, soon dies; of excellent authors the labours are permanent, and increase in value and reputation with time. Make the comparison in what degree of liveliness exists the memory of Johnson and Burke at this day, when set against that of Pitt and Fox. Compare Lord Chancellor Thurlow, Lord Rosslyn, or even Lord Mansfield, with Gibbon or Robertson! Even Cumberland is still familiar to us; while Lord North, to whose greatness he looked with such humble reverence, is fading fast from our recollection;—while Goldsmith, who lost his presence of mind before the pompous splendour of the Duke of Northumberland, lives on every one's lips at the time when the forgotten Duke is entombed in peerage books.

A good memorandum.—The passions are in some degree at the mercy of the thoughts, as are the thoughts of the passions. It is a moral duty therefore to endeavour to think rightly.

Charge against law charges.—I have found that lawyers take from seventy-five to ninety per cent. on an average; sometimes as high as eight hundred per cent.; viz. their charges have been about £2300 for what, when taxed, the legal charge was only £331. 7s. 6d.; and taken the greater part of it in advance too, stopping it out of money passing through their hands. In twenty years they have thus taken nearer £100,000 than £50,000 from me and mine; their regular law charges alone amounting to upwards of £2500 a year, and under the name of what they call

their cash payments—many of which were no payments at all—nearly as much. In no other country of the world are there, or ever have there been, such abuses of this kind as in England. The appetite of the extortioner increases by feeding:—

And where the fell attorney prowls for prey, if you do not resist the first false charge of a few pounds, he will go on till he gets £99. 19s. 6d. of all your property. Let the Thellusson case be a crying instance. But he is not content with taking all; it is one of the tricks to bring you in debt into the bargain, that he may have a rod over you to keep you mute.

Thomas Warton.—There are few characters on which I look with so much complacent interest as Warton's. His temper was so sunny and benevolent; his manners were so simple; his erudition was so classical and various; his learning was so illuminated by fancy; his love of the country was so unaffected; his images were so picturesque; his knowledge of feudal and chivalrous manners was so minute, curious, and lively; his absence of all worldly ambition and shew was so attractive; his humour was so good-natured and innocent; his unaffected love of literature was so encouraging and exemplary, that I gaze upon his memory with untired satisfaction. —[There is something very pleasing and beautiful in this summary of Warton's character, the more so for its truth, and not the less so for being influenced by the writer's personal sympathy of pursuits. Some of Warton's sonnets and of Sir Egerton's would suit together, like windows in a cathedral.]

ECHO AND SILENCE.

(Written Oct. 1782, in the Author's Twentieth year.)

In eddying course when leaves begin to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo
Thro' glens untrod and woods that frown'd on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
And lo! she's gone!—In robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister silence flew,
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away,
Not so her sister.—Hark! for onward still
With far heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock and hill to bill.
Ah, mark the merry Maid in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill.

Eloquent regret and important advice.—Were a great literary genius to set out early in life without fear, and listen only to the voice of nature, what mighty things he might do! But every one is in youth shackled by the technical tyranny of those who have taken on themselves to dictate in the literary world. He is frightened in the belief that he must by art arrive at some excellence different from nature; and for that he is much less qualified than an inferior mind. He does not trust to nature's first impulses, and seeks something more recondite than her lessons. Thus, he becomes stiff and formal; and so disgusts himself and gets dispirited, and often gives up the pursuit in despair. He finds the charlatan beat him; and hates that which he sees arrogant pretenders win. Oh, what a glorious career he thus abandons! A mighty world of inexhaustible wealth, and beauty, and grandeur, and beauty, and magic, is before him. He has but to take his pencil and his colour, and with free hand dash it out upon the canvass; then to look into his own bosom, follow its emotions, and to comment upon it with the eloquence and passion which those emotions prompt. He cannot then be wrong. What is written on his heart, is written on the heart of millions of others.

TABLE-TALK.

Unpleasant Reminders.—Never bring to view irremediable disasters; especially to, or in the hearing of any who, in the eyes of others or their own, may have contributed to these same disasters, or the like. No reference to them will make them not have happened; and, in addition to the sufferings they caused, add not the sufferings which the reminiscence of them brings with it. [Goethe has a good passage on this subject. See the admirable translation of his *Wilhelm Meister*, by Mr. Carlyle.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The song mentioned by D. W. has never reached us. We shall be happy to hear from G. H. L.

The lines of the deceased H. L., enclosed by F. B. are very young.

Pray let URBANUS SYLVAN set to work, taking care not to misgive himself; and then it will be hard, if his love does not make his writing do him justice.

The article entitled the "Man of Taste," which is under consideration, was not received in time enough for an earlier notice to correspondents.

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No. 18.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

SUPPLEMENT OF THE LONDON JOURNAL.

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ENGLISH MALE COSTUME.

MR. PLANCHÉ'S book, besides being sensibly and amusingly written, in a clear, unaffected style, contains more than would be expected from its title. It narrates the military as well as civil history of British costume, giving us not only the softer vicissitudes of silks and satins, but ringing the changes of helmets, hauberkas, and swords, from the earliest period of the use of armour till the latest; and it will set the public right, for the first time, upon some hitherto mistaken points of character and manners. We have been surprised, for instance, to learn, that our "naked ancestors," (as we supposed them), the ancient Britons, were naked only when they went to battle; and it turns out, that Richard the Third, instead of being one who thought himself

"Not made to court an amorous looking glass,"

was a dandy in his dress, and as particular about his wardrobe, and coronation-gear, as George the Fourth. (See the passage at the end of this Article.) This trait in his character is confirmative, we think, of the traditions respecting his deformity, men who are under that disadvantage being remarkable either for a certain nicety and superiority of taste, moral and personal, if their dispositions are good, or for all sorts of mistakes the other way, under the reverse predicament. Two persons of the greatest natural refinement we ever met with, have had a crook in the shoulder. Richard was an usurper, a man of craft and violence; and his jealousy of the respect of his fellow-men took the unhappier and more glaring turn. He thought to overcome them with his fine clothes and colours, as he had done with his tyranny. Richard partook, it seems, of the effeminate voluptuousness of his brother Edward the Fourth, as Edward partook of Richard's cruelty.

Mr. Planché is of opinion, that "the most elegant and picturesque costume ever worn in England," was that of the reign of Charles the First, commonly called the Vandyke dress, from its frequency in the portraits of that artist. The dresses of few periods, we think, in England, surpass those of the Anglo-Saxon times, and of some of the Norman. (See the engravings in the book at pages 22, 103, 121, and 127.) Some of the Anglo-Saxon ladies were dressed with almost as elegant a simplicity as the Greeks. But

whatever Mr. Planché may think of the extreme gallantry and picturesqueness of the Vandyke dress, with its large hat and feathers, its cloak and rapier, and its long breeches meeting the tops of the wide boots, its superiority may surely be at least contested by the jewelled and plumed caps, the long locks, the vests, mantles, and hose of the reign of Henry the Seventh; especially if we recollect that they had the broad hats and feathers too, when they chose to wear them, and that they had not the "peaked" beard, nor a steeple crown to the hat. (See the figures at pages 220 and 222; and imagine them put into as gallant bearing, as those in the pictures of Vandyke. See also the portrait of Henry himself, at the beginning of the volume; and the cap, cloak, and vest of the Earl of Surrey, the poet; in the Holbein portrait of him in Lodge's Illustrations.)

It is a curious fact, that good taste in costume has by no means been in proportion to an age's refinement in other respects. Mere utility is a better teacher than mere will and power; and fashions in dress have generally been regulated by those who had power, and nothing else. Shakespeare's age was that of ruffs and puffs; Pope's that of the most execrable of all coats, cocked hats, and waistcoats; lumpy, formal, and useless; a miserable affectation of ease with the most ridiculous buckram. And yet the costume of part of George the Third's reign was perhaps worse, for it had not even the garnish; it was the extreme of mechanical dullness; and the women had preposterous tresses of curls and pomatum on their head, by way of setting off the extremity of dull plainness with that of dull caprice. For the hoop, possibly, something may be said, not as a dress, not as an investment, but as an enclosure. It did not seem so much to disfigure, as to contain, the wearer, —to be not a dress, but a gliding shell. The dancers at Otaheite, in the pictures to Captain Cook's voyages, have some such Lower Houses; and look well in them for the same reason. The body issued from the hoop as out of a sea of flounce and furbelow. It was the next thing to a nymph half hidden in water. The arm and fan reposed upon it, as upon a cloud, or a moving sphere, the fair angel looking serene and superior above it. Thus much we would say in defence of the hoop, properly so called, when it was in its perfection, large and circular, and to be approached like a "hedge of divinity," or the walls of Troy,—

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious petticoat;

not for those masked and minor shapes of the phenomenon, which degenerated into mere appendages, panniers, or side lumps, and reminded you of nothing but their deformity. But it was always a thing fantastic, and fit only for court and ceremony.

Mr. Planché justly cautions one generation against laughing at the fashions of another. He advises such ladies as would "scream" at the dresses of the fourteenth or even eighteenth century, to look into a fashionable pocket-book or magazine for the year 1815 or 20, and then candidly compare notes. Appendages or enclosures are one thing; positive clinging disfigurements another. The ugliest female dress, in our opinion, without exception, was that which we conceive Mr. Planché to allude to, and which confounded all ages and shapes by girdling the

gown under the arm-pits! and sticking a little pad at the back almost between the shoulders! It reduced all figures to lumps of absurdity. No well-shaped woman, we may be sure, invented it. A history of the real origin of many fashions would be a curious document. We should find infirmity and unsightliness cheating youth and beauty into an imitation of them, and beaux and belles piquing themselves on resembling the worst points about their cunning elders.

As long as a man wears the modern coat, he has no right to despise any dress. What a thing it is, though so often taken for something "exquisite!" What a horse-collar for a collar! What snips at the collar and lapels! What a mechanical and ridiculous cut about the flaps! What buttons in front that are never meant to button, and yet are no ornament! And what an exquisitely absurd pair of buttons at the back! gravely regarded, nevertheless, and thought as indispensably necessary to every well-conditioned coat, as other bits of metal or bone are to the bodies of savages whom we laugh at. There is absolutely not one iota of sense, grace, or even economy in the modern coat. It is an article as costly as it is ugly, and as ugly as it is useless. In winter it is not enough, and in hot weather it is too much. It is the tailors' remnant and cabbaging of the coats formerly in use, and deserves only to be chucked back to them as an imposition in the bill. It is the old or frock coat cut away in front and at the sides, mounted with a horse-collar, and left with a ridiculous tail. The waistcoat or vest, elongated, and with the addition of sleeves, might supersede it at once, and be quite sufficient in warm weather. A vest reaching to the mid-thigh is a graceful and reasonable habit, and with the addition of a scarf or shawl, would make as handsome, or even brilliant a one, as any body could desire. In winter-time, the same cloaks would do for it, as are used now; and there might be lighter cloaks for summer. But the coat, as it now exists, is a mere nuisance and expense, and disgraces every other part of the dress, except the neck-cloth. Even the hat is too good for it; for a hat is good for something, though there is more chimney-top than beauty in it. It furnishes shade to the eyes, and has not always an ill look, if well-proportioned. The coat is a sheer piece of mechanical ugliness. The frock-coat is another matter, except as to the collar, which, in its present rolled or bolstered shape, is always ugly. As to the great coat, it makes a man look either like a man in a sack, or a shorn bear. It is cloth upon cloth, clumsiness made clumsier, sometimes thrice over,—cloth waistcoat, cloth coat, cloth great coat,—a "three piled hyperbole." It is only proper for travellers, coachmen, and others who require to have no drapery in the way. A cloak is the only handsome over-all.

The neck-cloth is worthy of the coat. What a heaping of monstrosity on monstrosity! The woollen horse collar is bad enough; yet, as if this were not sufficient, a linen one must be superadded. Men must look as if they were twice seized with symbols of apoplexy,—the horse-collar to shorten the neck, and the linen-collar to squeeze it. Some man with a desperately bad throat must have invented the neck-cloth, especially as it had a padding, or pushing in it when it first came up. His neck could not have

been fit to be seen. It must have been like a pole, or a withered stalk; or else he was some faded fat dandy, ashamed of his double chin. There can be no objection to people's looking as well as they can contrive, young or old; but it is a little too much to set a fashion, which besides being deformed, is injurious. The man was excusable, because he knew no better; but it is no wonder if painters, and poets, and young Germans, and other romantic personages, have attempted to throw off the nuisance, especially such as have lived in the south. The neck-cloth is ugly, is useless, is dangerous to some, and begets effeminate fear of colds with all. The English, in consequence of their living more in doors than they used, fancy they have too many reasons for muffling themselves up,—not aware that the more they do so, the more they subject themselves to what they dread; and that it is by a general sense of warmth in the person they are to be made comfortable and secure, and not by filling up every crack and cranny of their dress to the very chin.

But some may tell us they cannot feel that general warmth, without thus muffling themselves up. True, if they accustom themselves to it; but it is the custom itself, which is in fault. They can have the warmth without it, if they please; just as well as they can without muffling up their eyes. "How can you go with your body naked?" said a not very wise person to an Indian. "How can you go with your face naked?" said the Indian. "I am used to it," replied the man. "Well, and I am used to the other," rejoined the Indian; "I am all face." Now it will not exactly do to be "all face," in a civilized country;—the police would object;—Piccadilly is not Paradise. But then it is not necessary to be all muffle.

The ladies in the reign of Edward I. once took to wearing a cloth round their throats and ears, in a way which made a poet exclaim, "*Par Dieu! I have often thought in my heart, when I have seen a lady so closely tied up, that her neck-cloth was nailed to her chin.*" There is a figure of her in Mr. Planché's book, p. 115. Now this was the precise appearance of a neck-cloth some years back, when it was worn with a pad or stiffener, and the point of the chin responded in it: nay, it is so at present, with many. The stock looks even more stiff and apoplectic, especially if there is a red face above it. When dandies faint, the neck-cloth is always the first thing loosed, as the saying is with a lady.

By the way, the dandies wear stays too! We have some regard for these gentlemen, because they have reckoned great names among them in times of old, and have some very clever and amiable ones now, and manly withal too. They may err, we grant, from an excess of sympathy with what is admired, as well as from mere folly or effeminacy. But whatever approximates a man's shape to a woman's is a deformity. We have seen some of them with hips, upon which they should have gone carrying pails, and cried "milk!" And who was it that clapped those monstrous protuberances upon the bosoms of our brave life-guards? No masculine dandy may be sure. A man's breast should look as if it would take a hundred blows upon it, like a glorious anvil; and not to be deformed with a frightened wadding; still less resemble the bosom that tenderness peculiarly encircles, and that is so beautiful because it is so different from his own.

RICHARD—THE THIRD A DANDY!

[From Mr. Planché's "*British Costume*."]'

Richard's wardrobe was at all times magnificently furnished; he and the Duke of Buckingham being notorious for their love of dress and finery. A mandate still exists among the Harleian MSS. sent from York by Richard to the keeper of his wardrobe in London, August 31st, 1483, wherein he specifies the costly habits in which he was desirous of exhibiting himself to his northern subjects, with a descriptive detail, which, as Mr. Sharon Turner justly remarks, we should rather look for from the fop that annoyed Hotspur, than from the stern and warlike Richard III.

Richard writes for his short gowns of crimson cloth of gold; "that one with droppue, and that other with nett, lined with green velvet; gowns of green

velvet and green satin; doublets of purple and tawny satin, lined with a galarid cloth and outlined with buskes; "a cloke with a cape of violet ingrained, the both lined with black velvet;" and he had also a long gown of purple cloth of gold, wrought with garters and roses, and lined with white damask, which was the gift of the queen.

The poor young prince, by right King Edward V., received for the ceremony of the coronation of his usurping uncle a short gown, made of two yards and three quarters of crimson cloth of gold, lined with black velvet; a long gown of the same stuff, lined with green damask; a shorter gown, made of two yards and a quarter of purple velvet, lined with green damask; a stomacher and doublet, made of two yards of black satin; besides two footcloths, a bonnet of purple velvet, gilt spurs, and magnificent apparel for his henchmen or pages.

To all the officers of state, and to the principal nobility cloth of gold and silver, scarlet cloth, and silks of various colours were given as liveries and perquisites. To "the Duke of Bucks" (Buckingham), who stands first, eight yards of blue cloth of gold, wrought with "droops," eight yards of black velvet, and twelve yards of crimson velvet were delivered as a special gift from the king.

The henchmen or pages of the king and queen wore doublets of green satin, long gowns of crimson velvet, lined with white scarlet, and black bonnets. The king had also provided for them long gowns of white cloth of gold and doublets of crimson satin.

We might fill pages with similar extracts from this book of the wardrobe, but we have extracted as much as is necessary for our present purpose, and refer the curious reader to the document itself, for the description of the horse-furniture, embroideries for banners, pennons, canopies, &c., and all the pomp and circumstance of the gorgeous ceremony amidst which Richard assumed a crown he had no right to wear, and lost, with his life, in twenty-six months from the date of his usurpation.

THE WEEK,

From Wednesday the 30th July to Tuesday the 5th August.

RAIN.

SAINT SWITHIN began his season this month with a puzzle for the old ladies, for he did not rain. However, the old argument was at hand;—he rained somewhere. Upon the principle of this logic, Saint Swithin's dominion is never at an end, and the punster is no longer so cunning, as he took himself to be, when he told a friend, that he would "lend him his umbrella during the whole of the present reign."

We will extract for our country enjoyments, this week, an excellent description of a Rain-storm from *Adam the Gardener*, the pleasant children's-book lately written by Mr. Clarke, author of *Prose Tales from Chaucer*. A children's-book it is; but like all works of that sort, which are well done, is worth a man's perusal. The description before us is full of truth and relief. We will begin at the beginning, because there is also a good description of cattle in hot weather, and some worthy hints about bathing and cleanliness.

"Adam," said his father, "I think it will not be many minutes before we have a thunder-storm; the weather is so close, and what little air there is, comes to one's face as if it passed through a bake-house." Adam said he had been lying on his back under the mulberry-tree, without a coat and waistcoat, and with a wet towel on his face, but that it did not make him any cooler. His father said they would go down the river and bathe. As they walked along, they remarked how very troublesome the flies were, stinging their hands and faces angrily, and as if spitefully. They also noticed how bitterly they tormented some cows, standing half up to their legs in a pond under the shade of some ash-trees. They kept hushing their sides with their long tails to no purpose; the little persecutors returned to the same spot the moment the tail passed to the other side. Sometimes they remarked that the animals made all the skin of their bodies to shiver, and this action might rouse up for an instant one or two timid flies, but the remainder of the swarm stuck fast to the hides of the beasts. Now and then a cow would lift up one foreleg and stamp it down again; then, with a hind leg she would kick her belly. Then she would shake one ear, then the other; toss up her head, wink with her eyes, in the corners of which a dozen tormentors were collected. All was to little purpose. "In the hot country of India," said Mr. Stock, "the buffaloes get into the pools in shady spots, and leave no part above the surface of the water but the nose, to allow them to breathe." "If I were one of these cows I would do so too," said Adam. As they were close by the place that was convenient for their bathing, they undressed: the father plunging in first, and shaking

his streaming face and hair, as soon as he arose to the surface.

Adam had been a courageous bather in the sea when an infant; he therefore jumped in very freely, but began to be frightened at first, because the water took away his breath, and he could not speak without sobbing; all this, however, went off in less than a minute, and he played about as happy as a duck, and tried to swim. When they came out, and while they were dressing, his father told him to bear in mind as long as he lived, that if he wished to be a healthy man, it was necessary that he should be a cleanly one. "Next to kind and endearing manners," said he, "nothing is more pleasing in man or woman than a delicate cleanliness of person. And one of the surest means of being so, is to bathe regularly during the summer months, and in the winter ones as regularly to use the warm bath. There are few people who do not spend in wine and other luxuries ten times the sum of money, that it would cost to have a warm bath every day, all the year round." As Mr. Stock finished speaking, they heard a very low rumbling, like the noise of a heavy cart on an iron road. Presently they observed from a dark lead-coloured cloud a bright flash, like a fiery snake, dart down upon a distant hill; after waiting for some time, the thunder followed as if it had been the same heavy cart that had fallen, and was afterwards dragged rattling along; then had stopped, then had fallen again, and ended by rumbling till it was out of hearing. The dark cloud all this time was changing its appearance and shape; sometimes it was very ragged at the edges, like wool, pulled or snatched off. Every thing around was quite silent; not even a little bird was heard to whistle. The sheep in the fields huddled their heads together, and bent them down towards the ground. Presently the wind rose all at once with a great roaring, and whirled up the dust of the road in a cloudy pillar; then ceased again, and all was silent. In a few seconds some large drops fell, and immediately after a broad flash burst out of the cloud, followed almost instantaneously by a crashing and tearing, as if houses were being overturned and dashed to pieces; and every now and then there were great bangs heard, like cannon firing off. At the sudden bursting of this thunder clap, some horses in a neighbouring field snorted, started, and galloped away. For a moment or two after the thunder had ceased, there was a dreadful stillness, and then the rain came down in a torrent, driving up the dust of the road, and making a soft noise, as if it fell upon wool, till it was soaked through and beaten down; when it made a quick splashing, and seemed to be lashing the ground.

They had now to run for it, and did not reach home till they were nearly soaked through. The lightning and thunder still continued, and the rain seemed to smoke along the ground, and upon the thatched roof of a shed opposite to their home. Sometimes the thunder sounded very high in the air, as if above the clouds; at others, as if it were down in the road. That which but a few minutes before had been a lovely day, with a blue sky, and stately clouds like snowy rocks that scarcely moved at all, was now one dull, lead-coloured covering. In about an hour it became lighter, and in another hour they had the pleasure to see that stormy cloud sailing away from them, still looking back, with its edges touched by the light of the golden sun. From time to time they heard that the storm had not ceased, though it was not so loud; at length it was so far off, that the thunder made only a low surly rumbling; and the cloud which had before looked so angry, when over and near them, now shone like a snow-covered mountain, with crags and precipices, and deep hollows and caverns. The family all remarked how pleasantly cool the air had become, and how calm; and admired the fresh glittering appearance of the grass, and the leaves of the trees, and the flowers in the sunshine; and they snuffed up with delight the smell of the earth after the rain.

Adam asked a multitude of questions about thunder and lightning, of which his father told him it would be extremely difficult at his age to make him understand the explanation. He, however, informed him that thunder was the report of the lightning, as the noise after the flash of a gun was the report of that. Then he wished to know, how it was that it was so long after the flash that they heard the thunder. "Because," said the father, "sound occupies some time in coming to our ear from a distance. Do you not remember, when you once saw a man driving an iron wedge into the root of a tree, that you heard the blow just after you saw him strike? It was because you were at a short distance from him, and the sound was that length of time coming to your ear. Some clever person discovered, that sound flies one thousand one hundred and fifty feet in a second of time. Therefore with a watch you can tell how far off a storm is, by counting the number of seconds between the flash of lightning and the hearing of the thunder. Or you may make a rough guess by counting the beatings of your pulse in your wrist. About seven beats of an ordinary pulse are about equal to one mile that sound will travel. If, therefore, the instant you see a flash of lightning you were to put your finger to your wrist, and count fourteen pulsations before you hear the thunder, you may know

that the storm is somewhat more or less than two miles distant. You ought to know that rule in arithmetic, Adam, it is very easy."

We will conclude this rain by day, with a bit of rain by night, in the shape of some verses

ON THE RAIN OF THE EVENING OF JUNE 28TH.

By the Editor.

Open the window, and let the air
Freshly blow upon face and hair,
And fill the room, as it fills the night,
With the breath of the rain's sweet might.
Hark! the burthen, swift and prone!
And how the odorous fumes are blown!
Stormy Love's abroad, and keeps
Hopeful coil for silver sleeps.

Not a blink shall burn to night
In my chamber, of sordid light;
Nought will I have, not a window-pane,
Twist me and the air and the great good rain,
Which ever shall sing me sharp lullabies;
And God's own darkness shall close mine eyes;
And I will sleep with all things blest,
In the pure earth-shadow of natural rest.

BIRTH-DAYS.

(Omitted in our last.) July 25th, (August 6, O. S.) of an ancient family, in Perigord, Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, the author of *Telemachus*, a marvel of a man,—a courtier yet independent, a teacher of royalty who really did teach, a liberal devotee, a saint in polite life. His *Telemachus* is not a fine poem, as some call it, but it is a beautiful moral novel. He had the courage to advise Louis XIV. not to marry the bigotted Madame Maintenon: and such was the respect borne to his character by the Duke of Marlborough, and the other allied generals, that they expressly exempted his lands at Cambray from pillage, when in possession of that part of Flanders. The utmost fault that could be found with him was, that perhaps the vanity attributed to Frenchmen found some last means of getting into a corner of his nature, in the shape of an over-studiousness of the feelings of others, and an apostolical humility of submission to the religious censures of the Pope! Charming blights, to be sure, in the character of a Catholic priest! The famous Lord Peterborough said of him, in his lively manner, "He was a delicious creature. I was obliged to get away from him, or he would have made me pious."

July 31st, (12th August, O. S.) 1743, at Paris of opulent parents, Anthony Laurence Lavoisier, the celebrated chemist, famous for his discoveries in the elements of fluids. He had the misfortune to be one of the unpopular body of Farmers-General at the French Revolution, and perished in the general sweep of the storm against them. His widow, who had joined in his studies, and was the engraver of some of his plates, married the English economist, Sir Benjamin Thompson, better known by his German title of Count Rumford; but French science was of a more lively nature than that of our Anglo-German, and the parties separated.

August 3d, (15th O. S.) 1699, at Bridgewater, the son of a merchant, Robert Blake, the famous Republican Admiral. He was a disinterested patriot as well as a great commander, and was the first to set that example of putting daring above prudence, which has been found, in naval affairs, to be the most prudent conduct. The poor people of the court of Charles II. dug up his bones at the Restoration, as if to shew that all the great captains, naval as well as military, had been on the other side.

August 4, 1792, at Mayfield Park, Sussex, of an ancient family, Percy Bysshe Shelley. He was not without his errors, especially at the outset of life (who among the speculative and imaginative are apt to be so!); but they originated in an excess of enthusiasm for what he thought just, and in a tendency, otherwise truly philosophical (we mean setting aside the excess) to recur to first principles. His opinions are to be judged from his riper works, the *Revolt of Islam*, the noble tragedy of the *Cenci*, &c. and not from an indifferent poem the *Queen Mab*, which he publicly expressed his regret at having written. Of all men he was the most misconstrued, in its being

supposed that he had no religion! In more than one sense of the word, he was all religion,—all for a sense of duty and of divineness; only he would have enlarged the sphere of the dutiful. So far from supposing that this "universal frame was without a mind," he was much inclined, with the pious Bishop Berkeley, to suppose it all mind. He and a friend of his, at the outset of his riper life, mutually converted one another from material and spiritual belief,—Mr. Shelley remaining ever afterwards on the spiritual side! Nothing need be here said of the merit of his writings, which all the world are now acquainted with. But never can the writer of this notice pass his name without adding, that from the moment he first knew him, never did he know a man so kindly, so generous, so unselfish in every part of his conduct, great and small; so that he gave you the idea of sometimes seraphical, and fit to have adorned the company of the selectest and most refined spirits of the ages of Plato or Milton.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XIV.—A SERIOUS JOKE SERIOUSLY RETURNED.

[From the "Familiar Letters of James Howell, Esq." the first popular writer of that kind in the language. He was the son of a clergyman in Caermarthenshire, was born about 1596, and was in employment under Charles I. and II.]

When the Duke of Alva was in Brussels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before Hulst in Flanders; and there was a provost-marshal in his army who was a favourite of his, and this provost had put some to death by secret commission from the Duke. There was one Captain Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost's; and one evening late he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom. He told the captain he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him. The captain started up suddenly, his hair standing upright, and being struck with amazement, asked him, "Wherein have I offended the duke?" The provost answered, "Sir, I am not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission, therefore I pray prepare yourself, for there are your ghostly father and executioner." So he fell on his knees before the priest, and having done, and the hangman going to put the halter about his neck, the provost threw it away, and breaking into a laughter, told him, "there was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he would bear the terror of death." The captain, looking ghastly at him, said, "then, sir, get you out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning the said captain Bolea, though a young man about thirty, had his hair all turned gray, to the admiration of all the world, and the Duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it; but he would confess nothing. The next year the duke was recalled, and in his journey to the court of Spain, he was to pass by Saragossa; and this captain Bolea and the provost went along with him, as his domestics. The duke being to repose some days at Saragossa, the young old captain Bolea told him, "that there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a *casa de loco*, a bedlam-house, such as one as there was not the like in Christendom." "Well," said the Duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the afternoon." The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him the duke's intention; and that the chief occasion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to fits of frenzy; and because he wished him well he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in Bedlam for some days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a ruffing train of captains after him, amongst whom was the said provost very shining and fine; being entered into the house about the duke's person, captain Bolea told the warden, pointing at the provost, "that's the man;" the warden took him aside into a dark lobby where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, asked upon his sword, and hurried him into a dungeon. The provost had lain there two nights and a day; and afterwards it happened that a gentleman, coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped into a small grate where the provost was. The provost conjured him as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva his provost was there confined, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did his errand; and the duke being astonished, sent for the warden with his prisoner; the warden brought the provost in cuerpo, full of straws and feathers, man-like before the duke; who at the sight of him burst into laughter, asked the warden why he had made him prisoner? "Sir," said the warden, "it was by virtue of your excellency's commission,

brought me by captain Bolea, who stepped forth and told the duke, "Sir, you have asked me off how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly gray: I have not revealed it to any soul breathing; but now I'll tell your excellency," and so related the passage in Flanders; and added, "I have been ever since beating my brains to know how to get an equal revenge of him, for making me old before my time." The duke was so well pleased with the story, and the wittiness of the revenge, that he made them both friends; and the gentleman who told me this passage, said that the said captain Bolea is now alive, and could not be less than ninety years of age.

FINE ARTS, MUSIC, &c., GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.

Some correspondents, whom we much desire to gratify, express a wish for the revival of those articles upon the current Fine Arts, Music, &c. which we commenced under the head of London, and which were discontinued, partly because we could not find matter piquant enough for them every week. For ourselves, we have always regretted, that owing to this circumstance, and to the additional obstacle of being obliged to go to press sooner than is convenient for the notice of immediate publications, we have not been able to hit upon any plan that should allow us to indulge our own inclinations in the matter. We will not, however, give up the hope of finding one; and meanwhile we must content ourselves with occasional glances. Perhaps we may be able to get up some brief monthly notice, or *catalogue raisonné*. There is Mr. Major's *Cabinet Gallery*, now about to close its beautiful collection in two volumes, the last numbers of which daily reproach us, as we look at them, with not having noticed them publicly. We have also made similar remissive acquaintance with the *National Gallery* of Messrs. Jones and Co., another singularly cheap publication, possessing the advantage of a definite object, for it is confined to the collection known by its title; so that when it is complete, the purchaser will possess, in engravings, all which the public gallery has to show in paintings. These are things worth knowing.

Then there are tickets admitting us to galleries themselves, public and private,—galleries of paintings and galleries of copies from them,—things we have never seen of Raphael, and Titian, and Correggio, and painted windows (a sort of heaven in our eyes) and a card from Dominic Colnaghi, whose name is hereditary in the annals of good taste and capital print-selling. One of the secret reasons why we do not attend directly to all these attractions is, that we know not how to leave off when we once begin. "Brief notices" are apt to get long; *catalogues raisonnés* run into a delight beyond reason.

In music too, as if we were compelled to neglect and seem scornful of all we love best, we have works lying by us, that call for notice with every species of sweet voice,—*Dixons* of Mr. Korkell, and *Offerings of Praise*, and Barnett's *Library of Music*, and the *Musical Library* of Kiffert (making strange discord among musicians by its cheapness), and the *Concent Music* of Mr. Novello, full of chants and masses and other minglements of heaven and earth, rising out of Gregorian chapels, and surmounted with the winged voices of women.

Positively we must have a monthly notice, glance, or catalogue of some sort,—*déraisonné*, if it must be so,—unreasonable even for its brevity: for who can say enough in honour of things beautiful? We never, for our parts, can express a twentieth, or a hundredth, or a thousandth part of the love we bear them; and nature will acquit us for the inability, if critics will not. We should be glad if those gentlemen could find out the process by which Mozart made a beautiful trio, or nature herself makes a peach or a sweet cheek or Shakespeare wrote of it, or Guido painted it. Look at the beautiful mystery of a common apple hanging on a tree, and say if any combination of human words can do it justice. If men could describe such things worthily, the next thing would be to become gods, and make them. And truly such poets as Shakespeare go nigh to something like divinity, and are but "a little lower than the angels."

There is another publication, connected with the

Fine Arts; which we have long reproached ourselves with not noticing; but we have been silent from any reason rather than one derogatory. It was not merely that we did not think it required notice, (nor do we suppose now that it does) but for similar reasons to those above mentioned,—the dislike to say any thing without doing it justice, and the not knowing where to stop in our extracts; a peril of which we have given abundant proof, now that we have begun! We allude to the *Portrait Gallery*, which is issued under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, and from which we have taken the following ample and interesting memoir of the Prince of German Literature. This work, as far as we have seen, is really admirable in all its characteristics. Its subjects are selected in a truly philosophical spirit, from all nations and parties; the lives are written with a due mixture of zeal and dispassionateness; there is an attractive diversity in the professions and characters which are brought together; the portraits complete our interest in them by adding the charm of a sort of personal intimacy; and the plates are as well engraved, as the lives are well written. Here is a publication worth laying up a man's money to buy. We read, some time back, in one of the *Penny Magazines* of a journeyman carver and gilder, who having an understanding worthy of the productions which it was often his good luck to make frames for, took to spending his savings upon the lasting enjoyments of etchings and prints, instead of the fugitive ones of the tap-room; and succeeded in getting together a handsome collection. We can easily believe it, especially as a man, with a taste well directed, may often pick up excellent things of this kind for a comparative nothing. The other day, from among a set of *penny scraps*, in a print-seller's window, we bought a capital little etching after Guercino; which in these days of denarian elegance, has given us some thoughts of getting up a *Penny Gallery*! (say of any sums calculated in pence, up to eighteen or twenty pence); and if people knew how much pleasure we have already extracted from our "Guercino," they might admit that it is not every possessor of grander galleries who could beat us in enjoyment, whatever advantages he may have over us in paying more for the reputation of it. One good thing produces a desire for another. We wish it also supplied the means of getting it. Those who began with *Penny Galleries*, and *Magazines*, and the *Mirror*, and *Mr. Chambers*, should then ascend to *Portrait* and *Cabinet Galleries*, to *Musical Libraries*, and to *Convent Music*; and at the end of all, they should buy the *London Journal* or they shall begin with it, if they please (we have no objection), seeing that we have something to tell them about all.

We remember, on the first appearance of the *Portrait Gallery*, how pleased we were to see three such different, yet such interesting men brought together as Dante, Davy, and Kosciuszko! a great poet, a scientific discoverer, and an heroic patriot. In the number before us the contrast is not so obviously striking, but it is considerable too. With all the merits of Vauban the engineer, and King William the Third, Goethe has enough in him to furnish sufficient contrast to both of them, or to any half dozen men of action, in the ordinary sense of the word. And the number which will be publishing when this notice appears, contains a similar diversity, though the proportion of the active spirit is reversed,—Coreggio, Napoleon, and Linnaeus!—the very spirit of war between two of the most peaceful of mankind.

We proceed to lay before our readers the extract alluded to. It is very long, but we did not know what to leave out; and we trust, for our excuse, to the singular spectacle it presents, for the first time in the history of the world, of a great poet passing a life of prosperity in the circle of a prince. The position was not without its perils, as we have noticed in our remarks in another column; but it had its preferment too, even for the cause of mankind! and for the singularity of it, we might have put it among our *Romances of Real Life*.

MEMOIR OF GOETHE.*

From the Twenty-sixth Number of the "Gallery of Portraits."

If the opinion of his contemporaries become the judgment of posterity, the name of Goethe is destined to occupy, in future ages, that pre-eminent station in the literary history of Germany which is now undisputedly held in their respective nations; by Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes. Until this judgment be pronounced by the final tribunal, we may characterize him as the happiest of great poets. He attained a length of years granted to few; and his long life was spent in successful literary labour, not imposed by necessity, but prompted by the suggestions of his own genius and love of art. Nature had endowed him with the much prized gifts of bodily strength and personal beauty. He indulged freely in the pleasures of society; associated with his superiors in station as their equal; lived in ease and affluence; and, finally, in exception to the general rule, enjoyed during his life,

"The estate that wits inherit after death."

The founders of the new theory of poetics in Germany, the Schlegels, have characterized his genius as universal. Its productions, including posthumous works, will occupy fifty-five volumes of works of imagination and science, and cannot be even named by us individually. A few of these works which have occasioned volumes of criticism, we shall be constrained to designate in brief sentences, and we shall as briefly advert to the main incidents of the author's life.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born of affluent parents, August 28, 1749, at Frankfort on the Main. He attended successively the universities of Leipzig and Strassburg; and, in 1771, took a doctor's degree in jurisprudence; but from his early youth literature was his ruling passion. In his twenty-fourth year, he had already acquired unexampled popularity by his original and daring tragedy of *Goetz von Berlichingen*, published in 1773. In 1774 he gained a European celebrity by the 'Sorrows of Werter'; and he had already rendered himself an object of admiration to the young, and of terror to the timid, by the publication of several pungent satirical writings, when his good genius guided to the vicinity of Frankfort the young Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was about to assume the government on coming of age. In accepting the friendship, and taking up his residence at the court of this prince, Goethe entered on an unvarying career of prosperity. For a few years the young Duke and his friend led a life of gaiety, of which there are many curious anecdotes current in Germany; but, during a joyous and somewhat wild life, the intellectual singularly prevailed over the sensual. Even during that course of dissipation, the most important of Goethe's works were commenced, though none of them were published until after his return from Italy. That country he visited in 1786, and to the time which he spent in it he ever after recurred with delight. Though Shakespeare was the individual poet he most prized, and Greek the literature which he held up as the rule of all excellence, Italy was the land of his affections. He remained two winters in Rome. Here he cultivated the studies of archaeology and the fine arts, which he had begun to practice in his youth, but now abandoned for poetry and the study of nature.

To these pursuits, on his return to Germany he applied as the chief business of his life; and the insignificance of the patron as a sovereign tended to render the poet more conspicuous, and to increase his power over the minds of the Germans. The duke was a general in the Prussian service, and, as a minor power, followed the course of policy pursued by the head of his house, the Elector of Saxony. He could not indulge in ambition, and spent his small revenue more like a private nobleman than a sovereign prince. He was desirous to collect a library for the use of himself and the students of Weimar. He had mines on one portion of his small territory. With the other dukes of Saxony he was jointly the possessor of a University, Jena. He wished to found a school of drawing; and the creation of a German theatre, and the collecting of eminent men of all kinds at Weimar and Jena, were the especial objects of his ambition. In all these things Goethe was the right hand to execute, if his, in fact, was not the mind to design. In the matters which most governments make their prime concern, such as finances, military affairs, and courts of justice, Goethe had certainly no inclination to take any part; for he was what, in France, would be called a minister of public instruction. Scarcely was he settled in his new office, when the French Revolution broke out. This led to one famous exception to the life he was pursuing. He has recorded it in the volume of his 'Memoirs,'

* The pronunciation of the dissyllable *Goethe* varies even with German scholars in this country, according to the diversity of their organs or provincial speech. Some call it *Gayte*, others *Gheute* (with a kind of French *u*), others *Gute* at once. The middle seems the nearest. The closest hit of all would be made by a rapid but delicate articulation of the *o* and *e*, uniting them into a sort of *u*, and yet intimating their distinction. The name is sometimes written with two dots over the *o* (*Goëthe*), in which case the *e* is omitted, the dots supplying its place.

relating his participation in the too famous campaign of 1792, when he, as a non combatant, accompanied the Duke of Saxe Weimar, who served under the Duke of Brunswick in his famous march which did not reach to Paris. The early retirement of Prussia from the league against France restored peace to the north of Germany, and Goethe was at liberty to return to his favourite pursuits. In the prosecution of these he had the happiness soon to connect himself with Schiller, a man ten years younger than himself; of a genius totally opposite to his own, and therefore perhaps best adapted to act in concert with him.

Goethe has, with delighted frankness, related how, exceedingly disliking the 'Robbers,' Schiller's first, worst, and most famous play, and feeling a strong aversion towards the Kantian philosophy, to which Schiller was attached, he had conceived an antipathy towards the offending poet, whom he resolutely shunned. But having once met, the passionate zeal of Schiller in pursuit of their common objects was irresistible. Dislike subsided into tolerance, and was at last converted into warm admiration and love. Memorable consequences followed from their union, and their literary correspondence remains an instructive example of what may be effected by the collision of powerful minds of opposite character. Schiller died in 1804. During the time allotted to their joint exertions, Goethe produced many of his greatest works, and Schiller all the best of his. During the same period Goethe pursued his philosophical studies with the eminent men who then filled professor's chairs at Jena. The metaphysical systems of Fichte and afterwards of Schelling, which succeeded that of Kant, met with some favour in his eyes. At least, though he kept aloof from the controversies of the day, he laboured to connect with philosophical speculations his own particular studies in various branches of natural history and science.

It was after Schiller's death and when Goethe was approaching his sixtieth year, that the storm of war unexpectedly burst upon Weimar and Jena. He did not leave Weimar; but aware of the peril to which he with every one was exposed, on the very day of the battle of Jena, he married a lady with whom he had lived for many years, and at the same time legitimated his only child, a son. During the short period of extreme degradation into which Prussia and Saxony sunk, from 1806 till the fall of Buonaparte in 1813, he withdrew, as much as possible, from political life; he would not suffer newspapers to be brought him, or politics to be discussed in his presence, but fled to the arts and sciences as an asylum against the miserable realities of life. Such had always been his practice. He has said of himself that he never had a disease of the mind which he did not cure by turning it into a poem. In his early youth, having lost a mistress through foolish petulance of temper, he, as a penance, made his own folly the subject of a comedy. And, in after life, while Europe was convulsed, he was absorbed in studies independent of the incidents of the day. Thus varying his pursuits, he kept on his serene course with no other interruptions than such as inevitably befall those who attain old age. It was his lot to survive the associates of his youth. In 1827, he lost his early friend, from whom he had never been estranged, the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. In 1830, he met with a severer privation in the death of his son, at Rome. It was feared that this calamity would prove fatal to Goethe, whose strength was sensibly declining; but he survived the blow, and enjoyed the best consolation which could be afforded to him in the exemplary care of his amiable and gifted daughter-in-law, and in his two young grand-children, to whom he was tenderly attached. His last years were spent in cheerful retirement. He possessed an elegant and spacious house in Weimar, but he also had a cottage in the park, where he dwelt alone, receiving his friends *Mis-à-Mis*; and, on particular occasions, going into the town to entertain company. He retained his faculties to the last, and made a very precise disposition of his property. His extensive collections in natural history and art were directed to be preserved as a museum for twenty years. These were among the objects of his latest solicitude. He died, March 24, 1832, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Goethe's figure was commanding, and his countenance severely handsome. He appears to have acquired a great ascendancy over his fellow-students at the universities, and to have kept the professors in awe. In after life he was reproached by Bürger and others with haughtiness, and was accused of making his inferiors in station and in genius too sensible of their inferiority; but his powers of captivation were irresistible when he chose to exert them. His social talents were of the highest order. Such was Goethe for his own generation and country. To posterity he will live chiefly as a poet. Of his most remarkable works we will now speak, not chronologically, but according to the classes which are recognized by systematic writers.

In epic poetry his pretensions will be derided by those who adhere to the theory of M. Bossu, adopted by Pope. According to this, the common opinion, the 'Epos' requires supernatural machinery, illustrious actors, and heroic incident. The German

critics, on the contrary, maintain that the essential character of the Hæthoric poetry lies in the epic style, not in the subject of the narrative, a style analogous to that of Herodotus, whom they place at the head of the epic historians, and to be found in a very large portion of our own ancient ballads, such as relate to Robin Hood, Chevy Chase, &c. Goethe, on this idea, began a continuation of the 'Iliad' in his 'Achilles,' and he threw the graces of his own style over the old fable of 'Reynard the Fox.' But it was in 'Herman and Dorothea' that he displayed all his powers: this is both a patriotic and domestic tale; the characters in humble life; the incident, a flight over the Rhine on the invasion of the French. It abounds in maxims of moral wisdom, and in pathos; but it is too national to bear translating.

It is as a lyric poet that Goethe is popular in the fullest sense of the word, and may challenge comparison with the greatest masters of all ages. In the song, he abounds in masterpieces, passionate and gay. His elegy has sometimes the erotic character of Propertius, (as in the famous 'Roman Elegies') and sometimes emulates the refinement and purity of Petrarch: his ballads are as wild and tender as any that Spain or Scotland have produced. His very numerous epigrams bear more resemblance to the Greek Anthology, than to the pointed style of the Latin writers. Besides these, he has produced a number of allegorical and enigmatical poems on art and philosophy, which cannot be placed under any known class.

Goethe's dramatic works are about twenty in number. There is this peculiarity in his career as a dramatic poet, that though the drama is essentially the most popular branch of poetry, he never wrote for the people: his plays are all experiments, and no two resemble each other; he seems to be unaffectedly indifferent to their reception on the stage. His first juvenile play 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' was in prose and unlike anything that had appeared on the German boards. It exhibited in a strong light the manners of the Germans at a romantic period when the petty barons and knights were a sort of privileged freebooters, sometimes generously resisting the oppression of the emperor and the higher nobility, and sometimes plundering the citizens of the free towns. The style was in harmony with the subject, daring in its originality, and all but licentious in its freedom. By audiences accustomed only to pedantic imitations of the French, it was received with tumultuous applause; but the admiration of the more cultivated classes was given to the 'Iphigenia in Tauris,' an echo, as Schlegel expresses it, of the Greek, yet neither a translation nor a copy. Christian purity of morals harmoniously blending with pagan incident, not a line disturbs the exquisite symmetry of this, the most generally admired of Goethe's dramas.

Not less perfect in style is the anomalous 'Torquato Tasso,' which deserves especial notice, though not as a play adapted to the stage: it is rather a didactic poem in dialogue than a drama. Tasso and the warrior statesman Antonio, exhibit in contrast the poetical character and that of the man of the world. It could secure the attention of an audience only when performed on the duke's private theatre, where the members of the ducal family usually represented the princes of the House of Este, and Goethe himself acted the part of Tasso; and when it was performed as a sort of funeral obsequies on the death of the poet himself.

'Egmont' is an historical play in prose, founded on the real tragedy, by the bloody Alva in Belgium. Its most remarkable feature is the unheroic character of Egmont himself. While William of Orange is the common stage hero: patriotic and wise, destined to save his country, Count Egmont is the warm-hearted, sensual, and munificent nobleman, a patriot not from reflexion but impulse, whose love for the humble Clara is much more prominent than his patriotism, and who is therefore doomed to perish. The pathos lies in the dissonance between the man and the necessities of his position. Goethe, in drawing such a character, probably thought of Hamlet, of whom he makes an analogous remark.

We pass over a number of dramas, all original, all experiments in furtherance of his own studies, and name only 'Faustus' the unique, the undefinable. Begun in youth, continued at intervals during a long life, and finally left unfinished, it has been called a grotesque tragedy. Who knows not the popular legend of the learned magician who sold his soul to the devil? This coarse tale of vulgar superstition is here used as a vehicle into which the adventurous poet has cast all that

"Perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart."

The erring philosopher is attended on the wrong road by a laughing devil, Mephistopheles, who leads him through scenes of the wildest frolic and the most appalling wretchedness. All that is most deplorable, most frightful in human life, is here displayed with the running comment of the demon whom omnipotence does not confound; and the most awful problems of divinity and moral philosophy are treated with pathetic sadness by the wretched victim, or with infernal satire by his master slave. These repulsive elements are nevertheless combined with the sooth-

ing, not to say a sanctifying influence of Margaret, a confiding, loving, innocent woman, whose very destruction works on the heart like an act of grace, and prepares the spectator for the promised salvation of her lover.

In the romance as in the drama, Goethe commenced a career which he immediately abandoned. His Werter breathes a spirit of dissatisfaction with the world and its institutions. But by writing that book which infected the rising generation with the same spirit, he cured himself of the disease; and he then became the declared foe of the sentimental, which he attacked in his romantic comedy 'The Triumph of Sentimentality.'

In latter years, when he was become the meditating philosopher, and, at the same time indulged in more cheerful contemplations of life, he produced 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,' intended to elucidate problems of psychology. The stage being the symbol of life, his hero is thrown among players, and both the real drama and the drama of life are analyzed, with perpetual illustrations of the one by the other. After an interval of some years, Goethe, in a second part, exhibited his pupil advanced on a sort of journey. Conscious that his problem, like that of Faustus, was insoluble, he has not dared to exhibit Faustus in heaven or Wilhelm as a master. Like the Faustus, Wilhelm Meister is still 'caviare to the million.'

In a third romance, 'Elective Affinities,' Goethe treats subtly of that passion to which Lord Bacon says 'the stage is more beholden than the life of man.' As the chemical title suggests, he shews how the felicity of a married couple is marred by the intrusion of other minds, with which each consort has more affinity than the companion previously chosen.

When 'Wilhelm Meister' first appeared, the narrative of Wilhelm's childhood was related with such spirit and air of truth, that it was believed to be the author's own personal history; and, in truth, the resemblance between the real and feigned history was soon made manifest by the appearance of Goethe's own memoir, under the puzzling title 'From my Life: Fiction and Truth,' so entitled to allow for the unconscious illusions to which we are exposed, when, in advanced life, we try to recollect the occurrences of childhood, and unintentionally confound memory with imagination. These memoirs, including his foreign travels, amount already to nine volumes, and others are to follow; but these earlier volumes treat solely of the author's intellectual life. Concerning much that men are inquisitive about he says nothing. Not a hint is dropped concerning the fortune of his father, or the amount of profit which he himself derived from his writings. His being ennobled was an incident which he thought too unimportant for notice; and of honours and distinctions conferred on him he seldom condescends to speak.

Among the studies which partook of Goethe's attention were antiquities and the fine arts. This led to the composition of a masterpiece, his critical characteristic of Winkelmann, and an account of Hackert, the landscape painter. The same course of study led him to translate that delightful work, the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, which was first made known to the European public by the Earl of Bristol, late Bishop of Derry, and which is now in the hands of all lovers of the fine arts. On art, in its various branches, Goethe's prose writings are very numerous. As a critic also he has written much, and his criticism is remarkably indulgent and generous.

Such being the variety of works in which he has recorded his speculation on man, his powers, his actions, and his productions, it will be naturally asked what were the main features of his philosophy, and to what results did they lead on those great points which unhappily disunite mankind, religion and politics?

Hume has well designated the great varieties of intellect and moral character by the significant scholastic names of the Platonist, the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Sceptic. According to the classification, it may be said that Goethe was too devotedly attached to the study of nature and actual life to be a Platonist; he loved contemplation too intensely, and was too indolent and self-indulgent to be a Stoic; he was too intellectual to be a gross sensualist, or, in the worst sense, an Epicurean; and he had too much imagination to be able to tolerate the modern rational philosophy, a mere system of negatives. In so far he was an enemy of vulgar scepticism; yet blended with the refinement which the poetic mind pre-supposes, he had a large portion of Scepticism and Epicureanism in his nature. Towards the positive religion which he found established in his own country he manifested respect, though he never made any distinction of faith upon doctrinal matters; he conformed, however, to the Lutheran church. On two occasions only do we recollect the expression of any strong feeling as to religion. He early betrayed great contempt towards the German Rationalists, whom he rather despised for their shallowness than reproached for their being mischievous. His love of Rome by no means reconciled him to the Church of Rome, against which he would inveigh with a warmth unusual in him.

He maintained that Catholic superstition had

deeply injured the poetic character of Calderon, and considered the Protestantism of Shakspeare as a happy accident in the life of that incomparable man. It appears from his memoirs, that Judaism and Christianity had occupied his mind very seriously from his childhood. He delighted in portraying the Christian enthusiast in a tone of kindred enthusiasm, as his 'Confessions of a Beautiful Soul,' of which the original was a Moravian lady, his friend; and it was only in incidental bursts of sarcasm, especially in his gayer poems, that he assumed the timid and the scrupulous; in spite of occasional ebullitions of spleen or rash speculation, he was habitually hostile towards the French anti-religious party. He makes his devil in Faustus describe himself as 'the spirit that always denies, in the same way that Abler scornfully terms Voltaire 'Disinventeur et inventeur di nuia.' It was this negative, this merely destructive character, to which Goethe was in all things most resolutely opposed.

This sentiment extended to politics. Long before the words 'Conservative' and 'Destructive,' Goethe had made frequently use of them. It was the tendency of his mind to look with indulgence, if not with favour, on whatever he found in the exercise of productive power. *Laudo momentum* might have been his motto. He saw in the French revolutionists, as in their philosophers, the spirit of destruction, and he clung with affection to institutions under which so many fine arts and rapidly advancing sciences had flourished. With reference to public life, Goethe has been severely reproached on two grounds. He has been accused of wanting patriotism; but before a passion can be generated, an object must be presented. What country had Goethe to love in his youth? A walled city which he could run round before breakfast. The first great political event which he witnessed was the Seven Years' War. His native city was in the possession of the French, whom one party considered as allies and the other as enemies. Goethe's father adhered to Frederick, his grandfather was attached to the Imperial house: at the best he could love but half a nation. Hence Wieland said, 'I have no fellow countrymen; I have only speech-mates' (*sprach-genossen*.) Thus, German patriotism could be but a sort of corporation spirit; like the affections of a livery-man confined to the members of his company. It was not till the close of the last war that the common oppression exercised by Buonaparte generated a common hatred towards France, and with it something like patriotism on a great scale. Yet so anomalous is the condition of Germany, that at this moment this sentiment, or the loud avowal of it, is looked on as akin to disloyalty; and, at the universities, students are forbidden to frequent clubs, or to assume denominations which have reference to one general national character. There are few appeals among Goethe's writing to national feeling, and, in truth, his studies led him to be, in sentiment, the fellow-citizen of the great poets and artists of all nations, the contemporary of the great men of all ages. The other reproach is, that being admitted with familiarity to princes, he lost his love of the people, as such. Now, it must be owned, that in this respect he felt pretty much as Milton did, in whom attachment to the aristocracy of talent was a marked quality. Of the people, as such, he seems to have thought lowly: his affections were exercised on the select few,—the nobles of nature, not of the herald's office. That he had no vulgar reverence for persons in authority or for the privileged orders, is amply proved by all he wrote. It may finally be remarked, as the most characteristic feature of his moral speculation, that he had habitually contemplated mankind, not as a moralist, but as a naturalist. There are some thinkers who never consider men but as objects of praise or blame; others, who only study men with a view of making them different from what they are. Such are reformers, the leaders of institutions, philanthropists, who think only in order to act. To neither of these classes did Goethe belong. He took men as he found them; he was content to take society as he found it, with all its complex institutions. He was disposed to make the best of what he found, but seemed reluctant to waste his powers in the vain attempt to make men materially different from what they were before; hence arose an inert or indolent acquiescence in what he found existing.

He had early in life laboured to catch a new point of view from which nature might be contemplated on all sides; or a law in conformity with which the manifold operations of nature might be seen as if they were one. He first made this idea known in his 'Metamorphosis of Plants.' His botanical studies were continued for many years of his life. He afterwards busied himself with the minute and experimental study of chromatics. He edited a journal of science, and wrote more or less on mineralogy, geology, comparative anatomy, optics and meteorology. A metaphysical spirit runs through all these writings, so alien from the mode of study pursued in other countries, that we do not recollect any notice of them by any English writer, except Professor Lindley, in his 'Introduction to Botany,' who confines his remarks to Goethe's botanical works. The professor represents Goethe as having revived a nearly forgotten doctrine, first promulgated by

Linnaeus. But for thirty years after the first appearance of the 'Metamorphosis,' it produced little or no effect even in Germany. Now, indeed, it has come to be considered the basis of all scientific knowledge of vegetable structure! Whether, in the revolutions of opinion, the bold polemical writings of Goethe against the Newtonian theory of light and colours will ever be looked upon as more than the extravagancies of a great genius wandering out of his own sphere, time will shew. For the present this is the view taken of the great poet's scientific writings, both by Italians and Frenchmen. But whatever dreams he may have mixed up with his investigations, Goethe was no mere dreamer: to the last hour of his life, he made it his business to inform himself of the progress of the sciences in foreign countries. All new books were brought to him, even to the end of his life; he composed elaborate poems at the age of seventy; and when beyond sixty years of age, entered with zeal into the study of Oriental poetry, to apply the spirit of which, to Western notion and feeling, he composed his 'West-Eastern Divan.' In this the infinite variety of his pursuits and studies lay that 'all-sidedness' (if we may be pardoned for adopting such a word from the German), for which he was so remarkable. From the same quality proceeded that unusual toleration of novelties which he could reconcile to the love of what is established. He would not permit a clever facon to be acted on the stage, when he was manager, written in derision of Gall's cranioscopy. Instead of joining in the ridicule against animal magnetism, he would shrewdly investigate its pretensions. When a book on the clouds was published by Howard, in England, Goethe instantly wrote an account of it, inventing appropriate German words to designate the forms pointed out. In his hunger and thirst after knowledge, he was omnivorous. This was the ruling passion strong in death. Only the evening before his decease he received some new books from Paris, by which he was greatly excited. It is said that a volume by Salvandy was grasped in his hand when he died; and his last words were singularly appropriate to his temper, and might be received by his admirers as almost prophetic. He ordered the window shutters to be opened, exclaiming, 'More light! More light!'

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

GOETHE.

Passages from his "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship."³

In attempting to give the English reader as universal a taste as possible of fine writers, we are of necessity compelled now and then to make use of translations; but we only do it when the translations themselves are fine; and even then there are no persons who would be more anxious than those who are capable of making such versions, to bespeak the candour of criticism, and see that the judgment respecting the original be qualified accordingly. We make this remark, however, in the present instance, purely in deference to what we consider might be the feelings of Mr. Carlyle, the translator of the work before us, who with the modesty natural to a mind of extraordinary perceptions, expresses his solicitude to that effect in the preface. For ourselves, though we do not read German, we see in this version so much strength, delicacy, and diversity of masterly feeling, of all sorts, that we take for granted the agreement of its excellence with its reputation; and indeed we believe that the person most concerned in its being good, was one of those who were most pleased with it; for it is well known that Mr. Carlyle was in correspondence with his illustrious original, and that he was held by him in singular regard and respect.†

We have chosen the present week for giving a specimen of Goethe, in order that it might accompany the memoir of him, taken from the *Gallery of Portraits*. The reader will there see what is thought of this extraordinary writer in Germany. He will here have a taste of the man himself. Should he wish to complete the acquaintance, as far as versions can procure it, he must read that of the domestic epic of *Hermann and Dorothea*, by Mr. Holcroft, (though not worthy of the translator's natural powers); the well-known circulating-library work, the *Sorrows of Werther* (a young production, which Goethe is afterwards said to have laughed at); Walter Scott's version of

the drama of *Goetz von Berlichingen*; the late celebrated prose-translation of the drama of *Faust* (Dr. Faustus) by Mr. Hayward; Mr. Shelley's noble, though less correct specimen of the same work, in his *Posthumous Poems*; *Goethe's Autobiography* (an abridgement however, and said to be badly translated from the French) Mr. Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry* (containing a great deal of information, translations, &c.) Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics of Goethe*, translated from various accounts of him by his friends (a work of which we should say more,—for it seems very curious and interesting,—but we have only just seen it for the first time, while correcting this article for the press; and lastly, and Mr. Carlyle's own translation of a *Sequel to Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, called his *Travels*; which is to be found in *Specimens of German Romance*, in four volumes, with biographical and critical notices,—a collection that deserves to be better known, and that will be so in proportion as people learn to relish a thinking style of writing, and wish to know how the Germans really express themselves.

From these works, particularly the *Faust* and the *Wilhelm Meister*, we have, for our own parts, acquired the very highest ideas of Goethe as a poet, and all but the very highest as a philosopher. He appears to us to have a subtle and sovereign imagination, to be a master in criticism, in manners, and almost always in morals too,—humane, universal, reconciling, provident, yet tolerant of the past, a noble casuist, a genuine assessor of first principles, wise in his generation, and yet possessing the wisdom of the children of light, superior to all sordid conventionalities, superior to all other things erroneously conventional, but one,—and there we have a quarrel with him; though with many it will be his greatest recommendation. Certainly, no man daring to think and speculate as he has done, would have been shewn so much indulgence, opposed as he was at first, if worldly power had not taken him under its wing, and had he not shewn too conventional a taste for remaining there, and falling in with one of its most favoured opinions. He maintained that the great point for society to strain at, was not to advance (in the popular sense of that word) but to be content with their existing condition, and to labour contentedly every man in his vocation. We are not going to discuss this question politically, still less in a party manner; nor even to discuss it at all. It is a political question certainly, inasmuch as it is a moral question; but far above any of the questions commonly understood as political, and to be solved easily, we think, with men not in prejudiced circumstances, by reference to the simple fact of the existence of hope and endeavour in the nature of men. If society is determined never to be satisfied, still it will hope to be so; the hope itself may for aught we can affirm to the contrary, be a mere part of the work—of the necessary impulse of action; but there it is—now working harder than ever—and a thousand Goethes could not destroy, though they might daunt it. They must destroy hope itself first, and life, and death too, which is continually renewing the ranks of the hopeful and the young, and above all, the press, which will never stop till it has shaken the world more even.

It was easy for a man in Goethe's position to recommend people to be content with their own. But to be content with some positions, is to be superior to them; and yet Goethe after all, in his own person, was neither superior to, nor content with conventionalities as he found them made for him. He did not marry the lady he lived with, till circumstances, as he thought, compelled him, and late in life. And instead of being superior to his condition, as he recommended the poor and struggling to be, his very acquiescence in other conventionalities shewed how little he was so. If the great universalist proved his superiority by condescension, it was at any rate by contracting his wings and his views into the court circle, and feathering an agreeable nest which he never gave up. Unluckily for the reputation of his impartiality all his worldly advantages were on the side of his theory. It is, therefore, impossible to shew that it was any thing else but a convenient acquiescence. He hazarded nothing to prove it otherwise, though in the

instance of his non-marriage, he shewed how willing he was to depart from it where the hazard was not too great. In England he would have married sooner, or departed from his acquiescences more.

Goethe, on account of this opinion of his, and the position which he occupied, is not popular at present in Germany. The partisans of advance there do not like him, perhaps from a secret feeling that they are more theoretical than active themselves, and that in this respect he has represented his native country too well. For honest Germany, perhaps because she is more material than she supposes, and has unwittingly acquired a number of charities and domesticities from a certain sensual *bonhomie*, which has given her more to say for herself in that matter, than she or her transcendentalists would like, is unquestionably far more contemplative than active in her politics, and willing enough to let other nations play the game of advancement, as long as she can eat, drink, and dream, without any very violent interruption to her self-satisfaction. Pleasant and harmless may she live, with beau ideals (and very respectable ones they are,) in the novels of Augustus La Fontaine; and may no worse fate befall the rest of the world, if it is to get no further. Much of it, we grant, has not got half so far. Her great poet, who partook of the same *bonhomie* to an extent which he would have thought unbecoming his dignity, even as a partaker of good things, let the cat out of the bag in this matter a little too ingenuously; and for this, and the court airs they thought he gave himself, his countrymen will not forgive him. It is easy for his wholesale admirers, especially for the great understandings among them, (Mr. Carlyle, for instance,) to draw upon all the possibilities of an abstract philosophy, and give a superfine unworldly reason for whatever he did; but we must take even great poets as we find them. Shakspeare himself did not escape the infection of a sort of livery servitude among the great, (for actors were but a little above that condition in his time.) With all his humanity, he finds it difficult to repress a certain tendency to browbeat the people from behind the chairs of his inferiors; and though Goethe, living in a more equal age, seldom indulges in this scornful mood, (for it seems he is not free from it,) yet it is impossible to help giving a little scorn for scorn, or at least smile for smile, when we see the poetical minister of state, with his inexperience of half the ills of life, his birth, his money, his strength, beauty, and prosperity, and a star on each breast of his coat, informing us, with a sort of patriarchal dandyism, or as Bonaparte used to harangue from his throne, that he is contented with the condition of his subjects and his own,—*France et moi*—and that we have nothing to do but to be good people and cobblers, and content ourselves with a thousandth part of what it would distress him to miss.

So much for the courtier which it was his lot to be, and for the circumstances which more or less influence every body. What was infirm, however, in Goethe, was infirm in others; what was strong in him, was most rare, and will reduce the influence of the infirmity to next or nothing with posterity, with whom he will be immortal as a great poet and a kind man, constantly refuting his own theories, and helping the world forward by the inevitable inspiring of genius. He and his disciples, after all, talk of advancement of some sort, of meliorating this or that point of life, of doing away this or that evil. Where will they stop? Where *they* desire to stop? Yes; but where is the limit expressed, or how are they to dictate it, so long as the same uneasiness which impels them to the change, exists in other men, and from greater necessities?

We have not left ourselves time to point out the beauties of the following passages. They must speak for themselves. All Goethe's writings, as far as we can gather, abound with such,—runover, in superabundant measure, with the happy author of genial thought and feeling. And the expression, as was natural, is equal to what it contains. If the style of the original is so much superior to the version as Mr. Carlyle says it is, it must indeed surpass all established models of excellence. We can only say, that

³ Three Vols. 8vo. Whittaker.

† It was Goethe, if we remember rightly, who with a truly German affectionateness and domestic sympathy, sent to Mr. Carlyle for a portrait of his *house and its localities*, that he might get as well acquainted with him at a distance as he possibly could. And in the same feeling, the picture was engraved for the German version of the translator's *Life of Schiller*.

our reason, our imagination, our tears, have been quite content with what he has given us.

Lovers.—When desire and hope had first attracted Wilhelm to Mariana, he already felt as if inspired with new life; felt as if he were beginning to be another man; he was now united to her; the contentment of his wishes had become a delicious habit. His heart strove to enable the object of his passion; his spirit to exalt with it the young creature whom he loved. In the shortest absence, thoughts of her arose within him. If she had once been necessary to him, she had now grown indispensable, now that he was bound to her by all the ties of nature. His pure soul felt that she was the half, more than the half of himself. He was grateful, and devoted without limit.

Mariana, too, succeeded in deceiving herself for a season; she shared with him the feeling of his liveliest blessedness. Alas! if the cold hand of self-reproach had not often come across her heart, she was not secure from it, even in Wilhelm's bosom, even under the wings of his love. And when she was again left alone, again left to sink from the clouds, to which passion had exalted her, into the consciousness of her real condition, then she was indeed to be pitied. So long as she had lived among degrading perplexities, disguising from herself her real situation, or rather never thinking of it, frivolity had helped her through; the incidents she was exposed to had come upon her each by itself; satisfaction and vexation had cancelled one another; humiliation had been compensated by vanity; want by frequent though momentary superfluity; she could plead necessity and custom as a law or an excuse; and hitherto all painful emotions from hour to hour, and from day to day, had by these means been shaken off. But now, for some instants, the poor girl had felt herself transported to a better world; aloft as it were, in the midst of light and joy, she had looked down upon the abject desert of her life, had felt what a miserable creature is the woman, who inspiring desire, does not also inspire reverence and love; she regretted and repented, but found herself outwardly or inwardly no better for regret. She had nothing which she could accomplish or resolve upon. Looking into herself and searching, all was waste and void within her soul; her heart had no place of strength or refuge. But the more sorrowful her state was, the more vehemently did her feelings cling to the man whom she loved; her passion for him even waxed stronger daily, as the danger of losing him came daily nearer.

Wilhelm, on the other hand, soared serenely happy in higher regions; to him also a new world had been disclosed, but a world rich in the most glorious prospects. Scarcely had the first excess of joy subsided, when all that had long been gliding dimly through his soul, stood up in bright distinctness before it. She is thine! She has given herself away to thee! She, the loved, the wished-for, the adored, has given herself away to thee in truth and faith; she shall not find thee ungrateful for the gift. Standing or walking, With a copiousness of splendid words, he uttered to himself the loftiest emotions.

Happy season of youth! Happy times of the first wish of love! A man is then like a child that can for hours delight itself with an echo, can support alone the changes of conversation, and be well contented with its entertainment, if the unseen interlocutor will but repeat the concluding syllables of the words addressed to it.

So was it with Wilhelm in the earlier, and still more in the later period of his passion for Mariana; he transferred the whole wealth of his own emotions to her, and looked upon himself as a beggar that lived upon her alms; and, as a landscape is more delightful, nay, is delightful only, when it is enlightened by the sun, so likewise in his eyes were all things beautiful and glorified which lay around her or related to her.

Often would he stand in the theatre behind the scenes, to which he had obtained the freedom of access from the manager. In such cases, it is true, the perspective magic was away; but the far mightier sorcery of love then first began to act. For hours he could stand by the sooty light-frame, inhaling the vapour of tallow lamps, looking at his mistress; and when she returned, and cast a kindly glance upon him, he could feel himself lost in ecstasy, and though close upon laths and bare spars, he seemed transported into Paradise. The stuff bunches of wool denominated lambs, the waterfalls of tin, the paper roses, and the one-sided huts of straw, awoke in him fair poetic visions of an old pastoral world. Nay, the very dancing girls, ugly as they were when seen at hand, did not always inspire him with disgust; they trod the same floor with Mariana. So true is it, that love which alone can give their full charm to rose-bowers, myrtle-groves, and moonshine, can also com-

municate, even to shavings of wood and paper clippings, the aspect of animated nature. It is as strong a spice, that tasteless, or even nauseous soups, are by it rendered palatable.

Two Merchants.—Wilhelm's father and Werner's were men of very different modes of thinking, but whose opinions so far coincided that they both regarded commerce as the finest calling, and both were peculiarly attentive to every advantage which any kind of speculation might produce to them. Old Meister, when his father died, had turned into money a valuable collection of pictures, drawings, copper-plates, and antiquities; he had entirely rebuilt and furnished his house in the newest style, and turned his other property to profit in all possible ways. A considerable portion of it he had embarked in trade, under the direction of the elder Werner, a man noted as an active merchant, whose speculations were commonly favoured by fortune. But nothing was so much desired by Meister, as to confer upon his son those qualities of which himself was destitute, and to leave his children advantages which he reckoned it of the highest importance to possess. Withal he felt a peculiar inclination for magnificence, for whatever catches the eye, and possesses at the same time real worth and durability. In his house, he would have all things solid and massive; his stores must be copious and rich, all his plate must be heavy, the furniture of his table must be costly. On the other hand, his guests were seldom invited; for every dinner was a festival, which, both for its expense and inconvenience, could not often be repeated. The economy of his soul went on at a settled uniform rate, and everything that moved or had a place in it was just what yielded no one any real enjoyment.

The elder Werner, in his dark and hampered house led quite another sort of life. The business of the day in his narrow counting room, at his ancient desk, once done, Werner liked to eat well, and if possible, to drink better. Nor could he fully enjoy good things in solitude; with his family, he must always see at his table his friends, and any stranger that had the slightest connexion with his house. His chairs were of unknown age and antic fashion, but he daily invited some to sit on them. The dainty virtues arrested the attention of his guests, and none remarked that they were served up in common ware. His cellar held no great stock of wine, but the emptied niches were usually filled up with more of a superior sort.

The Poet.—What is it that keeps men in continual discontent and agitation? It is, that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions, that enjoyment steals away from among their hands, that the wished-for comes too late, and nothing reached and acquired produces on the heart the effect, which their longing for it at a distance led them to anticipate. Now, fate has exalted the poet above all this, as if he were a god. He views the conflicting tumult of the passions; sees families and kingdoms raging in aimless commotion; sees those inexplicable enigmas of misunderstanding, which frequently a single monosyllable would suffice to explain, occasioning convulsions unutterably baneful. He has a fellow feeling of the mournful and the joyful in all human beings. When the man of the world is devoting his days to wasting melancholy, for some deep disappointment, or in the ebullition of joy, is going out to meet his happy destiny, the lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit of the poet steps forth, like the sun from night to day, and with soft transition tunes his harp to joy or woe. From his heart its native soil, springs up the lovely flower of wisdom; and, if others, while waking dream, are painted with fantastic delusions from their every sense, he passes the dream of life like one awake, and the strangest of incidents is to him a part both of the past and the future. And thus the poet is at once a teacher, a prophet, a friend both of gods and men. How! thou wouldst have him to descend from his height to some paltry occupation? He who is fashioned like the bird to hover round the world, to nestle on the lofty summits, to feed on buds and fruits, exchanging gaily one bough for another, he ought also to work at the plough like an ox; like a dog to train himself up to the harness and draught; or; perhaps, tied up in a chain, to guard a farm-yard by his barking.

Werner, it may be well supposed, had listened with the greatest surprise. 'All true,' he rejoined, 'if men were but made like birds, and though they neither spun nor weaved, could yet spend peaceful days in perpetual enjoyment. If at the approach of winter they could as easily betake themselves to distant regions, could retire before scarcity, and fortify themselves against frost.

'Poets have lived so,' exclaimed Wilhelm, 'in times when true nobleness was better revered; and so should they ever live. Sufficiently provided for within, they had need of little from without; the gift of communicating lofty emotions and glorious images to men, in melodies and words that charmed the ear, and fixed themselves inseparably on whatever objects they referred to, of old enraptured the world, and served the gifted as a rich inheritance. At the courts of kings, at the tables of the great, beneath the windows of the fair, the sound of them was

heard; while the ear and the soul were shut from all beside; and men felt, as we do when delight comes over us, and we stop with rapture, if, among the dingles we are crossing, the voice of the nightingale starts, out touching and strong. They found a home in every habitation of the world, and the lowliness of their condition but exalted them the more. The hero listened to their songs; and the conqueror of the earth did reverence to a poet; for he felt that, without poets, his own cold and vast existence would pass away like a whirlwind, and be forgotten for ever. The lover wished that he could feel his longings and his joys so variedly and so harmoniously as the poet's inspired lips had skill to show them forth; and even the rich man could not of himself discern such coolness in his idol grandeur, as when they were presented to him shining in the splendour of the poet's spirit, sensible to all worth, and exalting all.'

Pecuniary Obligations. 'It is singular,' said the baron, 'to see what a world of hesitation people feel about accepting money from their patrons and friends, though ready to receive any other gift with joy and thankfulness. Human nature manifests some other such peculiarities, by which many scruples of a similar kind are produced and carefully cherished.'

'Is it not the same with all points of honour?' said our friend.

'It is so,' replied the baron, 'and with several other prejudices. We must not root them out, lest, in doing so, we tear up noble plants along with them. Yet I am always glad when I meet with men, that feel superior to such objections, when the case requires it; and I think with pleasure on the story of that ingenious poet, which I dare say you have heard of. He had written several plays for the court theatre, which were honoured by the warmest approbation of the monarch. 'I must give him a distinguished recompence,' said the generous prince; 'ask him whether he would choose to have some jewel given him; or if he would disdain to accept a sum of money.' In his humorous way, the poet answered the enquiring courtier: 'I am thankful, with all my heart, for these gracious intentions; and as the emperor is daily taking money from us, I see not wherefore I should feel ashamed of taking some from him.'

Self-love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues. (That is to say, partly that you may contradict them, partly that you may admire the candour, and chiefly because the talk is of the person's self, and vanity thinks its own vices as good as other people's virtues.)

The one thing hopeless. Your blockhead is the only person that can never be improved, whether it be self-conceit, stupidity, or hypochondria, that renders him unpliant and ungrateful.

A good Daily Memorandum. Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest; the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impression of the beautiful and the perfect; that every one should study to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things by every method in his power. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyment; it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason, one ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words.

Love of Power.—Every man desires to gather all things round him, to make and manage them according to his pleasure; the money, which himself does not expend, he seldom reckons well expended.

Generosity not always generous.—My brother-in-law, you see, is giving up his fortune, in so far as this is in his power, to the community of Herrnhuth: he reckons that by doing so, he is advancing the salvation of his soul. Had he sacrificed a slender portion of his revenue, he might have rendered many people happy, might have made for them and for himself a heaven upon earth. Our sacrifices are but rarely of an active kind; we, as it were, abandon what we give away. It is not from resolution but despair, that we renounce our property.

The dread of dreariness.—The herd of people dread sound understanding more than anything; they ought to dread stupidity, if they had any notion what was really dreadful.

A hint to violent and selfish teachers.—Lydia returned; my mother had been harsh enough to cast the poor girl off, after having harboured her. Lydia had learned with her mistress to consider professions as her occupation: she was wont to curb herself in nothing.

A mirror for the censorious.—No man should cast a stone at his brother: when one composes long speeches with a view to shame his neighbours, he should speak them to a looking glass.

Do what you lament is not done.—I have often heard people who themselves kept silence in regard to works of merit, complaining and lamenting that silence was kept:

* She had been unworthily trained, and was not exactly what he took her for in point of life; though more than worthy of him by nature and aspiration. Her story is one of the most beautifully touching we ever read.—Ed. L. J.

* He means, enable it, and renders it fitting; not a light acceptance of obligations that can be reasonably avoided, or from any body.—Ed. L. J.

The useful and the beautiful.—Every gift is valuable, and ought to be unfolded. When one encourages the beautiful alone, and another encourages the useful alone, it takes them both to form a man. *The useful encourages itself; for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it; the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth, and many need it.*

MR. WALSH AND MRS. BENN.

To the Editor of the London Journal

SIR,

I beg leave to refer you to an article in No. 6, May 7th of your *London Journal*, in which supposed facts so startling are detailed, that in justice to the memory of my late father, I have taken the liberty of addressing you, hoping that from your well known liberality as an editor, you will rectify what has appeared in your interesting little *Journal*.

The first paragraph is substantially correct; viz: that Mr. Walsh left all his property to his niece Mrs. Benn, to the prejudice of his nephew, my deceased parent; who was the brother, and not the cousin of the lady in question, as related in your article; but the will was so tied down, that Mrs. Benn could not act in the manner described in your *Journal*. Besides, an impediment lay in the way. Her husband, Mr. Benn, afterwards Sir J. B. Walsh, was alive at the time alluded to, and consequently must have, or been supposed to have, a voice, if not a casting vote in the affair.

I do not exactly understand what is meant by a

"little villa;" but the magnificent estate called Warfield Park, in Berkshire, devised by Mr. Walsh, is still the seat of the present Sir John B. Walsh, son of the one above alluded to.

This contradiction to your "shortest and sweetest of all stories," will much oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

SUNDERLAND C. FOWLE.

Ferry Side in Carmarthen,
July 20th, 1834

*. The points of the story in question were, that Mrs. Benn had had an estate of four thousand a year left her, to the prejudice of her "cousin" the male heir, and that she gave it all up to him, reserving only to herself a little villa in Berkshire. The little Berkshire villa, it seems, turns out to be a large mansion, and what is worse, Mrs. Benn did not give up the estate. Our feelings of disappointment, however, are relieved by finding that she could not. We are sorry to have been the medium of any misrepresentation. The story was taken from a work, generally held to be veracious as well as curious.—*The Loungers' Common-Place Book*.—Ed. L. J.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend T. R.'s communication is laughable; but in this our urbane paper, we propose to correct errors solely by the gradual substitution of better

knowledge. He will see that we are trying to meet his wishes in the other respect. The paper is left for him at the publisher's.

JUVENIS is a worthy reader of poetry, and shews occasional evidences of looking at nature with his own eyes. His only "fault," (to answer his question) is, that he does not in general do so; or if he does, is too content to repeat what has been said before him.

We shall give a passage out of the lines on "Hope" next week, among other pickings, to which we are compelled to confine ourselves, from our numerous poetical correspondents.

The author of *Hints to Young Students*, has our best thanks and respect, though we do not insert his paper. Articles that redound to the writer's credit, may yet not always be suitable to a *Journal* that has so many calls upon its attention.

Dr. B.'s letter gratified us much.

We will make the enquires requested by G. F. and inform him of the result.

Errata in the Extract from Dr. Brown's "Honey Bee" upon Swarming.

Page 74. Column 3. Among the Italics read *foot vice* vice *foot*.

Line 12, from the bottom *hedge vice edge*,
Page 75. Column 1. line 14 from the end *her vice their*.

3 from do. *well whole*.
Page 84. In naming the Title of the book—*Physiology vice Philosophy*.

Page 99. Column 1. The last word of the Latin quotation should of course be *umbra*.

Line 36. from the end, *occasionally vice occasionally*.

Line 18. from do. *several vice general*.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1834.

No. 19.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

SOME FURTHER REMARKS UPON GOETHE, WITH ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF HIM.

SINCE writing the remarks upon Goethe in our last number, we have become acquainted, not only with the "Characteristics," but with a variety of criticisms upon him, and upon other German authors, written in reviews and magazines by Mr. Carlyle. It shall be our business to become thoroughly intimate with these criticisms, and we hope the reader, as well as ourselves, shall be the wiser for them. Meantime we revert to the main point in our last week's observations for the purpose of shewing the extent of our views on the subject, and the reasons why we venture to differ upon it with so great a man.

Goethe was for taking no notice of the politics and public events of his time, nor for busying himself with what is understood in the language of the present day by the "hopes of the world," and the "advancement of society." The great business of man, he thought, was to be working cheerfully and manfully in the sphere in which he found himself, without troubling his head with the affairs of government or the species, but at the same time to know and enjoy as much as possible of the world of Nature, for the purpose of assisting that cheerfulness and developing the faculties of that manhood. His enemies said, that he thought in this manner for expedience' sake, and because he happened to be comfortably situated, and therefore had no personal interest in change. His friends said, that his position was nothing but an accident which he could not help, and which he was not bound to alter; that he was too great a man to sacrifice the universality of his views to the narrowness of a court circle, or any circle; and that to suppose otherwise, only argued an inability to comprehend him. They charge his enemies with mere "Radicalism" or political narrowness of one sort, just as his enemies charge him with political or personal narrowness of another.

It would ill become us while noticing what appears to us to be a defect in a great man, to pretend that our belief in it may not arise from one of the numerous defects in our own mode of thinking or measure of understanding. We have been subjected strongly, in the course of our life, to the influence of political circumstances; and with all our desire to be impartial, and to see the truth for its own sake, cannot assert, that we are able to divest ourselves of that influence at will, and stand apart from it, while contemplating the character of a fellow-creature. It appears to us however, from all we have hitherto seen, that the advocates of Goethe in this matter, with an instinctive misgiving, confound the wholesomeness of his opinion respecting the advancement of the world, with his right of objection to the immediate movement in its behalf. Granting that he might reasonably differ with those movements, like any other privy-councillor of a German sovereign, without being influenced by the same motives, it does not follow that he was bound to differ with the abstract theory of advancement; nor indeed do we believe that they would argue that it did. But we cannot help thinking, by the way in which the two ideas always co-exist in their arguments at present, that they feel as if such had been the case; nor can we help fearing, that for an analogous reason, such was really the case with the illustrious poet. We must add, from what we have seen of the weaknesses of other leading spirits (Burke for one, not to make invidious instances of

SPARROW, PRINTER, CRANE-COURT.

the living) that what it did not fall to his lot to head, at the right juncture for the reputation of his foresight and for the convenience or hopes of his fortune, he would not like to see headed, or fought for, by others. The French Revolution did not break out till after Goethe's connexion with the Duke of Saxe Weimar. Suppose, instead of the Duke's coming to him and asking him to live in his court, it had fallen to his lot to have mixed with the Americans, and to have had the same honours paid him there, on an intellectual score, as were paid to La Fayette on a military. Might not he have been a far greater and more influential man in politics than ever La Fayette was, or rather than he himself was, (for there is no comparison between the powers of these two admirable men) and been the new star of the advancement of his species in every respect, instead of the attempt to reconcile it to acquiescence in any?

Before we go further, let it clearly be understood what we mean by advancement and acquiescence. We do not mean,—far are we from intending any such absurdity or injustice,—that people in their senses are violently to throw down any obstacle in the way of a better state of society; but that *all* are to advance, quietly, and with a good understanding, for the sake of *all*; so that each may give up what is found wrong, or be gifted with what is right, according as experience shall determine, to the better distribution of labour and leisure, and the gradual elevation of the whole species.

We had written thus far, when having become further acquainted with the *Characteristics* in the intervals of our writing, our feelings of respect and admiration for Goethe have been so increased, that we must plainly confess we cannot proceed in the same strain of objection to him. If our opinion on one point has not been done away, it has at least become mixed up and coloured with so much that is reverent and beautiful (struck from the many-coloured radiance of his greatness) and we have found ourselves so forcibly thrown upon a sense of what is doubtful and possible in all questions relating to the rights and perceptions of a mind of the first order, and consequently upon a feeling of what is due to common modesty on our own part, that we gladly drop our eyelids under the effulgence of his beams, and should as soon think of objecting any more to his politics, as of questioning the sun for shining on "the just and the unjust." The reader shall see, from time to time, in many a beautiful extract, the reasons we have for thus feeling; and not the least of these reasons will be (what indeed we should have added, had we gone on, though not to the same extent) that a man like Goethe, loving nature thoroughly, believing the best of her, making it the business of his life to study and act with her, *cannot*, whatever his opinion may be on passing events, or his errors, real or supposed, do any thing but assist the grand possibilities of advancement, let their bounds be as he may think them or not. Either the attainment of one mountain-top must produce the view of another, or when nothing further is to be seen, the limits of our pilgrimage must be ascertained, and humanity be content, as he desired it to be, with the capabilities of what is round about it. All that we ever quarrelled with him for, was out of a notion that he wished to stop short unnecessarily, and mistook his own ample ground of content-

ment too easily for the mill-horse round of others. We now care less if he did so, seeing what it was in the nature of his genius inevitably to do for all men.

For ourselves, who venture to give our personal opinion on the matter, solely by reason of no ordinary experience both of suffering and enjoyment, we should be more than content to take the world as it is, provided that all classes could get the pleasure out of it that Goethe supposes, whether under the more received notions of pleasure or not; for like him, we are far from confining the pleasurable to the limits of its ordinary acceptation; nay, to oblige those who have a suspicious grudge against the word, we could give up the word itself to a great extent, and change it for the word "action,"—action, we allow, being a good half of the business of life, or the whole of it, if they please, including mental action; and the face wearing a shew neither of pleasure nor pain in the general course of it. But it appears to us, that society must first put itself into a condition fitter for dividing this pleasure, or something better than pleasure, reasonably among its members; and that if the politics of the German States had had their way, uninfluenced by the old revolutions of England and France, the day of that better division would have been retarded; nay, Goethe's and the Duke of Weimar's own improvements had been retarded; and Germany itself would have been less able to turn round upon the abuses of liberty, and read a new lesson of freedom to its corrupted teachers. We must not quarrel with the throes and agonies of mankind, merely because it is our good fortune not to be forced to partake of them. They have broken up the ground for our luckier cultivation.

That the reader may be excited to make haste and admire Goethe as much as we do, we shall conclude this article with an exquisite specimen (beautifully translated by Mrs. Austen,) of the way in which he could describe a friend's character. A more lovely, full, delicate, and potent bit of writing we never met with. The softer aspect of his soul,—the gentlest and loveliest of all his Muses, must have been in her happiest state of sympathetic self-complacency, when he wrote it, saturated to the heart with the balm of belief in good, with the realization of a beautiful vision of humanity. Herder was one of the leading spirits of the modern German literature. The reader shall know more of him. We have not been able to hinder ourselves from marking and carving passages with Italics, just as our gratitude might have imprinted kisses on the eyelids of the sweetly-seeing Muse herself, had she become visible and tangible out of the head of this Teutonic Jupiter.

"Few minds have been learned upon the same grand scale as Herder. The major part pursue only what is most rare and least familiar in science; he, on the contrary, could receive only the great and catholic streams of every science into the mighty depths of his own heaven-reflecting ocean, that impressed upon them all its own motion and fluctuation. Others are fastened upon by their own learning as by a *withering and strangling ivy*: but *his hung about him as gracefully as the tendrils of a vine, and adorned him with fruit as with clusters of grapes*. How magnificently, how irreconcilably did he blaze into indignation against the creeping and crawling vermin of the times—against German coarseness of taste—against all sceptres in brutal paws—and against the snakes of the age. But would you hear the sweetest of voices, it was *his* voice in the utterance of love—whether for a little child, or for poetry, or music, or in the tones of mercy and forbearance towards the weak. In general he has been little weighed or appraised, and in

parts only, never as a whole. His due valuation he will first find in the *diamond scales of posterity*; into which scales will assuredly not be admitted the pebbles with which he was pelted by the coarse critics of his days, and the still coarser disciples of Kant. Two sayings of his survive which may seem trifling to others; me they never fail to impress profoundly; one was, that on some occasion, whilst listening to choral music that streamed from a neighbouring church *as from the bosom of some distant century*, he wished, with a sorrowful allusion to the cold frosty spirit of these times, that he had been born in the middle ages. The other, and a far different, sentiment was—that he would gladly communicate with an apparition from the spiritual world, and that he neither felt nor foreboded anything of the usual awe connected with such a communication. Oh the pure soul that already held commerce with spirits! To such a soul this was possible, poetical as that soul was; and though it be true that just such souls it is that shudder with the deepest awe *before the noiseless and inaudible mysteries that dwell and walk on the other side of death*, to his soul it was possible; for the soul of Herder was itself an apparition upon this earth, and never forgot its native world. At this moment, I think I see him; and, potent as death is otherwise to glorify the images of men with saintly transfiguration—yet, methinks, that from the *abyss of distance and sunless elevation*, he appears not more radiant and divine than he did here below; and I think of him, far aloft in the heavens and behind the stars, as in his natural place, and as of one but little altered from what he was, except by the blotting out of his earthly sorrows."

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 6th to Tuesday the 12th August.

BEAUTY OF THE YEAR. ITS RICHES TO POETS AND POETICAL READERS.

To know a little of a great man, is to wish to know more of him; and if we have any enthusiasm, to wish to know it instantly. As we take it for granted that our readers sympathize with us on this point, and as the year is now in a state of ripe and golden perfection, worthy to have the sound of a true poet's deep and melodious memory murmuring over it like a divine bee, we shall indulge ourselves with giving another passage from the "Characteristics of Goethe," descriptive of the successive influence of the seasons upon a poetically constituted mind. It is part of a criticism written by him upon the lyrics of another German poet, Voss; and is particularly suited to our Journal, from the recommendation it contains of a regard for every-day objects, and a developement of the riches they possess for all who chuse to seek them: Mrs. Austen speaks of the "beauty" of it. It is difficult at any time to read this lady's translations, without speaking of the beauty of them; and still less so, when she is giving praise to her originals. She thus puts the last degree of sympathy into her echoes of them, and perfects our delight by making us sure of her own. In the preface to her version of the "Tour of a German Prince," we thought her cold towards her author. We grant she was not bound to be so enthusiastic, as in the present instance. We doubt even whether her enthusiasm has not allowed her to admit some contributions to the "Characteristics," which had been better omitted; but if she is chary of expressing her approbation, she at least does not bestow it in the wrong places.

Every author, in some degree, portrays-himself in his works, even be it against his will. In this case, he is present to us, and designedly; nay, with a friendly alacrity sets before us his inward and outward modes of thinking and feeling; and disdains not to give us confidential explanations of circumstances, thoughts, views, and expressions, by means of appended notes.

And now, encouraged by so friendly an invitation, we draw nearer to him; we seek him by himself; we attach ourselves to him, and promise ourselves rich enjoyment, and manifold instruction and improvement.

In a level northern landscape we find him rejoicing in his existence, in a latitude in which the ancients hardly expected to find a living thing.

And truly, Winter there manifests his whole might and sovereignty. Storm-borne from the Pole, he covers the wood with hoar-frost, the streams with ice; a drifting whirlwind eddies around the high gables, while the poet rejoices in the shelter and comfort of his home, and cheerily bids defiance to the raging elements. Furred and frost-covered friends arrive, and are heartily welcomed under the protecting roof; and soon they form a cordial, confiding circle, enliven the household meal by the clang of glasses, the joyous song, and thus create for themselves a moral summer.

We then find him abroad, and braving the inclemencies of the wintry heavens. When the *axe-tree creaks heavily under the load of fire-wood*—when the footsteps of the wanderer ring along the ground—we see him now walking briskly through the snow to the distant dwelling of a friend; now joining a sledge party, gliding, with tinkling bells, over the boundless plain. At length a cheerful inn receives the half-frozen travellers; a bright flickering fire greets them as they crowd around the chimney; dance, choral song and merry a warm viand, are reviving and grateful to youth and age. But when the snow melts under the returning sun, when the warmed earth frees itself somewhat from its thick covering, the poet hastens with his friends into the free air, to refresh himself with the first living breath of the new year, and to seek the earliest flowers. The bright golden clover is gathered, bound into bunches, and brought home in triumph, where this herald of the future beauty and bounty of the year is destined to crown a family festival of Hope.

And when Spring herself advances, no more is heard of roof and hearth; the poet is always abroad, wandering on the soft pathways around his peaceful lake. Every bush unfolds itself with an individual character, every blossom bursts with an individual life, in his presence. As in a fully worked out picture, we see, in the sun-light around him, grass and herb, as distinctly as oak and beech-tree; and on the margin of the still waters there is wanting neither the reed nor any succulent plant.

Here his companions are not those transforming fantasies, by whose impatient power the rock fashions itself into the divine maiden, the tree puts off its branches, and appears to allure the hunter with its soft, lovely arms. Rather wanders the poet solitary, like a priest of nature; touches each plant, each bush, with gentle hand; and hallows them members of a loving harmonious family.

Around him, like a dweller in Eden sport harmless, fearless creatures—the lamb on the meadows, the roe in the forest. Around him assemble the whole choir of birds, and drown the busy hum of day with their varied accents.

Then, at evening, towards night, when the moon climbs the heaven in serene splendour, and sends her flickering image curling to his feet on the surface of the lightly ruffled waters; when the boat rocks softly, and the oar gives its measured cadence, and every stroke calls up sparkles of reflected light; when the nightingale pours forth her divine song from the shore, and softens every heart; then do affection and passion manifest themselves in happy tenderness; from the first touch of a sympathy awakened by the Highest himself, to that quiet, graceful, timid desire, which flourishes within the narrow enclosure of domestic life. An heaving breast, an ardent glance, a pressure of the hand, a stolen kiss, give life to his song. But it is ever the affianced lover that is emboldened; it is ever the betrothed bride that yields; and thus does all that is ventured, and all that is granted bend to a lawful standard; though within that limit he permits himself much freedom.

Soon, however, he leads us again under the free heavens; into the green; to bower and bush; and there is he most cheerfully, cordially, and fondly at home.

The Summer has come again; a genial warmth breathes through the poet's song. Thunders roll; clouds drop showers; rainbows appear; lightnings gleam; and a blessed coolness overspreads the plain. Every thing ripens; the poet overlooks none of the varied harvests; he hallows all by his presence.

And here is the place to remark what an influence our poets might exercise on the civilization of our German people—in some places, perhaps, have exercised.

His poems on the various incidents of rural life, indeed, do represent rather the reflexions of a refined intellect than the feelings of the common people; but if we could picture to ourselves that a harper were present at the hay, corn, and potatoe harvests; if we recollected how he might make the men around him observant of that which recurs to them as ordinary and familiar; if, by his manner of regarding it, by his poetical expression, he elevated the common, and heightened the enjoyment of every gift of God and nature by his dignified representation of it, we may truly say he would be a real benefactor to his country. For the first stage of a true enlightenment is, that man should reflect upon his condition and circumstances, and be brought to regard them in the most agreeable light. Let the song of the potatoe be sung in the field, where the wondrous mode of increase, which calls even the man of science to high and curious meditation, after the long and silent working and interweaving of vegetable powers, comes to view, and a quite unintelligible blessing springs out of the earth; and then first will be felt the merit of this and similar poems, in which the poet essays to awaken the rude, reckless, unobservant man, who takes every thing for granted, to an attentive observation of the high wonders of all nourishing Nature, by which he is constantly surrounded.

But scarcely are all these bounties brought under man's notice, when Autumn glides in and our poet takes an affecting leave of nature, decaying, at least in outward appearance. Yet he abandoned not his beloved vegetation wholly to the unkind winter. The

elegant vine receives many a plant, many a bulb, wherewith to create a mimic summer in the hard seclusion of winter, and even at that season, to have no festival, without its flowers and wreaths. Care is taken that even the household birds belonging to the family should not want a green, fresh roof to their bowery cage.

Now is the loveliest time for short rambles,—for friendly converse in the chilly evening. Every domestic feeling becomes active; longings for social pleasures encrease; the want of music is more sensibly felt, and now, even the sick man willingly joins the friendly circle, and a departing friend seems to clothe himself in the colours of the departing year.

For, as certainly as Spring will return after the lapse of Winter, so certainly will friends, lovers, kindred, meet again; they will meet again in the presence of the all-loving Father; and then first will they form a Whole with each other, and with every thing good, after which they sought and strove in vain in this piece-meal world. And thus does the felicity of the poet, even here, rest on the persuasion that all have to rejoice in the care of a wise God, whose power extends unto all, and whose light lightens upon all. Thus does the adoration of such a Being create in the poet the highest clearness and reasonableness; and, at the same time, an assurance that the thoughts, the words, with which he comprehends and describes infinite qualities, are not empty dreams and sounds; and thence arises a rapturous feeling of his own and other's happiness, in which every thing conflicting, peculiar, discordant, is resolved and dissipated.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXVI.—A RECLUSE IN THE THICK OF LONDON.

THIS simple and affecting account of a human being so constituted as to be driven from society by a single shock to his feelings, is taken from the notes to the excellent edition of the "Tatler," published in 1789. Mr. Welby's resolution probably originated in a variety of motives. He was shocked by the strangeness as well as inhumanity of his brother's attempt; it gave him a horror of the very faces of his fellow-creatures, perhaps also something of a personal fear of them; and very likely a hypochondriacal dread even of himself, and of the blood of which his veins partook. We see that he lived in the most sparing manner, eating little else than gruel and sallads. But great was the proportion of beauty mixed up with his character, and even of strength, though it retreated into this timid shape. He was a blighted human fruit of the most noble and delicate order; and one wishes that instead of the old servant, he could have had some affectionate companion to live with and love him, and repay him for the large sympathies he retained with his species. But he had his consolation. He was a reader; and the same romantic turn of mind, which put him into his solitude, as well as the temperance which enabled him to grow old in it, probably secured him a child-like delight in his books to the last.

The noble and virtuous Henry Welby, Esq. was a native of Lincolnshire, and inherited a clear estate of more than £1000. a year. He was regularly bred at the university, studied for some time at one of the inns of court, and in the course of his travels, spent several years abroad. On his return, this very accomplished gentleman settled on his paternal estate, lived with great hospitality, matched to his liking, and had a beautiful and virtuous daughter who was wedded with his entire approbation, to a Sir Christopher Hilliard, in Yorkshire. He had now lived to the age of forty, respected by the rich, prayed for by the poor, honoured and beloved by all; when one day a younger brother, with whom he had some difference in opinion, meeting him in the field, snapped a pistol at him which happily flashed in the pan. Thinking that this was done only to fright him, he coolly disarmed the ruffian, and putting the weapon carelessly into his pocket, thoughtfully returned home; but on after examination, the discovery of bullets in the pistol had such an effect upon his mind, that he instantly conceived an extraordinary resolution, of retiring entirely from the world, in which he persisted inflexibly, till the end of his life. He took a very fair house in the lower end of Grub Street, near Cripplegate; and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, having the house prepared for his purpose, he selected three chambers for himself, the one for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. As they were one within another, while his diet was set on table by an old maid, he retired into his lodging-room, and when his bed was making into his study, still doing so till all was clear. Out of these chambers, from the time of his first entry into them, he never issued, till he was carried thence, forty-four years after, on men's shoulders; neither in all that time did his son-in-law, daughter,

or grandchild, brother, sister, or kinsman, young, or old, rich or poor, of what degree or condition soever, look upon his face, save the ancient maid, whose name was Elizabeth. She only made his fire, prepared his bed, provided his diet, and dressed his chambers. She saw him but seldom, never but in cases of extraordinary necessity, and died not above six days before him. In all the time of his retirement he never tasted fish or flesh; his chief food was oatmeal gruel; now and then, in summer, he had a salad of some choice cool herbs; and for dainties, when he would feast himself upon a high day, he would eat the yoke of a hen's egg, but no part of the white; what bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but the crust he never tasted; his constant drink was four shilling beer, and no other, for he never tasted wine, or strong water. Now and then, when his stomach served, he did eat some kind of suckets; and now and then drank red cow's milk which his maid Elizabeth fetched him out of the fields, hot from the cow. Nevertheless, he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant who had occasion of business at his house. Every book that was printed was bought for him, and conveyed to him; but such as related to controversy he always laid aside, and never read. In Christmas holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had great cheer provided; with all dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in. Then, after thanks to God for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland sleeves, which reached to his elbows, cutting up dish after dish in order, he would send one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c. till he had left the table quite empty; when, giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away; and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon these days, without tasting one morsel of anything whatsoever. When any clamoured impudently at his gate, they were not, therefore, immediately relieved; but when, from his private chamber, which had a prospect into the street, he spied any sick, weak, or lame, he would presently send after them to comfort, cherish, and strengthen them; and not a trifle to serve them for the present, but so much as would relieve them many days after. He would moreover inquire what neighbours were industrious in their callings, and who had great charge of children; and withal, if their labour and industry could not sufficiently supply their families, to such he would liberally send, and relieve them according to their necessities. He died at his house in Grub Street, after an anchorical confinement of forty-four years, Oct. 29, 1636, aged eighty-four. At his death his hair and beard were so overgrown, that he appeared rather like a hermit of the wilderness, than the inhabitant of one of the first cities of the world.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

Ludicrous description of a "timid gentleman's" journey by coach.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER, one of the worthies of German literature, died not long ago. Samples of his genius, and a masterly criticism upon it, (which we have read twice over for the mere pleasure received from the force and abundance of the thinking) are given in the third volume of Mr. Carlyle's *Specimens of German Romances*, from which the following passage is taken. We are much mistaken if we are hazarding the usual perils of an overweening introducer of a jest, when we candidly express our anticipations of the reader's hearty laughter. There is caricature enough, but like all Richter's caricatures, it is grounded on the deepest and kindest knowledge of real character, kindness and depth being indeed necessary accompaniments in a man's knowledge of his fellow-creatures. But how he can go heaping one extravagance upon another, in this successful way, is amazing, (for there is a whole seventy pages full of it). We think, every instant, that nothing further can be piled upon the joke, like children seeing a tower of cards threatening to topple over; when lo! another story, and another yet is achieved, to their delighted astonishment, and hand-clapping bursts of laughter. Perhaps, from what little we have been enabled to see of the genius of Jean Paul (for the Germans love to designate him by his Christian names, as the French do Rousseau) a general idea of it may be given by supposing him a sort of prose Shakspeare, acting the part of one his own Fools. In the book before us he unites Rabelais with the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

The twenty-second of July, on Wednesday, about five in the afternoon, (quoth the "magnanimous mouse" Schmelzle,—for he relates his own exploit) was now, by the way-bill of the regular post-coach, irrevocably fixed for my departure. I had still half a day to order my house; from which, for two nights and two days and a half, my breast, its breast work and palisado, was now, along with myself, to be withdrawn. Besides this, my good wife Bergelchen, as I call my Teutoberga, was immediately to travel after me on Friday the twenty-fourth, in order to see and make purchases at the yearly fair; nay, she was ready to have gone along with me, the faithful spouse. I therefore assembled my little knot of domestics, and promulgated to them the household law and valedictory rescript, which after my departure, in the first place before the outset of my wife, and in the second place after this outset, they had rigorously to obey; explaining to them, especially, whatever, in case of conflagrations, house-breakings, thunder-storms, or transit of troops, it would behoove them to do. To my wife I delivered an inventory of the best goods in our little register ship; which goods, she, in case the house took fire, had in the first place to secure. I ordered her on stormy nights (the peculiar thief-weather), to put our Eolian harp in the window, that so any villainous prowler might imagine I was fantasizing on my instrument, and therefore awake; for like reasons also, to take the house-dog in doors by day, that he might sleep then, and so be livelier by night. I further counselled her to have an eye on the focus of every knot in the panes of the stable window, nay, on every glass of water she might set down in the house, as I had already often recounted to her examples of such incidental burning glasses having set whole buildings in flames. I then appointed her the hour when she was to set out on Friday morning to follow me; and recapitulated more emphatically the household precepts, which, prior to her departure, she must afresh inculcate on her domestics. My dear heart-sound, blooming Berga, answered her faithful lord, as it seemed, very seriously: "Go thy ways, little old one; it shall be done all as smooth as velvet. Wert thou but away! There is no end of thee!" Her brother, my brother-in-law, the dragoon, for whom, out of complaisance, I had paid the coach-fare, in order to have in the vehicle along with me a stout swordsman and hector, as spiritual relative and bully-rock, so to speak; the dragoon I say, on hearing these my regulations, puckered up (which I easily forgave the wild soldier and bachelor) his sun-burnt face considerably into ridicule, and said, "Were I in thy place, sister, I should do what I liked, and then afterwards take a peep into these regulation papers of his."

"Oh!" answered I: "misfortune may conceal itself like a scorpion in any corner. I might say that we are like children, who looking at their gaily-painted toy-box, soon pull off the lid, and, pop! out springs a mouse who has young ones."

"Mouse, mouse!" said he, stepping up and down. "But, good brother, it is five o'clock; and you will find when you return that all looks exactly as it does to day; the dog like the dog, and my sister like a pretty woman; *allos donc*!" It was purely his whim, that I, fearing his misconception, had not previously made a sort of testament.

I now packed in two different sorts of medicines, heating as well as cooling, against two different possibilities; also my old splints for arm or leg breakages, in case the coach overset; and (out of foresight) two times the money I was likely to need. Only here I could have wished, so uncertain is the stowage of such things, that I had been an ape with cheek-pouches, or some sort of opossum with a natural bag, that so I might have deposited these necessities of existence in pockets which were sensitive. Shaving is a task I always go through before setting out on journeys; having a rational mistrust against stranger blood-thirsty barbers; but on this occasion, I retained my beard; since, however close shaved, it would have grown again by the road to such a length, that I could have fronted no minister and general with it.

With a vehement emotion, I threw myself on the pith-heart of my Berga, and, with a still more vehement one, tore myself away: in her, however, this our first marriage separation, seemed to produce less lamentation than triumph, less consternation than rejoicing; simply because she turned her eye not half so much on the parting as on the meeting, and the journey after me, and the wonder of the Fair. Yet she threw and hung herself on my somewhat long and thin neck, almost painfully, being indeed a too fleshy and weighty load, and said to me, "Whisk thee off quick my charming Attel (Attila), and trouble thy head with no cares by the way, thou singular man. A whiff or two of ill luck we can stand, by God's help, so long as my father is no beggar. And for thee, Franz," continued she, turning with some heat to her brother, "I leave my Attel on thy soul; thou well-knowest, thou wild fly, what I will do, if thou play the fool, and leave him any where in the lurch." Her meaning here was good, and I could not take it ill: to you also, my friends, her wealth and her open-heartedness are nothing new.

* Melted into sensibility, I said, "Now Berga, if there be a reunion appointed for us, surely it is either in Heaven or in Flaetz, and, I hope in God, the latter." With these words we whirled stoutly away. I looked round through the back windows of my coach at my good little village of Neussattel, and it seemed to me, in my melting mood, as if steeples were rising aloft like an epitaphium over my life, or over my body, perhaps to return a lifeless corpse. "How will it all be," thought I, "when thou at last, after two or three days, comest back?" And now I noticed my Bergelchen! looking after us from the garret window. I leaned far out of the coach-door, and her falcon eye instantly distinguished my head; kiss on kiss she threw with both hands after the carriage, as it rolled down into the valley. "Thou true-hearted wife!" thought I, "how is thy lowly birth by thy spiritual new birth, made forgettable, nay remarkable!"

I must confess the assemblage and conversational picnic of the stage-coach was much less to my taste; the whole of them suspicious, unknown rabble, whom (as markets usually do) the Flätz cattle market was alluring by its scent. I dislike becoming acquainted with strangers; not so my brother-in-law, the dragoon; who now, as he always does, had in a few minutes elbowed himself into close quarter with the whole raggamuffin posse of them. Beside me sat a person, who, in all human probability, was a harlot; on her breast, a Dwarf, intending to exhibit himself at the fair; on the other side was a Ratcatcher gazing at me; and a Blind Passenger, in a red mantle, had joined us down in the valley. No one of them, except my brother-in-law, pleased me. That rascals among these people would not study me and my properties and accidents, to entangle me in their snares, no man could be my surety. In strange places, I even, out of prudence, avoid looking up at any jail-window; because some losel, sitting behind the bars, may in a moment call down out of mere malice, "How goes it, comrade Schmelzle?" or further, because any lurking catchpole may fancy I am planning a rescue for some confederate above. From another sort of prudence, a little different from this, I also make a point of never turning round when any body calls "Thief!" after me.

As to the Dwarf himself, I had no objection to his travelling with me, whithersoever he pleased; but he thought to raise a particular delectation in our minds, by promising that his Pollux and Brother in Trade, who was also making for the Fair to exhibit himself, would by midnight with his elephantine face, infallibly overtake the coach, and plant himself among us, or behind, on the outside. Both these noodles, it appeared, are in the habit of going in company to fairs, as reciprocal exaggerators of opposite magnitudes. The Dwarf is the convex magnifying glass of the Giant, the Giant the concave diminishing glass of the Dwarf. Nobody expressed much joy at the prospective arrival of this Anti-Dwarf, except my brother-in-law, who, (if I may venture on a play of words), seems made, like a clock, solely for the purpose of striking, and once actually said to me: "That if in the upper world he could not get a soul to curry and toulze by a time, he would rather go to the under, where most probably there would be plenty of cuffing, and to spare." The Ratcatcher, besides the circumstance that no man can prepossess us much in his favour, who lives solely by poisoning, like this Destroying Angel of Rats, this Mouse-Atropos—and also, which is still worse, that such a fellow bids fair to become an increaser of the vermin of the kingdom, the moment he may cease to be a lessener of it—besides all this, I say, the present Ratcatcher had many baneful features about him; first, his stabbing look, piercing you like a stiletto; then, the lean sharp bony visage, conjoined with his enumeration of [his considerable stock of poisons; then (for I hated him more and more), his sly stillness, his sly smile, as if in some corner he noticed a mouse, as he would notice a man! To me, I declare, though usually I take not the slightest exception against people's looks, it seemed at last as if his throat were a Dog-grotto, a *Grotta del Cane*, his cheek bones cliffs and breakers, his hot breath, the wind of a calining furnace, and his black hairy breast a kiln for parching and roasting.

Nor was I far wrong, I believe; for soon after this, he began quite coolly to inform the company, in which were a dwarf and a female, that in his time he had, not without enjoyment, run ten men through the body; had with great convenience hewn off a dozen men's arms; slowly split four heads, torn out two hearts, and more of the like sort; while none of them, otherwise persons of spirit, had in the least resisted: "but why?" added he, with a poisonous smile, and taking the hat from his odious bald pate; "I am invulnerable. Let any of the company that chuses lay as much fire on my crown as he likes; I shall not mind it."

My brother-in-law, the dragoon, directly kindled his tinder-box, and put a heap of the burning matter on the ratcatcher's pole; but the fellow stood it as if it had been a mere picture of fire, and the two looked expectantly at one another; and the former smiled very foolishly, saying, "It was simply pleasant to him, like a good warming plaster; for this was always the wintry region of his body."

Here the dragoon groped a little on the naked skull, and cried with amazement, that "it was as cold as a kneecap."

But now the fellow to our horror, after some preparations, actually lifted off the quarter skull, and held it out to us saying: "He had sawed it off a murderer, his own having accidentally been broken;" and withal explained that the stabbing and arm cutting he had talked of was to be understood as a jest, seeing that he had merely done it in the character of *Famulus* at an Anatomical Theatre. However, the jester seemed to rise little in favour with any of us; and for my part, as he put his brain-lid and sham skull on again, I thought to myself: "This dunged-bell has changed its place, but not the hemlock it was made to cover."

Further, I could not but reckon it a suspicious circumstance that he as well as all the company, (the blind Passenger too), were making for this very Flätz, to which I myself was bound: much good I could not expect of this; and, in truth, turning home again would have been as pleasant to me as going on, had I not rather felt a pleasure in defying the future.

I come now to the Red-mantled Blind Passenger; most probably an *Emigré* or *Refugée*; for he speaks German not worse than he does French; and his name, I think, was *Jean Pierre* or *Jean Paul*, or some such thing, if indeed he had any name. His red cloak, notwithstanding this his identity of colour with the hangman, would, in itself, have remained heartily indifferent to me; had it not been for this singular circumstance, that he had already five times, contrary to all expectation, come upon me in different towns (in Great Berlin, in Little Hof, in Coburg, Meiningen, and Bayreuth), and each of these times had looked at me significantly enough and then gone his way. Whether this *Jean Pierre* is dogging me with hostile intent or not I cannot say; but to our fancy, at any rate, no object can be gratifying that thus, with corps of observation or out of loop holes, holds and aims at us with muskets, which for year after year it shall move to this side and that, without our knowing on whom it is to fire. Still more offensive did Red-cloak become to me, when he began to talk about his soft mildness of soul; a thing which seemed either to betoken pumping you or undermining you.

I replied, "Sir, I am just come with my brother-in-law here, from the field of battle, (the last affair was at Pimpelstadt), and so perhaps am too much of a humour for fire, pluck, and war-fury; and to many a one, who happens to have a roaring waterspout of a heart, it may be well if his clerical character (which is mine) rather enjoins on him mildness than wildness. However, all mildness has its iron limit. If any thoughtless dog chance to anger me, in the first heat of rage I kick my foot through him; and after me, my good brother here will perhaps drive matters twice as far, for he is the man to do it. Perhaps it may be singular; but I confess, I regret to this day, that once when a boy I received three blows from another, without tightly returning them; and I often feel as if I must still pay them to his descendants. In sooth, if I but chance to see a child running off like a dastard from the weak attack of a child like himself, I cannot for my life understand his running, and can scarcely keep from interfering to save him by a decisive knock."

The Passenger in the meanwhile was smiling, not in the best fashion. He gave himself out for a Legations-Rath, and seemed fox enough for such a post; but a mad fox will, in the long run, bite me as rabidly as a mad wolf will. For the rest, I calmly went on with my eulogy on courage; only that, instead of ludicrous gasconading, which directly betrays the coward, I purposely expressed myself in words at once cool, clear, and firm.

"I am altogether for Montaigne's advice," said I; "Fear nothing but fear."

"I again," replied the Legations-man, with useless wire-drawing, "I should fear again that I did not sufficiently fear fear, but continued too dastardly."

"To this fear also," replied I coldly, "I set limits. A man, for instance, may not in the least believe in, or be afraid of ghosts; and yet by night may bathe himself in cold sweat, and this purely out of terror at the dreadful fright he should be in, (especially with what whiff of epileptics, falling-sicknesses, and so forth, he might be visited) in case, simply, his own too vivid fancy should create any wild fever image, and hang up in the air before him."

"One should not, therefore," added my brother-in-law, the dragoon, contrary to his custom moralizing a little, "one should not bamboozle the poor sheep, man, with any ghost tricks; the hen heart may die on the spot."

A loud storm of thunder overtaking the stage-coach altered the discourse. You, my friends, knowing me as a man not quite destitute of some tincture of natural philosophy, will easily guess my precautions against thunder. I place myself on a chair in the middle of the room (often, when suspicious clouds are out, I stay whole nights upon it), and by careful removal of all conductors, rings, buckles, and so forth, I here sit thunder-proof, and listen with a cool spirit to this elementary music of the cloud kettle-drum. These precautions have never harmed me, for I am still alive at this date; and to the present hour

I congratulate myself on once hurrying out of church, though I had confessed but the day previous; and running without more ceremony, and before I had received the sacrament, into the charnel-house, because a heavy thunder-cloud (which did, in fact, strike the church-yard linden tree) was hovering over it. So soon as the cloud had dislodged itself, I returned from the charnel-house into the church, and was happy enough to come in after the hangman, (usually the last), and so still participate in the Feast of Love.

Such, for my own part, is my manner of proceeding; but in the full stage-coach I met with men to whom natural philosophy was no philosophy at all. For, when the clouds gathered dreadfully together over our coach canopy, and sparkling, began to play through the air, like so many fire-flies, and I at last could not but request that the sweating coach-conclave would at least bring out their watches, rings, money, and such like, and put them all into one of the carriage-pockets, that none of us might have a conductor on his body, not only would no one of them do it, but my own brother-in-law, the dragoon, even sprang out, with naked drawn sword, and swore that he would conduct the thunder all away himself. Nor do I know whether this desperate mortal was not acting prudently; for our position within was frightful, and any one of us might every moment be a dead man. At last, to crown all, I got into a half altercation with two of the rude members of our leathern household, the Poisoner and the Harlot; seeing by their questions, they almost gave me to understand, that, in our conversational pic-nic, especially with the Blind Passenger, I had not always come off with the best share. Such an imputation wounds your honour to the quick, and in my breast there was a thunder louder than that above us; however, I was obliged to carry on the needful exchange of sharp words as quietly and slowly as possible; and I quarrelled softly and in a low tone, lest in the end a whole coachful of people, set in arms against each other, might get into heat and perspiration; and so, by vapour steaming through the coach-roof, conduct the too near thunderbolt down into the midst of us. At last I laid before the company the whole theory of electricity, in clear words, but low and slow, (striving to avoid all emission of vapour); and especially endeavoured to frighten them away from fear. For, indeed, through fear, the stroke—nay, two strokes, the electric or the apoplectic—might hit any one of us; since in Exleben and Reimarus, it is sufficiently proved, that violent fear, by the transpiration it causes, may attract the lightning. I accordingly, in some fear of my own, and other people's fear, represented to the passengers that how in a coach so hot and crowded, with a drawn sword on the coach-box piercing the very lightning, with the thunder cloud hanging over us, and even with so many transpirations from incipient fear; in short, with such visible danger on every hand, they must absolutely fear nothing, if they would not, all and sundry, be smitten to death in a few minutes.

"O heaven!" cried I, "Courage! only courage! No fear, not even fear of fear! Would you have Providence to shoot you here sitting, like so many hares hunted into a pinfold? Fear, if you like, when you are out of the coach; fear to your heart's content in other places, where there is less to be afraid of; only not here, not here!"

I shall not determine, since among millions scarcely one man dies by thunder-clouds, but millions perhaps by snow-clouds, and rain-clouds, and thin mist—whether my coach-sermon would have made any claim to a prize for man-saving; however, at last, all uninjured, and driving towards a rain-bow, we entered the town of Vierstadt, where dwelt a post-master, in the street which the place had.

The Postmaster was a churl and a striker; a class of mortals whom I inexpressibly detest, as my fancy always whispers to me, in their presence, that by accident or dislike, I might happen to put on a scornful or impertinent look, and hound these mastiffs on my throat. Happily, in this case, (supposing I had even made a wrong face), I could have shielded myself with the dragoon; for whose giant force such matters are a tidbit. This brother-in-law of mine, for example, cannot pass any tavern where he hears a sound of battle, without entering, and, as he crosses the threshold, shouting, "Peace, dogs!"—and therewith, under show of a peace-deputation, he directly snatches up the first chair leg in his hand, as if it were an American peace columet, and cuts to the right and left among the belligerent powers, or he gnashes the hard heads of the parties together (he himself takes no side), catching each by the hind lock; in such cases, the rogue is in heaven.

I, for my part, rather avoid discrepant circles, than seek them; as I likewise avoid all dead or killed people: the prudent man easily foresees what is to be got by them; either vexation or injurious witnessing, or often even (when circumstances conspire) painful investigation, and suspicion of your being an accomplice.

In Vierstadt nothing of importance presented itself, except to my horror, a dog without a tail, which came running along the town or street. In the first fire of passion at this sight I pointed it out

to the passengers, and then put the question, whether they could reckon a system of Medical Police well arranged, which, like this of Vierstadt, allowed dogs openly to scour about, when their tails were wanting? "What am I to do," said I, "when this member is cut away, and any such beast comes running towards me, and I cannot, either by the tail being cocked up or drawn in, since the whole is snipt off, come to any conclusion whether the vermin is mad or not? In this way, the most prudent man may be bit, and become rabid, and so make shipwreck purely for want of a tail compass."

The blind passenger (he now got himself inscribed as a seeing one, God knows for what objects) had heard my observation; which he now spun out in my presence almost into ridicule, and at last awakened in me the suspicion, that by an overdone flattery in imitating my style of speech, he meant to banter me: "The dog-tail," said he, "is, in truth, an alarm-beacon and finger post for us, that we come not even into the outmost precincts of madness; cut away from comets their tails, from Bashaws their's, from crabs their's (outstretched it denotes that they are burst); and in the most dangerous predicaments of life we are left without clew, without indicator, without hand in *margin*; and we perish not so much as knowing how."

For the rest, this stage passed over without quarrelling or peril. About ten o'clock, the whole party, including even the postillion, myself excepted, fell asleep. I indeed pretended to be sleeping, that I might observe whether some one, for his own good reasons, might not also be pretending it; but all continued snoring; the moon threw its brightening beams on nothing but down-pressed eyelids.

I had now a glorious opportunity of following Lavater's counsel, to apply the physiognomical ellwand especially to sleepers, since sleep, like death, expresses the genuine form in coarser lines. Other sleepers, not in stage-coaches, I think it less advisable to mete with this ellwand; having always an apprehension lest some fellow, but pretending to be asleep, may, the instant I am near enough, start up as in a dream, and deceitfully plant such a knock on the physiognomical mensurator's own facial structure, as to exclude it for ever from appearing in any Physiognomical Fragments (itself being reduced to one) either in the stippled or line style. Nay, might not the most honest sleeper in the world, just while you are in hand with his physiognomical dissection, lay about him, spurred on by honour, in some cudgelling scene he may be dreaming; and in a few instants of clapperclawing and kicking, and trampling, lull you into a much more lasting sleep than that out of which he was awakened?

In my *Adumbrating Magic Lantern*, as I have named the work, the whole physiognomical contents of this same sleeping stage-coach will be given to the world: there I shall explain to you at large how the poisoner with the murder-cupola, appeared to me devil-like; the dwarf old child-like; the harlot languidly shameless; my brother-in-law peacefully satisfied, with revenge or food; and the legations-rath, *Jean Pierre*, heaven only knows why, like a half angel,—though, perhaps it might be because only the fair body, not the other half, the soul, which had passed away in sleep, was affecting me.

I had almost forgotten to mention that in a little village, while my brother-in-law and the postillion were sitting at their liquor, I happily fronted a small terror, Destiny having twice been on my side. Not far from a hunting-box, beside a pretty clump of trees, I noticed a white tablet, with a black inscription on it. This gave me hopes that perhaps some little monumental piece, some pillar of honour, some battle memento,* might here be awaiting me. Ovee an untrodden flowery tangle, I reach the black on white; and to my horror and amazement, I decypher in the moonshine; *Beware of Spring guns!* Thus was I standing, perhaps half a pail's breadth from the trigger, with which, if I but stirred my heel, I should shoot myself off like a forgotten ramrod into the other world, beyond the verge of time!

The first thing I did was to clutch down my toenails, to bite, and, as it were, eat myself into the ground with them; since I might at least continue in warm life so long as I pegged my body firmly beside the atropos-scissors and hangman's block, which lay beside me; then I endeavoured to recollect by what steps the fiend had led me hither unshot, but in my agony I had perspired the whole of it, and could recollect nothing. In the devil's village close at hand there was no dog to be seen and called to, who might have plucked me from the water; and my brother-in-law and the postillion were both carousing with full can. However, I summoned my courage and determination; wrote down on a leaf of my pocket-book my last will, the accidental manner of my death, and my dying remembrance of Berga, and then, with full sail, flew helter-skelter through the midst of it the shortest way; expecting at every step to awaken the murderous engine, and thus to clap over my still long candle of life the *bonsoir*, or extinguisher, with my own hand. However, I got off without shot. In the tavern, indeed, there was more

* Our hero was an army-chaplain!

then one fool to laugh at me; because, forsooth, what none but a fool could know, this notice had stood there for the last ten years, without any gun, as guns often do without any notice. But so it is, my friends, with our game police, which warns against all things, only not against warnings.

VENTRILLOQUISM.

SOME people (saith our authority, an old magazine) possess the art of speaking inwardly, having the power of forming speech by drawing the air into their lungs, and of modifying the voice in such a manner as to make it seem to proceed from any distance, or in any direction. This art of vocal deception is called Ventriloquism. The public of late years have had their acquaintance with it renewed by means of the admirable Entertainments of Mr. Mathews; but never, we believe, were such triumphant exhibitions of it as are related in the following anecdote, furnished about fifty years since by the Abbe de la Chapelle, of the French Academy.

This gentleman having heard many surprising circumstances related concerning one M. St. Gille, a grocer at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, whose astonishing powers as a ventriloquist had given occasion to many singular and diverting scenes, formed the resolution to see him. Struck by the many marvellous anecdotes related concerning him, the Abbe judged it necessary to ascertain the truth by the testimony of his own senses, and then to inquire into the cause and manner by which the phenomena were produced.

The Abbe having waited upon M. St. Gille and informed him of his design, was very cordially received. He was conducted into a parlour on the ground floor, and M. St. Gille and himself sate on the opposite sides of a small fire, with only a table between them, the author keeping his eyes fixed on M. St. Gille all the time. Half-an-hour had passed, during which that gentleman diverted the Abbe with many comic scenes to which he had given occasion by his talents, when all of a sudden the Abbe heard himself called by his name and title, in a voice that seemed to come from the roof of a house at a distance. He was almost petrified with astonishment; but recollecting himself, and asking M. St. Gille whether he had not given him a specimen of his art, he was answered only by a smile. But while the Abbe was pointing to the house from which the voice had appeared to him to proceed, his surprise was increased on hearing himself answered, "it was not from that quarter," apparently in the same kind of voice as before, but which now seemed to issue from the earth, at one of the corners of the room. In short, this fictitious voice played, as it were, every where about him, and seemed to proceed from any quarter or distance from which the ventriloquist chose to transmit it to him. The illusion was so very strong, that prepared as the Abbe was for this kind of conversation, his senses were incapable of undeceiving him; though conscious that the voice proceeded from the mouth of M. St. Gille, that gentleman appeared absolutely mute while exercising his talent, nor could the author perceive any change in his countenance. He observed, however, at this first visit, that M. St. Gille contrived, but without any affectation, to present only the profile of his face to him while he was speaking as a ventriloquist.

The next experiment of this ventriloquist was no less curious. M. St. Gille being on his way home from a place to which he had been on business, sought shelter from an approaching thunder storm in a neighbouring convent. Finding the whole community in mourning, he inquired the cause, and was told that one of their body had lately died who was the ornament and delight of the society. To pass away the time, he walked into the church attended by some of the monks, who shewed him the tomb of their deceased brother; and spoke freely of the scanty honours bestowed on his memory. Suddenly a voice is heard, apparently proceeding from the roof of the choir, lamenting the situation of the deceased in purgatory, and reproaching the brotherhood with their lukewarmness and want of zeal on his account. The friars, as soon as their astonishment gave them power to speak, consulted together, and agreed to acquaint the rest of the community with this singular event, so interesting to the whole society.

M. St. Gille, who wished to carry on the joke still further, dissuaded them from taking this step, telling them that they would be treated by their absent brethren as a set of fools or visionaries. He, however, advised them to call the whole community immediately into the church; where the ghost of their departed brother might probably repeat his complaints. Accordingly, all the friars, novices, lay-brothers, and even the domestics of the convent were summoned and collected together. In a short time, the voice from the roof renewed its lamentations and reproaches, and the whole convent fell on their faces and vowed a solemn reparation. As a preliminary step, they chaunted a *de profundis*, in full choir, during the intervals of which the ghost occasionally expressed the comfort he received from their

pious exercises and ejaculations in his behalf. When all was over, the prior entered into a serious conversation with M. St. Gille, and on the strength of what had just passed inveighed against the absurd incredulity of modern sceptics and pretended philosophers in regard to ghosts or apparitions. M. St. Gille thought it now time to undeceive the good fathers. This, however, he found it very difficult to effect till he prevailed upon them to return with them into the church, and there be witnesses of the manner in which he had conducted this ludicrous deception.

In consequence of three memoirs presented by the author to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in which he communicated to them the observations he had collected upon the subject of ventriloquism in general, and those he had made on M. St. Gille in particular, that learned body deputed two of its members, M. de Fouchy and M. le Roi, to accompany him to St. Germain-en-Laye, in order to verify the facts, and make observation on the nature and causes of this extraordinary faculty. In the course of this inquiry a very singular plan was laid and executed, to put M. St. Gille's powers of deception to the trial, by engaging him to exert them in the presence of a large party, consisting of the commissioners of the Academy, and some persons of the first quality, who were to dine in the open forest near St. Germain-en-Laye, on a particular day. All the members of this party were in the secret, except a certain countess, who was pitched upon as a proper victim to M. St. Gille's delusive powers, as she knew nothing even of M. St. Gille or of ventriloquism; and we may imagine, perhaps, for another reason, which the Abbe, through politeness, suppresses. She had been told in general that this party had been formed in consequence of a report that an aerial spirit had lately established itself in the forest of St. Germain-en-Laye, and that a grand deputation from the Academy of Sciences were to pass the day there, to enquire into the reality of the fact.

M. St. Gille, it may be readily conceived, was one of this select party. Previously to his joining the company in the forest he completely deceived even one of the commissioners of the Academy who was then walking from them, and whom he accidentally met. Just as he was abreast of him, prepared and guarded as he was against a deception of this kind, he verily believed that he heard his associate, M. de Fouchy, who was then with the company above one hundred yards distance, calling after him to return as expeditiously as possible. His valet too, after repeating to his master the purport of M. de Fouchy's supposed exclamation, turned about towards the company, and with the greatest simplicity imaginable, bawled out as loud as he could in answer to him, "Yes, sir!"

After this successful beginning the company sate down to dinner, and the aerial spirit, who had been previously furnished with proper anecdotes respecting company, soon began to address the countess, in a voice that seemed to be in the air over their heads; sometimes it spoke to her from the tops of the trees around them, or from the surface of the ground at a pretty large distance; and at other times, seemed to speak from a considerable distance under her feet. During dinner the spirit seemed to be absolutely inexhaustible in the gallantries he addressed to her, though he sometimes said civil things to another lady. This kind of conversation lasted about two hours, and the countess was firmly persuaded, as the rest of the company affected to be, that this was the voice of an aerial spirit. Nor would she, as the author affirms, have been undeceived, had not the rest of the company, by their unguarded behaviour, at length excited in her some suspicions. The little plot against her was then owned, and she acknowledged herself to be mortified only in being waked from a delicious delusion.

Several other instances of M. St. Gille's talents are related. The author, in his course of inquiries on this subject, was informed that the Baron de Mengen, a German nobleman, possessed the same art in a very high degree. The baron constructed a little puppet or doll, the lower jaw of which he moved by a particular contrivance: with this doll he used to hold a spirited kind of dialogue, in the course of which the little virago became so impertinent, that he was at last obliged to thrust her into his pocket, where she seemed, to those present, to grumble and complain of her hard treatment.

The baron, being at the court of Bareuth, along with the Prince of Deux Ponts, and other noblemen, amused himself with this scene. An Irish officer, then present, was so firmly persuaded that the baron's doll was a living animal previously taught by him to repeat these responses, that he watched an opportunity at the close of the dialogue, and suddenly made an attempt to snatch it from his pocket. The little doll, as if in danger of being suffocated during the struggle occasioned by this attempt, called out for help and screamed incessantly from the pocket, till the officer desisted. She then became silent, and the baron was obliged to take her out, to convince him by handling, that she was a mere piece of wood.

THE GERMAN PRINCE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VOYAGE IN A BALLOON.

THE "German Prince," with whom the public became so agreeably acquainted under that title by means of his "Tour," and who was supposed to be dead at one time, and "somebody else" at another, (some said an Irish officer) is now known to be Prince Pückler-Muskau, a Silesian nobleman, whose ancestors were among the petty feudatories of the German empire. He is a man of lively and even great talents, a little too much used by the world, and spoilt by the combination of all sorts of advantages, for want of a necessity of bestirring himself, and from being a prince, and handsome. He can think, write, and act; and has killed his man in single combat between two armies, like a hero of chivalry; but then he must needs intimate to us his conquests among the ladies; and being an universalist, he thinks it incumbent upon him (as well as pleasant) to be a *gourmand*, and to imitate the narrowness as well as the enlargement of any idol of the day, who thought his perfections required, or warranted, a set off of infirmity. So, at least, we may gather from his writings; and such, and more, his enemies aver him to be, probably without reason; for it is plain, even from his self-committals, from his cultivation of a natural piety, and the good which he does to the people on his estate, that a great deal of goodheartedness, and real fineness of nature, is mixed up with a doubtful shewiness; and his "Tour" has a power of reflection in it, as well as a brilliance of manner, rarely to be met with in books of travels, or in any books.

In the following account we see the restless man of pleasure, eager for enjoyment in any shape, especially that which shall help him to cut a figure. But we see also the gallant spirit, and the observer worthy of nature. The passage is taken from the two volumes of miscellanies, or short pieces, by him, a translation of which appeared the other day under the title of *Tutti Frutti* (all Fruits)—so called from a Neapolitan *ice* of that name.

I had scarcely recovered from a severe illness, when Mr. Richard, the aeronaut, came to Berlin, and paid me a visit, for the purpose of receiving introductory letters. He is a sensible, well-informed man, and his interesting narrative awakened in me an irresistible desire to soar once in my life to the empire of the eagle.

He interposed no obstacle to the gratification of my wishes, and we decided that he should construct a balloon at my expense. Truly the sum was no bagatelle, as the different items amounted to 600 rix dollars. But, even at this rate, the pleasure I enjoyed was cheaply purchased.

The day which we selected was one of the most heavenly that could be imagined; scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the firmament; half the population of Berlin were assembled in the streets, squares, and on the roofs of the houses.

We entered the car, and out of the centre of this motley multitude ascended majestically towards the heavens. Our frail aerial bark, not much larger than a child's cradle, was surrounded by a net work, as a protection against any giddiness that might ensue; but notwithstanding the weakness which remained after my indisposition, I did not experience the slightest disagreeable sensation.

As we gently and slowly ascended, I had sufficient time to salute and receive in return the farewell salutations of my friends below. No imagination can paint anything more beautiful than the magnificent scene now disclosed to our enraptured senses. The multitude of human beings, the houses, the squares and streets, the highest towers gradually diminishing; while the deafening tumult became a gentle murmur, and finally melted into a death-like silence. The earth which we had recently left, lay extended in miniature relief beneath us; the majestic linden trees appeared like green furrows; the river Spree like a silver thread; and the gigantic poplars of the Potsdam Allée, which is several leagues in length, threw their shade over the immense plain.

We had probably ascended by this time some thousand feet, and lay softly floating in the air, when a new and more superb spectacle burst upon our delighted view. As far as the eye could compass the horizon, masses of threatening clouds were chasing each other to the immeasurable heights above; and, unlike the level appearance which they wear when seen from the earth, their entire altitude was visible in profile, expanded into the most monstrous dimensions: chains of snow-white mountains wrought into fantastic forms, seemed as if they were tumbling headlong upon us.

One colossal mass pressed upon another, encompassing us on every side, till we began to ascend more

rapidly, and soared high above them, while they now lay beneath us, rolling over one another like the billows of the sea when agitated by the violence of the storm, and obscuring the earth from our view. At intervals the fathomless abyss was occasionally illumined by the beams of the sun, and resembled for a moment the burning crater of a volcano; then new volumes rushed forward and closed up the chasm: all was strife and tumult. Here we beheld them piled on each other, white as the drifted snow, there in fearful heaps of a dark watery black; at one instant rearing towers upon towers, in the next creating a gulf at the sight of which the brain became giddy, dashing eternally onward, onward, in wild confusion. I never before witnessed anything comparable to this scene, even from the summit of the highest mountains; besides, from them the continuing chain is generally a great obstruction to the view, which, after all, is only partial; but here there was nothing to prevent the eye from ranging over the boundless expanse.

The feeling of absolute solitude is rarely experienced upon the earth; but in these regions, separated from all human associations, the soul might almost fancy it had passed the confines of the grave. Nature was entirely noiseless—even the wind was silent; therefore, receiving no opposition, we gently floated along, and the lonely stillness was only interrupted by the progress of the car and its colossal ball, which, self-propelled, seemed like the roc-bird fluttering in the blue ether.

Enraptured with the novel scene, I stood up, in order to enjoy more completely the superb prospect, when Mr. Richard, with great sang froid, told me I must be seated, for that, owing to the great haste with which it had been constructed, the car was merely glued, and therefore might easily come asunder, unless we were careful.

It may readily be supposed that after receiving this intimation I remained perfectly quiet. We now commenced descending, and were several times obliged to throw out some of the ballast in order to rise again. In the meantime we dipped insensibly into the sea of clouds which enveloped us like a thick veil, and through which the sun appeared like the moon in Ossian. This illumination produced a singular effect, and continued for some time till the clouds separated, and we remained swimming about beneath the once more clear azure heavens.

Shortly after, we beheld, to our great astonishment, a species of "Fata Morgana" seated upon an immense mountain of clouds, the colossal picture of the balloon and ourselves, surrounded by myriads of variegated rainbow tints. A full half-hour the spectral reflected picture hovered constantly by our side. Each slender thread of the net work appeared distended to the size of a ship's cable, and we ourselves like two tremendous giants enthroned on the clouds.

Towards evening it again became a little hazy; our ballast was exhausted, and we fell with alarming rapidity, which my companion ascertained with his barometer, although it was not apparent to the senses.

We were now surrounded for some time by a thick fog; and as we rapidly sunk through it, we beheld in a few minutes the earth beneath glowing in the most brilliant sunshine: and the towers of Potsdam, which we distinctly beheld, saluted us with a joyful carillon.

Our situation however was not so full of festivity as our reception. We had already thrown out our mantles, a roasted pheasant, and a couple of bottles of Champagne, which we had taken with us for the purpose of supping in the clouds, laughing heartily at the consternation which this proceeding would cause in any of the inhabitants of the earth who happened to be sleeping upon the turf, in case the pheasant should fall into his mouth and the wine at his feet; but we could not forbear hoping that it would not descend upon his head, as, instead of an agreeable excitement to his brain, it would act the part of a destroying thunderbolt.

We were ourselves, like the other articles, tumbling, but to our great consternation, we saw nothing beneath us but water (the various arms and lakes of the river Havel), only here and there intermixed with wood, to which we directed our course as much as possible. We approached the latter with great velocity, which appeared to me from the height like an insignificant thicket. In a few seconds we were actually hanging on one of the branches of the shrubs, for such I really believed them to be; in consequence of which I commenced making the necessary arrangements to descend, when Richard called out, "In God's name, stir not; we are entangled on the top of an immense pine!"

I could hardly believe my eyes, and it required the lapse of several seconds to convince me that what he asserted was really true, having entirely lost, in a few hours, the capacity of measuring distance.

We were most certainly perched on the highest branches of an enormous tree, and the means to descend set our inventive powers at defiance; we called, or rather shouted for help,—first in solo, then in duetto, till we began to fear that we should be

obliged to support our character of birds by roosting in the tree, for night was fast approaching. At length we saw an officer riding along the high road, which caused us to renew our cries with doubled vigour; he paused, but thinking it might be robbers, who were endeavouring to inveigle him into the wood, galloped off with the rapidity of lightning; but as we continued vociferating, he gave a heaven-directed glance, discovered us, raised himself in the saddle, reined in his horse, and with outstretched neck and distended eyes, endeavoured to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the singular nest he beheld in the gigantic pine. At length, having satisfied himself that we were really not of the winged creation, he procured men, ladders, and a carriage from the neighbouring town.

But as all this consumed no inconsiderable space of time, we remained perched in mid air; and it was quite dark when we arrived at Potsdam with our balloon, which, by the way, was very little injured. We took up our abode at the Hermit Hotel, at that time badly conducted, where we, alas! had ample reason to regret the loss of our supper.

* Eight days afterwards, a peasant brought me my mantle, which I still preserve; and fifteen years later as I entered a Prussian post-house with the intention of sharply reprimanding the post-master for detaining me, as I wanted a relay of horses, he came forward, good-humouredly looked at me, smiled, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Good Heavens! certainly you must be the gentleman I delivered out of the balloon," adding, "at present you must wait still longer." I instantly remembered his countenance and voice, and after conversing with him for some time, I found he was an old comrade, who had fought with me in various battles, which had been the means of delivering our country from foreign dominion; tales upon tales rapidly succeeded each other, until at length the impatient and repeated blasts of the post-boy's horn compelled me to press the veteran's hand, and take, what will probably prove, a last adieu.

CORREGGIO, JULIO ROMANO, AND AN- NIBAL CARACCI.

The following extract from Mr. Landseer's *Catalogue*, just published, chiefly concerns the first of these great painters; but the other two are so pleasantly brought in, under circumstances of so much moral beauty, and so honourably withal to Correggio as well as themselves, that we delight in the opportunity of linking the names of all three. There are some names and words which it is as pleasant to repeat as the most golden lines of poetry.

Mr. Landseer's book (for a book it is, and a good sized one,) is entitled *A Descriptive, Explanatory, and Critical Catalogue of Fifty of the Earliest Pictures contained in the National Gallery of Great Britain*.* It is to be followed by another volume. We have not yet read a third of it, but we shall go through it, every bit, being almost as great devourers of works on painting as those on poetry, and almost tasting the colours, &c., as we go, as if they were so much golden jelly, or ambrosia dipped in rainbows. All we require in the critic is, that he should have some relish himself, and be in earnest; and Mr. Landseer has a good deal of relish, and is unquestionably zealous for the real interests of art. We do not agree hitherto, with all his conclusions, still less in his thinking that love and hate are identified in this or any other zeal, (a figment trumped up by some splenetic men of genius to excuse their pugnacity; for nobody hates what he thoroughly understands; he sees too much reason to excuse and pity it, and too much necessity for the exercise of charity towards himself.) There are also some inaccuracies of expression in the book, especially on the scholarly side; and too many words, perhaps, altogether. But it is very clever; has some excellent passages, we dare say, many (the following is one of them;) and it is calculated to excite much conversation among artists and critics, and to do a great deal of good. Such works ought to be bought by the National Gallery and laid on its tables, for the sake of furthering the love and knowledge of the pictures around them. Mr. Hazlitt's beautiful book on the *Picture Galleries of England*, itself a set of paintings, ought to be there; (we are glad to see it quoted so much by Mr. Landseer:) Mr. Patmore's (under a similar title,) should accompany it; and the criticisms in Jones's *National Gallery*, should not be wanting; nor those in the

Cabinet Gallery by Mr. Landseer's friend, or foe, Mr. Cunningham. In short, we would have all, of any cleverness, allowed to come together by the Directors in a large, unlearning spirit of liberality, anxious only to have the Arts talked about and encouraged, according to the powers of the speakers, and the various degrees of understanding to which they address themselves.

But to our beautiful names, and Mr. Landseer's very agreeable specimen.

Of the Holy Families, treasured (says he) in our National Gallery, that from the pencil of Correggio is the finest; and perhaps it would have been esteemed still finer as a work of art, had it not been entitled a Holy Family, since there is nothing in the external pretension or shew of Divinity about it, save and except its superlative merits as a picture, and that single and quite subordinate circumstance which we shall proceed to mention.

As a young, innocent, and smiling nurse attentive to her charge; or a delighted mother attiring her infant son, it is of transcendental excellence: but since there is a carpenter at work in the back ground, its pretensions to be esteemed the Holy Family must be regarded as indisputable, and we shall presently treat of it accordingly. It has already been treated of by Raphael Mengs, in his own account of the paintings in the Royal collection at Madrid, of which it was formerly esteemed to be one of the chief ornaments. His opinions we have not had the pleasure of perusing, but in all probability the reader who wishes to form a critical estimate of the merits of Correggio's Holy Family, will find the remarks of such an artist as Mengs well worthy of being consulted.

After being acquainted with this work only through the medium of engravings, we were both surprised and delighted at sight of the original; not that the engravings were not good; but that there is so much of the celestial purity of painting (technically speaking), and so much of that kind of peculiarity withal, which can no more be translated or rendered into another language of art—or at least which has not yet been rendered—than words can express it. So much is there of these extraordinary qualities, that it came upon us like a heavenly vision, or a picture from another planet. The Athenians of old possessed a statue of their tutelary deity which was fabled to have fallen from heaven, and was much venerated. It had a primitive air, yet was crude, archaic, and graceless. Could they have shewn such a work of art as this of Correggio, their fable had been rendered credible, and their veneration been justified upon internal evidence. Yet these high claims reside not in anything celestial, superlative, or ineffable, in the character either of the Madonna, or infant Saviour; and if, in what shall follow, these terms or any of them, shall fall from our pen, they must be understood as being intended to be applied to the peculiar felicity with which the painter has employed the instruments of his art—not to indicate the unspeakable beauty of the characters he has produced—but we must develope and explain.

The Madonna has come forth into the genial summer air of Nazareth, as if to sit with her celestial charge, and inhale the freshness of its breezes: her little basket of nursery implements is beside her, and at a short distance in the back ground, Joseph the Carpenter is sedately at work, which (as is observed above) is the chief signal of a holy family being here intended by the artist. Intent upon his occupation among unfinished evidences, and quite detached from the fore-ground objects, he seems introduced as a denoting sign and no more, and the Madonna and Bambino to be the things signified: as if Correggio had preferred this to the having recourse to such conventional circlets of sanctitude, as, in the works of his predecessors and contemporaries, betokened holiness; and had resolved by the potency of his art, and without factitious aid, to raise what was earthly into heavenly importance, as Adam is recorded to have been created out of clay.

And this is what he has accomplished. Of the infant Christ, the purity of its innocence alone, seems to elevate it almost sufficiently towards divinity. There is no dawn of the incipient consciousness of his sublime destiny. We speak here of what is expressed in his countenance and action. In character it has somewhat the air and peculiarity of being the portrait of a handsome and fair-headed English child; his complexion too is exquisitely fair. The placidly smiling maternal tenderness of the young Madonna, as she enrobes her infant, is also beautifully expressed. An excellent critic thinks we may observe in this female a certain innocent girlish pride arising from the consciousness of the perfections of the infant entrusted to her; which perhaps no painter, except Correggio, ever conceived. But this girlish pride is scarcely compatible with the lofty dignity which the religion of Italy attached to the character of the mother of our Saviour; nor could it probably have co-existed with that due consciousness of the perfections of the Holy Infant, which in some of Raphael's Madonnas is so profound as to absorb every other sentiment.

* A landscape phenomenon, so called on the coast of Naples, supposed to be the work of the Fata, or Fairy Morgana. The nature of it is intimated by what follows.

* By John Landseer, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, Member of the London Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences, &c. pp. 424. Glyn.

To our view the group appears to beam with domestic affection, but it does not go beyond select nature. Although the fine art with which it is rendered be quite marvellous, there is nothing about it of the ideal or deific being intended to be superinduced on the terrestrial, otherwise than by the beauty of the internal blandishments of art.

In these respects, Julio Romano's Holy group (which we dismissed a few pages back) and the present, are wide as the poles apart: and may therefore serve to teach us how various and vast are the scope of excellence and the pleasure to be derived from pictures. Both artists are justly admired, although the one be deficient in every requisite in which the other shines and abounds.

Wide as the poles apart although Julio Romano and Correggio were, upon an important professional principle; there is pleasure in perceiving that the sphere of their art revolved in an orbit of urbanity; and that if the envy and professional jealousies of some painters, have been held up to public ridicule and dislike, others are liberal—pre-eminent amongst whom was Julio Romano. Yes: amid the professional envy and uncharitableness, which literary commentators have been a little too prone perhaps to select and report; it is but fair to mention that Julio candidly and liberally affirmed Correggio's colouring to be "altogether the best he had ever seen; nor was he averse to the Duke of Mantua giving the preference to Correggio above himself, when about to make a presentation of pictures to the Emperor Charles." [Roscoe's Lanzi].

Let the reader call to mind here how tempting and how flattering to an artist's ambition was this occasion. And when we reflect too that decision of style in art proceeds from vigour and peculiarity of thought—such liberality as is here implied* is worthy of being placed upon record, as equally honorable to Julio Romano, and to Correggio.

To return to Correggio's Holy Family. There is nothing at all about the group, of its author having intended in the delineation of his component forms, to superinduce the ideal or deific, on the terrestrial; or (in other words,) of superseding "Nature as it is" by "Nature as it ought to be"—otherwise than by the beautiful blandishments of light shade and colour. There is not the least indication that such a thought had, at this period of life, entered into the mind of Correggio.

The child is accordingly in playful action, as if something at a little distance and out of the picture—a passing butterfly perhaps—had caught its attention, and occasioned some small temporary impediment as the benevolent mother puts on his outer dress of light purple;—a sort of thing that happens to almost every mother, almost every day. Her hands, and those of the child, are most delightfully drawn and painted, and perhaps are all the better for the artists' avoidance of that factitious gracefulness of lengthening out the extremities far beyond Nature's average, in which Parmegiano about this time, or soon afterward, began to indulge.

The draperies throughout are cast in a masterly style; broad, and but little divided over the larger forms; more divided and subdivided where it is of finer texture; but everywhere characterized by a certain squareness* which is in agreeable opposition to the roundness of the limbs and other nudities.

The robe of the Madonna is red, but the artist has contrived that enough of white shall approach the carnations both of the mother and the child, to shew to the greatest advantage those flesh tints, which of themselves would be exquisite and admirable! In the works of no other master do we find the cool pearly greys worked into the warmer hues with such magical and exemplary skill. It is really a thing to stand before with wonder and amazement! The infant limbs are beautifully moulded; the head is immaculate, and all are rounded and blended into the most perfect harmony! The effect seems to have resulted from the dexterous and exemplary management of light, shade, and colour; lines are scarcely recognised, and there is little of distinct specification. The right knee and leg of the Saviour come forward, and on the right side these are pronounced with distinctness against the red robe of the Madonna—and so of his face: but everywhere else, his figure is melting and mellifluous blandishment, like the concert of sweet sounds. It far transcends all painting of the kind that had preceded it; and through the three centuries that have since elapsed, panting art has "toiled after it in vain."

The whole performance seems to owe its divinity

* But, in truth, the instances of such liberal emulation and appreciation—at least among modern painters—are much more numerous than the world has given them credit for. He who goes much into their society cannot have failed to witness instances of respectful deference for, and as high and just appreciation of, each other's talents, as you will find among any numerous body of fellow practitioners of the same profession (even the clergy themselves). To be sure, they also occasionally blame heartily; but the same sincerity gives birth to both.

* Since writing the above, I have learned from Lanzi that Mengs is lavish in his critical praise on the design of the draperies of Correggio, "on whose masses he bestowed more attention than on the particular folds; he being the first who succeeded in making drapery a part of the composition, as well by force of contrast as by its direction; thus opening a new path which might render it conspicuous in large works."

in great part, at least, to the absence of all effort to make it appear divine. It is as if the author felt quite certain that there was no other art addressable to mortal, but through terrestrial and intrinsic means. It sets the sophistry of art at an immense distance, and reduces to nothingness those meretricious and fantastic tricks that are sometimes played before the high heaven of painting, "which make the angels weep."

To be able to appreciate and enjoy such works as this divine mother and child, is no trivial attainment of taste, and the less experienced reader will not regret if he sympathetically catch a portion, at least, of this pleasure and this power from Annibal Carracci, who writes of the finer qualities of Correggio,—"This kind of delicacy and purity, which is rather truth itself than verisimilitude, pleases me greatly. It is neither artificial nor forced, but quite natural." And in another place, treating of the youthful heads of Correggio, the same distinguished painter writes, (what is very pertinent to the present performance) "The faces beam with so much nature and simplicity, as to enchant, and compel us, as it were, to smile as they smile." This is charming. The ascribing to Correggio of this power of exacting involuntary sympathy by his productions, is an exquisite compliment, proceeding, as it does, from an artist of Annibal's high attainments: yet who feels not something of this as he gazes at the present Madonna and infant, or in the words of Milton,—

— "Hangs over it enamour'd"

That the Emperor Charles V. received the little picture which is the subject of our present essay, as a present from the Duke of Mantua; and that it is the very work, (or one of the works,) alluded to by the historian of Italian art, and by Julio Romano, in the passage which we have quoted above, is by no means improbable, since it was imported into England within these few years, from the Spanish metropolis, and we believe from the Escorial, by Mr. Wallis (an English artist, since deceased,) who either gave or received for it two thousand guineas.

TWO LEGENDS OF THE WARDROBE.

(From Mr. Planche's "British Costume.")

A FRENCH writer, of the "olden time," to deter his daughters from extravagance and superfluity in dress, recounts the legend of a knight, who having lost his wife, applied to a hermit to ascertain if her soul had taken an upward or a downward direction. The good man, after long praying, fell asleep in his chapel, and dreamed that he saw the soul of the fair lady weighed in a balance, with St. Michael on one side, and the devil on the other. In the scale which contained her soul were placed the good deeds of her life, and in the opposite one her evil actions, and beside the scale lay her fine costly clothing in the care of a friend. The devil then said to St. Michael; "This woman had ten divers gowns and as many coats, and you well know that a smaller number would have been sufficient for every thing necessary, according to the law of God, and that with the value of one of these gowns or coats, no less than forty poor men might have been clothed and kept from the cold, and that the mere waste cloth in them would have saved two or three from perishing;" so saying, the foul fiend gathered up all her gay garments, rings, and jewels, and flung them into the scale with her evil actions, which instantly preponderated, and Saint Michael immediately left the lady and her wardrobe at the devil's disposal.

The eldest of two sisters was promised by her father to a young knight, possessed of a large estate. The day was appointed for the gentleman to make his visit, he not having as yet seen either of them, and the ladies were informed of his coming, that they might be prepared to receive him. The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two, being desirous to shew her elegant shape and slender waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a cote-hardie, which sat very straight and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, though it was in winter, and exceedingly cold. The consequence was that she appeared pale and miserable like one perishing with the severity of the weather; while her sister, who, regardless of her shape, had attired herself rationally with thick garments lined with fur, looked warm and healthy, and ruddy as a rose. The young knight was fascinated by her who had the most health and the most prudence, and having obtained the father's consent to the change, left the mortified sister to shiver in single blessedness.

TABLE-TALK.

The Game of Morra.—The Morra of the Italians, the Munke of the Germans, and the Mourre of the French, is also met with in Spain, and is well known in Greece. Indeed a celebrated modern Greek poet, Solomos of Zante, has made an allusion to it in one of his compositions. It is played in Scotland, and also in Ireland, and is not, I believe, wholly unknown

in our own country, though less so than in those above named; on which account I shall endeavour to give an idea of the manner in which it is played, and in what it consists.

The Mourre of the French may be considered as two distinct games, the one (*micatio digitorum*) consists in one of the parties quickly holding up one or more of his fingers, and calling out a higher number than those make which he holds up; the other party must instantly and without consideration hold up as many of his, the number of which added to that indicated by the fingers of his opponent will amount to the numbers called by the latter. Thus if the one hold up two and call out five, the second must instantly hold up three of his to complete the number named; in the event of an error the party failing has to pay a fine. This game is very common in the South of France and in Italy, where men and women may be repeatedly seen playing at it.

The other division of the Mourre is that played by young girls on the petals of flowers when seeking for sweethearts, and it is at this game the fair Chinese are supposed to be playing. A margaret or chrysanthemum is the flower usually selected: the little one begins by plucking off one of the petals, saying at the same time, *Il m'aime un peu*; for the second, *beaucoup*, for the third *passionnement*, and for the fourth, *pas du tout*. She then commences again with the same words and in the same order, until she arrives at the last petal, and according as the corresponding word, happens to be *much* or *little*, &c., so is she beloved by the object of her researches. The Morra of the Italians and Munke of the Germans correspond exactly to both these different games. In Greece, the latter seems to be chiefly known, though I have met with some Greeks who were not wholly unacquainted with the former. The Spanish girls have also a mode of divining with grapes after the same manner. In Germany the young ladies pursue their investigations somewhat further than their fair neighbours the French: plucking the petals in the same way they pronounce the words, *Edelmänn, Bettelmann, Pfaff, Soldat, Student, nobelman, beggar, parson, soldier, student*, thus learning the quality of their lover; they then take another of the same kind of flowers, and repeat the following words, plucking off a petal for each: *Er liebt mich von Herzen—mit Schmerzen—Klein wenig—kein ger nicht. He loves me with his heart—with smart,—very little,—not at all.* Sometimes, however, they only repeat the words, *he loves me, he loves me not*, in succession, and indeed Goethe, in his original and extraordinary composition, *Faust*, makes Margaret pluck an ester when in the garden with Faust, and repeat these words to see if she is loved by him. The Grecian ladies chiefly employ the latter words, but repeat their operations on three flowers; it therefore results that they must have the same word twice out of thrice, and this of course is very decisive.

The Chinese, it appears, are acquainted with both these games, the one with the flowers and that with the fingers: the latter is much used by the Manderins; they may be seen sitting together amusing themselves playing at it, and not unfrequently in the absence of others, with their servants. In Italy, France, and Germany, the *micatio digitorum*, however, is confined exclusively to the vulgar.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. H. L. shall be considered.

D. L.'s lines do him singular credit as a foreigner but are not thoroughly correct in their English.

An answer shall be given to PHILLO.

J. S. the first opportunity.

Our numerous poetical correspondents shall receive a notice shortly from a very illustrious and apparently impossible quarter; to wit, Goethe himself; for an Address which he wrote to "Young German Poets" is singularly applicable to all young poetical personages who correspond with periodicals. Perhaps we shall give it next week.

We shall pay due attention to "Old Boy" in a new paper on the subject. It is that upon which G. H. writes to us.

Many thanks to our fair correspondent CECILIA. We will see the observations she speaks of.

ZETA has an eye for truth and nature, and cannot do better than cultivate his faculty as a grace and a recreation. We do not recommend him, or anybody, let his faculties be what they may, to make writing the business of his life; nor, indeed, do we understand him as implying a wish to do so; but it may be as well to touch upon this point. If authorship must be a man's task, it will come; and his lot may have its pains or its pleasures, as may happen; but nobody can reckon upon its being sufficient for him in a worldly point of view, apart from other means of success.

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TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1834.

No. 20.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TO OUR READERS.

Since the publication of the first number of our Journal, we have had a succession of letters from different quarters, recommending us to give up our page of Advertisements, as tending to do it less good than harm, and defacing the future volume. The reasons which existed for declining this advice, exist no longer; and we are accordingly happy to gratify our friends by giving up the page, and chatting with them to the last drop of our ink.

ENGLISH WOMEN VINDICATED.

SLENDER, complaining of the masquerade trick that had been put on him at the close of the comedy, says that he had "married Anne Page" and "she was a great lubberly boy." Far better were a surprise of the reverse order, which should betray itself in some tone of voice, or sentiment, or other unlooked for emanation of womanhood, while we were thinking ourselves quietly receiving the visit of lubberly himself, or rather some ingenuous cousin of his; and of some such pleasure we have had a taste, if not in the shape of any Viola, or Julia, or other such flattering palpability, yet in that of a fair correspondent; for we recollect well our Indicator friend "Old Boy," who sends us the following letter; but what if we have discovered meanwhile that "Old Boy" is no boy at all, nor man neither, but a pretty woman, and one that we think this a pretty occasion for unmasking; since in the hearts of the male sex, English women will find defenders enough; but few of themselves have the courage to come forward. Even our would-be "Old Boy" cannot do it but in disguise; which though a thing very well for her to assume, it is no less becoming in us, we think, on such an occasion, to take off, seeing that it gives the right, touching effect to that pretty petulance in her letter, and that half-laughing tone of ill-treatment, which some how has such a feminine breath in it, and must double the wish to be on her side.

Wonderful is the effect produced in a letter by the tone in which we read it or suppose it written, and by the knowledge of its being male or female. The one before us would be a good "defiance" to Old Crony, were its signature true; but to know that it is written by a woman, gives it a new interest, and quite another sort of music. Cannot we see the face glow, and the dimples playing with a frown; and hear the light, breathing voice bespeaking the question in its favour? Does it not make "Old Crony" himself glad to be "defied to the uttermost?"

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Dear old Friend with a new Face,

Your correspondent "Old Crony," seems as deficient in temper as in judgment, in his brusque remarks upon the dress and gait of our fair countrywomen; nor can it be allowed him that he has chosen the best place to study the finest specimens of English women, either as regards refinement in dress or bearing. The women who most frequent Bazaars and fashionable drapers, are generally the most vacant-minded and petty creatures in existence; who wander from one lounge to another, seeking to dispel the ennui which torments them, by any frivolous kill-time. I really loathe the sight of such places, and think they have done much mischief among the idle and ignorant part of my countrywomen. But to return to the subject, I maintain, in opposition to "Old Crony," that in no other country, can we see assembled together so much beauty and grace, good

dressing, and elegance of carriage, as in our fashionable promenades, our brilliant assemblies, and still more in those delightful home parties, where sprightliness and intelligence combine, to give grace and fascination:—nothing parallel, I am sure, is to be found, in the celebrated Longchamps, or the gardens of the Tuilleries at Paris, or in the Graben at Vienna, or "under the Lindens" of Berlin, or in any of the numerous public gardens on the continent, wherever I have been; and I call upon all my brother and sister tourists to bear testimony with me on this mighty question; and furthermore, like a good and faithful champion in the cause of the fair dames and damsels of old England, I do defy "Old Crony" to the uttermost, more especially for his inhuman wish of screwing English faces on to French figures, which would be a fearful "dovetailing" of lovely faces, upon parchment skeletons; seeing, that the generality of French females are terribly deficient in that plumpness and roundness, which are usually considered desirable in womanhood.

I agree with you, dear *Ci-devant* Indicator, that French women are generally more respected, and are on more equal terms with the male sex than our countrywomen; but I must differ as to their reading more, or being better informed. It is true that in society they will bear their part well in general or political conversation; but when alone with a French woman, she would be grievously offended, if you chose any other subject than her own personal attractions, and did not conclude by making a tender "declaration." These are the eternal themes by which alone you can please the young and the old, the ugly and the pretty; and of this truth, many will assure you, besides your old friend, admirer, and correspondent,

July the 23d.

OLD BOY.

P. S.—In defending the dress of my countrywomen, I except the poorer and working orders. Every other nation has a peculiar and picturesque costume for theirs; ours is remarkable only for its sluttish, draggie-tailed appearance, at least in London: in country-places the peasant's dress is comfortable, if not very piquant.

We suspect that in this as in most controversies, there is less real difference of opinion between the fair and *unfair* parties, than might be thought. Our fair correspondent gives up the bazaar and shop-hunting people, and those too, whose dresses are of the "poorer sort; and betwixt these classes, or rather including them, are to be found, we conceive, all the dresses and the walks, to which Old Crony would find himself objecting. The residue might prove its claims to a participation in the general refinement of Europe, without giving up a certain colouring of manners, as natural to it as the colour to its sky. And as to what is "delightful" and "fascinating," do not all people make that for themselves, more or less, out of the amount of their own sympathy and imagination? and does not each nation, as we said before, think the *élite* of its own charmers the most charming? No parties are so delightful to our fair correspondent, as those in her own country. Is not this precisely what would be said by a cordial Frenchwoman, of French parties; by an Italian, of Italian; and so on? Custom itself is a good thing, if it is an innocent one. We feel easy in it, as in a form and mould to which we have grown; but when in addition to this easiness, we think of all the feelings with which we have coloured it, all the pleasure we have given and received, all our joys, sorrows, friendships, loves, and religions, we may conceive how difficult it is to give up the smallest and most superficial forms in which they appear, or to learn how to admit the superiority of any thing which is foreign to them.

Brusque attacks—sharp and loud outcries—may

sometimes be desirable in order to beget notice to a question; but undoubtedly, the way to persuade is to approve as much as one can; to maintain, by loving means, a loving attention. If we do not, we run a chance, instead of mending the mistakes of other people, of having our own cast in our teeth. See for instance what Old Crony has done for himself and his fair Frenchwomen with our correspondent, who does not deny perhaps that the French "middle classes" walk better "generally" speaking, than the English—at least we find this no where surely stated or implied—but she avails herself of his error in using the word "figures" instead of "carriage," to taunt him with the want of plumpness and womanhood in the composition of his favourites, and accuse the universal French femininity of being "parchment skeletons!" Here is the comparative French thinness, and want of red and white, made the very worst of, because its panegyrist made the worst of the appearance of the other parties. For as to his compliment to their handsome faces, this, it seems, is not enough in these intellectual days.

"Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime!"

There must be soul from head to foot—evidence of thorough gracefulness and understanding; otherwise the ladies will have none of his good word. Well: here is the principle admitted on both sides. Let those who wish to see it thoroughly in action, set lovingly about the task. The loving will soonest persuade, and soonest become perfect. Had Crony, instead of exposing his "inhuman wish of screwing English faces on to French figures," observed, that the latter are better in spirit than in substance, and shown his anxiety to consult the feelings and enumerate the merits of his countrywomen, we suspect that no body would have been readier than his fair antagonist to do justice to what is attractive in her French sisterhood.

That there are, and have always been, numbers of beautiful women in France as well as in England, and beautiful in figure too, and plump withal, no Antipathetic, the most pious that ever existed, could take upon him to deny; though the praise conveyed by their word *embonpoint* (in good case,) which means "fleshy and fattish," (as the poet has it,) would imply, that the beauty is not apt to be of that order. The country of Diana de Poitiers, of Agnes Sorel, and of all the charmers of the reigns of Valois and the Bourbons, is not likely to lose its reputation in a hurry for "beves of bright dames." Charming they were, that is certain, whether plump or not; at least in the eyes of the princes and wits that admired them; and French admiration must go for something, and have at least a geographical voice in the world, whatever Germany or Goethe himself may think of the matter. On the other hand, far are we from abusing all or any of the dear plump Germans, who have had graceful and loving souls, whether fifteen, like poor Margaret, or "fat, fair, and forty," like Madame Schroeder Devrient. We have been in love with them, time out of mind, in the novels of the good village pastor, the reverend and most amatory Augustus La Fontaine. The Peninsular and South American ladies, albeit beautiful walkers, and well-grounded in shape, are understood not to abound in plump figures; yet who shall doubt the abundance of their fascinations, that has read what Cervantes and Camoens have said of

them, and what is said of their eyes and gait by all enamoured travellers? Is not Dorothea for ever sitting by the brook-side, beautiful, and bathing her feet, in the pages of the immortal Spaniard? And was not Inez de Castro taken out of the tomb, in order to have her very coffin crowned with a diadem; so triumphant was the memory of her love and beauty over death itself? Italian beauties are almost another word for Italian paintings, and for the muses of Ariosto and of song. And yet, admiring all these as we do, are we for that reason traitors to the beauties of our own country, or do we not rather the more admire the charmers that are nearest to us, and that perpetuate the train of living images of grace and affection, which runs through the whole existence of any loving observer, like a frieze across the temple of a cheerful religion.

And yet all this does not hinder us from wishing, that the *generality* of our countrywomen walked better and dressed better, and even looked a little less reserved and misgiving. A Frenchman is not bound to wish the generality of his countrywomen plumper, because he admires them for other beauties, or sees plumpness enough in his friends. A Spaniard may reasonably wish his a little more red and white, if it be only for the sake of their health; and if a jovial table-loving Viennese desired, after all, a little less plumpness in his adorable for the same reason (and in himself too), we should not quarrel with his theory, however it might object to his practice.

The *handsomest* female we ever beheld was at Turin; she was a maid-servant crossing a square. The most *lady-like* looking female in *humble life* was a French girl, the daughter of a small innkeeper. We heard one of her humble admirers speak of her as having the air *d'une petite duchesse* (of a little duchess). But the most *charming face* that ever furnished us with a vision for life, (and we have seen many) was one that suddenly turned round in a concert-room in England,—an English girl's, radiant with truth and goodness. All expressions of that kind make us love them, and here was the height of material charmingness added. And we thought the figure equal to the face. We know not whether we could have loved it for ever, as some faces can be loved without being so perfect. Habit, and loving-kindness, and the knowledge of the heart and soul, could alone determine that. But if not, it was the divinest imposition we ever met with.

THE WEEK

From Wednesday the 13th to Tuesday the 19th of August.

THE word August deserves to have the accent taken off the first syllable, and thrown upon the second (August), not because the month was named after Augustus, (and yet he had a good deal of poetry in him too, considering he was a man of the world; his friend Virgil gives him even a redeeming link with the seasons) but because the month is truly an august month, increasing in splendour till it fills its orb,—majestic, ample, of princely beneficence,—clothed with harvest as with a garment, full-faced in heaven with its moon.

Spenser in his procession of the months, has painted him from a thick and lustrous palette:—

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold, downe to the ground.

(How true the garment is made by the familiar words "all of gold," and with what a masterly feeling of power, luxuriance, and music, the accent is thrown on the word "down!" Let nobody read a great poet's verses either in a trivial or affected manner, but with earnest yet deliberate love, dwelling on every beauty as he goes—and pray let him very much respect his stops—

In garment all of gold,—downe to the ground).

Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn,—and full her hand was found.

Here is a presentation for you, beyond all the presentations at court, August, in his magnificent drapery of cloth of gold, issuing forth, and presenting to earth and skies his Maiden with the lily hand, the highest

bred of all the daughters of Heaven,—Justice. For so the poet continues:—

That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice sold,
She left th' unrighteous earth, and was to heav'n extoll'd.

Extolled; that is, in the learned literal sense, *raised out of*; taken away out of a sphere unworthy of her. (*Ex*, out of; and *tollo*, to lift. Readers of taste, to whom these etymologies are familiar as their alphabets, will know how to excuse them, for the sake of their less educated brethren). Many of Spenser's quaintest words are full of this learned beauty, triumphing over the difficulty of rhyme: nay, forcing the obstacle to yield it a double measure of significance, as we see in the instance before us; for the praise given to Justice is here implied, as well as the fact of her apotheosis (being placed among the gods). She is, by means of one word *extolled* in the literal sense, *raised up*; and she is *extolled* in the metaphorical, praised and hymned.

And this word *praised*, reminds us by the way of one of the manuscript notes with which another learned poet, whose acquaintance we had the honor of making at Florence, (Mr. Landor) was kind enough to enrich our volumes of Spenser (for we get our friends to do such things for us, that we may read our books for ever in their company). Speaking of a poem by Sir Phillip Sidney on a lady, whom he was writing upon himself, Spenser says—

No less praise-worthy Stella do I read (esteem)
Though nought my praises of her needed are,
Whom verse of noblest shepherd, lately dead,
Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre.

Upon which says Mr. Landor's note,—“Spenser seems not to have known, that praise and raise are the same—praise—upraise—extollere.”

One good thing reminds of another. In a little while, as our Journal proceeds, and we feel the first hurry and business part of it subside into a richer power of attending to it leisurely and luxuriously, we shall bring forth, to the reader's delight, stores of extracts from poems both of the living and the dead, which are too beautiful to have attained their full measure of popularity, it being necessary that readers themselves should increase both in number and knowledge, before the refinements intelligible to the few can be partaken by any thing like a multitude. But such a period is coming; and great names among us are kind enough to tell the *London Journal* that its pages are doing something towards hastening it. By and by, therefore, it will not be to a few scholars only that the charming Latin Idylls of Mr. Landor are known; for the English reader must be informed, that out of an early passion for the ancient languages and their poets, this gentleman has written much in Latin as well as English, having pitched himself both into the vales of Ovid and Theocritus, and actually lived in *past ages with a present feeling*, or in present ages with a past,—just as the reader chooses to understand the word present. Pan and the Nymphs are palpable, in his hearty verses:—Cupid hovers and threatens around him, with arch eyes, and honey in his sting. Delightful would it be to us, if we could immediately bring the reader acquainted with one of these Idylls, a combat between Pan and Cupid, in which the bearded god gets terribly the worst of it, the little rogue mounting and laughing on his wings. We think we must try if we cannot give him some notion of it in a translation. But first we must get our copy of the volume back, and it is at a distance. Can any body lend us one? We will undertake to be as careful of it as if it were a Phidian Venus, and return it in a few days to the owner.

Fortunately, meanwhile, we have Mr. Landor's English volume of Poems, and among these is an Idyll of an exquisite kind, which as we have touched upon the subject, and the poem has a fullness of beauty in it, congenial with that of the month,—at least an English August is in some respects hardly riper than the beginning of a southern summer,—we will here extract, for the reader's enjoyment. Never more beautifully met together the most luxuriant, material sympathy and a delicacy the most thoughtful and loving. To ourselves the poem possesses the

additional charm of relating to a spot we know well, our daily walk during many months, along paths and among sights consecrated by the loving memory of Boccaccio, his Valley of Ladies being beneath us, and Milton's "Top of Fiesole" over our heads. Mr. Landor himself has for some years resided at Fiesole, and the poem was doubtless written on an actual occasion,—one of the secrets of most true poems.

FIESOLAN IDYL.*

Here, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound,
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs, that want the lute to play with them,
And softer sighs, that know not what they want;
Under a wall, beneath an orange tree
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesole right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off,
At what they seem'd to shew me with their nods,
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden steps
And gather'd the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
(Such I believed it must be); for sweet accents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory,
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never plucked the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
Most glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
Warm'd by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot, that, altho' half-erect
From its grey slipper, could not lift her up
To what she wanted: I held down a branch
And gathered her some blossoms, since their hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
Of harder wing were working their way thro',
And scattering them in fragments under foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unrevolved:
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
For such appear the petals when detached,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen-thro', by eye or sun:
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first—I thought not so,
But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said: you find the largest.

This indeed,
Cried she, is large and sweet.

She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts.
I dared not touch it, for it seem'd a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet-unfallen.

She drew back
The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THREE STORIES OF HUMAN VIRTUE.

WE have put these interesting narratives together, because they are short, and because they strike the same harmonious note,—consideration for others. The second and third in particular (and we have attended to the rights of climax, and put the noblest last) are among the best instances of virtue, properly so called; that is to say, of moral force,—strength of purpose beneficently exercised. We make no apology for the homeliness of the scene in which the heroine makes her appearance. Rather ought we to apologise to her memory for thinking of apology; but sophistications are sometimes forced upon the mind of a journalist. Virtue can no more be sullied than the sunbeams, let her descend where she may. And as the divine poet says, in one of his variations upon a favourite sentiment,

"Entire affection scorneth nicer hands."

The stories are taken from the work to which we have been so often indebted, and which has long been out of print,—the *Lowenger's Common Place Book*.

* From 'Gehir, Count Julian, and other Poems. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 8vo. pp. 368. Messrs.

XXVII.—SCHOOL-FRIENDSHIP REMEMBERED.

Sir Austin Nicholas, was a judge under the protectorate of Cromwell, concerning whom the following circumstances are related. Having, while a boy at school, committed an offence, for which, as soon as it was known, flogging would be the inevitable punishment, his agitation, from a strong sense of shame or a peculiar delicacy of constitution, was so violent, that his schoolfellow, Wake, an intimate associate, and father of the Archbishop, remarked it with concern. Possessing stronger nerves and sensibility less exquisite, he told him that the discipline of the rod was a mere trifle, and insisted on taking on himself the fault, for which after a mutual struggle of friendship and generosity, he suffered a severe whipping.

A fortuitous chain of events which often disperses school intimates and college chums into opposite quarters of the globe, guided Nicholas through politics and law, to a seat in the Court of Common Pleas, and confirmed him a friend to the powers that are. Wake, on the contrary, was a firm royalist and cavalier, whose zeal and activity rendering him highly obnoxious to his opponents, he was seized, tried for his life, and condemned at Salisbury, by his old acquaintance, Nicholas, who after a separation of six-and-twenty years, did not recollect Mr. Wake till he came to pass the fatal sentence; when the name catching his eye, a sudden conviction strengthened by a few leading questions, flashed on his mind, that the prisoner at the bar, whom he had just sentenced to an ignominious death, was no other than the fond friend of his juvenile hours, those hours which, whatever be the colours of our fate, we always contemplate with a sacred, a serious, and interesting pleasure. I need not describe the state of mind in which civil discord had not wholly obliterated gratitude and sympathy: he beheld with the most poignant emotion the forlorn situation of that faithful firm associate of his youth, who had undergone for him disgrace and stripes; he saw, on every side, the hell bounds of war, and the mastiffs of the law, waiting, with eager impatience, to drag the man he once loved to untimely death; he hurried from the bench precipitately, to conceal his feelings, and burst into tears.

But friendship, like other virtues, required the speedy and effectual proof of exertion, or it would have been counteracted by the din of arms or the malevolence of party fury. After much opposition from the round-heads, whom Mr. Wake's behaviour had exasperated, a respite was granted, and Nicholas unwilling to risk a life he highly valued to the uncertainty of letters, and the dilatory tardiness of messengers, hurried immediately to London. He rushed to the Protector, and would not quit him, till sorely against Oliver's will, he had obtained a pardon for his friend, against whom, from personal enmity or misrepresentation, Cromwell was peculiarly inveterate.

The fortunate Royalist, from inattention, a magnanimous or an affected contempt of death, was a stranger to the name and person of his judge, and knew not the powerful interposition in his favour. Nicholas, also, had reserved the precious, the important secret, in his own breast, till certain of success; least, by vainly exciting hope, he should only add new pains to misfortune. Returning without delay to Salisbury, he flew to the prison, gradually disclosed his name and office to Wake, and producing a pardon, the friends sunk into each other's arms.—Nicholas overpowered by the bias of conferring life and comfort on one, for whom he had early experienced the most disinteresting friendship,—Wake unexpectedly snatched from death by discovering, perhaps, the first friend he ever loved, in a party whom he had always considered as usurpers of lawful authority, as the wolves and tigers of his country.

XXVIII.—THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS HORSE.

Cornelius Voltemad, a Dutchman, and an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, had an intrepid philanthropy which impelled him to risk, and (as it unfortunately proved) to lose his own life in consequence of heroic efforts to save the lives of others. This generous purpose in a great degree he effected in the year 1773, when a Dutch ship was driven on shore in a storm near Table Bay, not far from the South River fort. Returning from a ride, the state of the vessel, and the cries of the crew, strongly interested him in their behalf. Though unable to swim, he provided himself with a rope, and being mounted on a powerful horse remarkably muscular in its form, plunged with the noble animal into the sea, which rolled in waves sufficiently tremendous to daunt a man of common fortitude. This worthy man, with his spirited horse, approached the ship's side, near enough to enable the sailors to lay hold of the end of a cord, which he threw out to them; by this method, and their grasping the horse's tail, he was happy enough, after returning several times, to convey fourteen persons on shore.

But in the warmth of his benevolence, he appears not to have sufficiently attended to the prodigious and exhausting efforts of his horse, who in combating with the boisterous billows, and his accumulated burthens, was almost spent with fatigue, and debilitated by the quantity of sea-water, which in its present

agitated state, could not be prevented from rushing in great quantities down his throat. In swimming with a heavy load, the appearance of a horse is singular; his forehead and nostrils are the only parts to be seen; in this perilous state the least check in his mouth is generally considered as fatal; and it was supposed that some of the half-drowned sailors, in the ardour of self-preservation, pulled the bridle inadvertently, for the noble creature, far superior to the majority of bipeds who harass and torment his species, suddenly disappeared with his master, sunk, and rose no more.

This affecting circumstance induced the Dutch East India Company to erect a monument to Voltemad's memory. They likewise ordered that such descendants or relations as he left, should be speedily provided for. Before this intelligence reached the Cape, his nephew, a corporal in the service, had solicited to succeed him in a little employment he held in the menagerie, but being refused, retired in chagrin to a distant settlement, where he died, before news of the Directors' recommendations could reach him. While we lament Voltemad's fate, and the ungrateful treatment his relation experienced from the people at the Cape, a circumstance arises in our minds, which tends to render this misfortune still more aggravating. In his bold and successful attempt to reach the ship, if this benevolent man, instead of embarrassing himself with a hazardous burthen fatal to them all, had only brought the end of a long rope with him on shore, it might have been fixed to a cable, which with proper help might have been dragged on shore, and the whole ship's company saved without involving their benefactor and a noble animal in destruction.

XXIX.—HEROISM OF A MAID-SERVANT.

Catherine Vassent, the daughter of a French peasant, exhibited at the age of seventeen, and in the humble capacity of a menial, a proof of intrepid, persevering sympathy, which ranks her with the noblest of her sex.

A common sewer of considerable depth having been opened at Noyon for the purpose of repair, four men passing by, late in the evening, unfortunately fell in, no precautions having been taken to prevent so probable an accident. It was almost midnight before their situation was known, and besides the difficulty of procuring assistance at that unseasonable hour, every one present was intimidated from exposing himself to similar danger, by attempting to rescue these unfortunate wretches, who appeared already in a state of suffocation from the mephitic vapour.

Fearless or ignorant of danger, and irresistibly impelled by the cries of their wives and children who surrounded the spot, Catherine Vassent, a servant of the town, insisted on being lowered without delay into the noxious opening, and fastening a chord with which she had furnished herself previous to her descent, round two of their bodies assisted by those above, she restored them to life and their families; but, in descending a second time, her breath began to fail, and after effectually securing a chord to the body of a third man, she had sufficient presence of mind enough, in a fainting condition, to fix the rope firmly to her own hair, which hung in long and luxuriant curls round a full but well formed neck. Her neighbours, who felt no inclination to imitate her heroism, had willingly contributed such assistance as they could afford compatible with safety, and in pulling up as they thought the third man's body, were equally concerned and surprised to see the almost lifeless body of Catherine suspended by her hair, and swinging on the same cord. Fresh air with *eau-de-vie* soon restored this excellent girl; and I know not whether most to admire her generous fortitude in a third time exploring the pestilential cavern, which had almost proved fatal to her, or to execrate the dastardly meanness and selfish cowardice of the bystanders, for not sharing the glorious danger. In consequence of the delay produced by her indisposition, the fourth man was drawn up a lifeless and irrecoverable corpse.

Such conduct did not pass unnoticed; a procession of the corporation, and a solemn Te Deum were celebrated on the occasion; Catherine received the public thanks of the Duke of Orleans, the Bishop of Noyon, the town magistrates, and an emblematic medal, with considerable pecuniary contributions, and a civic crown: to these were added the congratulations of her own heart, that inestimable reward of a benevolent mind.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

ST. EVREMOND.

'His Portrait of the Duchess of Mazarin.'

MADAME DE MAZARIN was a niece of the Cardinal of that name, was separated from her husband, came over to England, and had a pension from Charles the Second, whom she had once hoped to marry. Most people have described her, as the reader might naturally suppose she would be described under these

circumstances. The Marquis de St. Evremond, on the other hand, a brother refugee and pensioner, who "fell in love" with her in his old age, gives the following portrait of her perfections. Which side is to be believed? Both, we suspect; that is to say, the lady was not without qualities, either natural or acquired, which in a better state of society would have done her honour, but which would have little satisfied, at that or any other time, the enquiries of patriots into pension-lists. Her perfections were most likely the product of St. Evremond's lively fancy.

He was a Frenchman, exiled for speaking too freely of the court of Louis the Fourteenth, and was what was understood in those days by the term philosophical epicurean.

The passage is taken from the translation of his works published by Des Maizeaux.

"I return you again by a messenger the memoirs you were pleased to send me, fearing, lest if I should send them by the post, they might run the same hazard, and fall into the like inconveniences, which at first brought them to your hands. If things so curious and well worth the intercepting, were to be found every time the ministers of state think fit to open the *paquets*, I should not much pity the clerks' trouble in executing their orders. You had reason to believe that after the manner I had spoken to you of Mad. Mazarin, I should be extremely glad to see her history. It speaks of her own genius, and is like herself all over. I have particularly observed twenty things in this relation, that none but herself could think, or express in the manner they are penned.

"Since you say you never saw her, I will satisfy your curiosity by endeavouring to give you a rough draught of her face, and shape of body.

"She is one of those lofty Roman beauties, no way like our baby-visaged and puppet-like faces of France; in whose composition nature alone triumphs over all the artificers of the coquets.

"The colour of her eyes has no name: it is neither blue nor grey, nor altogether black; but a mixture of all three, which participates of all the excellence which is found in them. They have the sweetness of the blue, the briskness of the grey, and, above all, the fire of the black. But what is more wonderful, you never saw any one more lovely, and generally more pleasant, and more apt to inflame, and yet more serious, more severe and steady, when her thoughts are taken up with any grave subject. They are so lively and so quick, that when she looks steadfastly upon any one, which she seldom does, they think she pierces their very souls, and sees into the very bottom of their hearts. They are large, and well slit, and even with the face; full of sprightly life and fire; and yet, with all these beauties, they have nothing of languishing or passionate; as if nature had maliciously contrived them only to give love and veneration, and be susceptible of none.

"Her mouth is neither wide nor very little; but the motion of her lips is very graceful and charming; and the strangest mouths and grimaces wonderfully become her, when she imitates those that make them. Her smiles would soften the hardest of hearts, and ease the heaviest sadness of mind. They do almost change the air of her face, which naturally is sublime and grave; and spreads over it a certain tincture of mildness and sweetness that cheers up those hearts which her charms had alarmed, and inspires them with that kind of unquiet gladness, which is next of kin to a tender inclination.

"So much for her mouth and eyes, which are the two chief parts of her face most expressive, and principally important to kindle a flame and create love. But the rest are nothing less to be admired and adored.

"Her nose, which, without doubt, is incomparably well turned, and of a just bigness, gives the rest of her countenance a curious, noble, and lofty air, which is infinitely taking. The tone of her voice is so harmonious and agreeable, that none can hear her speak without being insensibly moved. Her complexion is naturally most lively, and so delicately clear, that I cannot believe that any man who views it, can find fault with its not being somewhat whiter.

"The colour of her hair is shining black, but has nothing of harsh. To see how naturally the locks curl and into what fine buckles they twist themselves, as soon as they are let loose, would make us think, without much help of poetry, that they swell with pride, and, as it were, take a glory in the honour they have to shade so lovely a head. She has the finest turned face that ever limner fancied, or drew with pencil.

"Her careless carriage is the cause that the proportion of her body, though straight and well framed, is nothing in comparison to what it has been in delicacy of shape. I say in comparison, for many would fancy themselves slender enough that were no bigger than she is. This makes her appear lower than she is, though, in truth, she is of as becoming a height as any woman can well be without being ridiculous.

"You shall see her for fifteen days together, in as many several head-dresses, without being able to distinguish which of them suits her face the best; and those

dresses which would make other women look like witches, wonderfully become her; so that no kind of head-gear is unbecoming when she wears it. The same thing is remarkable in her clothes and attire. You must see her lapped in a night-gown to judge with more exactness of it. And it is in this person alone that one truly may say, that Art, though never so cunningly used, can never equal Nature.

"I had almost forgot to speak of her neck, her arms, and hands; but, let it suffice, that they appear to have been made and fitted for the face. And, if we may judge by what we see of what we do not see, we may certainly conclude that her husband, after having been the happiest man, is now the unhappiest in the world. Thus she is made as to her body; and of her mind you may judge by what I am going to say.

"Being some time since at Rome, it was my chance to be speaking of her after the manner I heard her talked of at Paris, that she was a fine young lady, extremely handsome, but extravagantly giddy and inconsiderate, and goodnatured even to folly. An Italian that knew her, hearing me give her such a character, laughed at me after such a manner that I was much surprised at it, but would never let me know why, though I had very earnestly urged him to tell me his reason. As these people dive further into men's natures to learn their true and proper character than we do in France, so this adventure gave me a great curiosity to see her as I passed in my return from Rome to Chambery; though I had never much spoken to her in Paris, but by accident, yet she knew me by sight and by name.

"I was at first surprised not to perceive in her at my coming that eagerness and excessive desire to hear news, which is ordinary to those that live at a distance from court, when they see any that comes from thence. She received me as unconcerned as the most indifferent woman of the country could do; and instead of breaking my head with questions about the people and affairs, which concerned herself, she entertained me only upon the account of my journey, and other like things, wherein none but myself was concerned. I thought myself bound in civility, to put her upon the discourse of her friends and relations in Rome and Paris, since she herself would not start the question. I found that subject was not displeasing, by the attention she gave to what I said upon it. She spoke civilly of all people, and with a great deal of respect of her husband; but this discourse held no longer than I continued it. She rarely asked any questions, and those only which civility seemed to oblige her to.

"Neither could I mark in her either curiosity or inquisitiveness. Wondering at her cold indifference, I had the mind to put her upon the discourse of things I thought most sensible to her, but with the respect that was convenient, touching her fame and her fortune. But I could never hear from her the least complaint. Methought I read something of sadness in her countenance when her reputation was in debate; but of all other matters she seemed to think that blind goddess Fortune a fitter object of her contempt than of her anger. Several persons of quality, of both sexes, came in while I was there; and others, two or three gentlemen, who showed a great deal of wit.

"The ladies began to talk of the news of the town; though the Duchess took neither side's part, she discoursed with the same heat as others did. The subject of their conversation was a dispute that was betwixt two eminent men, which had divided the country in two parties. She entered upon all the particularities which were told of the causes of their division, and weighed every little circumstance with such nicety and insight, as if she had not had twenty millions for her portion. The gentlemen whom I before mentioned, turned the discourse upon another subject, whether she would or not, and talked of state affairs, as most worthy of her attention and contemplation. After every body had passed their verdict, she was obliged in complaisance to speak her's. Those that differed in opinion from her, vigorously urged their reasons: the dispute grew hot. She never defended her opinion but with reasons of which she made those that had not declared themselves against her, her judges. And I assure you, I never heard any speak so well and with so much submission. This is what I remarked in this my first visit; and what I have observed since is as followeth.

"It is not to be discerned of what humour she is; and to speak properly, she has none at all: for every individual person that converses with her has cause to believe she is of his. She is not obstinately bent upon any thing, and it is astonishing to see her quit even those diversions she seems the most pleased with, as freely as if she were weary of them; whence it clearly appears that she is eagerly carried to no one thing, and shews, that this easiness of her temper and manners, does not proceed from levity or fickleness, but rather from a profound indifference for all those various fancies which trouble and disquiet the minds of most people.

"That sweetness and humanity, which, above all, adorn and grace her sex, appear even in her tumultuous pastimes. She is as much mistress of her temper upon the road, or a hunting, as in her closet.

The calmness and equality of her soul is proof against all those occasions which do unsettle and transport all others. She laughs at all those foolery amusements to which others abandon themselves. Some other women have done the same things that she does: but she does them another way.

"All people converse in her house with a familiarity full of ease and respect, the which nevertheless would be to her very incommode and troublesome, if she were less good or less obliging. Though she be naturally very reserved and loves to be retired, yet most of all hours of the day are public hours with her. The most private recesses of her house are as open to those who frequent it, as the most common; and therefore it often happens, that people come even to her very closet-door, when she least expects any. Her domestics, who see none come that are not as much devoted to her as themselves, have insensibly used themselves to let all come in and go out with this kind of frankness and liberty.

"It is to be supposed she would have it so since they permit it, for she is the life and soul of her family; and her understanding, her civility, and her obliging ways are infused into those that compose it, proportionably as each one's capacity is fitted to imitate them. There is no convent where they lead a more regular life than in her women's apartments, whither a page dare not approach upon pain of my lady's displeasure, which is something more terrible than the rod. And for the men, they live together with that peace and union, so much the more commendable, as it is the most rare, and seldom to be found in great men's houses.

"She alone, of all women, can play with her servants without lessening herself. Her presence doth banish their presumption without taking away their freedom; and it is not to be comprehended how she can give them so much awe, using them with so much familiarity, unless it be because she has so much grandeur in her carriage and all her ways. Some wonder she should delight in such sort of pastimes; but whoever will take the pains to look a little nearer will find, that they are not the delight of her heart, and that those she uses, are but so many several ways of dispelling those afflicting thoughts, which the present state of her fortune crowds upon her.

"There is no private gentleman's house more orderly and regular than her's; and as her pension is very inconsiderable to make her subsist, with that honour she does, she must needs be admirably skilled in economy; and her acts of liberality and magnificence shew that her good management proceeds from extraordinary strength of reason. She neither much admires nor despises anything. She never shewed the least disgust against the country nor anything that is in it. She loves the recreations and ceremonies that are in use, as much as if she had been born and bred there. Others would assist at them with marks of complaisance, constraint, and distraction, which would easily distinguish them from the rest of the company; but she comes to them with that familiarity, with that presence and freedom of mind, so unconstrained, so constant, and so agreeable, that a stranger who should chance to see her there, without knowing who she was, would esteem Savoy most happy in the product of so charming a person.

"She avoids speaking of her own greatness and riches with the same care and industry as others seek out occasions to make people sensible of theirs. It depends not on her way of living amongst them, but that the people of that country that see her, may think themselves as great as she; and may think Chambery as noble and as pleasant to live in as Rome or Paris; and her conversation there as agreeable as ever she enjoyed elsewhere. Never did great lady take less care to make her inferiors see the difference that is betwixt her and them; and if they do not forget it, she is the more beholding to their discretion and respect; for she takes little pains to put them in mind of it. One goeth always beyond the idea or opinion she has of herself, even in the most serious applications that are made to her, and she as often takes just and due commendations for gross flattery, as other women take apparent and hypocritical adulations for true and deserved praises.

"It is a great sign that her moderation is sincere, because it is never overstrained, and being urged, will acknowledge truly whatsoever is good or fair in her. She is nothing more unjust than in not allowing what she has of admirable and excellent to be more than passable and ordinary. Though by sad experience she found that there is but very little truth or honesty in the world, and that she has just cause to think ill of all mankind; yet such is her natural goodness that she never applies this her bad opinion to any one in particular; she first excepts from the general rule all those in whom she perceives any appearance of virtue; and is still much surprised when she has reason to believe that they did not deserve that exception.

"When she is obliged to say something she thinks may displease, in order to sweeten and take away the sharpness of the sense, she speaks it so as if she had let it fall by chance; but no one will think he wrongs her, to believe that she says nothing but what she

would say. It is more natural to her to be secret, than to other women not to be so; she is equally skilled both in well speaking and in holding her tongue; though it be a great truth that those who know how to speak well, know not how to hold their tongues; and those that can be silent, can seldom speak very well.

"A gentleman of very good parts and understanding that hath seen her and known her a great while, assured me that she is very much altered from what she has been formerly, inasmuch that you would hardly know her again; but it is very hard to conceive that she should be so changed, without allowing that she must always have had a prodigious stock of the choicest, the rarest, and most lasting natural beauty that ever woman had; and if her misfortunes have contributed anything to her merit, never bad cause produced so good an effect.

A GOOD PRINCE.

LORD Bacon, in the exordium of his *Advancement of Learning*, has expressed so much astonishment at the talents of King James the First, considering that he was "not only a king, but a king born," that the panegyric has been suspected to be a "bold irony." We are inclined to think otherwise, when we reflect that Bacon was a born courtier, as well as a philosopher, and that even his philosophy, especially in a man of his turn of mind, might have found subtle reasons for venerating a being who was in possession of a good portion of the power of this earth. Be this as it may, it is pretty generally felt on all hands, without being a party matter, that, considering the flatteries and other perils that beset a royal education, it is very fortunate for the world when sovereigns turn out well; and therefore, as we profess ourselves, in this Journal, and indeed everywhere else, to be of no party but that of mankind, especially of those who mean well, and shew that they mean it, in whatever ranks of life they are to be found, we shall make no apology to any *well-meaners* for introducing the following account of a prince who has made himself immortal by his treatment of great poets, and who really appears to have no less deserved his immortality by his treatment of all his fellow-creatures. The account is an avowed panegyric; but from all we have read of the Duke of Weimar, it is really a panegyric from the heart, and such as was echoed by all his countrymen.

To the Illustrious Memory of his Royal Highness the Most Noble Prince and Lord, Karl August, Grand Duke of Sachsen-Weimar Eisenach.

When a great and glorious life is closed, it becomes at once our sacred duty and consolation to make its high significancy and its beneficent effects distinctly present to our minds. Thankfully to mark how God's grace bestowed them, and with pious care to engrave such a picture of the departed on our souls as may abide there for ever.

How much more when it was the life of our prince; the father of his land and ours; a life that, from its earliest dawn, lightened upon us like a genial sun, sending forth light and warmth in all directions through long years of activity, diffusing blessings, far beyond the boundaries of his own country;—when it was the life of a prince who conceived as justly as he conscientiously fulfilled the duties of his high calling;—at once intrepid and indefatigable, mild and wise;—who did good to countless multitudes;—of whom it is impossible to decide whether he was greater as a man or as a ruler.

A short and simple statement of his actions, will suffice to recal the career of one whose life was action, and whose fairest monument has long been raised in all hearts.

Sprung from illustrious ancestors, greeted with double joy as the hope of an almost extinct line, the infant ruler was left by the early death of his father, to the care of his incomparable mother. He was trained by the illustrious men she selected—Hermann, Wieland, and Count Görz, to personal sacrifice, to unprejudiced exertion of the judgment, and to love for art and science. Early formed to all the higher and fairer virtues of humanity, in his fourteenth year he won from the great Frederic the declaration, that 'he had never seen a young man of his age who inspired such hopes.' With the fullest confidence could the regent-mother, Amalie, deliver up to him the reins of government on the day on which he completed his eighteenth year.

A few weeks afterwards his union with Princess Luise of Hessen Darmstadt took place;—a union of truly equal souls, so rich in noble fruits, in thousand-fold blessings on the land; so ennobled by interchange thoughts, by devotion in times of need and of peril, by affectionate attachment and kindness, that none ever better deserved the rare privilege of remaining,

at the end of fifty years, the greatest happiness of those it bound together. Under such favourable circumstances did the youthful prince enter upon the arduous duties of his office: but a more arduous task he imposed upon himself,—to strengthen and elevate his powers by liberal, all-sided culture, and to cause the prince to be forgotten in the man.

His heart, susceptible of friendship, had opened itself to a young man full of high aspiring, and profound feeling, whom he had met with at Frankfurt on his way to Paris, before he assumed the reins of government, and whose writings had filled him with lively admiration. He gave him a cordial invitation and soon won, for his whole life, the most faithful servant, and intimate friend—nay, such a crown and ornament to his reign as no other land can boast.

Pursuing his remarkable career of mental development, it appeared to him—whose great object was future self-dependence—that a free, natural mode of life was the highest good, and that hardness of body was a necessary condition of vigour and activity of mind.

At his court all cramping restraints were as much as possible removed; nothing was valued but what betokened freshness and vigour of mind; inquiry, experiment, investigation were set on foot in every direction; the physical sciences were zealously pursued; care was taken to open every possible path to industry and commerce; personal efforts were made to further every useful undertaking; facilities granted to every attempt at improvement, and a refined taste exercised and cultivated. And though many precipitate schemes failed, and even many well grounded expectations were disappointed, yet the active spirit was never discouraged, the clear glance was ever more strongly attracted by objects of zeal and universal utility.

Every fresh acquisition of knowledge or experience was therefore for the good of the whole; all were to participate in every advantage of their prince. He amended and simplified the administration of justice; took further precautions for the security of the poor and unprotected; abolished fines to the church; opened the gloomy walls of the orphan-house, and gave its inmates fresh life and energy in the bosom of domestic comfort. Herder's aid was obtained for the church and public education, and he was as soon as possible placed at their head; public instruction was elevated and extended; normal schools for the formation of a regular supply of country-school-masters were founded; a free-school of design was instituted; art and industry on all sides encouraged.

Similarity of character and pursuits united him closely with the excellent Margrave Karl-Friedrich of Baden, with the noble prince of Dessau, with the frank and upright Duke George of Meiningen. His near connection with the elector of Mainz had a considerable influence on the choice of Karl von Dalberg as coadjutor, with whom he kept up a most confidential and mutually delightful correspondence.

His frequent travels brought him acquainted with the most remarkable statesmen and learned men of foreign countries; he was eager to drink from every source; to profit by every opportunity.

At the breaking out of the disastrous war with France, he joined the Prussian army. As if he were only about to make some new and interesting experiment, his Goethe must be his associate and share his danger and glory. At the siege of Mainz, at the battle of Kaiserslautern, he gave proof of all the virtues of a soldier; every privation was borne with calmness, every opportunity of perilous distinction was eagerly seized.

In 1793 he had to endure the loss of his only and beloved brother, and the destruction of all his hopes of a favourable termination of the war. He returned to his country with dejected heart, but bore with him the unbroken, persevering activity which he now turned with double zeal to the service of his own subjects.

Nothing escaped his attention. He imported finer breeds of cattle and improved implements of all kinds; examined into the state of medical schools and hospitals, of charitable institutions, of means of preservation from fire and other calamities;—wherever human succour could prevail, there was the Duke to be found by day and by night.

The meanest had access to him and a hearing at all times. Intimately acquainted with the necessities of all classes, he excited in all confidence and love, he attracted all irresistibly to him, without restraint or command. An approving look from him was the highest reward, a benevolent wish more than law. Affection, and pleasure in serving him, often rose to passion, and they who had once attached themselves to him could never leave him; a word, a look from him, made them forget every toil. Thus did he reign securely and tranquilly by the simplest means. His power was doubled by the love his philanthropy inspired.

He continued his reforms of the administration of justice. His acute and vigilant eye detected in the circle of his faithful counsellors the modest, profound, and laborious man; fitted to be placed at the head of affairs, and worthy of his entire confidence. In the person of Voigt he found a compensation for the many aged excellent advisers of his earlier reign.

But the Beautiful went hand in hand with the

Useful, and art and science flourished under the prince's liberal care. Under Goethe's immediate direction, the court theatre became the model-school of German dramatic art, and of easy natural acting. Foreigners resorted to Weimar and to Jena where youthful talents unfolded themselves in a secure and free asylum, and often attained to a maturity by which other countries were destined to benefit. This was the most flourishing period of the University of Jena. Its pre-eminence was not produced by wealth, nor by any artificial excitements; it was the observant encouraging eye of the prince which animated and enhanced those glorious efforts, which stimulated those noble aspirations. It was the mild and gentle atmosphere of mental freedom and tolerance of opinion, which made every one feel so perfectly at ease in this narrow space: and as in the great garden of nature, trees and flowers of the most differing kinds unfold in luxuriance side by side, so did we here see the most various nay repugnant spirits, distinguish themselves undisturbed, each in his own province, secure and free under the shield of their high-minded patron.

Under such auspices were fostered a Griesbach, Paulus, Reinhold, Fichte, Schelling,* a Loder, Fenerbach, Thebaut, Schutz, Tieck;†—the Humboldts, Hufeland, Schlegel. Here Schiller found a second home, and, in Karl-August's favour and warm sympathy, fresh stimulus and tranquil leisure for his immortal masterworks. The cosmopolitan Bode, the far-travelled Gore, chose Weimar as their place of rest, here did the noble refugees Montmorency, Mounier, Camille Jordan, and many others, find an asylum and respect amid the storms of the time; the most delightful and refined society surrounded the court, and Weimar, as well as the tranquil valley of Tiefurt (the summer residence of the Duchess-mother), was the hallowed resort of the most distinguished pilgrims from all countries.

In the midst of these peaceful happy times, the youthful hope of the country, the first-born son of the duke, had attained maturity, and had been united to the daughter of an imperial house. But this domestic felicity was soon interrupted by the most fearful calamity. Honour and duty summoned our prince to the unequal combat (1816) which Prussia waged against the overwhelming might of Napoleon; far from the land of his ancestors, at the head of the only yet unconquered *corps d'armée*, the duke had to learn the invasion and pillage of his states—the threatened annihilation of his existence as a sovereign.

But even this tempest of calamity could not shake his heroic firmness. He insisted on remaining at the side of the King of Prussia, and only that monarch's express command—a proof of magnanimity worthy of a king—could induce him to lay down his field-marshal's staff, and to think of returning home and making terms with the conqueror.

On the fearful day after the battle of Jena, his high-hearted wife, by her intrepid firmness and dignified serenity, had impressed the conqueror with a respect and admiration, which was the immediate cause of the salvation of the country, and of the ducal house. He received an envoy from Weimar in his headquarters, and before the end of the year peace was concluded at Posen. Soon after his return home, the duke had to lament the death of his beloved mother; the most afflicting consequence of the war which had disturbed and broken all the springs of that invaluable life.

The investment of his country, the frightful contributions that were levied upon it, lay heavy on his heart; the great military road crossed his dominions; every day demanded new efforts; all the ties of social enjoyment, of the delightful cultivation of art, seemed broken, but the magnitude of the calamity did but redouble his vigour and energy. In the midst of his anxious endeavours to distribute the burthens of war with the greatest equity, and of the caution required by his still very critical political position, the most provident thought for the benefit and education of his people was never for a moment laid aside; measures for the simplification and improvement of the institutions of the country were never for a moment suspended. The hitherto divided states of Weimar and Eisenach were united under more similar constitutional forms; the Land-rathe (councils of the country) were instituted with truly paternal views; new municipal systems, calculated to give energy and independence to the citizens, were introduced, and great ameliorations were made in the state of the law by the establishment of local criminal courts and of an improved penal system.

Amid the pressure of these lowering times the duke preserved his open clear glance and his tranquil temper, and constantly opposed a dignified demeanour to the often insolent demands of foreign domination. No feeling of personal alarm could restrain him from affording to his Prussian brothers-in-arms, a refuge and a home, and the expressed approbation and encouragement of a frank and noble heart. His situation with regard to Napoleon thus became more and more critical, especially when after his disastrous reverses in Russia, the emperor took the field for a fresh campaign (1813) in our valleys and on our

frontiers, with mistrust and resentment against the most high-spirited of German princes in his heart, and with many a threat of violent measures on his tongue. But Providence preserved our sovereign to us. He escaped from the battle of Leipsig, as by a miracle. His heart beat high when he was greeted by the conquering monarchs on their visit to Weimar, as one of the saviours of Germany; he instantly joined the great confederation, and marched at the head of the third *corps d'armée*, to which his own brave subjects and all the Saxon troops were attached, into the Netherlands. Immediately after the conquest of Paris he hastened thither, and while he sedulously attended to the political interests of his country, devoted himself with his usual zeal to science and art. A visit to England afforded him the long desired opportunity of seeing industry and mechanical skill carried to their highest pitch. At his return (Sept. 1814) the triumph dearest to his heart awaited him,—the thousand voiced joyous acclamations of his people.

Returning home with a considerable accession of territory, he immediately resolved to place the faithful servants and assistants of his government in situations of more extended activity and higher dignity, and thus to render them sharers of his own prosperity. He made the wisest arrangement in his ministry; introduced various useful reforms, and on the birthday of his noble consort, his most valued servants of all classes and ranks received from his own hand the first honourable decorations as proof of his approbation. Having thus satisfied the desires of his generous heart, he turned his whole mind to the construction of a fundamental law on the constitution and rights of the states (*Land stände*), and thus secured to his people the most solid guarantee for good government and civil freedom.

Taxation was rendered more uniform and equal; public credit raised and established; the peasant delivered from the oppressive remains of feudalism; burthens on landed property lightened, and trade freed from many vexatious restraints.

His perseverance conquered every obstacle that was opposed to the establishment of a supreme court of appeal. (*Ober-Appellations-Gericht*) in Jena; common to the dominions of all the Saxon houses of the Ernestine line.*

In a critical period of political excitement and exaggerated demands, among the youth of the German universities his admirable sense led him to combine firmness with indulgence.†

He did not desist till he had improved the condition of every sort of establishment for education, from the university to the meanest village school, both as to the funds and the course of instruction. He was also assiduous in completing lines of roads, as means of promoting intercourse between all his subjects.

He was continually occupied with the consideration how the burthens caused by the war could be reduced to their minimum, and, after numerous experiments, he succeeded in leaving a most beneficent example how much may be accomplished with how little. By a judicious change of the portion of the population bearing arms, he made nine-tenths of the soldiery available for agriculture and mechanical employments.

His generous temper delighted in constant sympathy with the personal condition and fortunes of all who came in contact with him: after long years he retained a grateful recollection of every pleasant hour, of every little service; and testified this recollection to children and children's children.

Such a temper secured him respect and love wherever he went. Every foreign land was his home. His residence in Milan (1817) was commemorated by a medal. "*Il principe uomo*" was the simple and beautiful title which accompanied him in his travels.

The horizon of his life gradually became brighter and more cloudless; the tranquil enjoyment of the fruits of his progress in the arts and sciences, in all of which he took a lively interest, became more pure and deep-felt; gleams of the high intents and destinies of creation broke with increased brightness on his inquiring mind, from nature and from history; chemistry and botany peculiarly attracted him; his mild spirit felt itself at home amid the tranquil beauties and fresh bounties of the vegetable world. He collected around him the plants of every part of the world, watched the secrets of their growth with constant and tender ease, and returned refreshed to the cares of government.

Thus was that free, natural life, after which he had striven in his early years, at the expense of considerable sacrifices of care and comfort, now granted to him in a fairer and more spiritual sense. He often stayed at Wilhelmsthat in the beauty and serenity of summer, assembling around him tried friends and accomplished guests; but even from this retreat he conducted all the affairs of his government, and on hill and valley, in field and forest, there was not a

* i. e. descended from Elector Ernst, son of Friedrich der Sanctmuthig, b. 1441.—*Trans.*

† This refers to his conduct on occasion of the famous festival on the Wartburg, concerning which he and his ministers seem to have judged with an indulgent good sense, very favourably contrasted with the alarm and severity of the great powers.—*Trans.*

* Philosophers and Philologists.

† Jurists.

spot to be found which did not share his affectionate cares.

Amidst this constant alternation of solicitude and of action, of exertion and dignified enjoyment, the day of the celebration of the fiftieth year of his reign approached. Averse from all ostentation, he wished to withdraw from it, but he was obliged to yield to the loud wishes of his people. What a festival of joyous gratitude of deep emotion did he then witness, heightened by the marked sympathies of other countries.

Inspired by his own spirit, towns, villages, and individuals, rivalled each other in their efforts to hallow this day by institutions which might render it blessed to contemporaries and posterity. A well-designed medal was presented to him by his most attached servants, and the establishment of the excellent burgher schools at Weimar and Eisenach, as well as of many other new beneficent institutions, confirmed that consciousness of having laboured for the civilization of the remotest generations, which was his ever present reward. And thus may it truly be said of him, that even while he tarried among us, he enjoyed the fairest and noblest immortality.

The oldest and most confidential of his servants stood in unchanged freshness by his side. He entered with ardour into all arrangements for consecrating a second festival to this honoured friend, (7th November, 1825.) Singular and rich as had been the blessedness of such a life, long union must be its reward. He caused a gold medal to be struck, on which his own likeness and that of his noble consort were united with that of Goethe, and as the three had blended their light through life in one constellation, one common jubilee embraced their golden day of honour.

His second son returned from America in health and safety, and enriched with knowledge and experience.* A triple band of grand-children bloomed around the beloved ruler; his eldest daughter was married to the son of the King of Prussia, and thus he saw the early ties of blood and of affection which had bound him through life to the destinies of the noble house of Hohenzollern, secured to his heart's content.

He was spared to bless even a great grandson, whose birth he looked upon as an additional reason for visiting Berlin. Anxieties, but too well justified by the doubtful state of his health, gave rise to the most pressing entreaties that he would not attempt the journey, and many a gloomy presentiment oppressed his people, but, unused to spare his valuable life, and to repress that activity which was the element of his being, he disregarded all warnings. At first he appeared to overcome all the fatigues of the journey. Received most affectionately by the king and the royal family, greeted with reverence and honour by all, he enjoyed the noblest and purest pleasure of his heart; when, on his return, while the memory and relish of these delightful hours was yet on his mind, the angel of death overtook him, and gently and suddenly called him, without pain or struggle, to his better home. He died at Gratz, near Torgau.

Who was more worthy of such a death than he! Even in the deep unutterable grief which oppressed the noble partner of his life and reign, and all his family, which depressed us all, and made us deplore the loss of his presence as an irremediable calamity, even at his hallowed tomb, we say, as Goethe said at the grave of his incomparable mother,—"This is the prerogative of the noblest natures, that their departing to higher regions exercises a no less blessed influence than did their abode on earth; that they lighten us from above like stars by which to steer our course, often interrupted by storms; that those to whom we turned in life as the Beneficent, the Helpful, now attract our longing, aspiring glance as the Perfected, the Blessed.

ANECDOTE OF A HIGHWAYMAN, FOUNDED ON FACT.

(From the "Lounger's Common Place Book.")

A clergyman on his way from London to the parish in which he resided, within twenty miles of the metropolis, as the evening was closing, overtook a traveller on horseback, and as the road had been long notorious for frequent robberies, begged leave to join company, which was agreed to.

The appearance of the stranger, half-suppressed sighs, and a rooted melancholy stamped on his countenance, against which he seemed to be ineffectually struggling, interested the old gentleman in his favour. They conversed on various subjects, and soon dissipated that unsocial reserve, which has sometimes been considered the characteristic mark of an Englishman. Politics, the weather, and the danger of travelling near London at night, with other extemporaneous topics of new acquaintance, were successively the subject of their conversation. "I am surprised," said the ecclesiastic, "that any reasonable being, should expose himself to the infamy and destruction which sooner or later always follow the desperate adven-

tures of a highwayman; and my astonishment at the infatuation increases when I recollect several instances of wanderers in this dangerous path, who were men of sound intellect, and, previous to the fatal act, of sober life and conversation; they must have known that in this our Christian country, there were inexhaustible resources of pity and relief, in the hands and hearts of the charitable and humane, many of whom make it the business of their lives, to seek for, and assist real distress in any form."

"I agree to the truth of your description generally speaking," replied the traveller; "the princely revenues and bulky magnificence of our various public hospitals; the vast subscriptions on every occasion of general calamity or individual distress; the thousands, and tens of thousands, fed, clothed, and instructed; the Gallic fugitives, and the shoals of exiles from every part of the continent, confirm the justice of your panegyrics on British benevolence and hospitality; but there is a species of suffering, which shrinking from public notice, and brooding in silence over its sorrows, often escapes the benignant, but rapid glance of modern charity. There are spirits, Sir," continued the stranger, in an elevated tone of voice, his eyes flashing at the moment with ferocious pride, and tortured sensibility, "there are spirits which would rather perish by inches than attempt to awaken the generosity, or expose themselves to the neglect or contempt of the giddy unthinking part of mankind;—spirits, Sir, which would not hesitate a moment in flying for refuge in instant death, in order to evade the arrows of misfortune, and conclude their own miseries, but who cannot see a wife, a child, or a parent, bereft of the necessities of life, without resolving, at any risk, to alleviate their difficulties? There is a species of distress which does not always strike the wealthy, which they cannot often find out, and which prudent men when they do see it often laugh at and revile; they tell the sufferer that he is poor and miserable only because he deserves to be so; that while he has legs to support him and arms able to work, he has no right to expect relief; that it would be injustice and bad policy to bestow on imaginary poverty, refined indolence, and culpable affectation, the meed due only to irretrievable calamity and indigent infirmity. Your appearance, Sir, from the moment you approached me, and your conversation since, have strongly prepossessed me in your favour, and I am resolved, without fear or reserve, to inform you of a secret, which I never meant should have passed my lips; it will account for that anxiety and dejection, which cannot have escaped your observation. I am a wretched being of that class, which, as I have just said, the gay overlook, the prudent censure, and the ignorant despise; I was reduced by a union of folly and misfortune, from ease and affluence, to a total deprivation of the means of existence; I cannot dig; I am ashamed to beg; but this is the least part of my affliction, as one desperate, (I do not say justifiable) step, would at once remove me from the evils I endure; but the pangs of want are aggravated by the bitter reflexion, that a beloved wife, an aged parent, and three lovely children are involved in the same ruin. Too proud to appeal to the humanity, I resolved to work upon the fears of mankind, and I have for some time supported my family by force of arms. I confess without scruple that to procure a purse at all events is the business of my present journey—be not alarmed, Sir, at the avowal," cried the stranger, seeing the clergyman somewhat terrified at his words, "be not alarmed; I would cut off my right hand rather than abuse the confidence you have placed in me. It is on individuals of a very different description that I mean to raise contributions; on the luxurious, the wealthy, and the indolent, who parting with a little loose cash are deprived of only a minute portion of their superfluity which they would otherwise dissipate in folly or vice."

The divine, somewhat recovered from his embarrassment, now ventured to speak.

"I cannot by any means be prevailed on to agree to your positions, nor can I, as a minister of the gospel, refrain from warning you against the fatal conclusions you draw from them; such is the discriminating sense, such the enlightened philanthropic spirit, and such the persevering benevolence of the times, that I am convinced there is no species of distress, however it may recede from public view, or bury itself in obscurity, that can escape the sharp sighted optics of English humanity. Not content with conferring favours on humble applicants, it is one of the most prominent features of the present day to form societies, for the express purpose of exploring the darkest recesses of human misery; no grievance properly explained and well authenticated, is suffered to go unredressed;—remove all possibility of imposition; and to know calamity in England, is to remove it. But allowing for arguments sake that the case was otherwise; on what principle of religion or right reason, are you authorised, rash and mistaken man, to desert the post at which providence placed you, and at the first appearance of difficulty or disaster, forgetting duty, interest, friendship, and every social tie, insolently to rush into the presence of your creator, your hands reeking with your own blood; and murder most foul, vile, and unnatural, branded on your cheeks, in defiance of divine pre-

cepts, and in direct violation of that principle, which he has so wisely and so mercifully implanted in your breast." The good man would have proceeded; but his companion seeing, as the moonlight shone through the parting clouds, a post-chaise ascending the hill, thus interrupted him:—

"To know calamity is to relieve it, if I rightly understood you, is one of your positions?"—"It is."—"An opportunity for putting to the test the truth of your assertion, now offers itself," said the stranger; "the carriage which is coming is, in fact, what I have several hours been expecting. The owner of it is a rich man, and if my information be correct, has a considerable sum of money with him: I will without exaggeration or reserve, explain my situation to him; according to your honourable, but in my mind, romantic and unfounded doctrine, I will endeavour to prevail on his reason to acknowledge the justness of my claims, and try to interest his feeling to relieve my distress."

The trier of this dangerous and unlawful experiment, immediately turned his horse, and descending the hill, in a few minutes met the gentleman's carriage. Requesting the driver to stop, he advanced to the door, without any appearance of violence, and, in a gentle tone of voice, thus addressed the person who was in it: "Sir, the urgency of my wants must be an apology for this abrupt application: myself, my wife, and an infant family, are in want of support, our accustomed resources have vanished; you are plentifully supplied with the means, have you the inclination effectually to serve me?"

The gentleman, considering what he said as the common-place cant of mendicant imposture, by which the hearts of the frequenters of London are so naturally, but too indiscriminately hardened, sometimes against the wailings of real misery, yet not able wholly to suppress those feelings which an indiscriminate address had awakened, twisted all his loose silver into a paper, gave it to the petitioner, and ordered the post-boy to drive on. "This trifle, I am sorry to say," replied the illicit collector, "is by no means adequate to the pressure I feel; it will not provide for my family a week. A fifty-pound bank note, which will not be missed in your abundance, would remove all my difficulties, and give me time to apply to a wealthy relation, who lives in another kingdom. If you can prevail on yourself to afford me this timely assistance, I will give you my name and address, to a place, where you will see positive proof that your benevolence has not been imposed on, and I may possibly recover by diligence, and good friends, my customary place in society."

"You are troublesome, ungrateful, and impertinent," said the gentleman, somewhat irritated; "can you suppose I am to be duped by so shallow an artifice, can you expect me to give so serious a sum to a man whose face I never saw before, and probably shall never see again; I will do no such thing; you are mistaken in your man: post-boy, I insist on it, that you drive on directly." Let him do it at his peril! cried the robber, raising his voice and presenting a double barrelled pistol: "stir not an inch; before we part I must have your money or your life. There is in your portmanteau that which will relieve all my wants; deliver me instantly the key; your pocket-book which I see you have dropped to the bottom of your chaise, must with its contents be also surrendered. Driver, alight directly, and if you have any regard for your safety, stand steadily at the heads of your horses, throw aside your whip, turn your back to the carriage, and unless you wish for a slug through your head, take not the least notice of anything that is doing." The key of the portmanteau was produced, the cords and straps divided with a knife, and three hundred guineas, in two yellow canvass bags were conveyed to the pockets of the highwayman. Having amply supplied his pecuniary wants, the marauder did not neglect to take the necessary means for insuring his own safety; cutting pieces from the cord which had secured the baggage, he tied the hands and feet of the gentleman and the post-boy, placed them in the chaise, then taking the harness from the horses, he let them loose on the heath, remounted, and quickly rejoined the clergyman, to whom he gave a circumstantial account of the whole transaction; declared himself confirmed in his system, spurred his horse, and wishing him a good night, was in a few minutes out of his sight. The old gentleman soon reached his house, reflecting with a heavy heart on the circumstances of the evening; the stranger so obstinately persisting in a theory so opposite to all laws, human and divine, and defending violence by argument, disordered his feelings, and kept him awake more than half the night. Rising early, he walked to the seat of his brother, a magistrate, who resided in a neighbouring village, to whom he related the adventure of the preceding night. They resolved, assisted by a gentleman who presided at one of the public offices, to whom the ecclesiastic immediately wrote, to watch the progress of the unhappy man, whose destruction they saw was certain. It was not long before what they dreaded came to pass; in a few posts they received a letter from their friend in London, informing them, that by means of one of the bank-notes in the pocket-book, the robber had been detected, taken into custody, and conveyed to prison. So vigorous, indeed, were

* Prince Bernhard, whose "Travels in America" are well known.—*Trans.*

the means pursued, and so rapid the march of justice, in consequence of the Judges of the Assize being sitting at the moment of the offender's apprehension, that an indictment was prepared, the bill found, and the culprit actually arraigned at the bar, by the time the clergyman was able to reach town. He hurried into court, anxious to be convinced that the prisoner at the bar was the companion of his nocturnal journey, in whose fate he felt himself so strangely interested. Pressing with some difficulty through the crowd he instantly recognized him; and, to add to the sorrow he felt, a verdict of guilty, in consequence of evidence which it was impossible to resist, was pronounced against him, at the moment of entering. The worthy priest was not able to suppress or conceal his emotions at beholding a young man, of pleasing person and manners, and of a good understanding, who might have been an ornament to his country, the delight and solace of his family, thus cut off in the prime of life, by adhering to a system radically preposterous and unwarrantable. Rushing from the afflicting scene, he relieved himself by a shower of tears. The criminal soon after suffered an ignominious death. But the worthy clergyman did not let his feelings make him forget his duty. He considered virtue as something more than a well-sounded period, or an harmonious flow of words, and recollecting that the deceased had left a mother, widow, and children, he hastened to them, and became a parent to the fatherless, promoting, and largely contributing to a subscription in their favour. In exercising this kind office, he procured further information concerning this unhappy man; he found that he was the son of an industrious and successful mechanic, who had realized a small fortune by frugality and perseverance; but instigated by the vanity or folly of his wife, and perhaps glad to make that an excuse for indulging his own, he had yielded in an unlucky moment to the infatuation of the times. He gave his eldest son a genteel and expensive education, that pernicious weakness in large families of small fortune; he taught him to despise that humble, but honest art, which had raised his family from indigence; the fabrication of some one part of the complex machinery of a watch, in the formation of which human industry is divided into so many separate and distinct branches, while the putting the whole together and superintending its movements, constitutes another reputable employment. The young man was thus disqualified for treading in the footsteps of his father, which would have led him by the paths of duty and regularity, to health of body, peace of mind, and competency: he became that wretchedest of all beings, an accomplished gentleman without fortune, without any intellectual or material dexterity, which would enable him to procure one; a class of men to whom the gaming-tables, or the road, afford a common last resource. He had been taught to spend, and actually had spent thousands, but had not been initiated in the more mercenary art of earning his dinner. But this was not the whole of the evil; in frivolous or vicious pursuits, he had dissipated a large portion of that property, which, at his father's death, ought to have been equally divided among himself, his brothers, and sister. The miserable parent felt, when it was too late, the effects of his mistake, and injudicious partiality. In the decline of life he was deprived of those little indulgences, those sweet reliefs of age and pain to which honest industry is fairly entitled. This fatal error, of which I believe every person who peruses this page can produce numerous instances, embittered the old man's declining days with unavailing repentance, and hurried his son into a disgraceful death.

LA SORTILEGA; OR, THE CHARMED RING.

(From *Lays and Legends of Spain*.)

In the province of Andalusia there lived a rich and noble cavalier, named Don Remigio de la Torre, who had to wife Donna Ines Pauda, the most beautiful woman in all the land. Long and happily they lived together; so that their felicity had become a byword among their neighbours, and they were held up as an example to all young persons entering into the blessed state of matrimony. Indeed neither tongue nor pen can describe how happily they were consoled.

One day, as they sat together in the lady's bower, their talk turned upon death. The thoughts of a possible separation made each feel melancholy, and they remained silent for some time. At last Donna Ines said,

"If you should die, my love, I am sure I should die too."

Don Remigio kissed her eyes, which were full of tears, and pressed her to his bosom.

"What should I do," murmured he, half choked with his imaginary sorrow, "if you left me alone in this bleak world?"

They kissed and comforted each other; and soon the momentary melancholy they had experienced was absorbed in sentiments of increased affection. However, it was agreed between them that the survivor

should watch nine successive nights in the sepulchre of the deceased, with the coffin opened and the face of the corpse uncovered; and that during that vigil which was to commence an hour before midnight, and terminate an hour before dawn, his or her eyes should never for a moment be taken off the corpse.

Time fled, and a period was about to be put to their happiness. In one single week from the day on which this conversation occurred, Donna Ines was attacked with a deadly malady. Three days more, and she departed this life to the unspeakable sorrow of her agonized husband. Her funeral was celebrated with every possible pomp and magnificence. All the nobility and clergy of the neighbouring country accompanied the body, which was deposited in an old vault, at a short distance from the castle of Don Remigio, and which had been used by his ancestors since the days of Pilayo. The concourse then departed to their several homes, and the disconsolate husband retired to his chamber.

An hour before midnight according to his compact with the deceased, he entered the vault in which lay the earthly remains of all that he had loved in the world. In pursuance of his plighted word, he proceeded to unfasten the coffin lid, and to uncover the face of his beloved Ines. This done, he fell on his knees beside her, and alternately kissing her cold lips, eyes, and cheeks, prayed aloud, in the most fervent strain, for the repose of her soul.

Midnight, which was announced by the giant bell, found him engaged in this occupation. Just as the last stroke of the bell reverberated in his ear, his attention was attracted by a sudden noise at the other side of the vault. He started back in momentary affright, as an enormous serpent, with eyes like fire, and scales sparkling like polished steel, sprung forward to attack him. But his dismay was but momentary,—he stepped aside instantly—the serpent shot past him, and before the reptile could again renew the attack, Remigio smote it with his trusty sword, and, behold, in its place, he perceived a beautiful ring glittering with jewels, lying on a written scroll of paper, the letters inscribed on which were of burnished gold. Don Remigio approached and took the ring and the scroll; on the latter he read, in glowing characters, the following verse:

Take this ring and straight apply it
To the corpse's lips, that lieth
In the sleep of death so quiet;
Quick to life you'll bring her by it,
In the blessed Trine's name try it.

While he read these lines the air seemed to resound with strains of wild harmonious music. When he had finished he did not delay a moment in trying the means for the recovery of his beloved wife from the grave, which had been so strangely revealed to him.

"In the name of the Blessed Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit," said he, touching at the same time the corpse's pale cold lips with the talisman, "arise, and live once more."

Ines arose as if from a sleep.

"My beloved wife!"—"My beloved husband." They could say no more for some minutes, so absorbed were they with each other. At last tears came to their relief, and they wept in joy until the day broke, and they left the sepulchre together.

Unconscious in the fullness of their happiness whither they went, they wandered unwittingly the whole morning, until at noon they found themselves on a broad beech, the sands of which shone like diamonds in the sun; and the sea before them. They sat down at the water edge, and Don Remigio exhausted from contending emotions, laid his head on his lady's lap, and took his siesta while she watched over him as a mother over her child.

But while he continued in this deep sleep a gallant barque, with all her sails set, neared the shore, the captain, a young man of most comely presence, leaped from her deck, beside Donna Ines.

"Fair Lady," said he, enamoured at the first glimpse of her extreme beauty, "what dost thou here in a place of such danger. Know ye not that this cave is the resort of Moorish Zebiques; and that if they find you here they will carry you off to captivity."

Don Remigio slept on, and heard not a word of this discourse. Donna Ines imperceptibly shifted his head from her lap, until at last she laid it on a large stone which was beside them.

"Leave your drowsy, ungallant companion," continued the captain, "and come with me on board my brave barque. I love you more than I may say. We will go to my home in a distant country, and you shall be my bride, and mistress of all my broad lands. Come, sweetest, come, you shall know neither fear nor sorrow; but your life shall be as one long sunny day of delight."

The lady hesitated a moment, and looked at her husband; she then rose, averted her head, put forth her hand to her seducer, and stepped on board his barque. A fair wind sprung up, the mariners bent on their oars,—the sails filled, and bellied in the breeze, and in a very short period Ines and her new over were out of sight of land.

When Don Remigio awoke and missed his wife, he stormed and raved like a man distracted. Now he

thought she might have been carried off by the Moors, and he cursed his untoward drowsiness; anon, he deemed that she had returned home, and left him to find his way as he best could; but his good opinion of himself did not suffer him to entertain this thought for more than a moment; and at last he imagined that it might be all nothing more than a dream. Filled with this idea he sped back to the sepulchre; but he found the door open, and only the sere cloths, of which he had divested the body of Ines, in the coffin. His wife was not there, and he was convinced. He then hastened home.

Arrived at the castle, he called to his servants, and anxiously inquired whether his wife had returned? But the servants, astonished beyond measure, one and all answered in the negative.

"What does our master mean?" inquired the hoary Castellan. "I have nursed him on my knee when a child—I have shared in his sports when a boy—I have waited and watched for him, a man—and never before heard I such a question from him."

But Don Remigio, who had returned from an unsuccessful search in his lady's bower, under the impression that she might have entered the castle unheeded by his servants, explained to them the cause of his question; and they all stood aghast with horror and surprise at the strangeness of the tale.

"Moreover," said he, "I mean to leave my castle to-morrow, never, perhaps, to return again; so make speed for my departure. Stay you here, however, and never want support, while my demesnes afford it. Before the dawn I shall depart, and let no one on his peril seek for me or speak of me after I shall have gone."

The menials bowed their heads; they were filled with grief, for he was a good and a kind master. They then went to eat their dinners and discuss his project, as far as they could conjecture its significance. The hoary Castellan was so sad that he retired to his ward-room—got intoxicated, and deranged his stomach for an entire week on the strength of his sorrow.

Before the dawn, Don Remigio had departed from the hall of his fathers disguised as a mendicant, but with a large sum of money and many valuable jewels concealed about his person. Two day and two nights he journeyed thus, in pursuance to a vow he had made previous to his setting out, of subsisting only on the alms of the pious, until he once more found his beloved wife, he eat only the bread of charity. On the evening of the third day he fell in with a poor fellow equipped at all points like himself, and also bound like him on an eleemosynary expedition, with this difference, that was not it from inclination, but from necessity he undertook it. Short time sufficed to make these companions in misfortune known to each other, for there are not many formalities among the poor; and misery, says the old saw, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

Don Remigio proposed that they should join company, a proposal which the beggar most readily agreed to, since his partner renounced all claims to further share in the alms they received, than was absolutely necessary to his support; this done, they journeyed on together.

Many long days, and many weary miles did they wander on, they knew not whither. Many a kind heart did they meet in their course, many an unkind one—the kind hearts preponderated, and they were principally women. In the meanwhile, each had manifold opportunities of knowing the other. At length, one sultry afternoon, as they lay in the shade of a cork-tree, high in the Sierra Morena mountains, Remigio's companion earnestly inquired of him, whither he was going? Remigio moved by the poor fellow's sympathy told him all. This drew closer the bonds of friendship with which they had become insensibly attached to each other; and in reply to a suggestion of the former that he might leave him if he chose, he said he would follow him while he had life and his permission. When the air cooled they pursued their journey together.

Days and days, and leagues and leagues they wandered on, over mountains and rivers, through valleys and gardens, on—on, until they arrived at last at a great city, fatigued, foot-sore, and anxious for a little repose after their toils. Here they made up their minds to remain and rest for a week. It would seem as if this resolve were the inspiration of some protecting spirit. They had been there but two days, when going to mass on the third, which was Sunday, they learned from their brethren in misery, whom they had met with at the church doors in crowds, that the nuptials of a great lord of the land with a beautiful Andalusian lady, were to take place the same day, and that an entertainment was to be given in the court-yard of his palace to all the mendicants of the city and its vicinity. After mass was over, they joined company with their brother beggars, proceeded to the palace of the great lord, and placed themselves at one of the long tables which were laid out in the court-yard, covered with wholesome and savoury food.

Seated behind the *jalousies* in her balcony, the Andalusian lady and her lord, saw with curiosity, the concourse of mendicants to the banquet provided for

them. All of a sudden the lady started back, uttered a half-suppressed shriek, and grew deadly pale.

"What ails you, my love," asked the lord, in the utmost alarm.

"My husband—my own husband," she exclaimed, her straining eye-balls almost starting from her head.

"You are mad," said her lord, half in anger, and half in jest.

"My husband!" she exclaimed. "See, he is sitting at yon table disguised as a mendicant. Look, look; oh God! what shall I do." The mendicant looked up, and saw her and fell backwards, for the Andalusian lady was poor Remigio's ungrateful wife.

The lord of the castle looked also, and seeing that Remigio was no common mendicant, believed what the Andalusian lady had spoken.

"Take your lady to her chamber," said he to her maiden, who had entered at his call, "and send Guzman to me."

Guzman came, and after conversing apart with his lord, received a purse of money and descended to the court-yard of the castle, while the bridegroom sought the chamber of his lady.

"Tis all arranged," said he, "he shall trouble us no longer. He then told her his scheme for getting rid of her husband without violence on his part, and with due observance of every form of law. There was a statute in force in that city that visited with the punishment of death all those who stole the sum of ten ducats or any thing over it.

"I have sent Guzman," said he, "to conceal a purse to that amount on his person; Guzman will do the business dexterously I warrant you, for he was once a brigand; we shall then have the fool tried, and I will deal with him accordingly. That will not be our fault."

"No," said the Andalusian lady: "No, it will not be our fault, it will be all Guzman's."

Guzman meanwhile had executed his commission; under the pretence of helping the mendicant from his swoon, he concealed the purse in the large sleeve of the beggar's garb. In a few minutes he made an outcry, said he was robbed of ten ducats in a purse—and commanded the castle gates to be shut. A search was immediately begun among the beggars. It came to Remigio's turn to be searched last, when, just as they touched him, out fell the purse from his sleeve, where it had been hid by the treacherous Guzman.

This was all Guzman wanted. So they hurried poor Remigio before the lord of the castle for judgment. After a mock trial, which was secretly witnessed by his wife, concealed behind the judgment seat, Remigio was condemned to death. From the audience-chamber he was quietly transferred to the castle chapel; and then left to prepare himself for eternity, while the gibbet on which he was to be hanged was getting ready.

Innocent of all guilt, and sad at the idea of such a fate, poor Remigio remained in the castle chapel during the period preceding the time appointed for his execution. However, the godly assistance of his confessor, reconciled him in some degree to death, and he resigned himself ultimately to his departure from a world where, after all, he had latterly experienced nothing but misery and misfortune. The confessor shrieved him and sained him; and then took his leave. At this juncture Remigio bethought him of the talisman. He made up his mind at once to the course he should pursue; and taking leave of his confessor, he prayed him as a final favour, that he would seek out his brother mendicant, and send him to him without delay.

"*Vulgate* Dios, my son," said the confessor, "thy will shall be done." The confessor departed, and in a short time the beggar arrived.

"Brother," said Remigio, "you have proved yourself a real friend; will you do me one favour after I die?"

The beggar replied that he would if it were in his power.

"Take this ring then," said Remigio, giving him the charmed circlet; "take also this purse, which contains all my money. When I am removed from the gallows touch you at midnight my lips with the middle stone of the ring, in the name of the Blessed Trinity, and keep the contents of the purse for yourself when you have done so.

The mendicant promised all that was required of him, and left the chapel, taking with him the ring and the purse.

In a few minutes afterwards the executioners came in, and took Remigio to the gibbet, where they hung him at once. When he was dead they cut him down and carried his corpse to the castle chapel; there, leaving it on the steps of the altar until morning, they departed.

At midnight, the mendicant, faithfully to his promise, stole into the chapel on tip-toe, sadly frightened at the solemnity and singularity of the scene in which he was to perform a part.

"In the name of the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit," said he, as with the charmed ring he touched the lips of the corpse.

That which was the corse at once stood up, and the mendicant swooned from fear on the floor of the chapel.

"Fear nothing," said Don Remigio; "follow me; all is right."

They left the city together in the silence of the night; and left the city together rejoicing in the darkness. Days on days, and nights on nights they wandered on, until at last they came to the capital city of the kingdom. Just as they entered the gates they heard a herald proclaim the sore illness of the king, and offer of a third of the realm to whoever would cure him of his grievous malady.

"Come," said Remigio, who had resumed possession of the talisman, to his mendicant companion, "I'll go and cure the king."

His companion, who now of course, nothing doubted his ability, did as he desired. They proceeded together to the royal palace. After considerable difficulty, they obtained access to the monarch; and Remigio at once proposed to make him whole again. The king wished him to try the experiment in the presence of his council; but this he would not consent to. The chamber was accordingly cleared of all but the patient and his new physician. After a few words of good cheer to the dying monarch, Remigio touched his lips with the ring, and bade him to be healed in the name of the Blessed Trinity. He arose at once, sound in mind and body, from the couch in which he had lain in sorrow and pain for many long years. The gratitude of the monarch had no bounds. At the end of five days he summoned Remigio before him; and in the presence of his council proceeded to partition his kingdom according to the proclamation made by the royal herald. But Remigio, who had been lodged in the palace during that period would not hear of this; and he simply asked to be made commandant and governor of the city in which he had, through the instrumentality of his wife and her gallant, suffered so much in mind and body. This the king ceded to at once, and entertained him sumptuously till his departure.

Accompanied by a magnificent cavalcade, and followed by a sumptuous retinue he set out for this city. After some days pleasant travel he reached it in safety. Arrived there, he immediately convoked the nobility and gentry, and invited their wives and daughters to accompany them to a great entertainment to be given in his palace. They all hastened to the scene of festivity. Among them, the causes of his misery, were not the slowest in coming.

What must have been his feelings at seeing his wife and her lover, may be better guessed than described. However, he made a great shew of kindness to them, and especially singled out his wife, to whom he was completely unknown, as the object of his particular attention. He seated her and her lord beside him, and induced her by degrees to relate to him her whole history. She omitted, however, those portions of it which reflected on her own character, and threw all the blame of her former husband's death on her lord. At last he discovered himself to her.

"Do you know me?" cried he, in a voice like thunder—"Look, I am your much injured husband!"

She fell down in a swoon, the whole company was in consternation, for no one knew the cause. At last Remigio cleared up the mystery by calling in his guards; and after ordering them to carry the two delinquents off to prison, related to his nobles the nature of their offence, and the whole of his own history. Every one pitied him, and approved of his proceedings.

Next day they were put on their trial, and condemned to be hanged first and to be beheaded afterwards. Guzman was the principal witness against them. At the time appointed they were accordingly executed, and you may be sure Remigio did not apply the ring to the mouth of either. Guzman was sent to the quick-silver mines. Their heads were set on the principal gates of the city, where they remained at the time that the story was written.

TABLE-TALK.

Reproof.—Choose a fit time for that reproof which effective benevolence demands. If a failure have taken place on the part of any individual toward you avoid mentioning it at the moment, for nothing you can say will cause that not to have happened which has happened. The tendency of your observation will naturally and necessarily be to produce suffering on his part, and that ill humour towards you which is the result of his suffering. If a similar occasion is likely to occur, then and then only, just before the occasion, if you see a prospect that your interposition will be of use, is the time for recalling to his mind the former failure. The effect will thus be influential at the moment when it is wanted, and all the intermediate suffering will be spared. But remember, that of useless reproof pure evil is the consequence,—evil certain and considerable, in the humiliation of the person reproofed,—evil contingent, in the loss of his amity, and the exposure to his enmity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to postpone various extracts which we had intended to make this week from the communications, in prose and verse, of our correspondents; and shall probably be compelled to do so till the week after next. Meantime, we insert in this place, as the fittest for it, the letter we promised which was addressed by Goethe "To the Youthful Poets of Germany."

"But too frequently are German poems sent to me with a wish that I would not only criticize the work, but give my thoughts on the true poetical vocation of the poet. However flattered I may be by such marks of confidence, it is impossible for me to give a suitable reply in writing to each of these applications;—it would, indeed, be difficult enough to answer them by word of mouth. As, however, these missives have a sort of general agreement or resemblance, I may venture here to make some remarks which may be of future usefulness.

"The German language has attained to such a pitch of cultivation and polish, that any man may succeed in expressing himself well and happily—in proportion to the subject or the sentiment, either in prose or verse, according to his ability. Hence it follows that every man, who, by hearing or by reading, has cultivated his mind up to that point at which he becomes in some degree intelligible to himself, feels himself immediately impelled to communicate to others his thoughts and opinions, his perceptions and his feelings.

"It were difficult, perhaps impossible for a young man to perceive that by this, little, in any higher sense, is accomplished. If we observe such productions accurately, all that passes in the inward man, all that concerns the person himself, appears more or less successfully, accomplished; in many cases so successfully that it is as deep as it is luminous, as correct as it is elegant. All that is general; the highest modes of existence, and the love of country; boundless nature, as well as her individual exquisite features,—surprise us here and there in the poems of young men; and we can neither fail to recognize their moral value, nor withhold our praise from their execution.

"Herein, however, lies the danger; for many who are travelling the same road will join company, and enter upon a pleasant excursion together, without trying themselves well, and observing whether their goal lie not all too far in the blue distance.

"For, alas! an observant well wisher has very soon cause to remark, that the deep-felt complacency of youth hiddenly fails, that mourning over vanished joys, regret for the lost, longing for the unknown, the unfound, the unattainable; discontent; invective against hindrances of all kinds; struggles against envy, jealousy, and persecution, trouble the clear spring; and thus we see the joyless company break up and become joyless misanthropic hermits. How difficult is it to make it intelligible to talent of every kind and degree, that the muse is a willing and delightful companion on the journey of life, but in no wise a safe guide!†

"When at our entrance into the life full of action and effort, and scant in pleasures, in which we must all, be what we may, feel ourselves dependent on a great Whole, we ask back all our early dreams, wishes, hopes—all the delicious joys and facilities of our youthful fairy-land,—the Muse abandons us, and seeks the company of the man who can bear disappointment cheerfully, and recover from it easily; who knows how to gather something from every season; who can enjoy the glassy ice-track and the garden of roses, each at its appointed time; who understands the art of mitigating his own sufferings, and looks watchfully and industriously around him where he may find another's pain to soothe, another's joy to enhance.

"Then do no years sever him from the benign goddesses, who, if they delight in the bashfulness of innocence, also give their support to far-looking prudence; here foster the germ full of hope and promise; there rejoice in the complete, accomplished man, in his full development.

And thus be it permitted me to close this outpouring of the heart with a few words of rhyme.

Jungling, merke dir, in Zeiten
Wo sich Geist und Sinn erhöht
Dass die Muse zu begleiten
Dock zu leiten nicht versteht.

GOETHE.

* Goethe thought more unattainable than we do; but not the less do we agree with him in the principle of the due exercise of the will and fancy as distinguished from things to be secured in the first instance, and enlarged in their hopes and capabilities afterwards. *Ed. L. J.*

† He means that nobody must trust to her for his sole support in any sense, but only for an enricher of his stock.—*Ed. L. J.*

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1834.

No. 21.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

WINDOWS.

We have had a special regard for a window, ever since we sat in an old-fashioned one with a low seat to it in our childhood, and read a book. And for a like reason, we never see a door-way in a sequestered corner, with a similar accommodation for the infant student, without nestling to it in imagination, and taking out of our pocket the *Arabian Nights* or *Philip Quarll*. The same recollection makes us prefer that kind of window to all others, and count our daily familiarity with it as by no means among the disservices rendered us by fortune. The very fact of its existence shews a liberality in the dimensions of old-fashioned walls. There is "cut and come again" in them. Had modern houses been made of cheese, and La Fontaine's mouse found himself in one of them, he would have despised those *rinds* of buildings,—thin and fragile as if a miser had pared them away.

These modern windows are all of a piece, inside and out. They may make a show of having some thickness of wall at the sides, but it is only a hollow pretence for the convenience of the shutters; and even when the opportunity of forming a recess is thus offered them, it is not taken. It is seldom they contain a seat even in the parlour; and the drawing-room windows in such houses cannot comfortably have any, because, for the benefit of one's feet in this cold climate, they are cut down to the floor; a veranda being probably over head to intercept any superfluity of sunshine. "If a merry meeting is to be wished," says the man in Shakspeare, "may God prohibit it." If there is any sunshine to be had, stave it off; especially if you have been grumbling for its absence all the rest of the year.

"Would you have us sit then and be *baked*, Mr.—
London Journal?"

Dear Madam, you ask the question with so pleasant a voice, and such a pretty good-natured exaggeration, that you are evidently one of those who may do, or not do, just what you please. We shall not find fault with you, if you close every shutter in the room, let the sun be never so smiling. Besides, we give up the hottest days in July and August. But grant us at any rate, that to have verandas *always*, as we see them in some houses, is hardly more reasonable, than having windows down to the floor *at any time*; and that the horror of a sunshine, by no means too abundant in this region, has more to do with the fear of discoloured curtains and carpets than it ought to have, especially among the rich. What signifies the flying of a few colours, easily replaced, compared with the giving a proper welcome to the great colourer himself,—the sun that makes all things beautiful? There are few sights in your town-house more cheerful than a sudden burst of sun into the room, smiting the floor into so many windows, and making the roses on the very carpet look as if they felt it. Let them fade in good season as the others do; and make up for the expense, dear fashionable people, by staying a little more at home, keeping better hours, and saving the roses on your cheeks.

Verandas have one good effect. They are an ornament to the house outside, and serve to hide the shabby cut of the windows. Still more is to be said for them, where they and the balcony include flowers. Yet windows down to the floor we hold to be a nuisance always—unnecessary, uncomfortable, absurd,—to say nothing of perils of broken panes and scolded children. They let draughts of air in across the floor, where nobody wants them; they admit superfluous light,—from earthwards instead of from heaven; they render a seat in the window

impossible or disagreeable; they hinder the fire from sufficiently warming the room in winter-time; and they make windows partake too much of out-of-doors, shewing the inhabitants at full length as they walk about, and contradicting the sense of snugness and seclusion. Lastly, when they have no veil or other ornament outside, they look gawky and out of proportion. But the outside cut of windows in this country is almost universally an eye-sore. We have denounced them before, and shall denounce them again, in the hopes that house-builders may be brought to shew some proofs of being the "architects" they call themselves, and dare to go to an expense of nine and sixpence for a little wood or plaster, to make a border with. Look at the windows down the streets at the west-end of the town, and they are almost all mere cuts in the wall, just such as they make for barracks and work-houses. The windows of an Irish cabin are as good, as far as architecture is concerned. The port-holes of a man of war have as much merit. There is no pediment, nor border; seldom even one visible variety of any sort, not a coloured brick. And it is the same with the streets that contain shops, except, in some instances, those of the latest construction; which if not in the best taste otherwise, are built with a little more generosity, and that is a good step towards taste. When we meet with windows of a better sort, the effect is like quitting the sight of a stupid miser for that of a liberal genius. Such are the windows in some of the nobler squares; and you may see them occasionally over shops in the Strand and Piccadilly. Observe for instance the windows of Messrs. Greensill and Co. the lamp-oil manufacturers in the Strand, compared with those of the neighbours; and see what a superiority is given to them by the mere fact of their having borders, and something like architectural design. We will venture to say it is serviceable even in a business point of view; for such houses look wealthier; and it is notorious, that the reputation of money brings money. Where there is no elegance of this kind, (and of course also where there is) a box of flowers along the windows gives a liberal look to a house, still more creditable to the occupants, from the certainty we have of its being their own work. See in Piccadilly, the houses of Messrs. Rickards the spirit-merchants, near Regent Street, and Messrs. ——— we forget the name—the wax-chandlers, near the Park end. We never pass the latter without being grateful for the beautiful shew of nasturtiums,—a plant which it is an elegance itself to have so much regard for. There is also something very agreeable in the good-natured kind of intercourse thus kept up between the inmates of a house and those who pass it. The former appeal to one's good opinion in the best manner, by complimenting us with a share of their elegancies; and the latter are happy to acknowledge the appeal, for their own sakes as well as that of the flowers. Imagine (what perhaps will one day be the case) whole streets adorned in this manner, right and left; and multitudes proceeding on their tasks through avenues of lilies and geraniums. Why should they not? Nature has given us the means, and they are innocent, animating, and contribute to our piety towards her. We do not half enough avail ourselves of the cheap riches wherewith she adorns the earth. We also get the most trivial mistakes in our head, and think them refinements, and are afraid of being "vulgar!" A few seeds, for instance, and a little trouble, would clothe our houses every summer, as high as we chose, with draperies of green and

scarlet; and after admiring the beauty, we might eat the produce. But then this produce is a *bean*; and because beans are found at poor tables, we despise them! Nobody despises a vine in front of a house; for vines are polite, and the grapes seldom good enough to be any use. Well; use, we grant, is not the only thing, but surely we have no right to think ourselves unbogged to it, when it teaches us to despise beauty. In Italy, where the drink is not common, people have a great respect for *beer*, and would perhaps rather see a drapery of hops at the front of a house, than vine-leaves. Hops are like vines; yet who thinks of adorning his house with them in England? No: they remind us of the ale-house instead of nature and her beauties; and therefore they are "vulgar." But is it not we who are vulgar, in thinking of the ale-house, when nature and her beauties are the greater idea?

It is objected to vegetation against walls and windows, that it harbours insects; and good housewives declare they shall be "over-run." If this be the fact, care should be taken against the consequences; and should the care prove unavailing, every thing must be sacrificed to cleanliness. But is the charge well-founded? and if well-founded in respect to some sorts of vegetation, is it equally so with all? we mean, with regard to the inability to keep out the insects. There is a prejudice against ivy on houses, on the score of its harbouring wet, and making the houses damp; yet this opinion has been discovered to be so groundless (see *London Journal*, No. 4, p. 32), that the very contrary is the fact. Ivy is found to be a remedy for damp walls. It wards off the rain; and secures to them a remarkable state of dryness; as any one may see for himself by turning a bush of it aside, and observing the singular drought and dustiness prevailing between the brick or mortar and the back of the leaves.

Plate-glass has a beautiful look in windows; but it is too costly to become general. We remember when the late Mrs. Orby Hunter lived in Grosvenor Place, it was quite a treat to pass by her parlour window, which was an arch, full of large panes of plate-glass, with a box of brilliant flowers underneath it, and jessamine and other creepers making a bower of the wall. Perhaps the house has the same aspect still; but we thought the female name on the door particularly suited it, and had a just ostentation.

Painted glass is still finer; but we have never seen it used in the front windows of a house, except in narrow strips, or over door-ways; which is a pity; for its loveliness is extreme. A good portion of the upper part of a window or windows, might be allotted to it with great effect, in houses where there is light to spare; and it might be turned to elegant and otherwise useful account, by means of devices, and even regular pictures. A beautiful art, little known, might thus be restored. But we must have a separate article on painted windows; which are a kind of passion of ours. They make us loth to speak of them, without stopping, and receiving on our admiring eyes the beauty of their blessing. For such is the feeling they always give us. They seem, beyond any other inanimate object, except the finest pictures by the great masters (which can hardly be called such) to unite something celestial, with the most gorgeous charm of the senses. There are more reasons than one for this feeling; but we must not be tempted to enter upon them here. The window must have us to itself, as in the rich quiet of a cathedral aisle.

We will conclude this *outside* consideration of windows (for we must have another and longer one for the inside),

by dropping from a very heavenly to a very earthly picture, though it be one still suspended in the air. It is that of the gallant footman in one of Steele's comedies, making love to the maid-servant, while they are both occupied in cleaning the windows of their master's house. He does not make love as his honest-hearted brother Dodsley would have done (who from a footman became a man of letters); still less in the style of his illustrious brother Rousseau (for he too was once a footman); though there is one passage in the incident, which the ultra-sensitive lackey of the "Confessions," (who afterwards shook the earth with the very strength of his weakness) would have turned to fine sentimental account. The language also is a little too good even for a fine gentleman's gentleman; but the "exquisite" airs the fellow gives himself, are not so much beyond the reach of brisk footman-imitation, as not to have an essence of truth in them, pleasantly shewing the natural likeness between fops of all conditions; and they are as happily responded to by those of the lady. The combination of the unsophisticated picture at the close of the extract, with the languishing comment made upon it, is extremely ludicrous.

Enter TOM, meeting PHILLIS.

Tom. Well, Phillis!—What! with a face as if you had never seen me before?—What a work have I to do now! She has seen some new visitant at their house whose airs she has caught, and is resolved to practise them upon me. Numberless are the changes she'll dance through before she'll answer this plain question, *videlicet*, Have you delivered my master's letter to your lady? Nay, I know her too well to ask an account of it in an ordinary way; I'll be in my airs as well as she. (*Aside*). Well, madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this instant. (*Looking steadfastly at her*).

Phil. Did ever any body doubt, Master Thomas, that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

Tom. I am indeed. The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty; perhaps, if I were rich, I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said! But I'll have a great deal more before I say one word. (*Aside*).

Tom. I should perhaps have been stupidly above her had I not been her equal, and by not being her equal never had an opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant from hire,—I am my mistress's servant from choice, would she but approve my passion.

Phil. I think it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it with any sense of anguish, if you really suffer any.

Tom. Ah, Phillis! can you doubt after what you have seen.

Phil. I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard; but since I am at leisure, you may tell me when you fell in love with me, how you fell in love with me, and what you have suffered, or are ready to suffer, for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful jade! when I am in haste about my master's letter:—But I must go through it (*aside*). Ah! Too well I remember when, and on what occasion, and how I was first surprised. It was on the First of April one thousand seven hundred and fifteen I came into Mr. Sealand's service; I was then a little hobble-de-hoy, and you a little tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the house keeper. At that time we neither one of us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean—the person employed on the inner side was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think I remember the silly accident. What made you, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you; you could not guess what surprised me—you took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close and breathed upon the glass, and when my lips approached, a dirty cloth you rubbed against my face, and hid your beauteous form; when I again drew near, you spit and rubbed, and smiled at my undoing.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 20th to Tuesday the 26th August.

SUCCESSIVE WRITERS ON THE MONTHS.

THE sight of an old acquaintance in improved condition, after a long lapse of time, is doubly pleasant. Dr. Aikin's Calendar of Nature, published originally perhaps about forty years back, once set us upon writing a similar book, with the addition of what we conceived to be a little more poetry,—a greater sense of enjoyment. Our attempt was followed by a variety of the like publications, all adding beauty and luxuriance as they went, cropping fresh flowers and noticing new objects. We

here give a specimen of their prototype, who has just re-appeared with some congenial additions and elegant designs; * and shall annex to it with a sample or two of his more poetical and lively followers. We regret that we have not some more of them by us, that the reader may see how luxuriantly the good seed sown by Dr. Aikin has flourished. We have our own Calendar of Nature by us; but its account of the month of August is not a "favourable specimen," as the Reviewers say; so we beg leave to withhold it. And if it were, the reader might accuse us of immodesty in putting it cheek by jowl with its handsome kindred. Mr. Howitt's is very good, and requires any thing but an apology, though it is but an extract from his month, and not the whole of it, as in the Doctor's instance. The excellence of Mr. Clarke's descriptions was seen by our readers the other day in his account of the Rain-Storm. We have here made him contribute to our variety, by relating a harvest-joke; which, by the way, like most of the very best of caricature jokes, has all the air of being a matter of fact.

GENERAL ACCOUNT OF THE MONTH.

(From Dr. Aikin's Calendar of Nature.)

August—so called in compliment to the celebrated Roman emperor Augustus; and by the Anglo-Saxons *Arn-monat* intimating that this was the month for filling the barns with the products of the land. *Arn* is the Saxon word for harvest.

In the beginning of this month, the weather is still hot, and usually calm and fair. What remained to be perfected by the powerful influence of the sun, is daily advancing to maturity. The farmer now sees the principal object of his culture, and the chief source of his riches, waiting only for the hand of the gatherer. Of the several kinds of grain, rye and oats are usually the first ripened; but this varies according to the time of sowing; and some of every species may be seen fit for cutting at the same time.

Every fair day is now of great importance; since, when the corn is once ripe, it is liable to continual damage while standing, either from the shedding of the seeds, from the depredations of birds or from storms. The utmost diligence is therefore used by the careful husbandman to get it in, and labourers are hired from all quarters to hasten and complete the work.

Poured from the villages, a numerous train
Now spreads o'er all the fields. In formed array
The reapers move, nor shrink for heat or toil,
By emulation urged. Others, dispersed,
Or bind in sheaves, or load, or guide the wain,
That tinkles as it passes. Far behind,
Old age and infancy, with careful hand,
Pick up each straggling ear.

This pleasing harvest-scene is beheld in its perfection only in the open-field countries, where the sight can take in at once an uninterrupted extent of land waving with corn, and a multitude of people engaged in the various parts of the labour. It is a prospect equally delightful to the eye and the heart, and which ought to inspire every sentiment of benevolence to our fellow-creatures, and gratitude to our Creator.

Be not too narrow, husbandman! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh! grateful, think
How good the God of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields.

In a late season, or where favourable opportunities of getting in the harvest have been neglected, the corn on the ground often suffers from heavy storms of wind and rain. It is beaten to the earth; the seeds are shed, or rotted by the moisture; or, if the weather continues warm, the corn grows, that is, the seeds begin to germinate and put out shoots. Grain in this state is sweet and moist: it soon spoils on keeping; and bread made from it is clammy and unwholesome.

Harvest concludes with the field peas and beans, which are suffered to become quite dry and hard before they are cut down. The blackness of the bean-pods and stalks is disagreeable to the eye, though the crop is valuable to the farmer. In these countries they are used as food for cattle only, as the nourishment they afford, though strong, is gross and heavy.

The rural festival of harvest-home is an extremely natural one, and has been observed in almost all ages and countries. What can more gladden the heart than to see the long expected products of the year, which have been the cause of so much care and anxiety, now safely housed, and beyond the reach of injury?

Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stor'd,
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
Somerville.

The poor labourer too, who has toiled in securing another's wealth, justly expects to partake of the happy-

* The Calendar of Natural History of the Year. With Designs by George Cattermole. 12mo. pp. 142. Van Voorst. Mr. Cattermole's Original Designs, which are to be disposed of, may be seen at Mr. Colnaghi's in Pall Mall East.

ness. The jovial harvest-supper cheers his heart, and prepares him to begin, without murmuring, the labours of another year. About the middle of this month, the catkins of the hazel-nut make their appearance; these contain the male-blossoms, and by being born thus early acquire a firmness that enables them to resist the severity of the ensuing winter.

This month is the season for another kind of harvest in some parts of England, which is the hop-picking. The hop is a climbing plant, sometimes growing wild in hedges, and cultivated on account of its use in making malt-liquors. They are planted in regular rows, and poles set for them to run upon. When the poles are covered to the top, nothing can make a more elegantly appearance than one of these hop-gardens. At the time of gathering, the poles are taken up with the hops clinging to them, and the scaly flowering heads, which is the part used, are carefully picked off. These possess a finely flavoured bitter, which they readily impart to hot water. They improve the taste of beer, and make it keep better. Kent, Sussex, and Worcester, are the counties most famous for the growth of hops.

The number of plants in flower is now very sensibly diminished. Those of the former months are running fast to seed; and few new ones succeed. The uncultivated heaths and commons are now, however, in their chief beauty, from the flowers of the different kinds of heath or ling with which they are covered, so as to spread a rich purple hue over the whole ground: meadow-saffron, and Canterbury-bells are in flower. Many of the fern tribe now show the rusty-coloured dots on the back of the leaves, which are their parts of fructification. The leaves of the beech-tree now assume a yellow tinge.

Some of the choicest wall fruits are now coming into season.

The sunny wall

Presents the downy peach, the shining plumb,
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine, and, dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.

About the middle of August the largest of the swallow tribe, the swift or long-wing, disappears.

On their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land.

As there can yet be no want of insect food, moths abound in profusion at this time: the alderman and painted lady butterflies are constantly on the wing, and the weather is still warm—they cannot be supposed to retire to holes or caverns, and become torpid for the winter, and as they are so admirably formed for flight, it can scarce be doubted that they now migrate to some distant country. The wry-neck also departs, and the turtle dove. Starlings congregate about this time. Nearly at the same time, rooks no longer pass the nights from home, but roost in their nest trees.

The red-breast,* one of our finest though commonest songsters, renews his music about the end of the month. The young ones, that are now full grown, give us a pre-sage of their future familiarity with us, by hopping near us, and as it were observing us, among the shrubs in the garden. No bird shews so little fear of man as this, even when not pressed by hunger; and its confidence is rarely abused.

The bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin!
The bird that comes about our doors,
When autumn winds are sobbing.

CORN-HARVEST.

(From Mr. Howitt's Book of the Seasons.)

The grand feature of this month is CORN-HARVEST. It is a time for universal gladness of heart. Nature has completed her most important operations. She has ripened her best fruits, and a thousand hands are ready to reap her with joy. It is a gladdening sight to stand upon some eminence and behold the yellow hues of harvest amid the dark relief of hedges and trees, to see the shocks standing thickly in a land of peace, the partly reaped fields—and the clear, cloudless sky, shedding over all its lustre. There is a solemn splendour, a mellowness and maturity of beauty thrown over the landscape. The wheat crops shine on the hills and slopes, as Wordsworth expresses it, 'like golden shields cast down from the sun.' For the lovers of solitary rambles, for all who desire to feel the pleasures of a thankful heart, and to participate in the happiness of the simple and the lowly, now is the time to stroll abroad. They will find beauty and enjoyment spread abundantly before them. They will find the mowers sweeping down the crops of pale barley, every spiked ear of which so lately looking up bravely at the sun, is now bent downward in a modest and graceful curve, as if abashed at its ardent and incessant gaze. They will find them cutting down the rustling oats, each followed by an attendant rustic who gathers the swath into sheaves from the tender green of the young clover, which, commonly sown with oats, to constitute the future crop, is now shewing itself luxuriantly. But it is in the wheat field that all the jollity, and gladness, and picturesqueness of harvest are concentrated. Wheat is more particularly the food of man. Barley affords him a wholesome, but much abused potation; the oat is welcome to the homely board of the hardy mountaineers; but wheat is especially, and every where, the 'staff of life.' To reap and gather it in every creature of the hamlet is assembled. The farmer is in the field, like a rural king amid his people—the labourer, old or young, is there to collect what he

has sown with toil, and watched in its growth with pride; the dame has left her wheel and her shady cottage, and with sleeve-defended arms, scorns to do less than the best of them:—the blooming damsel is there, adding her sunny beauty to that of universal nature; the boy cuts down the stalks which overtop his head; children glean amongst the shocks; and even the unwalkable infant, sits propt with sheaves, and plays with the stubble, and

With all its twined flowers.

Such groups are often seen in the wheatfield as deserve the immortality of the pencil. There is something too about wheat harvest, which carries back the mind and feasts it with the pleasures of antiquity. The sickle is almost the only implement which has descended from the olden times in its pristine simplicity—to the present hour neither altering its form, nor becoming obsolete amid all the fashions and improvements of the world. It is the same now as it was in those scenes of rural beauty, which the scripture history, without any laboured description, often by a simple stroke, presents so livingly to the imagination: as it was when tender thoughts passed

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

when the minstrel king wandered through the solitudes of Paran, or fields reposing at the feet of Carmel; or 'as it fell on a day that the child of the good Shunamite went out to his father to the respers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died.' 2 Kings, c. iv. 18—20.

Let no one say it is not a season of happiness to the toiling peasantry; I know that it is. In the days of boyhood I have partaken their harvest labours, and listened to the overflowings of their hearts as they sate amid the sheaves beneath the fine blue sky, or among the rich herbage of some green headland beneath the shade of a tree, while the cool keen plentifully replenished the horn, and sweet after exertion were the contents of the harvest field basket. I know that the poor harvesters are among the most thankful contemplators of the bounty of Providence, though so little of it falls to their share. To them harvest comes as an annual festivity. To their healthful frames, the heat of the open fields, which would oppress the languid and relaxed, is but an exhilarating and pleasant glow. The inspiration of the clear sky above, and the scenes of plenty around them, and the very circumstance of their being drawn from their several dwellings at this bright season, open their hearts and give a life to their memories; and many an anecdote and history from the simple annals of the poor are there related, which need only to pass through the mind of a Wordsworth or a Crabbe, to become immortal in their mirth or woe.

GENUINE CLOWNISH RECRET,

Or the Relics of the Pudding going away.

(From Mr. Clarke's *Adam the Gardener*.)

After passing the afternoon in the wheat field, the children amusing themselves with catching and examining the most curious butterflies and other insects that came under their notice, the whole party, harvest-men and all, when the last load of corn had been ricked, sat down to a famous old English supper, of beef, pudding, and home-brewed ale, that had been prepared for them in the barn. What a pleasure it was to see the tired, hungry, and red-faced labourers pegging away at their hunks of meat and brown bread! And how they laughed and quizzed each other!—One of the party, a long, bony old fellow, who had pitched many a shaft from the cart to the rick, and who had eaten enough to choke a wolf, particularly excited the merriment of his comrades. 'Why, Jem,' said one, 'you pick your morsels *loike* a fine lady!—your stomach seems delicate to-day.' 'Oh! he's finikin,' said another; 'because he's invited out to supper. He wouldn't be so *ongen-teel* as to eat in our common way *loike*!' 'It's quite pleasant to see him so *perlite*,' said a third. 'And how daintily he sips his liquor!—like a sparrow.' 'You shouldn't wipe your mouth with the back o' your hand afore *coompany*, Jem!' 'Where's your thing-um-bob—your napkin?' 'I say—old fellow—you'll never be able to do a day's work if you play at knife and fork in that ere dandy way;—why, you'll never keep life and soul together. See there!—there's a little bit to put into a gentleman's mouth!—it aint so big as my flat.' The only answer Jem made to their jibes, (for he was too busy to talk much), were, 'I'll tell you what, young chaps!—eat as I may, I know you'd rather keep me a week than a fortnight. I don't get such a supper as this seven days in the week; and it's my maxim to make hay while the sun shines!' As they were clearing the board of the provisions, a blubberly young lad at the further end, who had sate for some time quite silent, and with his mouth wide open, suddenly burst into tears, 'Hal-lo! what's the matter with you, Giles?' 'My name aint Giles!—its Jowley—mother calls me Jowley for shortness!' 'Well, Jowley, what are you howling arter?' 'Why—why,' said he, sobbing, 'aint it enough to make any one roar to see all that nice pudding going away, and I can't eat no more!'

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXX.—A PERSEVERING IMPOSTOR.

WE had doubts whether the following story from an old magazine had "dignity" enough for our *Romances of Real Life*! But a falsehood, however shabby, persevered in through the very solemnities of a death-bed, and investing itself with imaginary glories as it sets, even of name and estate, acquires a sort of astounding importance, however mixed with the trivial and absurd. The poor wretch, who thus strangely died, had at least something of an imagination, and he could not bear to part with the flatteries of it, even in the shape of the greater simpleton whom he had deceived.

A good likely sort of man, that had been many years footman to Mr. Wickham, a rich gentleman at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, came to London, and took lodging at a bakehouse, over against Arundel Street in the Strand. The baker being asked by his lodger what countryman he was, replied, "that he was of Banbury;" the other mighty glad to meet with his countryman, was wonderfully fond of the baker; adding, "that since he was of Banbury he must needs know Mr. Wickham, or have heard his name." The baker who, indeed, was very well acquainted with that gentleman's family, though he had been absent from Banbury fifteen or twenty years, was very glad to hear news of it, but was perfectly overjoyed when he heard that the man he was talking with was Mr. Wickham himself. This produces great respect on the side of the baker, and new testimonies of friendship from the sham Wickham. The family must be called up that Mr. Wickham might see them; and they must drink a glass together to their friends at Banbury, and take a pipe. The baker did not in the least doubt his having got Mr. Wickham for his lodger; but yet he could not help wondering that he should see neither footman nor portmanteau. He therefore made bold to ask him, "how a man of his estate came to be unattended?" The pretended Wickham, making a sign to him to speak softly, told him, "that his servants were in a place where he could easily find them when he wanted them, but that at present he must be very careful of being known, because he came up to town to arrest a merchant of London who owed him a great sum of money and was going to break. That he desired to be incognito for fear he should miss his stroke, and so he begged he would never mention his name. The next day Mr. Wickham went abroad to take his measures with a comrade of his own stamp, about playing their parts in concert. It was concluded between them, that this latter should go for Mr. Wickham's servant, and come privately from time to time to see his master, and attend upon him. That very night the servant came, and Mr. Wickham, looking at his own dirty neckcloth in the glass, was in a great rage with him for letting him be without money, linen, or any other conveniences, by his negligence, in not carrying his box to the waggon in due time, which would cause a delay of three days. This was said aloud while the baker was in the next room, on purpose that he might hear it. This poor deluded man hereupon runs immediately to his drawers, carries Mr. Wickham the best linen he had in the house, begged him to honour him so much as to wear it, and at the same time lays down fifty guineas upon his table that he might do him the favour to accept them also. Wickham at first refused them, but with much ado was prevailed upon. As soon as he had got this money, he made up a livery of the same colour as the true Mr. Wickham's, gave it to another pretended footman, and brought a box full of goods as coming from the Banbury waggon. The baker more satisfied than ever that he had to do with Mr. Wickham, and consequently with the one of the richest and noblest men in the kingdom, made it more and more his business to give him fresh marks of his profound respect and zealous affection. To be short, Wickham made a shift to get of him a hundred and fifty guineas, besides the first fifty, for all which he gave him his note. Three weeks after the beginning of this adventure, as the rogue was at a tavern, he was seized with a violent headache, with a burning fever, and great pains in all parts of his body. As soon as he found himself ill he went home to his lodging to bed, where he was waited upon by one of his pretended footmen, and assisted in everything by the good baker, who advanced whatever money was wanted, and passed his word to the doctors, apothecaries, and everybody else. Meanwhile, Wickham grew worse and worse, and about the fifth day was given over. The baker, grieved to the heart at the melancholy condition of his noble friend, thought himself bound to tell him, though with much regret, what the doctors thought of him. Wickham received the news as calmly as if he had been the best Christian in the world, and fully prepared for death. He desired a minister might be sent for, and received the communion the same day. Never was more resignation to the will of God, never more piety, more zeal, or more confidence in the merits of Christ. Next day the distemper and the danger increasing very much, the impostor told the baker that it was not enough to have taken care of his soul, he ought also to set his worldly affairs in order; and desired that he might make his will while he was yet sound in mind. A scrivener was therefore immediately sent for, and his will made and signed in all the forms before several witnesses. Wickham by this disposed of all his estate, real and personal, jewels,

coaches, teams, race-horses of such and such colours, packs of hounds, ready money, &c., and a house with all appurtenances and dependencies, to the baker; almost all his linen to the wife; five hundred guineas to their eldest son; eight hundred guineas to the four daughters; two hundred to the parson that had comforted him in his sickness; two hundred to each of the doctors; and one hundred to the apothecary; fifty guineas and mourning to each of his footmen, fifty to embalm him, fifty for his coffin, two hundred to hang the house with mourning, and to defray the rest of the charges, of his interment. A hundred guineas for gloves, hat bands, scarfs, and gold rings; such a diamond to such a friend, and such an emerald to t'other. Nothing more noble, nothing more generous. This done, Wickham called the baker to him, loaded him and his whole family with benedictions, and told him, that immediately after his decease he had nothing to do but to go to the lawyer mentioned in his will, who was acquainted with all his affairs, and would give him full instructions how to proceed. Presently after this, my gentleman falls into convulsions and dies. The baker, at first, thought of nothing but burying him with all the pomp imaginable, according to the will. He hung all the rooms in his house, the stair-case, and the entry with mourning. He gave orders for making the rings, clothes, coffin, &c. He sent for the embalmer. In a word, he omitted nothing that was ordered by the deceased to be done. Wickham was not to be interred till the fourth day after his death, and everything was got ready by the second. The baker having got this hurry off his hands, had now time to look for the lawyer before he laid him in the ground. After having put the body into a rich coffin covered with velvet and plates of silver, and settled everything else; he began to consider that it would not be improper to reimburse himself as soon as possible, and to take possession of this new estate. He therefore went and communicated this whole affair to the lawyer. This gentleman was indeed acquainted with the true Mr. Wickham, had all his papers in his hands, and often received letters from him. He was strangely surprised to hear of the sickness and death of Mr. Wickham, from whom he had heard the very day before; and we may easily imagine the poor baker was much more surprised, when he found that in all likelihood he was bit. 'Tis not hard to conceive the discourse that passed between these two. To conclude, the baker was thoroughly convinced by several circumstances, too tedious to relate here, that the true Mr. Wickham was in perfect health; and that the man he took for him was the greatest villain and most complete hypocrite that ever lived. Upon this he immediately turned the rogue's body out of the rich coffin, which he sold for a third part of what it cost him. All the tradesmen that had been employed towards the burial had compassion on the baker, and took their things again, though not without some loss to him. They dug a hole in a corner of St. Clement's Churchyard, where they threw in his body with as little ceremony as possible. I was an eye-witness of most of the things which I have here related, and shall leave the reader to make his own reflexions upon them. I have been assured, from several hands, that the baker has since had his loss pretty well made up to him by the generosity of the true Mr. Wickham, for whose sake the honest man had been so open-hearted.

A PAGE FOR A NOVEL OUT OF REAL LIFE.

(For the *London Journal*.)

AFTER many years' separation, it is a great pleasure to meet, unexpectedly, with early acquaintances—to find those we thought dead to the world, or slumbering in our remembrance break upon our presence, like the April sun, once again in all their bloom of beauty, aided by the indelible charm of manner which education and the polish of refined society alone can give.

In meeting with Marcella, all former days and hours of happiness rushed to my imagination with renewed affection, when I found her, though improved in person, imposing in appearance, and more dignified in deportment, yet in manner to me still unchanged, rejoiced at the discovery, and that we breathed the same air once more. With a joyful heart I hastened to fulfil my promise to dine with her; so, having dressed myself, like a true patriot for the manufacture of my country, in the greenest of green tunic—the whitest of Lime-rick gloves—Balmbriggan stockings—Kerry kid shoes—a Londonderry lace tucker, fastened with three Irish diamonds, in the form of a shamrock—a Cork-made reticule, composed of cord, in which was a Belfast cambric pocket handkerchief, I was set down, precisely at four o'clock, at the mansion of Alfred Burgoyne, Esq. M.P., Merriem-square. This was a very early hour; few families dine till seven; but I hoped at least to have two hours' conversation with Marcella. She was dressing, so not choosing to encounter a host of strangers, who might arrive one after another, by waiting in the drawing-room, and as I saw one of the children peeping out of the study door, I preferred waiting there until Marcella descended. On entering, the governess, a middle-aged French lady, whom the servant addressed as Madame Ferrier, introduced her pupils severally—Gustavus—Adolphus—Reginald—Oliver—Sylvia—and Pauline—all called after renowned people in war, wit, or wisdom; the eldest ten years of age, the youngest boy, as he said, "going of *theven*;" the two younger

girls passive little slaves to their brothers; and certainly no house could be dull with such a variety of noises, tones, and tempers. I had hardly been seated five minutes, when they broke through their shyness, and commenced a game at romps. Gustavus had transposed my swansdown boa into a bridle; Adolphus purloined my comb, while Reginald made a seizure of, and was exploring my reticule. In order to regain my stolen property, I began to remove the numerous books, dolls, toys, &c., with which their sisters had filled my lap, when the rebellious Master Oliver climbed on the back of my chair, and mounted himself on my shoulders; nor would he get down, until I had raced three times round the room with him. Madame scolded, I entreated, it was of no use, and as I had brought on the mischief by caressing them at first, I thought it best to comply to the delight of the urchin. I had nearly performed the third heat round the room, when the door opened, and a young cornet of dragoons entered. "Uncle, uncle!" all exclaimed. Bowing to me, he turned to Madame with this request,—"Permit me to make this a refuge for the destitute?" "Certainly," replied Madame, "but what is your distress?" "Why to tell you the truth, my sister is going to have some blue-stocking people here to dine, and as I hate blue belles, as intolerable blue-boreds in society, I cannot tolerate their presence. So with your leave, I will make this my head-quarters, until dinner is announced."

The children now deserted me for their uncle, and I began to wonder what literary ladies Marcella had invited to meet me, when herself and family were all I wished to see. I thought of all the lady lionesses of literature I could in Dublin—Lady Morgan, Lady Clarke, and many others; when Madame asked the martial man why he objected to them, and what reason he had to dislike learned women. "I do not like your pen and ink women," replied he. "This is some strange one my sister has caught, coming to-day. I have never seen her, but she will fancy what she will be like. I dare say she's a tall scarecrow of a Gorgon, with jet black hair, and ferocious black eyes, arrayed in rusty black velvet, preaching with the lungs of a Stentor in blank verse, and walking with a tragedy step—unmarried, save to the muses—I would not sit near her for the world; and," added he, with a wise shake of his empty head, "I would advise you, madame, to mind your p's and q's, or she will write you down."

I was a silent listener, and thought with Dogberry, what I could write him down:—"Shall quibs and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour?" It would have been wasting words to talk to such a popinjay, for thus speaking of his sister's guests; yet I could not help saying, that I thought he had caricatured a clever woman. "Pon honour," said he, "they are all abominable horrors." He was still indulging in this absurdity, when Marcella entered the study. She welcomed me kindly, saying, "My dear Emily, why did you not come up to me?" And turning to her husband's brother, said, "Allow me to introduce my earliest friend, one whom you have heard me often speak of." The cornet bowed—stammered—coloured—hesitated—and seemed in a very awkward predicament. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Burgoyne. "Captain Burgoyne is afraid to meet your blue-stocking visitors," replied Madame. "A soldier, and afraid!" said Marcella. "Well, Emily," continued she, "now your laurels are complete; you have appalled the victor—for it is to you and your pen and ink amusement, which have been so long known to me, I allude—you are the blue-belle at whom by brother is so terrified; not that I think there is any thing very ferocious in your appearance." "Why, no," I observed, "though fond of my pen, I am not tall enough for a scarecrow of a Gorgon," have neither 'black eyes or hair,' nor wear 'rusty black velvet,' 'preach with the lungs of a Stentor in blank verse,' nor 'walk with a tragedy step.'" "For heaven's sake," cried the dragon, "spare me! and I will henceforth become a convert to rationality, provided you will forgive me, and allow me to lead you to dinner." This effected a change in his opinions, and no one could be more agreeable, now that his prejudices were removed.

Marcella, with all the pride of an affectionate wife, introduced me to her dear Alfred, one of nature's own noblemen—a scholar, and a gentleman, combining every qualification in mind and manner, to give true dignity to a very handsome person. He kindly received me; complimented me on my good taste in encouraging the manufacture of his unfortunate country in my suit of green; condemned all French fashions; and on the arrival of other friends, he joined the six little representatives of the house of Burgoyne, in the dance and song, until a late hour. Thus I had the happiness to see my earliest friend, Marcella, as happy as I ever wished her to be, and she as deserving of all the blessings she possessed.

Dublin.

Emily D.—n.

ANTHONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR.

(For the London Journal.)

APOLLO, having completed the business of the day, retired to rest, leaving his royal consort with her twinkling attendants, to "rule the night." At this time, all nature seemed as still and as silent as if she held in her breath, for fear of disturbing the sleep of her children. Every thing betokened tranquillity and repose,—and therefore, taking leave of care for a period, I gradually,

and insensibly, fell into a state of unconsciousness;—little anticipating the Aeronautic Romance I was about to enjoy. Soon however, I experienced the most indescribable sensations,—for I felt as a new creature in a new world. My soul was suddenly seized by two gens d'armes belonging to good Queen Mab,—and thrust into a nutshell carriage, drawn by six most superbly caparisoned grasshoppers. Off I dashed through the heavens, with a velocity the winds might envy;—clouds sank beneath in fleecy clusters,—the terrestrial atmosphere looked from above, like a mantle of glass just flung around the green earth to keep her from cold,—planets, stars, and systems disappeared behind in rapid succession,—comets flitted and glimmered around like playthings in invisible hands,—and the milky-way appeared at a distance, like a mighty streamer of gauze unfurled to the boundless blue. By some incomprehensible apotheosis, the totality of existence, seemed to be personified, and vivified with the fire and brilliancy of poetry—breathing forth a grandeur, beauty and glory; soothing, thrilling, ravishing, and harrowing up the passions into such a pitch of intensity, that the soul,—but language fails me, for I was completely overwhelmed by a whirlwind rush of splendours, as the wheels of my chariot, and the hoofs of my tiny steeds, clattered on the emerald pavement of the grand empyrean itself!

My reader must now take a ride on his Pegasus over many weeks and months,—until at length, he can fancy my being introduced by Minerva into the sanctum sanctorum of the heathen mythology; where, after a thousand preliminaries and preparatives, I received from her hand three favorite instruments, by which I was invested with an omnipotence over the worlds of thought, and of feeling. "Mortals," said the goddess, "have no appropriate names for such articles,—so for want of better, let them be called the critical microscope, telescope, and kaleidoscope."

Enraptured with the boons so graciously conferred—I panted to bring them into immediate operation. Having the fullest confidence in their wondrous virtue, I scorned to apply them to an examination of mere mediocrity, and therefore resolved to begin, by levelling the instruments divine, at what the most competent judges have often pronounced to be the first and finest specimen of human eloquence—namely, "The Speech of Anthony over the dead body of Cæsar." This, I now found to be glowing and burning with a living glory, which I—though always a most devoted admirer of Shakspeare—had never before been able to appreciate: and I was hurried along into such an intensity of delight, by fresher and brighter discoveries of its excellence every successive moment, that at length I positively shrieked aloud, in something like an agony of ecstasy!

But alas! alas! as easily could the sun be plucked from the heavens, and transferred to the canvass—as could those beatific and spiritual disclosures be adequately represented upon paper. Yet, I would fain do my best to give my reader a shadowy outline, of what I then and there saw, and thought, and felt: premising, however, that I can describe only successively what took place simultaneously—and that my sluggish pen can only crawl tardily and circuitously, while the realities flashed full and at once upon my soul.

Allow me then to begin with the "microscopic" view of the inward workings of his mind, while the orator was addressing the assembled multitude. The object of Anthony was evidently to avenge the death of Cæsar, and to succeed him in his real though not nominal dominion over Rome: yet how that could be effected under the existing state of things, he felt to be a problem of the most exquisite complexity. He saw very clearly that the senate and the people were marshalled in direct opposition to his purposes, and that Brutus had obtained for himself almost universal respect and sympathy. Nothing therefore could be done before the most inveterate prejudices were eradicated, and the affections of the populace transferred to the opposite party. And hence the following play of thought and feeling which I observed in the spirit of Anthony as he slowly ascended the rostrum.

"Mankind are always envious of their superiors; they love those only between whom and themselves there is a community of sentiment and of interest. If therefore I assume an Egalité with the audience, I may secure a reciprocation of their friendship. This must act upon them in two ways; it will indicate an attractive humility, by shewing that in my own estimation, I am but as one of themselves, having no object distinct from theirs, and having no wish to be separated from them; and, secondly, it will raise them in their own opinion, and thereby most effectually flatter their vanity. Such is the avidity with which the human mind snatches at every thing grateful to its pride, that I am persuaded, my hearers will not be so ready to think, that Anthony is a much less important personage than they had supposed, as that Anthony's philanthropy has invested them with a new and most unexpected importance. I shall therefore at once intimate that we are all on a social equality; and as this better accords with their feelings, they are much more likely to believe each of themselves to be an Anthony, than that the great Anthony has sunk to a level with them. Thus shall I make them fancy they have power,—fire them with an ambition to exert that power in some way or other; and gradually insinuating myself into their confidence and esteem, I shall obtain a sovereign control over their passions." After this soliloquy Anthony stooped to conquer the mob by calling them "Friends!"

But the possession of their sympathies was intended merely as a preparatory measure. He did not aim at absolutely smothering their passions, but rather at blending their subserviency to some ulterior, but as yet, undiscovered purpose. Indeed, the more violent they might be, the better for him, provided they could be properly managed or directed. Accordingly, he thus reasoned within himself on the subject—"Having happily succeeded to insinuate myself insensibly into their goodwill, I must next endeavour to kindle their rage, without neutralizing the conciliatory influence of the former apostrophe; the demon of vengeance should uncoil himself in their souls, and thereby give augury that a tempest is brooding. Associations of war and of bloodshed must be excited, and their wrath must burn; but against whom it is to be directed they must not be able to guess, or else they will steel their hearts to conviction, and as an inevitable consequence, frustrate all my wishes. All this will be done by allusions to the martial deeds of their ancestors. Visions of national glory and bravery will flit before their eyes with a shadowy and yet impressive splendour, as soon as I invoke the mighty name under which they conquered the world. Strike that note, and all the furies of their nature will yell in responsive echo."—Anthony judged correctly; for violent convulsions shook the multitude, and frowns and scowls thickened on their angry countenances, as soon as he uttered the magic appellation, "*Romans!*"

This word, however, far overstretching the matter. It conveyed a great deal too much; as, in addition to the sanguinary desires it excited, it indirectly raised a tempest of associations that recoiled with tremendous violence on the memory of Cæsar. The very word "*Romans,*" was pregnant with anathemas against kings and tyranny: the simple expression seemed to justify Brutus, in emulating the haughty patriotism of his ancestor, and to call upon the people to rally still more closely and thickly around his standard; yet it would be impolitic to discard it, as no other could so effectually fire their souls with the spirit of revenge. The only remedy, then, was to employ another term, which should in a measure contain the force of both the former, and at the same time cause them to lose their offensive qualities by merging them in greater vagueness or obscurity. A momentary confusion of their ideas would render them more manageable. Such an expedient would increase their confidence, and foment their rage, while it might allay, or at least turn aside, their aversion to that supremacy after which Cæsar but too evidently aspired. Here, however, our hero felt the greatest perplexity, as the reader may see from the following soliloquy:—"Having secured their sympathies by the word '*Friends,*' it will be prudent to drop, as soon as possible, every idea of Egalité,—for after all they are to be my tools and not my companions. And having infuriated their passions by the other word, '*Romans,*' it is necessary to draw off their attention from the fact of their being bound in honour and consistency, as Romans, to punish every infraction of the laws of the Republic, lest they should become incensed against me as a covert apologist of tyranny, and as a consequence tear me to pieces, and give thereby an additional triumph to the conspirators. Now, then, for a word which shall accomplish both these ends, and concentrate all their remaining feelings as into a focus: all may be done by calling them—'*Patriots!*'"

The Orator, having gone so far, thought it desirable, if possible, to bring his audience into a more immediate alliance with Cæsar and himself. The last term was of a somewhat exclusive character,—overlooking every thing that was common to them all; and therefore foregoing the benefits that might accrue from a contagion of sympathy. Under this conviction, he looked for a term which might supply the place of "*Patriots,*" and super-add the advantage of referring to an intimate relation that subsisted between them, and thereby wreath their sympathies yet more closely around the memory of him whose death they were doomed speedily to avenge; and to his rapturous astonishment he found all he desired, embodied with a living fervid potency, in the comprehensive but expressive epithet, "*Countrymen!*" This heightened their regard for the speaker, screwed up their passions still more furiously against something (though as yet they scarcely knew against what), and identified them so completely with Cæsar and Anthony, that every heart forcibly received, and still more forcibly emitted, the deadly contagion of sympathy and vengeance. Now then the apostrophe was complete. The first word soothed them into the temper of lambs;—the second incensed them into tygers about to spring on their prey; and the third mastering their passions, held them by the leash, like rabid bloodhounds thirsting to tear to pieces the first object that might be presented to them!

Friends! Romans!! Countrymen!!! The microscope was now passed on to the following sentence, when it gave me this singularly complex view of Anthony's thoughts. "There is a principle in man, which revolts

* N.B.—It is particularly requested, that the reader will apply a similar process of criticism to the first sentence in Brutus's speech on the same occasion. Without this, it were impossible to appreciate the excellencies of either. His words, like his design, are almost the exact converse of Anthony's, "*Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers!*" We are not, of course, to suppose that Shakspeare reasoned thus about every word,—but nature, faithful nature, taught him all as by inspiration. It is said of Newton that he understood most of the theorems of Euclid by simply reading the enunciations, without any of the drudgery of demonstration:—so here, likewise, our poet could feel with the rapidity and force of intuition, what ought to be put in the mouths of his heroes, whatever might be their character or their circumstances.

from the idea of being a mere tool in the hands of another. Marks of study therefore are always detrimental to a speech, as they put the hearers on their guard, by seeming to betray a scheme for the subjugation of their minds: whereas in what they believe to be extemporaneous, they almost take for granted, that the speaker can have no aim, but what is expressed; and therefore, cheerfully follow his suggestions without any misgiving or suspicion. They are appalled by the thought of falling victims to a previously concerted plot; yet they willingly give up their independence when led to it insensibly. The appearance of design is often more afflicting than the disaster it effected; and even our horror of the brute force of the public robber is surpassed by our hatred of the deliberate intrigue and cold-blooded villainy of the more than doubly perjured assassin, who is *designing* our ruin, while calling us "*Friends*." It is necessary for me, therefore, as soon as possible, to use a sentence apparently incompatible with much preparation; its carelessness must be evident enough for all to feel it, and yet, it must be so delicate as not to offend the taste of even the most scrupulous. I must not, however, introduce it parenthetically, or else the object will be detected and frustrated;—but rather, the next sentence, whatever it may be, must be expressed so *chastely* as not to shock the audience,—and at the same time so *clumsily* as to persuade them that I speak spontaneously and not "advisedly."

Having thus determined on the *style*, he had next to ascertain what ought to be the *matter* of the forthcoming words. He knew it necessary as soon as he could, formally to arrest the attention of his hearers, for as yet, they did not seem anxious for much specification. So Anthony thus continued his soliloquy. "We are always more ready to grant, what is begged as a favour, than what is demanded as a right: the latter comes like a challenge to our pride, but the former, is an irresistible appeal to our sensibilities. Although therefore, justice gives me a claim to be heard, it is better in this case to ask it as *mercy*; for in denying the *right* their vanity might be gratified, but they cannot reject my *prayer* without doing positive violence to their own feelings. If however, I have recourse to the phraseology commonly employed on such occasions, they may regard it as a matter of course, and overlook the extraordinary earnestness and humility, with which I implore their attention. Consequently I must use an expression which shall be so new and strange as to strike their minds with a sense of its peculiarity; and then I doubt not they will cheerfully listen to me 'till my aim is accomplished.'"

But it was further necessary, as soon as possible, to insinuate something (but very *indirectly*) against Brutus, and begin very cautiously, gradually to incense the populace against him, before any one could be aware of it. For want of room I must omit a great part of Anthony's meditations on this point, and give merely the conclusion. * * * "In the next sentence I have to effect a triple purpose; I must lead the people to think that I speak extemporaneously.—I must so pander their passions as to secure a protracted attention; and I must aim an envenomed shaft against Brutus, that shall do its work *noiselessly* and imperceptibly. Hence therefore it must be *clumsy*, *pointed* and *sarcastic*: and all I trust may be done by the *circutious*, *novel*, and *hesitating* words, '*Lend me your ears*.'"

Let the reader examine this sentence a little more deeply, and see how admirably it answered Anthony's "triple purpose." It most effectually *does away with all marks of study*, inasmuch as it is the very extreme of ambiguity, and a living caricature on all perspicuity! A wit might exclaim—"Does he mean to tell us, he has no ears of his own? Does he mean that we are wrong in supposing he is going to keep them for ever, as he is going to borrow them only for a short time? What can he do with our ears, unless we give him our minds and our hearts as well? If he takes our ears, how shall we be able to listen to his speech? &c. &c. &c." Indeed this sentence, being susceptible of so many ludicrous interpretations, is on the very verge of the absurd—and I hesitate not to say, that, but *one man* ever visited our globe, who could so filter a blunder, as to render it the very quintessence of eloquence and poetry!

It forcibly *arrested attention by its singularity*. A phrase so anomalous, appeared to be the effect of some very extraordinary cause; and that cause the people fondly ascribed to Anthony's deep and pervading consciousness, that he had no right or claim to be heard, by such persons as themselves. The words fell upon their hearts, like the humble and earnest entreaties of a child upon his father; and they felt proud and delighted, to respond with a father's tenderness and love!

And again, it embodied a strong insinuation that the audience were prejudiced against the speaker, and in favour of Brutus. He did not seem even to hope they would become his partisans, for he merely begged of them for a moment to "*lend*" him their ears. And above all, the phrase was the very antipodes of what would be expected from the bold and intrepid Anthony; it seemed to betray a want of confidence, or a lurking suspicion of something, and it was in every respect so very "*unstraight-forward*," as proved the speaker to be clogged and cramped by external circumstances. And they, whose passions had already begun to sway their judgment, would at once ascribe it to a dread of Brutus' influence, so they immediately gathered more closely around him, that they might hear every syllable of his words, and catch all the sympathy of his action. The dead silence of their movements, and the intenseness of their gaze upon Anthony, showed they found a satis-

faction in yielding up to him all the feelings of their nature, and that their hearts were beginning to throb with a wish to defend him against the world!

The writer may be mistaken, but to the best of his belief, there is not, within the whole range of literature, ancient or modern, a solitary sentence, which exhibits a more profound acquaintance with human nature, or a more complete sovereignty over language. It is the focus of a thousand rays. But its mystic elements are so refined, its bearings so vast and numerous, and its point so exquisitely well edged, that I had never been able to see them till I looked through the critical microscope!

In this exordium, however, the idea of Anthony had been intimately associated with all the excited feelings. It was time, therefore, for him to glide out of the minds of the people, so as not to intrude upon or interfere with the working of their passions. This could be done only by presenting an object that would be attractive enough to transfer their sensibilities, and concentrate them all upon itself. The all-absorbing name of Cæsar would fully answer the purposes; utter that but once, and they will think no more of the orator.

The people had already begun to sympathise very intensely with Cæsar; but the object was to make them so to sympathise as that they might be impelled to avenge his death. Ordinary speakers would here probably expatiate on the amiableness or valour, &c., of their hero; but Anthony well knew that the most fervent admiration kindled by such a detail would be entirely desecrated from vengeance. Delightful themes tranquillize the mind, and the contemplation of the virtues of an individual yields a sweet and peaceful serenity. On the other hand, terrible themes impart their own character to the mind, and fill it with terrible feelings, or fit it for terrible resolutions. Nothing, therefore, could have been more impolitic in this instance, than to cajole the hearers into that mild and tender sorrow which would be satisfied with merely shedding a few tears. Hence, he boldly aimed at the deeper and darker elements of their souls, feeling assured that if these could be but once thoroughly agitated and roused, they would engross or sway all their thoughts and passions. The people, he knew, were not yet prepared for undisguised anathemas against Brutus, and, therefore, with a matchless adroitness, he ventures only casually and *indirectly* to allude to the catastrophe at the capital.

"*I come to bury Cæsar*," suggested most vividly all the circumstances connected with his death. Once more they saw the brandishing of swords—once more they heard *et tu Brute?*—once more they felt the sickening shudder which always accompanies the sight of bloodshed—and once more they saw all the murderers in full array before them, and their souls began to experience the direct throes of rancour and remorse.

"*I come to bury Cæsar*," opened to their minds a vista into a long, dark, and cheerless futurity. He who was once the idol of his country and the pride of their hearts, has been suddenly hurled from his joys and his glory, beyond the reach of their sympathy or praise. The flowers of a thousand springs might bloom, or the sunbeams of a thousand summers play o'er his grave, but all in vain: for to him, they could afford no delight; or a thousand tears might be shed, or a thousand songs be hymned, but all in vain; for they could never touch his heart, or awake a smile on his countenance. Cæsar was now to be no more; and as the only available means of testifying their gratitude, they determined to exterminate his murderers from the face of the earth.

"*I come to bury Cæsar*" threw a meretricious glow over the whole transaction. That principle in man, which leads him to magnify the excellencies of departed friends, gave a mournful sanctity to all the imaginary virtues once possessed by their hero. With a hallowed reverence, they enthroned him for ever in their hearts; their memories recalled all his stupendous victories, with all the brilliancy and splendour of his "triumphs," and their heated imaginations working on their patriotism, affrighted them with the belief that all was now lost, and lost for ever; as Cæsar, whose prowess alone could maintain the sovereignty of Rome over the world, was now more powerless than any of themselves. Hence, there took place a tremendous reaction in all their sensibilities and sympathies: recoiling from Brutus, they wreathed around his victim, and decked it with countless irresistible attractions. Immediately, therefore, the people felt as if they were children of Cæsar, bound by all that was sacred, to avenge his untimely death.

"*I come to bury Cæsar*" struck a chord which vibrated through every heart. It is not in man, to rail at the dead. The bitterest enemy relents on the grave of his foe; and the most cold-blooded duellist weeps over the victim of his malice, when he sees him bleeding at his feet: he then grieves for the loss of an abused friend; but still more does he grieve, that he should ever have hated and abused him; and as the only possible reparation for his savage ferocity, he vows to reverence his memory, and perhaps to avenge his death. The same principle operated in this intimidated mob—they raged against themselves for having at first felt any exultation over the death of Cæsar—and fancied that by vengeance alone, could they make a satisfactory atonement.

"*I come to bury Cæsar*" fell on the audience with the force of a thunderbolt, and scared their inmost souls with the thought, that by the hands of assassins, the brave, the polished, and the brilliant conqueror and orator, was no more than mangled clay:—a mere wreck of his former glorious "*self*." A damp and hateful and horrifying chill ran through them all—and they felt as

if their souls had been suddenly drenched in human blood—and glutted with gore—were even now absolutely reeking from its hideous pollution! The irritated multitude became restless, moving to and fro, from side to side, in dark and massy undulations,—like the ocean gradually lashed into fury by the storm:—while their every effort to stifle their rising rage, tended only to give it a gloomier hue and a more deadly intensity.

"*I come to bury Cæsar*,"—as soon as the doleful words were uttered, all the conspirators who were present involuntarily howled in chorus, long and dismal groans, "not loud" perhaps, "but *deep*." Anthony sobbed aloud—while the glance of his eye turned the attention of the people, to the dead body of Cæsar, as it lay beneath, all bloody and torn. A wild and savage yell from the angry mob, immediately announced the brooding of the storm—the nearness of its approach and the dreadful havoc and desolation it was about to make. Under this deep gathering darkness, were let loose all the elements of destruction: every heart was maddened into a boiling vortex—and the fellest, foulest, fiercest purposes, rioted in every wish, and revelled with rabid ecstasy, in every feeling of their nature!

Having so far excited their passions, Anthony could now venture on a bolder allusion to Cæsar. But even here he durst not do so *directly*, for the people were still in *principle* as much opposed to him as ever; so that it was only by subduing or seducing their feelings, they could be enlisted in his cause. Already however, they mourned the loss of Cæsar;—and their grief would be immeasurably heightened by painting his excellencies to their minds. But the difficulty was, to execute a proper portraiture:—a detail of his many recommendations would have been tedious and useless; and a specification of any particular virtue would have been ineffectual—as it might be contradicted. Hence the irresistible force of "*not to praise him*." The words were so vague and mysterious as to admit of no contradiction, and yet so explicit and vivid, as to make themselves felt. The character of Cæsar was thus seen as through a prism, too shadowy to be defined, and yet too beautiful and bright, not to be attractive to every beholder.

"*Not to praise him*" intimated that he might have expatiated on his virtues and glories, for they were many and great;—and their own excited imaginations would abundantly fill up the unfinished draught, and give it the deepest colouring.

"*Not to praise him*" assumed his virtues too well known to need a catalogue, and too universally confessed to require proof. His character appeared too plain for ornament, and too grand for illustration; thus equally by its humility and its majesty, leaving at a distance the most eloquent eulogium. The hearers became enamoured with the picture Anthony's skill had led them to form to themselves, and therefore stopped not to examine its fidelity. A meteor, as it were, flashed before their eyes, with such intensity, that they thought of nothing but its brilliancy and premature evanishment.

"*Not to praise him*"—intimated that the situation of the speaker was extremely perilous (and by a contagion of sympathy the hearers would fancy the same of themselves), inasmuch as he durst not give full expression to his feelings, lest Brutus should hurl him to destruction. The people therefore were delighted with the apparent fearless magnanimity, which, in such circumstances, could say any thing at all in favour of Cæsar, and their passions would violently rebound into a paroxysm of agony and of rage against his opponents.

"*Not to praise him*"—above all, this might lead the hearers to suppose, that he forbore, from a dignified compassion for Brutus; and that from a contemptuous pity, he refrained from all such expressions as might impel them to vengeance. This gave them a higher confidence in the rectitude of his motives, and the leniency of his purposes; so that in listening to the words, they would exclaim of Anthony, "half his strength he put not forth, but checked it in mid volley." All this "infixed plagues into their souls," and plunged them into such an intensity and agony of fury that blood—blood—blood alone would assuage it; but who was to be the victim, the subsequent sentences was to decide. Every principle of their nature became as a separate burning centre of emanation of hatred and of scorn—every passion became as a fatal blast, scorching and withering all around,—and every individual hearer became a living focus of all that was terrible and destructive!

But I see, from my reader's gaping and yawning, that my story has already doubled the length of his patience. For the *present* therefore, I drop the curtain on the telescopic analysis of the speech, and forbear to inflict any description of its appearance in perspective, as seen through the kaleidoscope,—reserving those glories for such as have thoroughly understood and felt this first scene in the Aeronautic Romance.

F. F.

MAGIC AND MAGICIANS.

(From an interesting article in the sixth and last volume (just published) of Mr. D'Issraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.)

WHAT a subject, were I to enter on it, would be the narratives of magical writers! These precious volumes have been so constantly wasted by the profane, that now a book of real magic requires some to find it, as well as a magician to use it. Albertus Magnus, or Albert the

Great, as he is erroneously styled—for this sage only derived his enviable epithet from his name *De Groot*, as did Hugo Grotius—this sage, in his "Admirable Secrets," delivers his opinion that these books of magic should be most preciously preserved; for, he prophetically added, the time is arriving when they would be understood! It seems that they were not intelligible in the thirteenth century; but, if Albertus has not miscalculated, in the present day they may be! Magical terms with talismanic figures may yet conceal many a secret; gunpowder came down to us in a sort of anagram, and the kaleidoscope with its interminable multiplications of forms, lay at hand for two centuries in Baptista Porta's "Natural Magic." The abbot Trithemius, in a confidential letter, happened to call himself a magician, perhaps at the moment he thought himself one, and sent three or four leaves stuffed with the names of devils, and with their evocations. At the death of his friend, these leaves fell into the unworthy hands of the prior, who was so frightened on the first glance at the diabolical nomenclature, that he raised the country against the abbot, and Trithemius was nearly a lost man. Yet, after all, this evocation of devils has reached us in his "Steganographia," and proves to be only one of this ingenious abbot's polygraphic attempts at secret writing; for he had flattered himself that he had invented a mode of concealing his thoughts from all the world, while he communicated them to a friend. Roger Bacon promised to raise thunder and lightning, and disperse clouds by dissolving them into rain. The first magical process has been obtained by Franklin; and the other, of far more use to our agriculturists, may perchance be found lurking in some corner which has been overlooked in the "Opus Magnus" of our "Doctor Mirabilis." Do we laugh at their magical works of art? Are we ourselves such indifferent artists? Cornelius Agrippa, before he wrote his "Vanity of the Arts and Sciences," intended to reduce into a method and system the secret of communicating with spirits and demons. On good authority, that of Porphyry, Psellus, Plotinus, Jamblicus—and on better, were it necessary to alledge it—he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarmed with what the Greeks called *dæmones*, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, our waters of fish, and our earth of insects. Yet this occult philosopher, who knew perfectly eight languages, and married two wives, with whom he had never exchanged a harsh word in any of them, was every where avoided as having by his side, for his companion, a personage no less than a demon. This was a great black dog whom he suffered to stretch himself out among his magical manuscripts, or lie on his bed, often kissing and patting him, and feeding him on choice morsels. Yet for this would Paulus Jovius and all the world have had him put to the ordeal of fire and faggot! The truth was afterwards boldly asserted by Wierus, his learned domestic, who believed that his master's dog was really nothing more than he appeared! "I believe," says he, "that he was a real natural dog; he was indeed black, but of a moderate size, and I have often led him by a string, and called him by the French name Agrippa had given him, Monsieur! and he had a female who was called Mademoiselle! I would ask how authors of such great characters should write so absurdly on his vanishing at his death, nobody knows how!" But, as it is probable that Monsieur and Mademoiselle must have generated some puppy demons, Wierus ought to have been more circumstantial.

Albertus Magnus, for thirty years, had never ceased working at a man of brass, and had cast together the qualities of his material under certain constellations, which threw such a spirit upon his man of brass, that it was reported his growth was visible; his feet, legs, thighs, shoulders, neck, and head expanded, and made the city of Cologne uneasy at possessing one citizen too mighty for them all. This man of brass, when he reached his maturity, was so loquacious, that Albert's master, the great scholastic Thomas Aquinas, one day, tired of his babble, and declaring it was a devil, or devilish, with his staff knocked his head off; and, what was extraordinary, this brazen man, like any human being thus effectually silenced, "word never spake more." This incident is equally historical and authentic; though whether heads of brass can speak, and even prophecy, was indeed a subject of profound enquiry, even at a later period. Naudé, who never questioned their vocal powers, and yet was puzzled concerning the nature of this new species of animal, has, no doubt, most judiciously stated the question, whether these speaking brazen heads had a sensitive and reasoning nature, or whether demons spoke in them? But brass has not the faculty of providing its own nourishment, as we see in plants, and therefore they were not sensitive; and, as for the act of reasoning, these brazen heads presumed to know nothing but the future; with the past and the present they seem totally unacquainted, so that their memory and their observation were very limited; and as for the future, that is always doubtful, and obscure even to heads of brass! This learned man then infers, that "These brazen heads could have no reasoning faculties, for nothing altered their nature; they said what they had to say, which no one could contradict; and having said their say, you might have broken their heads for anything more that you could have got out of them. Had they had any life in them, would they not have moved as well as spoken? Life itself is but motion, but they had no lungs, no spleen; and, in fact, though they spoke, they had no tongue. Was a devil in them? I

think not. Yet why should men have taken all this trouble to make, not a man, but a trumpet?"

Our profound philosopher was right not to agitate the question, whether these brazen heads had ever spoken? Why should not a man of brass speak, since a doll can whisper, and a statue play chess? Another magical invention has been ridiculed with equal reason. A magician was annoyed, as philosophers still are, by passers in the street; and he, particularly so, by having horses led to drink under his window. He made a magical horse of wood, according to one of the books of Hermes, which perfectly answered its purpose by frightening away the horses, or rather the grooms! the wooden horse, no doubt, gave some palpable kick.

The works of the ancient alchemists have afforded numberless discoveries to modern chymists; nor is even their grand operation despaired of. If they have of late not been so renowned, this has arisen from a want of what Ashmole calls "apertness," a qualification early inculcated among these illuminated sages. We find authenticated accounts of some who have lived three centuries, with tolerable complexions, possessed of nothing but a crucible and a bellows! but they were so unnecessarily mysterious, that whenever such a person was discovered, he was sure in an instant to disappear and was never afterwards heard of.

In the "Liber Patris Sapientie" this selfish cautiousness is all along impressed on the student, for the accomplishment of the great mystery. In the commentary on this precious work by the alchemist Norton, who counsels,

"Be thou in a place secret, by thyself alone,
That no man see or hear what thou shalt say or done.
Trust not thy friend too much wheresoe'er thou go,
For he thou trustest best sometime may be thy foe;"

Ashmole observes, that "Norton gives exceeding good advice to the student in this science where he bids him be secret in the carrying on of his studies and operations, and not let any one know of his undertakings but his good angel and himself: and such a close and retired breast had Norton's master, who,

"When men disputed of colours of the rose,
He would not speak, but kept himself full close!"

We regret that by each leaving all his knowledge to his "good angel and himself," it has happened that the "good angels" have kept it all to themselves.

It cannot, however, be denied, that if they could not always extract gold out of lead, they sometimes succeeded in washing away the pimples on ladies' faces, notwithstanding that Sir Kenelm Digby poisoned his most beautiful lady, because, as Sancho would have said, he was one of those who would "have his bread whiter than the whitest wheaten." Van Helmont, who could not succeed in discovering the true elixir of life, however, hit on the spirit of hartshorn, which, for a good while, he considered was the wonderful elixir itself, restoring to life persons who seemed to have lost it. And though this delightful enthusiast could not raise a ghost, yet he thought he had; for he raised something aerial from Spa water, which, mistaking for a ghost, he gave it that very name; a name which we still retain in *gas*, from the German *geist*, or ghost. Paracelsus carried the tinea spirit about him in the hilt of his great sword! Having first discovered the qualities of laudanum, this illustrious quack made use of it as an universal remedy; and distributed it in the form of pills, which he carried in the basket-hilt of his sword; the operations he performed were as rapid as they seemed magical. Doubtless we have lost some inconceivable secrets by some unexpected occurrences, which the secret itself, it would seem, ought to have prevented taking place. When the philosopher had discovered the art of prolonging life to an indefinite period, it is most provoking to find that he should have allowed himself to die at an early age! We have a very authentic history from Sir Kenelm Digby himself, that when he went in disguise to visit Descartes at his retirement at Egmond, lamenting the brevity of life which hindered philosophers getting on in their studies, the French philosopher assured him that "he had considered that matter; to render a man immortal was what he could not promise, but that he was very sure it was possible to lengthen out his life to the period of the patriarchs." And when his death was announced to the world, the Abbé Picot, an ardent disciple, for a long time would not believe it possible, and at length insisted, that if it had occurred, it must be owing to some mistake of the philosopher.

The late Holcroft, Louthborough and Cosway, imagined that they should escape the vulgar era of Christian life by re-organising their old bones, and moistening their dry marrow; their new principles of vitality were supposed by them to be found in the powers of the mind; this seemed more reasonable, but proved to be as little efficacious as those of other philosophers who imagine they have detected the hidden principle of life in the eels frisking in vinegar, and allude to "the bookbinder, who creates the bookworm!"

Paracelsus has revealed to us one of the grandest secrets of nature. When the world began to dispute on the very existence of the elementary folk, it was then that he boldly offered to give birth to a fairy, and has sent down to posterity a recipe. He describes the impurity which is to be transmuted into such purity, the gross elements of a delicate fairy, which, fixed in a phial, placed in fuming dung, will in due time settle into a full

grown fairy, bursting through its vitreous prison, on the vivifying principle on which the ancient Egyptians hatched their eggs in ovens. I recollect at Dr. Farmer's sale, the leaf which preserved this recipe for making a fairy, forebly folded down by the learned commentator; from which we must infer the credit he gave to the experiment. There was a greatness of mind in Paracelsus, who, having furnished a recipe to make a fairy, had the delicacy to refrain from its formation. Even Baptista Porta, one of the most enlightened philosophers, does not deny the possibility of producing creatures, which "at their full growth shall not exceed the size of a mouse;" but he adds, "they are only pretty little dogs to play with." Were these akin to the fairies of Paracelsus?

They were well convinced of the existence of such elemental beings; frequent accidents in mines showed the potency of the metallic spirits; which so tormented the workmen in some of the German mines, by blindness, giddiness, and sudden sickness, that they have been obliged to abandon mines well known to have been rich in silver. A metallic spirit, at one sweep, annihilated twelve miners, who were all found dead together. The fact was unquestionable; and the safety lamp was undiscovered.

Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite Palingenesis, as it has been termed from the Greek, or regeneration; or rather, the apparitions of animals and plants. Schott, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat. Nothing they say perishes in nature; all is but a continuation, or revival. The seeds of resurrection are concealed in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man: the ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted unsubstantial, and unodoriferous, they are not roses which grew on rose trees, but their delicate apparitions; and, like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment. The process of the *Palingenesis*, this picture of immortality, is described. These philosophers, having burned a flower, by calcination disengaged the salts from its ashes, and deposited them in a glass phial: a chemical mixture acted on it, till in the fermentation they assumed a bluish and spectral hue. This dust, thus excited by heat, shoots upwards into primitive forms; by sympathy the parts unite, and while each is returning to its destined place, we see distinctly the stalk, the leaves and the flower arise; it is the pale spectre of a flower coming slowly forth from its ashes. The heat passes away, the magical scene declines, till the whole matter again precipitates itself into the chaos at the bottom. This vegetable phoenix lies thus concealed in its cold ashes, till the presence of heat produces this resurrection; in its absence it returns to its death. Thus the dead naturally revive; and a corpse may give out its shadowy re-animation when not too deeply buried in the earth. Bodies corrupted in their graves have risen, particularly the murdered; for murderers are apt to bury their victims in a slight and hasty manner. Their salts, exhaled in vapour by means of their fermentation, have arranged themselves on the surface of the earth, and have formed those phantoms, which at night have often terrified the passing spectator, as authentic history witnesses. They have opened the graves of the phantom and discovered the bleeding corpse beneath; hence it is astonishing how many ghosts may be seen at night, after a recent battle, standing over their corpses! On the same principle, my old philosopher Gaffarel conjectures on the raining of frogs; but these frogs, we must conceive, can only be the ghosts of frogs; and Gaffarel himself has modestly opened this fact by a "peradventure." A more satisfactory origin of ghosts modern philosophy has not afforded.

And who does not believe in the existence of ghosts? for as Dr. More forcibly says, "That there should be so universal a *fame* and *fear* of that which never was nor is, nor can ever be in the world, is to me the greatest miracle in the world. If there had not been, at some time or other, true miracles, it had not been so easy to impose on the public by false. The alchemist would never go about to sophisticate metals to pass them off for true gold and silver, unless that such a thing was acknowledged as true gold and silver in the world."

The pharmacopoeia of those times combined more of morals with medicine than our own. They discovered that the agate rendered a man eloquent and even witty; a laurel leaf placed on the centre of the skull, fortified the memory; the brains of fowls, and birds of swift wing, wonderfully helped the imagination. All such specifics have now disappeared, and have greatly reduced the chances of an invalid recovering that which perhaps he never possessed. Lentils and rape-seed were a certain cure for the small-pox, and very obviously, their grains resembling the spots of this disease. They discovered that those who lived on "fair" plants became fair, those on fruitful ones were never barren; on the principle that Hercules acquired his mighty strength by feeding on the marrow of lions. But their talismans, provided they were genuine, seem to have been wonderfully operative; and had we the same confidence, and melted down the guineas we give physicians, engraving on them talismanic figures, I would answer for the good effects of the experiment. Naudé, indeed, has utterly ridiculed the occult virtues of talismans, in his defence of Virgil, accused of being a magician: the poet, it seems, cast into a well a talisman of a horse-leech, graven on a plate of gold, to drive away the great number of horse-

leeches which infested Naples. Naudé positively denies that talismans possessed any such occult virtues. Gaffarel regrets that so judicious a man as Naudé should have gone this length, giving the lie to so many authentic authors; and Naudé's paradox is, indeed, as strange as his denial; he suspects the thing is not true, because it is so generally told! "It leads one to suspect," says he, "as animals are said to have been driven away from so many places by these talismans, whether they were ever driven from any place." Gaffarel, suppressing by his good temper his indignant feelings at such reasoning, turns the paradox on its maker:—"As if, because of the great number of battles which Hannibal is reported to have fought with the Romans, we might not, by the same reason, doubt whether he fought any one with them." The reader must be aware that the strength of the argument lies with the firm believer in talismans. Gaffarel, indeed, who passed his days in collecting "Curiosities inouïes," is a most authentic historian of unparalleled events, even his own times! Such as that heavy rain in Poitou, which showered down "petites bestioles," little creatures like bishops with their mitres, and monks with their capuchins over their heads; it is true, afterwards they all turned into butterflies.

The museums, the cabinets, and the inventions of our early virtuosos were the baby-houses of philosophers. Baptista Porta, Bishop Wilkins, and old Ashmole, were they now living, had been enrolled among the quiet members of the "Society of Arts," instead of flying in the air, collecting "A wing of the phoenix, as tradition goes;" or catching the disjointed syllables of an old dotting astrologer. But those early dilettanti had not derived the same pleasure from the useful inventions of the aforesaid "Society of Arts," as they received from what Cornelius Agrippa, in a fit of spleen, calls "things vain and superfluous, invented for no other end but for pomp and idle pleasure." Baptista Porta was more skilful in the mysteries of art and nature than any man in his day. Having founded the *Academy de gli Oziosi*, he held an inferior association in his own house, called *di Secreti*, where none was admitted but those elect who had communicated some secret; for in the early period of modern art and science, the slightest novelty became a secret, not to be confided to the uninitiated. Porta was unquestionably a fine genius, as his works still shew; but it was a misfortune that he attributed his own penetrating sagacity to his skill in the art of divination. He considered himself a prognosticator; and what was more unfortunate, some eminent persons really thought he was. Predictions and secrets are harmless, provided they are not believed; but his holiness finding Porta's were, warned him that magical sciences were great hindrances to the study of the bible, and paid him the compliment to forbid his prophesying. Porta's genius was now limited to astonish, and sometimes to terrify, the more ingenious part of *I Secreti*. On entering his cabinet, some phantom of an attendant was sure to be hovering in the air, moving as he who entered moved; or he observed in some mirror that his face was twisted and on the wrong side of his shoulders, and did not quite think that all was right when he clapped his hand on it; or passing through a darkened apartment, a magical landscape burst on him with human beings in motion, the boughs of trees bending, and the very clouds passing over the sun; or, sometimes banquettes, battles, and hunting-parties in the same apartment. "All these spectacles my friends have witnessed!" exclaims the self-delighted Baptista Porta. When his friends drank wine out of the same cup which he had used, they were mortified with wonder: for he drank wine, and they only water! or, on a summer's day, when all complained of the sirocco, he would freeze his guests with cold air in the room; or, on a sudden, let off a flying dragon to sail along with a cracker in its tail, and a cat tied on its back; shrill was the sound, and awful was the concussion; so that it required strong nerves in an age of apparitions and devils, to meet this great philosopher when in his best humour. Albertus Magnus entertained the Earl of Holland, as that earl passed through Cologne, in a severe winter, with a warm summer-scene, luxuriant in fruits and flowers. The fact is related by Trithemius—and this magical scene connected with his vocal head, and his books *de Secretis Mulierum*, and *de Mirabilibus*, confirmed the accusations they raised against the great Albert, for being a magician. His apologist, Theophilus Raynaud, is driven so hard to defend Albertus, that he at once asserts, that the winter changed to summer, and the speaking head to be two infamous flames! He will not believe these authenticated facts, although he credits a miracle which proves the sanctity of Albertus;—after three centuries, the body of Albert the Great remained as sweet as ever.

"Whether such enchantments," as old Mandeville cautiously observeth, two centuries preceding the days of Porta, were "by craft or by nygromancy, I wot nere." But that they were not unknown to Chaucer appears in his "Franklin's Tale," where, minutely describing them, he communicates the same pleasure he must himself have received from the ocular illusions of "the Tregetours," or "Jogelours." Chaucer ascribes the miracle to "a naturall magique;" in which, however, it was as unsettled, whether the "Prince of Darkness" was a party concerned.

"For I am siker that there be sciences
By which men maken divers apperences
Swiche as thire subtil tregetours play.
For oft at festes have I well herd say

That tregetours, within an halle large,
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and doun:
Sometime hath seemed come a grim leoun,
And sometime flowies spring as in a mede,
Sometime a vine and grapes white and rede;
Sometime a castel al of lime and stone,
And whan hem liketh voideth it anon:
Thus seemeth it to every mannes sight."

Bishop Wilkins's Museum was visited by Evelyn, who describes the sort of curiosities which occupied and amused the children of Science. "Here, too, there was a hollow statue, which gave a voice, and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to its mouth, whilst one speaks through it at a good distance:" a circumstance which, perhaps they were not then aware, revealed the whole mystery of the ancient oracles, which they attributed to demons, rather than to tubes, pulleys and wheels. The learned Charles Patin, in his scientific travels, records, among other valuable productions of art, a cherry-stone, on which were engraven about a dozen and a half of portraits! Even the greatest of human geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, to attract the royal patronage, created a lion which ran before the French monarch, dropping *flours de lis* from his shaggy breast. And another philosopher who had a spinet which played and stopped at command, might have made a revolution in the arts and sciences, had the half-stifled child that was concealed in it not been forced, unluckily, to crawl into daylight, and thus it was proved that a philosopher might be an impostor!

The arts, as well as the sciences, at the first institution of the Royal Society, were of the most amusing class. The famous Sir Samuel Moreland had turned his house into an enchanted palace. Every thing was full of devices, which shewed art and mechanism in perfection; his coach carried a travelling kitchen; for it had a fireplace and grate, with which he could make a soup, broil cutlets, and roast an egg; and he dressed his meat by clockwork. Another of these virtuosos, who is described, as "a gentleman of superior order, and whose house was a knickknackatory," valued himself on his multifarious inventions, but most in "sowing salads in the morning, to be eat for dinner." The house of Winstanley, who afterwards raised the first Eddystone light-house, must have been the wonder of the age. If you kicked aside an old slipper, purposely lying in your way, up started a ghost before you; or if you sat down in a chair, a couple of gigantic arms would immediately clasp you in. There was an arbour in the garden by the side of a canal; you had scarcely seated yourself when you were sent out afloat to the middle of the canal—from whence you could not escape till this man of art and science wound you up to the harbour. What was passing at the Royal Society, was also occurring at the "Academie des Sciences" at Paris. A great and gouty member of that philosophical body, on the departure of a stranger would point to his legs, to shew the impossibility of conducting him to the door; yet the astonished visitor never failed to find the virtuoso waiting for him on the outside, to make his final bow! While the visitor was going down stairs this inventive genius was descending with great velocity in a machine from the window; so that he proved, that if a man of science, cannot force nature to walk down stairs, he may drive her out at the window!

If they travelled at home, they set off to note down prodigies. Dr. Plott, in a magnificent project of a journey through England for the advantage of "Learning and Trade," and the discovery of "Antiquities and other Curiosities," for which he solicited the royal aid which Leland enjoyed, among other notable designs, discriminates a class thus: "Next I shall enquire of animals; and first of strange people."—"Strange accidents that attended corporations and families, as that the deans of Rochester ever since the foundation by turns have died deans and bishops; the bird with a white breast that haunts the family of Oxenham near Exeter, just before the death of any of that family; the bodies of trees that are seen to swim in a pool near Brereton in Cheshire, a certain warning to the heir of that honourable family to prepare for the next world." And such remarkable as "Number of children, such as the Lady Temple, who before she died saw seven hundred descended from her." This fellow of the Royal Society, who lived nearly to 1700, was requested to give an addition of Pliny: we have lost the benefit of a most copious commentary! Bishop Hall went to the "Spa." The wood about that place was haunted not only by "freebooters, but by wolves and witches; although these last are oftentimes but one." They were called *lous garoux*; and the Greeks, it seems, knew them by the name of *λυκαθροποι*, men wolves, witches that have put on the shapes of those cruel beasts. "We sawe a boy there, whose half-face was devoured by one of them near the village; yet so, as that the eare was rather cut than bitten off." Rumour had spread that the boy had had half his face devoured; when it was examined, it turned out that his ear had only been scratched! However, there can be no doubt of the existence of witch-wolves; for Hall saw at Limburgh "one of those miscreants executed, who confessed on the wheel to have devoured two and forty children in that form." They would probably have found it difficult to have summoned the mothers who had lost the children. But observe our philosopher's reasoning: "It would make a large volume to scan this problem of *lycanthropy*." He had laboriously collected

all the evidence, and had added his arguments: the result offers a curious instance of acute reasoning on a wrong principle.*

Men of science and art then passed their days in a bustle of the marvellous. I will finish with a specimen of philosophical correspondence in a letter to old John Aubrey. The writer betrays the versatility of his curiosity by very opposite discoveries. "My hands are so full of work that I have no time to transcribe for Dr. Henry More an account of the Barnstable apparition—Lord Keeper North would take it kindly of you—give a sight of this letter from Barnstable to Dr. Witchcot." He had lately heard of a Scotchman who had been carried by fairies into France; but the purpose of his present letters is to communicate other sort of apparitions than the ghost of Barnstable. He had gone to Gastonbury, "to pick up a few berries from the holy thorn which flowered every Christmas-day." The original thorn had been cut down by a military saint in the civil wars but the trade of the place was not damaged, for they had contrived not to have a single holy thorn, but several "by grafting and inoculation." He promises to send these berries, but requests Aubrey to inform "that person of quality who had rather have a bush, that it was impossible to get one for him. I am told," he adds, "that there is a person about Gastonbury who hath a nursery of them, which he sells for a crown a piece, but they are supposed not to be of the right kind."

The main object of this letter is the writer's "suspicion of gold in this country;" for which he offers three reasons. Tacitus says there was gold in England, and that Agrippa came to a spot where he had a prospect of Ireland—from which place he writes; secondly, that "an honest man had in this spot found stones from which he had extracted good gold; and that he himself had seen in the broken stones a clear appearance of gold;" and thirdly, "there is a story which goes by tradition in that part of the country, that in the hill alluded to there was a door into a hole, that when any wanted money they used to go and knock there, that a woman used to appear, and give to such as came. At a time one by greediness or otherwise gave her offence, she flung to the door, and delivered this old saying, still remembered in the country—

'When all the Daws be gone and dead,
Then—— Hill shall shine gold red.'

My fancy is that this relates to an ancient family of this name, of which there is now but one left, and he not likely to have any issue." These are his three reasons; and some mines have been perhaps opened with no better ones! But let us not imagine that this great naturalist was credulous; for he tells Aubrey that "he thought it was but a monkish tale, forged in the abbey, so famous in former time; but as I have learned not to despise our forefathers, I question whether this may not refer to some rich mine in the hill, formerly in use, and now lost. I shall shortly request you to discourse with my lord about it to have advice, &c. In the mean time, it will be best to keep all private for his Majesty's service, his lordship's, and perhaps some private person's benefit." But he has also positive evidence: "A mason, not long ago, coming to the renter of the abbey for a freestone, and sawing it, out came divers pieces of gold, of 3*l*. 10*s*. value, of ancient coins. The stone belonged to some chimney-work; the gold was hidden in it, perhaps, when the Dissolution was near." This last incident of finding coins in a chimney-piece, which he had accounted for very rationally, serves only to confirm his dream, that they were coined out of the gold of the mine of the hill; and he becomes more urgent for a private search into these mines, which "I have, I think, a way to." In the Postscript he adds an account of a well, which, by washing, wrought a cure on a person deep in the king's evil. "I hope you don't forget your promise to communicate whatever thing you have, relating to your Idea."

This promised idea of Aubrey may be found in his MSS., under the title of "The Idea of Universal Education." However whimsical, one would like to see it. Aubrey's life might furnish a volume of these philosophical dreams; he was a person who, from his incessant bustle and insatiable curiosity, was called "The Carrier of Conceptions of the Royal Society." Many pleasant nights were "privately" enjoyed by Aubrey and his correspondent about the "Mine in the Hill;" Ashmole's MSS. at Oxford, contain a collection of many secrets of the Rosicrucians; one of the completest invention is "a Recipe how to walk invisible." Such were the fancies which rocked the children of science in their cradles! and so feeble were the steps of our curious infancy!—But I start in my dreams! dreading the reader may also have fallen asleep!

* Hall's postulate is, that God's work could not admit of any substantial change, which is above the reach of all infernal powers; but "Herein the devil plays the double sophister; the sorcerer with sorcerers. He both deludes the witch's conceit and the beholder's eyes." In a word, Hall believes in what he cannot understand. Yet Hall will not believe in one of the Catholic miracles of the "Virgia of Louvain," though Lipsius had written a book to commemorate "the goddess," as Hall sarcastically calls her; Hall was told with great indignation in the shop of the bookseller of Lipsius, that when James the First had looked over this work, he flung it down, vociferating "Damnation to him that made it, and to him that believes it."

DAY AND NIGHT.

(For the London Journal.)

Lightness and veiled Darkness, sisters twain,
 Hold momentary converse morn and eve :
 Lightness attended by her gorgeous train
 Of sunbeams, and that single star, whose reign
 Lasts longest in the sky. The Pleiads grieve
 Around the grace of Night; Orion mourns,
 And dim Arcturus pours his flowing urns.
 The comet's lurid homage decks her brow !
 Upon the mountain heights the sisters meet,
 When glistening pearl-dews cool their glowing feet.
 They part—where venturous vessels never plough
 Old Ocean's utmost waves.—'Tis very sweet
 To conjure up their greetings, voiceless given—
 Farewells, and welcomes, blush'd across the heaven !

J. H.

TIMELY INTERCESSION.

Two instances are recorded in which an effectual appeal was made, in one case to the fears, and in another to the religious prejudices of conquerors, who in no other passage of their lives, have shewn any propensity to tender feeling or common humanity. Yet on these occasions their extravagant fury was arrested, by the cool expostulation, admirable presence of mind, and well-timed dexterity of individuals, neither exalted by rank, nor eminent for intellectual abilities; individuals whom, in any other point of view, they would have crushed as worms beneath their feet. The first was soon after the conquest of China by Zingis, who, enraged by some real or imaginary opposition to his ferocious despotism, issued an order for exterminating, by an indiscriminate massacre, the whole of the miserable natives, men, women, and children. The murder of millions was already on the threshold of preparation, when Yelutchou-say, an honest and intrepid Mandarin, who possessed what honest men frequently despise, and do not always exert, the valuable faculty of adapting himself to the expediency, the circumstances, and the necessities of the times in which he lived, without forfeiting his integrity, rushed into the presence of the haughty Khan.

Having acted as his interpreter, and being a favourite, in an erect attitude and elevated voice, he thus addressed the conqueror: "Is it thy intention to destroy the faithful Tartars, as well as the Chinese?" "Should the hair of the head of a single Tartar be injured," replied Zingis, "I will desolate the face of the earth." "Then recal the order thou hast given," said the Mandarin, "for the utter destruction of both nations will be the inevitable consequence of its being carried into execution." "Dost thou mean by the resistance the Chinese will make?" said the Khan, with a mixture of indignation and contempt. "Know, rash man, that I condemn thy menace, as much as I despise their power; they have fled, and will fly before my hardy hands as sheep from the tiger, or as dust is dissipated from the northern blast." "I entertained no such thought," said the Chinese; "And after hearing what I have to say, thou wilt be at liberty to follow thy own inclination; but of this thou mayest rest assured, that if thy commands be literally executed, pestilence and famine will soon destroy the troops. Who can, or who will inter, a hundred million of dead bodies, which if unburied, will affect the air you breathe. Another object is also worthy of thy consideration; the indiscriminate destruction proposed, will not leave a single artisan, or a single slave, to administer to the comforts, to sharpen the weapons, or to till the ground of their Tartar lords. "But should a few of the miserable slaves be spared from the general havoc, by policy or interest, who can protect and insure thee, and the companions of thy conquest, from the secret conspiracies, the midnight dagger, and the poisoned bowl of the survivors; I appeal to thy own sense and feelings, if it is possible for any human creature to serve with complacency or attachment the assassins of their parents, their brethren, or their children; it is contrary both to nature and reason; whatever may be their profession, blood for blood, the erosions of cruelty and revenge, the most fascinating and inextinguishable of all our passions, will lurk in the secret recesses of our hearts. I therefore pray," concluded the excellent Yelutchou-say, conscious of the impression he had made, and the strong ground on which he stood, "I humbly pray that the rebellious and the guilty may be severely punished, but that the industrious citizen, the inoffensive rustic, the hardy labourer, their wives and their children, may continue to serve thee unmolested; that Zingis and his faithful Tartars may live likewise." The conqueror listened with attention and obedience to his pacific, and instantly recalled the savage mandate he had issued.

The second example of influence happily exerted, was during the predatory expedition of Nadir Shah into Hindoostan, in the middle of the Eighteenth century. As soon as the merciless tyrant entered Delhi, he ordered every gate in the city to be shut, and closely guarded, and it was proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that none should enter or go forth, on pain of death.

The provisions within the walls being inadequate to the daily consumption, famine was speedily the consequence of this severe decree; and the unfeeling monster saw thousands perishing from hunger, or devouring sub-

stances at which nature revolts, without one emotion of pity or regret.

Surrounded by death in its most hideous and agonizing forms, and with the shrieks and groans of starving wretches assailing his ears, he ordered martial music to be constantly played, and with apparent unconcern indulged himself to excess in the pleasures of the table, aggravating injury by insult. He also ordered the theatre to be magnificently illuminated, and an entertainment to be performed for his amusement.

At this musical and dramatic exhibition, Tucki, an actor and a singer, pleased the barbarian so much, that he exclaimed in his transports, that he would grant the player any favour that he should ask; at the same time confirming his declaration with an oath.

The hero of the piece, who amidst all the assumed gaiety and splendour of an oriental drama, strongly felt for, and warmly sympathized with the sorrows of his countrymen, instantly prostrated himself before Nadir, and taking a fair advantage of his voluntary offer, said, "Command, Oh King, that the gates of the city may be opened."

The cruel invader thus surprised into an act of humanity, paused for a moment, but recollecting the solemn oath he had taken, and uniting superstition and enormity, granted the prayer of Tucki with considerable reluctance; and disconcerted in his hateful plans, retired, frowning to the palace.

TABLE-TALK.

A Picture.—Among all the interesting objects which Chandler has seen in his travels, there is none except the Parthenon which I so much wish to see as the stupendous ruins of the temple of Apollo at Ura, near Miletus, the description of which has perfectly transported me. Chandler saw them towards evening, when a herd of goats had spread themselves over the majestic reliques, climbing among blocks of marble and massy pillars, while the whole was illumined with the richest tints of the setting sun, and the still sea glittered in the offing.—*Matthison's Letters.*

JAMES PRICE was an English chymist, who in the course of experiments exhibited in the presence of several men of science and reputation, produced a wonderful powder, which, if it did not actually turn all it touched to gold, like the fabulous philosopher's stone, made very near approaches to that miraculous transmutation. Half a grain of this wonder-working ingredient, which was of a deep red colour, and weighed by an indifferent person, prevented quicksilver from evaporating or boiling, though the crucible which contained it, was surrounded by an intense fire, and was itself become red hot. I will not puzzle my readers, nor incur the risque of exposing myself, by describing in technical terms every part of the progress. It is sufficient to observe, that Dr. Price directed, but touched nothing, and that at the conclusion of the operation, when the crucible was cooled, and broken, a globe, weighing ten grains, of a yellow metal, was found at the bottom, which a skillful artist, after trying it by the common tests, pronounced it to be pure gold, for which he would give the highest price that was generally asked for that metal. A variety of experiments which it is not necessary to particularize in this place, and of which the principal nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood of Guildford, the doctor's residence, were witnesses, established beyond a doubt the fact, that by means of his extraordinary powders, for he produced a white as well as a red one, silver and gold, in the proportion of 28 to 1, and in other instances of 40 to 1, and 60 to 1, was repeatedly produced. Notwithstanding such unexceptionable evidence, the world still incredulous and suspecting deception, demanded further experiments; but the sanguine expectations of the friends of Dr. Price were checked by the reply he made; "The whole of my materials have been expended in the experiments I made, and I cannot furnish myself with more but by a process tedious and onerous, whose effects I find have already been injurious to my health, and of which I decline the repetition." Whether the operator had impaired his fortune, his intellect, or his spirits, I cannot tell; but I understand that he not long after died by his own hands, and his secret, to the experimental chymist, so highly interesting, perished with him. The philosopher and statesman who may lament the loss of an art, which would apparently have enabled us to pay off the national debt, and to set at defiance the exhausting circumstances of war, will, however, cease to repine, and estimate the doctor's secret at its proper value, when they are told, as he confessed to a friend, a few months before his death, that the materials necessary to produce an ounce of gold cost seventeen pounds. *Lounger's Common Place Book.*

A Guild of Poets!—Nürnberg also was the chief seat of the famous Meistersänger and their Sangerzünfte or Singer-guilds, in which poetry was taught and practised, like any other handicraft, and this by sober and well-meaning men, chiefly artisans, who could not understand why labour, which manufactured so many things, should not also manufacture another. Of these tuneful guild-brethren, Hans Sachs, by trade a shoemaker, is greatly the most noted and most notable. His father was a tailor; he himself learnt the mystery of song under one Nunnebeck, a weaver. He was an adherent of his great contemporary Luther, who has even deigned to acknowledge his services in the cause of the Reformation; how diligent a labourer Sachs must have been, will appear from the fact, that in his 74th year (1563), on examining his stock for publication, he found

that he had written 6048 poetical pieces, among which were 208 tragedies and comedies, and this besides having all along kept house like an honest Nürnberg burgher, by assiduous and sufficient shoe-making! Hans is not without genius, and a shrewd irony; and above all, the most gay, child-like, yet devout and solid character; a man neither to be despised nor patronized, but left standing on his own basis, as a singular product, and a still legible symbol, and clear mirror of the time and country where he lived. His best piece known to us, and many are well worth perusing, is the *Fastnachtspiel* (Shrovetide Farce) of the *Narrenschneider*, where a doctor cures a bloated and lethargic patient by cutting out half-a-dozen Fools from his interior!—*Thomas Carlyle on German Literature.*

A French Wit.—*Singular mode of accommodating a Debt.*—Bois-Robert was the best companion of his time; his admirable invention of agreeable stories, with his inimitable manner of telling them, had made him a kind of favourite with Cardinal Richieu. Upon any indisposition of this minister, his physician would say to him, "My lord, no endeavours, you may be sure, will be wanting in us for your recovery; but all won't do, without some Bois-Robert." Bois-Robert, on some occasion, unfortunately got out of the Cardinal's favour. The Royal Academy of Science, who were indebted to him for Richieu's patronage, proposed to intercede for him; but the Cardinal being informed of it, intimated that their application would be to no purpose; upon which, they consulted with his Eminence's physician, and he at the end of the first prescription for the minister, who frequently stood in need of his skill, writ *Recipe Bois-Robert* ("a dose of Bois-Robert,") which succeeded.—This companionable person, more witty than wise, played so deep, that at one ill run he lost no less than ten thousand crowns with the Duke de Roquelaure. The duke loved money, and insisted upon being paid; but an accommodation was brought about by a friend. Bois-Robert sold off all he had, which made up four thousand crowns; this sum a gentleman carries to the Duke, telling him he must forgive the rest, and Bois-Robert would compose a panegyric ode on him, but of the very worst kind. "Now when it comes abroad that the Duke of Roquelaure has rewarded a paltry piece with six thousand crowns, your generosity will be extremely applauded, and, it will doubtless be said, what would he have given to a well-written poem!"

A Strange Prisoner.—In the inner court of the state-prison of Pierre-Gucise, at Lyons, I saw an old man with a venerable aspect, walking with slow yet firm steps, whose uncommon height struck me forcibly. He was neat, but old fashioned in his dress, and my conductor persuaded me to talk to him, for he loved conversation. I began therefore by observing on the weather, and the very remarkable situation of the castle, but I soon led him to the subject of his imprisonment. "It is now sixty years," he said with a resolute tone, "that I have seen nothing but these walls, and eighty-five that I have been in the world; I might have regained my freedom twenty years ago, but it was then too late, and I continue here above, where at present I am very well off;—I do not know that I should be so down below." Of the cause of his imprisonment I inquired in vain; only thus much I learned that he is of an illustrious family, and that he has never answered a single question upon the subject of his captivity.—*Matthison's Letters.*—[If this poor prisoner had not lost his wits, he furnishes one of the most remarkable instances, on record, of the force of habit. He had got so used, in fact, to his prison, that he could not have borne to be out of it. The novelty, and the being born, as it were, a second time to a world which had become different to him, would have frightened him. Such things have been. It is said of an old prisoner in the Bastille, when it was set open, that he requested to be taken back again to his cell. Such are the trials, but such also are the endurances, of human nature.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN our next number, we shall have the pleasure of paying our acknowledgments to various kind notices in Magazines and Newspapers. We also hope to say something on Mr. Coleridge.

We had always intended (and if we are not mistaken, have said so) to give a series of those criticisms from time to time, a sample of which (in the instance of Thomson's Castle of Indolence) has met the approbation of an OLD FRIEND AND WELL-WISHER.

The "Angler," from Goethe, is creditable to the translator; but it does not appear to us to afford any particular evidence of the genius of its great author.

We are sorry to say we have no recollection of the article mentioned by Mr. James.

The novel mentioned by Mr. M. has not come to hand. Nor the communication, to the best of our recollection, of G. B. W.

T. R. W. shall have attention.

Various articles from correspondents are under consideration; and promised insertions of others, or of extracts from them, shall now appear in weekly succession, till our stock be out.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1834.

No. 22.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

WINDOWS, CONSIDERED FROM INSIDE.

THE other day a butterfly came into our room, and began beating himself against the upper panes of a window half open, thinking to get back. It is a nice point—relieving your butterfly—he is a creature so delicate. If you handle him without ceremony, you bring away, on your fingers, something which you take to be down, but which is plumes of feathers; and as there are no fairies at hand, two atoms high, to make pens of the quills, and write “articles” on the invisible, there would be a loss. Mr. Bentham’s ghost would visit us, shaking his venerable locks at such unnecessary-pain-producing and reasonable-pleasure-preventing heedlessness. Then, if you brush him downwards, you stand a chance of hurting his antennæ, or feelers, and of not knowing what mischief you may do to his eyes, or his sense of touch, or his instruments of dialogue; for some philosophers hold that insects talk with their feelers, as dumb people do with their fingers. However, some suffering must be hazarded in order to prevent worse, even to the least and most delicate of heaven’s creatures, who would not know pleasure if they did not know pain; and perhaps the merrier and happier they are in general, the greater the lumps of pain they can bear. Besides, all must have their share, or how would the burthen of the great blockish necessity be equally distributed: and finally, what business had little *Papilio* to come into a place unfit for him, and get bothering himself with glass? Oh, faith!—your butterfly must learn experience, as well as your Bonaparte.

There was he, beating, fluttering, flouncing,—wondering that he could not get through so clear a matter (for so glass appears to be to insects, as well as to men) and tearing his silken little soul out with ineffectual energy. What plumage he must have left upon the pane! What feathers and colours, strewed about, as if some fine lady had gone mad against a ball-room door, for not being let in!

But we had a higher simile for him than that. “Truly,” thought we, “little friend, thou art like some of the great German transcendentalists, who in thinking to reach at heaven by an impossible way (such at least it seemeth at present) run the hazard of cracking their brains, and spoiling their wings for ever; whereas if thou, and they, would but stoop a little lower, and begin with earth first, there, before thee, lieth open heaven as well as earth; and thou mayest mount high as thou wilt, after thy own happy fashion, thinking less, and enjoying all things.”

And hereupon we contrived to get him downwards,—and forth, out into the air, sprang he,—first against the lime-trees, and then over them into the blue æther—as if he had resolved to put our advice into practice.

We have before spoken of the fret and fury into which the common fly seems to put himself against a window. Bees appear to take it more patiently, out of a greater knowledge; and slip about with a strange air of hopelessness. They seem to “give it up.” These things, as Mr. Pepys said of the humanities at court, “it is pretty to observe.” Glass itself is a phenomenon that might alone serve a reflecting observer with meditation for a whole morning,—so substantial and yet so air-like, so close and compact to keep away the cold, yet so transparent and facile to let in light, the gentlest of all things,—so palpably something, and yet to the eye and the perceptions a kind of nothing! It seems absolutely to deceive insects in this respect, which is remarkable, considering how closely they handle it, and what microscopic eyes we suppose them to have. We should doubt (as

we used to do) whether we did not mistake their ideas on the subject, if we had not so often seen their repeated dashings of themselves against the panes, their stoppings (as if to take breath), and then their re-commencement of the same violence. It is difficult to suppose that they do this for mere pleasure, for it looks as if they must hurt themselves. Observe in particular the tremendous thumps given himself by that great hulking fellow of a fly, that Ajax of the Diptera, the blue-bottle. Yet in autumn, in their old age, flies congregate in windows as elsewhere, and will take the matter so quietly as sometimes to stand still for hours together. We suppose they love the warmth, or the light; and that either they have found out the secret as to the rest, or

“Years have brought the philosophic mind.”

Why should Fly plague himself any longer with household matters which he cannot alter? He has tried hard in his time; and now he resigns himself like a wise insect, and will taste whatsoever tranquil pleasures remain for him, without beating his brains or losing his temper any longer. In natural livers, pleasure survives pain. Even the artificial, who keep up their troubles so long by pride, self-will, and the want of stimulants, contrive to get more pleasure than is supposed out of pain itself, especially by means of thinking themselves ill-used, and of grumbling. If the heart (for want of better training) does not much keep up its action with them, the spleen does; and so there is action of some sort: and whenever there is action, there is life; and life is found to have something valuable in it for its own sake, apart from ordinary considerations either of pain or pleasure. But your fly and your philosopher are for pleasure too, to the last, if it be harmless. Give old *Musca* a grain of sugar, and see how he will put down his proboscis to it, and dot, and pound, and suck it in, and be as happy as an old West India gentleman pondering on his sugar cane, and extracting a pleasure out of some dulcet recollection.

Gamblers, for want of a sensation, have been known to start up from their wine, and lay a bet upon two rain drops coming down a pane of glass. How poor are those gentry, even when they win, compared with observers whose resources need never fail them! To the latter, if they please, the rain-drop itself is a world,—a world of beauty and mystery and aboriginal idea, bringing before them a thousand images of proportion, and reflection, and the elements, and light, and colour, and roundness, and delicacy, and fluency, and beneficence, and the refreshed flowers, and the growing corn, and dew drops on the bushes, and the tears that fall from gentle eyes, and the ocean, and the rainbow, and the origin of all things. In water, we behold one of the old primeval mysteries of which the world was made. Thus, the commonest rain-drop on a pane of glass becomes a visitor from the solitudes of time.

A window, to those who have read a little in Nature’s school, thus becomes a book, or a picture, on which her genius may be studied, handicraft though the canvas be, and little as the glazier may have thought of it. Not that we are to predicate ignorance of your glazier now-a-days, any more than of other classes that compose the various readers of penny and three-half-penny philosophy,—cheap visitor, like the sunbeams, of houses of all sorts. The glazier could probably give many a richer man information respecting his glass, and his diamond, and his putty, (no anti-climax in these analytical days,) and let him into a secret or two, besides, respecting the amusement to be derived from it. (We have just got up from our work to inform ourselves of the nature and properties of the said mystery, putty; and should blush

for the confession, if the blush would not imply that a similar ignorance were less common with us than it is.)

But a window is a frame for other pictures besides its own; sometimes for moving ones, as in the instance of a cloud going along, or a bird, or a flash of lightning; sometimes for the distant landscape, sometimes the nearer one, or the trees that are close to it, with their lights and shades; often for the passing multitude. A picture, a harmony, is observable, even in the drapery of the curtains that invest it; much more in the sunny vine-leaves or roses that may be visible on the borders, or that are trailed against it, and which render many a poor casement so pleasant. The other day, in a very humble cottage window in the suburbs, we saw that beautiful plant, the nasturtium, trained over it on several strings; which must have furnished the inmates with a screen as they sat at their work or at their tea inside, and at the same time, permitted them to see through into the road, thus constituting a far better blind than is to be found in many great houses. Sights like these give a favourable impression of the dispositions and habits of the people within,—show how superior they are to their sophistications, if rich, and how possessed of natural refinement, if among the poorer classes. Oh! the human mind is a fine graceful thing everywhere, if the music of nature does but seize its attention, and throw it into its natural attitude. But so little has the “school-master” yet got hold of this point, or made way with it, and so occupied are men with digging gold out of the ground, and neglecting the other treasures which they toss about in profusion during the operation (as if the clay were better than the flowers which it produced,) that few make the most of the means and appliances for enjoyment that lie round about them, even in their very walls and rooms. Look at the windows down a street, and generally speaking, they are all barren. The inmate might see through roses and geraniums, if they would; but they do not think of it, or not with loving knowledge enough to take the trouble. Those who have the advantage of living in the country or the suburbs, are led in many instances to do better, though their necessity for agreeable sights is not so great. But the presence of nature tempts them to imitate her. There are few windows any where which might not be used to better advantage than they are, if we have a little money, or can procure even a few seeds. We have read an art of blowing the fire. There is an art even in the shutting and opening of windows. People might close them more against dull objects, and open them more to pleasant ones, and to the air. For a few pence, they might have beautiful colours and odours, and a pleasing task, emulous of the showers of April, beneficent as May; for they who cultivate flowers in their windows (as we have hinted before,) are led instinctively to cultivate them for others as well as themselves; nay, in one respect they do it more so; for you may observe, that wherever there is this “fenestral horticulture,” (as Evelyn would have called your window-gardening,) the flowers are turned with their faces towards the street.

But “there is an art in the shutting and opening of windows.”—Yes, for the sake of air (which ought to be had night as well as day, in reasonable measure, and with precautions) and for the sake of excluding, or admitting, what is to be seen out of doors. Suppose, for example, a house is partly opposite some pleasant, and partly some unpleasant object; the one, a tree or a garden; the other, a gin-shop or a squalid lane. The sight of the first should be admitted as constantly as possible, and with open window. That of the other, if you are rich enough, can be shut out with a painted blind, that shall substitute a beautiful landscape for the nuisance; or a blind of another sort will serve the purpose; or if even

a blind cannot be afforded, the shutters may be partly closed. Shutters should always be divided in two, horizontally as well as otherwise, for purposes of this kind. It is sometimes pleasant to close the lower portion, if only to preserve a greater sense of quiet and seclusion, and to read or write the more to yourself; light from above having both a softer and stronger effect, than when admitted from all quarters. We have seen shutters, by judicious management in this way, in the house of a poor man who had a taste for nature, contribute to the comfort and even elegance of a room in a surprising manner, and (by the opening of the lower portions and the closure of the upper) at once shut out all the sun that was not wanted, and convert a row of stunted trees into an appearance of interminable foliage, as thick as if it had been in a forest.

"But the fact was otherwise;" cries some fastidious personage, more nice than wise; "you knew there was no forest, and therefore could not have been deceived."

"Well, my dear Sir, but deception is not necessary to every one's pleasure; and fact is not merely what you take it for. The fact of there being no forest might have been the only fact with yourself, and so have prevented the enjoyment; but to a livelier fancy, there would have been the fact of the imagination of the forest (for every thing is a fact which *does* any thing for us)* and there would also have been the fact of having cultivated the imagination, and the fact of our willingness to be pleased, and the fact of the books we have read, and above all, the fact of the positive satisfaction. If a man be pleased, it is in vain you tell him he has no cause to be pleased. The cause is proved by the consequence. Whether the cause be rightly or wrongly cultivated, is another matter. The good of it is assumed in the present instance; and it would take more facts than are in the possession of a "mere matter of fact man" to disprove it. Matter of fact and spirit of fact must both be appreciated, in order to do justice to the riches of nature. We are made of mind as well as body,—of imagination as well as senses. The same mysterious faculty which sees what is before the eyes, sees also what it suggested to the memory. Matter of fact is only the more palpable world, around which a thousand spirits of fact are playing, like angels in a picture. Not to see both, is to be a poor unattended creature, who walks about in the world conscious of nothing but himself, or at best of what the horse-jockey and the coachmaker has done for him. If his banker fails, he is ruined! Not so those, who in addition to the resources of their industry, have stock in all the banks of nature and art, (pardon us this pun for the sake of what grows on it), and whose consolations cannot wholly fail them, as long as they have a flower to look upon, and a blood not entirely vitiated.

A window, high up in a building, and commanding a fine prospect, is a sort of looking out of the air, and gives a sense of power, and of superiority to earth. The higher also you go, the healthier. We speak of such windows as Milton fancied, when he wished that his lamp should be seen at midnight in "some high lonely tower;" a passage, justly admired for the goodness as well as loftiness of the wish, thus desiring that wayfarers should be the better for his studies, and enjoy the evidence of their fellow-creature's vigils. But elevations of this kind are not readily to be had. As to health, we believe that a very little lift above the ground floor, and and so on as you ascend, grows healthier in proportion. Malaria (bad air) in the countries where a plague of that kind is prevalent, is understood to be confined to a certain distance from the earth; and we really believe, that even in the healthiest quarters, where no positive harm is done by nearness to it, the air is better as the houses ascend, and a seat in a window becomes valuable in proportion. By and bye, perhaps, studies and other favourite sitting rooms will be built accordingly; and more retrospective reverence be shewn to the "garrets" that were once so famous in the annals of authorship. The poor poet in Pope, who lay

High in Drury lane,

Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, was better off there, than if he had occupied the ground floor. For our parts, in order that we may save the dignity of our three-halfpenny meditations, and at the same time give evidence of practising what we preach, we shall finish by stating, that we have written this article in a floor neither high enough to be so poetical nor low enough for too earthly a prose,—in a little study made healthy by an open window, and partly screened from overlookers by a bit of the shutter, while our look-out presents us with a world of green leaves, and a red cottage top, a gothic tower of a church in the distance, and a glorious apple-tree close at hand, laden with its yellow balls.

"Studded with apples, a beautiful shew."

Some kindness of this sort Fortune has never failed to preserve to us, as if in return for the love we bear to her rolling globe; and now that the sincerity of our goodwill has become known, none seem inclined to grudge it us, or to dispute the account to which we may turn it, for others as well as ourselves.

We had something more to say of seats in windows, and a good deal of windows at inns, and of sitting and looking out of windows; but we have other articles to write this week, of more length than usual, and must reserve it for a future number.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 27th of August, to Tuesday the 2d of September.

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.—FOWLING.

THE second of September is terrible in the annals of the French Revolution, for a massacre, the perpetrators of which were called *Septembriseurs*. Far are we from intending to compare the sufferings of a thinking and social creature like man with those of inferior animals; but inasmuch as he is their superior in thought and sympathy, he is bound to be consistent, for their sakes as well as his own; and if the birds had the settlement of almanacks, new and startling would be the list of *Septembriseurs* and their fusillades,—amazing the multitude of good-humoured and respectable faces that would have to look in the glass of a compulsory knowledge, and recognize themselves for slaughterers by wholesale, or worse distributors of broken bones and festering dislocations.

"And what" (a reader may ask) "would be the good of that, if these gentlemen are not aware of their enormities? Would it be doing any thing but substituting one pain for another, and setting men's minds upon needless considerations of the pain which exists in the universe?"

Yes;—for in the first place, these gentlemen are perhaps not quite so innocent and unconscious, as in the gratuitousness of our amazingly liberal philosophy we are willing to suppose them. Secondly, should they cease to give pain, they would cease to feel it in its relation to themselves: and lastly, as to the pain existing in the universe, people in general are not likely to feel it too much, especially the healthy; nor ought any body to do so, in a feeble sense, as long as he does what he can to diminish it, and trusts the rest to providence and futurity. What we are incited by our own thoughts or those of others, to amend, it becomes us to consider to that end: what we cannot contribute any amendment to, we must think of as well as we can contrive. The greater number of sportsmen are not a very thoughtful generation. No harm would be done them, by putting a little more consideration into their heads. On the other hand, all sportsmen are not so comfortable in their reflections, as their gaiety gives out; and the moment a man finds a contradiction in himself between his amusements and his humanity, it is a signal that he should give them up. He will be hurting his nature in other respects, as well as in this, if he does not take care: he will be exasperating his ideas of his fellow-creatures, of the world, of God himself; and thus he will be inflicting pain on all sides, for the sake of tearing out of it a doubtful pleasure.

"But it is effeminate to think too much of pain, under any circumstances." Yes,—including that of leaving off a favourite pastime. Oh—we need not want noble

pains, if we are desirous of them, depend upon it,—pains of honourable endeavours, pains of generous sympathy, pains, most masculine pains, of self-denial. Are not these more manly, more anti-effeminate, than playing with life, and suffering like spoilt children, and cracking the legs of partridges?

Most excellent men have there been, and doubtless are, among sportsmen,—truly gallant natures, reflecting ones too,—men of fine wit and genius, and kind as mother's milk in all things but this,—in all things but killing mothers, because they are no better than birds, and leaving the young to starve in the nest, and strewing the brakes with agonies of feathered wounds. If we presume to think ourselves capable of teaching them better, it is only upon points of this nature, and because for want of early habit and example, our prejudices have not been enlisted against our reflection. Most thankfully would we receive the wisdom they might be able to give us on all other points. But see what habit can do with the best natures, and how inferior ones may sometimes be put upon a superior ground of knowledge, from the absence of it. Gilbert Wakefield we take to have been a man of a crabbed nature, as well as confined understanding, compared with Fox; yet in the public argument he had with him on this subject, he undoubtedly had the best of it, poorly as it was managed by him. The good-natured statesman could only retreat into vague generalities, and smiling admissions, and hope that his correspondent would not think ill of him. And who does? For our parts, inclined as we are for some reasons to like both the men, we love Fox always, almost when he is on the instant of pointing his gun, and are equally inclined to quarrel with the tone and manner of the other, even when in the act of abasing it. But what does this prove, except the danger of a bad habit to the self-reconciling instincts of a fine enjoying nature, and to the example which flows from it into so much reconducement to others? When a common, hard-minded sportsman takes up his fowling-piece, we only think of him as a kind of wild beast on two legs, pursuing innocently his natural propensities, and about to seek his prey, as a ferret does, or a wild cat; but the more of a man he is, the more bewildered and dangerous become our thoughts respecting the meeting of extremes; and when Fox takes up the death-tube, we sophisticate for his sake, and are in hazard of becoming effeminate to the subject, purely to shut our eyes to the cruelty in it, and let the pleasant gentleman have his way.

As to the counter-arguments about providence and permission of evil, they are edge tools which it has hitherto turned out to be nothing but a presumption to play with. What the mind may discover in those quarters of speculation, it is impossible to assert; but as far as it has looked yet, nothing is ascertained, except that the circle of God's privileges is one thing, and that of man's another. If we knew all about pain and evil, and their necessities, and their consequences, we might have a right to inflict them, or to leave them untouched; but not being possessed of this knowledge, and on the other hand being gifted with doubts, and sympathies, and consciences, after our human fashion, we must give our fellow creatures the benefit of those doubts and consciences, and cease to assume the rights of gods, upon pain of becoming less than men, and losing all real pleasure.

But not to touch upon this question more solemnly than we can help, especially when the gravest reflections upon it may be suggested in a lighter manner, we will take the liberty of laying before the reader an article which we wrote upon it some years back, in the *New Monthly Magazine*. We will give the whole of it, because it begins with a country picture, the great refreshment in all matters of sporting. And as we have done justice to the finer understandings that are to be found in connection with these pastimes, the reader will here see that we have not failed to do as much to the inferior ones, notwithstanding what we have just said of their least favourable sample.

A COUNTRY LODGING.—*Dialogue with a Sportsman.*

Poulton, September 20th.

On my way back to town the other evening from a visit, I had the misfortune, at the turning of a road, not to see a projecting gateway, till I came too near it. I leaped the ditch that ran by, but my horse went too close to the side-post; and my leg was so hurt, that I

* *Facio, factum (Latin)*—to do, done. What is done in imagination, makes a greater or less impression according to the power to receive it; but it is unquestionably done, if it impresses us at all; and thus becomes, after its kind, a fact. A stupid fellow, utterly without imagination, requires tickling to make him laugh; a livelier one laughs at a comedy, or at the bare apprehension of a thing laughable. In both instances there is a real impression though from very different causes, one from "matter of fact," (if you please) the other from spirit of fact; but in either case the thing is done, the fact takes place. The moving cause exists somehow, or how could we be moved?

was obliged to limp into a cottage, and have been laid up ever since. The doctor tells me I am to have three or four weeks of it, perhaps more.

As soon as I found myself fixed, I looked about me to see what consolations I could get in my new abode. The place was quiet. That was one thing. It also was clean, and had a decent-looking hostess. Those were two more. Thirdly, I heard the wind in the trees. This was much. "You have trees opposite the window?"—"Yes, Sir, some fine elms. You will hear the birds of amorning." "And you have poultry, to take care of my fever with? and eggs and bacon when I get better? and a garden and a paddock, when I walk again, eh? and capital milk, and a milk-maid whom it's a sight to see carrying it over the field."—"Why, Sir," said my hostess, good-humouredly but gravely, "as to the milk-maid, I can say nothing; but we have capital milk at Pouldon, and good eggs and bacon, and paddocks in plenty, and every thing else that horse or man can desire, in an honest way."—"Well, Madam," said I, "I shall desire nothing of you, you may depend on it, unbecoming the dignity of Pouldon or the pretty whiteness of these window-curtains."—"I dare say we shall agree very well, Sir," said my good woman with a gracious smile.

The curtains were very neat and white, the rest of the furniture corresponding. There was a small couch, and a long-backed arm-chair, looking as if it was made for me. "That settee," thought I, "I shall move into that other part of the room:—it will be snugger, and more away from the door. The arm-chair and the table shall go near the window, when I can sit up; so that I may have the trees at the corner of my eye, as I am writing. The table, a small mahogany one, was very good, and reflected the two candles very prettily, but it looked bald. There were no books on it.

"Pray, Mrs. Wilton, have you any books?"

"Oh, plenty of books. But won't you be afraid to study, Sir, with that leg?"

"I'll study without it, if you can undo it for me."

"Dear me! Sir, but won't it make you feverish?"

"Yes, unless I can read all the while. I must study philosophy, Mrs. Wilton, in order to bear it: so if you have any novels or comedies—"

"Why, for novels or comedies, Sir, I can't say. But I'll shew you what there is. When our lady was alive, rest her soul! eight months ago, the house was nothing but books. I dare say she had a matter of a hundred. But I've a good set too below; some of my poor dear husband's, and some of my own."

"I see," said I, as she left the room. "that I shall be obliged to send to the clergyman. Nay, I'll behave in the most impudent manner, and send all round. '*Necessitas non habet leges*,' as Peter Pindar says. This is the worst of books. A habit of reading is like a habit of drinking. You cannot do without it, especially under misfortune. I wonder whether I could leave off reading, beginning with a paragraph less a day?"

Mrs. Wilton returned with an arm full. "This, Sir," said she, giving me the top one, "our lady left me for a keep-sake."

It was Mrs. Chapone's Essays. "Pray," said I, "Mrs. Wilton, who was the lady whom you designate as the Roman Catholics do the Virgin? Who was *Our Lady*?"

Mrs. Wilton looked very grave, but I thought there was a smile lurking under her gravity in spite of her. "Mrs. V., Sir, was no Roman: and as to the Virgin, by which I suppose, Sir, you mean the—but however—oh, she was an excellent woman, Sir; her mother was a friend of the great Mr. Samuel Richardson."

"Oh ho!" thought I, looking over the books, "then we shall have Pamela."—"There was the Farrier's Guide, some Treatises on Timber and the Cultivation of Wood (my hostess was a carpenter's widow), Jachin and Boaz (which she called a strange fantastic book), Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, Wesley's Receipts, an old Court Calendar, the Whole Duty of Man, an odd volume of the Newgate Calendar, the Life of Colonel Gardner, and, as sure as fate, at the bottom of the heap, Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded. "Virtue Rewarded!" thought I: "I hate these eternal mercenary virtues; these bills brought to Heaven for payment; these clinkings of cash in the white pockets of conscience."

"You have one novel, at any rate, Mrs. Wilton."

"Sure, Sir, it is better than a novel. Oh, it is a book full of good fortune."

"Of good fortune! What, to the maid-servant!"

"To every body that has to do with it. Miss V. was—dubious like—which of the cottages to live in; and she fancied ours, because she found Pamela and Colonel Gardner in the corner cupboard."

"I dare say.—Now here," said I, when left to myself, "here is vanity at second hand. The old lady must take a cottage because she found a book in it, written by an old gentleman, who knew the old lady her mother."

With all my admiration of Richardson, Pamela had ever been an object of my dislike. I hated her little canting ways, her egotism eternally protesting humility, and her readiness to make a prize of the man, who, finding his endeavours vain to ruin her, reconciled her virtue and vanity together by proposing to make her his wife. Pamela's is the only female face to which I think I could ever have wished to give a good box on the ear. "And this," said I, "was the old maid's taste. It is a pity she was not a servant-maid."

While I was thus venting my spleen against a harmless old woman, in a condition of life which I had always treated with respect, and was beginning to regret that I had got into "methodistical" lodgings, my hostess, comes back again, with three more books, to wit, Paradise Lost, Thomson's Seasons, and a volume containing the whole of the Spectator in double columns. "Head of my ancestors!" cried I, uttering (but internally) a Chinese oath: "Here thou art at home again, Harry! This is sense. This is something like. The cottage is an excellent cottage; and, for aught I know, had the honour of being one of the many cottages in which my great grandfather's friend Sir Richard used to eschew the visits of the importunate."

There was a bed-room as neat as the sitting-room, and with more trees at the window. My leg was very painful, and I had feverish dreams. However, my horseback had made me nothing the worse for my dinner, and having taken no supper, my dreams, though disturbed, were not frightful. I dreamt of Pamela, and Dick Honeycombe, and my ancestor Nathaniel. I thought my landlady was Mrs. Harlowe, and that Dick being pressed to marry, said he would not have his cousin Pamela, but Nell Gwynn; which the serious Commonwealth officer approved, "because," said he, "of the other's immoral character." In one of my reveries, between sleep and awake, I hardly knew whether the rustling sounds I heard were those of the trees out-of-doors, or of old Mrs. Harlowe's petticoat.

In the morning, it was delightful to hear the sound of the birds. There is something exhilarating in the singing of birds, analogous to the brilliancy of sunshine. My leg was now worse, but not bad enough to hinder me from noticing the *chaney* shepherds and shepherdesses on the mantelpiece, or those others on the coloured bed-curtain; loving pairs with lambs, repeated in the same group at intervals all over the chimneys, as if the beholder had a cut-glass eye. The window of the sitting-room has a little white curtain on a rod. This, of the bed-room, is a proper casement with diamond panes; and you can see nothing outside but green leaves.

However ill I may be, I am always the worse for lying in bed. I contrived to get up and remove to the settee in the other room; at which the doctor, when he came, shook his head. But I did very well with the settee. It was brought near the window, with the table; and I had a very pretty look-out. Opposite the window you can see nothing but trees, but sitting on the left side, you have a view over a fine meadow to the village church, which is embowered in elms. There is a path and a stile to the meadow, and luxuriant hedge-row trees. I was as well pleased with my situation as a man well could be, who had a leg perpetually reminding him of its existence; but Pouldon is at a good distance from town, and I was thinking how long it would take a messenger to fetch me some books, when I heard a shot from a fowling-piece. I recollected the month, and thought how well its name was adapted to these Septemberers of the birds. Looking under the trees, I saw a stout fellow, in a jacket and gaiters and the rest of the costume of *avicide*, picking his way along the palings, with his gun re-prepared. "Ay," said I, "he has 'shot as he is used to do,' and laid up some poor devil with a broken thigh. There he goes, sneaking along, to qualify some others for the hospital, and they have none."

I threw up the window, to baffle his next shot with the noise. He turned round. It was Jack Tomkins. "Hallo! my boy," said he, "why where the devil have you got? D—n me, if I don't blow. You deserve it, Harry, for keeping so close. I'll tell Tom Neville and the rest, d—mme, if I don't. Snug's the word, eh? Is she pretty? Some delicate little devil, I warrant, fit for your verses and all that, eh?"

"She's too delicate for you, Jack; you'd frighten her."

"Oh, don't tell me. They're not frightened so easily. What the devil are you putting out of the way there? You may try to laugh as you please; but hang me, Harry—I mustn't come up, I suppose?"

"Pray do; and (lowering my voice) I'll introduce you to a little friend of mine, of the name of Leg. Jack! Jack! say nothing at the door—Most respectable woman—You understand me."

Jack (who is a man of fortune, and was at Trinity, though the uninitiated would not suppose it), clapped a finger significantly on one side of his nose, and knocked very much like a gentleman. Presently he came into the room grinning and breathing like an ogre. "My dear Honeycomb, how are you?—an unexpected pleasure, eh? The good lady tells me you have hurt yourself: something about a horse—what Bayardo the spotless, eh? (Here Mrs. Wilson left the room, and Jack burst out.) Oh, you devil! Well, where's Lalage? Where's Miss Leg—Fanny or Betty, or what the devil's her name?"

"The poor thing has a very odd name, Jack. What think you of Bad Leg?"

"Nonsense. Miss Bad Leg! impossible. I know of nobody of the name of Bad. Come, you're joking; and I can't stop long. I'll come back to dinner, if you like; but must be off now;—so introduce me. Is that the way there?"

"No, this is the way, Jack. Little Bad Leg, my dear creature, allow me to introduce my friend John Tomkins, Esquire, of Galloping Hall. John Tomkins—Bad Leg."

"Eh? pooh, pooh, Harry. This is one of your fetches. Come, come, I know your goes."

"Egad, Jack, it's neither my fetch nor my go, at present, I assure you. There is an old epigram—"

'I am unable,' yonder beggar cries,
'To stand or go.' If he says true, he lies:—

which is not true; for he may sit, as I am obliged to do at this present."

I had some difficulty in persuading my friend Tomkins that there was no other leg in the case than my own. "Well, Harry," says he, "I am heartily sorry for it, upon my soul; for now as you have caught me with my Joe Manton, I suppose I'm to be had up for fetching down a few birds; whereas if I could have fairly found you out in your tricks with the cottagers, d—n me if I couldn't have read you a bit of a lecture myself, by way of a muffler."

"Why, Jack, as you say, I have caught you in the fact, and I wonder at a fellow of your sense and spirit, that you're not above cutting up a parcel of tom-tits."

"Grouse, Harry, grouse, and partridges and pheasants, and all that. Tom-tits! let the cockneys try to cut up tom-tits."

"Well, to be sure there's a good deal of difference between breaking the legs of partridges and tom-tits. The partridge, too, is a fierce bird, and can defend itself. It's a gallant thing, a fight with a partridge."

"Eh? Nonsense. Now you are at some of your banter. But it's no joke, I assure you, to me, having a fine morning's sport. You can read and all that; but every man to his taste. However, I can't stop at present. Here's Needle, poor fellow, wants to be off. Glorious morning—never saw such a morning—but I'll come back to dinner, if you like, instead of going to the Greyhound. I gave a brace of partridges just now to the good woman; and I say, Harry, by G—d, if you get me some claret, I'll have it out with you—I will, upon my soul—I'll rub up my logic, and have a regular spar."

My friend Jack returned in good time, and had his birds well dressed. I was in despair about the claret, till the host of the Greyhound drew it out from a store which he kept against the month of September; and Jack being a good-humoured fellow, and having had a victorious morning, he did very well. Mrs. Wilton and the doctor had equally protested against my having company to dinner, being afraid of the noise and the temptation to eat; but I promised them to abstain, and that I would talk as much as possible to hinder Jack from being obstreperous; which they thought a dangerous remedy. I got off very well, by dint of talking while Jack ate; and such is vanity, that I was not displeased to see that I rose greatly in my hostess's opinion by my defence of the bird-creation. It was curious to observe how Jack shattered her, as she came in and out, with his oaths and great voice, and how gratefully she seemed to take breath and substance again under the Paradisaical shelter of my arguments. But I believe I startled her too, with the pictures I was obliged to draw. This is the worst of such points of discussion. You are obliged to put new ideas of pain and trouble into innocent heads, in the hope of saving pain and trouble itself. But we must not hesitate for this. The one is a mere notion compared with the other. It is soon got rid of or set aside by minds in health; and the unhealthy ones are liable to worse deductions, if the matter is not fairly laid open.

However, wishing to let Jack have his ease in perfection, as far as he could, I was for postponing the argument to another day, and seeing him relish his birds and claret in peace. But the more he drank, the less he would hear of it. "Besides," says he, "I've been talking about it to Bilson—you know Bilson, the Christ Church man—and he's been putting me up to some prime good arguments, 'faith. I hope I sha'n't forget 'em. By the by, I'll tell you a good joke about Bilson—But you don't eat any thing. What is your leg so bad as that comes to? You don't pretend, I hope, not to eat partridge, because of your love of the birds?"

"No, Jack; but I'd rather know that you had killed 'em than Bilson, because you are a jollier hand; you don't go to the sport with such reverend sophistry."

"That's famous. Bilson to be sure.—But stop, don't let me forget another thing, now I think of it. Bilson says you eat poultry. What do you say to that? You eat chicken."

"I am not sure that I can apologize for eating grouse, except, as I said before, when you kill 'em. Evil communications corrupt good platters. I can only say that no grouse should be killed for me, unless a perfect Tomkins—an unerring shot—had the bringing of them down. I could give up poultry too; but death is common to all; a fowl is soon despatched; and many a fowl would not exist, if death for the dinner-table were not part of his charter. I confess I should not like to keep poultry. There is a violation of fellowship and domesticity in killing the sharers of our homestead, and especially in keeping them to kill. It would make me seem like an ogre. But this is one sentiment: that violated by making a sport of cruelty is another. But I will not argue this matter with you now, Jack. It would be a cruelty itself. It would be inhospitable, and a popery. I wish to put wine down your throat, and not to thrust my arguments. Besides, as you say, I never shall convince you; so drink your claret, and tell me where you were yesterday."

"Why at Bilson's, I tell you, and so I must talk while I think of it. We had a famous joke with Bilson. Since he went into orders, he is very anxious not to

swear; and so he laid a wager he'd never swear again; and yesterday, in the middle of dinner, while he was championing his bird, and cutting up your argument about cruelty, all of a sudden what does our vicar but clap his hand to his jaw as if he was going to give a view holla, and rap out the d—dest oath you ever heard. He had champed a shot, by G—d, with an old tooth. Now that's meat and drink to you, Harry, for all your tenderness."

"Why, it was only a shot in a black coat, Jack, instead of a black cock."

"That's famous. I'll tell him of that. Oh, Hal, your laugh is savage. See—you enjoy the sport now yourself?"

"It ought to be a lesson to him."

"Oh yes! mighty considerate persons you Tatler and Spectator men are, and would make fine havock with our amusements."

"Excuse me. It is you that make fine havock. I would have you amuse yourself to your heart's content, if you would do it without breaking the bones and hearts of your fellow-creatures."

"Fellow-creatures! and their 'hearts.' The hearts of woodcocks and partridges! Pooh, pooh! Bilson might have borne his pain better, I own, though it's a d—d thing, that sort of jar; but what he says, is very true;—he says, if you come to think of it, there must be pain in the world, and it would be unmanly to think of it in this light."

"Very well. Then do you, Jack, who are so manly, and so willing to encourage one's sports, stand a little farther, and let me crack your shin with this poker."

"Nonsense. That's a very different thing."

"Perhaps you'd prefer a good crack on the skull?"

"Nonsense."

"Or a thrust-out of your eye?"

"No, no: all that's very different."

"Well: you know what you have been about this morning. Go and pick your way again along the palings there; and leave me your fowling-piece, and I'll endeavour to shoot you handsomely through the body."

"Nonsense, nonsense. I'm a man, you know; and a bird's a bird. Besides, birds don't feel as we do. They're not Christians. They're not reasoning beings. They're not made of the same sort of stuff. In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things."

"Just so. This is precisely the way I should argue if I had the winging of you. Here I should say, is Mr. John Tomkins. Mind, I am standing with my manning-piece by a hedge."

"With your what?"

"With my manning-piece. You cannot say fowling-piece, when it is *men* that are to be brought down."

"Oh, now you're joking."

"I beg your pardon; you will find it no joke presently. Here, says I, is Mr. John Tomkins coming; or Here is a Tomkins. Look at him. He's in fine coat and waistcoat (we can't say feather, you know;) keep close: now for my Joe Manton: you shall see how I'll pepper him. 'Pray don't,' says my companion. 'A Tomkins is a Tomkins after all, and has his feelings as we have.' 'Stuff!' says I: 'Tomkinses don't feel as we do. They're not Christians, for they do not do as they would be done by. They're not reasoning beings, for they do not see a leg's a leg. They're not made of the same sort of stuff; and so if they bleed, it does not signify:—if they die of a torturing fracture, who cares? In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things. So here goes. Now if I hit him, he is killed outright, which is no arm to any body; and if I wound him, why he only goes groaning and writhing for three or four days, and who cares for that?'"

"Upon my soul, if I listen, you'll make a milk-sop of me. Consider—think of the advantages of fresh air and exercise; of getting up in the morning, and scouring the country, and all that."

"Excellent! but, my dear Tomkins, the birds are not bound to suffer, because you want fresh air."

"But it's the only time of the year, perhaps, that I can get out: and I must have something to do—something to occupy me and lead me about."

"The birds, Tomkins, are not bound to have their legs and thighs broken, because you are in want of something to lead you about."

"Well, you know what I mean. I mean that we must not look too nicely into these things, as somebody said about fish; or we should fret ourselves for nothing. The birds kill one another."

"Yes, from necessity; for the want of a meal. But they do not torture—or if they did, that would be because they did not reason as well as you and I, Tomkins."

"What I mean to say is, that there's pain in the world already: we cannot help it; and if we can turn it to pleasure, so much the better. This is manly, I think."

"Well said indeed. But to turn pain into pleasure, and to add to it by more pain, are two different things, are they not? To bear pain like a man, and to inflict it like a sportsman, are two different things."

"A sportsman can bear pain as well as any body."

"Then why does he not begin by turning his own pain into a pleasure? As it is, he turns his own pleasure to another's pain. Why does he not begin with himself?"

"How with himself?"

"Why you talk of the want of amusement and excitement. Now to say nothing of cricket, and golf, and

boating, and other sports, are there no such things to be had as quarter-staves, single-stick, and broken heads? A good handsome pain there is a gallant thing, and strengthens the soul as well as the body. If there must be a certain portion of pain in the world, these were the ways to share it. But to sneak about, safe one's-self, with a gun and a dog, and inflict all sorts of wounds and torments upon a parcel of little helpless birds,—Tomkins, you know not what you are at, when you do it; or you are too much of a man to go on."

"I cannot think that we inflict those tortures you speak of?"

"How many birds do you wound instead of kill? Say, upon an average, twenty to one, which is a generous computation. How many hundred birds would this make in the course of the day? How many thousands in the course of a season? To bring them down, and then be obliged to kill them, is butchery enough: but to lame, and dislocate, and shatter the joints and bodies of so many that fly off, and leave them to die a lingering death in their agony,—I think it would not be unworthy of some philosophers and teachers, if they were to think a little of all this as they go, and not talk of the "sport" and the "amusement" like others; as if men were to be trained up at once into thought and want of thought, into humanity and cruelty. Really, men are not the only creatures in existence; and the laugh of mutual complacency and approbation is apt to contain very sorry and shallow things, even among the "celebrated" and "highly respectable." I don't speak of you, Jack; but of those who make a profession of thinking, which you know you are not under the necessity of doing. But what's the matter?"

"I've got the d—dest toothache come upon me. It's this cursed draught. Of all pains the toothache is the most horrible. I've no patience with it."

"I'll shut the door. There—now never mind the toothache, for I'll bear it capitally."

"You bear it! That's a good one. Very easy for you to bear it; but how the devil can I?—Hm! hm! (writhing about) it's the cursedest pain."

"Stay—here's some oil of cloves Mrs. Wilton has brought you. How does it feel now?"

"Wonderfully. The pain is quite gone. It was very bad, I assure you. You must not think I am wanting in proper courage as a man, because it hurt me so. You know, Harry, I can be as bold as most men, though I say it who shouldn't."

"My dear Jack, you have as much right to speak the truth, as I have. The boldest of men is not expected to be without feeling. An officer may go bravely into battle, and bear it bravely too, but he must feel it: he cannot be insensible to a shattered knee."

"Certainly not."

"Or to a jaw blown away—"

"By no means."

"Or four of his ribs jammed in—"

"Horrible!"

"Or a face mashed, and his nose forced in—"

"Don't speak of it!"

"Or his two legs taken off by a cannon-ball, he being left to fester to death on a winter's night on a large plain."

"Upon my soul, you make my flesh creep on my bones."

"A gallant spirit is not bound to feel all this, or even to hear of it, without shuddering, even though the battle may be necessary, and a great good produced by it to society."

"Certainly, certainly, God knows."

"It is only a woodcock or a snipe that ought to bear it without complaining: your partridge is the only piece of flesh and blood that we may put into such a state for no necessity, but purely for our sport and pleasure."

"How? What's that you say?"

"I say it is none but birds that we may, with a perfect conscience, lame, lacerate, maul, and blow their legs and beaks away, and leave, God knows where, to perish of neglect and torture, they being the only masculine creatures living, and not to be lowered into comparison with soldiers and gallant men."

"Hey?—Why as to that—Hey? What? 'Fore George, you bewilder me with your list of tortures. But how am I to be sure that a bird feels as you say?"

"It is enough that you know nothing certain. As you are not sure, you have no right to hazard the injustice, especially as you cannot help being sure of one thing; which is, that birds have flesh and blood like ourselves, and that they afford similar evidences of feeling and suffering. Allow me to read you a passage that I cut the other day out of an old review. It is taken from Fothergill's Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use of Natural History; a book which I shall make acquaintance with as soon as I can. Here it is."

"It may, perhaps, be said, that a discourse on the iniquity and evil consequences of murder would come with a bad grace from one who was himself a murderer. Who can describe that which he has not seen, or give utterance to that which he has not felt? Never shall I forget the remembrance of a little incident which occurred to me during my boyish days—an incident which many will deem trifling and unimportant, but which has been particularly interesting to my heart, as giving origin to sentiments, and rules of action, which have since been very dear to me."

"Besides a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, the eye of the common *lapwing* is peculiarly

soft and expressive: it is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling, as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew. I had shot a bird of this beautiful species; but, on taking it up, I found that it was not dead. I had wounded its breast; and some big drops of blood stained the pure whiteness of its feathers. As I held the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered round my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan the fate of one to whom they were connected by ties of the most tender and interesting nature; whilst the poor wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward, wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish: and, ever and anon, it raised its drooping head, and turning towards the wound in its breast, touched it with its bill, and then looked up in my face, with an expression that I have no wish to forget, for it had power to touch my heart, whilst yet a boy, when a thousand dry precepts in the academical closet would have been of no avail."

"Well now, Harry, that's touching; d—mme if it isn't. He's right about the precepts. You have saved 'em from being dry, eh, with your claret; but all that you have said hasn't touched me like that story. A lapwing! Hang me if I shall have the heart to touch another lapwing."

"But other birds, Jack, have feelings, as well as lapwings."

"What do you say, though, about Providence? Bilson said some famous things about Providence. What do you say to that?"

"Oh, ho! what he

"Admits and leaves them Providence's care"—

Does he?—You remember the passage, Jack, in Pope:

"God cannot love (cries Blunt with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves; and piously denies.

The humbler bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care."

"But *we* are Providence, Jack. Nay, don't start; I mean that our own feelings, our own regulated feelings and instructed benevolence, are a part of the general action of Providence, a consequence and furtherance of the Divine Spirit. You see, I can preach as well as Bilson. Humanity is the most visible putting forth of the Deity's hand; the noblest tool it works with. Or if this theology doesn't serve, recollect the fable of Jupiter and the Waggoner. Are we content with abstract references to Providence, when we can work out any good for ourselves, or save ourselves from any evil? Did Bilson wait for Providence to induct him to his living? Did he not make a good stir about himself? Push him into a ditch the next time you meet him, and see if he will not bustle to get out of it. Leave him to get out by himself, and see if he does not think you a hard-hearted fellow. Wing him, Jack, wing him; and see if he'll apply to Providence or a surgeon."

"Eh? That would be famous. I say—I must be going though; it's getting dark, and I must be in town by nine. Well, Harry, my boy, good by. I can't say you've convinced me; you know I told you I wasn't to be convinced; but I plainly told you I don't like the story of the lapwing; it makes the bird look like a sort of human creature; and that's not to be resisted, damme if it is. So I'm taken in about lapwings. Adieu."

"Well, Jack, you shall say that in print, and perhaps do more good than you are aware. Have you any objection?"

"Not I, 'faith; I'd say it any where, if it came into my head.—But how? In the Sporting Magazine?"

"Why I'm afraid we can hardly attain to such eminence as that, especially on such a subject."

"I was thinking so. Oh, I see—you'll pull your hive about my ears. Well, so be it. Adieu, Harry; I'll send you the books."

"Adieu, honest Jack, jolliest of the myrmidons of 'young-eyed Massacre.'"

CHARACTACUS.

From the Isle of the West the captive came,
Downcast his eyes, but not with shame;
The soldier is sad at the captive's chain,
As he thinks of his own far home again:
The fortune of battle hath chain'd his hand,
And led him away to a southern land;
But his lofty soul is unconquer'd still—
Fetters cannot subdue that brave one's will;
Though his chain is deep in his dungeon floor,
And the bolts are brass of his triple door,
And darkness is round him, and racks are nigh,
His heart is not craven, he fears not to die.

From his western isle to the Roman gate,
To swell out a triumph's long-drawn state,
At the van of the conqueror's chariot bound,
'Mid the jeer of the crowd and the soldiers round,
Had that warrior been led;—his face was pale,
But his blue eyes were bright, and his limbs were hale;
His stature was lofty, his carriage bore
The impress proud of his native shore,
That the haughty Roman, though conqueror he,
Look'd not with more kingly majesty.
O 'tis the hero's crown, if he fall
From the height of power in a victor's thrall,
To preserve the unshaken heart, and bear
Bravely the suffering that waits him there;

While the coward will fly to the dagger or bowl,
From the agony harrowing up the soul;
Which each new breath is a torture higher,
Each moment of time an age in fire:
The last glance of glory extinguish'd, forgot,
Man, life, and creation one hideous blot—
Loud pæans the deeds of the conqueror swell,
But who will the captive's triumph tell?

From his dungeon gloom to the glare of day
Is Caractacus led by his guards away.
His wrists are link'd with an iron chain,
But he hears its clank with unalter'd mien;
For his courage is firm as that man's should be
Who has learn'd to conquer adversity.
On his brow at times a deep thought made
A hue pass over of darker shade;
Mayhap 'twas a gleam of his island earth,
His green meads of Severn and native hearth.
In blood to the last he had done and dared,
And the Roman had deeply his vengeance shared;
While, though vanquish'd, 'twas only by those who gave
To the universe law, and to freedom a grave.

Claudius sat on the world's proud throne,
Round him his glittering warriors shone;
Lord of a thousand victories, he
Concentred his empire's majesty;
That empire which stretches from Afric's pyres
To the icy North's impassive fires;
While Iberia and Mesopotamia display
The arc of its rising and setting day.
Purple and gold was the robe he wore,
With its rich folds piled on the marble floor.
Perfumes in clouds of incense arose,
Bearing the odours of amber and rose
To the coilings of fretwork and ribs of gold,
And paintings rich that their wreaths enfold.
The victor's bay bound the emperor's brow,
And shaded the lightning that flash'd below
From a deep eye, dark as a winter midnight,
When the hidden thought rush'd from its depth to light.
The adamant lip and the moveless limb,
Seem to comport with none but him.
Guards and patricians stand around,
And the lictors mark the imperial bound.

Sudden the tramp of feet draws nigh,
The portal arch fixes every eye.
All is still as eternity within,
Without is a rattling fetter's din,
At intervals clanking as it draws near,
Its sound of captivity, suffering, and fear.
He comes! he comes! to the Roman gaze
That meets him in silence and in amazement,
The Briton comes, with his stature tall,
Like a lion entrapp'd in the hunter's thrall,
That looks on his bondage and seems to say—
"I am a sovereign born—I am one to-day!"
He turn'd not his head from the victor's throne,
For his sight was placed upon him alone.
The grandeur around, and the southern's pride,
Drew not his princely glance aside.
Though his palace afar on his native plain
Was a rude hut built on the wild campaign;
Though earth was the floor, and mud the wall,
To him 'twas more worth than that gilded hall.
The wolf's rough hide o'er his shoulders cast
Caught the butterfly courtier's smile as he past,
But his carriage crush'd the vain sneer ere it broke,
For his limbs were knit like his native oak—
It would humble the stoutest Roman there,
One grasp of his iron arm to dare.

"I am conquer'd, a prisoner, my crown is with thee;
I fought that my country, my race might be free.
If this be a crime in a Roman eye,
Lictors, lead me forth, for this will I die.
Let to-morrow enthroned me in power again,
Again will I combat, although it be vain,
Thee, Claudius, or thine, and will gloriously die,
As honor requires in our far country;
There we brand a slave with a curse of scorn,
And deem none noble but the blessed free-born.
What would'st thou with me?—I have nothing now
Save my own stern will that the world shall not bow!"
Thus the captive said, and the Roman cried:—
"Go, his chains unloose, lest the universe wide,
While it sees us the victor in battle, may know,
We're vanquish'd in greatness of soul by a foe!"

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

I.—TRAGEDY IN THE FAMILY OF KYTE.

This frightful piece of domestic history had been
ought upon the modern stage, the dramatist, in consequence
of the hero's setting his house on fire, would
probably have called it (not with thorough applicability,
but that does not signify to a good play-bill) the "Sardanapalus of Private Life." It is impossible, of course,
to pronounce complete judgments on the parties concerned,
in this or any other tragedy. To judge all, it
is necessary to know all. But the writer tells us, that
if Lady Kyte had begun with a little less anger, it is
probable that no tragedy would have taken place.

Loving-kindness does not always effect what it wishes;
but it is the only sure card to play, whether to do
away evil or to lessen it. And that man must be stupid
or a monster, who would not adore, above all other
women, the wife that with a real love for his person,
should have treated him kindly in a matter like this.

Sir William Kyte was a baronet of very considerable
fortune and an ancient family, and on his return from
his travels, had so amiable a character, and was reckoned
what the world calls so fine a gentleman, that he was
thought a very desirable match for a worthy nobleman's
daughter in the neighbourhood, of great beauty, merit,
and a suitable fortune. Sir William and his lady lived
very happy together for several years, and had four or
five fine children, when he was unfortunately nominated
at a contested election to represent the borough of War-
wick, in which county the bulk of his estate lay, and
where he, at that time, resided. After the election, as
some sort of recompense to a zealous partizan of Sir
William, Lady Kyte took an innkeeper's daughter for
her own maid; she was a tall, genteel girl, with a fine
complexion, and seemingly very modest and innocent.
Molly Jones, for that was her name, attracted Sir
William's attention; and after some time the servants
began to entertain some suspicions that she was too
highly in her master's favour; the housekeeper in par-
ticular soon perceived that there was too much founda-
tion for their suspicions, and knowing that the butler
had made overtures to Molly, she informed him of the
circumstance, and his jealousy having rendered him
vigilant, he soon discovered the whole affair, and found
that it had proceeded much further than was at first
apprehended. The housekeeper made use of the butler's
name, as well as his intelligence to her lady; and this
threw everything into confusion; Lady Kyte's passion
soon got the better of her discretion: for, if instead of
reproaching Sir William for his infidelity, she had
dissembled her resentment till his first fondness for this
new object had abated, she might probably have re-
claimed her husband; who, notwithstanding this tempo-
rary defection, was known to have a sincere regard and
esteem for his lady. The affair being now publicly
known in the family, and all restraints of shame or fear
of discovery being quite removed, things were soon
carried to extremity between Sir William and his lady,
and a separation became unavoidable. Sir William left
Lady Kyte with the two younger children, in possession
of the Mansion House in Warwickshire; and retired
himself with his mistress, and his two eldest sons, to a
large farmhouse on the side of the Cotswold hills. The
situation was fine, plenty of wood and water, and com-
manded an extensive view of the vale of Evesham: this
tempted him to build a handsome box there, with very
extensive gardens planted, and laid out in the luxurious
taste of the age; and not content with this, before the
body of the house was quite finished, Sir William added
two large side fronts, for no better reason than that his
mistress happened to say, "what is a Kite without
wings?" The expense of finishing this place, which
amounted at least to £10,000., was the first cause of
Sir William encumbering his estate; and the difficulties
in which he was involved making him uneasy; he, as is
too often the case, had recourse to his bottle for relief.
He kept what is called a hospitable table, and being
seldom without company, this brought on a constant
course of dissipation and want of economy, by which
means his affairs in the course of a few years became
almost desperate.

There was taken into the family about this time a fresh-
coloured country girl, in the capacity of a dairy-maid,
with no other beauty than what arises from the bloom
of youth; and as people who once give way to their
passions know no bounds, Sir William, in the decline
of life, conceived an amorous regard for this girl, who
was scarce twenty; this event produced still further con-
fusion in the family. Mrs. Jones soon observed this
growing passion in Sir William, and either from resent-
ment or the apprehension, or perhaps the real experience
of ill usage, thought proper to retire to Camdden, a
neighbouring market-town, where she was reduced to
keep a little sewing-school for bread. Young Mr. Kyte,
whether shocked at this unparalleled infatuation of his
father, or as was commonly said, finding himself exposed
to the continual insults of his female favourite, sought
an asylum and spent most of his time with a nobleman,
a friend of his, in Warwickshire. Sir William, though
he had now a prospect of being successful in this hum-
ble amour, and of indulging it without molestation, yet
began at length to see the delusive nature of all vicious
pursuits, and though he endeavoured to keep up his
spirits, or rather to drown all thought by constant in-
toxication; in his sober intervals he became a victim to
gloomy reflections; he had injured a valuable wife,
which he could not now reflect upon without some re-
morse; he had wrong'd his innocent children, whom
he could not think upon without the tenderest senti-
ments of compassion. His son, who had been a sort of
companion to him for several years, had now left him
through his ill usage, and as Mrs. Jones had for some
time been useful to him, he was shocked at being de-
serted even by the woman for whose sake he had brought
this distress upon his family; and he found himself al-
most alone in that magnificent, but fatal mansion,
the erecting and adorning of which had been the principal
cause of ruining his fortune. Tormented by these con-
tending passions, he had for a week raised himself by

constant inebriation to a degree of phrensy, and behaved
in so frantic a manner that even his new favourite could
bear it no longer, and had eloped from him. On the
day on which he executed his fatal resolution, he sent
for his son, and for his new mistress, with what inten-
tion can be only conjectured, but luckily neither of them
obeyed the summons. Early in the evening, it being in
the month of October, the butler had lighted two can-
dles as usual, and set them upon the marble table in
the hall. Sir William came down and took them up
himself, as he frequently did; after some time, however,
one of housemaids ran down stairs in a great fright, and
said, "the lobby was still all in a cloud of smoke." The
servants, and a tradesman that was in the house upon
business, ran immediately up, and forcing open the
door whence the smoke seemed to proceed, they found
that Sir William had set fire to a large heap of fine
linen, piled up in the middle of the room, which has
been given by some old lady, a relation, as a legacy, to
his eldest son. While the attention of the servants was
entirely taken up with extinguishing the flames in this
room, Sir William had made his escape into an adjoining
chamber, where was a cotton-bed, and which was
wainscotted with deal, as most finished rooms then
were; when they had broken open this door, the flames
burst out upon them with such fury that they were all
glad to make their escape out of the house, the prin-
cipal part of which sumptuous pile was, in a few hours
burned to the ground, and no other remains of Sir Wil-
liam were found next morning, than the hip-bone and
the vertebrae, or bones of the back, with two or three
keys, and a gold watch, which he had in his pocket.
This was the dreadful consequence of a licentious pas-
sion, not checked in its infancy.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

SECOND SPECIMEN OF ST. EVREMOND.

*His opinion of the best food; and of the English
and their comedies.*

It is not easy to give a complete specimen of an author
at once. His qualities are often various, and demand
various samples. Those of St. Evremnod, for instance,
are a gallant good-nature, a refined epicurism (in the
ordinary sense of the word), great good sense in judging
of common life, and now and then a disposition to ban-
ter; which last is said to have so pervaded his manners
(that is to say, the spirit of it, or the disposition to un-
dervalue and to look at the petty side of things), as to
give him a "sneering physiognomy." There is a look of
this kind in some of his portraits, though not all; and
it is easy enough to suppose, that a man of St. Evre-
mond's fine, but not profound, sense, falling upon the
times he did, and on such a court as Charles the Second's
however he may have accommodated himself to circum-
stances, may have had misgivings about human nature,
calculated to give this turn to his countenance. Of the
good-natured gallantry we have given a sample. The
banter we must keep for another time. Here follow
specimens of the refined epicurism, and the solid judg-
ment. The first is part of a letter written to a friend
in exile.

JUDICIOUS EATING (if you can afford it).

You'll tell me, perhaps, that I was not of so gay a
humour in my own misfortunes, as I appear to be in
yours; and that it is ill-breeding in a man to bestow all
his concern upon his own misfortunes, and be indifferent
to, nay, and even merry with the calamities of his friends.
I should agree with you in that if I behaved myself so;
but I can honestly affirm to you that I am little less
concerned at your exile than yourself; and the little mirth
which I advise you to, is in order to have a share of it
myself, when I shall find you capable of receiving it.

As to what relates to my own misfortunes, if I have
formerly appeared to you more afflicted under them than
I seem to be at present, it is not because I was so
indeed. I was of opinion that disgraces exacted from
us the decorum of a melancholy air, and that this ap-
parent mortification was a respect due to the will of our
superiors, who seldom bethink themselves of punishing
us, without a design to afflict us. But then you are to
know that under a sad outside and mortified counten-
ance, I gave myself all the satisfaction I could find in
myself; and all the pleasure I could take in the con-
versation of my friends.

After having found the variety of that grave temper
we learn from morality, I should grow ridiculous my-
self, if I continued so serious a discourse, which makes
me proceed to give you some advice that shall be less
troublesome than instructions.

Adapt as much as possibly you can, your palate and
appetite to your health: 'tis a great secret to be able to
reconcile the agreeable and necessary in two things,
which have been almost always opposite. Yet after all,
to arrive at this great mystery, we want nothing but
sobriety and niceness; and what ought not a man to do
that he may learn to chuse those delicious dishes at his
meals, which will keep both his mind and body in a
good disposition, all the remainder of the day? A

man may be sober without being nice, but he can never be nice without being sober. Happy is the person that enjoys both these qualities together! For thus his pleasure is ever inseparable from his diet.

Spare no cost to get Champagne wines, though you were 200 leagues from Paris. Those of Burgundy have lost all their credit with the men of good taste, and scarce do they preserve a small remainder of their old reputation with the citizen. There is no province that affords excellent wines for all seasons but Champagne. It furnishes us with the *Vin d'Ay*, *d'Avenet*, and *d'Auville* till the Spring; *Tessy Sillery*, and *Versenat*, for the rest of the year.

If you ask me which of all these wines I prefer, without being swayed by the fashion of the Tastes, which false pretenders to delicacy have introduced; I will tell you that the *Vin d'Ay* is the most natural of all wines, the most wholesome, the most free from all smell of the oil, and of the most exquisite agreeableness, in regard of its peach-taste which is peculiar to it, and is in opinion, the chief of all tastes and flavours.

Leo X., Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. had each of them their house in or near Ay, in order to the more curious getting their quantities of wines. Amongst the greatest affairs of the world, in which those princes were more or less concerned, it was not the least of their cares to have the *Vin d'Ay* in their cellars.

Be not too desirous of rarities, but be nice in your choice of what may be had with convenience. A good, wholesome, natural soup, which is neither too weak nor too strong, is to be preferred for common diet before all others; as well as for the exactness of its taste, as for the advantage of its use.

Tender, juicy mutton, good sucking veal, white and curious barn-door fowls, well fed but not crammed; fat quail taken in the country; pheasant, partridge, and rabbit, all which have an agreeable natural savour in their taste, are the true meats which may help to furnish your table all the seasons of the year. The Wood-Hen is particularly to be esteemed for excellency, but it is not sought after where you or I are, by reason of its so great rarity.

If an indispensable necessity obliges you to dine with some of your neighbours, whom either their money or dexterity hath excused for serving in the Rear-van, commend the hare, the stag, the roe-buck, the wild-boar, but eat none of them: let even ducks and teal have your good word too. Of all brown meats, the snipe alone is to be commended, in favour of its taste, though it is somewhat prejudicial to health.

Look upon all mixtures, and kitchen compositions, called *Ragouts*, or kick-shaws to be little better than poison. If you eat but little of them they will do you but little hurt; if you eat a great deal, it is impossible but their pepper, vinegar, and onions must ruin your taste at last, and soon cause a alteration in your health.

Sauces, if you make them yourself, as simple and plain as possible, can do no harm at all. Salt and orange are the most general and the most natural seasoning. Fine herbs are wholesome, and have something in them more exquisite than spices; but they are not equally proper for everything. One must use them with judgment in meats where they are most agreeable, and distribute them with so much discretion that they may improve the proper taste of the meat, without making their own discerned.

Having thus discoursed to you of the qualities of wines, and the properties of meats, 'tis necessary to come to the most proper counsel for the adapting of the palate to the body.

Let nature incite you to eat and drink by a secret disposition, which is lightly perceived, and doth not press you to it through necessity. Without appetite the most wholesome food is capable of burting, and the most agreeable of disgusting us. With hunger the necessity of eating is a sort of evil which causes another after the meal is over, by making us eat more than we should. The appetite (vulgarly called a *good stomach*) prepares, if I may so speak, an exercise for our heat in the digestion: whereas greediness prepares labour and pain for it. The way to keep us always in good temper is to suffer neither too much emptiness, nor too much repletion, that so nature may never be tempted to fill itself greedily with what it wants, not impatient to discharge its load.

The English and the Comedy.

There is no comedy more conformable to that of the ancients, than the English, as for what relates to the manners. It is not a mere piece of gallantry, full of adventures and amorous discourses, as in Spain and France; but a representation of the ordinary way of living, according to the various humours, and different characters of men. It is an Alchymist, who by the illusion of this art, feeds the deceitful hopes of a vain Curioso. It is a silly credulous coxcomb, whose foolish facility is continually abused; it is sometimes a ridiculous politician, grave and composed, starched in everything, mysteriously suspicious, that thinks to find out hidden designs in the most common intentions, and to discover artifice in the most innocent actions of life. It is a whimsical lover, a swaggering bully, a pedantic scholar, the one with natural extravagancies, the other with ridiculous affectations. The truth is, these cheats and cul-de-sacs, these politicians and other characters so ingeniously devised, are carried on too far, in our opinion; as those which are to be seen upon our stage, are a little too faint to the relish of the English; and the reason of that

perhaps, is, because the English think too much, and we, commonly, not enough.

And, indeed, we are satisfied with the first images of things; and by sticking to the bare outside, we generally take appearances for reality, and the easy and free for what is natural. Upon this head I shall observe, by the bye, that these two last qualities are sometimes most improperly confounded. The easy and the natural agree well enough in their opposition to what is stiff and forced; but when we are to dive into the nature of things, or the natural humour of persons, it will be granted me, that the easy will scarce carry it far enough. There is something within us, something hidden, that would discover itself, if we sounded the subject a little more. It is as difficult for us to enter in as for the English to get out. They become masters of everything they think on, though they are not so of their own thoughts. Their mind is not at rest, even when they possess their subject; they still dig when there is no more ore to be got; and go beyond the just and natural idea which ought always to be maintained, by carrying their inquiries too far.

The truth is I never saw men of better understanding than the French, who apply themselves to consider things with due attention; and the English, that can shake off their meditations, to return to that faculty of discourse and freedom of wit, which, if possible, ought always to be had. The finest gentlemen in the world are the French that think and the English that speak. I should insensibly run into two general considerations; and therefore must re-assume my subject of comedy, and observe a considerable difference which is to be found between theirs and ours. It consists in this, that being zealous to copy the regularity of the ancients, we still drive to the principal action, without any other variety than that of the means that brings us to it.

It is not to be denied but that the representation of one principal event ought to be the sole scope and end proposed in tragedy; for we cannot without some violence and pain find ourselves taken off from what employed our first thoughts. The misfortune of an unhappy king, the sad and tragical death of a great hero wholly confine the mind to these objects; and all the variety it cares for, is to know the different means that contributed to bring about this principal action; but comedy being contrived to divert and not to busy us, provided probability be observed, and extravagance avoided. Variety, in the opinion of the English, is an agreeable surprise, and change that pleases; whereas the continual expectation of one and the same thing, wherein there seems to be no great matter of importance, must of necessity make our attention flag. Thus instead of representing a signal cheat carried on by means all relating to the same end, they represent several cheats, each of which produces its proper effect. As they scarce ever stick to the unity of action, that they may represent a principal person, who diverts them by different actions; so they often quit that principal person, to shew that various things happen to several persons in public places. Ben Jonson takes this course in his *Bartholomew Fair*. We find the same thing in *Epsom Wells*,* and in both these comedies, the ridiculous adventures of these public places are comically represented.

There are some plays which have in a manner two plots, that are interwoven so ingeniously the one into the other, that the mind of the spectators, (which might be affected by too sensible a change,) finds nothing but satisfaction in the agreeable variety they produce. It is to be confessed that regularity is wanting here; but the English are of opinion that the liberties which are taken in order to please the better, ought to be preferred before exact rules, which dull authors improve to an art of tiring their audience.

Rules are to be observed for avoiding confusion; good sense is to be followed for moderating the flight of a luxurious fancy; but rules must not so constrain the mind as to fetter it; and a scrupulous reason ought to be banished, which adhering too strictly to exactness, leaves nothing free and natural.

They who cannot attain a genius which nature hath denied them, ascribe all to art which they may acquire; and to set a value upon the only merit they have, which is that of being regular, they employ all their interest to damn any piece that is not altogether so. As for those that love the ridicule; that are pleased to see the follies of mankind; that are affected with true characters, they will find some of the English comedies as much, or perhaps, more to their relish, than any they have ever seen.

Our Moliere, whom the ancients have inspired with the true spirit of comedy, equals their Ben Jonson in representing truly the various humorous and different ways of men, both observing in their characters a just regard to the peculiar taste and genius of their own nation. I believe they have both carried that point as far as the ancients ever did. But it is not to be denied but that they had a greater regard to their character than to the plot, which might have been better laid together, and more naturally unravelled.

One of Shadwell's Plays.

A WORD ON "ENGLISH WOMEN VINDICATED."

To the Editor of the London Journal.

SIR,

For some reason or other I do not receive my *London Journals* till Saturday; but, nevertheless, I have caught a glimpse of the last No. through the window-panes of the booksellers, and perceive the attack—nay, let me use a gentler term, the *mild reproof* of the fair "Old Boy." Delighted am I to think that anything of mine has attracted the bright eyes of a lady, and grateful also that she has treated an old beau so considerably. Her letter is like a Barbary comfit—sweet and sugary outside, but of sufficient pungency within, to give it zest. I could bear such gentle brainings with a lady's fan every day of my life, and be thankful into the bargain. "Old Boy," however, must graciously condescend to pardon me if I make a remark or two on her letter. In these I will be as brief as possible.

In the first place, then, I never said that the place in which I beheld the deplorably dressed ladies was a bazaar, nor even a "fashionable shop," in the common sense of the term. It was no place for the sale of nick-nacks and gew-gaws—the frequenters of such shops are entitled to the full measure of "Old Boy's" censure—but it was a good, honest, downright *boutique* where ladies come to buy a yard of stuff, and then drive away in their carriages in a most laudable manner. Ill-dressed they certainly were, and of the "middle or poorer orders" they certainly were not, as the footmen with gold-headed canes at the door amply testified.

"Old Boy" says that French ladies are parchment skeletons. Undoubtedly there may be such between the Belgian frontier and the Pyrenees, but the average French women are better, fuller formed, and withal more graceful, than any three women out of six, from Regent's Park to St. James's. Of their faces I say nothing. What was the remark of a young Frenchman to me only the other day, on his first visit to England? "We should run after them at Paris for their faces—but, *Mon Dieu!* their feet, their *tenons*, how ugly!" It is seldom one sees an English woman of proper dimensions—she is either too thin and lank, or too fat and stumpy. There is with us no *medium* between the dome of St. Paul's, and London Monument.

My fair opponent seems mightily smitten with our delightful *home parties*. Sir, I have never stood in more need of Job's especial virtue, and your golden maxim, "make the best of what you have," than at some of the aforesaid delightful English *home parties*. If "Old Boy" is as enchanted with them as she professes to be, I never knew or heard of any one who, in the way of amusement, was grateful for so little, and that little so indifferent. English *sprightliness*, God help us, is a most soporific affair.

Lastly, French ladies, according to your correspondent, are never satisfied unless you make love to them. This information can at most be but second-hand—for can "Old Boy" as a woman, conscientiously say, that she ever beheld a gentleman make a "tender declaration" to a French lady, *with her in the room*? If she cannot, then she must have obtained the important proof of French levity and French female inferiority to us in intellectual pleasures, not from her own experience, but from the gossipings of others. Moreover those *others* must have been *men*, and in the assertions of men who kill time with love declarations, I put but little trust.

"Thou hast mis-spoke, mis-beard—tell o'er thy tale again."

I have been accused of being *brusque*. It is better to be *brusque* and sincere in your *brusquerie*, especially when a service is intended, than to be mealy-mouthed and false. It is my love for my countrywomen that prompted me to raise such an outcry against their style of dress. I am so enamoured of their faces, that I would their figure, air, carriage, and every thing else about them, were perfection. If we do not try we shall never mend, and if we never mend, we shall become the butt of the rest of Europe. The very "thick aneled, train-oil eating Russians," will excel us in the matter of dress and manners. Whatever *brusquerie* there is in me, I ask pardon for. It is not well to be harsh with men, much less with women—so I hope that "Old Boy" will cast a glance of sweet reconciliation on

OLD CRONY.

Evergreen Lodge, August 14, 1834.

INTOLERANCE.

(From Dr. Bowring's "Minor Morals," lately published.)

"THERE was a very droll dispute at school to day, papa!" said George: "one boy insisted that a Latin verse was written one way in the original, another declared it was written another way: the quarrel became so hot that we expected it would have ended in blows; when one of the bigger boys recommended that each should bring his book: and it was found that each had quoted the passage correctly from his own copy, but they had different editions, and the text was different."

"It was," said Mr. Howard, "only a small display of that intolerance of which there are too many great

exhibitions in the world. Each boy thought himself right, and had good reason for thinking so; but there was not the same reason for thinking the other wrong. He had seen his own book with his own eyes, and had, therefore, very sufficient evidence for himself; but he could not know what evidence the other had had. Hence the folly of expecting everybody to think as we think. They will think as we think, if the same reasons are given to them, and if those reasons influence them as they influence us. If they have other reasons unknown to us, or if our reasons appear to them not to warrant our opinions, they cannot think as we think: it is impossible, and there is no help for it.

"But what ought to be helped, and ought to be avoided, is our attempting to punish others because they do not see as we see, or think as we think. This is persecution.

"When I was in Lisbon, I was accompanied by a Monk to the church of St. Anthony. You have heard, perhaps, that the armorial bearings of that beautifully-situated city, are a vessel dismasted, but guided through the waters by two crows, one seated on the prow and the other on the stern of the ship. The device is in honour of a miracle said to have been wrought in favour of St. Anthony, the patron saint of the Tagus, who, when at sea, sailing on a mission to the heathens, fancied himself lost: for all the crew of the vessel in which he had sailed had perished of plague, and he was left, wholly ignorant of navigation, to the mercy of the waves. In his despair, he knelt down to pray, when he saw two black pinioned birds descend from heaven, one of which seized the rudder, and the other perched on the bow of the ship: by these he was safely conducted to Portugal. And among the majority of the Portuguese there is no more doubt of the miracle than of the ordinary events of which they have been witnesses themselves.

"Did you believe the story, papa?" enquired Edith.

"By no means; and, though I never said any thing which should show that I felt contempt for the credulity of the Portuguese, yet I have no doubt they considered me somewhat heretical."

"Come," said the monk, "with me to the Igreja de San Antonio, and I will give you such evidence as shall be irresistible." We walked together under the magnificent arches of the church,—between avenues of pillars, on many of which the miracles of the Saint were recorded, and we reached a narrow staircase at the foot of the tower. "Follow me," said the monk, "and fear not." I ascended after him the long, long winding stone steps, the darkness of the way being only lighted by distant gleams which broke through the narrow interstices left in the thick walls, and on reaching the top, the monk pointed out a huge cage, it was as large as an ordinary sized room, in which were two enormous black crows, gravely seated on a metal bar. "Look there, Senhor," said the monk, and bowed his head reverently before the crows; "those are the identical birds which brought St. Anthony hither. And do you doubt the miracle now?"

"I doubted it, and did not doubt the less in consequence of what I saw. And why did I doubt, Edith?"

"I suppose papa, because you did not think they were the real crows that brought St. Anthony to Lisbon." Even so, my love; and I did not believe that St. Anthony had been brought to Lisbon by crows at all; and the attempt to convince me that the two crows were still living, and had lived for many hundred of years, was one difficulty more to believe, and not one difficulty less.

"The monk's reasoning was what logicians call 'begging the question.' He took for granted, the very thing to be proved, that St. Anthony had been escorted by the crows, and thus fancied that his telling me the crows I saw were the real crows, was to weigh down all my experience of the habits of the animal, all my knowledge of natural history, and the very natural reflection, that it was much more likely that there should be a succession of crows provided by the monk and his brethren, as the old ones died, than that a perpetual miracle should be wrought in order to prove the truth of a very improbable story. Besides, I saw that the crows were richly and regularly fed, and I might have asked him why if the crows were miraculously preserved, all the expenses of nourishing them were not saved?"

"And did you not tell him, papa, that you could look through the whole of the imposture?" said George. "Did you not tell him that he was a rogue, and that you were not to be duped by his roguery?"

"Softly, my impatient boy; that would neither have been prudent nor courteous; it would have done neither me, nor him, nor any body good. No good to me, for I should have been exposed to some danger; the Monk would have looked upon me with hatred, because my expression of incredulity would have implied contempt for his opinions, or distrust of his honesty and veracity; it would have done him no good, for it was his interest to persist in the fraud, and as to the facts of the case, he knew more about them than I did; and no good to any body else, for no body else was present. But it may do good now to you and to others, for to others you may tell the story, as I may tell it to others."

"My purpose in telling the story was not to excite your scorn or dislike towards the Monk, who, though he could not believe, against the knowledge he had, that those identical crows really escorted St. Anthony up the Tagus, may have believed that St. Anthony was escorted by crows. I did not wish you to be angry with the Monk, or the Monk's tale, but I wish to ask you two questions. If I had really desired and tried to believe the story, could I have done so, in spite of myself?"

"No, indeed, papa, that would have been impossible," said the children at once.

"You would not have been so foolish."

"And if I could not have believed it, even though I wished to believe it, could I do so because the Monk, or any other person, wished one to believe it?"

"Oh no! no!" they all repeated again and again.

Well then, my children, the lesson I wish to teach you is this:—Never be angry with any person, merely because his opinion is not your opinion; never be angry because you cannot persuade him to change his opinion; and above all, never do him any injury, or hesitate about doing him a good, because his opinion and yours are different. Nobody can believe what he likes, however he may try to do so; at all events, if he hears all that is to be said on all sides of a question. Still less can any body believe according to the likings of others. Where you doubt, inquire. In your own opinion seek nothing but truth, because truth, after all, is the great thing. In your conduct to others, be guided by the rule that you should never cause useless pain. In the minds of the best men there is, always has been, and always, perhaps, will be, much difference of opinion as to what is true, but everybody knows and feels what is kind, and truth itself is most likely to be found when it is sought for by tolerance and benevolence.

ACCOUNT OF THE ASSASSINS.

(From Part 19 (just published) of the Penny Cyclopaedia,—a publication which for compressed fulness and variety of information, executed with the greatest tact and judgment, and brought up to the most recent enquiries, may compete with the very costliest of its name-sakes. We have long had it upon our conscience that we did not say this before, and have now a particular reason for regretting that we did not do so. But this must not prevent our doing it.)

Assassins, a military and religious order, formed in Persia in the eleventh century. It was a ramification of the Ismaelites, who were themselves a branch of the great Mohammedan sect of the Shiites, the supporters of the claim of Ali's posterity to the caliphate. But among the Ismaelites there were many who were Mussulmans only in appearance, and whose secret doctrine amounted to this; that no action was either good or bad in itself and that all religions were the inventions of men. These unbelievers were formed into a secret society by one Abdallah, a man of the old Persian race, who had been brought up in the religion of the Magi, and was a hater of the Arabs and of their faith. After several bloody insurrections against the Abbaride caliphs, the Ismaelites succeeded in placing on the throne of Egypt a pretended descendant of Ismael, the seventh Imaum in the line of Ali, from whom the Ismaelites had taken their name. This descendant, whose name was Obeid Allah Mehdee, was the founder of the Fatemite dynasty, so called from Fatema, Mohammed's daughter. Under the protection of these princes a lodge of the secret doctrine was established at Cairo, and its members spread over a great part of Asia. Their ostensible object was to maintain the claims of the Fatemite caliphs to universal dominion, and to urge the destruction of the caliphs of Bagdad as usurpers. One of the adepts, Hassan Ven Sabah, thought of turning these instruments to his own advantage. He had filled high offices under the Sultan of the Seljuicide Turks, but, on being disgraced, he went to Egypt, where he was received with distinction by the caliph, became a zealous adherent of the Ismaelite lodge; and, after many vicissitudes and wanderings, obtained possession, by the aid of his brethren of the hill-fort of Alamoot (or *culture's nest*), situated to the north of Casvin, in Persia, and there, (A. D. 1090), established an independent society, or order, consisting of seven degrees, with himself at the head as Sheikh at Jebel, i. e. sheikh of the mountain. Under him came three dai al Kehir, the grand priors of the order; 3rdly, the dais, or initiated masters; 4thly, the refekes, or companions; 5thly, the fedafees, or devoted; 6thly, the laseeks, aspirants or novices; 7thly, the prophane or common people. Hassan drew out for the dais, or initiated, a catechism consisting of seven heads, among which were, implicit obedience to their chief; secrecy; and lastly, the principle of seeking the allegorical, and not the plain sense in the Koran, by which means the text could be distorted into anything the interpreter pleased. This did away effectually with all fixed rules of morality or

faith. But this secret knowledge was confined to a few; the rest were bound to a strict observance of the letter of the Koran. The most effectual class in the Koran were the fedavees—youths often purchased or stolen from their parents when children, and brought up under a particular system of education, calculated to impress upon their minds the omnipotence of the sheikh, and the criminality as well as utter impossibility of evading his orders, which were like the mandates of heaven itself. These fedavees were clothed in white, with red bonnets and girdles, and armed with sharp daggers, but they assumed all sorts of disguises when sent on a mission. Mario Polo gives a curious romantic account of the garden at Alamoot, to which the fedavee designed for an important mission, was carried in a state of temporary stupor, produced by powerful opiates, and where, on awakening he found everything that could excite and gratify his senses. He was made to believe that was a foretaste of the paradise of the prophet, reserved for his faithful and devoted servants, and thus became willing to encounter death, even under the most appalling forms, in order to secure a permanent seat in the abode of bliss. Marco Polo's narrative is confirmed by Arabian writers, and Von Hammer inclines to believe it true in the main; others attribute the visions in the garden to the effects of the intoxicating preparation administered to the fedavees. The name of *hushish*, which is that of an opiate made from hemp-leaves, is supposed to have been the origin of the word "Assassins;" others derive the latter from Hassan ben Sabah, the founder of the order. The word becoming familiar to the crusaders was by them carried to Europe where it was used as synonymous with that of *Sicarius*, or hired murderer, but the Italians have adopted it to signify a robber on the high road, without necessarily implying the crime of murder.

The assassins, either by force or treachery, gained possession of many other castles and hill-forts in Persia. The Sultan Melek Shab attacked them, the doctors of the law excommunicated them, but the fedavees carried secret death among their enemies; the Sultan's minister, Nigam ul Mulk, was stabbed, and his master soon after died suddenly, it was supposed by poison. The Assassins spread into Syria, where they acquired strong holds in the mountains near Tripoli; and the Sultan of the Seljuicides was glad to come to an agreement by granting them several districts. Hassan ben Sabah, having extended his order over great part of the Mohammedan world, died at Alamoot in 1124, after thirty five years' reign. He bequeathed his authority of Keah Buzoorg Oomeid, one of the dais of the order. Buzoorg renewed the war with the Seljuicides, and Abboos Wefaut, his Dai al Kehir in Syria, entered into a temporary alliance with Baldwin II. King of Jerusalem, through the agency of Hugo de Pagens, grand master of the Templars, against their common enemies the Seljuicide Turks. After this, the Assassins were sometimes on friendly terms, but oftener at variance, with the Christian princes of Syria and Palestine, as well as with their Mohammedan neighbours. To accomplish their object, they never scrupled to resort to assassination. In 1126 the prince of Mosul was stabbed as he entered the Mosque by Assassins disguised as Dervises; soon after, a caliph of Bagdad was killed likewise, and also a Sultan of Cairo, notwithstanding his Fatemite.

The Syrian, or western branch of the Assassins, however, continued to exist for some years later under their Dai al Kehir, Massayad, not far from Beyroot, was their principal strong hold. The history of this branch is the most familiar to Europeans, being much interwoven with that of the Crusaders and of the great Sultan Sala-eddeen. The latter was several times in danger from the daggers of the Assassins. The Dai al Kehir Sinan, a man who had a reputation for Sanctity, sent in 1173, an embassy to Almeric, the Christian King of Jerusalem, offering, in his name and that of his people, to embrace Christianity, on condition that the Templars, who were their neighbours, would remit the annual tribute of forty thousand gold ducats which they had imposed on them, and live in future in peace and good neighbourhood towards them. Almeric was delighted with the offer, and dismissed the envoy with honour. The envoy, however, on his return to his territory, was killed by a party of Templars, led by Gaultier du Mesnil. After this, the Assassins resorted again to their daggers, which they had laid aside for many years. Among others, Conrad, Marquis of Tyre and Montferat, was murdered by two fedavees in the market-place of Tyre, 1192. The reasons of this murder which some have ascribed to Richard of England, have been the subject of a long controversy, which Von Hammer does not succeed in elucidating. The assassins kept the Christians of Tripoli in continual fear. They levied contributions on the Christian princes for the safety of their lives; and they even demanded it of St. Louis, King of France, on his passing through Acre on his return from the Damietta expedition. Louis, however, indignantly refused. At last the Syrian Assassins were conquered, and their stronghold taken, by Bibars, the Mamluke Sultan of Egypt, fourteen years after the destruction of the Eastern branch by the Monguls. Many, however, found refuge in the mountains of Syria, and became mixed with the Yezed Koords; and some of the tenets of the order are believed to still linger among them.

Hammer, *Geschichte der Assassinen*; also Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia*; and Wilken's *History of the Crusades*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WHEN any one, whose judgment we respect, expresses approbation of an "article" of our writing, it gives it such a gloss in our eyes, that we are sometimes moved, in our vanity, to look at it again, in order to see what has pleased him, and read it by the glad light of companionship. For writing an article, and reading it over afterwards, are two very different things. In writing you give yourself up to your faith in the subject; you are absorbed in it; you do not think of criticism or objection; you are wrapped all round as in a bower of your own building, pleased with the task for its own sake, perhaps with the sense of power. We do not say it is always so; but generally, and when one is in the humour. But on reading over the article when it comes from the printer, the feelings are often very different. You doubt parts of it, perhaps dislike others; we do not mean for their want of truth, but their want of merit,—of spirit. You suspect the public will not like it; that it is dull, common-place; that there is no reason why you should have called their attention to such old stories. You doubt, however true you may have been, whether the public will see the truth with your eyes, or care to see it no better painted. And then the necessity of correcting the press horribly aids these suspicions. It is going over your impulses in cold blood, examining the foot prints you have made in the vivacity of your first impressions; it seems as if you were going to retrace them mechanically in the public eye; and this too, without being sure that they are worth tracing at all.

Conceive then what our pleasure must be, when those who have a right to judge, pronounce our little Journal to have done well, both in spirit and letter; acknowledge the veracity with which we profess to love the objects of our worship, and acquit us of having done them dishonour; nay, recommend our recommendations of them; and above all, though of various parties themselves, and therefore habitually disposed (as it might be thought) to countenance no neutral ground of any sort taken up by one who has fought hard in partizanship himself, unite heartily in approving this cultivation of one sequestered spot in the regions of literature, where party itself is negated as of inferior good to the progress of mankind, and love enshrined as the only final teacher of all knowledge and advancement? No new religion, truly; an ancient and most proclaimed one; and too sacred and wonderful to have justice done it in these small chapels built for conventional persuasion. Yet herein, we conceive, lies our merit, whatever it may be. It is our ambition to be one of the sowers of a good seed in places where it is not common but would be most profitable, to be one of those who should try to render a sort of public loving-kindness a grace of common-life, a conventional, and for that very reason, in the higher sense of the word, a social and universal elegance. We dare to whisper in the ears of the wisest, and therefore of the all-hearing and the kindest-judging, that we would fain do something, however small and light, towards Christianizing public manners. If this effort, lightly as we presume to aid it, be too much for us,—if it be far too premature, too impracticable, too absurd,—if the old ways of advancing or benefitting mankind, are better, or not yet to be dispensed with,—and if the wise see nothing in this portion of our impulses but a mistake generated partly by suffering and partly by great animal spirits and an inveterate sanguineness, yet they will see, at any rate, that our mistake is a thing inclusive, that there are good things of necessity inside it,—and that if we end in doing nothing but extending a faith in capabilities of any sort, and showing some thousands of our fellow-creatures that sources of amusement and instruction await but a touch in the objects around them, to start up like magic, and enrich the meanest hut, perhaps the most satiated ennui, we shall have done something not unworthy to receive the countenance of their unanimity. A ship, going on a voyage of discovery, is privileged from attack, by great nations. A little fairy vessel, laden with cargoes of pleasant thoughts, would, if it could appear, doubtless receive no less the grace of their exemption.

We are constantly receiving letters telling us how rejoiced the writers are to see a paper of this sort set up, how it confirms or renews their hopes, how it brings back a feeling of youth to the old, makes considerate the petulance of the young, and brightens the aspect

of the most familiar objects. Do we take too much credit for this! May heaven so prosper our undertakings, as we can truly say No. An author after a certain time of life, and long struggles, and discoveries painful to his self-love, and (we must add) after discovering that the best thing in him is the love of what is apart from him, and which has no more to do with himself than with every one else,—perhaps also we should say, after being used to the praises of the good-natured,—grows comparatively unambitious of eulogies on a purely literary account. He has learned to make deductions from their applicability to him; and above all, he has learnt (but with pleasure, not with pain) to make deductions from the enthusiasm of the good-hearted, and to know, or think he knows, how much may remain his due, after the proper allowances for the colouring reflected from their own pleasure and their own natures. People like our Journal because they like the things it talks about, and because they see a writer who believes in them, and has a cheerful religion. It is a difficult thing to state the amount of what liking may remain, for ourselves, personally or in a literary point of view; because, on such an occasion, candour and modesty run an equal chance of looking like an affectation. All self-reference runs a hazard of that cast; nor should we have made any, if it had not been impossible to touch upon the nature of a publication like this without it. Suffice to say, that without pretending not to be deeply sensible of approbation from some persons, on any score, by far the greater part of our delight on seeing the progress of this Journal has arisen from the additional proof it has afforded of the natural good-heartedness of men of all parties. Men only mistrust one another, because they think mistrust universal, and that others will not do them justice. They are better than they take each other for, often than they take themselves for; and many a man who feels his reputation in some things to be beyond his deserts, knows that he is mistaken and undervalued in others. If all the world (with a few diseased or monstrously educated exceptions) could see each other just as they are, they would lay down their recriminations with blushes, and embrace each other with pity and regard. The only thing they want is to be candid and compare notes, or to act lovingly as if they had done so; and thus when they see a man who has suffered enough and enjoyed enough so to act, they hail him and believe in him, because they believe in themselves. They feel that he does them justice,—does justice to the natures of most, and the capabilities of all; and therefore they come willingly forth to warm their hands and their hearts, at the fire which he has taken upon him to light.

In addition to the acknowledgments we have made to periodicals, whose continued encouragement is delightful to us, we have now to offer our best thanks to others of all parties, and shades of party, and such as do honour to their respective causes by their zeal and talents,—some of them of the first order,—to the *Atlas*, to the *True Sun*, to the *Glasgow Argus*, the *Northern Herald* (Belfast), the *Western Independent* (Paisley), the *Northampton Mercury* (not Herald, as was formerly mistaken), the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Birmingham Journal*, the *Scotsman*, the *Dublin papers*, with others which we have heard of but not seen, and are afraid of misnaming. The fiercest and most anarchy-loving Radicals (as they are supposed) have, with equal warmth and modesty, commended the humanities and the graces advocated by this Journal, in the person of one of their most popular champions, Mr. Cleave; even the uproarious *Fraser*, whose comfort doth not lie too much on the side of the dulcet, trieth to conclude a sour smile with a sort of sweetness; and lo! the very Jupiter of the Olympus of Toryism, Christopher North himself, parting on either side from him his muttering thunders and his admonished gods, and dressing his looks at the thought of the everlasting Love, bursteth through those cloudy inferiorities, and descendeth in sunshine on our bit of the Golden Age. Metaphor apart, most heartily do we forget old enmities,—most heartily have we long forgotten them, since we found in what loving corners of the heart enmities themselves may grow out of mistakes, and what identity of object may be pursued by different opinions. A man of genius, such as that of the editor of *Blackwood*, cannot, by the very tenure of his genius, by the poetry of his

nature, but desire all the best and noblest things for the world, whatever he may think of the amount of their possibility; and so desiring, he cannot but hail any belief in them, in the sincerity and durability of which he has become convinced; for he knows that such a belief is good for its own sake, and its own poetry, even should it end in producing no happier prose. There are a few words, at the beginning of his notice of this Journal, connecting us with the dearest of our friends, for which alone we should be inclined to love him, nine parts out of ten, had he said even nothing further: and he will not take it amiss, if we add, that we had another friend, with whom he would have shared a mutual admiration had he known him, and with whose writings should we ever find him getting better acquainted (for we can only think he has hitherto but impatiently glanced, not steadily looked at him), we shall love him the remaining tenth. He will know whom we mean; one, who was idly said to be killed by the criticism of the Quarterly Review; but whose end, though assuredly none the happier for want of success, was long visible in a frame of extreme sensibility, and delicacy of organization, and was hastened by affectionate vigils at the bed of a dying brother. Alas! hard are the trials through which we go: there is no doubt of that; and harder the thought that we might have done more to lessen those of others, and hasten better times; but in construing things kindly, we acquire a right to think kindly of ourselves; and Mr. Keats's Life was neither so short nor so unhappy as many might suppose it. He lived ten years to another's one. His thoughts, for the most part, were steeped in the riches of a generous heart and a luxuriant imagination. Good God! why are not all men of genius of one mind, like natural brothers? and why do they not make a point of knowing one another, and preventing unworthy impressions? They would carry the world before them (God willing). And so they will, we trust, some day, spinning it like ivory, with easy fingers; for goodwill is surely God's will, and "peace" and "goodwill" are to increase, both according to reverend prophecies and to new signs. Happy they, meanwhile, who can piece out imperfect pretensions with perfect love, casting out the fear even of being considered vain and assuming.

TABLE-TALK.

Admiration and Contempt. Of unwise admiration much may be hoped, for much good is really in it; but unwise contempt is itself a negation; nothing comes of it, for it is nothing.—*Carlyle*.

Never do evil, solely on the ground that it is deserved.—*Bentham*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to Mr. I. J. for the extract from the review of Mr. Landor's book; but another gentleman, who possesses a copy of the book itself, has been kind enough to lend it us.

We fear we cannot gratify our friend D. G. in the regular addition to our plan which he proposes. It is much easier to wish to be able to do these things, than to do them.

The "Return," from the German of Mückler, shall be inserted. Also the letters of J. D. and E. E. upon Goethe. We shall have much pleasure also in publishing the sonnet to Earine, but do not at present exactly understand the connexion between the last three words of the twelfth line and the context.

We regret that we were unable to avail ourselves of the ticket sent us for the shew of Dahlias at the Zoological Gardens. But we shall forget neither the subject, nor the sender.

T. D.'s paper shall be carefully read.

What is the age of TENTATOR? and of the correspondent who writes on "Gallantry?"

Mr. W. of Kensington has obliged us. We will refer to the book he mentions.

We shall gladly take up the subject recommended by W. J.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1834.

No. 23.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

OBJECTS OF THE LONDON JOURNAL.

MONTAIGNE says, that he delights to ring the word "pleasure" in the ears of philosophers who affect to despise it, and who are as fond of it as any men, after their fashion. Since the setting up of this cheerful and most Christian journal, we have known but two instances of objection to it; and to these we answer, that the very grounds of their objection are those which have procured us two hundred approbations. One of these objections was in a criticism, begging us not to "affect" so much sentiment (as if, because the *writer* would have "affected" so much, had he shown it, that therefore *we* did);—the other implied that we were invariably too pleased, and with not enough reason,—that we fetched our satisfaction out of too many common things, and did not succeed after all. For the success, we can luckily refer to other readers: and as to the rest, it was our plan and system, and forms the very essence, utility, and prosperity of our journal. Our object was to put more sunshine into the feelings of our countrymen, more good will and good humour, a greater *habit* of being pleased with one another and with everything, and therefore a greater power of dispensing with uneasy sources of satisfaction. We wished to create one corner and field of periodical literature, in which men might be sure of hope and cheerfulness, and of the cultivation of peaceful and flowery thoughts, without the accompaniment of anything inconsistent with them; we knew that there was a desire at the bottom of every human heart to retain a faith in such thoughts, and to see others believe in the religion and recommend it; and heartily have anxious as well as happy readers in this green and beautiful England responded to our belief. We condemn no other publication, conducted honestly, on different principles. There is a noble as well as ignoble warfare, and the time for either, for aught we know, may not have gone by. We condemn none of the mysterious struggles of humanity, even the most passionate, some of them perhaps nobler and more necessary than our ceasing to struggle in that sort; on the contrary, in "sympathizing with all," how can we leave them out? But, as far as our own system of action goes, we may be allowed to cultivate a variety of endeavour, if it be only as a variety, and to confine ourselves to the hope of winning and persuading. There are green fields in the world, as well as fields of battle; and in making a grove, or a park, or other domestic elysium, people do not contemplate the introduction in it of fight and contest and sour speeches. A man may say if he pleases, "I cannot live in your peaceful grounds, with their trees and sunshine, where all which is alive is happy or comforted, and the tragedies are nothing but old stories: I must go and get up a sensation at the police office, or the hospital, or the butcher's, or read a lampoon, or some writing worse than my own, or get up a superiority to somebody somehow, in order to keep myself in heart with myself." Let him go. Nay, we will go with him, provided he will let us find things to be a little better than he takes them for, even himself; for the reader will bear us witness that we avoid no places for their homeliness, and can vindicate the supposed "weed" as well as the accepted flower. But it does not follow that our ground is not a good ground, for all this; or that people have not reason to like it; especially as they are apt to have troubles enough elsewhere, and all but the very restless or

thoughtless like to have some sequestered spot to repose in,—personally, if they can get it,—mentally, if they have not wealth or leisure enough, or a green neighbourhood. The *London Journal* is a sort of park for rich and poor, for the reflecting and well-intentioned of all sorts; where every one can be alone, or in company, as he thinks fit, and see, with his mind's eye, a succession of Elysian sights, ancient and modern, and as many familiar objects to boot, or hear nothing but birds and waterfalls, or the comforted beatings of his own heart,—all effected for him by no greater magician than Good Faith and a little reading. Good Faith is his host, and Reading the page that brings books to his host; and Love has ordained, that Good Faith, and a little reading, shall be able to do such wonders for us, as reading's biggest brothers with no faith at all, shall have no notion of. Children and men co-exist in the world; and the child and the man must co-exist in the little world of man's individuality, in order that he may see at once manfully and with delight. "Except ye become as little children," &c. We would not lightly apply so great a text; but the greatness of the text includes every degree of loving applicability; and as there is nothing in the world which is not supernatural in one sense,—as the very world of fashion itself rolls round with the stars, and is a part of the mystery and the variety of the shews of the universe,—so nothing, in a contemptuous sense, is small, or unworthy of a grave and calm hope, which tends to popularize Christian refinement, and to mix it up with every species of social intercourse, as a good realized, and not merely as an abstraction preached. What! Have not philosophy and christianity long since met, in the embrace of such loving discoveries? And do not the least and most trivial things, provided they have an earnest and cheerful good will, partake of some right of greatness, and the privilege to be honoured? if not with admiration of their wisdom, yet with acknowledgment of the joy which is the end of wisdom, and which it is the privilege of a loving sincerity to reach by a short road. Hence we have had two objections, and two hundred encouragements; and excellent writers of all sorts, and of all other shades of belief, have hastened to say to us, "Preach that, and prosper." Have not the *Times*, and the *Examiner*, and the *Atlas*, and the *Albion*, and the *True Sun*, and twenty other newspapers, hailed us for the very sunniness of our religion? Does not that old and judicious Whig, the *Scotsman*, waive his deliberate manner in our favour, and "cordially" wish us success for it? Does not the radical *Glasgow Argus*, in an eloquent article, "fresh and glowing" as his good will, expressly recommend us for its pervading all we write upon, tears included? And the rich-writing Tory, Christopher North, instead of objecting to the entireness of our sunshine, and requiring a cloud in it, does he not welcome it, aye, every week, as it strikes on his breakfast-cloth, and speak of it in a burst of bright-heartedness, as "dazzling the snow?"

Of a truth, it would not be difficult for us, old soldiers as we are, and accustomed to rougher labours in former times, to summon up a little of our old battle-grip, and lay a young gentleman or so double on the green sward, after the fashion of Entellus or Abraham Cann. Easily could we take him in hand, and lift him off his ground, and lock up his meditated "fibbing," and so trussing head and heels together, make a soft present of him to his mother

earth. But *cui bono*? Where would be the good of it, even to himself? And why hurt the better use of his faculties, which we hope he will turn to handsomer account? Has not every man and every cause, in this imperfect state of things, a side on which he or it may be assailed, so far as to make him ridiculous (if there is the wit to do it) or uncomfortable, or to vex or injure him in some way or other? And shall we violate our principles, even out of resentment, and join in keeping up so old a story, and (as it appears to us) so useless a ground of re-action,—helping to sow new hostilities by very reason of our objecting to old? Not we. We are willing to be differed with to whatever honest extreme, and to answer, as well as we can, all objections, which we have no reason to believe disingenuous; but nothing but a matter of life and death to our Journal shall induce us to be hostile with anybody; and after these announcements, coupled with the hazards of all sorts which we have encountered in old times, we think it will be held something a little worse than superfluous to assail us after a hostile fashion. We are at peace with all; and as we seek the common good, and sail under white banners, we gladly receive the encouragement, and feel ourselves under the protection, of all who honestly pursue it, even by rougher means. It is not of endeavours such as we are, without arms, insulting nobody, and offending no public manners, that generous warriors will make an exception to their letters of license.

Still blow then, ye fair winds, and keep open upon us, ye blue heavens,—or rather, still shine in the whiteness of thy intention, thou fair flag, even against the blackest cloud, and still hail us as ye go, all gallant brother voyagers, and encourage us to pursue the kindly task which Love and Adversity have taught us, touching at all curious shores of reality and romance, endeavouring to make them know and love one another, to learn what is good against the roughest elements, or how the suffering that cannot be remedied may be best endured, to bring news of hope and joy and exaltation from the wings of the morning and the uttermost parts of the sea, making familiar companions, but not the less revered on that account, of the least things on earth and the greatest things apart from it,—of the dust and the globe, and the divided moon, of sun and stars, and the loneliest meetings of man's thought with immensity, which is not too large for his heart, though it be for his knowledge, because knowledge is but man's knowledge, but the heart has a portion of God's wisdom, which is love.

Have we none but bright subjects to talk of? No: no more than the sun-beam strikes upon none but bright objects, though it helps to make them bright. But may we not shine, if we can, upon the dullest, and show there is more in it than the dull suspect? May we not shine upon coldness, and warm it? Upon sorrow, and comfort it? May we not also endeavour to add confidence to joy, and show it how rich it is in the commonest coin of the visible? And is not this, instead of confining ourselves to one view of anything, not rather throwing the universal light of day (hitherto insufficiently valued) upon objects of all sorts, not excepting the darkest as well as the commonest? Does the human heart, in its struggles, require such comfort, or does it not? And is not its comfort extended (at least with all minds wise enough to be generous, and to know a good when they see it)

by the very sight of so much belief in good, especially when unconquered by suffering?

We trust, that as this is the first, so it will be the last time we shall think it advisable to touch upon a point that forces us upon one of those appearances of egotism, which the egotistical are so ready to denounce; but as we have really no misgivings about the matter, we shall conclude this article, while we are about it, with some beautiful and affecting verses which have been addressed to us, and which have seasonably arrived to contribute to that very confidence, which, on any other occasion perhaps they might have dashed: for the praise from a friend, which is triumphantly seized upon as a shield against objection, might well beget a blushing doubt if only worn as an ornament. But see how little this gentleman, who is one of the most accomplished persons of our acquaintance, a wit, a scholar, and a musician, doubts the desirableness of our mode of conveying comfort; and with what instinctive beauty, like the flowers of which he writes, his thoughts issue out of their dark ground, and climb upon the stalk of their natural ascendancy, and stand in consummate elegance, giving out the fragrance of their hearts, and looking with pensive superiority upon the earth from whence they rose. Great, unquestionably, are his troubles, greater, in some respects, from the very prime of his life, and from the natural and acquired advantages he possesses; but assuredly the greater will be his triumph over them; for is he not able to bring beauty out of sorrow, to seize the smallest occasions for the greatest comfort, and to gather to him the hearts of his friends in sympathy and in zeal? It has been observed of the deaf, that they are not apt to be so cheerful as the blind; and it is true, and for an obvious reason. Being able to help themselves on many occasions, they are too much left to shift for themselves on all, and are thus too often deprived of the sweetest advantage of society, conversation; whereas, the blind man, helpless in all other respects, is helped not only to a double portion of that one, but to a ten-fold measure of love and service at all times. Let him keep it in God's name, and repay us twenty-fold with the delight of his blind eyes. But as deaf men, for these most pardonable reasons, are apt to be caustic and resentful, so we know not a more amiable sight on earth, than one, who in requiring a good measure of this help to consolation, cultivates the graces of patience and the willingness to be pleased, and without affecting to be insensible to his evils, turns them into attractions of love and reverence, and takes out of the endeavour to entertain him all pain, but that of not being able to convince him that he does not give any. It is true, in the instance before us, as much entertainment is brought as can be received, and the merit is thus lessened as far as a consciousness to that effect cannot but prevail over an undue modesty. Nor, considering his good faith in all other respects, do we despair of convincing our friend that he has no reason to doubt any one's gladness to reciprocate entertainment with him. But we are keeping our readers from better things than prose. We make no apology of any general sort for publishing the verses, because, setting aside even their merit as such, we take them to be high evidences of the good which the design of this journal is doing with all ingenuous readers, and because the extension of a common sympathy, on any just grounds whatsoever, is one of its main objects.

TO A LITTLE BUNCH OF FLOWERS,
THE PRESENT OF L. H.

Sweet little family of happy birth,
Beautiful children of the earth!
Since ye are parted from the dewy breast
Of her that bore ye, and no more shall know
Provident Mother, let me careful show
How much I love you—serving as is best
Your simple wants;—here in this little fount,
Filled from the clearest waters of the brook,
Merge all your thirsty mouths, and from below
Sup upwards till the juicy spirit mount;
So your recruited heads shall overlook
With fresher beauty and a livelier grace
Your narrow dwelling place.

You the mild morning sun with temperate ray,
Shall visit rising, placed within this nook
That meets his kind but not his angry eye;
Here shall soft gales from open casement play,
And scatter all your sweetness as they fly;
And I your sober cup
Each day will new fill up
With the pure element ye love to quaff.
Here live and laugh;
And, if I promise well, you shall not say
Old Nature was a better nurse than I.
My little tender flowers, with all my care,
I fear, I fear, you soon must droop away!
Not long the sun, not long the vigorous air
Will be of power to save you from decay.

Emblem of fate too like! your fate I share.
As fade your rifled leaves, so fades my heart,
Clipped from the stem of hope whereon it grew;
Nor aught of sunshine now, nor pleasures new,
Nor Fortune's real favours could impart
The strength that from those early hopes it drew.
For where is now light-hearted laughing ease,
Where the bright flow of social spirits gay,
The thought harmonious with the blessed day,
The power of pleasure, and the power to please?
Where is content, and the free careless mind,
And trusting joy that never looked behind,
And perseverance rising from each fall,
And health—and health—the parent of them all?

Oh! gone—for ever gone; and in their room
Deafness—Disease—and morbid sense I find,
And solitary gloom!
If that my life be short, the need is more
To pray that it in kindness may be passed;
Like you, ye flowers, I fain would learn the way
To cherish still some sweetness to the last.
Then teach me;—teach me for his sake for whom
Ye are so sweet,—the friend to whom I turn
As the scared dreamer to the morning light,
Nor ever turn in vain, for shining store
Of thoughts, and happy words, and visions bright
Of Love and Goodness conquering in the night
Of Truth, of rich contentment to be sought
Amid the fields and in the poet's lore,
And gentle lessons, little flowers, from you.
Say what the secret of your virtue is,
Teach me your sweet philosophy and his.
For whether 'twere the same that Plato drew
From the old wisdom, or his pupil taught,—
The doctrine quaint of old Diogenes,
Of Epicurus mild, or Zeno stern,—
Gentle or hard—did he but love it too,
That would I learn.

Aug. 1834.

E. W.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 3rd, to Tuesday the 9th September.

WOODS AND NUTTING.

As this is a season when woods are in the perfection of their woodiness, underwood and all, and people like to fancy themselves inside of them, if they have not the luck to be able to go there, we give this week a letter of Gray's, in which he describes himself as enjoying such a spot; and have followed it with the welcome contribution of a correspondent on Nutting. The letter is dated "September," but mentions no day of the month; so it suits our month, and does not contradict our week. There is pleasant mention of Southern, at the end of it.

GRAY TO HORACE WALPOLE.

September, 1737.

I was hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach-wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears with their comfortable noise. . . . He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance

of half-a-mile; through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common), all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do, may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous; both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds.

And, as they bow their hoary tops, relate,
In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats me (*if penseroso*), and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is, talk to you; but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be; at least I persuade myself so, when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

NUTTING DAY.

(For the London Journal.)

We never look upon an apple-stall in one of the hot, dusty streets of the metropolis, in Autumn, nor see on it the finely clustered heap of filberts, retailing at "a penny a pint" to the lucky urehin who possesses so much of this world's wealth, but we think upon our joyous nutting days at school. We bring straightway before our "mind's eye" the portly figure of our reverend pedagogue, as on a fine September evening he would announce to our greedy ears that he had given us the morrow for "nutting day." What hasty packing up of bags! Virgil without the boards, Ovid ditto title-page and preface, and our huge dictionary, of which we were so proud, are gladly and unceremoniously thrust away from "human ken" for a day; and then our search at home for our nutting-bag, laid away since last season, and our journey to the pleasant copse to cut a hooked stick, so that we may have nothing left to do in the morning. Then, when the morning arrived, what eager peeping out to see if the day were fine; verily our toilet then was soon made, and our nice brown bread and milk neglected when compared with our usual repast thereof on a school day; how carelessly did we thrust the packet of bread and cheese, made up for us by our prudent landlady, into our aforesaid nutting-bag; for, in truth, we were too much filled with pleasurable anticipations to be able to contain such an earthly commodity as food. We well remember the select companions who composed our party; methinks we hear them even now extolling the merits of the copse to which we were bending our steps, describing the thickness of the clusters, and debating at what place we ought to ford the river. Now are our shoes and stockings pulled off and carefully tied to the button of our jacket—and now we cross the broad cooling river, holding the youngest by the hand to prevent the stream from knocking him over. Now have we arrived, and joyously look on the rich mellow-tinted bushes, drooping with the weight of the ripe fruit; the elder boys suppress the hurrah of the younger ones, for fear of attracting other parties to rob us of the spoil. Now do we separate, but a peculiar whistle will bring us soon together again. The pliant boughs bend under the influence of our stick, and start back relieved of the weight which before oppressed them; nimbly our fingers go to work, and our bag, widening like an alderman's stomach, and our aching shoulders, tell us that we shall soon have as much as our limbs can bring away with ease. Hark! our companions whistle; they, too, have been busy, and call on us to rejoin them. Whither shall we go to eat our repast?—why under the shade of the fine elm which grows at yonder curve of the river, and where we can get our cups filled from the clear spring which runs hard by.

Our bread and cheese, rather crushed by the concussion of boughs pressing against our pockets, is relished with a gusto we did not think possible when we took it in the morning; and by and by we are joined by merry troops, returning home after a successful expedition, and we hear many accounts of adventurous doings in preserves, and chases by the gamekeepers; and, chatting in such-like manner, we return to the village, displaying our treasures to the natives, and cracking our nuts and jokes in all the light-heartedness of youth and health.

J. S.

We think we cannot do better than conclude this sylvan week with descriptions of another lover of nutting, and some foreign kindred of his, from the pens of Mr and Mrs Howitt. The authors designed them for young readers; but we hardly need repeat, that good young reading is good reading for any age.

THE SQUIRREL.

From "*Sketches of Natural History*," by Mary Howitt.

The pretty red Squirrel lives up in a tree,
A little blithe creature as ever can be:
He dwells in the boughs where the Stockdove broods,
Far in the shades of the green summer woods;
His food is the young juicy cone of the pine,
And the milky beech nut is his bread and his wine;
In the joy of his nature he frisks with a bound,
To the top-most twigs, and then down to the ground,
Then up again, like a winged thing,
And from tree to tree, with a vaulting spring;
Then he sits up aloft, and looks waggish and queer,
As if he would say, "Ay, follow me here!"
And then he grows frettish, and stamps his foot,
And then independently cracks his nut;
And thus he lives the long summer thorough,
Without a care or a thought of sorrow.
But small as he is, he knows he may want,
In the bleak winter weather when food is scant:
So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,
And there makes his nest, and lays up his store;
Then when cold winter comes and the trees are bare,
When the white snows are falling, and keen is the air,
He heeds it not, as he sits by himself,
In his warm little nest, with his nuts on his shelf.
O wise little Squirrel! no wonder that he,
In the green summer woods is as blithe as can be.

THE MIGRATION OF THE GREY SQUIRRELS.

By William Howitt.

When in my youth I travelled,
Throughout each north country,
Many a strange thing did I hear,
And many a strange thing see.

I sat with the small men in their huts,
Built of the drifted snow;
No fire had we but the seal oil lamp,
No other light did know.

There were hundreds then in the hollow holes
Of the old, old trees did dwell,
And laid up their store, hard by the door,
Of the sweet mast as it fell.

But soon the hungry wild Swine came,
And with thievish snouts dug up
Their buried treasure, and left them not
So much as an acorn cup!

Then did they chatter in angry mood,
And one and all decree,
Into the forests of rich stone pine
Over hill and dale to flee.

Over hill and dale, over hill and dale,
For many a league they went;
Like a troop of undaunted travellers,
Governed by one consent.

But the Hawk and Eagle, and peering Owl,
Did dreadfully pursue;
And the further the grey Squirrels went,
The more their perils grew.
When lo! to cut off their pilgrimage,
A broad stream lay in view.

But then did each wond'rous creature shew
His cunning and bravery;
With a piece of the pine bark in his mouth
Unto the stream came he.

And boldly his little bark he launched,
Without the least delay;
His bushy tail was his upright sail,
And he merrily steered away.

Never was there a lovelier sight
Than that grey Squirrels' fleet;
And with anxious eyes I watched to see
What fortune it would meet.

Soon had they reached the rough mid-stream,
And ever and anon
I grieved to behold some small bark wrecked,
And its little steersman gone.

But the main fleet stoutly held across,
I saw them leap to shore;
They entered the woods with a cry of joy,
For their perilous march was o'er.

OUR READERS WHISKED TO THE CONTINENT,

For so we may say they will find themselves, while perusing the following extracts from *Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy*, just published, from the pen of a lady. She calls them "Slight" Reminiscences; but why so? They are solid pictures, whenever she chose to make them such; the slightness is in the tone; and with all due deference to the modesty which suggested the epithet, she would have felt it to be less applicable to her recollections, had she less condescended to a certain light and bantering air, exacted by the world of fashion from those who are wise enough to be pleased with anything, and of whose wisdom it is jealous. Our authoress is a genuine painter, having feeling, force, beauty, imagination, and colouring. Why should she always, or generally, mix up a certain conventional levity, of the undervaluing order, with her gravest impressions; or at least think it necessary to follow them up with something of that sort? Her occasional world may be the world of fashion, but her real world is the great world of nature and heaven and the domestic affections; and she should never condescend to mix up the tone of the two things. We should take her, by the variety of her powers, and the happy readiness of her style,—her command of words,—to be a sister of Mrs Gore; but Mrs Gore seems to have the serious welfare of matters more at heart, without such perhaps being really the case. Our authoress is full of feeling and grace and gaiety. We like her so much, that we want to have no fault discoverable in her (of the unsympathizing sort) not even the use of some slang phrases, that have got into the circles. The volumes have some spirited sketches in them, which do credit to the amateur artist—we hope, her husband; for writing of one sort, and writing of another, would thus go handsomely together. We must not omit the very pleasant dedication,—we will not say "brief as woman's love," but sweet as woman's love. It is as follows:—"To the Dear Companion of my Journey and my Life, these Pages are affectionately inscribed."

The Rhine.—[We never saw the Rhine so well painted to our taste before.] Two or three miles higher up than Coblenz, the river makes a superb sweep in the midst of delicious scenery; castles rising on one crag, and ruins hanging on another. The Lahn, issuing from its fresh-cradle, throws itself into the Rhine, just opposite to the village of Kappellau, and flowing between the sweet island-looking peninsulas of Oberlahnstein and Niederlahnstein, with their churches and trees, villages and ruins, forms a picture full of gentle beauty.

We have now a garden country, thickly planted with fruit-trees, to Rahens, an old Swissish kind of town or rather village. Painted houses of all shapes, looking as if an enormous weight had fallen down on their roofs, and pressed them out of their fair proportions.

Still moving on through a continued garden. Hills of all shapes and various beauty, and, now and then a castle, or rather its ruins in a bold position at the opening of a green or wooded gorge, with a village or church at its base, stand out shouldering the heavens. A soft, half-sunny day, lights and shadows, but no glare; perhaps the most favourable sky for scenery.

The valley soon narrows; sometimes the mountains descend abruptly to the river, leaving just space enough for the road, and again retreat, as if to make way for a stripe of vines, or an orchard meadow. At this moment something very large and flat sweeps slowly round a wooded projection: it is a raft floating down from Switzerland to some port of Holland. It passes heavily along, though favoured by the current, and aided by many hands; I counted 130 persons, all, or nearly all, employed in its navigation. A wooden construction in the centre serves as a place of shelter for both men and merchandize. Forests of timber are thus floated down the Rhine from the valleys of the Murg, the Neckar, &c. This was but a small affair; the large rafts are sometimes a thousand feet

long, and peopled as thickly as Noah's ark. The passage must be a dull one for any but an inveterate draughtsman, who may sketch at his ease, and linger upon the minutiae as he would upon a picture suspended before him on a wall. And so may all those who struggle up the Rhine in the passage boat, which must, however, be the favourite mode of conveyance here, for we have scarcely met a traveller or seen a carriage since we left Gottisberg. The pilgrims of idleness or fashion, who draw or drive through Switzerland, swearing 'tis wondrous fine, or beshrewing the rumbling cars, noisy inns, and impracticable mountains, seem to overlook the Rhine—heaven bless them for it. One may still stand at a window here, and look at something more interesting than the parties that spread themselves over all the attainable spots on the Oberlands; English ladies in their long cloaks, voyaging shoes, and dragged petticoats; German students in their caps of defiance; artists, amateurs, and all the miscellaneous rabble that defy classification.

At Boppard, a town (every cluster of cottages in this beautiful Rhenish calls itself a town) of the narrowest lanes I ever passed through in a four-wheeled carriage, we found ourselves again in the midst of gardens and vines, trained prettily into trellised walks and southern-looking alcoves. To the left, ruins rise upon dark rocks, and stretch their fragments from point to point out of the shattered crags. Towns and villages lie basking on the river's brink, mingled with foliage and the mouldering remains of the turreted walls, within which even the most insignificant appears to have been enclosed in the by-gone day of its strength.

At Salzig the river makes another noble bend, and the mountains, folding each other, take the bold character of wild lake scenery. We would willingly linger for some days at the clean and comfortable inn at St Goar, looking at the river rolling its broad tide proudly, as if conscious of all the charming things on its banks, and clambering up to the mouldering castles that make pictures of all the hills; but it is not feasible,—so much the better for the shy lizards who are sunning themselves on the old walls this bright day, and for the swifts and lapwings, hereditary possessors of the loopholes and buttresses, to whose unaccustomed ears the fall of footsteps would sound like battering rams. However, it is a bright and beautiful scene, even from the windows, and I sat in one with the shade on my side, and the sun on the landscape, indulging my dreaming propensities, and peopling the mountain solitudes with the friends of early days.

This is quite a beautiful place, such a gathering of castles. Above, the fortress of Rheinfels, bearing itself fiercely through in ruins; on the opposite mountain-ridge, Katz, a true painter's castle, in the right stage of picturesque decay, clustering its towers with the thousand hues of time upon them round the summit of a rocky height: and beneath, a green lap of land advancing gently into the river, with a bright looking village upon it, and a mixing up of boats moored in the sun, and cows reposing in the shade,—an harmonious blending of past and present, and their associations, which fills the eye and mind delightfully. Another castle (Mause) with the village of Wilnich below it, close up the valley.

That holy man, St Goar, had the true hermit instinct for the beautiful and romantic. It seems to have been left by the early fathers of the desert as a legacy to those who came after them to preach the faith. In Catholic countries, a stranger's attention is rarely attracted by a site of peculiar majesty or loveliness, that a monastery or its vestiges may not be seen or traced upon it. A little beyond the village of St Goar, we tried the effect of an echo, prodigiously vaunted by our conductor. The reverberating rocks returned the blast of a trumpet with electrifying fulness. It had all the essentials, I believe, of a fine echo, the dying fall, and countless reverberations. All here is dark and powerful; the black rocks, scanty vegetation, and narrowing river, continue the character of wild lake scenery, for which the garden gaieties of the Rhine, between Coblenz and St Goar, are now exchanged. But now again another charming picture stands out brightly in the evening sunbeams—the castle of Schonberg exquisitely perched above the town of Oberwessel, of whose tower and ramparts enough still remain to vouch for its former consequence. The tender green of the walnut falls in well here, and does all, or nearly all, the honours of the wooded scenery.

Another raft has just passed down, followed by a boat laden with vegetables, and a gay freight of bare-headed girls; some steering, others rowing, and all as merry as light hearts and sunny skies can make them. This alternation of bright touches with the sombre colouring of dark rocks and stern defiles, of the prismatic hues and mysterious gloom of nature, is fine and original. Cities and peopled fortresses sending out the fulness of life, and blending its agitation with the solitude of the mountain recesses, with the inaccessible rock and the crumbling ruin, are not the common elements of every day scenery; nor is the effect produced on the mind by their combination of an ordinary nature.

An island, with a tower upon it, has just brought

out its legend from the loquacious D—. A pithy tale of some wicked priest or baron—I have forgotten which—seized upon by his harassed and exasperated vassals, and thrown into a cave to be devoured by rats,—a death imitating Don Roderick's in horror. But there is no end here to traditionary lore, to tales of marauding lords, fierce priests, and faithful but ill-fated lovers.

The village girls on the Rhine are often very handsome. I think it was at Coblenz, that we first observed their fine eyes and fine shapes, and their pretty mode of dividing the hair into long smooth tresses, platted and turned up round the back of the head, as the young women in the Venetian states are fond of wearing it; but they add a single full-blown rose, and look like Poussin's Arcadians, or the shepherdesses of the valley of Tempe. This beautiful hair is here the young female's chief embellishment; it is usually light coloured, and always glossy and luxuriant. At Bacharach, a sort of town, with carved doors, painted houses, vines and ramparts, we remarked some very pretty girls; one of tall stature, and barefooted, stood by the road-side with a pitcher on her head, holding a child by the hand, and talking to an old man who sat on a stone beside her; it was an antique bas-relief coloured into life. This Bacharach was the Rhenish Falernus; whether its vines still retain their ancient reputation, or have yielded to the superior strength or more exquisite perfume of the Hochem or Johannisberg, I know not. But the altar of Bacchus (a stone in the river, so called from tradition) still remains; the waters of the Rhine still ripple round it; and the vine dressers have not yet ceased to believe that an abundant vintage may be reckoned upon, whenever the face of the prophetic stone is visible above the wave.

Castles and villages thicken so upon us that we are as weary of asking their names, as the faithful D—is of answering us. It is now the supper hour, and every mountain is marked by thin wreaths of blue smoke, ascending slowly from its base. Troops of boys and girls are driving the cows down from the hills, and turning them into the cottages, which they appear to share with their master. The kine belong to Pharaoh's leah stock, but the children are Correggio's very best. I never saw so many bright happy little faces. They kiss their hands to us, as we pass, and when they find themselves noticed, drop quaint curtsies and try to throw a demure look into their beautiful and peculiarly shaped blue eyes.

Swiss, French, and Italian Females.—It was on the same evening, as we wandered about in the churchyard of Lungern, looking at the tombs decorated with buds and flowers, and medallions wrought in iron, painted and gilt, according to the wealth, vanity, or affectionate feeling of the survivors, that we met two handsome young women, inhabitants of Meyringhen, going onwards to their village, just as the day declined. I remember expressing my surprise at their venturing through the forests of the Brunig at so late an hour, for they could not have expected to reach Meyringhen till long after midnight. But our guides assured us that the most lonely path might be traversed at any hour in safety; midnight, they said, was the same as mid-day. I thought of Moore's exquisite 'rich and rare.' Those girls, too, had their jewels of silver and jewels of gold super-added to their beauty, which provoketh thieves sooner than either, as we are told by higher authority, but went their way fearlessly, in darkness and in solitude, sure to arrive unharmed. This is a cheering view of human nature, a setting off against the zebras of Grindelwald. It was charming to think of it, and to know that there is even now a spot, and a lonely one, where innocence is still held sacred, and honesty a part of natural growth, an innate feeling, not only theoretically reputable, but actually practised. I had a notion that this same honesty was a grafted virtue, like truth and temper, two qualities in which children, in an unsophisticated state, are usually deficient; but I was thinking, I suppose, of the pilfering Indians, or those tricking children of nature and coveters of glass beads and pen-knives, the Sandwich islanders, and willingly give up my hypothesis, as painful and perhaps unjust; for I know of few feelings more delightful than the kindly one which a favourable view of human nature diffuses over the mind, nor any to which the heart clings more fondly. Yet why should I conclude that the people of this valley are uninstructed? Have they not their pastors and their elders? And so, after all my golden reveries, and returns to primitive innocence, and innate principle, the same admirable property may be still the virtue of education.

The Swiss, planted as they are between Italy and France, which have each a foot in their territory, have nothing in common with either nation, as far as concerns the exterior. Nothing can be less French than a fair Swiss, unless it be a brown one. The light complexioned are more like the Scotch; they have a fresh, cold, clear look; the brown have not the rich eyes or mobility of countenance of the French; they are heavier, and produce less effect, even when they happen to have better features. It is astonishing with what poor tools a French girl contrives to make herself pretty, or at least to seem so; a Swiss peasant has no idea of this, she is as nature made her;

if a thought of display crosses her mind, it is expressed coarsely, it is the "cow dancing the courant,"—but in her simplicity she is often dignified. The women who work in the fields are in both countries black and baked, but when a French girl can afford to be smart, she asks but a pair of eyes, and the rest (usually coarse stuff) is somehow or other passed off by their eloquence. Both have frequently an expression of broad good humour, but in the one it is more personal, in the other more expressive.

Nor do the Swiss differ less from their other neighbours the Italians. There is sometimes a serious earnestness, an undressed fixedness of thought in the expression of an Italian countenance that is fine and natural, and a character of simple goodness. One occasionally meets with a childish sparkle, in some of the young faces, charming in its way; many are vacant and heavy, some hideous, from features, expression, and nastiness; but in the villages and vineyards, one not unfrequently sees single figures, and even groups, that look as if they had sate in Egypt under the tents of the patriarchs, and had come along with the stream of time, without a breath on their freshness, in all the natural grandeur and decent boldness of antique simplicity,—with a purity of outline, and a breadth and richness of drapery and colouring worthy of the old masters who painted with the book of Genesis open before them. I have never met with this style of figure in Switzerland; beauty is here rosy, quaint, round; or, if of a higher cast, which is rare, apt to verge on the masculine or stern.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THREE TRAGEDIES OF CIVIL WAR.

We need not disclaim any antipathy to parties among our ancestors, much less to the erring or non-erring individuals of whom they were composed, when we draw upon the sympathies of our readers with the sufferings occasioned by mistakes on all sides. Even in the fiercest and most unrelenting exercise of the human will may sometimes be discerned the perversion of a thwarted desire for sympathy; and its worst evidences are not unaccompanied with something which finds an excuse for it in imperfections of education or parentage (we mean, of course, in the moral and physical sense, and not in the conventional). Let us be thankful when the moral storms of the world turn manifestly to good; and let us hope as much of the rest, and trust that its new lights will show us how they may be dispensed with by and by. There may be discoveries (we trust they are now making) which will render moral as well as physical electricity harmless, and enable what is called the "anger of heaven" to be known only in its beneficence of operation.

The following passages are taken from a little volume full of the Tory pepper and mustard of lampoon, entitled the *Jacobite Minstrelsy of Scotland*. We have long wished to meet again with the history of the affecting incident which moved Shenstone to write his ballad of "Jemmy Dawson," and here we found it, and seized upon it for our readers. We shall put the prose first, and the poetry afterwards, like a dirge over its grave. By the way, nobody thinks the worse of Shenstone's hero for being called "Jemmy;" though when Mr Wordsworth re-published his Lyrical Ballads, he absolutely thought himself obliged to leave out half the first line of one of them, because he had addressed his brother in it, as he was wont, by the title of "Dear brother Jem!" So reasonable is custom at one time, and so ridiculous at another, upon the same point!

XXXII.—EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN DAWSON.

SHENSTONE's ballad is commemorative of the melancholy and peculiarly hard fate of a youthful victim, who was sacrificed to the harsh and unrelenting policy of the government, at the period of its triumph in 1746. He was the son of a gentleman of Lancashire of the name of Dawson, and, while pursuing his studies at Cambridge, he heard the news of the insurrection in Scotland, and the progress of the insurgents. At that moment he had committed some youthful excesses which induced him to run away from his college, and either from caprice or enthusiasm, he proceeded to the north, and joined the Prince's army, which had just entered England. He was made an officer in Colonel Townly's Manchester regiment, and afterwards surrendered with it at Carlisle. Eighteen of that corps were the first victims selected for trial, and among these was young Dawson. They were all found guilty, and nine were ordered for immediate execution, as having been most actively and conspicuously guilty. Kennington Common was the place appointed for the last scene of their

punishment, and, as the spectacle was to be attended with all the horrid barbarities inflicted by the British law of treason, a vast mob from London and the surrounding country assembled to witness it. The prisoners beheld the gallows, the block, and the fire, into which their hearts were to be thrown, without any dismay, and seemed to brave their fate on the scaffold with the same courage that had prompted them formerly to risk their lives in the field of battle. They also justified their principles to the last, for, with the ropes about their necks, they delivered written declarations to the sheriff, that they died in a just cause, they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not but their deaths would be afterwards avenged. After being suspended for three minutes from the gallows, their bodies were stripped naked and cut down, in order to undergo the operation of beheading and embowelling. Colonel Townly was the first that was laid upon the block, but the executioner observing the body to retain some signs of life, he struck it violently on the breast, for the humane purpose of rendering it quite insensible to the remaining part of the punishment. This not having the desired effect, he cut the unfortunate gentleman's throat. The shocking ceremony of taking out the heart and throwing the bowels into the fire, was then gone through, after which the head was separated from the body with a cleaver, and both were put into a coffin. The rest of the bodies were thus treated in succession; and, on throwing the last heart into the fire, which was that of young Dawson, the executioner cried, "God save King George!" and the spectators responded with a shout. Although the rabble had hooted the unhappy gentlemen on their passage to and from their trials, it was remarked that at the execution their fate excited considerable pity, mingled with admiration of their courage. Two circumstances contributed to increase the public sympathy on this occasion, and caused it to be more generally expressed. The first was, the appearance at the place of execution of a youthful brother of one of the culprits of the name of Deacon, himself a culprit and under sentence of death for the same crime; but who had been permitted to attend this last scene of his brother's life, in a coach along with a guard. The other, was the fact of a young and beautiful female, to whom Mr Dawson had been betrothed, actually attending to witness his execution, as commemorated in the ballad. This singular fact is narrated, as follows, in most of the journals of that period.

"A young lady of good family and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and been equally beloved by Mr James Dawson, one of those unfortunate gentlemen who suffered at Kennington Common for high treason; and had he been acquitted, or, after condemnation, found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last hour of a person so dear to her; and, accordingly, followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagancies her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and she found that he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out, 'My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee. Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together,' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.

"That excess of grief, which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, it is thought, put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated, at once, all the animal spirits."

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline:
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trode the plain;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid, she loved him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife
That led the favoured youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appeared,—
Oh, had he never seen that day.

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave their keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheeks,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows,
So pale or yet so chill appear.

With falt'ring voice, she weeping said,
'Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
Oh, George! without a pray'r for thee,
My orisons would never close.

'The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lip the giver's name.

'But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fate's decree.'

O, then her mourning coach was call'd;
'The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eyes she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung;

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its King forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
'Yet, yet,' she cried, 'I follow thee.'

'My death, my death alone can shew
The pure, the lasting love I bore;
Accept, Oh Heaven! of woes like our's,
And let us, let us, weep no more.'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
'The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name—expir'd!

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale,
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

XXXIII.—CRUELTY TOWARDS A WHIG.

One morning, in those evil days, a man of the name of John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand to make ready some peat-ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not where he was till the bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of his horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him, who, though he was a man of stammering speech, yet answered both distinctly and solidly, which made Claverhouse examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the muirs, if they had heard him preach? They answered, 'No, no, he was never a preacher.' To which he replied, 'If he has never preached, meikle has he prayed in his time.' He then said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times. One time that he interrupted him, he was praying that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and you are begun to preach.' He turned on his knees, and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of prayer nor preaching, that call this preaching;' then continued without confusion! His wife standing by, with her children in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her and said, 'Now, Marion, the day is come, that I told you would come, when I first spoke to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' Then he said, 'This is all I desire; I have no more to do but to die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be poured upon them, and gave them his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Then said Claverhouse to the hapless widow, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' To which she answered, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'It were justice

to lay thee beside him.' She replied, 'If ye were permitted, I doubt not your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?' 'To men,' said he, 'I can be answerable; and, for God, I will take him in mine own hand.' Claverhouse mounted his horse, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there; she set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him. It being a very desert place where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her: the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman, in the Cumberhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband, at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steele, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusion, except when the shots were let off, her eyes were dazzled. His corpse was buried at the end of the house where he was slain.—*Peden's Life.*

XXXIV.—CRUELTY TOWARDS A JACOBITE.

In the rising of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was running through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they stopped at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a youth of sixteen, dressed up a dish of long kale and butter for them, and the good woman brought her new milk, that she told them was all her stock. One of the party enquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived. 'Indeed,' said she, 'the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's blessing, are a' my mailen.' Without another word being spoken, the heartless trooper then rose, and with his sabre killed the cow and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman and her son were thus in a moment thrown destitute upon the world. She herself soon died of a broken heart, and the disconsolate youth wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war which followed some years after, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, some of the soldiery were one day making merry with their wine, and recounting their exploits: a dragoon roared out—'I once starved a Scotch witch at Nithsdale; I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens; but,' added he, 'she could live for all that, on her God, she said!' 'And don't you rue it?' cried a young soldier, starting up at the moment. 'Don't you rue it?' 'Rue it! rue what?' said the other: 'why should I rue aught like that?' 'Then, by heaven you shall rue it,' exclaimed the youth, unsheathing his sword, 'that woman was my mother. Draw, you brutal villain, draw!' They fought on the instant. The youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body; and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, 'Wretched man! had you but rued it, you should only have been punished by your God!'

We shall conclude these tragical stories, by way of relief, with an exquisite off-hand lampoon (at least it has all the air of being such) upon Frederick Prince of Wales, son of George the Second, a prince whom people of all parties are now agreed in thinking no very great worthy, nor superior to what a lively woman has here written upon him; for if we understand Horace Walpole rightly, who says the verses were found among her papers, they were the production of the Honourable Miss Rollo, probably the daughter of the fourth Lord Rollo, who was implicated in the rebellion. Frederick was familiarly termed *Fekkie* and *Fed*.

"Here lies Prince Fed,
Gone down among the dead.
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Better than any other;
Had it been her sister,
Few would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Ten times better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fed,
There's no more to be said."

THE PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY AND NOBLENES

NOT A MATTER OF RANK.

TASTE, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as

its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than within, in every rank. The charms of Nature, the majesty of Man, the infinite loveliness of Truth and Virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the poor, but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted, and self-seeking, be he poor or rich. 'In old ages, the humble minstrel, a mendicant, and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of these glories, while to the proud baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown. Nor is there still any aristocratic monopoly of judgment more than of genius. For as to that *Science of Negation* which is taught peculiarly by men of professed elegance, we confess we hold it rather cheap. It is a necessary, but decidedly a subordinate accomplishment; nay, if it be rated as the highest, it becomes a ruinous vice. This is an old truth, yet ever needing new application and enforcement. Let us know what to love, and we shall know also what to reject; what to affirm, and we shall know also what to deny: but it is dangerous to begin with denial, and fatal to end with it. To deny is easy; nothing is sooner learnt, or more generally practised: as matters go, we need no man of polish to teach it; but rather, if possible, an hundred men of wisdom to shew us its limits, and teach us its reverse.

Are the fineness and truth of sense, manifested by the artist, found, in most instances, to be proportionate to his wealth and elevation of acquaintance? Are they found to have any perceptible relation either with the one or the other? We imagine not. Whose taste in painting, for instance, is truer and finer than Claude Lorraine's? and was not he a poor colour-grinder, outwardly the meanest of menials? Where again, we might ask, lay Shakspeare's rent-roll; and what generous peer took him by the hand, and unfolded to him the 'open secret' of the universe; teaching him that this was beautiful, and that not so? Was he not a peasant by birth, and by fortune something lower; and was it not thought much, even in the height of his reputation, that Southampton allowed him equal patronage with the zany, jugglers, and bearwards of the time? Yet compare his taste, even as it respects the negative side of things; for, in regard to the positive, and far higher side, it admits no comparison with any other mortal's,—compare it, for instance, with the taste of Beaumont and Fletcher, his contemporaries, men of rank and education, and of fine genius like himself. Tried even by the nice, fastidious, and in great part false, and artificial delicacy of modern times, how stands it with the two parties; with the gay triumphant men of fashion, and the poor vagrant link-boy? Does the latter sin against, we shall not say taste, but etiquette, as the former do? For one line, for one word, which some Chesterfield might wish blotted from the first, are there not in the others whole pages and scenes which, with palpitating heart, he would hurry into deepest night. This too, observe, respects not their genius, but their culture; not their appropriation of beauties, but their rejection of deformities,—by supposition, the grand and peculiar result of high breeding. —*Thomas Carlyle.*—(From an admirable article upon German Literature in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1827.)

A LADY'S PORTRAIT OF HERSELF.

WE gave, in one of our Romances of Real Life, a sample of this self-painting, from the pen of the famous Mademoiselle d'Orleans who married the Duke de Lauzun. It is a curious exercise of the judgment; and for more reasons than one, is apt to be more candid than might be supposed at the first thought of it. Suppose it sets some of our fair (or unfair) readers upon trying their hand.

Charlotte Saumaise de Chasan, niece of the learned Claude Saumaise, (says Miss Hays in her female Biography), was born in Paris, in 1619. She received an excellent education under the direction of her uncle, whose cares were rewarded by her proficiency in every elegant acquirement. She espoused, while yet in early life, M. de Flecelles, count de Bregy, lieutenant general of the army, counsellor of the sword of state, envoy extraordinary to Poland, and afterwards ambassador to Sweden. Celebrated for her wit, her beauty, and her talents, the countess was highly esteemed at court, and generally admired. She corresponded with Anne of Austria, to whom she was lady of honour; also with the queen of England; with Christina, queen of Sweden; and with the most distinguished and illustrious characters of Europe. Benserade addressed to this lady a complimentary epistle. The portrait she has drawn of herself is too curious to be omitted.

My person, says Madame de Bregy, perfectly well proportioned, is neither too large nor too small. I have a certain negligent air which convinces me I am one of the finest women of my size. My hair is brown

and glossy, my complexion brunette, clear and smooth. My features are regular, and the form of my face oval. My eyes are fine; a certain mixture in their colour renders them bright and sparkling. My nose is well formed; my mouth, though not small, agreeable; and my lips of a good colour. My teeth, exquisitely white and well arranged, are the finest in the world. My neck is beautiful, nor need I blush to display my hands and arms. My air is lovely and delicate. My glass persuades me that I see nothing superior, if equal, to the image which it presents me. My appearance is youthful, my dress neat and tasteful. Such is my exterior form.

Others possibly are the best judges of our minds, since there is no mirror that reflects them faithfully. I am, nevertheless, persuaded that mine does not disgrace my person. It appears to me that I possess judgment to estimate things properly, though not by acquired knowledge. My mind is at once penetrating, delicate, solid, and reasonable. I profit little by the wit of others, and succeed better when guided by my own discernment than by the rules of art; I, therefore, use only my native good sense. I have frequently heard it observed (though, I confess, not without doubts of its truth), that, in conversation with me, time passes more rapidly than in other society; and that, on serious subjects, my sentiments are worthy of being adopted. Of my humour I shall speak with the same sincerity. I love praise, and return, with interest, the compliments paid to me; and, though somewhat haughty and scornful, I can be soft and conciliating. I neither oppose nor contradict the opinions of others, and I keep my own reserved. I can with truth say that I was born modest and discreet, while pride has preserved in me these qualities. I am not only proud, but indolent; and these defects have been productive of others. I take no pains to court favour, not even by flattery. I neither trouble myself to seek pleasure or amusement; yet to those who are at the pains to procure them for me I hold myself greatly obliged. I appear lively and gay, but in moderation. I take care to offend no persons, unless they wilfully call it upon themselves; and even then I avenge myself by railery rather than by serious anger. I have no turn for intrigue; yet, should I engage in one, I am convinced I should conduct myself with prudence and discretion. I am resolute, persevering to obstinacy, and secret to excess. In one respect, I own myself the most unjust of human beings: I wish evil to those who conform not to my desires. Such as are desirous of forming a friendship with me must be at the trouble of making all the advances. In return, I make them amends, and omit no opportunity of doing them service; I defend them against their adversaries, I speak in their praise, and sanction nothing which might prove detrimental to their interest. Time, which effaces impressions from the minds of others, gives strength to mine. I am truly disinterested, but not easily duped. I never choose a friend because he can do me a service; but should he neglect the opportunity when it occurs, I regard him no longer—he forfeits my friendship. I have not sufficient virtue to disregard wealth and honours, but enough to be satisfied and resigned to my lot. To say truth, I am neither good nor bad enough to serve myself. I am not devout, though I have through life desired to become so. I am greatly affected by the merits of others, and apt to over-rate my own; but my presumption extends but to the qualities of the heart. I am long in deliberating; but, when once resolved, it is difficult to divert me from my purpose. I strictly observe a promise, and do not easily pardon a breach of faith in others. In asking favours for myself, I cannot persist. I had rather resign my expectations than obtain them by servility. My attachment and fidelity are secured by gratitude rather than by hope. Many of my faults proceed from pride; none from meanness. If unable to conquer the pride which governs my actions, I direct it to those purposes which capacitate me to appear without blushing.

Confessions of this nature, (says Miss Hays,) notwithstanding the egotism they may display, are always interesting. Madame de Bregy preserved her charms and her talents to an advanced age, and died at Paris April 3, 1693. She was interred with her husband at St Gervais, and an epitaph inscribed over their remains.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

AN article on this subject in the second volume of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, just published, refers to one in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, from which we had some time ago made an extract for publication, and which we here give our readers. "There is more in heaven and earth" than is "dreamt of" in most people's "philosophy," those of the philosophers themselves not excepted; and like the German poet, with whose wisdom we have been lately adorning our pages, we are not fond of seeing any speculation, in-

teresting to man's nature, prejudged or hastily ridiculed. The possibilities of truth, however, may be ill-treated by another sort of haste and presumption; and in the curious instance before us, a genuine philosopher and quack seems exposed, in all the knavery of his solemn trifling.

Hell, a Jesuit, had rendered himself very celebrated by the number of his magnetic cures, and about the year 1774 communicated his experiments and success to Mesmer, under whom the theory was to assume a new form, and the practice to become so extended as to attract universal attention, exercise the ingenuity and research of physical enquirers, and obtain the honour of a special investigation from the French Royal Academy of Sciences, and other learned bodies.

Mesmer had commenced his career by publishing, in 1766, a dissertation on "The Influence of the Planets on the Human Body," in which he maintained, that, as the sun and moon cause and direct on our globe the flux and reflux of the sea, so these exercise on all the component parts of organized bodies, and particularly on the nervous system, a similar influence, producing in them two different states, which he termed *intension* and *remission*, and which seemed to him to account for the different periodical revolutions observable in several maladies in different ages, sexes, &c. The property of the animal body, which rendered it susceptible of this influence, he termed animal magnetism. Hell's observation seemed to him to throw new light on his theory, and having caused the Jesuit to make him some magnets of a peculiar form, he determined on a set of experiments which should give some certainty to his ideas. Expect a miracle, and it will be sure to happen. Mesmer has the good fortune to meet with a young lady called Oesterline, suffering under a convulsive malady, the symptoms of which exactly coincided with his new theory. The attacks were periodical, and attended by a rush of blood to the head, causing severe pain, followed by delirium, vomiting, and syncope. How far these attacks were connected with the state of the moon he does not mention, but he soon succeeded in reducing them under his system of planetary influence, so that he was enabled to foretell the periods of accession and remission. Having thus discovered the cause of the disease, it struck him that his discovery would be perfect, and lead to a certain mode of cure, if he could ascertain "that there existed between the bodies which compose our globe, an action equally reciprocal and similar to that of the heavenly bodies, by means of which he could imitate artificially the periodical revolutions of the flux and reflux before mentioned." Of course, as he only wanted this little matter to complete so great a theory, he could not fail to find it; and he soon announced that this material influence did exist, but in some way, for which he does not clearly account, his own body had come to be the principal depôt in which it centred, and from which it could be communicated to all others. Thus, when M. Ingenhousy came with him to see Mademoiselle Oesterline in a fit, he found that he might touch any part of her body without appearing to produce in her sensation; but when Mesmer, taking him by the hands, communicated to him animal magnetism, and then sent him back to make fresh trials, he found that now the simple pointing of his finger was sufficient to cause convulsive motions.

Henceforth animal magnetism was distinctly and definitely separated from mineral magnetism; and though Mesmer continued for some time to use magnets in his experiments, it was not on account of their own inherent power, but of the quality which he attributed to them of being conductors of the newly discovered influence: in 1776 he discontinued their use altogether. Finding his discoveries rather undervalued at Vienna, where they had been ridiculed by Stoerk and Ingenhousy, whom, in turn, Mesmer denominated "petty experiment-maker to the ladies of the court," he set out on an experimental tour through Swabia and Switzerland, where he found a formidable rival in father John Joseph Garner, already celebrated for casting out devils, which he held to be the primary causes of most diseases. Mesmer, however, showed much of that tact which has distinguished his followers in similar difficulties, and in place of questioning the truth of Father Garner's cures, at once adopted them as facts, and declared them to be the evident results of the great power he had so lately discovered. He succeeded himself in healing an ophthalmia and a gutta serena, with due certificates of which achievements he returned to Vienna. Here he undertook to cure Mademoiselle Paradis of blindness and convulsions, and after magnetizing her for some time, declared her perfectly recovered. Barth, the oculist, went to see her, and declared her blind as ever, and her family found on her return home that the convulsions continued as before. This was a sad mistake; but Mesmer, whose great talent was unblushing effrontery, pronounced it a false report, got up to injure his fame, and asserted that the girl was quite well, and "that her family forced her to imitate convulsions and feign blindness." The cool impudence of this was a little too much, and Mesmer found it

convenient to leave Vienna, and after some consideration determined that his next appearance should be at Paris. Here, as M. Virey informs us, he commenced modestly; he addressed himself to the savans and physicians, and explained to them his system, without, however, making any converts; he then sought for patients, and pretended to have made some cures, but as he did not attract much attention, he published his "Memoir on the Discovery of Animal Magnetism," the same work from which we have already quoted. In this he announces twenty-seven general propositions, asserting not only the existence of a magnetic fluid, as before described, but of an anti-magnetic, which was so powerful in the bodies of some persons that their very presence was sufficient to prevent the operation of the magnetic power even in others. The utility of this new power is quite obvious, as it afforded him a ready means of accounting for the failure of any of his experiments. He now addressed himself to M. le Roi, president of the Académie des Sciences, and various negotiations were set on foot for a public inquiry into his system, which Mesmer always managed to break off when they were coming to anything decisive. It was not, however, until Deslon, a French physician of some eminence, had announced himself a convert, and joined Mesmer in the practice of magnetism, that it acquired much renown. Their method of operating was as follows:

In the centre of the room was placed a vessel of an oval or circular shape, about four feet in diameter and one deep. In this were laid a number of bottles disposed in radii, with their necks directed outwards, well corked and filled with magnetized water. Water was then poured into a vessel so as to cover the bottles, and occasionally pounded glass or filings of iron were added to the water. This vessel was termed the *baquet*. From its cover, which was pierced with many holes, issued long, thin, moveable rods of iron, which could be applied by the patients to the affected part. Besides, to the ring of the cover was attached a cord which, when the patients were seated in a circle, was carried round them all, so as to form a chain of connexion; a second chain was formed by the union of their hands, and it was recommended that they should sit so close as that those adjoining should touch by their knees and feet, which was supposed wonderfully to facilitate the passage of the magnetic fluid. In addition to this, the magnetists went round, placed themselves *en rapport* with the patients, embraced them between the knees, and gently rubbed them down along the course of the nerves, using gentle pressure over different regions of the chest and abdomen. The effect of such treatment on delicate women might have been foretold, but it was not left to work alone.

The house which Mesmer inhabited was delightfully situated. His rooms were spacious and sumptuously furnished, stained glass and coloured blinds shed "a dim religious light," mirrors gleamed at intervals along the walls, a mysterious silence was preserved, delicate perfumes floated in the air, and occasionally the melodious sounds of the harmonica or the voice came to lend their aid to his magnetic powers. His *salons* became the daily resort of all that was brilliant and *spirituel* in the Parisian fashionable world. Ladies of rank, whom indolence, voluptuous indulgence, or satiety of pleasures, had filled with vapours or nervous affections—men of luxurious habits, enervated by enjoyment, who had drained sensuality of all that it could offer, and gained in return a shattered constitution and premature old age—came in crowds to seek after the delightful emotions and novel sensations which this mighty magician was said to dispense. They approached with imaginations heated by curiosity and desire; they believed because they were ignorant; and this belief was all that was required for the action of the magnetic charm. The women, always the most ardent in enthusiasm, first experienced yawnings, stretchings, then slight nervous spasms, and finally, crises of excitation, according as the assistant magnetizers (*jeunes hommes beaux et robustes comme des Hercules*) multiplied and prolonged the soft passes or *attouchemens*, by which the magnetic influence was supposed to be communicated. The emotions once begun were soon transmitted to the rest, as we know one hysterical female, if affected, will induce an attack in all other similarly predisposed in the same apartment. In the midst of this strange scene entered Mesmer, clothed in a long-flowing robe of lilac-coloured silk, richly embroidered with golden flowers, and holding in his hand a long white wand. Advancing with an air of authority and magic gravity, he seemed to govern the life and movements of the individuals in crises. Women panting were threatened with suffocation,—they must be unlaced; others tore the walls or rolled themselves on the ground with strong spasms in the throat, and occasionally uttering loud shrieks,—the violence of the crises must be moderated. He approached, traced over their bodies certain lines with his wand; they became instantly calm, acknowledged his power, and felt streams of cold or burning vapours through their entire frames according to the directions in which he waved his hand.

Mesmer now was in a fair way; he had obtained

notoriety, he was the subject of general conversation; money, which he eagerly coveted, was flowing on him, and he was even offered a handsome pension and the order of St Michael, if he had made any real discovery in medicine, and would communicate it to physicians nominated by the king. This scrutiny was exactly what Mesmer most dreaded; accordingly, in place of accepting the offer, he suddenly affected wonderful magnanimity, spoke of his disregard of money compared with his love of science, his philanthropy, and his desire to have his great discovery acknowledged and patronized by government; then, breaking off the negotiation, set off abruptly for Spa, where he had the mortification to hear that Deslon had succeeded to his business, and all his emoluments at Paris. To console him for this misfortune, Bergasse, one of his patients, proposed opening a subscription of 100 shares, at 100 louis each, the profits of which should be offered to him on condition that he would disclose his secret to the subscribers, who were to have it in their power to make what use they pleased of it. Mesmer readily embraced the proposal and returned to Paris, where the subscription was soon filled; and, the generosity of the subscribers exceeding their promises, he received no less a sum than 340,000 livres. Among his pupils were La Fayette, d'Epremenil, and M. Bergasse, to whom he was indebted for the whole plan.

Numerous writings now appeared on each side. M. Count de Gebelin, author of the "Monde Primitif," professed himself cured by magnetism, and became one of its most enthusiastic supporters, but, unfortunately dying soon after, revealed to a post-mortem examination that his kidneys were in a complete state of disorganization of long standing, and that therefore the magnetic cure had no existence but in his imagination. About the same time, Berthollet, the celebrated chemist, who had gone so far as to become one of Mesmer's pupils, announced in a pithy advertisement, that the whole was a piece of quackery, and it is said even went so far as to threaten his master with a caning for having imposed on him. But it was at length determined that a serious examination should take place, the king directed the attention of the Académie des Sciences, to the subject, and a committee of investigation was appointed, of which Bailly, Franklin, Lavoisier, and others, were members. Mesmer at once perceived his danger, refused all communication with the commissioners, and absented himself from the inquiry. His presence, however, was not required. M. Deslon, who had long assisted in his practice, known his theory, and produced the same effects, was either more sincere or more silly than his master. He laid open to the commissioners all the proceedings, displayed all his varieties of convulsions, crises, and cures, and enabled them to convince themselves and every rational person that Mesmer was a bold charlatan, and Deslon a clever dupe. Their report, which presents one of the most beautiful examples of judicious experiment and clear logical deduction, has been so often reprinted, and so generally quoted, that it is unnecessary for us to do more than to repeat its conclusions.

"It shows that there is no proof of the existence of a universal fluid, or magnetic power, except from its effects on human bodies; that those effects can be produced without passes or other magnetic manipulations; that those manipulations alone are insufficient to produce the effects, if employed without the patient's knowledge; that, therefore, *imagination* will, and animal magnetism will not, account for the results produced."

The commissioners also notice the effect of the *attouchemens* in sensitive patients, and of imitation in inducing many crises to follow the first.

We have now done with Mesmer: this report annihilated him.

UTILITY AND BEAUTY--SPIRIT OF THE FINE ARTS.

THIS is another specimen of the goodness of the Penny Cyclopædia. The Diffusers of Knowledge are accused of taking a merely mechanical and unphilosophical view of utility. But they here more than disprove the charge. The only objection to be made to this excellent article is referable perhaps to its closing remark about music; which is an art that in its union with words in general may reasonably, take, we think, the higher place, inferior as it is to poetry in the abstract. For when music is singing, the finest part of our senses takes the place of the more definite intellect, and nothing surely can surpass the power of an affecting and enchanting air in awakening the very flower of emotion. On this account, we can well understand a startling saying attributed to the great Mozart; that he did not care for having excellent words to his music. He wanted only the *names* (as it were) of the passions. His own poetry supplied the rest.

"The fine arts are generally understood to compre-

hend those productions of human genius and skill, which are more or less addressed to the sentiment of taste. They are first employed in embellishing objects of mere utility, but their highest office is to meet our impression of beauty, or sublimity, however acquired, by imitative or adequate representation. The capacity of the human mind for receiving such impressions, whether directly from nature or through the medium of the arts, depends greatly on civilization, and that leisure which supposes that first wants are satisfied; but there exists no state of society, however ignorant, in which some symptoms of taste and some attempts to arrest the beautiful are not to be met with, the difference between such efforts and the most refined productions is a difference only in degree; the fact of the existence of the arts in some form may be always taken for granted, and it would only remain to regulate their influence and direct their capabilities aright.

"The arts are peculiarly interesting as human creations. They are composed of nature operating on human sympathies, and reflected through a human medium; and as nations, like individuals, present ever-varying modification, so the free growth of the fine arts partakes of all these varieties, and may be compared to the bloom of a plant, true to its developing causes whatever they may be, and nurtured in the first instance by the soil from which it springs. In barbarous or degenerate nations, the sentiment of the beautiful has ever been attained only in the lowest degree, while a false excitement founded on a suppression of the feeling of nature, may be said to have usurped the place of the sublime. We smile at the simple attempt of the savage to excite admiration by the gaudiness of his attire; but we should shudder to contemplate the scenes which his fortitude or obduracy can invest with the attributes of sublimity. The just value of life, the characteristic of that civilization which reduces the defensive passions to their due limits, at the same time naturally elevates the sources of gratification by pointing out the pleasures of the mind as distinguished from those of the sense; and the perception of the beautiful is in its turn the cause, as it is in some degree the result, of the rational enjoyment of life.

"The great use of the arts is thus to humanise and refine, to purify enjoyment, and, when duly appreciated, to connect the perception of physical beauty with that of moral excellence; but it will at once be seen that this idea of usefulness is in a great measure distinct from the ordinary meaning of the term as applicable to the production of human ingenuity. A positive use results, indeed, indirectly from the cultivation of the formative arts, precisely in proportion as their highest powers are developed: for it will be found that at all times when the grandest style of design has been practised with success, and particularly when the human figure has been duly studied, the taste thus acquired from the source of the beautiful has gradually influenced all kinds of manufactures. Again, as illustrating science, the fine arts may be directly useful in the stricter sense, but this is not the application which best displays their nature and value. The essence of the fine arts begins, where utility in its narrower acceptance ends. The abstract character of ornament is to be useless. That this principle exists in nature we immediately feel in calling to mind the merely beautiful appearances of the visible world, and particularly the colours of flowers. In every case in nature where fitness or utility can be traced, the characteristic quality or relative beauty of the object is found to be identified with that fitness:—a union imitated as far as possible in the less decorative part of architecture, furniture, &c.; but where no utility, save that of conveying delight (perhaps the highest of all) exists, we recognize the principle of *absolute* beauty. The fine arts in general may be considered the human reproduction of this principle. The question of their utility, therefore, resolves itself into an inquiry as to the intention of the beauties of nature. The agreeable facts of the external world have not only the general effect of adding a charm to existence, but they appeal to those susceptibilities which are particularly human, and it becomes necessary to separate the instinctive feelings which we possess in common with the rest of the creation, from that undefinable union of sensibility and reflexion which constitutes taste, and which, while it enlists the imagination as the auxiliary of beauty, is, in its highest influence, less allied to love than admiration. It is this last feeling which the noblest efforts of the arts aspire to kindle, which not only elevates the beautiful, but reduces ideas of fear and danger to the lofty sentiment of the sublime, which, as its objects become worthier, is the link between matter and mind, and which tends to ennoble sympathy and encrease self-respect.

"With regard to the classification of the arts, those are generally considered the most worthy in which the mental labour employed and the mental pleasure produced are the greatest, and in which the manual labour or labour of any kind is least apparent. This test would justly place poetry first; but the criterion should not be incautiously applied: for in architecture, where human ingenuity is most apparent, and

even where the design is very simple, a powerful impression on the imagination may be excited from magnitude, proportion, or other causes. In such cases, however, it will still be evident, that we lose sight of the laborious means in the absorbing impression of the effect, and the art thus regains its dignity. It would be an invidious as well as a difficult task to assign the precise order in which painting, architecture, sculpture, and music, would follow poetry and its sister, eloquence; but it may be remarked, that the union of the arts is a hazardous experiment, and is often destructive of their effect. The drama itself, which unites poetry with many characteristics of the formative arts, and with music, is in constant danger of violating the first principle of style, viz. the consistency of its conventions, and in the more intimate union of poetry and music, the latter, though the inferior art, is too independent and too attractive to be a mere vehicle, and accordingly usurps the first place."

BETTY BOLAINE.

A SONG.

O Betty Boline! with the days that have been,
Thy figure grotesque, and the crowd it drew after,
Are gone from the streets where thy satins were seen,
Where thy coming along tickled grief into laughter.

The world was then bursting on me but a scion,
And all things were wonders for childhood to dwell on,
Now far from the city where thou wert a lion,
My fancy still teems with the forms it first fell on.

Old miserly maiden—so motly, so stately!
Thy issuing forth was the signal of muster,
We measured our footsteps by thy steps sedately,
And we stared and we dogg'd thee like lambs in a cluster.

Thy lace, and thy trimmings—thy mantle—thy skirt—
Thy high heels—thy buckles—thy bonnet and plume,
Long centuries ago perhaps moved in a court,
Or they fell from some spectre sent back to her tomb.

O Betty, thy gaze was on vacancy roll'd;
For the eye of thy mind was on robbers that roam—
Upon bolts—upon chests—upon silver and gold;
And 'twas only thy body that wandered from home.

Lone was thy passion, and strong was the flame.
It fed thee—it sheltered—it clad thee in armour,
To turn back the arrows of scorn as they came;
And it poured over thy pillow the song of the charmer.

Thro' the march of long years, on thy wall, on thy ceiling,
The sunbeam, the moonbeam, by turns took their sleep;
Say, O shade of Boline, did not spirits come stealing

Around thy lone couch, drawn by stillness so deep?
Didst thou pierce to the verge of a world that is hidden?

Did the air assume shape at thy mortal behest?
Didst thou pay back thy spirit in friendships forbidden
For life's thousand charities banished thy breast?

O Betty Boline! Though thy history sink,
Though thy wardrobe, unhonoured, be scattered like chaff;

With the proudest—the bravest thou still art a link,
Who couldst throw o'er thy shoulder the world and its laugh!

†

[Poor Betty, who has remained in our correspondent's memory since childhood, in the shape of a fantastic spectre in a faded fine dress, appears to have been an old maid. Probably the same imagination and the same imprisoned feelings, which made her become a spectacle and a miser, would have rendered her a natural and happy woman under different circumstances.—*Edit.*]

GOETHE.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Dear Sir,

August 12th, 1834.

Allow me most sincerely to congratulate you upon the successful establishment of your *London Journal*, calculated as it is, in so eminent a degree, to further the object your writings have long shewn you to have at heart—the advancement of your fellow countrymen (and country women too) in knowledge and happiness. * * * [Our warm-hearted correspondent here expands into a strain of approbation, which the more delightful it is to us, the more difficult it becomes to repeat.] * * * Your papers on German literature—here you have opened a source inexhaustible indeed, and admirably you avail yourself of it—every lover of German literature must thank you for your remarks on the character of Goethe, so much talked of, and so little understood in this country; but on this subject, you must allow me a remark also. I agree with nearly all that you have said about him, and I particularly admire your candid avowal of your changing and dubious feeling; but I carry my admiration still further than you do (I allude to your qualifying remarks as to his political character and conduct, and yet my opinions on politics, as on many other matters, coincide, I believe, very much with yours, and, indeed, I am not indebted to you with respect to their formation): in the first place, I cannot remember anything in those works of Goethe, with which it is my good fortune to be acquainted, which shew that he was opposed to “the abstract theory of the advancement of society,” without reference to the designs and plans of the revolutionists of his own day. Will you be kind enough to point out to me any passages which lead you to form this opinion? But if, as it appears to me, this political “inertia” of Goethe’s really had reference to the revolutionary plans which, during his time, were so rife in Germany, did he not pursue precisely that course which, under all the circumstances, was pre-eminently the best? Is it not the bane of almost all revolutionary movements that they are premature? that they are set in motion by a few active spirits long before the great bulk of the people are morally and mentally prepared for change? and can a mind of gigantic mould, like that of Goethe, be more nobly, more usefully employed, than in cultivating, morally and intellectually, the minds of his fellow countrymen? in raising the national character, in conferring upon his country the inestimable benefit of a great national literature (and Goethe, as the great model, the master spirit of his age, did scarcely less), and thus laying the surest and most lasting basis of a brilliant futurity? Had those richly endowed men, who exercised so powerful an influence upon the first French revolution, thus employed themselves, might not these still, notwithstanding all drawbacks, inestimable advantages, which are accruing and will accrue from that event, have been obtained, perhaps indeed at a period somewhat later, but at how much less dreadful a cost? When again we consider the actual condition of that little state, of which Goethe was the ornament, and remember the character of the rule of its excellent and truly magnanimous monarch, and how under that rule it was steadily advancing in the only path to true greatness, can we think, with patience, of political intrigue and violent revolution? If we cannot, what must Goethe have thought of them? And where shall we find nobler patriotism than that displayed by Goethe upon the memorable approach of the French, described, I think, by Baron Falk, and so vividly translated by Mrs Austin, in what you justly term her “delightful characteristics?”

Pardon, dear Mr Editor, the unreasonable length of this; but, on such a subject it is difficult to stop, even though one’s thoughts should have neither novelty nor value to recommend them. There are several other points on which I wished to say a word to you, but pressing matters demand my attention, and thus your patience will be spared.

Believe me, dear sir, yours most respectfully,

E. E.

GOETHE AND LA FAYETTE.

Mr Editor,

In the 19th Number of your excellent Journal, speaking of Goethe and La Fayette, you say “there is no comparison between the powers of these two great men.” Goethe, undoubtedly, was a man of far greater literary attainments than La Fayette; but whose mind was the more pure and exalted—who did more for the great and glorious work of Universal Freedom? It is not the powers a man has, it is the use he turns them to. Goethe seems to have had no feeling towards the advancement of his native Germany from the abject state in which it was, and is, but sat himself down contentedly, without endeavouring to effect a change.

There is one excuse for his not endeavouring to effect a change. He was born and brought up in the old system, was the favourite of a Duke, and it was his interest to remain as he did.

But what can be more noble than the disinterested conduct of La Fayette, born in France, when he saw the glorious cause of Freedom required him; he went to America to render his valuable assistance to the heroic Americans? What could be more disinterested than this? Who could turn his powers to a better purpose?

We are sent into the world to benefit one another, to do the greatest good we can—and he who turns his powers to the best purpose is far superior to him who, having those powers, allows them to lie dormant. Goethe has done nothing towards the advancement of Freedom—La Fayette has done all he was able.

J. D., A CONSTANT READER.

August 16th, 1834.

[We give insertion to these two letters, in fairness, because we touched upon the politics of Goethe ourselves. But as we did it in no controversial spirit (such not being the object of our Journal) our correspondents, and others interested in the question, will not take it amiss, if we here close the discussion on the political part of Goethe’s character. We cannot refer at the moment to the proofs required by E. E. We took our impression from what appeared to us to be the whole tone of Goethe’s mind, whenever it touched on the subject. His friends in general, if we are not mistaken, have the same impression. But we never confounded an objection to violent revolutions with an objection to improvement. We only doubted how far Goethe would have approved any change connected with Governments. However, we must not re-open the subject ourselves. With regard to La Fayette, we certainly thought his head of a far finer character to that of Goethe’s, though not so his heart, where the happiest wisdom lies. And the greatest intellects, in our opinion, do not rank at the very top of their species, any more than the means rank above the end. The instinctive wisdom of the heart can realize, while the all-mooting subtlety of the head is only doubting. It is a beautiful feature in the angelical hierarchy of the Jews, that the Seraphs rank first, and the Cherubs after; that is to say, Love before Knowledge.—Edit.]

TABLE TALK.

Modern German Nobleman.—We should change our notion of the German nobleman: that ancient, thirsty, thick-headed, sixteen-quartered Baron, who still hovers in our minds, never did exist in such perfection, and is now as extinct as our own Squire Western. His descendant is a man of culture, other aims, and other habits. We question whether there is an aristocracy in Europe, which, taken as a whole, both in a public and private capacity, more honours art and literature, and does more both in public and private to encourage them. Excluded from society! What, we would ask, was Wieland’s, Schiller’s, Herder’s, Johannes Müller’s society? Has not Goethe, by birth a Frankfurt burgher, been, since his twenty-sixth year, the companion not of nobles but of princes, and for half his life a minister of state? And is not this man, unrivalled in so many far deeper qualities, known also and felt to be unrivalled in nobleness of breeding and bearing; fit, not to learn of princes in this respect, but by the example of his daily life to teach them?—Carlyle.

MR. D’ISRAELI AND ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Hampstead, 22d Aug. 1834.

SIR,—I may as well begin by confessing that for the last one and twenty weeks, I have been longing to freight a sheet of note-paper with some of the secret produce of my little hermitage, and boldly to launch it into the dense sea of smoke beneath me, till it should be landed at your busy wharf, and garnered under your eye. I would have sent you a smile, but all the world has been smiling on you: a sonnet, but you are growing formidable to sonnetteers: a tale of true adventure, but I wished not only to be, but to seem true: at last my mind is made up, and I am going to send you a little indignation. I might find it in my heart to upbraid you with the overrunning extent of some of your selections, which provoke me whenever they curtail the pure flow of your own wit; but, Sir, it is against the nature of these extracts that I now more seriously protest. You have burned incense on the shrines of art, poetry, and truth, and believe me the *chiffonnier* which Mr D’Israeli has built for his fame to stand upon is unworthy of you. I take the first sentence of your last extract (L. J. p. 165) as a specimen. The name of Albertus Magnus was not *De Groot*, but he belonged to the Bolstadt family, and was born at Lavingen,* in Suabia, not in Holland as this bastard-Dutch appellation seems to imply. Albertus is never styled Grotius, nor was Hugo Grotius ever styled Magnus. In fact, the name *Groot* has nothing to do with the Philosopher of Cologne, and the word *Groot* has nothing to do with the idea of greatness, except in Low Dutch. That Albertus Magnus deserved his surname, those who have read “*Stella Clericorum*” know.† In that number I fear that Mr D’Israeli cannot be counted; but he might have known that Thomas Aquinas was the pupil, not the master, of this great man: it was Albert who first discovered the intellectual energies of the future Doctor, and who strengthened the early piety of the future Saint. Everybody knows that when the schoolfellows of the young Aquinas called him “the ox,” from his apparent stupidity, Albert replied that “he was an ox who would astonish the world with his bellowing.”

Your extract goes on to mention the “*Opus Magus*” of Roger Bacon; but the title of that work is “*Opus Majus*,” in contra-distinction to the *Opus Minus*, and *Opus Tertium* of the same author. The two latter exist only in manuscript, the former was published a century ago by Dr Jebb: but they were all writings of solemn science, energetic freedom, and dignified truth, unmingled with the conceits which Mr d’Israeli dreams of: by the change of a letter (perhaps by a misprint), the name of a great work, which may be termed the first British Instauration, is converted into the barbarous denomination of a book of necromancy.

Yours very sincerely,

ICONOCLAST.

* Or Lawingen.

† The treatise “*De Secretis*” was written by Heinrich von Sachsen, one of Albert’s pupils.

[We are loth to admit controversial matters, and hard words into this our most peaceful journal, even though tempted by able correspondents; though, as Mr D’Israeli is not very tender himself in such matters, he might be prepared for a little rough handling, and possibly take a pleasure in it. We have thought it best, however, to omit a passage at the close of this letter, especially as the mistake in the preceding paragraph originated with the *London Journal*, and not with Mr D’Israeli; being, as our correspondent conjectured, an error of the press. In future, we have reason for believing, these errors will be much less numerous than we regret to say they have been. As to Mr D’Israeli’s book, we cannot but be thankful to a work which has furnished us so many extracts on subjects so curious; but we are conscious of having made both these, and extracts from other works, of late, somewhat too long; and mean to improve in that respect; as our present number, we trust, will testify.—Edit.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The verses from *Pinkney’s Green* next week.

We should be glad to hear, on other subjects, from MARK LEMON. Those of the two papers sent us do not happen to suit our journal. The articles are left for him at the publisher’s.

IMPENNIS will not be forgotten. Nor *Les Deux Amis*.

To judge from the ease, vivacity, and untiredness of the rhymes of our old acquaintance, Mr Wilson, of Hatton Garden, he ought to be one of the best dancers extant. We heartily wish success to his Ball, though we are unable to attend it.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1834.

No. 24.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

DANCING AND DANCERS.

WHILE Tory genius boasts of its poetic Wilson, and ornithology of his brother, and the fine arts of Wilson "the English Claude," the minor graces insist upon having their Wilson too in the person of the eminent Mr Thomas Wilson, author of several dramatic pieces, and inductor of ladies and gentlemen into the shapely and salutary art of dancing.

This old, though doubtless at the same time ever-young acquaintance of ours, who has done us the honour for several years past of making us acquainted with his movements, and inviting us to his balls, which it has not been our good fortune to be able to attend, always sends us, with his invitations, a placard of equal wit and dimensions, in which he takes patriotic occasion to set forth the virtues of his art. He does not affect to despise its ordinary profits, income-wards. That would be a want of candour, unbefitting the intireness of his wisdom. On the contrary, dancing being a liberal art, he is studious to inculcate an equally liberal acknowledgment on the part of those who are indebted to it. But being a man of a reflective turn of leg, and great animal spirits, he omits no opportunity of shewing how good his art is for the happiness as well as the graces of his countrymen, how it renders them light of spirit as well as body, shakes melancholy out of their livers, and will not at all suffer them to be gouty. Nay, he says it is their own faults if they grow old.

We hardly dare to introduce, abruptly, the remarks on this head which form the commencement of his present year's *Exposé*. But the energy of Mr Wilson's philanthropy forces its way through his elegancies; the good to be done is a greater thing, in his mind, even than the graces with which he invests it; and in answer to his question, "Why don't every body dance?" he says, in a passion of sincerity which sweeps objection away with it,—"Because the English prefer the pleasures of the table and sedentary amusements, with their gout, apoplexy, shortness of breath, spindle-shanks, and rum-puncheon bellies," (pardon us, O Bacchus of Anacreon!) "to the more wholesome and healthy recreation of dancing. If you ask a person of fifty (says he) to take a dance, the usual reply is, 'My dancing days are gone by; it's not fit amusement for people of my time of life,' and such like idle cant; for idle cant it really is, as these pretences are either made as excuses for idleness, or to comply with the usual fastidious customs of the day. They manage things better in France, as Yorick says; for it would be quite as difficult, amongst that polite and social people, to find a person of fifty who did not dance, as it is in gloomy, cold, calculating Old England, to find one who has good sense enough to laugh at these fastidious notions, with a sufficient stock of social animal spirits to share in this polite and exhilarating amusement. Moreover, if we wanted a sanction to continue to dance as long as we are able, I could here give a list (had I room) of a hundred eminent persons, who did not consider it a disgrace to dance, even at a very advanced age; amongst the number, Socrates, one of the wisest men and greatest philosophers that ever lived, used to dance for his exercise and amusement when he was upwards of seventy. Read this, ye gormands and card-players of fifty, and if you are wise, and would

leave the gout, and a thousand other ills beside you, come and sport a toe with me, at 18, Kirby street, Hatton garden:—

For you'll meet many there, who to doctors ne'er go,
Who enjoy health and spirit, from sporting a toe;
Who neither want powder, pill, mixture, nor lotion,
But a partner and fiddle to set them in motion."

Truly, we fear that the tip-end of Mr Wilson's indignant bow strikes hard upon many a venerable gout, and that these dancing philosophers of Kirby street have the advantage of a great many otherwise sage people who take pills instead of exercise, and think to substitute powders and lotions for those more ancient usages, yclept the laws of the universe. Such, as Mr Wilson tells us, was the philosophy of Socrates. There can be no doubt of it; it was the philosophy of all his countrymen, the Greeks, with whom dancing formed a part of their very worship, and who had figures accordingly, fit to go to church and thank heaven with. Bacchus himself, with them, was a dancer, and a slender-waisted young gentleman. Such was also the philosophy of Mr Wilson's brother poet, Soame Jenyns, a lively old gentleman of the last century, who wrote a poem on the "Art of Dancing," from which Mr Wilson should give us some extracts in his next placard; (we wish we had it by us); and what is curious, and shows how accustomed these salutary sages are to consider the interests of the whole human being, spiritual as well as bodily, Mr Jenyns had a poetical precursor on that subject, who was no less a personage than a chief justice in the time of Elizabeth,—Sir John Davies, and who, like himself, wrote also on religious matters, and the Immortality of the Soul. Sir John, however, appears not to have sufficiently practised his own precepts, for he died of apoplexy at fifty-seven,—a very crude and juvenile age, according to Mr Wilson. But then he was a lawyer, and injudicious enough to be a judge, —to sit bundled up in cloth and ermine, instead of dancing in a "light cymar." Again, there was Sir Christopher Hatton, Chancellor in the time of Elizabeth, who is said to have absolutely danced himself into that venerable position, through a series of extraordinary steps of court favour, commencing in a ball-room,—and not improbably either; for, like some of his great brethren in that office, Sir Christopher appears to have been a truly universal genius, able, "like the elephant's trunk," to pick up his pin as well as knock down his tiger, and it is not to be wondered at if sovereigns sometimes get at a knowledge of the profounder faculties of a man, through the medium of his more entertaining ones. The Chancellor, however, appears to have turned his dancing to no better account, ultimately, than the Justice; for they say he died prematurely of a broken heart, because the queen pressed him for a debt,—an end worthier of a courtier than of a sage and dancer. This it is to acquire legal habits, and "make the worse appear the better reason," even to one's-self. Hatton should have been above his law, and stuck to his legs,—to his natural *understanding*, as a punster would call it; and then nothing would have overthrown him. Gray, with a poet's license, represents him as dancing after he was Chancellor. It is a pity it was not true.

My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
His seal and maces danc'd before him.
His high crown'd hat and satin doublet
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.
Sir Christopher bequeathed his name to Hatton
Garden; so that Mr Wilson resides in fit neighbourhood, and doubtless has visions of cavaliers and maids of honour in ruffs, "sporting their toes" through his dreams by night.

Our artist's vindication of the juvenility of dancers at fifty, reminds us of a pleasant realization we experienced the other day of a stage joke, nay, of a great improvement on it,—a Romance of Real Life. In one of Colman's farces, an old man hearing another called old, and understanding he was only forty, exclaims "Forty! quite a boy!" We heard this opinion pronounced upon a man of *sixty*, by an old gentleman, who, we suppose, must be eighty, or thereabouts. It was in an omnibus, in which he was returning from a city dinner, jovial and toothless, his rosy gills gracing his white locks; an Anacreon in broad-cloth. Some friend of his was telling him of the death of an acquaintance, and in answer to his question respecting the cause of it, said he did not know, but that the deceased was "sixty years of age." The remark seemed hardly to be an indiscretion in the ears of the venerable old boy, he considered it so very inapplicable. "Sixty!" cried he, with a lisp that was really robust; "well, that's nothing you know, compared with *life*. Why, he was quite a boy."

Wilson. This must have been a dancer.

Edit. Or a rider.

W. Well, horseback is a kind of dancing.

Edit. Or a walker.

W. Well, walking is dancing too; that is to say, good walking. You know, my dear sir, people are said to "walk a minuet."

Edit. But they say dancers are not good walkers.

W. How, sir! Dancers not good walkers!! It is true, I must allow in candour, that some professional dancers are apt to turn out their toes a little too much; but not all, my dear sir—not the best: and, as to dancers in general, I will affirm, *meo periculo* (as the philosopher says), they walk exquisitely —*à la merveille*. Come and see my dancers walking into the ball-room, or my new dance of the "Rival Beauties," "thirty young ladies," sir, all moving to the sweet and peaceful battle at once. See how they walk, my dear sir. You would never forget it.

Edit. I shall never forget it, as it is, Mr Wilson. I see it, in imagination, painted in the beautiful red letters of your placard, and do not wonder that you are a man in request for Richmond parties, and records of it in verse.

Here Mr Wilson finishes the dialogue with a bow, to which it would be bad taste and an anti-climax to reply. There is a final and triumphant silence of eloquence, to which nothing can be said.

To return to the matter of age. There can be no doubt that dancers of fifty are a very different sort of quinquagenarians from sitters of fifty, and that men of the same age often resemble each other in no other respect. "The same is not the same." Some people may even be said to have begun life over again, at a time when the dissipated and the sullen are preparing to give it up. It is not necessary to mention such cases as those of Old Parr. Marmontel—

a man of letters, of taste and fancy, and therefore, it is to be presumed, of no very coarse organization—married at fifty-six, and, after living happily with a family born to him, died at the age of seventy-seven. But though a man of letters, and living at a period when there was great license of manners, to which his own had formed no very rigid exception—he had led, upon the whole, a natural life, and was temperate. Besides, Nature is very indulgent to those who do not violently contradict her with artificial habits, excesses of the table, or sullen thoughts. She hates alike the extremes, not of cheerfulness, but of *Comus* and of *Melancholy*. A venerable gentleman of Norfolk, now living, married and had an heir born to his estate at a venerable age, which nobody thought of treating with jests of a certain kind; for he also had been a denizen of the natural world, and was as young, with good sense and exercise, as people of half his age—far younger than many. We remember the face of envying respect and astonishment with which the news was received by “a person of wit and honour about town” (now deceased), in whose company we happened to be at the moment, and who might have been his son three or four times over.

Query—at what age must a person take to venerable manners, and consent to look old if he does not feel so? Mr Wilson will say, “when he is forced to leave off dancing.” And there is a definite notion in that. If any one, therefore, wishes to have precise ideas on this point, and behave himself as becomes his real, not his chronological, time of life, we really think he cannot do better than study in Kirby street, or at Willis’s, and learn to know at what age it becomes him to be reverend, or how long he may continue laughing at those who remonstrate with him because they hobble. *Linnaeus*, in his travels, gives an account—ludicrous in the eyes of us spectators of the staid and misgiving manners of people at the same time of life—of two Laplanders who accompanied him on some occasion (we forget what), but who carried bundles for him, and had otherwise reason for being tired, the way being long. One of them was fifty, the other considerably older; yet what did these old boys, at the close of their journey, but, instead of sitting down and resting themselves, begin laughing and running about *after one another*, like a couple of antediluvian children, as if they had just risen! They wanted nothing but pinafores, and a mother remonstrating with them for not coming and having their hairs combed.

Most people are astonished, perhaps, as they advance beyond the period of youth and middle life, at not finding themselves still older; and, if they took wise advantage of this astonishment, they would all live to a much greater age. It is equally by not daring to be too young nor consenting to be too old, that men keep themselves in order with Nature, and in heart with her. We kill ourselves before our time, alike with artificial irregularities and melancholy resentments. We hasten age with late hours, and the table, and want of exercise; and hate it, and make it worse when it comes, with bad temper and inactive regrets.

A boy of ten thinks he shall be in the prime of life when he is twenty, and (as lives go) he is so; though, when he comes to be twenty, he shoves off his notion of the prime to thirty, then to thirty-five, then to forty; and when, at length, he is forced to own himself no longer young, he is at once astonished to think he has been young so long, and angry to find himself no younger. This would be hardly fair upon the indulgence of Nature, if Nature supplied us with education as well as existence, and the world itself did not manifestly take time to come to years of discretion. In the early ages of the world, the inability to lead artificial lives was the great cause of longevity; as in future ones, it is to be hoped, the appreciation of the natural life will bring men round to it. It would have put the pastoral, patriarchal people sadly out to keep late hours at night, and to sit after dinner “pushing about” the milk!

Nature, in the mean time, acts with her usual good-natured instinct, and makes the best of a bad business; rather, let us say, produces it in order to produce a better, and to enable us to improve upon

her early world. She has even something good to say in behalf of the ill-health of modern times and the rich delicacy of its perceptions; so that we might be warranted in supposing that she is ever improving, even when she least appears to be so; and that your pastoral longevity, though a good pattern in some respects for that which is to come, had but a poor milk-and-water measure of happiness, compared with the wine and the intellectual movement of us intermediate strugglers. At all events, the measure, somehow or other, may be equal—and the difference only a variety of sameness. And there is much comfort in that reflection, and a great difficulty solved in it. Only Nature, after all, still incites us to look forward; and, whether it be for the sake of real or of apparent change, forward we must look, and look heartily, taking care to realize all the happiness we can, as we go. This seems the true mode of keeping all our faculties in action—all the inevitable thoughts given to man, of past, present, and future; and, with this grave reflection, we conclude our present dance under Mr Wilson’s patronage, intending to have another with him before long; and gravely, as well as gaily, recommending his very useful art, meanwhile, to all lovers of health, grace, and sociality.

Why do not people oftener get up dances at home, and without waiting for the ceremony of visitors and the drawback of late hours? It would be a great addition to the cheerfulness and health of families.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 3d, to Tuesday the 9th September.

We have taken our country entertainment this week from our old and often-plundered friend, Mr Howitt, (who can well afford it), and have followed up the extract with vindications of the dignity of another friend of our’s, not in so high a class of things poetical, but far too lightly esteemed; to wit, the Elder tree. We take them, partly from the ‘*Sylvia*’ of Cowley’s friend, Evelyn, one of the most learned vindicators of plants vernacular, and partly from Evelyn’s friend, Mr Phillips, (who by the way, as an Irish critic would remark, ought to quote him, when he does so).

MR HOWITT ON SEPTEMBER.

The orchards are affluent of pears, plums and apples; and the hedges are filled with the abundance of their wild produce, crabs, black glossy clusters of privet, blackthorn and elder-berries, which furnish the farmer with a cordial cup on his return from market on a winter’s eve, and blackberries, reminding us of the Babes in the Wood.

Their little hands with blackberries,
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

The hedge rows are also brightened with a profusion of scarlet berries of hips, haws, honeysuckles, viburnum, and briony. The fruit of the mountain-ash, woody night-shade, and wild service, is truly beautiful; nor are the violet-hued sloes and bullaces, or the crimson, mossy excrescences of the wild rose-tree, insignificant objects amid the autumnal splendour of the waning year.

Notwithstanding the decrease of the day, the weather of this month is, for the most part, splendidly calm; and Nature, who knows the most favourable moment to display all her works, has now instructed the geometric spider to form its radiated circle on every bush, and the gossamer spider to hang its silken threads on every blade of grass. We behold its innumerable filaments glittering with dew in the morning, and sometimes, such is the immense quantity of this secretion, that it may be seen floating in a profusion of tangled webs in the air, and cording our clothes as we walk in the fields, as with cotton. These little creatures, the gossamer spiders, it has long been known, have the faculty of throwing out several of their threads on each side, which serve them as a balloon to buoy them up into the air. With these they sail into the higher regions of the atmosphere, or return with greater velocity. By recent experiments it appears that the spider and its web are not, as it was supposed, of less specific gravity than the air, and by that means ascend. The phenomenon has been supposed to be electrical; but this is doubtful. It yet requires explanation.

There is now a brightness of the sky, and a diaphanous purity of the atmosphere, at once surprising and delightful. We remark with astonishment, how perfectly and distinctly the whole of the most exten-

sive landscape lies in varied, solemn beauty, before us; while, such is the reposing stillness of nature, that not a sound disturbs the sunny solitude, save perhaps the clapping of pigeons’ wings, as they rise from the stubble. The clearness of vision may partly arise from the paucity of vapour ascending from the ground at this dry season, and partly from the eye being relieved from the intensity of splendour with which it is oppressed in summer; but be it what it may, the fact has not escaped one of our most beautiful poets:—

“There is a harmony
In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been.”

Now it is delightful among mountains. Mountains! How one’s heart leaps up at the very word! There is a charm connected with mountains so powerful, that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! how the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our heart bounds to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkling of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts! How inspiring are the odours that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine! How beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture!

At this season of the year, the ascents of our own mountains are become most practicable. The heat of summer has dried up the moisture with which winter rains saturate the spongy turf of the hollows; and the atmosphere, clear and settled, admits of the most extensive prospects. Whoever has not ascended our mountains, knows little of the beauties of this beautiful island. Whoever has not climbed their long and heathy ascents, and seen the trembling mountain-flower, the glowing moss, the richly-tinted lichens at its feet; and scented the fresh aroma of the uncultivated sod, and of the spicy shrubs; and heard the bleat of the flock across their solitary expanses, and the wild cry of the mountain plover, the raven, or the eagle; and seen the rich and russet hues of distant slopes and eminences, the livid gashes of ravines and precipices, the white glittering line of falling waters, and the cloud tumultuously whirling round the lofty summits; and then stood panting on that summit, and beheld the clouds alternately gather and break over a thousand giant peaks and ridges, of every varied hue,—but all silent as images of eternity: and cast his gaze over lakes, and forests, and smoking towns, and wide lands, to the very ocean, in all their gleaming and reposing beauty,—knows nothing of the treasures of pictorial wealth which his own country possesses.

[This is rather a rash assertion on Mr Howitt’s part, but luckily he has disproved it so well in *all the rest of his book*, that we need say nothing further about it.]

EVELYN’S ACCOUNT OF THE ELDER TREE.

This makes a considerable fence, if set of reasonable lusty truncheons, much like the willow, and (as I have seen them maintained) laid with great turpidity. These far excel those extravagant plantations of them about London, where the tops are permitted to grow without due and skilful laying. There is a sort of Elder which has hardly any pith; this makes exceedingly stout fences, and the timber very useful for cogs of mills, butchers’ skewers, and such tough employments. Old trees do in time become firm, and close up the hollowness to an almost invisible pith. But if the medicinal properties of the leaves, bark, berries, &c. were thoroughly known, I cannot tell what our countryman could ail, for which he might not fetch a remedy from every hedge, either for sickness or wound. The inner bark of Elder, applied to any burning, takes out the fire immediately: that, or in season the buds, boiled in water gruel for a breakfast, has effected wonders in a fever; and the decoction is admirable to assuage inflammations and tetterous humours, and especially the scurvy. But an extract, or theriaca (so famous in the poem of ‘*Nicander*’), may be composed of the berries, which is not only efficacious to eradicate this epidemical inconvenience, and greatly to assist longevity, but is a kind of catholicon against all infirmities whatever; and of the same berries is made an incomparable spirit, which, drunk by itself, or mingled with wine, is not only an excellent drink, but admirable in the dropsy. In a word, the water of the leaves and berries is approved in the dropsy, every part of the tree being useful, as may be seen at large in *Bleucwitsius’s Anatomy* thereof. The ointment made with the young buds and leaves in May, with butter, is most sovereign for aches, shrunk sinews, hemorrhoids, &c.; and the flowers, macerated in vinegar, not only are of grateful relish, but good to attenuate and cut raw and gross humours. Lastly, the fungus (which we call *Jew’s-ears*), decocted in milk, or macerated in vinegar, is of known effect in the angina

and sores of the throat. And less than this I could not say (with the leave of the charitable physician), to gratify our poor woodman; and yet, when I have said all this, I do by no means commend the scent of it, which is very noxious to the air; and therefore, though I do not undertake that all things which sweeten the air are salubrious, nor all ill savours pernicious, yet, as not for its beauty,* so neither for its smell, would I plant Elder near my habitation; since we learn from Bessius ('De Aeris Potestate'), that a certain house in Spain, seated among many Elder trees, diseased and killed all the inhabitants; which, when at last they were grubbed up, became a very wholesome and healthy place. The Elder does likewise produce a certain green fly, almost invisible, which is exceedingly troublesome, and gathers a fiery redness where it attacks.

BOERHAAVE AND MR. PHILLIPS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

So far Evelyn. But this is nothing to the veneration, which Mr Phillips, in his 'History of Fruits,' says was entertained for the Elder tree by the famous physician Boerhaave, who "seldom passed it without taking off his hat;" and as to its ill scent, and its hurtfulness as a shade, hear what is delivered by the same welcome historian, besides additional testimony to its virtues:—

"Sir J. E. Smith has remarked that this tree is, as it were, a whole magazine of physic to rustic practitioners."

"It is said, that if sheep that have the rot can get at the bark and young shoots of Elder, they will soon cure themselves."

"The wine made from Elder berries is too well known by families in the country, to need any encomiums; it is the only wine the cottager can procure, and when well made, is a most excellent and wholesome drink, taken warm before going to bed. It causes gentle perspiration, and is a mild opiate."

"If a rich syrup be made from ripe Elder berries, and a few bitter almonds, when added to brandy, it has all the flavour of the very best cherry brandy."

"The white Elder berries, when ripe, make wine much resembling grape wine."

"The buds and the young tender shoots are greatly admired as pickle."

"The leaves of the Elder tree are often put into the subterranean paths of moles, to drive those noxious little animals from the garden. If fruit-trees, flowering shrubs, corn, or other vegetables, be whipped with the green leaves of the Elder branches, it is said that insects will not attach themselves to them. An infusion of these leaves in water is good to sprinkle over rose-buds, and other flowers subject to blight and the devastations of caterpillars."

"The whole plant has a narcotic smell, and it is thought not prudent to sleep under its shade. It is probable that this tree, particularly when in blossom, may inhale more impure air than any others of slower growth. This would naturally be exhaled in the night, and possibly to the injury of those who continued to breathe the immediate air of the tree; but the author has resided in a cottage nearly surrounded with these trees, without perceiving any ill effects, although his children were daily playing and sitting beneath their shade, at a time when the branches were covered with blossom."

In short, the only circumstances we find against the character of the Elder tree are, that it is injurious to poultry, and the last thing which animals in general will brouse upon. But so are many other things, very good for men, and for animals too, in other ways. Elder might be kept out of the farm or cottage yard; but it is admirable everywhere else,—handsome, luxuriant, most useful,—a treasure, both in sight and substance, to the *English village*,—a capital comforter, and sander to bed, of tired and dried-up faculties,—(try a hot glass of it with toast.)—in fine, the *Bearded Bacchus* himself,—for this doubtless is the meaning of the word Elder.

* How! "not for its beauty!" Strange misgiving on the part of the unmisgiving Evelyn. An Elder tree is not so handsome as a lilac or syringa; but it is surely very handsome, and has a wholesome, buxom, half-brown look with it, very pastoral and rustic. Its thick blossoms are handsome in spring, and its black berries in autumn.—Ed.

Useless Resentment.—Give no expression, and, as far as you can avoid it, give no place in your mind, to useless resentment; not even where you feel that you are calumniated. If you are accused of bad conduct, past or intended, and it is in your power to disprove the accusation, do not fly into a passion, but give disproofs; to fly into a passion is naturally a guilty man's sole and therefore natural resource; disproofs are the only means of distinguishing your case from that of a guilty man.—*Bentham*.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXXIV.—ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF NITHSDALE FROM THE TOWER.

THIS is another story of the Scotch rebellion against the succession of the House of Hanover, and is taken from the same book that furnished us with our romances of last week. As an interesting subject is apt to make us wish to know more of it, or to refresh our memories if we knew it before, we thought the reader would not dislike to see another specimen of the stirring adventures of that period. The Countess of Nithsdale, whose courageous affection saved the life of her husband, has had a sister heroine in our own times in the person of the Countess Lavalette, who, though she succeeded also as far as her husband was concerned, appears to have had an ultra-sensibility of temperament which risked more of her own peace, and thus enhanced the merit of the daring, for she is understood to have lost her senses in consequence of the alarm she underwent. The other day, meeting with one of those delightful old editions of the *Spectator*, the plain and sober type of which renders them so much pleasanter to read than the modern sharply cut letters and glaring paper, we rejoiced to open it upon a vignette representing the famous vacation of the town of Hensberg, when the Emperor Conrad the Third, who besieged it, gave permission to the female inhabitants to quit the place, taking with them as much as they could carry. Accordingly, they issued forth, each carrying her husband, which so affected the Emperor that he shed tears, pardoned the town, and took the Duke of Bavaria, who commanded it, into favour. Our present subject reminded us of the vignette, and the vignette induced us to read the paper containing the story over again, which so much gratified us, that it has made us devote one of our specimens of celebrated authors to it this week. We hope nobody will complain of the commonness of the admirable work from which it is taken, nor fancy that we do it to "fill up," which most assuredly we do not. We are more perplexed with abundance of materials, than the want of them. But commonly as the *Spectator* is to be met with, the circle of readers has been so largely and suddenly extended of late years, that there are, doubtless, many persons, capable of enjoying it, who are better acquainted with it by name than by its contents; and to such as know it well, we can only say that we hope they are as glad to see a choice bit of it again as we are, and to perceive the new beauties which are ever developing themselves to one's eyes as we advance in life and become more capable of appreciating the wit and knowledge of these fine writers. But to our romance.

The Earl of Nithsdale (says our authority) was one of those who surrendered at Preston. He was afterwards tried and sentenced to decapitation; but, by the extraordinary ability and admirable dexterity of his Countess, he escaped out of the Tower on the evening before his intended execution, and died at Rome, 1744. The subjoined narrative of the manner in which his escape was effected is so full of interest, that the reader can hardly be displeased at its length, more particularly as it exhibits a memorable instance of that heroic intrepidity to which the female heart can rouse itself on trying occasions, when man, notwithstanding his boasted superiority, is but too apt to give way to despondency and despair. The tenderness of conjugal affection and the thousand apprehensions or anxieties that beset it in adversity, the long pressure of misfortune, and the dread of impending calamity, tend uniformly to overwhelm the spirits and distract the mind from any settled purpose; but it is possible that those sentiments may be absorbed in a more energetic feeling, in a courage sustained by the conflicting influence of hope and desperation. Yet, even thus prepared, the mind may be inadequate to the attainment of a long and perilous enterprise; and, in the present case, we have the testimony of Lady Nithsdale herself, that she would have sunk at the prospect of so many and such fearful obstacles, had she not relied with firmness on the aid of Providence. The detail of her narrative will shew how greatly this reliance contributed to strengthen and regulate the tone of her resolution, not only in every vicissitude of expectation and disappointment, but in what is more trying than either, the sickening intervals of suspense and doubt.

Extract of a letter from Lady Nithsdale to her sister Lady Lucy Herbert, Abbess of the Augustine Nuns at Bruges:—

—On the 22d of February, which fell on a Thurs-

day, a petition was to be presented to the House of Lords. . . . The subject of the debate was whether the King had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parliament. . . .

As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having too many things on my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs Mills, with whom I lodged, and I acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs Mills, as she was to lend her's to my lord, that, in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs Mills was then with child, so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly as the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment, on my first opening my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs Morgan, for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the cloths that were to serve Mrs Mills when she left her own behind her. When Mrs Morgan had taken off what she had brought for that purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and in going I begged her to send me my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of her's to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as her's, and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber, and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, "My dear Mrs Catherine, go in all haste and fetch me my waiting-maid, she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes." Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guard's wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care Mrs Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and affected; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the piteous and most afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had vexed me by her delay. Then said I, "My dear Mrs Betty, for the love of God, run quickly, and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if you ever made despatch in your life, do it at present, I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs

with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinels should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs, I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us, threw him into such consternation that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him and left him with them, she returned to find Mr Mills, who by this time had recovered himself of his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security they conducted him to it.

In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady one message I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room in some feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it; I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell, for the night and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifle; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person: that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs, and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case the attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach, and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me,—having taken my precautions against all events,—and asked if she were at home; and they answered that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would send her grace's woman to me. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I told her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who, they told me, had company with her; and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any further trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all: however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distress. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted—so there was no remedy. She came to me; and as my heart was in an extacy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened; and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged, at the petition I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said that she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received.

When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were still secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one; some upon another; the duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr Mills, who, by the time, had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite to the guard house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday to Saturday night, when Mr Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian Ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which occasion, the Ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover, to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down with the retinue without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (which was the name of the Ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the Captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better, if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of being concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master.

This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it. I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear sister, your's, most affectionately,

WINIFRED NETHSDALE.

The original MS. of this letter is in the possession of Constable Maxwell, Esq., of Terreagles, a descendant of the noble house of Nethsdale. As a proof of the interest which the public took in the extraordinary adventure which it details, the following memorandum may be quoted. "William Maxwell, Earl of Nethsdale, made his escape from the Tower, Feb. 23, 1715, dressed in a woman's cloak and hood, which were for some time after called *Nithsdales*."

HOPS.

Heardless, she left me on the dazzling height;
I saw far down beneath my feet the strand
Where busy mortals toil from morn till night,
In quest of that for which a bolder flight
On fancy's pinion I had dar'd to make:
My brain whirl'd round, and sick'ning at the sight,
I fell down headlong in the miry lake,
Whence creatures of earth's mould their earthly feelings take.

And now, what am I? grovelling here below,
Link'd to a chain 'twere vain for me to try
To snap asunder. Ever, as I go,
(Unskill'd, as yet, in apathy) I sigh
That thus, almost unfledged, I sought to fly
In quest of what to patient toil is given;
And ever and anon some passer by
Points with his finger, saying, "How he's thriven,
That sought with seraphim to build his nest in heaven."

F. ST JOHN N.

[These are good lines; the last is a fine one. But why seek to build a nest in heaven alone? Why not begin with earth,—with a nest upon the ground, like the lark, lowly, and like a creature made partly for earth; and so vindicate the heavenly part of one's nature at due season, and rise on our wings and enjoy all the Nature around us? By hoping too much, we realize nothing. By realizing something first, we may hope and enjoy as we go, *ad infinitum*. Or, if we have yet realized nothing, why waste time and spirit in regret, instead of setting our shoulders to the wheel, and vindicating our right to have been mistaken by our hearty resolution to make up for it?]

OUR READERS WHISKED TO THE CONTINENT,

[In *Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy*;—specimens of which are here continued from our last.]

Farewell to an old Sojourn.—It was a delightful day this last one. We dined again in the dear old room, with the kind-hearted Luigi Sada waiting on us, guessing our thoughts and anticipating our wishes. This mirror of gardeners, is one of the many things that we regret in quitting Bellaggio; we shall long remember his fine intelligent countenance, his dark Italian eyes, kindling with the strong expression of real feeling, as he bade us farewell,—kissing our hands with all the natural grace and kindly warmth of his country. Good Luigi!—we shall, I hope, all meet again under the shade of the vines, whose rich clusters promise a golden harvest. It would have been delightful to have witnessed the abundant vintage of beautiful Bellaggio, and the festive gaiety of its bacchanalia. But it must not be; already the shadows of night draw round us, and shut out the solitudes where we have passed days never to be forgotten. This is not a spot to be left with an every-day feeling of regret; it is not a common paradise of leaves and flowers, but a scene which deeply affects the imagination, and betters the heart. One cannot look from these airy terraces on the beautiful world around, and on that mysteriously sustained heaven, which makes its roof, without feeling the spirit purified, and the soul lifted above those mean aspirations,* which, while they seem to expand the mind, destroy the fine fibrous net-work which sheaths its delicate construction.

I always find the rhetoric of nature more heart-stirring than that of the schools, and I believe the love of nature is one of the affections which linger longest in the heart. How strongly, as we advance in life, is the vanity of those things which we most prized in youth, made manifest; what importance have we given to untried joys and distinctions, and even to the lightest trifles! A little while, and the most solid† amongst them seem like toys, not worth playing with. We find that feelings, opinion, modes, and even hearts change,—everything but nature; she alone is immutable, and for that reason, her spells are often the last broken. We confide in her promises, and know that she will never deceive us; everything else may be false—hope, love, beauty, friendship, fame,—but nature never. If we sow an acorn by the side of a grave, we are sure that an oak will overshadow it; if we return to the country of our birth, changed and forgotten, we find the same hills and streams, and even the same flowers—if man has not disturbed them—which we loved in childhood. Pæstum has still its roses, though its tombs have long been swallowed up in the general oblivion. These are the reasons why the love of nature has been known to ripen in the heart, amidst the ashes of other, and once warmer feelings. We love, and lean on things that we know will not break down, or forsake us. Of others—even those that flatter us most—we can too often spell the duration; but we are sure of nature, for she must outlive ourselves.

As we descended the hill, a little girl was coming up, with a flock of refractory sheep under her direction; they were somewhat in our path,—enough, I suppose, she thought, to impede us: for she seized L—'s arm with gentle violence, and kissed it as he passed, as if she would deprecate his anger by her sweet and humble action.‡

Italian Dancing.—The ballet (at Milan), considered as one of the best, if not the very best in Europe, is just now below mediocrity, as to dancers. The plunging and twisting, this evening applauded to the skies, would at Paris be scarcely tolerated at Franconi's. It was a ballet d'action, interspersed with pirouettes; the story from Lord Byron's *Corsair*, with very beautiful scenery, and a Gulnare, who had some feeling in her mute wretchedness. But Le Palarina was absent. I was disappointed, I may almost say, agreeably. I wished to have seen her again, yet recollecting what she had once made me suffer, was almost pleased to escape from the effect of her too powerful acting. It was long before I could shake of the recollection of her Gabrielle de Vergy.§ It haunted me like a crime; for many nights, I fell asleep, thinking of the death-shudder, the upright spring, the livid light in the hollow eye, when the cruel present is placed before her. I had read of broken hearts, and believed that such things

* These are the authoress's own italics. We notice the circumstance, because it shows how conscious she is of certain conventional tendencies that beset her by habit, and how superior to them she is by nature.—Ed.

† This, from the pen of a brilliant writer, apparently in possession of all the goods of fortune, is edifying. It is the luck of many of a less abundant lot to remain richer. We can safely assert, for one, that the blessings which appeared to us the most solid in the days of our youth, appear so still; and that we like precisely the same things we did then, without exception.—Ed.

‡ A beautiful impulse, beautifully painted.—Ed.

§ Whose lover's heart was served up to her at supper, by an exasperated husband.—Ed.

had been; but this seemed the reality, the life spring suddenly snapped, just as quick intense agony might have done it. Yet still she has not the touching simplicity of Bigottini; she is more passionate, but perhaps less tender. There were little touches in Bigottini's acting,* so full of truth and feeling, that even Palarina's energetic wretchedness is less deeply affecting.

A Picture with a young Priest in it.—Breakfasted at Voghera, a decent little town, where a young priest seemed chief Adonis, and the peasants carry their poultry and fruit in baskets of a graceful shape, hung on each end of a long pole, which, thus loaded, in suspended across the shoulder; the effect is picturesque, and turns the clowns of Voghera into the classical rustics of Claude or Poussin.

This young priest is very amusing; there is something so naïf and conscious in his beausism. He salutes the women as they pass with a gracious smile, seasoned with a little touch of protection, but no Tartufferie; I dare say he writes madrigals, and with opportunity, and a friendly Pompadour, might make, in some thirty years hence, a very decent cardinal—à la de Bernis.† Adieu, flower of priesthood! and thanks for the five minutes' amusement your innocent antics have afforded us.

A Priest of another aspect.—A reverend father conveying home the fruits of his vineyard passes on foot, and bows to us courteously, while a friendly smile lights up his countenance. It is a thin kind face, that looks as if its owner would use the gifts of fortune sparingly himself, and share them freely with others; the "bon curé" of Marmontel (a character to which the heart always warms) transferred to Italy, where the heavy stall-fed face or the lank despotic one, is found swelling out or scowling from under the shade of a small three-cornered hat,—self-indulgence, or tyranny, or both, written in every line and wrinkle.‡ Whenever I see a countenance full of benevolent and cheerful feeling in this class of the clergy abroad, I always wish its owner had the home blessings which an affectionate family can alone diffuse—a wife or daughter smiling on his return, or a son sharing his labours and promising to perpetuate his virtues,—or at least that the singleness should be voluntary. It may be said that a parish priest has always an ample field for benevolent exertion. This is true, and he who tills and nourishes it in the spirit of truth and love, is indeed a benediction to his people; but it is hard to have one's path chalked out by others in such near-in-door concerns, particularly when the thing is irrevocable.

Italian Villas and their Scenery.—These terraces are one of the most charming features of Genoa. Many of them look upon the gardens and terraces of other houses, others to the mountains, or upon the sea, and some are so high that the street below looks not a span wide, and the passers like figures in a fantoccini. The best apartments are (as usual in Italy) up several flights of stairs, with windows opening on these marble terraces; and from this peculiarity comes, I suppose, the old story that the houses of Genoa are covered with gardens.

There is a great deal of character about the villas which the Genoese hang upon their hills, though the houses seem, in our English eyes, overgrown in proportion to their contracted domains, often little more than two or three terraces, suspended on arches and covered with orange trees, lemons, or acacias, mingled with the dark fig (more magnificent), or the paler olive; but their southern associations give them a colouring of poetry. They do not call up rural images of the familiar kind, such as are awakened by the sight of a hay-field, a green lane, or a thicket of hawthorn; we do not think of Madge or Cicely, of Hodge the ploughman, or the miller's boy, but of downright nymphs of antiquity, and swains to match them; disguised gods, who had much ado to hide their divinity under the shepherd's bonnet, while they sate upon the rocks piping to the fair, half-dressed, statue-like creatures, who peeped out upon them from the orange trees, and were caught in their nets like so many little fishes. Or if the mind flies away from the reprobate gods of old pagan story, as not having enough of intimate reality about them, in steps Shakespeare, leading Juliet and Desdemona, the tender Viola following with love's own smile shining in her eyes, and Beatrice fanning herself with the wing of a parrot. Then come Boccaccio and Da Porto, and Giraldi Cintio, with their legends of love and hate, such as sunny skies and passionate natures engender, and their rainbow tales of sad and joyous spirits.

* "Such as blowing out the lights in Clari, after vainly trying to withdraw her eyes from her lover's portrait."—*Author's*. This is a charming evidence of feeling indeed.

† Who rose to the heights of the church on the wings of the French loves and graces, and the favour of Madame de Pompadour!—Ed.

‡ We have seen, however, excellent faces among the priesthood of Italy, full of inextinguishable goodness. There are multitudes of bad ones, it is true,—the result of a tyrannical, and what Bentham would call a "lie-compelling" system. We may judge of what sort of character the exceptions must be, that remain good notwithstanding.—Ed.

There were certain simple arrangements of words which Madame de Staël could never hear without emotion, such as "*Les orangers du royaume de Grenade, et les citronniers des rois Maures*."* This seems fanciful, but it was a spring touched, a train of thought awakened, a remembrance, perhaps, of home striking on the heart in the hour of banishment, and sounding as the song of Sion would have done to the wanderers of Judaea, when they sat by the waters of Babylon and wept. I can easily imagine how the mention of orange groves and marble balconies might shake the soul of an Italian exile, who could listen without sympathy to a tale of sorrow unconnected with his own intense recollections.

Tears.—All strong passions, the angry ones excepted,† use the language of tears: I saw a boy in the street this morning remonstrating with a gentleman, who had probably given him less than he expected for some trifling service. I did not understand what they said, but their gestures were sufficiently indicative. The gentleman was inflexible, and the boy burst into tears: they were certainly tears of avarice; he looked well dressed and over-fed, but I never saw disappointed sordidness so legibly expressed as in the glance which he cast upon the modicum in his open palm. There are tears and tears: nothing can be more heart-touching or meaner than tears; how different the tears of my divine Hagar and this snivelling boy!

A Painter well Painted.—I once knew a clever man, who greatly admired Caravaggio, and used to place him on a line with Michael Angelo. Caravaggio too was a genius; one full of strong broad-shouldered ideas; a perturbed and gloomy spirit, throwing his dark soul out upon his canvass with startling effect; but he did not think or feel like Michael Angelo; his genius was not sublime; he painted like a coarse, bad man of monstrous capacity, but not like one who had unsealed the book of judgment, or lifted up the Pantheon and hung it in the air.

An Interloper among admirable Women, an uncharitable Sister of Charity.—But again to the Albergo dei Poveri. The women are under the superintendence of a community of sisters of charity. It is impossible to see these meritorious and self-devoted women, without feelings of sincere respect; but the venerables, who floated through the wards of the hospital in immense stiffened-out aureoles, were, to say the least, not conciliating. Virtue unretained often makes its way more surely than when it sends a herald before it to knock at our gate, and enforce homage by sound of trumpet. The sister who accompanied us took snuff with an uncharitable air, as if she smelt infection, and glanced us over as if she herself was safe in Abraham's bosom, and we at the purple and fine linen side of the gulf. She would insist on our inspecting some paltry needle-work, and when we declined purchasing, looked venomous. I have so sincere a veneration for these admirable women; the purity of their motives, their courage, zeal, and usefulness belong to so high an order of virtue, that I had almost looked upon them as beings of an intermediate class, with more of heaven than earth about them; consecrated to a mission of tenderness, and fulfilling it as angels might do; and could hardly forgive our cross vulgar old woman for disenchanting me, though it was but for a moment, for I soon returned to my allegiance.

A good Hint to Protestant Churches.—I love the Italian churches with their broad aisles, vast and unfretted—no pews, no divisions, no aristocratical screenings; all kneeling together, the high and mighty, and the lowly, on the same pavement; all sending up their thanksgiving or their prayer, to the same great being in whose eyes all are equal. No dread of vulgar contact, no dread of the tattered penitent. I shall never forget the impression made upon me on my first visit to St Peter's at Rome, by a young lady who came into the church, folded up in a cachemere, and followed by a servant in gorgeous livery; her appearance was that of a *petite maitresse*, as far as dress was concerned, but her air was devout and collected; she passed on slowly to the illuminated shrine of the saint, and inserted herself amidst a group of masons in their working dresses, kneeling with them on the pavement, and praying earnestly. This was beautiful, and similar acts of humility are performed every hour in the day, and in every church in Italy.

* The orange trees of the realm of Grenada, and the citron trees of the Moorish kings. Surely this was no domestic chord touched in the bosom of Madame de Staël, but her sympathy with pomp and ascendancy, and fine words,—with the poetry of power.—Ed.

† This is a strange mistake to be made by so discerning a writer, though creditable to her own nature. What! did she never see, or even read, of tears of anger and spite, and rage itself? There are passions of all sorts "too deep for tears;" but the same passions, when thrown upon a sense of their own suffering, may equally be seen weeping. Our fair traveller should have been present at a sermon which we had the pleasure of hearing at Genoa, in which the preacher, a friar, handled this subject with a masterly spirit, though in a florid style. He did not mince the matter with his hearers, male or female; and must have startled many a lachrymose egotism.—Ed.

Friends.—Nothing to be done at Sion; so having noted down that the lemon, the orange, the Indian fig, &c. ripen here, forgetting that they are in a Swiss valley, looked out of a window, and saw two young women meet and kiss each other over and over again, and always with a lingering press of hands as if the hearts were over them; perhaps they were, perhaps not. One was much prettier than the other, an inequality sorely against a communion of souls. I wish I were now as devout as I was five-and-twenty years ago, on the subject of friendship. I was then a sincere, an enthusiastic believer; the recollection is still dear to me. But the beautiful drapery in which imagination had enveloped her shadows, was soon torn away by the rude realities of life. Yet I still remember—who can ever forget them?—those delicious day-dreams, those illusions of a confiding nature, to which the heart clings so fondly, so tenaciously; and I still believe in the kind offices of friendship, though I have lost much of my faith in its sincerity. Many a one will do not only an amiable but a disinterested act by a friend, whose weak points they do not hesitate to lay open, and when ridicule has gone its length, quiet their consciences by drawing in with the salvo of "she is an excellent creature, after all, and I love her very sincerely."

"Dieu me garde de mes amis! Quant à mes ennemis, je m'en charge,"—was said in a wise, though bitter spirit. Yet there are no doubt some few susceptible of this fine sentiment in all its purity; indeed I know there are. But the word friendship is too often profaned by its application to vague, unsettled, or entirely worldly feeling; and the sentiment itself is not, I believe, often found in its strength, out of the close domestic circle, where all good feelings take root and flourish, where it is bound up with all the virtues and all the weaknesses of our natures, with love, tenderness, pride, and even with our selfishness and vanity.

As we quitted Sion, I saw the girls still standing in a corner, *their eyes growing into each other's*,* and their hands joined, as if they defied the powers of envy, jealousy, or distrust, to "rend their ancient love asunder." A cradle friendship probably. Ah! faith is given to the young, and doubt is inflicted on those who advance in life. But I talk of friendship only in the general acceptance of the word; of the closer and dearer ties of intimate kindred, the fire-side ties, who can speak from a more felicitous experience than myself? No one on earth, I believe; I say it in deep thankfulness of spirit, and with the devout and earnest hope of its faithful and long endurance.

[We must have one more batch of extracts, next week, from these interesting volumes.]

* How well said is this! Our charming authoress deserves all the faith and felicity which at the end of this extract, she still describes as belonging to her, notwithstanding her polite life experience, in which friends ridicule one another at all lengths behind their backs, and finish by calling their victims "excellent creatures, after all." *God keep me from my friends!*—I can take care of my enemies myself!—is indeed a wise saying for the friends of such friends; but the whole perplexity, as our authoress intimates, arises from an abuse of words. *Any body can be convinced that there are real friends in the world by being one himself; and not behaving in the manner above mentioned, even if he has not had the luck (as we have had) of realizing friendship in its noblest form on the part of others.*—Ed.

LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP HERING

(THEN BISHOP OF BANGOR)

TO A FRIEND, RESPECTING A SCENE IN WALES.

Kenington, September 11, 1730.

DEAR SIR,—I met your letter here on my return from Wales. I bless God for it, I am come home quite well, after a very romantic, and, upon looking back, I think it a most perilous journey. It was the year of my primary visitation, and I determined to see every part of my diocese, to which purpose I mounted my horse, and rode intrepidly, but slowly, through North Wales to Shrewsbury. I am a little afraid, if I should be particular in my description, you would think I am playing the traveller upon you; but indeed I will stick religiously to truth; and because a little journal of my expedition may be some minutes' amusement, I will take the liberty to give it you. I remember, on my last year's picture of North Wales, you complimented me with somewhat of a poetical fancy; that, I am confident, you will not now; for a man may as well expect poetical fire at Copenhagen, as amidst the dreary rocks of Merionethshire.* You find by this intimation that my landscapes are likely to be something different from what they were before, for I talk somewhat in the style of Othello—

"— of antres vast, and deserts wide,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven."

* To this (says Dr Knox, very truly) his lordship's letter is one exception; and Ambrose Phillips's poem "from Copenhagen," published in the "*Tatler*," is another. Mr Haulitt refers somewhere to the letter before us, as an excellent one of the descriptive order.

I set upon this adventurous journey on a Monday morning, accompanied (as bishops usually are) by my chancellor, my chaplain, secretary, two or three friends, and our servants. The first part of our road lay across the foot of a long ridge of rocks, and was over a dreary morass with here and there a small dark cottage, a few sheep, and more goats, in view, but not a bird to be seen, save, now and then, a solitary heron watching for frogs. At the end of three miles we got to a small village, where the view of things mended a little, and the road and the time were beguiled by travelling for three miles along the side of a fine lake full of fish, and transparent as glass. That pleasure over, our work became very arduous, for we were to mount a rock, and in many places of the road, over natural stairs of stone. I submitted to this, which they told me was but a taste of the country, and to prepare me for worse things to come. However, worse things did not come that morning, for we dined soon after out of our own wallet, and though our inn stood in a place of most frightful solitude, and the best formed for the habitation of monks (who once possessed it) in the world, yet we made a cheerful meal. The novelty of the thing gave me spirits, and the air gave me appetite much keener than the knife I ate with. We had our music too, for there came in a harper, who soon drew about us a group of figures that Hogarth would give any price for. The harper was in his true place and attitude; a man and a woman stood before him, singing to his instrument wildly, but not disagreeably; a little dirty child was playing with the bottom of the harp; a woman in a sick night-cap hanging over the stairs; a boy with crutches fixed in a staring attention; and a girl carding wool in the chimney, and rocking a cradle with her naked feet, interrupted in her business by the charms of the music; all ragged and dirty, and all silently attentive. These figures gave us a most entertaining picture, and would please you or any man of observation; and one reflection gave me particular comfort, that the assembly before us demonstrated, that even here, the influential sun warmed poor mortals and inspired them with the love of music. When we had despatched our meals, and had taken a view of an old church, very large for that country, we remounted, and my guide pointed to a narrow pass between two rocks, through which, he said, our road lay. It did so; and in a little time we came at it. The inhabitants call it in their language, "the road of kindness." It was made by the Romans for their passage to Carnarvon. It is just broad enough for a horse, paved with large flat stones, and is not level, but rises and falls with the rock at whose feet it lies. It is half a mile long. On the right hand, a vast rock hangs almost over you; on the left, close to the path, is a precipice, at the bottom of which rolls an impetuous torrent, bounded, on the other side, not by a shore, but by a rock, as bare, not so smooth, as a whetstone, which rises half a mile in perpendicular height. Here we all dismounted, not only from reasons to just fear, but that I might be in leisure to contemplate in pleasure, mixed with horror, this stupendous mark of the Creator's power. Having passed over a noble bridge of stone, we found ourselves upon a fine sand, then left by the sea, which here indents upon the country, and arrived in the evening, passing over more rough country, at our destined inn. The accommodations there were better than we expected, for we had good beds and a friendly hostess, and I slept well, though by the number of beds in the room, I could have fancied myself in an hospital. The next morning I confirmed at the church, and after dinner set out for the metropolis of the country, called Dolgelle. There I staid, and did business the next day, and the scene was much mended. The country I had hitherto passed through was like one not made by the Father of the Creation, but in the wrath of power; but here were inhabitants, a town and church, a river, and fine meadows. However, on the Thursday, I had one more iron mountain of two miles to pass, and then was entertained with the green hills of Montgomeryshire, high indeed, but turfed up to the top, and productive of the finest sheep; and from this time the country and the prospects gradually mended, and indeed the whole economy of nature, as we approached the sun; and you cannot conceive what an air of cheerfulness it gave us, to compare the desolations of North Wales with the fine valleys and hills of Montgomeryshire, and the fruitful green fields of fair Warwickshire. For I made myself amends in the following part of my journey, directing my course through Shrewsbury, Woolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford, some of the finest towns and counties in the island. But I must stop, and not use you so unmercifully.—I am, dear sir, your obliged and affectionate humble servant,

THOMAS BANGOR.

The Golden Rule of Love.—I am of opinion that in matter of sentiment there is but one rule, that of rendering the object of our affections happy: all others are invented by vanity.—*De Stael.*

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

ADDISON.

His Dream of a Besieged Town.

THE reason of our choosing this specimen for the present number, will be seen in "The Romance of Real Life." It furnishes one of the most amusing evidences of that fanciful wit, for which, as well as for the purer essence of it, or the amalgamation of remote ideas, Addison is remarkable; and we may observe in it that instinctive spleen, and wish to find fault, which is perhaps no less to be found in him, though veiled in all sorts of delicate zeal for the welfare of his polite readers. He had here got a real story, altogether creditable to the fair sex, and yet he could not help turning it into a satire. Conscious of this mischief himself, he has admirably passed off the joke as a letter from Will Honeycomb, and taxed his imaginary friend with it at the close. The world is too much indebted to Addison to quarrel with him for his wit, however exercised, especially considering the natural temptations to which the faculty is subject; but if Steele had got hold of this story, it would have charmed him into other stories equally true, and equally creditable to his fair friends.

My friend Will Honeycomb has told me, for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

"Dear Spec,—I was about two nights ago in company with very agreeable people of both sexes, where, talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell the story of a famous Siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary, after the following manner:—When the Emperor Conrad the Third had besieged Guelfus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart from it with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor, knowing that they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight that he burst into tears, and, after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives and received the duke into his favour.

"The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking us in our consciences whether we believed that the men in any town of Great Britain would, upon the same offer, and upon the same conjuncture, have loaded themselves with their wives; or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my good friend Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they would not do the same good office for the women, considering that their strength would be greater and their burdens lighter. As we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature, in order to pass away the evening, we fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of questions and commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the company ingenuously, in case they had been in the siege above mentioned, and had the same offer made them as the good women of that place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving. There were several merry answers made to my question, which entertained us till bedtime. This filled my mind with such a bundle of ideas, that upon going to sleep, I fell into the following dream.

"I saw a town of this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants so straitened, as to cry for quarter. The general refused any other terms than those granted to the town of Hensberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city gates flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female carriers, being very desirous to look into their several loadings. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders which she set down with great care. Upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with china-ware.

The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her back. I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great surprise, I found she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse. I heard her call him dear Pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her; and the fifth, a Bolonia lap-dog; for her husband, it seems, being a very burly man, she thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, laden with a bag of gold; she told us that her spouse was very old, and by the course of nature could not expect to live long; and that to shew her tender regards for him she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth. It would be endless to mention the several persons with their several loads, that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribbands, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm; but finding herself so overlaid that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobbler, that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

"I cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec, without telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I saw, methought, a dozen women employed in bringing off one man; I could not guess who it should be, till, upon his nearer approach, I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it was for the sake of thy works, and not thy person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service from,

"Dear Spec, thine, sleeping and waking,

"WILL HONEYCOMB."

The ladies will see by this letter what I have often told them, that Will is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shews his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot, however, dismiss his letter without observing that the true story on which it is built does honour to the sex, and that, in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST HARD VILLAGE WAYS.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

"Solitude," says Lord Bacon, "is fitted only for a wild beast or a god." It is then quite plain that is unfit for man, or woman. There are few who can appreciate the grandeur of that solitude of which the philosopher speaks, it being too far removed from the scale of humanity. The solitude of those who live on the confines of an anti-social village, may be more readily comprehended. In such village it is the hap of the writer to live. Let it not be imagined, that the village is remote from the means and appliances of civilization. On the counter of the principal stationer, is to be seen *The London Journal*, with the lesser satellites, all good in their spheres. Thither all the flower of the village repair, some to deposit treasures too precious to consign to vulgar messengers, (this being also the Post-office,) others in quest of mottoes and valentines; and all, let us hope, finally, to learn urbanity, from the perusal of those worthies. No village can be more famous for forming "Resolutions." But the deposing a superannuated officer in blue, with gold lace, and the election of a successor, duly announced with other magisterial matters, are after all insufficient to excite a perpetual interest. There is one resolution wherein they are not unanimous, and which it is suspected, is the cause of its being in appearance a deserted village. The foot-paths are compounded of the sharpest flints, and

the hugest gravel-stones. They present more angles than ever geometry dreamed of, none of them right angles. It can never be right to place stumbling-blocks in the way of those, who, but for such impediments, might perchance have been social. Were the danger of corns coming in contact with harder excrecences removed, visits might be made and returned in more due season, and thus some of the *fardels* of solitude be mitigated.

Poets may say what they please, but there is a monotony in a country life, which induces a torpor in the mind long used to its influence. Now, dear Editor, you "to the muses have been bound this many a year, by strong indenture," and if you were upon honour, you could not affirm, that the country is omnipotent in the construction of poetry, or in the relish for its beauties. Poetry is "all made out of the (poet's) brain," and is independent of situation. You know from whence Milton, Thomson, Goldsmith, *cum multis aliis*, drew off their inspirations. How many courts and alleys dark have been illuminated by the rays of their genius. Had Mr Tibbs (beau Tibbs) been poetical, he might, in the altitude of his *Prospect*, of which he was so chary, have invoked his muse as successfully, as in any of those domains, whose owners were among his familiars. Lady M. W. Montagu, (who is not cited as a poetical authority,) says of the country, "People mistake much in placing peace in woods and shades, for I believe solitude puts people out of humour, and makes them disposed to quarrel," &c. You may say, how can those quarrel who have none to quarrel with! Remember, dear Mentor, that the solitude of our village is not quite so savage. We make up a small family party ourselves, where dissensions might be held in perpetuity, if that were our taste; but being all remarkable for good temper and forbearance, we desire to assemble around us the anti-social, that they may witness the pleasure arising from such happy temperaments. In this laudable pursuit, we crave the benefit of your co-operation, being all, and severally, your constant readers and admirers from "auld lang syne."

G—A PAULINE; 'THE GENERAL;' &c. &c.

August 11th, 1834.

We grant to our fair correspondent that the "country is not omnipotent," &c. and that "poetry is made out of the poet's brain;" but then the country helps to put it there. The poet, "in the lake of the heart," (as Dante calls it) reflects every thing; but assuredly the trees and mountains are among the things which he reflects most willingly. We sympathize heartily with our fair friends (and brown) in their wish to see people's "ways" mended, with regard to the facilities of companionship; but might not shoes a little stouter be ventured in, by the stout hearts that so often reside in fair bodies? As to the General, we presume his movements wait upon those of his friends; otherwise he, of course, is not a man to be daunted by these obstacles to his foot. The great secret of enjoyment is to pass half one's time in occupation (not merely the name of it), and so build the pleasure of the other half upon that basis. But ladies and gentlemen (as the world goes) are apt to begin their day a little too comfortably, and to enjoy too much of each other's society at once; the consequence of which is, that they get tired of it before it is over. Now, a beautiful day, one would think, might be built up of solitary study or other occupation for half the time,—and books, music, laughing, chatting, &c. the rest, not omitting walks, of course, nor a reasonable number of visits; for the latter would be hardly wanted in any great proportion. If happiness be not thus realized by amiable people, such as our "constant readers," it is for want of something in the ordinances of society at large, and not merely in that of their neighbourhood.

Conveyance of Reproof.—Avoid accompanying your censure with any expression of scorn, with any phraseology which shall convey a wish of your's to degrade or lower the object of your reproof in the social scale.—*Bentham.*

TO GATHERED ROSES.

(IN IMITATION OF HERRICK.)

Sweete floweres! ye were too fair:
With drooping lids
Among your heavie morning teares
I found ye.
Faire buds! I left ye there:
For sorrow bids
Briefe greeting to gay youthe; it feares
To wounde ye.

But, deare roses,—in your noone
That graceful merrie prime,—
I stole away the lovelie boone:
And was it not a crime
To rob the wooing aire of your sweete breath?
Ah! daintie floweres,
The wanton houres
Of mid-day's golden shine,
Will see ye pine
To-morrow,—and so fade away to death!

I've marr'd your blisses,
Those sweete kisses,
That the young breeze so loved yesterdays!
I've seen ye sighing,
Now ye're dying;—
How could I take your prettie lives away?

Sweete floweres, ye were too faire:
Your beautie was youre bane
(To whom is it a gane?)
I would I had not founde ye!—
Faire buds! Dying,—ye are
So verie sweete
That of Death's paine ye do him cheate;—
Ah! I could die with ye arounde me.

ISABELLA JANE TOWERS.

Pinkney's Green.

'YOUR ADDRESS.'

(For the London Journal.)

[The following lively and various article has been sent us by some civic observer, who furnishes estimable evidence of the advance of knowledge and reflection among the middle classes, both in his own person and in those of his friends.]

"Give me your address!" is a very common expression amongst all people moving in what may be called respectable society; but as we descend a little lower in the scale, we then hear asked, what just answers the same purpose, "Where do you live?" Now, although the one equally answers to the other in the end, there is yet a very marked and great distinction betwixt the two. In the former, the person applied to gives his address merely as where he can be heard of or spoken to, perhaps accompanied by a parenthesis, "from 12 to 4 o'clock." The latter, again, is in general given as the bona fide residence, name of the street and number, verbatim. I lately mused on this subject in going to make a call on a person living in rather an intricate part of this great metropolis, and having passed street after street, and square after square, in which I thought it just as likely he might live as anywhere else, after many turnings and windings, I found him correctly enough at the place and number given. It was like the solution of a problem in Euclid, or a question in Dillworth—equals to equals—side to side—second to the right, first to the left (for so I was told by a baker), on the right 37 will be found, which accordingly was the point I required. On going along, I could not help revolving in my mind this daily and familiar expression which I think is seldom sufficiently noticed; for, although it is not the "silver link and silken tie" of the poet, I consider it as the mighty chain that links the great mass of society, and that binds us all, as it were, in one body.

Now as I merely purpose giving a few ideas which keep floating in my mind on this subject, I shall not enter into the various definitions of the word itself, which might be used with propriety in a thousand different ways. For instance, we say "He addressed us in so rude a manner we were obliged to leave;" "The King read the address from the throne in a firm and audible voice—My Lords and Gentlemen, &c.;" "He spoke the address on the stage beautifully;" "He is really good looking and handsome, but he has a very awkward address." Again we hear it said "She is not considered pretty, but what a pleasing and elegant

address!" and if there is any thing that the ladies—dear creatures—do not possess, in communion with us, it is that we have the privilege of paying our address, but to their credit be it spoken, it may oftentimes be ranked amongst the rejected.

But confining myself to the original idea with which I began, that of residence, I shall in the first place notice when a person first comes to London. He proceeds to find out a good lodging in some respectable street, in order that he may give "a good address," which really must be considered as a very proper feeling. Others bearing the idea of Johnson in mind (to get the greatest saving) live in a garret, and give their address at a coffee-house hard by. Following this idea a little further, the various club-houses, in Waterloo-place and St James's street, may be considered respectable cards of address, and the subscribers to them merely go there to lounge, read the papers, and dine, at the same time domiciling in some respectable tradesman's first or second floor, according to their circumstances. Surgeons, lawyers, and other professional men, are fond of a good address. I have known persons of this class, who would rather sacrifice their comfort than forego the proud distinction of having a good address, such as Harley street, Wimpole street, or Portland place, although incidentally you may find washerwomen living at the west-end, and mechanics in May Fair.

In the second place there is scarcely anything we should exercise our discretion in more strictly than in giving our address. This I would strongly impress on all, from "buxom youth to mellow age." It has sometimes good results—it very often has evil. I have known a conceived insult at the theatre, which would have been resented on the spot, and might have led to shame and confusion of face, very quietly settled by "Your address, sir."—"My card, sir." The parties went home with it in their pockets, slept, and never saw, heard, or thought of each other again; thus most courteously preventing a duel in Chalk Farm or Battersea Fields. I once had an address card put into my hand in some spree of this kind, when, on looking on the card afterwards, I found it to be that of a gentleman belonging to the Treasury, and a friend of my own, which had been given either by mistake or design. Had I perceived so on the instant, who can tell what might have been the consequence? Perhaps it was picked up at some house where he had occasion to call, as I lately could have filled both pockets at a dress-maker's in Albemarle street, who had with great seeming industry stuck about a thousand all round a glass, as if to make one believe she was visited by "all the world and his wife." Very often, however, the effects of giving an address are evil. At a trial at Westminster, within these six months, in which I was personally interested—the case was this:—Two gentlemen coming from Richmond were jostled by three fellows; one, a journeyman watchmaker, living in the purlieus of Clerkenwell, and who then and there demanded their address, which was immediately given without any consideration. When it was found to be respectable, they trumped up a story about losing watches, and, after a trial of three hours, were scouted out of court, but left the gentlemen most vexatiously to pay their own costs. This, as was justly remarked by one of the counsel, was all occasioned by giving an address to parties of their stamp and character.

Losing an address and having none, are other great evils. I have known many beautiful effusions of the heart lost to the world from this very cause; and I now have a letter before me written in the most affectionate and explanatory terms, to a young lady by a gentleman, who, doubtless, in the ardour of his love had not sufficiently attended to the address, which consequently fell into my hands, and was therefore lost to her, purely through a wrong address. It may be the parties are now wide as the poles asunder; and how often does it happen when we walk forth in the populous streets of this city, or when we are perhaps quietly seated inside a stage-coach, going along like the "Jolly young waterman," thinking of nothing at all, we are agreeably joined by blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes, the owner of which, as if by enchantment, almost makes one's heart her own. We feel this—we would instantly declare this—if prudence did not whisper in a tone of doubt—"You do not know her address." I should be inclined to suggest the propriety of each person, male as well as female, carrying "their address" in some way or other where it might be seen and read; it might save a great deal of unnecessary disappointment, and a great deal of unnecessary importunity and imprudence, which the fair sex, I dare say, often endure. I lately had the curiosity to inquire the object of an old woman, whom I observed wandering as Adagio, and, grave as Jomelli's ghost, simply looking at every door and number in a street, in Westminster. She said she had come up from the country to see her son, but having lost his address would be forced to return again. It is curious to consider an address in this way. We hear perhaps of a friend or a lady being in town, and wonder much we do not see them, or have a call. We write to their friends—a thir-

teen-penny-halfpenny comes in return. We set out some fine morning after breakfast, when in good humour with oneself and all the world; and after bending one's steps to St John's Wood or Hackney, find the object almost without any trouble, enjoying all the luxuries and happiness of an English fireside. Thus an address is a complete leading-string to our object, for while we have the address of any of our friends we cannot say they are lost to us, although they may be far—far away. Again, I ever look with suspicion when I find that a person cannot readily give his address, and the inquiry sometimes acts as a kind of touchstone. The tongue falters; you no longer look on a countenance void of expression, a barber's block, or a graven image; but the face assumes a complexion of a kind which to the observant eye cannot be mistaken for the blush of innocence, or hue of health. No. 'Tis because its head reposes on some dirty pillow in the neighbourhood of Manila place, or the boundaries of the King's Bench. Though some there are who, lost to every sense of feeling in this respect, care not who knows their address, and who go on like the Caird in Burns's Jolly Beggars, saying,—

"Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose."

I was lately led into a curious speculation of certain classes of persons, who have no fixed residence or "address." Such as travellers, soldiers, and sailors; but first of all let me begin with myself. I often find myself in a humour to be alone, although I cannot imagine my own company half so delightful as Lord Ogilby's picture of himself, when alone, in the *Clandestine Marriage*. However, I sometimes steal away for a day or so, and place myself in the corner of some inn, in the suburbs, where I feel a peculiar satisfaction in being beyond the reach of anything like a twopenny-post man's knock, my address being for the time known to no single creature in the world, except myself; and there are people in this mighty Babylon, who "live and move and have their being" no person knows nor cares where (a hermit in London is proverbial); who live almost without the aid of the world, and who die (I may say) without an address. Again, a friend goes to visit the falls of Niagara and America. He may, meanwhile, be considered quite out of the world, in regard to us; suddenly we receive to our great joy, a ship letter containing his address. He thus immediately becomes again one of our kindred. A friend of mine lately related to me rather a curious incident of this kind. In the summer of last year, he left his house in Bond street, and after visiting various places in the north, during which time (about three weeks) he had not written home, nor heard from thence, he found himself curiously situated, and quite alone, on some stepping stones, which led a considerable way into a loch, somewhere betwixt Loch Lomond and Loch Tay. It all at once occurred to him, that he stood, as it were, alone in the midst of the world. On casting his eyes around, it so happened as if every moving and creeping thing on the face of the earth had hid itself. No lambskins sported near, nor shepherds piped on the lea. The descending sun was casting its long streaks of light and shade on the scene, shadowing the sides of the mighty hills, deep and motionless, into the waters of the lake, which all the "chalk and reel" of *Salvator Rosa* or *Claude* can give but a faint idea of. As he looked around on this calm and pleasing prospect, he was struck with the grandeur of the panorama. The mountains, near and at a distance, seemed by their profound stillness to be awaiting some awful event that was about to befall. Yet he thought of "home and beauty"—he thought of Bond street—he thought of scales, weights, and measures—of the many pounds of tea and coffee that had that morning been served out to the many unwashed housemaids from the streets adjacent to his establishment. As to his young men, they knew nothing save that his name stood as bright in the gold letters above his door as ever, and that the shop was kept as regularly open from morning till night, as before. He also imagined that as many carriages and people would be passing his windows, as when he himself stood at the door of his house. But now, where was he? On the bounds of eternity! "Awful thought!" said he to himself; "were I to jump a yard, or perhaps stir a foot, I might never again be heard of, my address being known only to myself; and having no relations, my goods and my chattels, what would become of them in all the world!"

Again, we may consider a correct address of the first importance in a commercial point of view. But for this, commerce, both by sea and land, would soon stand still. Look at this city, for instance, and at the recent returns of the Post Office, which show such a large sum coming yearly into the hands of Government, from being enveloped in an improper address; and at the West-end, morning visits, evening calls, *soirées*, and *conversations*, would be all at an end, but for this one thing. Changing our address is oftentimes attended with bad consequences, both to business and friends. An ac-

quaintance of mine, who had lived in Archangel, for some years, did not receive my last letter to him. When he came to London, he called on me as before. I was gone no one knew where; he gave up, as hopeless, the idea of finding me. But the very day before he sailed again for the White Sea, he met me near Hamlet's, the jeweller's, and accosted me thus; "My dear fellow, I am truly glad to see you, only think what an extraordinary thing my meeting you amongst one million and half of people without an address!" A wide address may be considered as a great object of ambition, and may serve, if duly considered in well-regulated minds, to stimulate the youth of the present day to more than ordinary exertion. This kind of address has been enjoyed by some of our most eminent men in commerce and literature; thus—Kirkman Finlay, Glasgow—Dr Brewster, Edinburgh—Henry Brougham, London—Benjamin Constant, Paris—Washington Irving, America—Dr Herschel, Europe.

To conclude this sketch. Sailors may be considered as having no address, they being so often, as it were, out of the pale of society. They may send to us—we cannot send to them. This circumstance no doubt must have grieved the heart of the gallant poet, *Dorset*, when he wrote that beautiful address "To all you Ladies now at Land," for no answer could come in return to men whose post was the tide, and whose address was the sea.

BONNET, THE NATURALIST, AND A VISITOR AT FAULT.

THIS is from the travels of Matthison, the German writer. We do not see the "inexpressible forbearance and benevolence" of Bonnet towards his visitor; though his conduct was truly polite and good natured, and worthy of a man of sense. Neither is the poor traveller despised: he at least meant well. But the scene is amusing.

Three days ago, I was at Geneva, and dined at a *table d'hôte*. A young Englishman sat by me, whom I soon recognised as one of the storks in Lessing's well-known fable, who, in their excursions, seldom concerned themselves with anything except to ascertain the topography of frog-ditches. He asked me where Bonnet lived; this introduced a conversation among us, which at length led to my inquiring if he had ever read any of Bonnet's works. "No; I know nothing at all about him, but he is here in my list;" and immediately taking out a pocket-book, he produced a paper, whence he read the following inventory of things worthy of observation in Geneva:—I. The Portico of St Peter's Church;—II. The Junction of the Arve with the Rhone;—III. Sausure's Cabinet of Natural Curiosities;—IV. Monsieur Bonnet;—V. Monsieur Bourrit. "As you have never read any of his works then," said I, "might it not be as well to go to the bookseller's and get him to shew you some: his *Contemplation de la Nature*, for instance,—read some chapters, and you would then not only be less embarrassed in case he should ask you whether you are at all acquainted with his writings, but you would, I am sure, have very great pleasure in the perusal."

He thanked me for my advice, which he said he would certainly follow, and then left me, after having carefully entered the name of Bonnet's place of abode in his pocket-book.

Yesterday, after dinner, as we were playing at chess, a foreigner was introduced, whom I immediately recollected to be the person I had seen before. Bonnet received him with that cordiality and conciliatory kindness with which you are so well acquainted, and begged him to sit down on the sofa. After the conversation had ran through the customary forms of "Whence come you?" and "Whither are you going?" &c. &c., Bonnet addressed him—

"You have probably occupied yourself, sir, with speculative philosophy?"

"No, not at all, but I saw all your works yesterday."

"Saw them!"—He stopped short, but supposing that the young man who spoke French very ill, had made use of some wrong expression, immediately proceeded:—"It would make me very happy if my writings afforded you any entertainment. Might anything in particular strike you?"

"Yes, yes, indeed, the *Glaciers* in particular, for they are all *excellens naturels*."—I gave you his own expressions.

There was no occasion for an *Oedipus* here to divine that, according to my advice, he had been to a bookseller's where, confusing Bonnet with Bourrit as they stood together on his list, he had inquired for the works of the latter, and had seen his travels in the Alps, the engravings in which had probably attracted his attention, and were the only part of which he had any idea. Bonnet immediately perceived his mistake, and it was really quite affecting to see how, instead of taking advantage of it and leading him on to stumble further and further, so as to produce a *piquant* scene, (as an hundred others would have done

in his place), he instantly with inexpressible forbearance and benevolence gave the conversation another turn, and asked him many questions about his own country, his family, and even about his horses and dogs.

Such traits as these, which at the first glance, may appear insignificant, are however those by means of which Plutarch, in his *Biography*, gives such impressive pictures, and which so completely delude the imagination, that Timoleon, Dion, and Philopomen do not appear as spirits called forth from the hoary ages of antiquity, but as intimate friends, with whom we have lived in social intercourse for many years, in the same town at least, if not under the same roof. And, after all, this kind of forbearance is one of the most amiable features in the human character, and perhaps one of the most difficult to practice.

THE RETURN.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
C. MÜCHLER.

Art thou the land with which my fancy teems,
Whose golden plains once brightly round me shone?
Which oft hath shed sweet magic o'er my dreams,
And cheer'd me on with hope when feeble grown?
Art thou the land? Art thou the land?
I greet thee, I greet thee, O my fatherland!

Art thou the town, beside the rippling stream,
Tow'rd which, in sadness, oft my eye I've cast?
Where life's unclouded spring did on me beam,
And the young hours in thrilling pleasure passed?
Art thou the town? Art thou the town?
To thee, to thee I come, O native town!

Art thou the home in which my cradle stood,
Where sorrow's bitter pang I never knew?
The future there appeared a glowing flood,
The world a path, where joys celestial grew.
Art thou the home? Art thou the home?
Receive me once again, paternal home!

Are ye the meads? Art thou the peaceful vale,
Which oft at silent eve, I've blithely crossed?
My spirit then would o'er your bound'ries steal,
Until each trace in fading blue was lost.
Are ye the meads? Are ye the meads?
Receive me once again, O native meads!

Could I here rest, and rural joys be mine,
The storm would cease—a brighter morning break;
My pilgrim-staff I'd to the brook consign,
And, borne by friendship, life's last journey take
To thee, O grave—To thee, O grave,
Where rest my fathers; gladly, then, O grave!

Art of being Obeyed.—The mandate which exacts obedience may lose the despotic character with which harshness would invest it, and become even pleasurable, if communicated in forms and terms of kindness. Men there are, whom to serve, is in itself pleasurable, from the consideration for the feelings of others which accompanies their demands for service.—*Bentham*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to the *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) and our cordial friend Mr D. who sent it us. Also to Mr L. who wrote to us on Windown, and sent us the magazines. And to the other Mr L. who forwarded the book on the Metropolis. The approbation of these gentlemen has highly gratified us.

The letter on "Swearing" in our next.

In reply to our Correspondent's answer, we asked the age of the writer on "Gallantry," because, if young, (as we find he is,) there is promise in his writing, though it is hardly yet ripe enough for publication. The same observation applies to our modest friend TESTATOR.

Mr Lewis is informed that the whole of Mr Shelley's poetical works are to be had (together with those of Coleridge and Keats) in one large volume, octavo, published in Paris by Galignani. We believe also that a London edition, in small volumes, has lately been completed.

The "Musings on a Stone" shall be carefully read, and the answer given next week.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1834.

No. 25.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A FLOWER FOR YOUR WINDOW.

NAMES OF FLOWERS. MYSTERY OF THEIR BEAUTY.

IN the window beside which we are writing this article, there is a geranium shining with its scarlet tops in the sun, the red of it being the more red for a back-ground of lime-trees, which are at the same time breathing and panting like airy plenitudes of joy, and developing their shifting depths of light and shade, of russet brown and sunny inward gold.

It seems to say "Paint me!" So here it is.

Every now and then some anxious fly comes near it:—we hear the sound of a bee, though we see none; and upon looking closer at the flowers, we observe that some of the petals are transparent with the light, while others are left in shade; the leaves are equally adorned after their opaquer fashion, with those effects of the sky, showing their dark-brown rims; and on one of them a red petal has fallen, where it lies on the brighter half of the shallow green cup, making its own red redder, and the green greener. We perceive, in imagination, the scent of those good-natured leaves, which allow you to carry off their perfume on your fingers: for good-natured they are, in that respect, above almost all plants, and fittest for the hospitalities of your rooms. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it, something analogous to clothing and comfort.

Why does not every body (who can afford it) have a geranium in his window, or some other flower? It is very cheap; its cheapness is next to nothing if you raise it from seed, or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. And if it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing, even for your neglecting it; for though it is all beauty, it has no vanity: and such being the case, and living as it does purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it?

But pray, if you chuse a geranium, or possess but a few of them, let us persuade you to chuse the scarlet kind, the "old original" geranium, and not a variety of it,—not one of the numerous diversities of red and white, blue and white, ivy-leaved, &c. Those are all beautiful, and very fit to vary a large collection; but to prefer them to the originals of the race, is to run the hazard of preferring the curious to the beautiful, and costliness to sound taste. It may be taken as a good general rule, that the most popular plants are the best; for otherwise they would not have become such. And what the painters call "pure colours," are preferable to mixed ones, for reasons which Nature herself has given when she painted the sky of one colour, and the fields of another, and divided the rainbow itself into a few distinct hues, and made the red rose the queen of flowers. Variations of flowers are like variations in music, often beautiful as such, but almost always inferior to the theme on which they are founded,—the original air. And the rule holds good in beds of flowers, if they be not very large, or in any other small assemblage of them. Nay, the largest bed will look well, if of one beautiful colour; while the most beautiful varieties may be inharmoniously mixed up. Contrast is a good thing, but we should first get a good sense of the thing to be contrasted, and we shall find this preferable to the contrast, if we are not rich enough to have both in

due measure. We do not, in general, love and honour any one single colour enough, and we are instinctively struck with a conviction to this effect, when we see it abundantly set forth. The other day we saw a little garden-wall completely covered with nasturtiums, and felt how much more beautiful it was than if any thing had been mixed with it. For the leaves, and the light and shade, offer variety enough. The rest is all richness and simplicity united,—which is the triumph of an intense perception. Embower a cottage thickly and completely with nothing but roses, and nobody would desire the interference of another plant.

Everything is handsome about the geranium, not excepting its name; which cannot be said of all flowers, though we get to love ugly words when associated with pleasing ideas. The word "geranium" is soft and elegant; the meaning is poor, for it comes from a Greek word signifying a crane, the fruit having a form resembling that of a crane's head or bill. Crane's-bill is the English name of Geranium; though the learned appellation has superseded the vernacular. But what a reason for naming the flower! as if the fruit were anything in comparison, or any one cared about it. Such distinctions, it is true, are useful to botanists; but as plenty of learned names are sure to be reserved for the free-masonry of the science, it would be better for the world at large to invent joyous and beautiful names for these images of joy and beauty. In some instances, we have them; such as heart's-ease, honey-suckle, marygold, mignonette ("little darling"), daisy (day's-eye), &c. And many flowers are so lovely, and have associated names otherwise unmeaning so pleasantly with one's memory, that no new ones would sound so well, or seem even to have such proper significations. In pronouncing the words, lilies, roses, pinks, tulips, jonquils, we see the things themselves, and seem to taste all their beauty and sweetness. "Pink" is a harsh, petty word in itself, and yet assuredly it does not seem so; for in the word we have the flower. It would be difficult to persuade ourselves that the word *rose* is not very beautiful. "Pea" is a poor, Chinese-like monosyllable; and "Briar" is rough and fierce, as it ought to be; but when we think of *Sweet-Pea* and *Sweet-Briar*, the words appear quite worthy of their epithets. The poor monosyllable becomes rich in sweetness and appropriation; the rough dissyllable also; and the sweeter for its contrast. But what can be said in behalf of liver-wort, blood-wort, dragon's head, devil's bit, and devil in a bush? There was a charming line in some verses in our last week's journal, written by a lady.

I've marr'd your blisses,
Those sweete kisses
That the young breeze so loved yesterdaye!
I've seen ye sighing,
Now ye're dying;—
How could I take your prettie lives away?

But you could not say this to dragon's head and devil's bit—

O dragon's head, devil's bit, blood-wort,—say,
How could I take your pretty lives away?

This would be like Dryden's version of the pig-squeaking in Chaucer—

Poor swine! as if their pretty hearts would break.
The names of flowers in general, among the polite,

are neither pretty in themselves, nor give us information. The country people are apt to do them more justice. Goldy-locks, ladies'-fingers, bright-eye, rose-a-rubie, shepherd's-clock, shepherd's-purse, saucy-alone, scarlet runners, sops-in-wine, sweet-william, &c. give us some ideas either useful or pleasant. But from the peasantry also come many uncongenial names, as bad as those of the botanists. Some of the latter are handsome as well as learned, have meanings easily found out by a little reading or scholarship, and are taking their place accordingly in popular nomenclatures: as amaranth, adonis, arbutus, asphodel, &c., but many others are as ugly as they are far-fetched, such as colchicum, tagetes, yucca, ixia, mēsembryanthemum; and as to the Adansonia, Browallia, Koempferia, John Tomkinsia, or whatever the personal names may be that are bestowed at the botanical font by their proud discoverers or god-fathers, we have a respect for botanists and their pursuits, and wish them all sorts of little immortalities except these: unless they could unite them with something illustrative of the flower as well as themselves. A few, certainly, we should not like to displace, Browallia for one, which was given to a Peruvian flower by Linnæus, in honour of a friend of his of the name of Browall; but the name should have included some idea of the thing named. The Browallia is remarkable for its brilliancy. "We cannot," says Mr Curtis, "do it justice by any colours we have." Now why not have called it Browall's Beauty? or Browall's Inimitable? The other day we were admiring an enormously beautiful apple, and were told it was called "Kirk's Admirable," after the gardener who raised it. We felt the propriety of this name directly. It was altogether to the purpose. There was use and beauty together,—the name of the raiser, and the excellence of the fruit raised. It is a pity that all fruits and flowers, and animals too, except those with good names, could not be passed in review before somebody with a genius for christening, as the creatures did before Adam in Paradise, and so have new names given them, worthy of their creation.

Suppose flowers themselves were new! Suppose they had just come into the world, a sweet reward for some new goodness: and that we had not yet seen them quite developed; that they were in the act of growing; had just issued with their green stalks out of the ground, and engaged the attention of the curious. Imagine what we should feel when we saw the first lateral stem bearing off from the main one, or putting forth a leaf. How we should watch the leaf gradually unfolding its little graceful hand; then another, then another; then the main stalk rising and producing more; then one of them giving indications of an astonishing novelty, a bud! then this mysterious, lovely bud gradually unfolding like the leaf, amazing us, enchanting us, almost alarming us with delight, as if we knew not what enchantment were to ensue: till at length, in all its fairy beauty, and odorous voluptuousness, and mysterious elaboration of tender and living sculpture, shone forth

— "the bright consummate flower!"

Yet this phenomenon, to a mind of any thought and lovingness, is what may be said to take place every day; for the commonest objects are only won-

* We learn this from the *Flora Domestica*, an elegant and poetry-loving book, specially intended for cultivators of flowers at home.

ders at which habit has made us cease to wonder, and the marvellousness of which we may know at pleasure by taking thought. Last spring, walking near some cultivated grounds, and seeing a multitude of green stalks peeping forth, we amused ourselves with likening them to thaplumes or other head-gear of fairies, and wondering what faces might ensue; and from this exercise of the fancy, we fell to considering how true, and not merely fanciful, those speculations were; what a perpetual reproduction of the marvellous was carried on by Nature; how utterly ignorant we were of the causes of the least and most disesteemed of the commonest vegetables; and what a quantity of life, and beauty, and mystery, and use, and enjoyment, was to be found in them, composed out of all sorts of elements, and shaped as if by the hands of fairies. What workmanship, with no apparent workman! What consummate elegance, though the result was to be nothing (as we call it) but a radish or an onion, and these were to be consumed or thrown away by millions! A rough tree grows up, and at the tips of his rugged and dark fingers he puts forth,—round, smooth, shining, and hanging delicately,—the golden apple, or the cheek-like beauty of the peach. The other day we were in a garden, where Indian corn was growing, and some of the cobs were plucked to show us. First one leaf or sheath was picked off, then another, then another, then a fourth, and so on, as if a fruit-seller was unpacking fruit out of papers; and at last we came, inside, to the grains of the corn, packed up into cucumber-shapes of pale gold, and each of them pressed and flattened against each other, as if some human hand had been doing it in the caverns of the earth. BUT WHAT HAND!

The same that made the poor yet rich hand (for is it not his workmanship also?) that is tracing these marvellous lines, and which if it does not tremble to say so, it is because Love sustains, and because the heart also is a flower which has a right to be tranquil in the garden of the All-Wise.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 17th, to Tuesday the 23rd
September.

A GARDEN-ELYSIUM.

We have been looking through Rousseau's *Eloisa* again, (for we never could thoroughly read it), and have unfortunately had the impression confirmed, that was made upon us in our youth. We say "unfortunately," in a socio-literary sense, (and in that only, for in any other sense, social or otherwise, we are not aware of having reason to regret it); but it seems a misfortune to be unable to like a celebrated book,—one that is approved by so many people; and we cannot but think the work a marvellous failure in its greatest pretension,—the love. Some love there certainly is, and eloquently it is set forth; but there appears to us to be a great deal more will, and outcry, and pedantry,—even making allowance for French gesticulation. St Preux is by far the more genuine lover of the two, and he is of a scene-making temper. As to Julia, the "new Heloise," we cannot help thinking her quite unworthy of her namesake. There is quite as much lecturing as loving in her correspondence, and the two things are incompatible. She absolutely "huffs" the poor man at every turn in his behaviour, or way of thinking, that does not quite satisfy her. To be sure this "huffing" is Rousseau's; he puts it in her mouth; and to him also is attributable the temper and suspiciousness of St Preux; but this only shews how unfit he was to write a love-story. In short, this book, and a reperusal of two volumes of the *Confessions*, have convinced us that Rousseau, admirable writer as he was, and of the greatest service to the world (in shaking up their thoughts for them, and inciting them to recur to first principles) was all his life a victim to bad temper, and made others victims with him. This, we have no doubt, was the secret of much which he has left unexplained, and the real reason of his estrangements with lovers and friends, from first to last. Latterly indeed he confesses it; and his friends became too well aware of the extravagances to which his morbid

self-seeking drove him. Never however is it to be forgotten, that although he could not make love as well as he fancied, he struck notes of other truths and universalities into the hearts of mankind never to be forgotten, and that the misgiving egotist, who justified the alienation of those that loved him by condemning himself before-hand in his own complaints and exactions, was also the bold philosopher who interrogated half the existing opinions of mankind, and found them tremble before him.

We select from a translation of the "*New Eloisa*" a passage, worth the attention of the lovers of gardening, and such as will afford our readers another snug scene of sylvan enjoyment, fit for the month, and exhibiting the charming combination of the two ideas of home and remoteness. Rousseau is truly at home here,—with Nature, to whom he was nothing, and therefore whom he could not plague or be plagued by. If the trees could have spoken to him, he would have quarrelled with them. Something which they said, or did not say, would have been found unsatisfactory. Why did he not discover that there are hearts which could have been equally tranquil with him, if he could have been content to think of their kindness, instead of his own misgivings?

After having admired the good consequences attending the vigilance and attention of the prudent *Eloisa* in the conduct of her family, I was witness of the good effects of the recreation she uses in a retired place, where she takes her favourite walk, and which she calls her Elysium.

I had often heard them talk of this Elysium of which they made a mystery before me. Yesterday, however, the excessive heat being almost equally intolerable both within doors and without, M. Wolmar proposed to his wife to make holiday that afternoon, and instead of going into the nursery towards evening, as usual, to come and breathe the fresh air with us in the orchard: she consented, and thither we went.

—This place, though just close to the house, is hidden in such a manner by a shady walk, that it is not visible from any point. The thick foliage with which it is environed renders it impervious to the eye, and it is always carefully looked up. I was scarce got within side, but the door, being covered with alder and hazel-trees, I could not find out which way I came in, when I turned back, and seeing no door, it seemed as if I had dropped from the clouds.

On my entrance into this disguised orchard, I was seized with an agreeable sensation; the freshness of the thick foliage, the beautiful and lovely verdure, the flowers scattered on each side, the murmuring of the purling stream, and the warbling of a thousand birds, struck my imagination as powerfully as my senses; but at the same time I thought myself in the most wild and solitary place in nature, and I appeared as if I had been the first person who had ever penetrated into this wild and desert spot. Being seized with astonishment and transported at so unexpected a sight, I remained motionless for some time, and cried out, in an involuntary fit of enthusiasm, "O Tinian! O Juan Fernandez! *Eloisa*, the world's end is at your threshold!"—"Many people (said she, with a smile,) think in the same manner; but twenty paces at most presently bring them back to Clarendon; let us see whether the charm will work longer with you. This is the same orchard where you have walked formerly, and where you have played at romps with my cousin. You may remember that the grass was almost burned up, the trees very thinly planted, affording very little shade, and that there was no water. You find that it is now fresh, verdant, cultivated, embellished with flowers, and well watered; what do you imagine it may have cost me to put it into the condition you see? For you must know that I am the superintendent, and that my husband leaves the intire management of it to me."—"In truth (said I), it has cost you nothing but inattention. It is indeed a delightful spot; but wild and rustic, and I can discover no marks of human industry. You have concealed the door; the water springs I know not whence; nature alone has done all the rest, and even you could not have mended her work."—"It is true (said she) that nature has done everything; but under my direction, and you see nothing but what has been done under my orders. Guess once more."—"First (I replied) I cannot conceive how labour and expense can be made to supply the effects of time. The trees —" "As to them, (said M. Wolmar,) you may observe that there are none very large, and they were here before. Besides, *Eloisa* began this work a long while before her marriage, and presently after her mother's death, when she used to come here with her father in quest of solitude."—"Well (said I), since you will have these large and massy bowers, these sloping tufts, these umbrageous thickets to be the growth of seven or eight years, and to be partly the work of art, I think you have been a good economist, if you have done all within this vast circumfer-

ence for two thousand crowns."—"You have only guessed two thousand crowns too much (says she), for it cost me nothing."—"How! nothing!"—"No, nothing; unless you place a dozen days work in the year to my gardener's account, as many to two or three of my people, and some to M. Wolmar, who has sometimes condescended to officiate in my service as a gardener." I could not comprehend this riddle; but *Eloisa*, who had hitherto held me, laid to me (letting me loose) "Go and you will understand it. Farewell Tinian! Farewell Juan Fernandez! Farewell all enchantment! In a few minutes you will find your way back from the end of the world."

I began to wander over the orchard thus metamorphosed with a kind of ecstasy; and if I found no exotic plants nor any of the produce of the Indies, I found all those which were natural to the soil disposed and blended in such a manner as to produce the most cheerful and lovely effects. The verdant turf, thick, but short and close, was intermixed with wild thyme, balm, sweet marjoram, and other fragrant herbs. You might perceive a thousand wild flowers dazzle your eyes, among which you would be surprised to discover some garden flowers, which seemed to grow natural with the rest. I now and then met with shady tufts, as impervious to the rays of the sun, as if they had been in a thick forest. These tufts were composed of trees of a very flexible nature, the branches of which they bend till they hang on the ground and take root, as I have seen some trees naturally do in America. In the more open spots, I saw bushes of roses, raspberries, and gooseberries: little plantations of lilac, hazel-trees, alders, syringes, broom, and trefol, dispersed without any order or symmetry, and which embellished the ground, at the same time that it gave to it the appearance of being overgrown with weeds. I followed the track through irregular and serpentine walks, bordered by these flowery thickets, and covered with a thousand garlands composed of vines, hops, rose-weed, snake-weed, and other plants of that kind, with honeysuckles and jessamine, designed to intertwine. These garlands seemed as if they were carelessly scattered from one tree to another, and formed a kind of drapery over our heads which sheltered us from the sun; while under foot we had smooth, agreeable, and dry walking upon a fine moss, without sand, or grass, or any rugged shoots. Then it was I first discovered, not without astonishment, that this verdant and bushy umbrage, which had deceived me so much at a distance, was composed of these luxuriant and creeping plants, which running all along the trees, formed a thick foliage over head, and afforded shade and freshness under foot. I observed likewise, that by means of common industry, they made several of these plants take root in the trunks of the trees, so that they spread more being nearer the top. You will readily conceive that the fruit is not the better for these additions; but this is the only spot where they sacrificed the useful to the agreeable, and, in the rest of their grounds, they have taken such care of the trees, that, without the orchard, the return of fruit is greater than it was formerly. If you do but consider how delightful it is to meet with wild fruit in the midst of a wood, and to refresh one's-self with it, you will easily conceive what a pleasure it must be to meet with excellent and ripe fruit in this artificial desert, though it grows but here and there, and has not the best appearance; which gives one the pleasure of searching and selecting the best.

All these little walks were bordered and crossed by a clear and limpid rivulet, which one while wound through the grass and flowers in streams scarce perceptible; at another, rushed in more copious floods upon a clear and speckled gravel, which rendered the water more transparent. You might perceive the springs rise and bubble out of the earth, and sometimes you might observe deep canals, in which the calm and gentle fluid served as a mirror to reflect the objects around. "How! (said I to *Eloisa*) I comprehend all the rest, but these waters which I see on every side."—"They come from thence (she replied, pointing to that side where the terrace lies). It is the same stream, which, at a vast expense, supplies the fountain in the flower garden, for which nobody cares. M. Wolmar will not destroy it, out of respect to my father who had it made; but with what pleasure we come here every day to see the water run through the orchard, which we never looked at in the garden! The fountain plays for the entertainment of strangers; this little rivulet flows for our amusement. It is true, that I have likewise brought hither the water from the public fountain, which emptied itself into the lake, through the highway, to the detriment of passengers, besides its running to waste, without profit to any one. It formed an elbow at the foot of the orchard, between two rows of willows; I have taken them into my inclosure, and bring the same water hither through different channels."

I perceived then that all the contrivance consisted in managing these streams, so as to make them flow in meanders, by separating and uniting them at proper places, by making them run as little upon the slopes as possible, in order to lengthen their course, and make the most of a few little murmuring cascades. A layer of earth, covered with some gravel from the lake, and

strewn over with shells, forms a bed of these waters. The same streams, running at proper distances under some large tiles covered with earth and turf, on a level with the ground, form a kind of artificial spring, where they issue forth. Some small streams spout through pipes on some rugged places and bubble as they fall. The ground, thus refreshed and watered, continually yields fresh flowers, and keeps the grass always verdant and beautiful.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

One of the sources upon which we have drawn for our *Romance of Real Life*,—the "*Lounger's Common-Place Book*," begins to pump a little drily (though not in the instance before us); but we are much mistaken, if we have any reason to dread the failure of resources, intimated by a correspondent who writes in the present number. In fact, we look confidently not only to old stores of our own, but to new ones in all quarters, among which we shall be happy to reckon those which he is good enough to promise us.

XXXVI.—HISTORY OF ARNOLD DU TILB.

ARNOLD DU TILB, a native of Sagias, a village near the city of Rieux, in the Upper Languedoc, who, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was the object of a criminal prosecution, extraordinary in its nature, perplexing and difficult to decide.

At Artigues, a country hamlet, only a few miles from the place of Du Tilb's residence, lived a little farmer, whose name was Martin Guerre, married to a modest handsome young woman born in that neighbourhood, but himself of the Spanish province of Biscay; they had a son; and, for their situation in life, possessed tolerable property.

Ten years after their marriage, in consequence of a dispute with his father-in-law, Martin suddenly quitted his family, and, charmed with the licentious freedom of a roving life, or cooled in his affection towards his wife, although she had conducted herself with exemplary propriety, had not been seen or heard of for eight years.

It was during this long absence (to lovers as well as husbands a dangerous interval), it was at this time that Arnold du Tilb, the subject of our present article, who had formerly seen and admired the wife of Martin Guerre, meditated a most perfidious and cruel stratagem.

In age and appearance he greatly resembled the absent man; like him, too, Du Tilb having for many years quitted his country, was generally considered as dead; and having made himself acquainted with all the circumstances, connexions, and general habits of Guerre, as well by collateral inquiries, as by actual association with him during two campaigns as a private soldier, he boldly presented himself to the wife and family as her long lost husband.

The risk he incurred and the difficulties he encountered were considerable: a thousand little circumstances which it is easy to imagine, but unnecessary to describe, must daily and hourly have led him to the brink of destruction; indeed, it is not easy to conceive how he could succeed, unless the unhappy dupe of his delusion had been herself a promoter of the deceit, which does not appear to have been the case.

The stranger, at once, and without hesitation, was received with transports of joy by the wife and all the family, which at that time consisted of four of her husband's sisters and an uncle: one of them remarking that his clothes were somewhat out of repair, he replied, "yes," and in a careless and apparently unpremeditated way, desired that a pair of taffety breeches might be brought him. His wife, not immediately recollecting where she had put them, he added, "I am not surprised you have forgot, for I have not worn them since the christening of my son; they are in a draw at the bottom of the large chest in the next room; in this place they were found and immediately brought to him.

The supposed Martin's return was welcomed by the neighbours in the old French way with song and dance; and he enjoyed the privileges and pleasures, he shared the emoluments and cares of a husband, and a few days after his arrival, repaired to Rieux to transact some necessary law business, which had been deferred in consequence of his absence; the fond couple lived apparently happy for three years, in which time two children were added to their family.

But their tranquillity was gradually interrupted by the uncle, whose suspicions of imposture were first excited by a traveller passing through the village; this person hearing the name of Martin Guerre accidentally mentioned, declared, that eighteen months before he had seen and conversed with an invalid of that name in a distant province of France, who informed him that he had a wife and children in Languedoc, but that it was not his design to return during the life of his uncle.

The stranger being sent for, and privately questioned, repeated in a clear and consistent manner what he had before communicated, confirmed the apprehensions of the uncle that the real Martin Guerre was still absent, and added, that since quitting his wife, he had lost one of his legs in the battle of St Quintin.

The family, alarmed by this account, now saw, or thought they saw, many little circumstances, which had before escaped their notice, but all tending to prove that the man with whom Mrs Guerre cohabited, and by whom she had had two children, was not in fact her lawful husband.

But they found it extremely difficult to convince the deluded female of her mistake; and she loudly, and with tears insisted that her present domestic companion was her first love, her real and original husband; it was not till after several months that the unhappy woman was at length prevailed on to prosecute the impostor.

He was taken into custody and imprisoned by the order of the criminal judge of Rieux, and a time fixed for examining the evidence, and hearing what Du Tilb had to offer in his defence.

On the day appointed, the offender was brought into court, followed by a number of people whose curiosity was naturally excited; the deposition of the traveller, concerning the absent Martin Guerre, was first read; the uncle, the sisters, and many of the inhabitants of Sagias, were next closely questioned on their oath; some declared that the prisoner was not Martin Guerre, others as positively insisted that he was the identical person, corroborating their testimony by many collateral circumstances; but the greater number averred without scruple that the resemblance between the two, if two there were, was so great, that it was not in their power to distinguish; the weight of evidence was thought by many to preponderate in favour of the prisoner.

The judge demanding of him what he had to say in his defence, he answered, without embarrassment, that the whole was a conspiracy of the uncle and a certain part of the family, who, taking advantage of the easy temper and weak understanding of his wife, had contrived the story in order to be rid of him, and to get possession of his property, which he valued at eight thousand livres.

The uncle, he observed, had for some time taken a dislike to him, had frequently assaulted him, and in one instance would have killed him by the stroke of an iron bar on his head, had he not fortunately parried the blow.

The remark of the prisoner on the weakness of his wife's understanding, served to diminish the surprise of the court at her being so easily duped, nor indeed could they blame any relation for endeavouring, in any manner they were able, to expel the violator of the wife and property of their kinsman.

Du Tilb then proceeded to inform the court of the reasons which first induced him to quit his house and family; related minutely where, how, and with whom he had passed his time; that he had served in the French army seven years, and on his regiment being disbanded, had entered into the Spanish service, from which, being impatient to see his wife, and sorely repenting that he had ever quitted her, at a considerable expense he procured his discharge, and made the best of his way to Artigues. At this place, notwithstanding his long absence and the loss of his hair, he was directly and universally recognized by his old acquaintance, and received with transports of joy by his wife and sisters, particularly by his uncle; although that unnatural and cruel relation had now thought proper to stir up the present prosecution against him.

The prisoner, in consequence of certain leading questions from the judge, gave a minute description of the situation and peculiar circumstances of the place in Biscay, where he said he was born (still insisting that he was Martin Guerre) mentioning the names, ages, and occupations of the relations he had left there, the year, the day, and the month of his marriage, also the persons who were present at the ceremony, as well as those who dined with them; which, on referring to collateral evidence, were found to tally.

On the other hand, forty-five reputable and credible witnesses, who were well acquainted with Martin Guerre and Arnold du Tilb, swore that the prisoner was not and could not be Martin; one of these, Carbon Barreau, maternal uncle of Du Tilb, acknowledged his nephew with tears, and, observing that he was fettered like a malefactor, bitterly lamented the disgrace it would bring upon his family.

These persons also insisted that Martin Guerre was tall, of a slender make, and as persons of that form frequently are, awkward and sloping in his gait; that he had a remarkable way of protruding and hanging down his under lip; that his nose was flat and that several scars were to be seen on his left eyebrow, and other parts of his face.

On the contrary, they observed that Du Tilb was a middle-sized, well-set man, upright, with thick legs, a well-formed nose, and without anything remarkable about his mouth or lips; they agreed that his

countenance exhibited the same scars as that of Martin.

The shoemaker, who had for many years furnished Guerre with shoes, being called, deposed, that his foot reached the twelfth size, but that the prisoner's was rather short of the ninth; it further appeared that he formerly had, from his early youth, been dexterous at cudgeling and wrestling, of which the impostor was wholly ignorant.

As a strong circumstance against the person accused, it was added that his manner of speaking, and the sort of language he used, though at times artfully interlarded with patois and unintelligible gibberish, was very different from that which used to be spoken by the real Martin Guerre, who, being a Biscayan, spoke not wholly Spanish, wholly French, nor wholly Gascon, but a curious mixture of each; a sort of language called the Basque.

Lastly, and what seemed to make an impression on the court, the prosecutors referred to the internal evidences of the offender's character, which, they proved, had been from his childhood vicious and incorrigible in the extreme: they produced satisfactory proofs of his being hardened in all manner of wickedness and uncleanness; a common swearer and blasphemer, a notorious profligate, every way capable of the crime laid to his charge.

The accusation lay heavy upon the prisoner, a pause ensued for deliberation, and the court, fatigued by a long and patient examination of a host of witnesses, took refreshment; the town-house being still crowded by persons impatient to give their testimony in behalf of the prisoner, whom they considered and pitied as an injured man.

The first parties next examined astonished the judge and staggered the whole court. They were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, all reputed to be women of sound understanding, and of character unblemished; they positively swore that the man in custody was "their dear brother Martin." Two of their husbands, and thirty-five persons born or brought up in the neighbourhood corroborated their assertions; among others, Catherine Boere, who carried Martin and his wife the medianoch, or, as an Englishman would call it, the sack-posset, after they were put to bed on their wedding-night, declared, as she hoped for everlasting salvation, that the prisoner, and the man she saw in bed with the bride, were the same person.

The majority of these last witnesses also deposed, that Martin Guerre had two scars in his face, and that the nail of his forefinger, on the left hand, in consequence of a wound received in his childhood, grew across the top of his finger; that he had three warts on the back of his right hand towards the knuckles, and another on his little finger; the judge ordered the culprit to stretch forth both his hands, which were found to agree with this description.

It further appeared that, on his first arrival at Artigues, the prisoner addressed most of the inhabitants by name, and recalled to the memory of those who had forgotten him, several circumstances with respect to the village, on the subject of births, marriages, and deaths, which had happened ten, fifteen, and twenty years before; he also spoke to his wife (as he still insisted she was) of certain circumstances of a very peculiar nature.

He who could give an assumed character so strong a resemblance to reality, and so dextrously clothe falsehood in the robes of truth, was no common impostor; like other great villains, he must have been a man of abilities.

To add to the perplexities of this business, the wife being called, her pretended husband solemnly addressed and called on her, as she valued peace of mind here, and everlasting happiness hereafter, to speak truth without fear or affection, that he would submit to instant death without repining if she would swear that he was not her real husband; the woman replied that she would by no means take an oath on the occasion, at the same time, she would not give credit to anything he could say.

The evidence on both sides being closed, and the defence of the prisoner having been heard, the judge pronounced Arnold du Tilb guilty, and sentenced him to suffer death; but the culprit appealed to the parliament of Toulouse, who not long after ordered a copy of the proceedings, and the convict, to be forthwith transmitted to them.

The parliament, at that period a court of justice as well as registry of royal edicts, wisely determined to take no decisive step in the business till they had endeavoured to get sight of and secure the man with a wooden leg, as described by the traveller; the uncle strenuously insisting that he and no other was his long-lost nephew.

A commission was called to examine the papers and call for new evidence, if necessary; descriptions of the person and circumstances of Martin Guerre, the absent husband, were also circulated throughout the kingdom. At length, after several months had elapsed and considerable pains had been taken, the absentee was fortunately discovered in a distant province, conveyed to Toulouse, and ordered into close custody, with particular directions that he should have no intercourse with any person whatever, even

at his meals, but in the presence of one of the commissioners, who ordered an additional lock to the door of the room in which he was confined, and themselves kept the key.

A day was fixed for a solemn and final re-hearing, and a list of such witnesses as would be required to appear before the parliament, was in the meantime sent to Rieux for the purpose of preventing the trouble and expense of conveying to Toulouse, so large a number of persons who had crowded the court and streets of Rieux.

The parliament assembled at an early hour; the former proceedings were read; the prisoner still persisted in asserting his innocence, and complained of the hardship and injuries he had suffered.

The real Martin Guerre now walked into court on his wooden leg, and Du Tilb being asked if he knew him, undauntedly answered, "No." The injured husband reproaching the impostor for the perfidiousness of his conduct, in basely taking advantage of the frankness of an old companion, and depriving him of his wife and property, Du Tilb retorted the charge on his accuser.

The present was thought a curious instance of audacity contrasted with simplicity of heart and unassuming manner; an impudent and flagitious adventurer who had for several years enjoyed the wife and property of another, and, in the face of his country, endeavouring to persuade the injured man out of his name and personal identity: it was further observed that the gesture, deportment, air, and mode of speaking of the prisoner were cool, consistent, and steady; while those who appeared in the cause of truth were embarrassed, hesitating, confused, and on certain points contradictory in their evidence.

The wife, the four sisters, and the uncle had not yet seen the real Martin Guerre; they were now called in court; the first who entered was the eldest sister, who, the moment she caught sight of the man with a wooden leg, ran and embraced him, exclaiming with tears, "Oh, my dear brother, I now see and acknowledge the error and misfortune into which this abominable traitor hath betrayed us."

The rest of the family, as they approached, confessed in a similar way how much they had been deceived; and the long-lost Martin, mingling his tears with theirs, received their embraces, and heard their penitential apologies with every appearance of tenderness and affection.

But, towards his wife he deported himself very differently: she had not yet ventured to come near him, but stood at the entrance of the court trembling and dismayed; one of the sisters, taking her arm, conducted her to Martin, but he viewed her with sternness and aversion, and, in reply to the excuses and advances she made, and the intercession of his sisters in her behalf, "That she was herself innocent, but seduced by the arts of a villain," he observed, "Her tears and her sorrow are useless; I shall never love her again; it is in vain that you attempt to justify her, from the circumstance of so many others having been deceived,—a wife has always ways of knowing a husband unknown to all the world; in such a case as this, it is impossible that a woman can have been imposed on, if she had not entertained a secret wish to be unfaithful. I shall for ever regard her as the cause of all my misfortunes, and impute solely to her the whole of my wretchedness and disgrace."

The judge, reminding the angry husband that, if he had remained at home, nothing of what had happened could have ever taken place, recommended lenity and forgiveness.

Du Tilb was pronounced guilty of fraud, adultery, sacrilege, rape, and theft, and condemned to make the *amende honorable* in the market-place of Artigues, in his shirt, with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand; to demand pardon of God, the king, the nation, and the family whom he had so cruelly deceived; it was further ordered that he should be hanged before the dwelling-house of Martin Guerre, and that his body should be burned to ashes; his effects were adjudged to be the property of the children begotten by him on Martin's wife.

The criminal was taken back to Artigues, and as the day of execution approached, was observed to lose his firmness; after a long interview with the *turé*, he at last confessed his crime, acknowledging that he was first tempted to commit it by being frequently mistaken for and addressed by the name of Martin Guerre; he denied having made use of charms or of magic, as many suspected, very properly observing, that the same supernatural act which could enable him to carry on his deception, would also have put it in his power to escape punishment.

He was executed according to his sentence, first addressing a few words to Martin Guerre's wife, and died offering up prayers to the Almighty to pardon his sins, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

This singular narrative is authenticated by the respectable evidence of Gayot de Pitaval, and related in good Latin by the worthy De Thou.

ADMIRABLE REMARKS ON ADVICE-GIVING.

From Mr Bentham's "Deontology."

There is a class of people in the world, offensive intruders, forward hypocrites, and bold usurpers, who, under the mask of friendly advisers, are great creators of misery.

Not that, on every occasion, the counsels of the adviser, even though injudicious, can be taken as evidence of an unfriendly purpose. For foolish though it be, hastily concocted and inconsiderately communicated, it may have had its source in sympathy, and be really a mark of good will.

But such cases are exceptions. Selfishness untouched by sympathy is ordinarily the inspirer of the intrusive counsellor. Pure selfishness is abundantly sufficient for the production of the character. And without good grounds for believing that credit is to be given to benevolence, it may, with great probability, be presumed, that some quality, far removed from benevolence, gave birth to the intervention.

It is clearly then demanded by morality, that advice-giving, as a habit, should be abstained from; and if the demand for it be obvious and undoubted, if the case be clear and urgent—that it should be accompanied with such statements and reasons as will, in so far as may be, plead its excuse and justification to the person advised, and cause to him as little suffering as may be necessary to give the advice its intended effect. Without strong evidence both of the necessity for its application, and the probability of its success, virtue requires the suppression of the advice, and the abstention of the adviser.

Revenge itself sometimes takes the shape of advice-giving. For a gratification of ill-will a man censures another in the shape of counsel. He visits another with the burthen of evil, for obtaining a small pleasure in the infliction of that evil. In so far as the inflictor is concerned, no doubt the infliction of evil is good, for no action can have its source in any other motive. However enormous the evil may be, and however trifling the pleasure of inflicting it, still the pleasure is good, and must be taken into account. But the law of effective benevolence requires that the advice you give to a man, or the evil-speaking of him, necessary to do him good, should lead to no waste of evil. Only in the absolute necessity of drawing on him punishment from the popular source, or sanction, are you authorized to speak evil of him to others; and then be sure there is reason to believe that the awarded punishment will bring a result of good.

[The great secret perhaps of giving advice successfully, is to mix up with it something that implies a real consciousness of the adviser's own defects, and as much as possible of an acknowledgment of the other party's merits.—Ed.]

A NOBLE DREAM OF COOKERY.

SHewing HOW IRON ITSELF GROWS HOT, AND KITCHEN UTENSILS INDIGNANT, AT SEEING A WOMAN ILL-TREATED.

[The following whimsical *jeu d'esprit* is taken from a little German periodical, in prose and verse, and in a variety of languages, entitled *Chaos*, which was (or is) 'got up,' if we are not mistaken, under the superintendence of Goethe's daughter-in-law, and appears to receive any contributions, from respectable quarters, in a very indulgent spirit. We know not who the author is, perhaps some accomplished German who writes English, perhaps some English resident, unaccustomed to speak his own language exclusively; for there are marks of stiffness and obscurity in the versification, as well as a *no-rhyme* here and there. But it is very pleasant. We have been obliged to modify an adjuration which would have been a little too strong for the general ear in England.]

I read in Mrs Glass's page

The neatest way to roast a goose,
Basted with lard and stuffed with sage,
With apple sauce and lemon juice:

I slumbered; does it wondrous seem,
That as I snored, I had a dream?

I dreamt a form of heated air

Stood by a blazing sea coal fire,
His cheeks were red, his arms were bare,
And wofully he did perspire;
Beef on the spit was smoking hot,
And turtle soup was in the pot.

A red hot poker in his hand,

Looked like a warrior's blood-stained lance;
Around him, hung an iron band,
Of gridirons, pots and frying pans;
And by his watery bloodshot eye
I guessed a cook, and well guessed I.

Beside him, like in blazing face,
There stood another female ghost,
With stockings black, and russet dress,
She watched with anxious eye the roast;
The beef seemed her especial care,
She was fat and forty, but not fair.

A murmur then, confused and low,
From out the sable pot I heard,
The turtle soup did bubble slow,
And the green fat seemed oddly stirred;
The force meat rose and sunk again,
As whales play wanton in the main.

The fiery shadow calm surveyed
The bubbling of the precious soup,
He told his friend the kitchen-maid
To lift the pot, and take it up;
But the soup (which had some time boiled)
Now bubbled over, and was spoiled.

And then he spoke. "Now, fire and blood!
Could not you see the soup was done?"
The cook was in an angry mood,
And gave her a blow that knocked her down;
But little he suspected what
The consequence was of his being so hot.

A clang burst from the iron crowd,
Fiery the gridiron hissed, and red
With chivalrous indignation glowed,
And threw the shovel at his head;
Burning with rage, it asked to know,
How he could treat a woman so?

And suddenly, with might and main,
Fish, patties, beef, and fricandeaux,
Grew animate, and did hotly rain
A torrent of their boiling blows
Upon the cook's devoted head,
Till the poor devil was nearly dead.

And knives and forks and ladles round
The unhappy victim madly ran;
The table on his head did bound,
As swift as kitchen table can;
The crust flew at him, and o'er
Him pour'd an oil and vinegar shower.

The roasting fire blushed rosy red,
The grate ope'd wide its blazing jaws,
One monstrous ember boldly led
The coals in the kitchen-wench's cause;
But as descends the fury shower
I started, and—my dream was o'er!

SOLOMON.

LADIES OF THE LAKE, NOT FABULOUS.

[The author of the following elegant Sonnet says, in his letter to us, that it is descriptive of Mr Southey's "mode of relaxation from his literary labours." So at least he says he has "read;" for he has "never had the happiness of seeing it."

We thank our correspondent for the other sonnets he has sent us, which will be gladly inserted, with the exception of one; and we only make that exception because it contains a mixture of politics, such as might produce a retrospective bitterness of criticism from quarters which would have an equal right to express their feelings. And this, we are sure, is what he desires as little as we do.]

Who pull the skiff along the glassy lake?
Two fairest creatures are they—fairer ne'er
To the rapt eye of Poet did appear,
His deep thirst of the beautiful to slake.
Oh, let my heart susceptible awake
To their budding beauty—and be cleft in twain,
As the deep bosom of the lonely main
Some beauteous bird in its embrace to take:
A Poet's Daughters, shewing in their May
How the sire's virtues in the woman shine,
The household virtues, meek as day's decline,
In feminine sweetness fading soft away.
Oh, be the virtues of the father mine;
Mine, Daughters beautiful and good as thine.

J. C.

OUR READERS WHISKED TO THE CONTINENT,

["Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy."—Notice concluded.]

A Shrine by the Way-Side.—Strolled out while tea was preparing, and followed a crowd of people, who, as well as we could understand, were returning from a sermon. A very plain congregation, but all bowing and smiling, and looking good humoured. Turned up a narrow path-way, and fell in love with a large single tree, spreading itself out upon the gay horizon, and shading a wooden cross that had the moss of many winters on it. I am fond of these rude memorials, when time has mellowed down their every-day features, and given them a touch of rustic dignity. A solitary tree throwing out its bold ramifications on the calm bosom of the heavens, is one of the grandest and most beautiful objects in nature. And when it shades a wooden cross, a holy well, or a rude altar overhung with wild weeds, it is to me like a chapter in the New Testament; and I feel that I would not willingly part with one of these simple memorials of pious feeling, even with all that wise ones call its sins of superstition upon it, for much finer things. I love the way-side shrine; and when I see the tired female lay down her load and kneel before it, with the absorbed expression of one who seeks a surer friend than the false ones of this world, I always feel a touch of kindly sympathy,—piety so becomes a woman—it is her true staff and armour.*

True Picture and Fine Simile.—I once lived within view of a mill-stream that babbled cheerfully through pleasant fields while summer lasted; but when swollen by the winter rains, used to spread its waters over a wide valley, effacing everything but the dark boundaries. No combination of rock or ruin could produce such a cold, pale, desolate picture, as did those flooded fields when the moon shone on them; and yet it had beauty in it, but of a fearful melancholy cast, like a sweet voice singing of graves and death-beds.

A Drenching.—Passed the cross of the Furca in a pelting storm. A cross in the desert has more religion in it than the illuminated shrine of St. Peter's; it is the voice crying in the wilderness before the invention of dogmas. Itain more or less violent during seven long hours; in that time we passed through a succession of bold bleak valleys and roaring streams, and lost—as we are told—some views of rare splendour, over a mountain world of which King Fog had just crowned himself sovereign. Wretched chalets—mere heaps of loose stones, with a hole to creep in it, and miserable herdsmen in sooty night-caps, with cold and hunger in their blue hollow cheeks. "Les berceaux, les hameaux, les ormeaux, et leurs rameaux," are as much out of the question here, as in the charming region of St. Giles, where the Irish Shepherd pursues his calling. Had they (I mean the herdsmen) but a huge black hat slouched like a Spanish muleteer over the night-cap, or even the rough sheep-skin or blanket cloak, it would be something; but these poor souls look as if they had just escaped from the fever-ward of a hospital. The cattle are still in the high pastures, short-horned cows as bold and as wild as bulls, and bulls a great deal too familiar, I thought, walking bolt up to us as if they would call us to account in some way of their own, for encroaching on their bleak territory. Yet, notwithstanding this ungracious reception, after having journeyed for so many hours through a dreary desert, where neither song of bird, or hum of bee, or sound of life, interrupted the silence of nature, to have our reveries broken up by the true mountain music of their bells, and see herds of cattle browsing peaceably, as if there was treachery neither in path or element.

This seems a contradiction to what I have just said about the Grimsel, when I was in love with silence and utter solitude. I spoke as I felt then, and do the same now; but independently of the bells being in keeping, and the bustle out of keeping, with the scene, I had not calculated how long enthusiasm, awakened and kept alive merely by external objects, without any exciting aim or project, could sustain itself against rain, fog, and wind; or how long, after one is as cold as a frog, and as wet as a dabchick, one can indulge in reveries about mountains that are covered with mist to their very skirts, or grow imaginative while perusing the rude enamel of a turf that oozes like a sponge, and answers drippingly to that most miserable word *plashy*. And then the danger. I am not myself a coward, perhaps too much the reverse; but the narrow crumbling track hanging in the air without a blade of grass

between it and eternity, and the roaring torrent through which the trembling horse scarcely suffers itself to be forced, and the creaking unfenced bridge, and the steep slippery ascent, and sudden shock of the downward perpendicular plunge, are strong sedatives. To say nothing of seven hours' rain, streams of water running in at our necks and out at our sleeves, just as if we had been fished up out of one of the water-falls, bonnets battered to pieces, and left with fragments of gloves in the desert, hair hanging like sea-weed about our faces; and then the continued struggle with refractory umbrellas. Every moment came a puff that turned up the whale-bones, and while both hands were employed to pull them down again, came a jerk that threatened to send us head foremost out of our insecure saddles. But we have got through it all good-humouredly and even merrily, and here we are safe from the

"Low brow'd rocks
As ragged as our locks,"

and comfortably laid up at the Hospital, at the foot of St. Gothard, thanking heaven for our escape from sore throats and fevers, and parching our damp garments over a pan of charcoal,—a night on the stove having only served to stiffen them up a little.

The Imaginative Faculty not in Superabundance.—A girl who was admiring the symmetrical arrangement of the skulls, (in a chapel at Stantz, in Switzerland), took one out of its nook, thrust her fingers into the sockets where eyes once were, turned it round and round as if it had been a dress cap until her curiosity was thoroughly satisfied, and then poked it back again into its place, as I have seen people thrust the skull of a horse into a hedge to fill up the aperture.

Mountains and Grocery.—Talking of Alps, I remember when a mountain was a mountain with me, no matter whether round, or square, or pointed; but now I compare, and grow critical, and no longer condescend to look at great clumsy-headed straight-lined monsters, merely because they are so many thousand feet above the level of the sea. Intimacy with perfection breeds daintiness, and now even the snow mountains will not always go down. At first I bowed reverentially before them, and homaged their purity; but I soon found out, that, like other things, they had their every day moments, and so refused to notice any but the magnificent ones, pronounced the twilight white, too cold and ghastly, and the broad noon-day glare, when the sky was blue-blue, and the outline nakedly detached, too hard, with something of sugar or salt about it that I could not well get over.*

Swiss Tea.—To three ounces of tea-dust add half a pound of cowslip-flowers, and an equal quantity of any aromatic herb which happens to be at hand: dry and mix the whole carefully together. When thus prepared, take a small quantity of the mixture, let it infuse gently in warm water, then pour it gently into any vessel that happens to be at hand, sweeten with beet-root sugar, and add goat's milk to the taste.

A Ghastly Heap of Circumstances.—Last night a man (at Lucerne) murdered his wife's mother; and, having done so, walked quietly down stairs, and said to the first person he met with, "I have murdered the woman." This declaration, he now says, was made in a moment of insanity, and persists in denying the crime. The evidence against him is too decisive to admit of doubt, and is strengthened by the known atrociousness of his character; but as the avowal of the accused himself is necessary to his condemnation, (a law pregnant with evil, and which makes the fate of a man depend not so much on his innocence or guilt, as on his physical force), he is consigned to a dungeon, until confinement, solitude, and prison fare shall have lowered his tone. There is in the same prison a young man not more than twenty, who has been in durance twelve months, on a charge of parricide; there exists no doubt of his having murdered both his parents. He chose slow poison as his instrument, augmenting the dose by slight degrees, and feasting on their gradual agonies†.

To hear of such things congeals the blood as if one saw a spectre, or heard that something dead had risen up from out of the earth, and was walking abroad in the world; yet this wretch's impenitent hardness still holds out; all means have hitherto failed in extorting a confession. I asked what was likely to become of him; "he may probably be forgotten at last," was the answer,—thoughtlessly given, perhaps, for it is impossible to imagine justice so carelessly administered under any form of government whatever.

And yet, notwithstanding the chances held out to the guilty, executions are frequent and terrible. Crime calls for punishment, nor should the honest and peaceable be liable to the danger of having the desperate criminal thrown out upon them, but a forced death in the midst of life, a death that cuts off the

possibility of amendment, a death without repentance, (for what is the repentance of terror,) has something unnatural and appalling in it; and then the great question,—simply resolved in our own, and other countries, where the example of capital punishment has been proved beyond all dispute to be ineffectual as a warning, ought it not to be laid at rest? Great and humane minds have investigated this great question, deeply and closely; and, in all its bearings, it is tried and condemned, yet its condemnation, like the death of the malefactor, has failed to produce any ultimate benefit.

In the corner of a shunned and neglected-looking field on the banks of the Emman, is the pastoral dwelling of the executioner, a lone wicked-looking hut, with a gibbet standing gloomily beside it. Again, near the Porte de Basle, and to the most public and frequented of the roads that lead out from the town, is the platform on which criminals are decapitated. The executioner's house is close by, his garden touches the platform, and before the frost had killed everything, the soft fragrance of the mignonette, with which it was profusely sown, often attracted some of the members of my family towards its vicinity, little thinking who it was that loved flowers so much and cultivated them so sedulously. Flowers are not much cultivated here, and the little garden near the river had become a favourite with them. What a singular contrast! Flowers, the delight of innocent and gentle minds, and of the fearful instrument of condign punishment! Flowers sown or cherished by the wife or daughter of the executioner,—perhaps by his own hand.*

Home Yearnings.—I do not sufficiently understand the mechanism of nature (human nature, I mean) to account for a feeling, which, in the midst of my true love for solitary mountain countries, and the deep and full enjoyment which I find in contemplating the lonely splendour of nature in her unpeopled worlds, now and then comes upon me. When I have lived in the midst of society I have never desired any other than that of the few who were dear to me, and, though a lover of cheerfulness and cheerful people, I have never cared much for what is called the world; yet when I drive along the road that leads back to the countries from which we have come, the road that goes to Berne and then to France, and so on, the utter absence of all movement, the intirely breaking off with every link that united us with the—if I may so call it—old world, has something melancholy in it, that gets hold of me I know not why. I often find myself looking out along the road to see if there is a carriage approaching, with a sort of interest for which I cannot account, for I know that if Lucerne was a place of winter gaiety frequented by strangers, instead of liking, I should detest it. Why then should I, who have, if not all those I love, at least most of them around me; who possess the brightest and happiest of firesides, and never approach it without blessing the absence of what is called gaiety, and praising (from my heart) the better gifts of quiet, liberty, and leisure, for which we have exchanged it,—why should I cast a backward glance upon that for which I never had the slightest value? I cannot tell, and it is because I cannot, that I make a note of it,—noticing also that it is only on that homeward road that it attacks me.†

German Students.—A German air, murmured on the piano in a soft but masterly way, brought us all crowding on the stairs to hear it more distinctly. The performer, a young man in a carter's frock, sat with his back to the half-open door, touching the instrument with flying fingers, and an air of inspiration. I thought it might be Apollo just stepped down to take a little kirchwasser with the host, or say civil things to the dairy-maids, and looked up to see if there was not a cloud waiting for his divinity; but it was only a student from Heidelberg, in the favourite travelling dress.‡ A pianoforte always makes part of the furniture of a German inn; everyone strums upon it. A girl, who had been a moment before peeling potatoes in the kitchen, has just played two or three waltzes at our request, and very prettily too, and then sung a popular air, accompanied by a very clumsy marionette, who hummed a second, in good taste and perfect tune. What the French call "le sentiment de la musique," without which skill is ineffective and a powerful voice a calamity, seems innate in the coarsest German. The heaviest features brighten into expression under its influence; all seem susceptible of the pleasure which is conveyed to the ear by a felicitous combination of musical sounds; and many, whose position in life puts the opportunity of musical instruction quite out of the question, give to the sweet and measured seriousness of their national songs and the wild originality of their mountain melodies, an expression of truth and feeling that leaves nothing to

* Piety, which in its true sense and under whatsoever diversity of religious opinion, is nothing but an affectionate reverence towards the Great Cause of the good and beautiful, becomes all people, if they did but know it. There is a period, in which long perversions of it are apt to drive good and sensible men into false notions with regard to its value, but unless they are of a mechanical order, and defective in some of the constituent properties of the inferior human mind, they come round to it by the pure and modest reason which is to be found in imagination itself, and the noblest wants of a finite and loving creature.—Ed.

* This is in the dandy "silver fork" style, and unworthy of the authoress. Mountains have always their immensity and their mystery, and we can surely draw upon these for defence, if threatened with the overpowering wit of salt-cellers and sugar-loaves.—Ed.

† This man must have been a madman, defective in some common property of human sense and feeling. Most likely his skull would be found as defective as his character. His nature must be deformed or unfinished.

* Why not? Is he not a human being, with some flowery corner of humanity in his heart? And is it not better that he should have this link with his fellow-creatures, and see it appreciated?—Ed.

† The reason surely is, that anything which reminds us of home, reminds us of what we love best at home, and therefore becomes precious for so doing, though we can dispense with it when we get there.—Ed.

‡ The blouse—literally, a carter's frock, of unbleached or blue linen, with a broad belt.

be wished for by taste, or cavilled at by criticism.

A spacious inn, reputed excellent, at Andormatt, greatly brightened up since we once passed a night there in the society of fourteen students from Göttingen, and fearful society, we thought, when we saw them tumbling in, some with oak leaves in their hats, and all with the high qualities of Captain Rolando's gentlemen in their faces. But their fierceness went no further than the outward man, and if they were not well-bred according to the canons of politeness, they certainly were so, even to refinement, from the impulse of good-nature. Like all the German students whom we have encountered, when they became convivial they sung, and delightfully, but ceased immediately on hearing that I had gone to bed, "*peur de déranger Madame*," (for fear of disturbing the lady) as the only one who could make himself understood, said to L— the next morning.

Amongst the ambulating masks (at Lucerne) who were pleased to bestow themselves upon us, I must not omit the most interesting,—four German students from some distant town, equipped as peasants of the Tyrol, with the carnival accompaniments of saucer eyes and pasteboard noses, and the Spanish ones of castanets and guitar. Their song, intermixed with dance, their giddy joy, the taste, spirit, and feeling with which they performed, were highly characteristic. It was the merriest masking of the carnival, and as they capered to their wild music, snapping their fingers, and rattling their castanets in that true spirit of mirthfulness which, when German gravity relaxes into fun, always seasons its enjoyments, their gaiety became contagious. Their music, too, was delightfully fresh and original, with a beautiful tender vein breaking through and chastening its gaiety. I have never seen anything so dramatic off the stage, nor often on it. It has always appeared to me that national music can only be done justice to by those whose early recollections are bound up with it, and who feel it in that spot of the heart's core which never grows old; it is then the song of memory, gay or sad as it may be, but always heart-felt. The popular airs of Germany sung by Germans have a delicious freshness about them, due, perhaps, as much to the spirit and feeling of the singers as to their intrinsic beauty. The heart throws itself into the song, and becomes again an actor in the chase, the gay carousal, the tender inquietudes of love. Both our students and their music were German to the letter, their song sparkled and overflowed like their wine cups, and the tone of sentiment, which is always there to refine its coarser particles, was given with sentiment and feeling.

Gay nations have no idea of the hilarity of a German dancing song, as we saw it performed last night. Such an exuberance of animal spirits, such a throwing off of care, every muscle in movement, all joy and revelry to the finger's ends. But the dance over, and eyes and noses laid aside, our students became grave men and bashful ones, with the exception of a single figure, whose convivial tone defied seriousness. Another—a little man, with a keen blood-shot eye, and a single feather in his flat beaver, might have sat for the portrait of Oliver Cromwell.*

* We have mislaid a reference to some passage in which our authoress (unless our memory has confounded her with some other writer) speaks with surprise of encountering some of these German students, who ask money on the high road. She seems to have thought their style of request not unlike that of the beggar in Gil Blas, who presents his petition in the shape of a musket. But it is a custom allowed to German students, and brings their character no more into question than the famous salt-collecting of the *Eton Monks*—not indeed so much with well-regulated minds, for the Etonians are not understood to want the money, while the students are; and German *bonhomie* does not reverse the notion of delicacy in this matter, after the fashion of some great and rich countries that ought to know better.

At parting with these volumes, we must again thank the highly intelligent and amiable writer for the pleasure they have afforded us.—Ed.

TO MARINE.

THAT I do love thee, let not words express,
But rather thine own feelings; for I lie
In the abstraction of my happiness,
Gazing devoutly on thy glorious eye,
And practising the sweet astrology
Of construing its beams; nor lighter dwell
On Cupid's every other nectary,
Dumb with intensest passion; for I feel
As though thy presence were a beautiful spell
Which speech would dissipate: then let thy heart
Be like the emerald, whose sympathies tell
What else were hidden, even that thou art
So much the object of my hopes and fears,
That they are merged in thee; thy being, theirs.

G. E. I.

PROPOSED OPENING OF THE STREETS

FROM PICCADILLY TO LINCOLN'S INN.

[From Mr Sydney Smirke's interesting volume lately published, entitled "Suggestions for the Architectural Improvement of the Western Part of London."]

Among the most obvious improvements that even a cursory glance over the map of London suggests, is the extension of Piccadilly towards the East. When the narrow courts beyond Leicester square were first built, Marylebone was nearly a mile distant from town; a small portion only of the district contained between Piccadilly and Oxford Road was occupied by houses, and the western termination of Piccadilly itself, was at or near Devonshire House. Of course the populous suburb beyond Grosvenor place and Hyde Park Corner was not in existence. Thus a very large portion of that population which now pours its streams daily through these narrow channels, has sprung up since the nuisance was created.

The opening a free passage on this line of communication has been a measure frequently urged, and it may fairly be supposed that no one will be found to deny the great convenience that would result from it to the public. As far as Leicester square nothing could be more easy of execution: the two sides of Sidney's alley should be pulled down, the houses rebuilt on a larger scale, and their fronts brought forward in a line with the north side of Coventry street; the houses on the right-hand side would, of course, be wholly removed, a valuable frontage being thereby afforded to the houses now of little value, whose sides would be laid bare by such removal. The only property of high value which would require removal, would be the premises of the eminent goldsmith at the corner; but the intended retirement of that gentleman from business, will perhaps offer a favourable opportunity of effecting this plan.

How the proposed new line would be pursued east of Leicester square, may admit of some difference of opinion. Gwynn's suggestions on this point are, perhaps, rather too destructive, although adopted in recent times by the Crown surveyor.* A wide street, leading directly from the corner of Leicester square to Long Acre would traverse various thoroughfares in such a way as to require the demolition of much valuable property, and to render it questionable whether the benefit derived, great as it would be, were worth the sacrifice; nor would a new street thus directed afford to those great points of confluence, Covent Garden market and the theatres, so complete and effectual a relief as could be desired. A more expedient proposition appears to be to alter the north side of Bear street, and to pull down the houses on the same side of the narrow court which leads into St Martin's lane, a highly improved frontage being consequently attained by the houses remaining on the right-hand side of both the street and the court above named.

If this alteration were effected, an easy and straight carriage avenue would be opened from Piccadilly to Covent Garden market and the theatres, which are now accessible only by the most circuitous and inconvenient routes. It will of course be considered very desirable to equalize the width of New street and King street; but this is not to be regarded as immediately necessary, although certainly no improvement of this line of communication can be considered complete, that does not comprise the expansion of the former.

Having reached the two great theatres by the new track above described, it becomes a matter of very urgent importance to effect some improvement in the vicinity of those splendid establishments. The proposition now to be made is, to form a large Piazza,† somewhat in the shape of a quadrant, of which the two straight sides, or radii, would be the two theatres, and the curve would be a handsome range of houses having a covered colonnade in front. The area thus cleared would be highly convenient for the reception of the crowd of carriages which are nightly collected round these two buildings;‡ and it would essentially aid their architectural character and effect. The façades of both suffer much from the pressure and contiguity of the surrounding houses. That of Covent Garden, unquestionably the first pure example of the Greek Doric style erected in London, has on this account never yet been adequately seen. There is indeed no style that so much requires the accompaniment of space as the Greek Doric; for the perfect symmetry of all its component parts, which is one of the principal charms of this style, is utterly lost to the eye by

* See Fifth Report of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Woods, &c. 1826.

† The vulgar application of the word *piazza* is so obviously incorrect, that it is perhaps scarcely necessary to say, that an open space is here intended, similar to what, with almost equal impropriety, is called a square. The centre of this *piazza* would afford a favourable situation for a sculptural monument commemorative of Shakespeare.

‡ It is probable that any measure that would diminish the alarming and even dangerous confusion now attendant on the simultaneous departure of some thousands of persons from the two great theatres, would operate favourably to the interests of their proprietors.

the distorting effect of perspective, when the point of sight is too near to the object.

A very beneficial purgation would be consequent on this improvement; some courts of very indifferent pretensions would be suppressed; and the parish of St Martin's would probably be induced to sacrifice a cemetery already too crowded with the dead to be any longer available for the purposes of decent interment.

The new avenue now in progress from Waterloo Bridge to Long Acre, will greatly facilitate the improvement of this vicinity, and, in conjunction with other improvements about to be suggested, will give a value to this spot in some respects unequalled in London, ensuring the speedy erection of a superior class of buildings. Hereafter we shall have to advert to the necessity of extending northwards this avenue: at present let us continue the course we have been pursuing eastward.

It cannot fail to be observed that the public would derive great advantage from continuing this proposed line of communication onwards through the populous and ill-arranged district lying between Holborn and Temple Bar. It is probable that many persons of delicate perceptions have never ventured to visit the precincts of Clare market; to them, any path, however circuitous, would be preferable to one which lies through this district. Others, however, of less fastidious habits, will bear testimony to the compounds of impurity in the lanes and court which it contains; and all will join in the opinion that, next to a complete reformation, the best mode of improving the state of this district would be to open a spacious avenue through the centre of it. Let us suppose this effected by carrying from the corner of the new piazza at the theatres a wide street eastward to Carey street, and connecting it with the Strand near St Clement's church by a branch in the direction of the present Clement's lane; two new and commodious facilities of access would thus be offered to all persons on their way to the city or the Inns of Court, and the present most inconvenient outlet called Wyck street, through which there is now of necessity much traffic, would be altogether superseded.

It is needless here to point out to those who are interested in the improvement of St Clement's and New Inns, that the execution of such a plan as we have above described, would be of inestimable advantage to those estates, and would hold out a tempting invitation to extend them, or, indeed, to establish an entirely new inn, by purchasing and clearing the adjacent ground, and erecting on the area so obtained commodious and cheerful chambers. When the low precarious rents arising from the dilapidated tenements of this district are compared with the high and almost extravagant value of chambers in the neighbouring Inns of Court, we shall be justified, perhaps, in entertaining a hope, that a profitable return might be realized by the execution of this part of our plan. The dispersion of the pauper population consequent on such an improvement would, it is apprehended, be immediately attended by a beneficial effect on the poor's-rates; a circumstance which is calculated to ensure a favourable consideration of this project from the parish authorities.

Nor, whilst enumerating the advantages that would result from this improvement, should we omit to point out the great facilities which it would present of amending the sewage of the very imperfectly drained district in question. The greater part of Drury lane is wholly without any sewer; many of the lateral streets and lanes are equally deficient, and most of the drains with which this neighbourhood is thus scantily provided, pass very objectionably under buildings in such a manner as to render access to them, for the purpose of repairing and cleansing, always inconvenient, and sometimes almost impracticable.

There is a minor improvement connected with the new avenue under consideration, to which it will be here well to allude. Every one must be aware of the extreme inadequacy of Chancery lane, as the principal and (with the exception of the still narrower and more crooked lane, called Fetter lane) the only means of direct communication between the two great high ways of Fleet street and Holborn; the southern extremity of this lane forms a pass constantly exposed to great and even dangerous obstruction.

To obviate this, let Serle street be extended southward through the intervening alleys, and let it enter the Strand at Picket place: a most advantageous thoroughfare will thereby be obtained with very little sacrifice of property; and by further converting Great Turnstile into a serviceable carriage way, the cross communication between the two great parallel thoroughfares will be satisfactorily established, and will make what has been justly described by Gwynn as "one of the most convenient communications in town."

Vanity of Dispute.—Contest not a point merely because you are in the right, and another in the wrong. Out of such contests spring dissensions and enmity.—*Bentham*.

A LAST WISH.

WHEN the blood shall quit my heart,
 When my spirit shall depart,
 And these eyes no longer see;
 When the bright thoughts no more come
 Like the sun-light in a room;
 Lay me gently on the tomb.
 Lay me in the open air,
 Underneath some grassy mound,
 Where the wild-bee's murmurs are,
 And the green leaves round.
 And as I shall view the spot
 From my dwelling place afar
 Be no ritual forgot,
 Nothing left my rest to mar.
 And that there may be some shade
 Where my mouldering bones are laid,
 Let there be
 Over me
 One green tree,
 Circled round with rosemary.

I abhor the close abode,
 Where the spider and the rat,
 And the spirit-chilling toad,
 And the harpy-winged bat,
 Disrespect the solemn stones
 That imprison dead men's bones.
 I believe I could not sleep
 Where such things their vigils keep.
 And another cause I have
 For a heaven-cover'd grave;
 From Apollo unto me
 Came the gift of poesy;
 Therefore when my life is done,
 Let him shine upon his son.
 I want no funeral show,
 Prancing steed, and nodding plume;
 Nor of hypocritical woe
 The detested gloom;
 Nor followers in dark disguise,
 With white kerchiefs at their eyes,
 Acting scenes of obsequies.
 Nor give me what vain glory rears,
 Nor aught by money bought;
 Nothing I ask, no friend I task
 Beyond a few kind tears:
 Strew flowers, and give me these,
 And I shall rest at ease.

S. R. J.

BELIEF IN GHOSTS.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

SIR,—I cannot express to you the pleasure I have felt in reading the pages of your Journal. To have found a man who can, and will, regale us with several columns of imaginative prose for three-halfpence, is a matter to me of no small gratification; and it is in discovering your anti-matter-of-fact vein, that I have become vain enough to suppose you will give publication—for the amusement, though, perhaps, not the instruction of your readers—to a few words that I have to say on those creatures of imagination—those flying buttresses of poetry—ghosts.

It has often struck me, that to encourage the belief in spirits, especially in the young, is one way of making them religious. It may make them superstitious; but who is religious without being so? It may highly excite their tender imaginations, but it cannot fail to kindle a poetic flame in their minds—a flame which, when once kindled can never be extinguished, and which engenders virtue, morality, kind-heartedness, and benevolence. Oh! what would our mortal days be good for, were it not for imagination—

"Which colours life's dark cloud with orient rays!"

"Well," coolly grunts a *cui bono* gentleman, while he munches his breakfast and sips his tea, "what has this to do with the question as to the good that my children are to get from being afraid to go to bed in the dark, after having been terrified by my old nurse, who has already almost frightened my little Sally out of her wits by telling her how the ghost of an old gentleman, who was killed many years ago in the

house where her school-mistress lives, by four men on a dark November night, walks across the old hall every night, clothed in a white sheet—what, sir, I desire to know is, what good did my little Sally ever get from that? Why, she has been thinking of nothing else ever since." Sir, with the profoundest respect, much. When the old nurse left her in her bed, she trembled as the door was shut, and said, "Oh! if those four men were to come now and try to kill me, what should I do?" and then she pulled the clothes tightly over her head and prayed to God, far more earnestly than she ever did before, to keep her safe from such cruel men, and to make her a good little girl, and love her dear father and mother better than she had done. And what if she did see, or think she saw, when she ventured to put out her head, and give a suspicious peep round the room, as the moon shone brightly through the crevices of the shutter, dimly illuminating it with a cold and melancholy light—what if she did see two large fierce and fiery blazing eyes staring her full in the face, and then saw them slowly advancing towards her, and thought she heard a low groan as of a dying man, and then, as they emerged from behind the little basket where her clothes were folded, saw them coming on rapidly, until she felt something fall heavily on her feet: it was only her dear "gramma's" favourite toad coming to her to make friends for the night, and purring to her with much good humour. Why should she be alarmed? Mark, kind reader—because she thought it was a ghost! And pray, may I inquire whether this same reason would not have been given, if poor old Betty had never told her ghost stories? Most certainly it would! And why? Because there is a feeling—I had almost said an innate feeling—within us, that there are ghosts, that there are spirits "which do people the air," and who can see into our inmost souls, can pierce the recesses of our hearts—a kind of inferior deities, who know all our deeds, all our actions, "whether they be good, or whether they be evil."

But tell me, you matter-of-fact gentleman, where would have been half our pleasure at the Abbey the other day, if there was no such thing as a ghost? While we poor guinea-ticket out-of-sight gentry were sitting in that venerable temple, listening in solemn silence to the spirit-moving tones of that pealing organ and the heart-stirring notes of that splendid choir—where, I say, would half our delight have been had we not imagined that such unequalled strains—only inferior to the "strains unutterable of seraphs before the throne"—had roused the disembodied spirit of the immortal Handel, who slumbers in the dust close by, and that it flitted to and fro on the undulating air, as it struck and reverberated from the gilded roof? Why, without a ghost, I would have sold my ticket at a discount, and thought myself lucky!

"But who in the world ever did anything," says my sapient friend, "who believed in spirits?" Numbers, say I; and I will give you an instance. Did you ever hear, kind sir, of Robert Hall, a man of the most exalted genius, the most refined and lofty imagination, the purest taste? He believed in spirits. One day he was sitting in his study, writing a sermon on the influence of the evil spirit. The window was open. A friend called, and he left the room to see and converse with him. He was absent but a short time—I forget how long—and on returning found that his unfinished sermon was gone. It had fled—it was nowhere to be found. The yard below the window, every place where it might have been wafted by the wind, was searched with the most diligent and scrupulous care, but without effect. Now what was Hall's conclusion? Why! one that everyone in his senses must have come to,—that the devil had taken it away. He firmly believed it, and so do I.

Now I know that most, if not all, of what I have been saying, runs counter to all modern notions of education. In these degenerate days, when every child is Pestalozzified into a pest—when every other child you meet is a prodigy—when everything is taught but obedience to parents and respect for superiors—when the only consideration is, how much is

stuffed in, no matter whether it be understood or not, such sentiments as mine will stretch wide the mouths and eyes of half the maternal world. "What!" a fond mamma will say, "find fault with an education that sends home my child so clever and so learned, that he can actually correct Mr B. and myself! Where was the child that could do this 'when I was a girl?'" "My dear Mrs B.," I answer, "it is of this very cleverness and learnedness that I complain; and, that I may not appear singular in my opinion, allow me to cite to you the opinions of a man who has been justly styled 'the thinker of our age'—need I say that I allude to Mr Coleridge?—on this very identical subject. 'There are modes of teaching,' says he, 'in comparison with which we have been called on to despise our great schools and universities,'

"In whose halls are hung
 Armoury of the invincible knights of old"—

modes by which children are to be metamorphosed into prodigies. And prodigies, with a vengeance, have I known thus produced: prodigies of self-conceit, shallowness, arrogance, and infidelity. Instead of storing the memory, during the period when the memory is the predominant faculty, with facts for the after exercise of the judgment; and instead of awakening by the noblest models, the fond and mixed models, Love and Admiration, which is the natural and graceful temper of early youth, these nurselings of improved pedagogy are taught to dispute and decide—to suspect all but their own and their lecturer's wisdom, and to hold nothing sacred from their contempt but their own contemptible arrogance."

I must apologise, Sir, for the length to which my "few words" have extended, and the rambling style in which they are communicated. Allow me again to thank you for having been the source, to me, of much pleasure and unfeigned delight. H. B.

[We have inserted the above letter, both for the sake of the writer's goodness of intention, and because he has "more in him," than many a reader of his avowal about Robert Hall's ghost story might suppose. We certainly do not come to the same conclusions with him on that point, nor on the necessity of teaching children to be afraid of spirits, though we would open to them the most unbounded fields of possibility in all the regions of a loving faith. These, doubtless, are what he would arrive at himself; but it appears to us that the world have had enough of the rough ways to gentleness, of the husks and thorns of faith, however necessary such husks may have been to the ripening of the fruit; and that the time is arrived for enjoying the fruit itself.]

SUPPLEMENT OF THE LONDON JOURNAL.

[We plainly confess that we make the following extract from the letter of an esteemed correspondent, both as a help towards the announcement of our Supplements, and as an evidence that they are not unapproved.]

To the Editor.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have seen one of the Supplements, and was astonished to find that you had contrived so well to draw so much intelligence and amusement from an otherwise dry subject, and one which is hardly ever rendered popular enough in style with the great majority of readers. They like well enough to hear of the antiquities of London, familiarised to them as you would do it, but grow weary of an old book containing them. Public writers have a good deal yet to do, to induce the majority of readers to read as they ought. Experience, I am inclined to think, will show that knowledge, through reading, will be best communicated where the difference between reader and writer is not made so manifest, at least where they approach nearer in sentiment and familiarity. Surely our great writers have now and then dreamt of monopolizing their researches into the hitherto unknown stores of knowledge, and by so doing make the day as distant as possible when literature, or the love of it, shall have become more the business of men's lives, or they would have condescended more, or rather have appeared to condescend more, to the level of their understandings. In my poor opinion, your style is much more calculated to induce us to read, and to love knowledge for its own sake, than any other, for the reasons I have attempted to give.

Your obliged servant,

H. W. S.

SWEARING.

August 29.

Sir,—Amongst your numerous correspondents, without the ambition of being noticed for one, allow me to make a remark on your last number. It relates to the *profane* expletives introduced in the "Dialogue with a Sportsman." Be assured that to every mind of the least refinement, to say nothing about religion, such a practice is extremely offensive. The common plea adduced in justification of it—that it is to take the manner from life, and that without it the discourse would want the point arising from verisimilitude,—is trifling. Is then profaneness necessary to sprightliness, the expletives essential to wit; or if so, are we so destitute of them as to be compelled to resort to oaths? Better then, I say, want point, and wit, and everything else, than be shocked by the very attempt to give us pleasure.

It gives me great satisfaction to observe that the offensive practice is growing out of use. No one can have failed to notice the vast improvement in this respect, as well as in some other usages, that has taken place of late years in those classes of society that were formerly disgraced by them. They have descended now to the very dregs of the community; where it may be hoped that, as knowledge shall increasingly pervade the public mind, and better materials be afforded for conversation, they will be at length intirely worked off. It has occurred to me more than once to administer reproof to persons of decent appearance for the disgusting habit; and I have uniformly found, that the most covert expression of disapprobation against it has been instantly understood and felt, and led to its discontinuance. A Reverend once found himself seated in a coach with a fellow-traveller for the night—a man of gentlemanly habits, and disposed to enter with him into free conversation. He perceived, however, that in this case he must be frequently annoyed with profane epithets. He took, therefore, the earliest opportunity of requesting it as a great favour from him—upon which from his courtesy he was sure he might reckon—that he would be kind enough for the rest of the evening to let him swear the first oath. There was no occasion for any further reproof.

I have written the above from a concern for the success of your Journal. There is so much of good taste, sentiment, and information in it, that it is a pity its circulation should be abridged by anything that would make it objectionable to a large mass. The circle in which I move is chiefly religious, and I have ventured to recommend it there, which may in some measure account to you for what some might deem my *over sensitiveness*.

The "Romance of Real Life" is a part, I think, that must soon fail you. Under this impression I had recourse to several remarkable facts that I had met with in a course of reading, somewhat different I should apprehend from your own; and selected the books containing them, with a view of submitting them to your inspection. But as it might possibly be a work of supererogation, and as probably the character of your Journal can hardly as yet be considered as established, I forbear. It might, as far as I can judge, be made to take a higher and more permanent standing than most of its contemporaries, nor would this at all be retarded, but rather accelerated, by the absence of everything disagreeable to the purer classes of society.

T. L.

[We are obliged to the writer of the above letter, for the manifest good will which induced him to send it; but he misconceived us in supposing that we made our sporting hero swear, merely for the sake of painting him after nature, and describing manners. We did it purposely to shew, that he was as weak in manners as in argument. We confess we have not the precise notions on this subject, in a literary point of view, which are entertained by our correspondent, though we should be loath to disconcert any such kind persons as himself, and shall endeavour not to do so; but we can as unaffectedly say that we dislike swearing, and have taken more than one occasion of endeavouring to make it look what it is, as Swift

(adivine) did before us, in his masterly *jeu d'esprit* upon Hamilton's Bawn, in which he makes an officer in the army (a class of people whom he disliked excessively) swear in a manner that would have startled our lay-adviser.

Mr Bentham in his posthumous work on Deontology, has a passage on swearing, which our correspondent will be glad to see. "The passion of anger," he observes, "has been already denounced as useful on no occasion; pernicious and pain-giving on almost every occasion. All habits, therefore, that administer to it, are to be avoided. Of these habits, that of cursing and swearing is among the most foolish and the most mischievous. The popular sanction is happily directing its opprobrium against such exhibitions. Fashion had once taken them under its protection; fashion is now repudiating them. In addition to the pain produced by the anger which excites them, other pain will be produced by the expression of anger in a form so offensive. In the minds of some, it will shock the religious affections; in the minds of all it will produce sensations which benevolence should avoid conveying."

Our correspondent will see how sincerely we agree with Mr Bentham, when we repeat the following note which we wrote at the margin of this passage, on first reading his book:—

"I never knew a swearer, whether a foolish person otherwise or not, in whom the habit was not traceable to some obvious weakness."

This weakness, in every instance without exception, we take to be one of five sorts. It is either a mere habit contracted in youth from bad example; or it is an instinct of weakness, affecting a sort of strength; or it is a brute strength, weak on the side of the understanding; or it is an indulgence of spleen allowed itself by morbid knowledge, despairing of its fellow-creatures and of itself; or, lastly, it is pure folly giving itself airs of a knowledge of the world and a superiority to timid prejudices. But the two latter instances belong to the second. We have known very intelligent, and very good men too, swear; but as no man is without his weakness, so we never knew a swearer without one of the weaknesses here mentioned.]

'DEW-BERRIES' NOT GOOSE-BERRIES.

[THIS letter should have been inserted before. The interpretation of dew-berries by gooseberries was not ours, but that of some Shakspeare commentator in the edition from which we quoted. So far to vindicate our natural hedge-row discernment in the eyes of our obliging correspondent.]

Westminster.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Rejoicing with exceeding great joy and gladness of heart at the increased success of your benevolent papers, I am anxious that you should not, even in trifles, be the cause of misleading any one of your readers. Do me therefore the kindness to notice, in any way most becoming to your editorial sensations, that there is an error in your annotation of "gooseberry" applied to Shakspeare's "dew-berries." My dear rambler in green lanes, by brakes and briars, who loves nature in her wild luxuriance, and whose heart boundeth with thankfulness at the good in all things, you must surely be familiar with that delightful little berry which is so eagerly sought after, and obtained at such cost, by the young of all stations, and yeapt by all the "black-berry,"—and I know that the very finest species of that fruit are still hailed in the eastern parts of our island, in the realms of East Anglia—even in the mouths of cottagers' boys, by the name of "dew-berries." Luxuriant in size and form, and covered with a delicious maiden bloom (whence its sweet prenomens), delightful to the eye and inviting to the taste, they are as supereminent over the other fruits of the world and the "waste" (as it is called) as the apricot was esteemed above its cultivated brethren. Hence their beautiful poetic association by Shakspeare in the same breath. During the last autumn, whilst rambling over many parts of East Anglia (where, by the bye, much of our old language,

and many of the customs and expressions of our ancestors, are still preserved in common use and parlance) I was forced to revert to the hours of childhood, and its battles with the thorns and prickles of the berry and the furze, and tempted to devote an hour to the seeking, plucking, and eating of this delicate "fairy-dish" (and it is a rarity), by the joyous shout of the young berry gatherers, when they were fortunate enough to discover a tree of the blooming "dew-berry." The call of the young gentleman to his sister, "Oh, here, Matilda, here is a 'dew-berry' tree!" and the anxious reply of the gentle 'dew-berry' of humanity, "Don't pick them, dear Henry, till I come—I must pick them myself," still sound in my ears, and remind me of the then expressed hope "that the bloom of innocence may continue till the hour appointed by heaven for her being gathered with affection to delight the hours of man's weary travail."

Leaving it to you to make the correction in any way you may think proper, I subscribe myself, with much delight and sympathy,

Your constant friend,

RURICUS.

Portrait of Rousseau, by Madame de Stael—Rousseau had little eyes, which had no expression of themselves, but successively received that of the different impulses of the mind. His eyebrows were very prominent and seemed proper to serve his moroseness, and hide him from the sight of man. His head was for the most part hung down, but it was neither flattery nor fear that had lowered it; meditation and melancholy had weighed it down like a flower bent by the storm or its own weight. When he was silent, his physiognomy had no expression; neither his thoughts nor affections were apparent in his visage, except when he took part in conversation; but the moment he ceased speaking, they retired to the bottom of his heart. His features were common; but when he spoke they all acquired the greatest animation. He resembled the gods which Ovid describes to us, sometimes quitting by degrees their terrestrial disguise, and at length discovering themselves by the brilliant rays emanating from their countenance.

Profound and Noble Remark.—The happiness of the worst man of the species is as much an integral part of the whole of human happiness, as is that of the best man.—Bentham.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall insert with pleasure, and gratitude, the Journey of S.; for it is excellent.

The quarter alluded to by G. F. was not available for his object; but we hope to succeed in another. An answer respecting his Manuscripts in our next.

An answer as speedily as possible to Mrs W. of Canterbury. The absence of the gentleman who attends to the business part of our Journal, renders it impossible at this moment.

We had not forgotten our old friend and correspondent H. W. S. whose letter (as he will see) was welcome to us for more reasons than one.

There was merit in the former lines of S. R. J. but we did not think them so good as those that appear in our present number.

We regret not to have advised URBANUS SYLVAN to select some more promising spot to commence his perambulations in, than the one he has chosen. We feel that we ought not to have tempted him into so much trouble to such an apparently thankless purpose.

The objections of J. D. to the National Gallery should have been inserted with pleasure, had not their tone been unsuited to the pages of this urbanest of hebdomadals.

Will W. S. allow us to make an occasional omission? If so, we shall have much pleasure in giving insertion to his communications; and we only propose taking this liberty, for reasons which he would approve as an editor, even for the sake of the just opinions which he advocates. Will he also tell us what he proposes by his title of "Quotations from Johnson?" Are the quotations to come? For we see nothing of the Great Quotable at present.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1834.

No. 26.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.—BELIEF IN SPIRITS.

We made use of an inaccurate expression in our last number, which we are anxious to correct. We spoke of man as a "finite" creature. The term, strictly speaking, does not convey the meaning we intended. *Finite* is an end, and finite would imply a being, whose end, or utter termination, was known and certain. Assuredly we wrote the word in no such spirit of presumption. All our writings will testify, that we are of a religion which enjoys the most unbounded hopes of man, both here and hereafter. By finite we meant to imply a creature of limited powers and circumscribed *present* existence. Far were we from daring to lift up mortal finger against immortal futurity. Religion itself must first be put out of man's heart, and the very stars out of the sky, and no such words be remembered as sentiment and imagination and memory, and hope too; ay, and reason, before we should presume to say what end ought to be put to these endless aspirations of the soul.

We are for making the most of the present world, as if there were no hereafter; and the most of hereafter, as if there were no present world. We think that God, and Christianity, and utility, and imagination, and right reason, and whatsoever is complete and harmonious in the constitution of the human faculties, however opposed it may seem, enjoin us to do *both*. We are surprised, notwithstanding the allowance to be made for the great diversity of Christian sects, how any Christian, calling himself such by the least right of discipline, can undervalue the utmost human endeavours in behalf of this world, the utmost cultivation of this one (among others) of the manifest and starry gardens of God; but we are most of all surprised at it in those that adhere the most literally to injunction and prophecy, while they know how to confine the fugitive and conventional uses of the terms "this world," &c. &c. to their proper meanings.

In the feasibility of this consummation the most infidel Utilitarian is of the same faith with the most believing Christian, and so far is

— the best good Christian, he,
Although he knows it not.

Now he is only to carry his beloved reason a little farther, and he will find himself on the confines of the most unbounded hopes of another world as well as of the present; for reason itself, in its ordinary sense, will tell him that it is reasonable to make the utmost of all his faculties, imagination included. Mr Bentham, the very personification of his reason, has told him so.* And if he come to the Pure Reason of the Germans, or the discoveries which that contemplative nation say they have made, in the highest regions of the mind, of a reason *above* ordinary reason, reconciling the logic and consciousness of the latter with the former's instinctive and hitherto undeveloped affirmations, he is told that he may give evidence to faith after his own most approved fashion. For our parts, we confess that we are of a more child-like turn of contentment; and that keeping our ordinary reason to what appears to us its fittest task, namely, the guarding us against the admission of gratuitous pains, we will suffer a loving faith to

open to us whatever regions it pleases, of possibilities honourable to God and man, cultivating them studiously, whether we thoroughly understand them or not. For who thoroughly understands anything which he cultivates, even to the flowers at his feet? And cultivating these, shall we refuse to cultivate also the stars, and the aspirations and thoughts angelical, and the hopes of rejoining friends and kindred, and all the flowers of heaven? — No, assuredly,—not while we have a star to see, and a thought to reach it. Why should heaven have given us those? Why not have put us into some blank region of space, with a wall of nothingness on all sides of us, and no power to have a thought beyond it? Because, some advocate of chance and blind action, may say,—it could not help it; because the nature of things could not help it;—because things are as they are. O the assumptions of those who protest against assumption! of the faculty which exclusively calls itself reason, and would deprive us of some of our most reasonable faculties! Even upon the ground of these gentlemen's shewing, faith itself cannot be helped; at least not as long as things "are as they are;" and in this respect, we are assuredly not for helping it. We are content to let it love and be happy.

With regard to the belief in Spirits (which we take this opportunity of saying a few more words upon, as it was in answer to our correspondent on this subject that we made use of the word we have explained) it has surely a right, even upon the severest grounds of reason, to rest upon the same privileges of possibility, and of a modest and wise ignorance to the contrary, as any other parts of a loving and even a knowing faith; for the more we know of existence, the more we discover of the endless and thronging forms of it,—of the crowds in air, earth, and water; and are we, with our confessedly limited faculties, and our daily discoveries of things wonderful, to assume that there are no modes of being but such as are cognizable to our five senses? Had we possessed but two or three senses, we know very well that there are thousands of things round about us, of which we could have formed no conception; and does not common modesty, as well as the possibilities of infinitude, demand of us, that we should suppose there are senses besides our own, and that with the help of but one more, we might become aware of phenomena, at present unmanifested to human eyes? Locke has given celebrity to a story of a blind man, who, being asked what he thought of the colour of red, said he conceived it must be like the sound of a trumpet. A counterpart to this story has been found (we know not with what truth) in that of a deaf man, who is said to have likened the sound of a trumpet to the colour of red. Dr Blacklock, who was blind from his infancy, and who wrote very good *heart* and *impart* verses, in which he talked of light and colours with all the confidence of a repetition-exercise (a striking lesson to us verse-makers!) being requested one day to state what he really thought of something visible,—of the sun for instance,—said, with modest hesitation, that he conceived it must resemble "a pleasing friendship!" We quote from memory; but this was his simile. We may thus judge what we miss by the small amount of our own complete senses. We have been sometimes tempted to think, seeing what a beautiful world this is, and

how little we make of it, that human beings are not the chief inhabitants of the planet, but that there are others, of a nobler sort, who see and enjoy all its loveliness, and who regard us with the same curiosity with which we look upon bees or beavers. But a consideration of the divine qualities of love and imagination and hope (as well as some other reflections, more serious) restores us to confidence in ourselves, and we resume our task of endeavouring to equalize enjoyment with the abundance afforded us. When we look upon the stars at night-time, shining and sparkling like so many happy eyes, conscious of their joy, we cannot help fancying that they are so many heavens which have realized, or are in the progress of realizing, the perfections of which they are capable; and that our own planet (a star in the heavens to them) is one of the same golden brotherhood of hope and possibility, destined to be retained as a heaven, if its inhabitants answer to the incitements of the great Experimenter, or to be done away with for a new experiment if they fail. For endeavour and failure, in the particular, are manifestly a part of the universal system; and considering the large scale on which Providence acts, and the mixture of evil through which good advances, Deluges are to be accounted for on principles of the most natural reason, moral as well as physical, and an awful belief thus becomes reconcileable to the commonest deductions of utility.

But "bad spirits" and spirits to be "afraid of"? We confess, that large and willing as our faith is in the utmost possibilities of life and varieties of being, we see no reason of any sort to believe in those, at least not as made up of anything like pure evil or malignity. It is possible that other beings, as well as men, may partake more or less of imperfection, and so be liable to mistake and brute impulses; but, as we need not be troubled with this side of spiritual possibility, why should we? For as to pure evil or malignity for its own sake, apart from some procurement or notion of good, nothing which we see in all nature induces us to suppose it possible. The veriest wretch that ever astonished the community, did not perpetrate his crime out of sheer love of inflicting evil, but out of some false idea of good and pleasure, or of avoidance of evil, which idea might have been done away in him by a wiser and healthier training. And as to the belief in a great malignant principle or Devil (though even he has his horrible story lightened by a mixture of mistake and suffering), the most devout Christians have long been giving it up, especially since they have observed that the places in which he is mentioned in Scripture are very rare, sometimes apocryphal, and at other times translatable into a very different sense from what was commonly received. In truth, the word "devil" has not been translated at all; it has simply been repeated, and thus given rise, in many instances, to a manifest and painful delusion; for *devil* (*diabolus*, Latin; *diavolo*, Italian) is merely the Greek word *δίαβολος* (*diabolos*) repeated; and *diabolos* signified simply an accuser,—a calumniator; it was a Greek word for an evil-speaker, a thrower of stones, and came from a verb signifying to cast through, or against. The Latin word is used in the sense to this day, in the well-known appellation of the Attorney-General, which has caused so many jokes against that officer; for he who was known in France by the title of Pub-

* Deontology, vol. II. p. 102. The passage was given in the first number of the London Journal.

lic Accuser is designated in law Latin as the King's or Royal Accuser; that is to say, Devil—"Diabolus Regis." The word is flat and plain enough, and very edifying. How simply is the frightful supernatural caution of the Apostle thus converted into the most natural of all cautions?

"Be sober, be vigilant (says the Greek-English), for your adversary the Devil walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

But "Be sober, be vigilant (says the proper English-English), for your adversary the Accuser walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

Here is a poor mistaken human being, instead of a prowling Satan; and what can be more natural, simple, or reconcileable with God's goodness and pre-eminence, and the working of an improveable weakness and blockish mystery, instead of a malignant might?

To shew how accustomed we are to follow up the spiritual analogies suggested by all kinds of reasonable and loving faith, we will close this article with a copy of verses which we wrote last winter, after we had been thinking of some beloved friends who have disappeared from this present state of being.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An Angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed: as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths,—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 17th, to Tuesday the 23rd of September.

A HEDGE FOR YOUR WALKS; AND A NATURAL PAVILION.
[From EVELYN'S 'Sylvia, or a Discourse on Forest Trees.']

EVELYN is a writer hardly good enough to come under our head of 'Celebrated Authors'; but another specimen of him will do capitally well in this portion of our Journal,—not that the department excludes celebrated authors; the reader knows to the contrary; but because of his fitness for a flowery sojourn, and his love of nature. The present passage seemed particularly suitable to us this week, because it concludes with expressing the same faith in that double garden of here and hereafter, which we have touched upon in the preceding article. Evelyn, by education and one part of his nature, was much of a formalist, and not a little of a pedant; neither was he free from certain fallings-in with expediency, which would have better become a more stirring and less pretending character; but he had a genuine love of the world he lived in, as well as a pious sense of another; and was the honoured friend of Cowley.

* The present extract is from the account of the Hornbeam in his famous work on *Forest Trees*, which is thought, with reason, to have inspired the growth of timber in this country, and strengthened its "wooden walls."

The Hornbeam, being planted in small fosses or trenches, at half a foot interval, and in the single row, makes the noblest and staliest hedge for long walks in gardens or parks, of any tree whatsoever whose leaves are deciduous, and forsake their branches in winter, because it grows tall, and so sturdy as not to be wronged by the winds; besides, it will furnish to the very foot of the stem, and flourishes with a glossy and polished verdure, which is exceedingly delightful, of long continuance, and of all other the harder woods, the speediest grower, maintaining a slender upright stem, which does not come to be bare and sticky in many years. It has yet this (I shall call it) infirmity, that, keeping on its leaves till new ones thrust them off, it is clad in russet all the winter long. That admirable espalier hedge in the long middle walk of the Luxembourg garden at Paris, than which

there is nothing more graceful, is planted of this tree; and so is that cradle or close walk, with the perplexed canopy which lately covered the seat in his Majesty's garden at Hampton Court; and, as I now hear, they are planted in perfection at New Park, the delicious villa of the noble Earl of Rochester, belonging once to a near kinsman of mine, who parted with it to King Charles the First of blessed memory. These hedges are torule; but where they are maintained from fifteen to twenty feet height, which is very frequent in the places before mentioned, they are to be cut, and kept in order with a scythe of four feet long, and very little falcated; this is fixed on a long sneed or straight handle, and does wonderfully expedite the trimming of these and the like hedges. An oblong square, palisaded with this plant, or the Flemish ornus, as is that I am going to describe, and may be seen in that inexhaustible magazine at Brompton Park, (cultivated by those two industrious fellow-gardeners, Mr London and Mr Wise), affords such an *umbroculum frondium*, the most natural, proper station, and convenience for the protection of our orange-trees, myrtles, and other rare perennials and exotics, from the scorching darts of the sun, and heat of the summer; placing the cases, pots, &c. under this shelter, when, either at their first peeping out of the window conclave, or during the increasing heat of the summer they are so ranged and disposed, as to adorn a noble area of a most magnificent Paradian dining-room, to the top of Hortular pomp and bliss, superior to all the artificial furniture of the greatest prince's court. Here the Indian narcissus, tuberose, Japan lilies, jasmine, jonquils, periclimena, roses, carnations, with all the pride of the parterre, intermixed between the tree-cases, flowery vases, busts and statues, entertain the eye, and breathe their redolent odour and perfumes to the smell. The golden fruit, the apples of the Hesperides, together with the delicious Ananas, gratify the taste, whilst the cheerful ditties of canorous birds recording their innocent amours to the bubbling fountain, delight the ear. At the same time the charming accents of the fair and virtuous sex, preferable to all the admired composures of the most skilful musicians, join in concert with hymns and hallelujahs to the bountiful and glorious Creator, who has left none of the senses which he has not gratified at once with their most agreeable and proper objects.

But, to return to Brompton. It is not to be imagined what a surprising scene such a spacious saloon, tapestried with the natural verdure of the glistening foliage, presents the spectator, and recompenses the toil of the ingenious planter; when, after a little patience he finds the slender plants (set but at five or six feet distance, nor much more in height, well pruned and dressed) ascend to an altitude sufficient to shade and defend his Paradian treasure, without excluding the milder gleams of the glorious and radiant planet, with his cherishing influence and kindly warmth, to all within the enclosure—refreshed with the cooling and early dew, pregnant with the sweet exhalations, which the indulgent mother and teeming earth sends up to nourish and maintain her numerous and tender offspring.

But, after all, let us not dwell here too long, whilst the inferences to be derived from those tempting and temporary objects prompt us to raise our contemplation a little on objects yet more worthy our noblest speculations, and all our pains and curiosity, representing that happy state above, namely, the celestial Paradise: let us, I say, suspend our admiration awhile of these terrestrial gaieties, which are of so short continuance, and raise our thoughts from being too deeply immersed and rooted in them, aspiring after those supernal, more lasting and glorious abodes, namely, a Paradise, not like this of ours, with so much pains and curiosity, made with hands, but eternal in the heavens, where all the trees are trees of life, the flowers all amaranths; * all the plants perennial, ever verdant, ever pregnant; and where those who desire knowledge may fully satiate themselves; taste freely of the fruit of that tree which cost the first gardener and posterity so dear; and where the most voluptuous inclinations to the allurements of the senses may take and eat, and still be innocent; no forbidden fruit, no serpent to deceive, none to be deceived.

Hail! O hail then, and welcome you blessed Elysiums, where a new state of things expects us; where all the pompous and charming delights that detain us here awhile, shall be changed into real and substantial fruitions, eternal springs, and pleasure intellectual, becoming the dignity of our nature.

* *Amaranth* means unfading—immortal. Our learned author therefore wishes to be understood, not that the flowers are all "amaranths" in the specific sense (which would make but a poor heaven) but that all the flowers, of whatever kind, are everlasting.

Points of Landscape for the Mind's Eye.—These mountains (of Savoy) are so high, that half an hour after sunset its rays still gild the tops of them; and the reflection of red on those white summits forms a beautiful roseate colour, which may be perceived at a great distance.—*Rousseau.*

REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNEY.

[*Wazowski* began to read this communication of our pleasant friend unknown, and came to the passage in which he speaks of angling, we had half a misgiving that he was some "impudent young dog" (to use the fatherly language of the plays) who proposed to baster us out of our *ichthyophilosophy* (fish-life-considering-wisdom, as a German would call it). But something connected with the very excess of his elegancies on that point reassured us; and we read on to the end of his paper, not only to our own entire gratification, but to that of some friends who happened to be with us, and whose alternate laughter and gravity he would have been glad to see. The philosophy of the "bee" and "luggage," the person and his daughter, the green lane with its insect murmurings (as if they were the "voice of the sun-beams—the music of warmth and light"), the old forest with its glooms, natural and supernatural, the shouts of the tempest, and the awful "talk of the trees,"—all, we venture to say, are excellent, and promise admirably for the writer, who describes it as his first performance. We know not who he is; but we conclude him to have too much heart, and too solid a foundation in knowledge, to be spoiled by this approbation. It is curious (though natural enough) that, in direct proportion to a correspondent's real abilities, we almost invariably find him modest and doubtful in the way in which he writes to us respecting his contributions. The one before us says he is not sure whether his paper is good, bad, indifferent, or even "execrable." The truth is, that genius is apt to know itself well enough on occasion, but its standards of excellence are so high, that when the impulse of composition is over, it reverts to them, and is filled with doubt by the comparison. Besides, in proposing an article for insertion in another man's paper, there is another kind of doubt which seizes a mind of a right order, unconnected even with the consideration of literary merit. Our correspondent has honoured and obliged us.]

REMINISCENCES.

"Or whom?—by whom?"—Not one word at present, dear Reader, unravelling these mysteries. If I am worthy of being better known, proceed with me but for a little while, and our acquaintance will rapidly increase: in the mean time, be indulgent enough to prepare yourself for a

JOURNEY.

"Good bye, my dear Henry, do take care of yourself," are the parting words of an affectionate sister—"Good bye." Bang goes the door, and at six o'clock, one clear cold morning in the latter end of August, I find myself in a long, dull, silent street, in a northern town of Scotland, making my utmost speed to the coach, to meet a friend with whom I had arranged to take a trip to the Highlands.

There is something rather noticeable in the appearance of a provincial town at this early hour of the morning, particularly when the houses, built of stone, present a dull, high, and heavy front, which prevails in that part of the country; they look like the corpses of buildings, and have an unnatural aspect. There is the silence of night, with the clearness of day: there is light, but no life: there they stand, gaunt and gloomy, and quite distinct the habitations, but where are the inhabitants? There are the dark glazed windows, but where the moving forms, the glimpses of life and activity, to be caught behind them? The doors too, are not only closed, but seem shut with a closeness determined to resist all future attempts at being opened. There are objects also to be met with at this hour, which you may look in vain for at another; there is the hungry, lean, spectral-looking dog, with brown, dingy hide, walking slowly up the street alone, anxiously peering round for the first refuse to be thrown out. There is the solitary beggar-woman, concealed in a dark brown tattered cloak, hanging from her head, and fastened tightly beneath her chin; a withered, miserable outskirts of humanity, cut off from the rest of her species, prowling about, with her staff projecting before her, on the same errand. And then amidst the

silence, your boots make such a confounded clattering, you fancy it must awaken all the inhabitants of the street, and that the pretty girls will be leaping simultaneously from their beds to take a peep at the traveller! Occasionally, at the upper windows, a flutter of something quite indescribable is to be seen; and if a door should be opened and shut, the noise is echoed through the town.

The general stillness and apparent lifelessness lend a promising and vivid colouring to those animate objects which may appear: in artists' phrase, they come out strongly; they are seen in a novel aspect, and their traits and peculiarities take a strong hold of the imagination. Never shall I forget, in passing along one summer morning on a fishing excursion, having my attention attracted by the quick clattering and floundering of iron heels on the pavement. I looked up the street, and beheld at the further end a moving mass of clothes, umbrellas, and portmanteaus; a conglomeration of human habiliments: above all these there appeared conspicuous, and court- ing especial notice, a blue cloak with the brightest of scarlet linings, fluttering and flapping in the air; and evidently some being was perseveringly grappling with it; but it contrived ever to elude his hold, and in the strife the umbrella fell to the ground, and then the portmanteau, and the hat box, and with each there was a snatching and conflict, of which words can give no adequate idea. No sooner was one fairly caught and imprisoned, than another made its escape, and the bright scarlet banner mingled in all parts of the fray, which held out no hope of being speedily terminated, when a horn was blown!—How utterly feeble was my estimate of human physical power;—look at him! see with what preternatural energy and all-embracing clutch he seizes the multifarious objects around him! They are gathered together, and pressed in one voluminous mass against his chest and face, and in this plight he waddles off at a rate certainly miraculous; his head is thrown back, and his mouth is just perceptible, emerging upwards, puffing and gasping for air;—never did I witness running before, except in a dream, in which I beheld a creature clamber up the precipitous sides of the lower regions, and make his escape with a legion of devils after him. But our traveller's woes were unhappily not at an end; his head was in an unfavourable position for the retention of his hat, and when turning into the street where the coach was waiting, it was blown off, and carried to some distance. Shouts of laughter from the passengers greeted this mischance;—surely now our hero of the cloak will give up in despair? Not so—he throws all away, and springs with undivided energy at his hat; his knees reach his chin as he runs, and his arms are extended horizontally like wings;—he has caught it—hereturns—again the supernatural grapple at his accoutrements; and in an instant he reaches the coach, panting and perspiring, with a gibe from the guard, and a general titter from the passengers.

Well, after all, man is a noble animal!—a persevering and energetic animal—an animal capable of sustaining a conflict with cloaks, umbrellas, and portmanteaus—yea, of subduing them and bearing them off, captives into captivity.

Talking of hats, brings to my mind an incident which I witnessed some years since in the metropolis of Scotland.

Engaging Reader, (female, to wit; for if I win you, I win all) let me deprecate your wrath for committing these digressions; variety is the charm of existence; believe in this, and pardon me; resume that soft and kindly smile, so sweet and becoming, and say, "Very well, sir, go on as suits your fancy. I am not given to squabbling; you will find me compliant to all your whims and vagaries for the future."—There's a dear and noble creature, and in return for this tiny bit of courtesy I will whisper in your ear a secret,—closer.

"But sir, you tickle me, breathing in my ear."

Do I? Wretch that I am! then I will breathe on your cheek;—now listen. There are but two expressions becoming to the female face, the sprightly and affectionate, or the proud and petrifying: for the lat-

ter there is no call at present; therefore, dear Reader, you act wisely and well—*Allons!*

One stormy evening, in hurrying along a gloomy street in the old town of Edinburgh, I overtook a big burly man, struggling against the wind, and pushing his way rudely through the crowd, when a violent gust blew off his hat. His ponderous size, and the suddenness with which he turned round to pursue his fugitive head-piece, startled those persons immediately following, and created a bustle; some females behind were alarmed at the commotion, arising, as they thought, from some black-looking beast scampering along with rapidity, and pursued by a huge man; and, wisely following the established rule of their sex on such occasions, they screamed—the terror increased, and the shriek was answered by fifty; the uproar and consternation became general; all took to flight, or called out lustily for help. Amiable elderly ladies, and young ones of unimpeachable character rushed into shops, and clamping their arms around the necks of astonished shop-boys, begged in the name of mercy for refuge and protection;—windows were dashed up in hundreds, and eager faces projected,—maid servants ran to the doors in dozens, and "Eh sirs! what's it?" resounded through the streets.—Reader, there is sometimes much in a hat!

Now then we proceed. We are on the coach at last. My friend, punctual to his appointment, with a brace of pointers and a fowling piece; I, with only a humble fishing rod. Scorn me not;—little can you imagine the ethereal taper of that magic wand, so finely pointed as to be hardly discernible within three feet of its extremity; and barely can your fancy picture the delicacy and sparkling beauty of my gossamer tackle, impervious to all but an angler's practised eye. Look at this elegant little morsel—this artificial fly—with its silver grey wings, and dark green glistening body, from which peeps out the most enticing bit of purple steel with its delicate barb, like the serpent amid the flowers of Eden, tempting, not forcing to destruction; no, never could aught so frail and beautiful be guilty of violence; the enamoured fish swims after it, and lies pantingly on the bank, happy to die gazing on the witching insect. Schiller's Robber, after he has plunged the dagger into Emily's bosom, asks if it was not sweet thus to die by the hands of her lover, and she replies—"Oh! most sweet!" In like manner have I fancied that the bulky salmon gasped out "most sweet," as it turned a sentimental glance from its glazed and dying eye on the little gaudy, heartless piece of mischief, reposing a few inches from its nose.

But above all, gentle Reader, if you could bring before your view the lonely glen, glittering with the dewy leaves of the green and sweetly-scented birch; the brawling, sparkling brook, making its way through rocky impediments, round which it growls and grumbles, fretful at being interrupted in its course; the fragrant banks clad with wild flowers and heath; the tempting recesses,

"Haunts right seldom seen,
Lonely, leafy, cool, and green."

The spots of green sward, sprinkled with daisies—the seclusion—the deep and profound peace, tinged softly with a smile of joy—if you could behold all this—"Well, prosing sir, what then?" Why, why then, my imperious beauty, you would remonstrate but slightly against sauntering down that same glen with me and my fishing rod, some sparkling summer morning!

Too enchanting Reader! these digressions all spring from you; you see I cannot get on—I am now talking to you, thinking of you, admiring you! Hard is my lot to have so vivid an imagination. Why is it (I ask in the utmost perplexity) that you will sit before me with that Grecian head, dimpled smile, arch and intelligent glance, and—

Reader, we are on the coach! Bandboxes are handed up in dozens, and old women with handkerchiefs tied round their bonnets and faces, and young ones with ribbons, glance from heaven to earth, that is, their eyes follow with the most intense anxiety the passage of their precious gear, from the moment

it is lifted from the ground, till it is deposited in Heav—psaw! on the Coach—they would not quit sight of it for one moment; even mid-way in air they are fearful it will be entrapped by some fairy sprite, and disappear. There is no maxim on which mankind are so universally agreed, as the necessity there is for every one to look after his luggage. Look at that old woman; she is in absolute terror; she snatches a momentary wild side glance, but instantly her eyes are rivetted on her box. If you were to address her, she would scream, and squash herself down on it, as the best means of securing its safety. She conceives it impossible, that you could have any other motive than a design against her box:—she has but two ideas, one, that she has a box; the other, that all the world are in league to deprive her of it. Verily, I believe, that some people have a suspicion that even the lobbies and staircases have the power of kidnapping luggage. I have seen a traveller rise twenty times in an hour to look at his trunk in the passage; eating and drinking, and newspaper-reading, could not divert his attention from this. I watched him from an adjoining room, and saw him poke half his body out, with a carving knife and fork in his hands; the thought had struck him, just as about to commence dinner; he came again, with his mouth stuffed full, to take a glance; again, with a wine-glass in his hand; and afterwards with a paper.—"O, now my dear, do take care of your luggage," is the earnest admonition of our parents and guardians to us in early life, and it is repeated till nearly our dying days.

Here I feel inclined to make a moral reflection:—Truly this world seems but a huge caravansary, in which it is the most important business of all to look after their luggage!

The time is up, the preparations for starting are drawing rapidly to a close. What shuffling and shifting! What anxiety in each one to make himself entirely comfortable! There is a cluster of human beings around the coach even at this early hour—meagre mechanics, standing gazing with a look half curiosity, half inertness, but in perfect silence; no one ventures to speak but the guard and coachman, or some garrulous passenger. Look at these poor females huddling together, with their arms muffled up under their aprons, their shoulders drawn forward, their heads and feet uncovered, as they stand shivering with idle gaze on the coach! These are factory girls, as they are called, on their way to commence their labours, which will continue with short intermission for fourteen or fifteen hours, in a heated unwholesome atmosphere, with the machinery, in its unvaried motions, swinging before their eyes—the floors vibrating beneath them from the ceaseless working of the bulky engines—and in their ears a heavy clanking and dull din, monotonous and rapid as their employment. Such changeless labour, one would think sufficient to obliterate all humanity from their souls; yet in spite of this, a touch of womanhood remains: the hair in some cases is parted not ungracefully, and a curl here and there, placed with due care, bespeaks a still remaining attention to neatness, and a pride in their personal appearance. There is no envy in their looks, as they behold the passengers bustling around them, gay and elate; no wish, nor hope, that they too should have an excursion. No, they cannot raise their feelings to that pitch; all is apathy; they seem to be destinarians; to have a dull apprehension that every thing moves on in its pre-ordained course; that the coach must go, and the passengers go with it; and that they must proceed to their accustomed labours; and away they shuffle in groups. Heaven be merciful to them! The subject is too serious for our present purpose—so let us be off.

The coach has started—off to the hills. There is music in the words, "hill and dale;" they give the idea of a cheerful undulating buoyancy of step, a breezy gladness, a certainty of peace and joy; they are away from the world, and have a perfume and a breath that belongs not to it. So long as I can breathe a blessing, that blessing shall be bestowed on hill and dale, and the breath of an autumnal eve.

That hour of richness, soft, and deep
Intense, and fraught with feeling,
As tho' a sigh before its sleep
From Nature's soul came stealing.

As if the thought of midnight gloom
Oppress'd its gentle heart,
And glimpses of a silent tomb,
In which we all must part.

Away we rumble;—the air blows freshly, all are in good humour; and the gibe, the laugh, and cursory remark, are rife amongst the passengers as we pass along. Some muffled themselves up in cloaks, but I courted the breeze, unbuttoned my coat and vest, and had serious thought of pulling off my neckerchief. With bounding spirits, as mine were that morning, the difficulty is to sit upon a coach. If one could but run or walk, or hop, or leap, or throw a summer-set—but to sit on one spot without moving, certainly amongst the trials of life it is not the least.

On, on, we rumble—the country glistens up freshly and cheerfully around us. Wherever a labourer is to be seen, he throws down his implements of husbandry, and comes forward to gaze on the coach. Let us observe this one;—he has already descried us, although we are yet a considerable distance from him, his spade is deposited in the ground with due care, and he marches deliberately up to the road side, that he may be in perfect readiness to have a complete and satisfactory stare. He is for no half measures; the thing must be done well; he must have all his senses in the most perfect order, and in the happiest circumstances for enjoying the gratification. There is no hurry, no agitation in his manner; it is calm and solemn, it is an important matter, and must be proceeded with cautiously. He has now reached the stone dyke, and slowly he folds his brawny arms, and places them steadily upon it. He is not satisfied till he finds that they have a firm and comfortable lodgment. And now comes a still more important point,—the chin must be planted on the arms in a favourable position:—he has achieved it! How squash and square it is, presenting a noble base for the upper works, from which the eyes gleam out, encircled by numerous wrinkles, indicating a rigidly scrutinizing power. A cannon ball would rebound from that head, it is placed so firmly. The time has been computed accurately, for at the instant he seems in perfect readiness, the coach passes. Interesting moment! We are the honoured objects of his careful inspection; we pass, but his eyes still follow us. At length he is satisfied, slowly his arms are unfolded, and with measured step he retraces his way, and deliberately resumes his labour. Let us take another specimen. There is a surly, independent-looking man, who seems ashamed of such idle curiosity. Three times he has laid aside his hoe, and as often returned to it with a dogged determination to proceed with his work: he takes another stolen glance. "Ah! it is unusually crowded: what a quantity of luggage!—and a new leader!" He is fairly overcome—his implement is thrown on one side, and he gazes his fill.—Certainly government need be at no charges for coach inspectors in Scotland.

Now we pass the parsonage;—yes, there he is, the shrewd old boy, patrolling his garden, hands behind his back, coat blackish-brown, breeches untied, neck-cloth white, face unshaven, inquisitive wrinkled eye, sagacious wordly look about him; and no doubt a very pleasant fellow over a bowl of punch. But see, there is a flutter at the window. What! a bevy of butterflies? Ah, I see,—the head of the parson's daughter, covered with curl papers—peeping little puss! very curious and very shy. But be cautious, be exceedingly cautious, for if a young man takes a glance at the parson's daughter, the parson's daughter takes to her heels!—

On we go—but—

"The bright sun is extinguished, and the stars
Do wander, darkling in the eternal space."

Astounded Reader—I merely mean that the sunny smiles which lately overspread the countenance of our fellow travellers are clouded, and in their eyes there is visible an inquiet restlessness—they shift to and fro on their seats, conversation flags, and their spirits are drooping low. They turn round anxiously to see how the leaders get on, and fancy that the coachman might just use his whip a *little* more—now there is almost universal silence, only broken at intervals by a deep sigh. The spirit of melancholy has descended upon us—depression has wrapped us up in his grey cloak;—can you expound the mystery? One word will dispel your ignorance—breakfast!—The digestive organs, like all idle beings, are becoming unruly for want of employment, and the inward derangement causes outward distraction. But let us pass the disagreeables. For fifteen minutes, men and women, lubberly boys, and eager-eyed girls, have snatched and devoured, growled and gormandized, spluttered with knives and forks, tea-spoons and cups, as if—but no, there is no earthly comparison for it; their only excuse is, that it is done from compassion to their digestive organs—disinterested humanity!

Al! this is past, and we are again on our way, con-

siderably softened in our sentiments by a tolerable breakfast. The day has likewise undergone a similar change. The sun has blent itself with the cool morning air, and not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, but sparkles up with an aspect clear and glittering, beaming with gratitude and cheerfulness: nay, even the bright buff road, with its margin of green, puts on a pleasant smile, and gives us a kind invitation to proceed. The sky is very blue, the breeze inspiring; from the woods are borne the most penetrating perfumes; and the streaks of sunshine, scattered hither and thither on the soft moss beneath the tall pines, and the deep mysterious glimpses we catch into the recesses of the forest,—all combine to excite in the mind the most pleasurable emotions. Now castle-building proceeds on a magnificent scale—what beautiful forms are created—how soft are the smiles that beam on you—how sentimental your conversation unheard—humane your thoughts, and limitless your capacity of enjoyment! How the blood flows, and the pulse beats! Let me sniff up the scent of these fir trees—delicious! On one side of us there rises up a huge hill, or rather cluster of hills, covered with the dark green fir, with dusky ravines intervening, the dark shade on which quickens the imagination. Look over that mass of wood—what a huge group of trees!—how came so many to be congregated together? Far as your eye can reach, you may trace them till they are lost in an indistinct haze; the whole mass presents one uniform shade, save where it darkens in the clefts between the hills, and fades with grey in the distance. 'Tis a desert of tree tops.

Reader, if you have a fancy for a life of solitude, picture yourself dropped into the midst of these wooded hills, wandering over the soft unechoing ground, consisting of the dead leaves of hundreds of years, presenting one shade, one aspect, that of decay—no sky above your head, no air breathing on your face—where the silence is so profound that the snapping of a branch tangles in your ear, and seems to startle the whole forest.

In travelling in Scotland, you are frequently carried over ground so high, that you can overlook a great extent of hilly country. The reader must bear in mind, that he is not exactly looking up to the hills, else he will have a poor idea of the magnificent prospect his eye can comprehend.

But now we come to a softer feature in the landscape, and one of peculiar beauty. The coach passes a stretch of hollow ground, which intersects the vast forest; and in the midst of this dell, as lovely a lane as ever tempted the footsteps of romantic pedestrian, pursues its solitary way, and walks fearless up into the very bosom of the dark mountains.

Luxuriantly fringed with broom (now basking in the golden rays of the sun), intermixed with the purple heath, and here and there sweet spots of verdure glittering with daisies, does it not entice you, gentle Reader, to saunter for an hour or two, and "dally with its sweets?" I thought so:—give me your hand, let me retain it—this is the way to perambulate the hills, to roam the forests—who would think of offering an arm, of poking an angular sharp bone into a lady's softly-rounded waist, when he has a hand to give! Ah! what a spot for a declaration—sunny and secluded, breathing intense life and enjoyment, and creating a strong feeling of mutual consciousness. Picture the sauntering slowly along—the softly blushing cheek bent downwards, and a little on one side, while the fragrance and beauty of the scene lend a richness, a tenderness, an intensity to your words, which you feel a half-conviction must make their way to the little palpitating heart so close to yours,—almost fluttering against you.

The brightness of the blossom on the whins is beyond all description; the bluebell occasionally mingles with it, and the heath lifts up its purple and white spray-like head over the stone dyke, anxious to take its place on the picture. There is no sound, save a low hum of deep enjoyment—one might almost fancy it the voice of the sunbeams; the music of warmth and light. Yet from this radiant path, walk but two or three steps on either side, and you are in a gloomy and profound solitude—take a glance through that gap—the damp ground is covered with dead leaves, which have lain for ages; large weeds of unnatural growth have sprung up, dank and covered with unhealthy dews, as if they grew by graves—the trunks of the trees, old and dull,—can you conceive of solitude more perfect? Step in—you are in another world, the air, cold and damp, creeps over your face—above is a confused mass of black, through the fissures of which you catch a glimpse of the blue sky, but so far distant, it must belong to another world; everything is grey, grave, and hoary,—aged, profound, and mute, like the wrecks of a by-gone world. The crackling branches under your feet make a startling noise, as if sound was unknown in these regions, and silence was terrified at its intrusion. Are there no half-grey, half-green, filthy creatures, creeping through here? Surely there are—did I not hear the wheezing of a forest-beast of unknown name and form, and see the expression of a hideous countenance on that withered trunk?

Let us be off—let us return to our sweet path, and trace it through the hills. See it winding its way

through the solemn gloom around,—follow it; now it is lost, now appears, again you see it far up in the distance, penetrating into that dusky ravine, like to the subduing smiles of a young girl of sixteen, making their irresistible way into the hoary and shaggy heart of a great sulky grandpa, not over well pleased at the favour requested.

If we had time, we might roam as far as that ravine, and there behold the brook tumbling down from rock to rock, plunging and leaping on its solitary course, nothing near it but the dark woods, and the grey rocks through which it foams. The eye of man rarely rests on it, though congregated multitudes might well assemble to yield it their applause: but it shuns society; it is a gloomy and scornful spirit, that gains a proud satisfaction in the mournful and indignant tones in which it thunders out its wrongs. The trees too seem imbued with the same feeling; they raise up their tall, dark, solemn forms in the air, but disdain to utter their grief, save when the blast comes rushing with its thousand wings through yon cleft; perhaps in early days it wronged them—far distant times, long since buried in that tombless grave, oblivion;—or mayhap it brings to their remembrance some dark calamity, or fearful revolution in the elder days, some tale of horror, mighty wrong, or overwhelming destruction; for certain it is, that at his presence they roar out their indignant fury, and hiss like a thousand serpents; they wring their arms and lash the air, and with ominous gestures menace the world with vengeance. And the river breaks into a savage participation in their rage, and raises his voice and growls out his anathemas in tones of thunder, as he bounds along his course, flinging up the foam of passion, gleaming white in the darkness. And at night, when the majestic masses of the woods are just visible in motion against the sky, and the torrent rushes past you like an enraged demon, and its roar mingles with the hissing of the pines, the scene is wild beyond description, and the mind is obliged to yield assent to the belief that the elements are actuated by feelings akin to those of humanity. But the wind wanes gradually away, and solemnity again resumes its sceptre; the pines present their former still, grave aspect, and the waters mutter in a more subdued voice their spleen.

But there are times when the winds and the woods hold more friendly intercourse with each other, when the former come sweeping from far off, in long solemn trains, with dirge-like music, and take up their abode in the bosom of the latter. Then there commences dim, wild, awful talk, mournful conversation, grave conferences on old primeval times, when creation had another aspect and allotment—and the river too, is admitted into their councils, and murmurs in a confiding tone his thoughts, and together they form a dreary and plaintive diapason.

I have stood, Reader, at the dead of night, by the roaring stream, rolling over rocks in vast foamy torrents; around me wood-covered hills, heaped on hills; dim glens, precipices, and ravines—the blast and the rain breaking on my face; and then nature seemed to utter a voice I never heard before; I felt that she "did mean something!" And the wind, as it wailed in my ears, seemed to me the peaceless remnant of once omnipotent power wandering over its lost realm, alternately muttering in indignation and moaning in grief.

But we shall be growing too romantic, and therefore pause. We have arrived at the last town the coach can convey us to. We must now strike off into the wilds, while the stage proceeds on the high road. "Waiter, order a post chaise for T—!"—"The roads are impassable, sir; the floods have carried them away." "Never mind, we must go." "Won't you dine, gentlemen?" "No, bring some biscuit and a bottle of sherry."

With your kind permission, courteous Reader, we will continue our journey next week.

S.

EDINBURGH.

Not Venice riseth from the sea more fair
Than the regal city of the land:—she fills
The ideal eye with beauty, and the hills,
The everlasting hills, as a broach do wear
Her stately beauty. In this stilly air,
Swathed with the sunbeams, beautiful is she;
Her far-off presence is a stirring power;
Her shadow doth rejoice the lonely sea:
The Sailor, who hath voyaged the perilous breast
Of the broad waters,—spying from the shrouds
The city hanging radiant in the west,
The white towers, palaces, arise in crowds,—
Deems them perchance bright mansions of the blest,
A city fashion'd in the sun-lit clouds.

J. C.

Real Wants Few.—If the philosopher be happy, it is because he is the man from whom fortune can take the least.—Rousseau.

QUEEN MARGARET OF NAVARRE'S ENTRANCE INTO PORT D'USSON.

THE following sprightly bit of narrative is from a new historical novel just published, entitled "*Henric Quatre, or the Days of the League*." Margaret, who more upon her own account than as the wife of the Huguenot King of Navarre, is in a state of opposition to the court of her brother Henry the Third, tricks the Governor of Usson out of his post by the help of the vanity of his Seneschal, which is here excellently portrayed. The whole novel (we say it in a spirit of real respect, and out of no invidiousness) is a remarkable proof of the progress of knowledge among those whose education has not been very scholarly. Evidences to the latter effect lurk here and there, forming a singular contrast with the author's general command of words, even of the most scholarly nature. The fault of the book is that it is too much spun out, and deals in details not commensurate with the importance of what is going forward. The passing introduction of Brantome is very pleasant.

Navarre was known to be in Auvergne, and thither the happy travellers proceeded in search of him, arriving before D'Usson in the manner we have just related. A brilliant idea entered the mind of Margaret, when she beheld the lofty rocks on which the fortress was built, its impregnability and romantic site; but, without communicating her sudden resolve, she simply requested the Baron to ask De Cœuvres the hospitality of the castle for a daughter of France.

Flushed with her scheme, she drew aside the curtain on approaching the gate-tower, and at the expected presence of the old governor; but in his place stood the smirking and bowing Pomini, who was dazzled with the beauty of the fair voyagers, and quite forgot the graceful Gabrielle. Margaret smiled inwardly at his officiousness, but she saw at a glance that he was her own, and might be moulded to her purpose. This was sufficient to induce her to return his civilities with condescension, and make him the proudest of men. He already fancied himself Monsieur L'Isle du Marais,* and even went so far as to presume on the possible acquisition of a baron's coronet and mantling.

The cortège passed into the interior court, where the Queen and Emilie alighted, and were conducted by the enraptured Seneschal into the hall. Great was the indignation of the loyal governor, when one of the pages ran to inform him that his visitor was the Queen of Navarre; but as it was too late to proceed to the court-yard, where he could only dispute with his servant the honour of the reception, he wisely resolved to take up a position with his daughter in the saloon of state, and in order to increase the group, the page was desired to bring his fellow immediately, that they twain might be in readiness to do honour to royalty, and reflect a proper dignity on the rank of the governor.

But for this coup d'état there was more than abundant time; for Pomini indulged in his usual artifice with visitors, of conducting them through the entire suite of rooms of the castle, ere he introduced them to the Marquis; commenting the while on the antique beauty of the furniture, the lofty proportion of the chambers, and the historical importance of the royal chateau.

"Stay! stay! Monsieur!" said the fatigued Queen of Navarre; "has not the Marquis a fair daughter—a pearl of price? Let us not delay in doing her honour."

"Her beauty can only be eclipsed by the bright luminaries before whom I now stand!" replied the assiduous and crafty Seneschal: "and your Majesty shall see her soon."

But Monsieur Pomini had something yet in store for his new friends, ere their eyes were blessed with the presence of the Lady Gabrielle. To the surprise of the Queen and her suite, he opened a small door behind the tapestry of the last chamber, and disappeared from view of his visitors, but soon returned with a bundle of torches, which were speedily lighted.

"What! torches in day-time!" cried Margaret in surprise.

"Your Majesty must consider that it is the fault of the architect, not mine," replied the obsequious Seneschal.

Any one but De Nevalles would have dissuaded the Queen from proceeding further, but his curiosity and love of eccentricity were deeply interested in the denouement of this strange proceeding, and he resolved to let the Seneschal go to the full length of his line.

The tapestry was put aside, and one by one following each other, the visitants passed through the narrow door-way, and entered on a stone gallery or corridor. The light of the torches displayed the rude-

ness of the masonry, and the awful prison-like gloom of the gallery. The royal party began to doubt the sincerity of their guide.

"Is De Cœuvres a hermit?" exclaimed Margaret; "does he live in a cell?"

Pomini made no reply, for he was preparing for his last effort.

Suddenly he stopped, and waved aloft his torch, commanding the attendants to do the same. At his invitation the party approached the spot whereon he stood, but were awe-struck with the seeming horror of their position. They were no longer enclosed between the walls of the gallery, but found themselves standing on a balcony projecting into the murky space. Above and beneath was utter darkness:—the partial dim atmosphere of light which surrounded them, was just sufficient to make the awful gloom visible.

De Nevalles caught hold of the Seneschal. "Why this mystery?" said he, not knowing whether it were prudent to express alarm.

"Look!" exclaimed the Seneschal, beckoning the party to approach the iron railing which skirted the balcony. Impelled by mingled curiosity and dread, Margaret and her friends ventured to obey Pomini's bidding:

"Now watch the descending light!" exclaimed the mysterious functionary;—and at these words, he and his domestics threw their torches into the abyss.

The glaring whirling meteors as they fell, illuminated the cavernous side of the descent, and impressed the awe-struck gazers with terror of the dreadful gulf over which they stood. After many a mazy gyration, the lights reached the bottom, and burned flickeringly in the abyss.

The group surveyed them from above with awe.

"Something shines close to the red light of the furthest torch!" cried De Nevalles, who was the first to break silence.

"Very likely," said Pomini, in a careless tone, "the skulls are scattered about in profusion."

A cry of horror arose from the fair living dames at this announcement; nor was their dread diminished by discovering that they were now in total darkness.

"By St. Hubert!" exclaimed the Baron, "it would only be doing justice to throw you to the spirits beneath! Tell us, what means this, or you shall rue your mischief."

"Where those torches burn are the dungeons of D'Usson," replied Pomini; "there, his Majesty, Louis, the eleventh of that name, of happy memory, kept the state prisoners, whose treason was manifest. Your Majesty's ancestor," continued the Seneschal, speaking to the Queen of Navarre, "was a wise prince—no one could escape from these depths."

"Let us away from the horrid sight," cried the Queen, who had retained the hand of Emilie out of fear.

"There is no danger from this conceited fool," whispered De Nevalles, who was close to Made-

moiselle.

As the road was straight, no great difficulty was found by the visitors in groping their way out of the gallery into the genial light of day, and the warm tapestried chamber. But their anger now vented itself against the Seneschal; he was surrounded by a circle of inquisitors, who threatened him with every punishment they could think of.

"If I had been anxious only to revenge an insult to my sovereign," said De Nevalles, "your body would have been flung after the torches."

"But why show us these curiosities when the Marquis is waiting?" exclaimed Margaret, who could not repress a smile at the singular occurrence.

Pomini, who was taken off his guard by the cheerful speech of the Queen, replied with naïveté, "that since the visit of the Abbé Bourdeille de Brantome to D'Usson, he had taken his advice, which was to display the dreary depths of the prison caverns to visitors, ere he introduced them into the presence of the Lady Gabrielle, that her lightsome beauty might strike her beholders with all the force of intense contrast."

A peal of laughter followed this explanation, which was uttered in a tone which at once displayed the vanity and weakness of the Seneschal, at the same time that it bespoke the sincerity of the impulse.

"Ah! the Abbé De Brantome is a man I reverence," said De Nevalles; "his wit leaves a rough mark on every softer mind it comes in collision with."

Dictatorial Manners.—In the too-frequent way of communicating even useful counsel, there is almost invariably something to vex, often to insult, and almost always the arrogance which assumes authority, and exercises a species of despotism. Now, if men were as willing, and as ready to give reasons as they are to give rules, much mischief might be prevented, and some good might be done. Pride is undoubtedly gratified by being enabled to deal out its animadversions, and self-regard is flattered, but at a terrible expense,—a great sacrifice of benevolence. Yet, it is no small part of good-breeding and good morals to give appropriate advice appropriately.

—Bentham.

"TWO AGED OAKS" IN HYDE PARK.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Birmingham, Sept. 2, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—When I was in London, a few weeks since, I observed in Hyde Park, near the bridge over the Serpentine river, two very old and picturesque oaks, which are railed in from the public. The fact of these trees being enclosed has considerably excited my curiosity to know what particular history is connected with them, or of what interesting event they are the memorials. That they indicate the scene of some remarkable incident of past times, or at least of some incident worthy of remembrance, I do not doubt, as mere longevity or picturesque appearance, would not, I imagine, have been sufficient inducements to make the authorities anxious to protect them, in a measure, from rude and destructive hands. As I am particularly curious in matters of this nature, and experience considerable pleasure from viewing existing memorials of every description of interesting event in our past history, or in the histories of distinguished individuals, I feel a strong desire to know all that is remarkable and memorable connected with these two spectre-looking oaks in Hyde Park. I have no friend in London who can afford me any information on this subject; and believing you to be a "good-natured man," and the last to be offended at a little freedom of this kind, I take the liberty of writing to you, for the purpose of making the inquiry. I shall feel very much obliged if, in your "Notices to Correspondents," you will have the goodness to satisfy my curiosity, by informing me on the above head, should you possess the necessary information.

Wishing you great success in your present undertaking,

I am, Sir, &c.

A CONSTANT READER
OF THE "LONDON JOURNAL."

P.S. Many thanks for giving up the abominable page of advertisements.

[*.* We are sorry we cannot give the information here required. Perhaps some of our readers can furnish it.—Ed.]

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FAIR OF BARTHOLOMEW.

ALL unforgotten is that sunny day,

Ah! days were sunny then!

When I, a happy and a truant boy,

(Why are those synonymes?) bounded away,
All mud and mirth, and gingerbread, and joy;

Prancing in puddles, panting thro' each pen,

Into that Babylon of booths—the Fair:

Weeks had I vow'd, Bartholomew, to strive for't;

True to that vow, but little did I care,

Though I, like thee of old, were flay'd alive for't.

Oh! joyous child! I mark'd the glittering shew.

Of wearied mountebanks; and envied much

Their recklessness of mirth—I deem'd it such;

For then it had not been my lot to know,

That Harlequins have griefs and even Clowns feel woe.

Saunders was lov'd and Gyngell deified;

None sure were happy if "the Players" were not.

To dreams of degradation, hints of pride,

The gorgeous Scowtons' troop replied,

Scout on, we care not.

Eighteen short summers syne—where have ye fled,

Dear wandering wonders—are ye old—or dead?

Have learned pigs "the way of all pork" gone?

Are thieves of that day, now at Sydney justling;

Yea! Chune too, the Elephant, hath flown;

And "left the world" for greater beasts "to bustle in."

Prince of Morocco! I admir'd of yore;

Are ye in truth no more?

Jesters have sought the grave—wild men turn'd tame;

Mimes mute, and infant prodigies grown old;

Chabert, though dieted on fire and flame,

Despite his sulphur suppers, is cold.

Miss Biffen, without feet, her race has run,

The Spotted Boy visits this spot no longer;

The dwarf's short thread of life is overspun,

And the strong man has wrestled with a stronger.

* A title which he wished to obtain in order to elevate his stock.—Ed.

Scene of past freaks, you are not what you were,
Tho' still the fair is foul, and foul is fair!
The gongs and roundabouts, and "ups and downs,"
And the wild gleeful laugh of Gygell's clowns—
Have flown:

Old Richardson remains alone;
The 'last man' of the race,
Wearing his old familiar face;
And galligaskins;
For one would almost swear,
They are the very pair,
That eighteen years since brav'd the summer's baskings,
Vest, coat, continuations, seem the same,
The voice, the gait, the spot, and eke the well-known name.

Health to thee, relic of a by-gone day,
Last of a class who 're fading fast away;
Though penny shewman!*

For thou hast paced thy daily path in quiet;
No creditor bewails thy heedless riot;
Who calls thee debtor? No man.

Punctual as tax collector in thy rounds,
Thy tireless industry has won its meed;
Thy parsimonious pennies sworn to pounds,
Hundreds to thousands, in due course succeed;
Thou'rt rich enough to dream of lasting joys,
And set up—a new pair of corduroys!

"No, Measter, no," I think I hear thee say,
"That's not my way;

Let spendthrift managers dress, ride, and cab it;
My habits are unchang'd, nor will I change one habit."

Landmark of mirthful memories long remain,
Chief of the balatronic troop—the travelling train,
And each September

Bring to a myriad minds the days again,
Sweet to remember.

Come thou, Bartholomew; much mirth and noise;
Come renovate our rattles, tops, and toys,

Teaching one gentle truth
To soberer years; in mem'ry of past joys.

Oh! pardon the frivolities of youth;
Nor wholly curb the young and buoyant will,
But suffer children to be children still.

W. L. R.

* Some years since, during the period of the St Alban's Fair, a fire occurred in that town: Richardson and his 'troupe' were very active in their endeavours to stay its ravages; but damage to a great extent occurred, and a general subscription took place: a rough ill-clad person waited on the Committee and gave one hundred pounds! In what name shall we put down this munificent sum? asked the Secretary. "Richardson, the penny shewman," was the proud reply.

A GOOD HINT FOR DANCERS

[From the new French periodical, published in Paris and London, and entitled the "Camellion."]

THE existence of the country-dance is threatened. The galopade has been tried; but the galopade deranges the ladies' head-dresses, tumbles their clothes, and flusters their faces. As the ladies have no right to make themselves ugly, the galopade must be given up. The mazurka comes next, and it has numerous partisans. We shall see! While these revolutions are hanging over us, there is one thing which alone would keep a man from dancing at all; a difficulty that renews itself at every first dance. If you invite a lady to be your partner, she is engaged. What will you do? Ask another. Very good. But then it is as much as to say to the former, "I care no more for dancing with you than with any other;" and to the second, "I dance with you for want of a better, and because another has refused me!" How is this to be avoided? By not dancing at all; because the lady you first made choice of is no longer at liberty. But in that case it may so happen, that you pass the evening without dancing, however eagerly you may desire otherwise.

In many towns to the south they manage after the following fashion. To each man, as he enters, a basket of artificial flowers is offered, that he may choose out of it. When he would obtain a partner, in lieu of the customary formula, seldom relieved by the slightest variation,—"Madam, will you do me the honour to dance with me?" he offers the flower, which the lady fixes in her belt till the dance is completed. By this means, no one exposes himself to the mortification and risk of asking a lady who is already engaged, since whatever fair one is still without a flower, is also without a partner.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXXVII.—FIVE STORIES OF THIEVERY.

WE take these from one of those celebrated old book-stall books, which were written hundreds of years ago, when men only published because they were in earnest, and which, therefore, are interesting in their very errors and old-wives' fables. It is a folio, on all sorts of curious subjects, printed in an honest old type, and is a translation (through a French medium) from the Latin of Camerarius, a German scholar and essayist, famous in his day, but who has come to nothing with posterity, for a certain insufficiency of discrimination between good and bad,—between what is worthy of implicit acceptance, and what to be received with an accompaniment of doubt and a greater nicety of criticism.

As we do not vouch for the truth of all the stories, but have reason to do so for at least one of them, the first (which we have read often in authentic books), we have not divided them, as usual, under heads of their own, but have lumped all together. The concluding one will remind Chaucer's readers of his exquisite story of the Three Thieves. [By the way, when is Mr Clarke's Chaucer to appear, which is to enable us all to read the divine old poet in new spelling?]

There is a certain French book (quoth our author) set forth in our time (entitled *An Introduction to the treatise of the conformities of ancient wonders, with moderne, &c.*) in which many notable pilferings are related, and some of them (to my seeming) almost incredible, as well for the bold parts as the cunning tricks of the thesues. I will here set down some of them, as they are found there. In the time of King Francis, the first of that name, a certain theefe, appalled like a gentleman, as he was dining into a great pouch, which John Cardinal of Lorraine had hanging by his side, was espied of the King, being at masse, and standing right over against the Cardinal. The theefe perceiving himself spied, held vp his finger to the King, making a sign that he should say nothing and he should see good sport. The King, glad of such meriment, and that he should have cause to laugh, let him alone; and within a while, after coming to the Cardinal, took occasion, in talking with him, to make the Cardinal goe to his pouch, who, missing what he had put therein, begins to wonder; but the King, who had seen the play, was as merrie on the other side. But after the King had well laughed, he would gladlie that the Cardinal should have had againe what was taken from him, as indeed he made account that the meaning of the taker was; but whereas the King thought he was an honest gentleman, and of some account, in that he shewed himself so resolute and held his countenance so well; experience showed that he was a most cunning thiefe, gentlemanlike, that meant not to test, but making as if he tested, was in good earnest. Then the Cardinal turned all the laughter against the King, who, using his wonted oth, swore, by the faith of a gentleman, That it was the first time that ever a theefe had made him his companion.

The other theueish trick was plaid in the presence of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. He upon a day comanding a semouee, while euerie man was busied in putting up his stuffe, there entred a good fellow into the hall where the Emperour then was, being meanely accompanied and readie to take horse. This theefe hauing made a great reuerence, presently went about the taking downe of the hangings, making great hast, as if he had much businesse to doe; and though it was not his profession to set up and take downe hangings, yet he went about it so nimblely that he whose charge it was to take them downe, comming to doe it, found that somebodie had already eased him of that labour, and (which was worse) of carrying them away.

But the boldnesse of an Italian theefe was as great, who plaid this part at Rome in the time of Pope Paul the Third. A certaine Cardinal hauing made a great feast in his house, and the silver vessels being lockt vp in a trunke that stood in a chamber next to the hall where the feast had bene, whilst many were sitting and walking in this chamber wayting for their masters, there came a man in with a torch carried before him, bearing the countenance of the steward, and hauing a jacket on, who praised those that sate on the trunke to rise vp from it, because he was to use the same; which they heeing done, he made it be taken vp by certain porters that followed him in, and went cleane away with it. And this was done while the steward and all the seruants of the house were at supper.

In the same chapter there be other strange and notable tales of diuers theueries; but it sufficeth to have pickt out these three which I take for the most memorable among them. I will here add a fourth, which seemeth incredible, and excelleth all the rest

for valour and boldnesse. Sabellius setteth it downe with all the circumstances, and it is thus: A certaine Candiot called Stamat, being at Venice when the treasure was shewed in kinnesse to the Duke of Ferrara, entred into the chappell so boldly that he was taken for one of the Duke's domestical seruants, and wondering at so much wealth, instead of contenting himself with the sight, he resolved from thence forward to commit some notable peeces of theuarie. Saint Mark's church, guided with pure gold very neere all ouer, is built at the bottom round about within and without with peeces or tables of marble. This Grecian theefe, maruelous cunning and nimble, devised to take out finely by night one of the tables or stones of marble against that place of the church where the altar stands, called The childrens Altar, thereby to make himself an entrance to the treasure; and hauing laboured a night, because the wall could not in that time bee wrought through, he laid the stone handsomely into his place againe, and fitted it so well, as no man could perceiue any shew of opening it at all; as for the stones and rubbish that he tooke out of the wall, he carried it all away so nimblely and so cleanly, and all before day, that he was neuer discovered. Hauing wrought this many nights, hee got at length to the treasure, and began to carie away much riches of diuers kinds. I did once see this treasure, and wondered at it, being admitted amongst the traine of the ambassador of Fredericke the Emperour. For besides an infinite number of precious stones set in worke, I saw there twelve crownes, and as many breast-plates of golde, set with an innumerable sort of jems, whose brightness would have dazzled the eyes both of the bodie and of the minde; moreover, pots of aggat and other stones of price, the eares exceedingly high esteemed because of their value: also shrines, candlesticks, and manie other implements for altars, which were not only of pure gold, but also garnished with so many stones of worth, that the gold was nothing in comparison thereof. I speak not of the Unicorn's horne which is infinitely estimated, nor the duke's crowne, nor the other peeces of exquisite worke, which this Greek had carried away all by leasure. But (as it is commonly said) adulterie and theft were neuer long time hid; and because this fault could not be so soon discovered, it so fell out that the authore thereof laid it open, and the theefe bewraied himself. He had a compeer in the cite, a gentleman of the same Isle of Candie, called Zacharias Grio, an honest man, and of a good conscience. Stamat one day taking him aside neere to the altar, and drawing a promise from him that hee should keepe secret that which he should tell him, discovered from the beginning to the end all that he had done: and then carries him to his house, where he shews him the inestimable riches he had stolen. The gentleman being vertuous and conscionable, stood amazed at the sight, and quaking at the horror of the offence, began to reele, and could no longer stand. Whereupon Stamat (as they say) like a desperat villaine, was about to have killed him in the place, and as his will of doing it increased, Grio mistrusting him, stayed the blow by saying that the extreame joy which he conceived in seeing so many precious things, of which he neuer thought to haue had any part, had made him (as it were) beside himself. Stamat, content with that excuse, let him alone. Of the other side, Grio receiued in gift of him a precious stone, and of exceeding great value, and is the same that is now worne in the forepart of the dukes crowne. So, making as if he had some weightie matter to despatch, forth he goes of the house, and hies him to the palace, where hauing obtained access to the duke, he reuealeth all the matter, saying withall that there needed expedition, otherwise Stamat might rouse himself, looke about him, disguise himself, shift lodging or saue himself otherways with the best of his booties. To giue the more credit to his words, he drew forth of his bosome the precious stone that had been giuen him; which scene, some were sent away with all speed to the house, who laid hold of Stamat and all that he had stolen, amounting to the value of two millions of gold, nothing thereof being (as yet) removed. So he was hanged between two pillars: and the Informer (besides a rich recompense which he had at that time receiued) had an yearly pension out of the public treasure for so long time as he liued.

Petrus Iustinianus reciteth the same story after Sabellius, and withal setteth downe another of our time that fell out in the same cite of Venice. A Neapolitan found meanes with counterfeit keyes, to vnlock the common treasurer's chamber, and the yron chests that were therein, full of the common treasure, and carried away eight thousand crowns. But in a few days hee was taken, and by sentence of the Tenne, after hee had his right hand cut off, was hanged at an high gibbet set vp of purpose in the place called the Realte, neere to which the robberie had been done.

To the aforesaid description of the treasure of Venice set downe by Sabellius, I thinke not amiss to annexe that which Phillip de Commines, a witness worthe to be credited, reporteth to haue himselfe scene. "There is at Venice," saith he, "Saint

Mark's church, one of the fairest and best furnished that a man shall see; in it lies the treasure so much spoken of all the world over; the same consisteth of certaine verie rich Ornaments of that church, of Pearles in number foureteen, not polished; twelve golden crownes with which, in times past, they used to decke and set forth twelve women. But on a day as they were solemnizing that pompe, it happened that certain Theeves took and carried away those women with their crownes, who, being afterwards rescued and recovered, their husbands gave and dedicated these crowns to Saint Mark, and built a chapel, into which the lords of the counsell enter once euerie yeare, namely, the day of the recoverie of the women." In a little Italian booke, setting out the memorable things of Venice, we read that among the riches of this Treasure there is also the Duke's Cap, made not long ago, which is estimated at above two hundred thousand crowns. This treasure hath been made up into such a heape, partly by the spoile of Constantinople, at such time as the French and the Venetians overcame it, and of other cities conquered, and partly by presents given to that commonwealth by diuers princes. There be some that tell an old fable, that this treasure was brought to Venice by foure riche merchants, two of which thinking it unfit the treasure should haue so many owners, resolved to poison the other two, which two (not knowing the determination of their companions) purposed the same likewise of their part, so that they were poisoned all foure, and died without heires; whereupon, the Seigniorie of Venice seized on all the wealth which they had left; and this (they say) is signified by the four Images of porphirie that stand by the great gate of the common palace embracing one another. This the Author of that little booke saith. This treasure they vse to set out at shew euerie yeare at certaine solemne feasts, upon the great Altar in St Mark's church; and I doe not think that in all those countries which we call Christendom, there is any so rich, although that of St Denys, in France, be very faire, marueilous rare, and of greate value.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

SWIFT.—(SECOND SPECIMEN.)

His Admirable Essay on Conversation.

I HAVE observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly handled, as this; and, indeed, I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seemeth so much to be said.

Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined that they seldom exist but in idea; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection. But, in conversation it is, or might be, otherwise; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in any man's power, for want of which it remaineth as mere an idea as the other. Therefore, it seemeth to me that the truest way to understand conversation is, to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated; because it requireth few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire without any great genius or study. For nature hath left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are an hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts on this subject by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse, it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldom observed; since there are few so obvious or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance: nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together where some one among them hath not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But, among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he promiseth to tell you when this is done; cometh back regularly to his subject; cannot call to mind some person's name, holdeth his head, complaineth of his memory; the company all this while in suspense; at length says,

it is no matter, and goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves to be a story the company hath heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is, that of those who affect to talk of themselves. Some, without any ceremony, give you the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them: will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise. They will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world, they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is to others, without once making this easy and obvious reflexion, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him; and how little that is, he is sensible enough.

Where company hath met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university; after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and comrades.

I know a great officer of the army, who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking, at length of a sudden demand audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it so many words lost. It is a torment to the hearers as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint with so little success. They must do something extraordinary, in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together, in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit* who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside; he neither expecteth to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and therefore he chuseth to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life, was that at Will's Coffee House, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men, who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came hither, and entertained one another with their trifling composes, in so important an air, as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with an humble audience of the young students from the inns of court, or of the universities, who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism, and belles-lettres.

By these means, the poets, for many years past, were all over-run with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it; by which definition men of the court or the army may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine; and it is the same vice in women, when they are over-copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in; yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take; because, besides the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

This great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who hath a general reception at the great tables; familiar and domestic with

* Probably Addison.—Ed.

persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet-show; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while the merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he has undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel, when, in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, besides the indignity of confounding men's talents as so shameful a rate.

Railery is the finest part of conversation; but as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as when an expensive fashion cometh up, those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passeth for railery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance and make him ridiculous, sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whom we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the polite age of our fathers. Railery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflexion, but by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable; I mean an impatience to interrupt others, and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves, which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of these two errors; because when any man speaketh in company, it is to be supposed that he doth it for his hearer's sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention if they are not willing to lend it; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you; but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts which they long to be delivered of. Meantime they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour, which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the railery of slaves, of which we have so many instances in Plautus. It seemeth to have been well introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court-entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars, and considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious: although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how long conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent. However, it is subject to two unavoidable defects; frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted, so that whoever valueth this gift in himself, hath need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endowed, have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox,

usually springeth from a barrenness of invention and of words, by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves upon every occasion; therefore, men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice hath inured and emboldened them, because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions, and of words which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice, which is no disadvantage in private conversation; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is of all others the most insupportable.

Nothing hath spoiled men more for conversation than the character of being wits; to support which, they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who lift themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This hath given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the state of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, that they are never present in mind at what passeth in discourse; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice to memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding, such as lewd or profane talk; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the formal subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased by the abuse of that faculty, which is held the great distinction between men and brutes; and how little advantage we make of that which might be the greatest, most lasting, and the most innocent as well as useful pleasure of life. In default of which we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting; or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours, whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity, which, under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, hath been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, farther than in parties at play or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England, (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles the First's reign; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours; several ladies whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizored mask in the park or the playhouse, that, in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company with the relating of facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture, peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he doth not dwell upon them, but leaveth room for answers and replies.

THE FALL OF THE RHINE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.

[From the Travels of Count Frederick Stolberg, translated by Holcroft. The reader having lately seen accounts of the Rhine from the pen of an English lady, may like to have a taste of it from a native German. Stolberg was an enthusiast of the Klopstock school, and became a Catholic. He and his brother Christian were both distinguished among the German literati. Of this family was the consort of Prince Charles Edward, the last Pretender, the lady who, after his death, is understood, we believe, to have been privately married to the celebrated dramatic poet, Alfieri.]

The Rhine near Schaffhausen is very beautiful, and flows over beds of rocks. In former times there certainly were warehouses here, for merchandize, brought down the stream from Bunden, Lindau, Constance, and other parts. The goods were unloaded here because of its vicinity to the fall of the Rhine. From these the town took its name. In the Switzerland, Swabian, and Austrian districts, the word *Schaffen* signifies to buy and sell.

In the afternoon we visited the fall of the Rhine. Oh, that I could give you an idea of this spectacle! But description, imagery, recollection itself, all sink under the task. I saw it three times, and my astonishment at the last time was as great as at the first. It amazed me now, when a man, as much as it had done when I was a youth.

I appear to have said something, and yet I have said nothing, when I relate, that the broad stream, among bold cliffs, overgrown with trees, collects its waters in a prodigious mass; which, though disturbed here and there, rises in circles of translucent green; and with thundering din, and raging impetuosity, dividing itself into three unequal cataracts, dashes headlong against the rock below; that daringly resists the ungovernable fury of the torrent. Daring, and dignified; yet not unchastized; as the deep cavities in its bed, and its perforated sides, too plainly show.

On the lowest of these high shores, to the right of the waterfall, in the territory of Schaffhausen, stands a thread-mill. Opposite to this, in the district of the Canton of Zurich, and on a very high rock, the castle of Laufen is built.

A stranger is first taken beside the thread mill; where he is suddenly surprised; and his astonishment pleasingly yet terribly excited. He is then led by a small winding path round the foot of the hill, to a circular basin of the stream; and, being there placed opposite to the waterfall, he learns, that the cataract, at which he has been amazed, is formed only by the shores and a rock that projects out of the stream, which constitutes about a fifth part of the waterfall.

Here he perceives the whole stream compressed between its rocky shores and three insulated cliffs. He is then taken into a small boat, passes the cataract on the dancing waves, and is landed on the side of Zurich. Here, below the castle of Lanfer, is a scaffolding built over the waterfall. You are obliged to wait some short time, till a small door is opened; the key of which is kept in the castle; standing immediately over the stream, and listening to its thunder. You then look down upon the terrific gulph. The imagination, overpowered, is dreadfully persuaded that it shall be hurried into the deep. No possible idea can be formed of the force of the water; or of the resistless violence with which it rushes. The poet Lenz standing here, struck his thigh, and exclaimed, *Hier ist eine Wasserhülle!* (Here's a water-hell!)

After a fall thus rapid, the water is projected back to a great height, forming a cloud, white and dense as the smoke of a forge, which conceals all beyond it. Every bush on the rocky shores is dripping; when the sun shines, the colours of the rainbow play in the froth and the rising vapours.

No spectacle of nature ever so fixed and seized upon my mind as this. My Sophia trembled and turned pale. My young son gazed in silent admiration at the stream; for the clouds of spray, concealing all around, it was the only visible object. We stood motionless, in a fearful, yet holy trance. I seemed as if I infinitely felt the *præsens numen*; the divinity, present and active. While recollecting the manifest omnipotence of God, I was overpowered with the sensation of his all-merciful love. It appeared as if the glory of the Lord passed before me; and I scarcely could forbear falling on my face and exclaiming—"Oh, Lord God, how gracious and benevolent art thou!"

We had proceeded a considerable way on our return, before we broke silence. It was not till our strong feelings began to cool that we had a transient recollection of the philosopher, who, while beholding the fall of the Rhine, asked, with cold apathy, "Of

what utility is this?" A philosopher will answer when a sage will be silent,—“Man, my good sir lives not on bread alone. He has more dignified wants. While with trembling rapture he glances at nature in all her greatness, he can connect the utility of a thread-mill with the sublimity of a cataract.”

Pride and Stinginess.—No association is more common than pride and stinginess. We take from nature from real pleasures, nay from the stock of necessities, what we lavish upon opinion. One man adorns his palace at the expense of his kitchen; another prefers a fine service of plate to a good dinner; a third makes a sumptuous entertainment, and starves himself the rest of the year. When I see a side-board richly decorated, I expect the wine to be very indifferent. How often in the country, when we breathe the fresh morning air, are we tempted by the prospect of a fine garden! We rise early, and by walking gain a keen appetite, which makes us wish for breakfast. Perhaps the domestic is out of the way, or provisions are wanting, or the lady has not given her orders, and you are tired to death with waiting. Sometimes people prevent your desires, and make you a very pompous offer of everything, upon condition that you accept of nothing. You must fast till three o'clock, or breakfast with the tulips. I remember to have walked in a very beautiful park, which belonged to a lady, who, though extremely fond of coffee, never drank any but when it was at a very low price; yet she very liberally allowed her gardener a salary of a thousand crowns. For my part, I should chuse to have tulips less finely variegated, and to drink coffee whenever my appetite called for it.—*Rousseau.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cordial thanks to the *Greenock Intelligencer*. We are glad also to see that we are not unwelcome to the abundant and most miscellaneous pages of the *Liverpool Albion*.

The *Musings on a Stone* are highly creditable to the writer's youth; but somewhat too young at present for our columns. G. F.'s compositions do him equal credit on another score, not rendering them, however, available for our purposes.

Could *Christie's Will* be shortened?

The Proprietor of the Hall of Universal Information gives us capital reason for attending to his instruction, in saying that he likes us, and has our Journal regularly lying on his table; but we fear he would bring the formidable foot of the Stamp Office upon us.

We were unable to attend to J. N. at the moment, but will diligently consider his letter. Also the communications of J. D. and D. G. W. R. next week.

The letter of Mr W. L. R. was as welcome to us, as he will see his verses were. We shall not fail to notice the subject he mentions.

We shall duly consider the commendations of W. G.—y, who has our best thanks.

We should like to have found room for the facetious legalities of our friend John Capias (whether he intended them for publication or not) but fear that some of our readers would take them for another and a too-long advertisement of our Supplements. He is informed that three of the Supplements have now been published, and are to be had at all the usual places.

If the correspondent who sent us an extract from our columns, accompanied with the mention of a late eminent poet, is an honest man, we are sorry both for the mistake under which he labours, and for the deduction which he implies from it. It has been contradicted repeatedly, especially by the Editor; and as to what bitterness might still remain from his treatment by the critics, our correspondent overlooks the whole tone of this Journal, and the objects which it manifestly has in view. Besides, we have thoroughly discussed the spirit of that matter elsewhere, and distinctly settled it on a footing, which would have been approved by the excellent and generous poet himself.

An extract from the "Parterre" next week.

We were not aware of the welcome loan of the "Mirror of the Month" till just before the receipt of the second letter.

The verses sent us by J. S. do not do so much justice to his talent as his prose.

Squalliana Freckle should turn her fancy to pleasanter account.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1, 1834.

No. 27.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

FAIRIES.

THE word *Fairy*, in the sense of a little miniature being, is peculiar to this country, and is a southern appellation applied to a northern idea. It is the *Fée* and *Fata* of the French and Italians; who mean by it an imaginary lady of any sort, not of necessity small, and generally of the human size. With us, it is the *Elf* of our northern ancestors, and means exclusively the little creature inhabiting the woods and caverns, and dancing on the grass.

The progress of knowledge, which humanizes everything, and enables our fancies to pick and choose, has long rendered the English fairy a harmless being, rarely seen of eye, and known quite as much, if not more, through the pleasant fancies of the poets, than the earthier creed of the common people. In Germany also, the Fairy is said to have become a being almost entirely benevolent. But among our kinsmen of the north, the Swedes and Danes, and especially the insular races of Iceland and Rugen, the old opinions appear to be in force; and, generally speaking, the pigmy world may be divided into four classes.

First, the White or Good Fairies, who live above ground, dancing on the grass, or sitting on the leaves of trees—the Fairy of our poets. They are fond of sun-shine, and are ethereal little creatures.

Second, the Dark or Under-ground Fairies (the Dwarfs, Trolls, and Hill-folk of the continent), an irritable race, workers in mines and smithies, and doing good or evil offices, as it may happen.

Third, the House or Homestead Fairy, our Puck, Robin Goodfellow, Hobgoblin, &c. (the *Nis* of Denmark and Norway, the *Kobold* of Germany, the *Brownie* of Scotland, and *Tomtegubbe*, or *Old Man of the House* in Sweden). He is of a similar temper, but good upon the whole, and fond of cleanliness, rewarding and helping the servants for being tidy, and punishing them for the reverse.

And fourth, the Water-Fairy, the Kelpie of Scotland, and Nick, Neck, Nickel, Nickar, and Nix, of other countries, the most dangerous of all, appearing like a horse, or a mermaid, or a beautiful girl, and enticing people to their destruction. He is supposed by some, however, not to do it out of ill-will, but in order to procure companions in the spirits of those who are drowned.

All the Fairies have qualities in common; and for the most part, eat, drink, marry, and are governed like human beings; and all without exception are thieves, and fond of power. In other words, they are like the human beings that invented them. They do the same good and ill offices, are subject to the same passions, and are called *good folk* and *good neighbours*, out of the same feelings of fear or gratitude. The better sort dress in gay clothes of green, and are handsome; the more equivocal are ugly, big-nosed little knaves, round-eyed and hump-backed, like Punch, or the figures in caricatures. The latter dress in red or brown caps, which they have a great dread of losing, as they must not rest till they get another; and the *Hill-folk* among them are great enemies to noise. They keep their promises, because if they did not, the Rugen people say they would be changed into reptiles, beetles, and other ugly creatures, and be obliged to wander in that shape many years. The ordinary German Kobold, or House Goblin, delights in a mess of

grits or water gruel, with a lump of butter in it. In other countries, as in England of old, he aspires to a cream bowl. Hear our great poet, who was as fond of a rustic supper as any man, and has recorded his roasting chesnuts with his friend Diodati.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she sed;
And he, by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-ful out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

This *gigantifying* of Robin Goodfellow is a sin against the true Fairy religion; but a poet's sins are apt to be too agreeable not to be forgiven.* The friar with his lantern, is the same Robin, whose pranks he delighted to record even amidst the stately solemnities of *Paradise Lost*,—philosophising upon the nature of the *Ignis Fatuus*, that he might have an excuse for bringing him in.

Lead then, said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool;
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.
So glister'd the dire Snake.

We have remarked more than once, that the belief in supernatural existences round about us is indigenous to every country, and as natural as fears and hopes. Climate and national character modify it; parts of it may be borrowed; a people may abound in it at one time, and outgrow the abuse of it in another; but wherever human nature is to be found, either in a state of superstitious ignorance, or of imaginative knowledge, there the belief will be found with it, modified accordingly.

We shall not trouble ourselves, therefore, with attempting to confine the origin of the Fairies to this or that region. A bird, a squirrel, a voice, a tree nodding and gesticulating in the wind, was sufficient to people every one of them with imaginary beings. But creeds may oust creeds or alter them, as invaders alter a people; and there are two circumstances in the nature of the popular Fairy, assignable to that northern mythology, to which the belief itself has

* 'Robin Goodfellow,' says Warton, 'who is here made a gigantic spirit, fond of lying before the fire, and called the lubbar-fiend, seems to be confounded with the sleepy giant mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act iii, Sc. 1, vol. vi, p. 411, edit. 1751. There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her. God bless us, that had a giant to her son that was called "Lob-lye-by-the-fire." Todd's *Milton*, vol. vi, p. 96. Burton, in a passage subsequently quoted, tells us, in speaking of these fairies, that there is "a bigger kind of them, called with us Hob-goblins and Robin Goodfellows, that would in those superstitious times grinde corn for a messe of milke, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery worke." Melanct. part i, sec. 2, p. 42, edit. 1632. The tigness arose probably out of the super-human labour; but, though Milton has made fine use of the lubbar-fiend with his "hairy strength," it is surprising he should have sacrificed the greater wonder of the *little* potent fairy to that of a giant.

been traced: we mean, the smallness of its stature, and the supposition at one time prevailing, that it was little better than a devil. It is remarkable also, that inasmuch as the northern mythology is traceable to the Eastern invaders of Europe, our Fairies may have issued out of those same mountains of Caucasus, the great Kaf, to which we are indebted for the *Peries* and *Genii*. The Pygmies were supposed by the ancients to people the two ends of the earth, northern and southern, where the growth of nature was faint and stunted. In the north they were inhabitants of India, the cranes their enemies being Scythians: in the other quarters, they were found by Hercules in the desert, where they assailed him with their bows and arrows, as the Lilliputians did Gulliver, and were carried off by the smiling demigod, in the skin of his lion. Odin, the supposed Scythian or Tartar, is thought to have been the importer of the northern fables. His wandering countrymen, of the crane region, may have a higher personal acquaintance with the little people of the north, than is supposed. In the tales now extant among the Calmuc Tartars, and originating it seems in Thibet, mention is made of certain little children encountered by a wandering Khan in a wood, and quarrelling about "an invisible cup." The Khan tricks them of it in good swindling style; and proceeding onwards meets with certain *Tchadhurs* or evil spirits, quarrelling about some "boots of swiftness," of which he beguiles them in like manner.*

These may be chance coincidences; but these fictions are not of so universal a nature as most; and we cannot help regarding them as corroborations of the Eastern rise of our fablers of the north. We take this opportunity, before we proceed, of noticing another remarkable circumstance in the history of popular fictions; which is, that it is doubtful whether the Greeks had any little beings in their mythology. They regarded the Pygmies as a real people, and never seem to have thought of giving them a lift into the supernatural. And it may be observed, that although the Spaniards have a house-spirit which they call *Duende*, and Tasso, in the fever of his dungeon, was haunted with a *Folletto*, which is the *Follet* or *Lutin* of the French, it does not appear that these southern spirits are of necessity small; still less have those sunny nations any embodied system of fairyism. Their Fairies are the enchantresses of romance. Little spirits appear to be of the country of little people, commented on by their larger neighbours. It is true that little shapes and shadows, are seen in all countries: but the general tendency of fear is to magnify. Particular circumstances must have created a spirit a once petty and formidable.

We are of opinion, with the author of the *Fairy Mythology*, that the petty size of the household idols of antiquity argues nothing conclusive respecting the size of the beings they represented. Besides, they were often large as well as small, though the more domestic of them, or those that immediately presided over the hearth, were of a size suitable to convenience. The domestic idols of all nations have probably been small, for the like reason.

* See an excellent article in the "Quarterly Review," entitled *Antiquities of Nursery Literature*. Of similar merit and probably by the same hand (which we presume to be that of Mr Southey) is another on the *Popular Mythology of the Middle Ages*. We cannot refer to the volume, our copy happening to form part of a selection which we made some years ago from a bundle of the two reigning Reviews.

Whether the Lares were supposed to be of greater stature or not by the learned, it is not impossible that the constant sight of the little images generated a corresponding notion of the originals. The best argument against the smallness of these divinities is, that there is no mention of it in books; and yet the only passage we remember to have met with, implying any determinate notion of stature, is in favour of the *Lares*. We here give it, out of an old and not very sage author.

"After the victory had and gotten against the Gethes, the Emperor Domitian caused many shewes and triumphs to be made, in signe and token of joy; and amongst others hee invited publickly to dine with him, all sorts of persons, both noble and unno- ble, but especially the Senators and Knights of Rome, to whom he made a feast in this fashion. Hee had caused a certaine house of al sides to bee painted black, the pavement thereof was black, so likewise were the hangings, or seelings, the roofe and the wals also black; and within it hee had prepared very low room, not unlike a hollow vault or cell, full of emptie siddes or seats. Into this place hee caused the Senators and Knights, his ghests, to be brought, without suffering any of their pages or attendants to enter in with them. And first of all hee caused a little square pillar to be set near to every one of them, upon the which was written the partie's name sitting next it; by which theye hanged also a lamp burning before each seat, in such sort as is used in sepulchers. After this, there comes into this melancholicke and dark place a number of yong pages, with great joy and merriment, starke naked, and spotted or painted all over with a die or colour as blacke as inke: who, resembling these spirits called *Manes*, and such like idole, did leape and skip round about those Senators and Knights, who, at this unexpected accident, were not a little frighted and afraid. After which, those pages set them down at their feete, against each of them one, and there stayed, whilst certaine other persons (ordayned there of purpose) did execute with great solemnity all those ceremonies that were usually fit and requisite at the funeralls and exequies of the dead. This done, there came in others, who brought and served in, in black dishes and platters, divers meats and viands, all coloured black, in such sort that there was not any one in the place but was in great doubt what would become of him, and thought himself utterly undone, supposing he should have his throat cut, onely to give pleasure and content to the Emperour. Besides, there was kept the greatest silence that could be imagined. And Domitian himself being present, did nothing else but (without ceasing) speake and talke unto them of murders, death, and tragedies. In the end, the Emperour having taken his pleasure of them at the full, he caused their pages and lackies, which attended them without the gates, to come in unto them, and so sent them away home to their own houses, some in coaches, others in horselitters, guided and conducted by strange and unknown persons, which gave them as great cause of fear as their former entertainment. And they were no sooner arrived everyone to his own house, and had scant taken breath from the feare they had conceived, but that one of their servants came to tell them, that there were at the gates certaine which came to speake with them from the Emperour. God knows how this message made them stirre, what excessive lamentations they made, and with how exceeding feares they were perplexed in their minds; there was not any, no, not the hardiest of them all, but thought that hee was sent for to be put to death. But to make short, those which were to speake with them from the Emperour, came to no other purpose but to bring them either a little piller of silver, or some such like vessel or piece of plate (which had bene set before them at the time of their entertainment); after which, everyone of them had also sent unto him, for a present from the Emperour, one of those pages that had counterfeyted those *Manes* or Spirits at the banquet, they being first washed and cleansed before they were presented unto them."

Spirits of old could become small; but we read of none that were essentially little except the fairies. It was a Rabbinical notion, that angelical beings could render themselves as small as they pleased; a fancy of which Milton has not scrupled to avail himself in his Pandemonium.* It was proper enough to the idea of a being made of thought or fire; though one would think it was easier to make it expand like the genius when let loose, than be contracted into the jar or vial in the first instance. But if spirits went in and out of crevices, means, it was thought, must be taken to enable them to do so; and this may serve to account for the fairies themselves,

* Milton's reduction of the size of his angels is surely a superfluity, and diminishes the grandeur of their meeting. It was one of the rare instances (theology apart) in which his learning betrayed his judgment.

in countries where other circumstances disposed the fancy to create them; but all the attributes of the little northern beings, its petty stature, its workmanship, its superiority to men in some things, its simplicity and inferiority in others, its supernatural practices, and the doubt entertained by its believers whether it is in the way of salvation, compire, we think, to render the opinion of M. Mallet in his "Northern Antiquities" extremely probable; viz., that the character of the fairy has been modified by the feelings entertained by our Gothic and Celtic ancestors respecting the little race of the Laplanders, a people whom they despised for their timid peacefulness, and yet could not help admiring for their industry, and fearing for their magic.

In the Edda, or northern Pantheon, the dwarfs are described as a species of beings bred in the dust of the earth, like maggots in a carcase. "It was indeed," says the Edda, "in the body of the Giant Ymer, that they were engendered and first began to move and live. At first they were only worms; but by order of the gods, they at length partook both of human shape and reason; nevertheless, they always dwell in subterranean caverns and among rocks."

Upon this passage, M. Mallet says (under correction of his translator) "We may discover here one of the effects of that ignorant prejudice, which hath made us for so many years regard all arts and handicrafts as the occupation of mean people and slaves. Our Celtic and Gothic ancestors, whether Germans, Scandinavians, or Gauls, imagining there was something magical, and beyond the reach of man in mechanic skill and industry, could scarcely believe that an able artist was one of their own species, or descended from the same common origin. This, it must be granted, was a very foolish conceit; but let us consider what might possibly facilitate the entrance of it in their minds. There was perhaps some neighbouring people, which bordered upon the Celtic or Gothic tribes; and which, although less warlike than themselves, and much inferior in strength and stature, might yet excel them in dexterity; and addicting themselves to the manual arts, might carry on commerce with them, sufficiently extensive to have the fame of it spread pretty far. All these circumstances will agree well enough with the Laplanders, who are still as famous for their magic, as remarkable for the lowness of their stature; pacific even to a degree of cowardice, but of a mechanic industry which formerly must have appeared very considerable. The stories that were invented concerning this people, passing through the mouths of so many ignorant relators, would soon acquire all the degrees of the marvellous, of which they were susceptible. Thus the dwarfs soon became (as all know, who have dipt but a little into the ancient romances) the forgers of enchanted armour, upon which neither swords nor conjurations could make any impression. They were possessed of caverns, full of treasure intirely at their own disposal. This, to observe by the by, hath given birth to one of the cabalistic doctrines, which is perhaps only one of the branches of the ancient northern theology. As the dwarfs were feeble, and but of small courage, they were supposed to be crafty, full of artifice and deceit. This, which in the old romances is called *disloyalty*, is the character always given of them in those fabulous narratives. All these fancies having received the seal of time and universal consent, could be no longer contested, and it was the business of the poets to assign a fit origin for such ungracious beings. This was done in their pretended rise from the dead carcase of a great giant. The dwarfs at first were only the maggots, engendered by its putrefaction: afterwards the gods bestowed upon them understanding and cunning. By this fiction the northern warriors justified their contempt of them; and at the same time accounted for their small stature, their industry, and for their supposed propensity for inhabiting caves and clefts of the rocks. After all, the notion is not everywhere exploded, that there are in the bowels of the earth fairies, or a kind of dwarfish and tiny beings, of human shape, remarkable for their riches, their industry, and their malevolence. In many countries of the north, the people are still firmly persuaded of their existence. In Ireland, at this day, the good folks shew the very rocks and hills, in which they maintain that there are swarms of these small subterranean men, of the most tiny size, but most delicate figures.

When Christianity came into the north, these little people, who had formed part of the national faith, were converted by the ordinary process into devils; but the converts could never heartily enter into the notion. Accordingly in spite of the endeavours of the clergy (which it is said, have been more or less exerted in vain to this day), a sort of half and

half case was made out for them; and the inhabitants of several northern countries are still of opinion that elves may be saved, and that it is cruel to tell them otherwise. An author quoted in the Fairy Mythology, (vol. i. p. 136,) has a touching theory on this subject. We are informed in that work, "that the common people of Sweden and thereabouts believe in an intermediate class of elves who, when they show themselves, have a handsome human form, and the idea of whom is connected with a deep feeling of melancholy, as if bewailing a half-quenched hope of redemption." — "Afzelius is of opinion," says a note on the passage, "that the superstition on this point is derived from the time of the introduction of Christianity into the north, and expresses the sympathy of the first converts with their forefathers, who died without a knowledge of the Redeemer, and lay bound in heathen earth, and whose unhappy spirits were doomed to wander about these lower regions, or sigh within their mounds, till the great day of redemption."

Our old prose writers scarcely ever mention the Fairies without letting us see how they were confounded with devils, and yet distinguished from them. "Terrestrial devils," says Burton, "are those Lares, Genii, Faunes, Satyrs, Wood-nymphs, Follots, Fairies, Robin Goodfellowes, &c. which as they are most conversant with men, so they do them the most harm. Some think it was they alone that kept the heathen people in awe of old, and had so many idols and temples erected to them. Of this range was Dagon among the Philistines, Bel among the Babylonians, Astarte among the Sydonians, Baal among the Samaritans, Isis and Osiris among the Egyptians, &c. Some put our Fairies into this rank, which have been in former times adored with much superstition, with sweeping their houses, and setting of a pail of water, good victuals, and the like, and then they should not be pinched, but find money in their shoes, and be fortunate in their enterprises. These are they that dance on greens and heaths, as Lavater thinks with Tritemius, and as Olaus Magnus adds, leave that green circle which commonly we find in plains and fields, which others held to proceed from a meteor falling, or some accidental rankness of the ground; so Nature sports herself; they are sometimes seen by old women and children. Hieron Pauli, in his description of the city of Bercino (in Spain), relates how they have been familiarly seen near that town, about fountains and hills. Giraldus Cambrensis gives instance in a monk in Wales that was so deluded. Paracelsus reckons up many places in Germany, where they do usually walk in little courts some two foot long."

"Our mothers' maids have so frayed us," says gallant Reginald Scot, "with Bul-beggars, Spirits, Witches, Urchens, Elves, Hags, Fairies, Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, Syrens, Kit with the Canstik, Tritons, Centaurs, Dwarfs, Giants, Imps, Calcers, Conjurors, Nymphes, Changelings, Incubus, Robin Goodfellowes, the Spoon, the Mare, the Man in the Oak, the Hellwain, the Fire-drake, the Puckle, Tom Thumb, Hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, Boneless,* and other such Bugs, that we are afraid of our own shadows: inasomuch that some never fear the devil but in a dark night; and then a polled sheep is a perilous beast, and many times is taken for our Father's soul, especially in a churchyard, where a right hardy man heretofore scant durst pass by night but his hair would stand upright."†

In consequence of this opinion in the popular Mythology, the merry and human-like Fairies during a degrading portion of the history of Europe, were made tools of, in common with all that was thought diabolical, to worry and destroy thousands of miserable people; but it is more than pleasant,—it is deeply interesting to an observer, to see what an instinctive impulse there is in human beings to resist

* There is a personage in Eastern history, who appears to have been of kin to this grim phenomenon. He was a sorcerer of the name of Setzeiah. He is described as having his head in his bosom, and as being destitute of bone in every part of his body, with the exception of his skull and the ends of his fingers. It was only when he was in a rage that he could sit up, anger having the effect of swelling him; but he could at no time be made to stand on his feet. When it was necessary to move him from place to place, they folded him like a mantle; and when there was occasion to consult him in the exercise of his profession, it was the practice to roll him backwards and forwards on the floor, like a churning-skin, till the answer was obtained. See Major Price's Essay towards the History of Arabia antecedent to the Birth of Mohammed, p. 190.

† The list of the unclean spirits in Middleton's tragedy of the Witch, is closely copied from the passage in Reginald Scot.—See the Speech of Hecate.

Urchins, elves, hags, catfies, pans, fauns, alenoes. Kit with the candlestick; tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, imps, The spoon, the mare, the man i'th oak, the hellwain The fire-drake, the puckle.

* Northern Antiquities, translated from Monsieur Mallet's Introduction à l'Histoire de Danemarck, &c. vol. ii. p. 42.

the growth of the worst part of superstition, and vindicate nature and natural piety. Do but save mankind from taking intolerance for God's will, and exalting the impatience of being differed with into a madness, and you may trust to the natural good-humour of the best of their opinions, for as favourable a view as possible of all with which they can sympathise. Even their madness in that respect is but a perversion of their natural wish to be liked and agreed with. The first thing that men found out in behalf of the Fairies, was that they were a good deal like themselves: the next was to think well of them upon the whole, rather than ill: and when Reginald Scot and others helped us out of this cloud of folly about witchcraft, the Fairies became brighter than before. In England, the darker notions of them almost entirely disappeared with the bigotries in church and state; and at the call of the poets, they came and adorned the books that had done them service, and became synonymous with pleasant fancies.

This subject will be concluded next week.

BALLAD SINGERS.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

I know of no object that makes me more melancholy than "Ballad Singers." Many and many a time have I stood and contemplated an individual, or a group of them, till my heart ached; and quite as often have I hurried past them, absolutely dreading the feelings they would create. In the world there is not a being more in love with song than I am—of song, that outflowing of the spirit, in which unassisted words are too weak to express all the heart feels; that divine voice which Burns sought for and found in the lovely scenes of nature, in the murmuring stream, the air-waved trees, the warble of birds, nay, in the springing flower, the dew-spangled herbage; that refined feeling which, floating on the breath of melody to the heart of hearts, carries with it a power to awaken some of the purest and most exalted sensations our being is capable of. The force of poetry, of painting, of eloquence, is great; but, clothe the beauty of verse in the appropriate notes of melody, and nothing can exceed the stirring of the best elements within us. We ascribe song to the angels; we believe it to be the most acceptable mode of addressing the Deity; and the history of the world shews its various people breathing their most exalting feelings, whether of devotion, love, or patriotism, in the shape of song.

And of all songs I love a ballad—the delightful mixture of sense with melody, which, passing through the ear to the heart, not only conveys pleasure of the most thrilling kind, but leaves us in that mood best suited to the exercise of individual friendship, or good-will to our fellow men. And yet nothing inspires me with a more melancholy feeling than the sight of Ballad Singers. It is not that their notes are "out of tune and harsh;" it is not the vulgar twang that affects me; these only reach and offend my ear—'tis the *singers*—'tis the ideas I attach to song that distress me. I see a poor, emaciated woman, with such remains of beauty as tell me she once might be deemed, by some happy lover, "fairest of the fair." I think of the hours in which she first exercised that talent by which she is now endeavouring to gain a morsel of bread to support her attenuated frame, or perhaps some disabled husband or sick child. I think of the delight with which her parents hailed the first attempts of a voice still good—of the applause that attended her song in her cheerful family meetings as she grew up—of the blush that mantled on her brow when first pressed to sing before the youth she most wished to please; and now, I see the downcast look, the labouring breast, the pallid cheek; and I hear the notes falling like drops of lead,—heavy, dull, trembling; the voice attempts to sing, but the heart is frozen, the music will not flow!

I once stood and listened to a street Ballad Singer of this, or rather of a superior kind, till I fancied I could trace her very history through all its windings; from its bright, sparkling start into light at its

pure source, till its arrival at its melancholy "slough of Despond."

She was tall, with noble features, a dark complexion, and the largest hazel-eye I ever saw; or, perhaps, it was her wasted cheek that made it appear so—her mass of coal-black hair was immense. Her voice was sound, rich and full, and the depression of spirits under which she evidently laboured, to me, gave additional effect to the ballad she was singing. It was Carter's "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me:" and never did I hear that most beautiful of all ballads better sung. But I would not hear her again! Her language was good, nay polished; her expression shewed not only a feeling heart, but a cultivated understanding. "Poor girl! Poor girl!" I exclaimed, as I turned from her; "sad has been thy fall; but thou art like the fabled Philomela, thou art melodious even after ruin!"

I walked on briskly, as if to get rid of the feelings she had raised; but it would not do: the melancholy fall of her full eye, the tones of her voice which, though rich, flowed with no free course, still possessed me.

I had passed on, upon her coming to the

"And when thy own true love shall die,"

absolutely fearing that her singing of that fine verse would make a fool of me in the public street. "Perhaps," said I, "thou wast born of gentle blood, thy mind has been cultivated, thy very air tells of better days." Fancy was awakened, and ere I got home, had painted her history. Her life, compared with her present state, appeared like the dancing of some bright stream on into the Dead Sea! Methought I saw her on her father's lawns, sporting in the frolic of childhood, listening to the warblers of the blooming shrubs, and soon endeavouring to vie with them in their wood-notes wild. I fancied the nascent talent observed and cultivated. I saw her grow up the pride of her mother, the paragon of her musical instructor, and the delight of the drawing-room. More than that, I saw the open window, still so nearly darkened by the intruding honey-suckle as almost to exclude the glimpses of the moon; and I heard the rich, round melody of her voice come gushing from amidst the flowers, and the song was love, and the arm of love encircled her waist, and the ear of love drank in intoxicating draughts of rapture! And now, the stately form was bent; the eye, though still beautiful, was like arch-angel fallen, shorn of its beams; and that voice which had made her pride, though yet breathing melody, came forth with an effort which said that the song sprang not from the heart. I shall never forget her Madonna face, nor her voice; and never since has Lord Herbert's kind compliment to the beautiful nun appeared extravagant.

The vulgar herd of singing sailors,—sailors who, in the words of Dibdin, never "knew stem from the stern of the ship,"—are not my Ballad Singers; their bellowing and state of demi-nudity make no impression upon me; but there is yet another class, which, though perhaps equally impostors with these, I never listen to without pain. I mean the poor children, who, encircling some tattered man or woman, join with their treble voices in the tuneless ditty. There was a wretched man who sang about the streets of London for years, with a dreadfully hollow voice, appearing to rise from a stomach to which food had long been a stranger, who was always surrounded by half a dozen of the poorest squalid little creatures; and yet they sang, or attempted to sing with all their might, though their cheeks were pinched by famine, and their uncovered little toes were smarting with the cold mud of the street. Reader! if thou hast, like me, some little darling Ellen, whose prattle sounds in thine ear like sweetest melody, O never pass such a group with closed hands! They may be hired, they may be impostors, but they are children, they are helpless, and they look hungry!

W. R.

AN AGED POET AND HIS YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.

[From the "Characteristics of Goethe," translated by Mrs Austen.]

WHEN Pope was a boy, he was taken, at his desire, to "have a look" at Dryden, and was gratified accordingly, by having his illustrious predecessor shewn to him as he sat in a coffee-house. One cannot help regretting that the old poet could not have been made aware of the young one. A similar feeling comes over us in reading the following letter, for though there is perhaps a little over-consciousness in it, and protestations of self-insignificance hardly natural, it is difficult not to expect that the writer will turn out an eminent man.

"With what animation and enthusiasm Goethe's aspect, (says the furnisher of the letter), even at a very advanced period of his life, inspired the young, may be seen in the following very remarkable letter of a boy of sixteen:—

Weimar, February 22, 1822.

"DEAREST FRIEND,—I should have written to you long ago, but I delayed from time to time, because I would not write till I had seen Goethe, for a glimpse of whom I had so long a desire.

"For two months I walked past his house every day; but in vain. It was indeed a great delight to me even to see his daughter-in-law with her lovely children at the window; but I wanted to see Goethe himself. One Sunday I had been taking a walk; my way home lay at the back of Goethe's house, by his garden. The garden gate stood open, and curiosity tempted me in. Goethe was not in the garden; but in a short time I saw his servant come in. I shut the garden gate for fear the man should see me.

"As I was thinking afterwards very sadly how all my endeavours to see Goethe had failed, I suddenly remarked another garden gate which likewise stood open; and as I entered at it I soon perceived that this was the neighbour's garden, the wall of which abutted on Goethe's, so that the walks of both were clearly to be seen from it. The circumstance was so propitious that I suddenly took courage, and asked the man to whom this house belonged, whether Goethe often walked in his garden, and at what time of day? He answered, every day, when the weather was fine: the hour, however, was not always the same—that often at ten o'clock, if the sun was out, the *Goleimrath* (Privy Councillor) was there; but that about noon, especially, he loved to be in his garden. The old gentleman held, as it seemed, with the hottest of the sunshine.

"Hereupon I questioned the good neighbour farther, to see how he stood disposed, and whether he would give me permission to visit his garden daily for half an hour, that I might see and watch the great poet—the man whom I so deeply revered.

"He answered me, quite indifferently, "Why not?—he could have no objection." It is, however, wonderful, dear friend, that people must pay a guilder to see a tiger, a bear, or a wild cat, while the sight of a Great Man, the rarest thing of the world, is to be had for nothing! I went home full of joy, and that night could not close my eyes.

"It seemed to me as if I, little dwarf as I was, had suddenly, through this hope of seeing a Great Man, grown a hand's breadth at least. The morning I thought would never come; the night seemed to me as long as a week, and longer. At length day broke, and brought the loveliest spring weather. When I saw the sunshine, I thought—this is a fine day for Goethe; and I was not mistaken.

"It was past ten when I reached the garden. He was there already, walking up and down. My heart beat violently. When I saw him, I thought I beheld Faust and Gretchen in one person, at once so gentle and so majestic did he look! I had my eyes ever fixed on him, that I might stamp his features well on my heart. And thus did I look at him a whole hour by the clock, with keen unaverted eyes, without his being once aware of me, by which, indeed, he lost nothing. When I had thus, as it were, lost myself in him, he gave me the slip, and went into the house again, and up stairs into his study, which is quite separate, with windows looking into a back court.

"Dearest friend, be well assured, Goethe's greatness manifests itself in his whole form and aspect. He is still hale and active as a man of forty. His majestic gait, his straight and lofty forehead, the noble form of his head, his fiery eye, arched nose—all about him cries aloud, Faust, Margaret, Götz, Iphigenia, Tasso, and I know not what besides. Never did I see so handsome and vigorous a man of so advanced an age.

"I see him, when the weather is fine, daily in his garden; and that is as great a delight and amusement to me as it is to others to look at busts, and fine pictures, and beautiful engravings. You may

believe me or not, as you please; but when I tell you that I had rather see him than all the engravings and pictures in the world, I tell you only the pure and naked truth.

‘He usually goes up and down the garden walks with slow steps, without sitting; but often stops over against some plant or flower, and stands still, for half an hour at a time, observing or meditating. Could I but guess his thoughts and discourse with himself at such moments. Then, when he turns away from the plants and flowers, he sometimes goes to play with his sweet grandchildren.

‘I speak with Goethe through my eyes, though he sees me not; for I stand behind a hedge, hidden from him by the bushes. This all sounds very strange and romantic, but it is truly thus. And, indeed, thus is it well, and better than if I had really seen him and spoken with him,—I well know why. For suppose he condescended to talk with me, what in all the world could a boy of sixteen, like me, be to him in conversation? He talk to me! He has something better to do, indeed!

‘O, my most honoured friend, if you were but here for once, in the garden, and by my side! How happy shall I be when it is really spring, when the buds burst! Then will I diligently watch Goethe's conversation with the flowers, and the birds, and the light, in his nearer intercourse with nature; and I will write you all that I know about it, and all that I can so much as guess.

‘Yours, &c.’

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 1st, to Tuesday the 7th of October.

As flowers are now leaving us, we continue to make much of the trees. Not that we are insensible to the merits of such flowers as are left us. On the contrary, we value them more than ever; that is to say, if ever we can value at one time more than another the “rounds of the ardent marygolds,” and the “most genteel nasturtium” (as an Italian would call it), shewing its cups of refined fire amidst its drapery of curious leaves. Nasturtium is an “original” among flowers, and its elegance is equal to its peculiarity. There is a refinement in it throughout—in its colour, its leaves, and its taste. This is the flower which Linnæus's daughter discovered to emit sparks of fire on warm summer evenings. Then there is the amaranth, yellow and purple, the latter powdered with gold; and, above all, the dahlia—the splendid stranger, unknown to our ancestors, making, with its varieties, a garden by itself, the very sunset of the declining year. We are sorry we could not avail ourselves of a second opportunity, and see the magnificent shew of it, last Wednesday, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens; but we saw it in our mind's eye, and most magnificent it was.

The renewal of our acquaintance with Evelyn's “Silva” has made it impossible to us to resist giving another passage from that reverend and enthusiastic work, in which he does

HONOUR TO THE TREES.

[The passage we have marked in *Italics* would have done honour to any poet.]

The poets thought of no other heaven upon earth or elsewhere; for when Anchises was setting forth the felicity of the other life to his son, the most lively description he could make of it was to tell him

—— Lucis habitamus opacis,—

—— We dwell in shady groves.

And when Æneas had travelled so far to find those happy abodes,

Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.

They came to groves of happy souls the rest,
To evergreens, the dwellings of the blest.

Such a prospect has Virgil given us of his Elysium; and therefore wise and great persons had always there sweet opportunities of recess, their *Domos Silvae* (Houses in the Wood), as we read (Kings vii. 2), which were thence called Houses of Royal Refreshment; or, as the Septuagint *Οἶκος δρυῶν*, not much unlike the lodges in divers of our noblemen's parks and forest-walks; which reminds me of his choice in another poem.

—— Pallas ques condidit arces

Ipse colat; nobis placeant ante omnia Sylve.

In lofty towers let Pallas take her rest,
Whilst shady groves love all things please us best.

And for the same reason Mæcenas,

Maluit umbrosam quercum—

—— Chose the broad oak.

And as Horace bespeaks them,

—— Me gelidum nemus

Nympharum que leves cum Satyris Chori

Secernunt populo—

We the cool woods above the rest advance,
Where the rough Satyrs with the light Nymphs dance.

And Virgil again,

Nostra nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.

Our sweet Thalia loves, nor does she scorn
To hunt umbrageous groves.

Or as thus expressed by Petrarèh,

Silva placet Musis, urbs est inimica poetis.

—— The muse herself enjoys

Best in the woods: Verse flies the citie noise.

So true is that of yet as noble a poet of our own;

As well might corn as verse in cities grow,
In vain the thankless glebe we plough and sow;
Against th' unnatural soil in vain we strive:
'Tis not a ground in which these plants will thrive.

Cowley.

When it seems they will bear nothing but nettles and thorns of Satire, and, as Juvenal says, by *Indignation* too; and therefore almost all the poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering them (which was Homer and Pindar's case) have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the great world, into the innocent felicities of gardens, and groves, and retiredness, but have also commended and adorned nothing so much in their never-dying poems. Here then is the true Parnassus, Castalia, and the Muses; and at every call in a grove of venerable oaks, methinks I hear the answer of an hundred old Druids, and the bards of our inspired ancestors.

In a word, so charmed were poets with those natural shades, especially that of the Platanus, that they honoured temples with the names of groves, though they had not a tree about them. Nay, sometimes one stately tree alone was so revered: and of such an one there is mention of an inscription in a garden at Rome, where there was a temple built under a spreading beech-tree, sacred to Jupiter, under the name of *Fagutalis*.

Innumerable are the testimonies I might produce in behalf of groves and woods out of the poets, Virgil, Grætius, Ovid, Horace, Claudian, Statius, Silius, and others of later times, especially the divine Petrarch (for *Scriptorum chorus omnis amet nemus*), were I minded to swell this charming subject beyond the limits of a chapter. I think only to take notice that theatrical representations, such as were those of the Ionian, called Andria, the scenes of pastorals, and the like innocent rural entertainments, were of old adorned and trimmed up *de ramis et frondibus, cum racemis et corymbis*, and frequently represented in groves, as the learned Scaliger shews. Here the most beloved and coy mistress of Apollo rooted; and in the walks and shades of trees the noblest raptures have been conceived, and poets have composed verses which have animated men to heroic and glorious actions. Here orators, as we have shewed, have made their panegyrics, historians grave relations, and the profound philosophers have loved here to pass their lives in repose and contemplation.

Nor were the groves thus frequented by the great scholars and the great wits only, but by the greatest statesmen and politicians also. Thence that of Cicero, speaking of Plato with Clinius and Megillus, who were used to discourse *de Rerum publicarum institutis, et optimis legibus*, in the groves of cypress and other umbrageous recesses. It was under a vast oak, growing in the park of St Vincent, near Paris, that St Louis was used to hear complaints, determine causes, and do justice to such as resorted thither. And we read of a solemn treaty of peace held under a flourishing elm between Gisors and Treves, which was afterwards felled by the French King Philip in a rage against Henry II, for not agreeing to it. Nay, they have been sometimes known to crown their kings under a goodlie tree, or in some venerable grove, where they had their stations and conventions; for so they chose Abimaleck.—See Tostatus upon Judg. ix. 6.

The Athenians were wont to consult of their gravest matters and public concerns in groves. Famous for these assemblies were the Ceraunian, and at Rome, the Lucus Petelinus, the Valentinus, and others, in which there was held that renowned parliament after the defeat of the Gauls by M. Pomilius; for it was supposed that in places so sacred

they would faithfully and religiously observe what was concluded amongst them:

In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades and angels entertained:
With such old counsellor they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.
Free from th' impediments of light and noise,
Man then retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.

Waller.

As our excellent poet has described it.

Our blessed Saviour, as we shall shew, chose the garden sometimes for his oratory—and dying, for the place of his sepulchre; and we do avouch for many weighty causes that there are no places more fit to bury our dead in than our gardens and groves, or airy fields, *sub dio*, where our beds may be decked and carpeted with verdant and fragrant flowers, trees, and perennial plants, the most natural and instinctive hieroglyphics of our expected resurrection and immortality; besides what they might conduce to the meditation of the living, and the taking of our cogitations from dwelling too intently upon more vain and sensual objects; that custom of burying in churches, and near about them (especially in great and populous cities,) being a novel presumption, indecent, sordid, and very prejudicial to health; for which I am sorry it is become so customary. Graves and sepulchres were, of old, made and erected by the sides of the most frequented high-ways, which being many of them magnificent structures and mausoleums, adorned with statues and inscriptions (planted about with cypress and other evergreens, and kept in repair), were not only graceful, but a noble and useful entertainment to the travellers, putting them in mind of the virtues and glorious actions of the persons buried; of which, I think my lord Verulam has somewhere spoken. However, there was certainly no permission for any to be buried within the walls of Rome, almost from the very foundation of it; for so was the Sanction XII. Tab. *IN URBE NE SEPULTI REPERIRI*, Uarro, “Neither to bury or burn the dead in the city;” and when long after they began to violate the law, Antoninus Pius and the emperor succeeding did again prohibit it. All we meet of ancient to the contrary, is the tomb of Cestius the Epiulus, which is a thick clumsy pyramid yet standing, *sec in Urbe, sec in Orbe*, as it were, but half in, and half without the wall. If then it were counted a thing so profane to bury in the cities, much less would they have permitted it in their temples; nor was it in use among Christians, who, in the primitive ages, had no particular Cemetery; but when (not long after) it was indulged, it was to martyrs only *ad limina*, and in the porches, even to the deposits of the apostles themselves. Princes, indeed, and other illustrious persons, founders of churches, &c. had sometimes their dormitories near the Basilicæ and cathedrals, a little before St Augustine's time, as appears by his book, *De Cure pro Mortuis*, and the concession was not easily obtained. Constantine, son to the great Constantine himself, did not, without leave, inhumate his royal father in the church porch of that august fabric, though built by that famous emperor: and yet after this, other great persons placed their sepulchres no nearer than towards the church walls, whilst in the body of the church, they presumed no further for a long time after, as may be proved from the Capitula of Charlemagne; nor hardly in the city till the time of Gregory the Great; and when connived at, it was complained of. We find it forbidden (as to churches) by the emperors Gratian, Valentinian and Theodosius; and so in the code, where the sanction runs thus: *Nemo Apostolorum vel Martyrum Seden humanis corporibus existimet esse concessam, &c.* And now, after all this, would it not raise our indignation to see so many extortioners, luxurious, profane, and very mean persons, without merit, not only affecting, but permitted to lay their carcasses, not in the nave and body of the church only, but in the very chancel, next the communion table, ripping up the pavements, removing the seats, &c. for some little gratification of those who should have more respect to decency at least, if for no other!

The fields, the mountains, the high-way sides and gardens, were thought honourable enough for those funeral purposes. Abraham and the patriarchs (as we have shewed) had their caves and criptæ in the fields, set about with trees. The kings of Judah had their sepulchres in their palaces, and not in the sanctuary and temple: and our most blessed Saviour's sepulchre was in a garden, which indeed seems to be most proper and eligible, as we have already shewed: nor even to this day do the Greek and Eastern Christians bury in churches, as is well known.

The late elegant and accomplished Sir W. Temple, though he laid not his whole body in his garden, deposited the better part of it, his heart, there; and if my executors will gratify me in what I have desired, I wish my corpse may be interred as I have bespoken them; not at all out of singularity or for want of a dormitory (of which there is an ample one annexed to the parish church), but for other reasons not here necessary to trouble the reader with, what I have said

in general being sufficient. However, let them order it as they think fit, so it be not in the church or chancel.

Plato, as we noted, permitted trees to be planted over sepulchres, to obumbrate the departed; but with better reason we adorn their graves with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Holy Scripture to those fading beauties, whose roots being buried in dishonour, rise again in glory.

Of this kind, and the like antiquity, we could multiply instances; nor is the custom yet altogether extinct in my own native country of Surrey, and near my dwelling, where the maidens yearly plant and deck the graves of their defunct sweethearts with rose-bushes, of which I have given account in the learned Mr Gibson's edition of Camden; and for the rest, see Mr Sumner "Of Garden Burial," and the learned Dr Cave's Primitive Christianity.

* At Ockley, in Surrey, there is a certain custom, observed time out of mind, of planting rose-trees upon the graves, especially by the young men and maids who have lost their lovers, so that this church-yard is now full of them. It is the more remarkable, because we may observe it to have been anciently used both among the Greeks and Romans, who were so very religious in it that we find it often annexed as a codicil to their wills, as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna, and another at Milan, by which they ordered roses to be yearly strowed and planted upon their graves. Hence that of Propertius, Lib. I. El. 2., implying the usage of burying amidst roses, "*Et teneri pomeret ossa rosâ;*" and old Anacreon, speaking of it, says that it does *εμποις ἀμύνει*—protect the dead. —*Camd. Brit. vol. i., p. 236.*

It is the universal practice in South Wales to strew roses and all kinds of flowers over the graves of their departed friends. Shakespeare has put the following lines into the mouth of a young prince, who had been educated, under the care of a supposed shepherd, in that part of the island:—

With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale Primrose; nor
The azur'd Harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of Eglantine; which, not to slander,
Outsweeten'd not thy breath.—*Cymbeline.*

THE BREWER.

He comes over-night to see to the sticks and coal; and just tastes how the old ale is, and pronounces it capital. He takes a crust and a half-pint or so, to recruit his strength against the next day's work. He looks out his candles and sees whether the malt be ready ground, and in the right place. If a careful man, he also fills his copper. He is generally a man of great fore-knowledge—anticipating over-night that he shall want something to eat before breakfast in the morning. He, therefore, takes a store of provisions and a bottle of the old ale, with the key of the brew-house, to be in readiness.

The morning's work commences at two, and by the time you have arisen, he has *mashed down* the malt in your vessel, and the eating and drinking in *his own*! and is now ready for breakfast. After breakfast he lets off the wort, of which he tastes, to see how it is; and takes another pint of the old before luncheon. At luncheon he takes some cold meat and a little more of the old, and another pint between that time and dinner. Before dinner he inquires about the hops, and always advises you to have the highest in price. He generally gathers a short quantity—because (as he says) too much water spoils the beer. At dinner time the beer is ready to boil, and you are all in the fidgets lest he should let the copper boil over whilst trying another pint of the old. He has another at four o'clock, and another or two at supper.

The new beer having been set a working for the night, the next morning early the brewer is with you again to see that all is right; when he will call in two of his old cronies, Jack Drinkwater and Tom Hatemalt, to help him taste of the new. He will then ask for another pint of the old, and prepares for tunning, tasting of the new all the time, whilst you ejaculate to yourself inwardly, "I wonder how he finds room for both old and new."

A few days elapse, when he calls again to "hop down," and he takes his fee with another drop of the old, drinking your health at the same time, and wishing (you have no doubt conscientiously) that the new beer may be no worse than the old.

G. D.

AN EPISODE

FROM

ONE OF GOETHE'S UNTRANSLATED NOVELS.

[We are indebted for the following story to the kindness of a friend who is conversant with German, and with the writings of the illustrious author. It is not given us as one of his best, but under the just impression, that any production of so great a writer would not be unwelcome. Much of it is indeed not unworthy of him, but the conclusion is surely otherwise unless more was intended to come of it. A mistress so much in the habit of setting her will above her considerateness, would have made but a perilous wife.]

Two neighbour children, of considerable families, a boy and a girl, of proportionate ages for being one day man and wife, were brought up together in this pleasant prospect, and the parents on both sides rejoiced in their future union. But it was soon remarked that the project appeared to miscarry; a singular aversion discovering itself between these two excellent natures. Perhaps they were too much alike. Both self-subsistent, distinct in their wishes, firm in their purposes; each individually the beloved and honoured of their playmates; ever antagonists when met together, ever building up for themselves alone, ever mutually destroying where they crossed each other, not striving towards one goal, but ever contending for one vantage; thoroughly well-disposed and estimable, and only perverse, even mischievous, in regard to one another.

This wonderful relation showed itself already in their childish sports, showed itself with their growing years. And as it is common for boys to play at war, to divide themselves into parties, and give battle to each other; so, on one occasion, did the audacious spirited girl place herself at the head of a band, and fight with so much vigour and bitterness, that the opposite party must have been shamefully put to flight, had not her personal antagonist conducted himself with great bravery, and finally disarmed his enemy, and taken her prisoner. But even then she continued to defend herself so furiously, that to preserve his eyes, and at the same time, do the fair foe no harm, he was obliged to pull the silk kerchief from his neck, and bind her hands with it behind her back.

This she never could forgive him; nay, she schemed and attempted so perseveringly in secret to do him mischief, that the parents, who had long had an eye on these strange vivacities, came to an explanation with each other, and resolved to part the two hostile beings, and renounce their favourite hopes.

The boy soon distinguished himself under his new circumstances. All kinds of instruction took effect on him. The wishes of his friends and his own inclination determined him to the military profession. Wherever he went he was loved and esteemed. His manful nature seemed to work only for the well-being and delight of others; and without being distinctly conscious of it, he was right glad at heart to have lost the only adversary nature had ever appointed him.

The girl, on the other hand, stepped at once into a new position. Her years, her increasing stature, and still more a certain inward feeling, withdrew her from the boisterous sports she had hitherto carried on in company of boys. On the whole, there seemed something wanting to her; there was nothing round her which would have been worth the hating; and loveable she had yet found no one.

A young man, older than her former neighbour antagonist, of rank, fortune, and consequence, a favourite in society, and sought after by women, fixed on her his exclusive regard. It was the first time that a friend, a lover, a servant, had made his court to her. The preference he gave her over many that were older, more advanced, with more show and pretension than herself, was highly gratifying to her. His attentions, at once constant and never importunate; his loyal support in divers unpleasant emergencies; his suit to her parents, explicit enough, yet quiet and only expectant,—for in fact she was still

very young;—all this prepossessed her in his favour; besides which, habit, and their external relations, already taken for granted by the world, contributed their share. She had so often been called bride, that in the end she took herself for such; and neither to herself nor to any other did it occur that farther trial was necessary, when she exchanged rings with the individual who had so long passed for her bridegroom.

The quiet course which the whole affair had taken was not accelerated even by their betrothment. All was allowed on both sides to go on as heretofore; they rejoiced in their long joint existence, and were disposed to enjoy the present fair weather, as the vernal season of a future more earnest life.

Meanwhile the absent had cultivated himself at all points, had obtained meritorious promotion in his vocation, and came on leave of absence to visit his home. In a quite natural, yet strange manner, he again stood in the presence of his fair neighbour. She had latterly been entertaining none but friendly, bride-like, domestic sentiments; she was in harmony with all that surrounded her; she believed herself happy, and after a certain fashion actually was so. But now, for the first time after a great while, was something again opposed to her: it was not hateful, she was become incapable of hate; nay, the childish hatred, which, properly speaking, had been but a blind recognition of inward worth, expressed itself now in glad astonishment, delighted looks, obliging confessions, half willing, half unwilling, but irresistible approximation; and all this was mutual. A long separation gave occasion for long discourses. Even their former childish unreason served the now enlightened pair as an amusing remembrance; and it seemed to be regarded as a matter of necessity that they should atone at least for that mischievous hatred by all manner of kind attentions; should no longer leave their violent misunderstanding without openly expressed acknowledgment.

On the youth's side all this kept within the bounds of a wise moderation. His rank, his connexions, his pursuits, his ambition, found him such abundant employment, that he accepted the friendship of the fair bride as a grateful addition, without on that account regarding her with any personal views, or envying the bridegroom his possession; with whom he was furthermore on the best terms.

With her the case was very different. She seemed to herself awakened out of a dream. Contention with her young neighbour had been her earliest passion; and this violent contention had been, but under the form of antipathy, a violent, and as it were instinctive inclination. It even figured in her remembrance no otherwise than as though she had always loved him. She smiled at that hostile onset, sword in hand; she persuaded herself into a recollection of the pleasantest feelings, when he disarmed her; she imagined herself as having experienced the greatest bliss when he bound her; and all that she had attempted for the purpose of hurting and annoying him, now represented itself to her merely as a harmless expedient to attract his notice. She regretted that separation; she mourned the sleep into which she had fallen; she hated the stupid, dreamy habitude, through which she had realized so insignificant a bridegroom; she was perplexed, doubly perplexed, forward, backward, whichever way she viewed it.

Could any one have unravelled and taken part in her sentiments, which she kept entirely secret, he would not have been disposed to blame her: for in truth the bridegroom could not stand comparison with the neighbour for a moment, when one saw them together. If you could not refuse a certain trust to the one, the other excited your fullest confidence; if the one was an agreeable acquaintance, the other you wished for an associate; and if you thought of higher sympathies, of extraordinary accidents of fortune, there was ground to doubt of the one, where the other gave complete assurance. For such lineaments of character women have by instinct a peculiar tact; and they have reason, as well as opportunity, to cultivate it.

The more our lovely bride nourished such

thoughts in her secret heart, and the less that any one was in a condition to urge what could tell to the bridegroom's advantage, what propriety, what duty seemed to counsel and command, nay, what an unalterable necessity seemed to exact beyond recall; so much the more did the tender heart indulge its partiality; and while, on the one hand, world, family, bridegroom, her own promise, were so many ties of indissoluble obligation; on the other, the aspiring youth made no secret of his thoughts, plans, and prospects, but conducted himself towards her as a faithful and never once-tender brother; and now there was even a talk of his immediate departure. Such being the posture of affairs, it seemed as though the spirit of her early childhood again awoke in her with all its splenetic violence, and now, on a higher stage angrily prepared itself for working to more serious and destructive purpose. She resolved on dying, to punish the once hated and now so violently loved, for his want of sympathy: since she could not possess him, at least she would marry herself to his imagination, to his repentance, for ever. He should never be delivered from her dead image, should never cease to reproach himself that he had not recognised her sentiments, had not investigated and appreciated them.*

This singular phrenzy accompanied her wherever she went. She consoled it under all sorts of forms, and although people perceived something singular about her, no one was attentive or discerning enough to discover the real inward cause.

Meanwhile, friends, relations, acquaintances, busied themselves in contriving all manner of festivities. Scarcely a day passed that something new and unexpected was not struck out. Scarcely was there a lovely spot in the province that had not been decorated and prepared for the reception of many joyous guests. Our young wayfarer also wished, before his departure, to perform his part, and invited the young pair, with an intimate family circle, to a pleasure excursion on the water. The party went on board a large, fine, richly ornamented vessel, one of those yachts that offer the accommodation of a small parlour and several rooms, and pretend to carry, on water, the conveniences of land.

Away they sailed, with music, up the broad river. The company, during the mid-day heat, had assembled below to amuse themselves with games of chance and skill. The young host, who never could remain inactive, had placed himself at the helm to relieve the old skipper, who, on his side, was gone to sleep; and just at that particular time our steersman, his substitute, needed all his caution, as he neared a place where two islands shortened the bed of the river, protruding their flat, gravel shores, now on this side, now on that, preparing a dangerous passage. The careful and attentive steersman was almost tempted to awake the master, but he trusted in himself, and bore towards the strait. In the same moment his fair enemy appeared on deck with a flower-garland on her hair. She took it off, and cast it towards the steersman. "Take this," she cried, "for a remembrance." "Do not disturb me," he called back to her, while he picked up the garland; "I have need of all my strength and attention." "I will disturb thee no further," she cried; "thou seest me for the last time!" So saying, she hastened to the fore deck of the ship, and sprang from thence into the water. Several voices called out "Help, help! she is drowning!" He was in the dreadfulest perplexity. At the noise awoke the old skipper; he seized the rudder; the younger resigned it to him; but it was no longer time for changing masters: the ship stranded, and, in the same instant, casting off the most cumbersome of his garments, he plunged into the water, and swam after his fair enemy.

The water is a friendly element for him who is acquainted with it, and knows how to manage it. It bore him up; and the skilful swimmer used it with mastery. He had soon reached the beauty that drifted before him; he caught hold of her, managed to

raise her up, and carry her; both were violently swept along by the current till the islands and quicksands were left behind, and the river again began to flow broad and slow. And now he collected himself, and recovered from that first feeling of a pressing necessity, under the influence of which he had acted, without reflection, merely mechanically. He looked about with upraised head, and swam with all his might towards a level bushy spot, which ran out, pleasantly and commodiously, into the river. There he brought his fair prize on dry land; but no breath of life was to be traced in her. Despairing, his eyes lighted on a foot-path, leading through the thicket. He loaded himself with the dear burden anew; he soon descried, and reached a solitary dwelling. There he found worthy people, a young married pair. The mischance, the extremity of the case, declared itself in a moment. A bright fire burned; woollen coverlids were laid on a bed; furs, fleeces, whatever warm thing was in the house, were quickly brought. Nothing was left undone to call the fair, half-stript, half-naked body back into life. It succeeded. She unclosed her eyes; she espied her friend; she embraced his neck with her heavenly arms. In this position she remained a long time. A stream of tears gushed from her eyes, and completed her cure. "Wilt thou leave me," she exclaimed, "when I thus find thee again?" "Never," he cried; "never!" and he knew not what he said or did. "But spare thyself," he added; "spare thyself! Have consideration on thyself, for thine own sake and mine."

She now collected herself, and remarked for the first time the condition she was in. She could not be ashamed before her darling, her saviour; but she willingly let him go, that he might look after himself; for the clothes he had on were still drenched and dripping.

The young couple consulted with each other. He presented the youth, and she the lady, with their respective wedding apparel, which still hung there all complete, equipping them in right bridal fashion from head to foot. In a short time our two adventurers were not merely clothed, but full dressed. They looked quite charmingly; they stared at each other when they came together: and, with excessive emotion, yet unable to help a sort of glad laughter at their masquerade, fell passionately into each others' arms. Youth, health, and love, made it seem as if they had undergone no danger, no anguish.

To have passed from water to earth, from death to life, out of the family circle into a wilderness, out of despair into extacy, out of indifference into inclination and passion, all in an instant,—the mere head would not have been adequate to comprehend it, or to endure it. In such case the heart must do its best, that so great a surprise may be borne.

Quite lost in one another, it was some time before they could bring themselves to think of the anxiety, the cares of those they had left behind; and hardly could they themselves think without anxiety of the manner in which they should again meet them. "Shall we fly—shall we hide ourselves?" said the youth. "We will remain together," said she, hanging about his neck.

The countryman, who had heard the story of the stranded boat, hastened without further question towards the shore. The vessel came safely sailing along; it had been with much trouble got loose. They proceeded on at a venture, in hope of again finding the lost ones. When the countryman had with cries and signs attracted the notice of those on board, he ran to a point where an advantageous landing-place presented itself, and ceased not making signals and calling out, till the vessel turned in towards the shore; and what a spectacle was it when they landed! The parents of the two lovers pressed first to the shore. The loving bridegroom had well nigh lost his wits. Scarcely had they heard that the dear children were in safety, when they, in their strange masquerade, slipped, as it were, out of their coppice. No one recognised them, until they were close at hand. "What do I see?" cried the mothers. "What do

I see!" cried the fathers. The saved cast themselves on their knees before them. "Your children!" exclaimed the pair. "Pardon!" cried the damsel. "Give us your blessing!" cried the youth. "Give us your blessing!" cried both, while the spectators all remain mute in astonishment. "Your blessing!" resounded for the third time, and who could have refused it?

DR JOHNSON'S FATHER.

THE following curious memorandum is from a new provincial magazine, published at Worcester, and entitled the *Analyst*. We are heartily glad to see such a publication, and congratulate it on the great improvement manifested in its second number.

Dr Johnson's father seems to have been "a good fellow;" and as for that matter, so was his illustrious son, for all his dogmatical ways. The document before us, even though upon a matter of business, is full of *bon homie*. And what renders it more interesting, is, that you see in it some evidences of the tracks of reading that helped to influence the character of his son. Sons, in truth, are made up, more or less, of the character of their parents and other predecessors, with ulterior modifications, of course; but still always with an indelible reference to those first causes. *A book on the parental relationships of men of genius is a desideratum*. It would be an addition, not merely to the curiosities of biography, but to the groundworks of moral and social knowledge.

The father of Dr Samuel Johnson, the celebrated Lexicographer, is well known, in early life, kept a book-stall in Lichfield, and attended on market days, as was then customary, the neighbouring towns. There was, a few years ago, a copy of one his original sale catalogues, in the possession of Thomas Fernyhough, Esq. of Peterborough, from which the following title of the catalogue, and Mr Johnson's address to his customers, are extracted:—

"A Catalogue of choice Books in all Faculties, Divinity, History, Travels, Law, Physic, Mathematicks, Philosophy, Poetry, &c. together with Bibles, Common Prayers, Shop Books, Pocket-books, &c., also fine French Prints for Staircases and large Chimney Pieces, Maps, large and small. To be sold by Auction, or he who bids most, at the Talbot in Sidbury, Worcester, the sale to begin on Friday, the twenty-first this instant March, exactly at six in the afternoon, and continue till all be sold. Catalogues are given out at the place of sale, or by Michael Johnson, of Lichfield.

"CONDITIONS OF SALE.

"I. That he who bids most is the buyer, but if any difference arise which the company cannot decide, the book or books to be put to sale again.

"II. That all the books, for aught we know, are perfect; but if any appear otherwise before taken away, the buyer to have the choice of taking or leaving them.

"III. That no person advance less than 6d. each bidding, after any book comes to 10s. nor put in any book or set of books under half value.

"*.*. Note.—Any gentleman that cannot attend may send his orders, and they shall be faithfully executed.

"Printed for Mich. Johnson, 1717-18.

"To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, in and near Worcester. I have had several auctions in your neighbourhood, as Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Evesham, &c. with success, and am now to address myself, and try my fortune with you. You must not wonder that I begin every day's sale with small and common books; the reason is, a room is sometime a-filling, and persons of address and business, seldom coming fast, they are entertained till we are full; they are ever the last books of the best kind of that sort, for ordinary families and young persons, &c. But in the body of the Catalogue you will find Law, Mathematicks, History, and for the learned in Divinity, there are Drs South, Taylor, Tillotson, Beveridge, and Flavel, &c. the best of that kind; and to please the Ladies I have added store of fine pictures and paper hangings; and by the way I would desire them to take notice that the pictures shall always be put up by noon of that day they are to be sold, that they may be viewed by daylight. I have no more but to wish you pleased, and myself a good sale, who am,

"Your humble servant,
"M. JOHNSON."

* These impulses, which are painted with great truth, are surely very unamiable, and do not warrant the air of prospective comfort and security given to the end of the story.—ED.

POISONING AT A FEAST.

In the following extract, the simultaneous progress of the courtly feasting and deathly sin are mingled and contrasted in so skilful a manner, that its necessary length has not deterred us from introducing it to our readers.

Sigismund Augustus, King of Poland and Grand Duke of Lithuania, had married Barbara Radziwill, a Lithuanian lady, much against the approbation of a great part of his Polish subjects; still more against the wishes of his mother, Bona Sforza, a sort of inferior Catherine de Medicis. He manages, however, to quiet all opposition, and she becomes the crowned Queen of Poland. A young friend of hers is to be betrothed to a nobleman in her suite, and the new Queen and the King interest themselves greatly in the ceremony. An old noble, Peter Kmita, Grand Marshal, originally one of the Queen's severest opposers, but now quite reconciled to his mistress, shews his friendly zeal by begging that the entertainment to be made on the occasion may be permitted to take place at his castle; and, accordingly, he has the honour of receiving the young couple and their royal friends.

A banquet is laid out in the hall, and the servants are in waiting; the pages are expecting their high-born masters and mistresses. Among the latter is young Lacki, a youth who had formerly, at the peril of his life, saved the young Queen from the fury of a urochs, or bison. Since then he has concealed a hopeless and most respectful passion for her, and is now, to his great grief, about to be removed to a higher post than the loved office of cup-bearer to his honoured mistress. While these people are still waiting, a fellow, a discarded servant of old Kmita (the master of the castle), now belonging to the Queen-mother, is observed officiously bustling about the hall. He is a notorious rascal; and Kmita coming into the hall, orders his willing servants to turn him out. The fellow first bullies, then begs to whisper a word to the Grand Marshal. Kmita listens, looks sorely displeased, but molests him no more. The guests enter, and the feast begins.

The company entered the banquetting hall, preceded by the Seneschal of Kmita's household, who held uplifted his ebony staff, ornamented with a silver head. Queen Barbara advanced with the King on her right hand, and on her left Kmita, on whose arm she was slightly leaning. Immediately after her came the Queen-mother, between the Duke of Prussia and the Court Marshal Firley; the Princess of Mazovia was conducted by the Duke of Pomerania, and her daughter by the Prince of Brandenburg, and by her betrothed, the Starost of Samborz. The rest of the company proceeded according to their respective ranks. The Bishop of Cracow, in whose diocese the castle of Wisnietz was situated, said grace, and the guests sat down in the order of precedence in which they entered. When the first course was over, the curtains which concealed the ornamental dishes were withdrawn at a signal from the master of the house, and displayed a great number of sugar ornaments and sweetmeats, arranged in form of different animals, towers, trees, &c. every one having either the initials of Sigismund Augustus and Barbara, or the arms of Poland and Lithuania. Before each of the royal and princely personages was placed a basket wrought in gold, and filled with little slices of bread, and a similar one of silver, for every four of the other guests. The most distinguished of the company had napkins of gold and silver brocade, and the others of silk, all which became after the repast the property of the attendants, according to the custom of the time. At the commencement of the dinner, when the first dish was presented to the King, the Grand Marshal, who stood behind the chair of his master, took the golden dish from the hands of his Seneschal, and dipped into it a bit of bread, which, having tasted, he cast it into a large silver basket, held by a servant, and with a deep obeisance presented it to the King. Some noblemen belonging to his household performed the same service for the Queens. When Sigismund Augustus had finished eating, the Grand Marshal took a richly wrought cup, poured a little of its contents into the hollow of his hand, tasted it, and after having wiped his hand, presented the cup to the monarch. Whilst the King was drinking all the company arose from their places, but reseated themselves immediately after, except Kmita, who continued standing. The Queen and the other ladies declined the cups, conformably to the custom, which, at that time, permitted them to drink only pure water and a decoction of orange-flowers or chicory, except at toasts, when

was allowed them to sip a little Malmsey. The King then begged the master of the house to give himself no more trouble, but to partake of the meals he had provided for his guests. This was a sign that etiquette should be no longer observed, and an invitation to convivial mirth and hilarity.

When Kmita, following the monarch's command, took a place opposite to him, the restraint which till now had pervaded the assembly began to disappear, and many a jest was heard between the clattering of bowls and dishes. Even the Queen-mother seemed to partake of the general hilarity that reigned at the table, and lent herself with apparent good humour to the lively conversation which the King endeavoured to maintain; she even addressed herself sometimes to Barbara; and the King, whose heart was always open to every kind feeling, began to cherish the hope that time, necessity, and habit, would overcome by degrees the animosity which embittered his domestic happiness. The young Queen partook less of this agreeable illusion, for women do not easily deceive their own sex; she would not, however, destroy the delusive joy in which she saw that her husband was indulging himself, and answered Bona's address with animation and courtesy.

"We pity the ladies," said Sigismund Augustus, after the conversation had lasted some time, "that they are obliged to forego the best seasoning of a cheerful repast, the most powerful enemy to care and anxiety, one which shews the character in its true light, and banishes all grief from the oppressed soul. *Corpo di Bacco!* our lady queen resembles not in this respect the ladies of her ancestors, who, till the time of Wladislaw Jagellon, quaffed at the festivals of Lada horns filled with mead, as well as their fathers and brothers." "And even were it the custom now, I could no longer follow it," answered Barbara, laughing, "since through the affection of my sovereign and spouse I have lately become a Polish woman by name, though I have long been so in my heart. The Polish ladies despise the gifts of Bacchus, as we have now proof in the example of the first among them, her majesty our lady mother, and our princely cousins." "Oh, you must not speak of our little cousin Helena," exclaimed Sigismund Augustus; "she has now to do with another duty, and a more dangerous one, too, than that which lurks in this cup, which I will empty in silence to her welfare." "Your majesty anticipates us," interrupted Bona: "it is not yet time for the *Vinea*, and we will join in it also to honour the young lady of Podolia." "My royal lord," said Helena, bowing, "if I should express the feeling of my heart by drinking, I might easily fall into a suspicion of ingratitude; but if your majesty commands, I shall do my best, if my mother will permit my doing to day a thing so unusual." "You are leaving to day in some respects my jurisdiction," answered the Princess of Mazovia, in a manner sufficient to damp the real or apparent hilarity which reigned in the assembly; "so you are entitled to make any use of your new liberty which seems good, either to you, or to those who had graciously offered to take my place with you." Barbara perceived a light cloud on the brow of her husband, and exclaimed in a merry tone, "We must not permit our excellent host to suppose we have slighted his liquors, and the lady of Podolia will forgive her daughter if she follows the example given by the queens. Is it not true, my lord duke," said she, addressing the Duke of Prussia, "that in your country the ladies entirely abandon to the gentlemen the worshipping of Bacchus, as we do in Poland?" "Your majesty is right," answered Albert of Brandenburg, with great courtesy; "in our country also the ladies devote themselves only to the service of the powerful deity of love, though perhaps his shafts are not so sharply pointed as they are in this country, whilst we are often obliged to invoke the assistance of the other deity, in order to gain resolution for supporting the cares of life." The conversation continued in the same strain; many compliments were exchanged among the company, of which the betrothed lovers and the young Lacki received their full share. The bravery of the page was mentioned in the most honourable manner, and the king, as well as the young queen, frequently expressed to him, by flattering allusions, that it was for the last time he now performed his present office, and that he should be immediately exalted to a higher rank, as a reward of the repeated proofs of his fidelity. Meanwhile the banquet drew nearly to a close, the desert was placed on the table, and the moment arrived when the solemn toasts were to be pledged. Kmita arose from his seat, in order himself to present the great cup to the monarch; the seneschal lifted his staff, the trumpeters prepared themselves for the mighty blast which was to be sounded when the king should approach the cup to his lips, and the pages kept themselves in readiness to fulfill the orders of the ladies. Barbara turned to Lacki, and said, "Sir Lacki, may it please you to take this trouble once more, it is the last time that you will have to serve us in this capacity."

The pages hastily passed into the room where the sideboards were placed, in order to fill the goblets destined for the use of the ladies. Stanislaw Lacki was going to pour the contents of the flask he had

guarded with so much care into the little cup we have described, after having first carefully wiped it with a fine clean linen. The golden drops were already sparkling on the glittering metal, when on a sudden he felt himself pushed so violently that a part of the costly liquor, contained in the cup, he held in his hand was spilt on the ground. He looked angrily around, and saw standing before him the very man whom Kmita had been on the point of treating in so unceremonious a manner; he appeared quite unconcerned, and instead of making the slightest excuse to the page for his awkwardness, he stared on him with an air of stupid insolence. Lacki was going to scold him for his impertinent behaviour, when he addressed him in the following manner: "Ay, my pretty lordling, you make but a sorry cup-bearer; every one may see by the awkward manner in which you perform the service that you were not born for it. You high-born lordlings may understand how to drink, but to manage the cup handsomely is something quite different." The irritated page was going to answer this speech with a hard blow, and his comrades, attracted by the noise, were ready to join him in giving a good thrashing to Wacław Siewrak, who seemed to be purposely created for that kind of amusement, when the first blast of the bugles resounded in the great hall, and all the pages hastened to their duty.

Wacław Siewrak's assurance increased when he found himself left almost alone with Lacki, who holding fast his flask and cup, threatened him with words, and he exclaimed in a most insolent tone of voice, "Strike, only strike! it is nothing extraordinary that two servants are fighting with each other, and you wear a livery as well as I do." "Down, our!" cried Lacki, "or thou shalt repent it." "What shall I repent?" retorted Siewrak, with a stammering voice, and drawing closer to the page; "for a fight with fists I am a match with every one, but your little sword is to-day out of the question; for it is royal peace, and I suppose you have no wish to lose your little white hand." The youth's anger now got the better of him; he set down the flask and cup which he held in his trembling hands, and accosting his boorish antagonist in a menacing attitude, said, "Be ware, low-born knave, that I forget not that it is beneath a nobleman to bandy blows with such a mean scoundrel as thou art, and that I do not give thee a cut to match that red scar which is on thy ugly face, and one that will not be cured until thou art hanged." "I have told you once, high-born Sir Page, that cuts are to-day out of the question," replied the other; "we are not now amongst bushes, where a worthy lord's servant may catch anything of that, in a manner he himself knows not how. Only do your duty, and if you do not understand it let me teach it to you." And saying these last words, he stretched out his hand towards the little flask. His scar, and his mention of the bushes, brought back to Stanislaw's memory the affair in the gardens of Lobzou, and a sudden idea crossed his mind that he might be the same man that he had then cut over the face. He pushed back the impertinent fellow with all his strength, and laid his hand upon his little sword; but before he was able to draw it, Siewrak overturned his flask, so that all its contents were spilt on the ground, and laughing aloud, he left the hall reeling, but quickening his steps as soon as he had passed the door. Lacki was so carried away by the desire of inflicting an exemplary punishment on the mean fellow who had taunted him, that he forgot his duty for a moment, and ran after him with his drawn sword; but the object of his wrath soon disappeared in the maze of the winding corridors.

It was with much trouble that the young Lacki found his way through the winding corridors to the room he had left; and when he had entered it all the attendants had disappeared, and the goblet of his royal mistress was gone. Vexed to the utmost by so untoward an event, and puzzled what to do, he approached the door of the banquetting hall, supposing that one of his fellow-pages was performing his neglected duty; but he saw that all the company, with goblets in their hands, were waiting for his queen, who stood without having a cup, and visibly surprised at his absence. How could he excuse the neglect of a duty which, as the queen had graciously signified to him, he was now performing for the last time. An idea flashed on his mind that all this rash behaviour of the apparently drunken fellow was nothing but an arranged trick to get possession of the cup entrusted to his care; he therefore returned once more to pursue the thief, in order to bring him with the cup, as the best means of excusing his negligence. He was now, however, no more fortunate than he had been before, and met with nobody in the intricate corridors through which he passed. The blasts of the bugles which resounded from the banquetting-hall bewildered him entirely, by the idea that they were waiting for him; he completely lost his way, and ran like a madman through many passages and staircases till he found himself in a gallery with a door at each end of it. He chose one of them at random, and entering it found himself in a little hall, which led to an apparently dark room by a door which was not quite closed.

He was going to open it, in hopes to find somebody who would set him right, when he heard two voices conversing in a foreign language. He stopped for a moment, and heard some very strange words uttered in Italian. "Make haste," said one of the voices, sounding hollow, as if out of a vault, and trembling, as if the jaws of the speaker were chattering with cold: "Make haste, I say; it is cold here below as on the top of Etna; make haste, in the name of the devil, that I may return to the daylight." "Directly, directly," replied the other, who, judging by the sound, seemed to be nearer, and who till now was muttering something to himself, "have a little patience, if you wish me to count the drops. Seven, eight." "Eleven," said the first person; "eleven—not a single drop more nor less; this time it has succeeded well, and the old woman has provided the right thing, which she does not always do; but hasten to finish it, for who knows but this cursed page may come; your servant is a dolt, who does things only by halves, and it is cold here as in a grave." "Eight, nine, ten," continued the other.—"In the grave you will have it, perhaps, much warmer, my learned master." "Do you not hear something rustling, Assano? It sounds as if the sand on the pavement was pressed by some light footsteps." "Eleven." It sounded again. "Now it is ready, take it."

At this moment Stanislaw peeped into the dark room, and saw a withered trembling arm stretched from the cellar below, as if to receive something. "Your hand shakes so that you will spill it," said Assano, who was standing outside: "hasten, hasten, ere the page gets loose. Do you hear the blast of trumpets?" Saying this, he turned, and Lacki saw the cup of Barbara trembling in his hand. With one spring the page stood in the middle of the room close to the opening of the cellar, and the arm which had been stretched out from it immediately disappeared. He ascended in a bold manner the old man, who stared on him with a look glaring with fury, and said, "What are you doing, ye rake-hells?" "Wherefore have the evil stars led thee hither, thou son of misfortune? What dost thou seek here?" retorted Assano. "My queen's goblet!" exclaimed the youth: "that is it; give it me directly, or fear my sword!" "Fear thee, boy!" answered Assano, with rage and scorn; and having placed the goblet on the ground with his right hand, seized the page with his left, and pressed him with a gigantic force. Stanislaw sought in vain to make use of his weapon; in vain he struggled to free himself from the iron grasp of the hoary villain; he could only utter some words of complaint and threatening from his suffocating breast. A double edged knife glittered in the Neapolitan's hand, and it was instantly plunged up to the hilt in the bosom of the young Lacki, whose complaints died away in a low murmur, and the flush of anger which covered his cheeks turned into a deadly paleness. Still he whispered in a scarcely audible voice, "Farewell, Hippolyte! Barbara, farewell!" The eyes of the faithful Stanislaw closed in death, his tender limbs hung powerless in the clutch of the assassin, who bent over the lifeless body, and whispered in his ear, "Thou wert called Lacki, I think. Go then, and when thou seest thy father, tell him that thou also hast known Hassan, although half a century later than he!" "Blood! blood again!" resounded from the cellar, in an agonizing voice, "give, give it me quickly, for I cannot remain longer in this place of horror." "Take it, cowardly wretch," replied Assano; "this boy's death has greatly increased our reckoning." He then seized the still warm corpse by its flowing hair, and dragged it to the door of the cellar, and threw it into the deep pit.

Meanwhile Kmita pledged the usual toast—"The welfare of the king and of the royal family;" and custom required that the monarch should answer it by pledging the health of the master of the house, and that of the senate and of the equestrian order; but Barbara was still waiting with increasing surprise for her goblet. The music played continually to fill the unexpected pause, and a large circle of distinguished personages closely surrounded the young queen, when an arm dressed in her colours, blue and silver, reached the long expected goblet out of the crowd. Barbara being in a great hurry, paid no attention to the person by whom it was presented; the bugles sounded a blast; the king expressed his thanks to the master of the house, and his wishes to him, to the senate, and to the equestrian order. The queens and his nephew Albert of Brandenburg joined him in these complimentary expressions; the bugles sounded again, and the cups were quaffed.

Other toasts followed during a quarter of an hour, when at last Sigismund proposed the health of the affianced couple, in which he was joined by every one, except the princess of Mazovia. Barbara arose from her seat and went up to the bride, who had just perceived with great anxiety that her betrothed had absented himself; she embraced Helena, expressing her cordial wishes for the happiness which she herself had so much promoted; when at that moment her arms suddenly lost their strength, and fell down powerless from the embrace; her head leaned on Helena's shoulder, and her discoloured lips whispered,

"Hold me, Helena, I am strangely unwell." The amazed bride exerted herself to support the swooning queen, when her mother accosted her, saying, "It seems that her Majesty is unwell; it is necessary to call for her women, who will understand how to take care of her better than you do." The crowd and the noise which reigned in the hall had for a moment prevented the king from seeing what had occurred to Barbara; but when Lucy Ostrorog, who hastened to the assistance of her mistress, burst out into a cry of terror, he flew to his beloved, and embracing, pressed her to his heart. "I am ill, my husband," said Barbara, in a whisper; "I feel myself very ill—ill unto death." Sigismund Augustus was plunged into the greatest consternation; his eye caught the grand marshal; but he saw on his countenance the unfeigned expression of astonishment and displeasure; he then cast down his eyes on her whom he held in his arms, as if afraid to direct a look of suspicion to another side.

ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Dear hill, thou ever in my heart shalt rest
Deeper than sleeps thy shadow in the lake
In the dewy morning, ere the breeze doth wake
The darkling ripple o'er its glossy breast;
In memory's haunted mirror shalt thou dwell;
Thine is the green—the daisy-sprinkled zone,
The many-tinted ever-shifting throne
Of gorgeous clouds—the playthings of the gale.
Oh! not for these I love thee; thou art dear,
Dearer than words can utter; that you woe
All tender thought and feeling on this sod,
The bright feet of the beautiful have trod,
The blue-eyed maiden hath been straying here—
Here the fair presence my heart's slumber broke.

J. C.

A LONG DESIDERATUM, APPARENTLY WELL SUPPLIED.

[From the *Parterre*, a cheap and elegant new weekly publication, embellished with excellent wood-cuts. We are glad to echo the opinion expressed by the editor relative to Mr Guilford's fitness for his task, as manifested by the above extract.]

The Beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher. By Horace Guilford. Birmingham; Wrightson and Webb; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.—"Another batch of beauties!" exclaims some sour-featured critic, "there is no end to these mutilations of our best authors!" True, there have been many attempts to cull for the use of the indolent, or those who cannot read much for want of leisure, the beauties which abound in the works of our poets and dramatists. But by whom has this been performed? Generally by persons whose reason and judgment are far below the standard of those for whom they presume to select. It is not so with the compiler of this little tome: his writings shew him to be a gentleman of much good taste and sound judgment; and in this selection he has given additional evidence of the possession of both these qualities; but hear what he says for himself, and the motives which induced him to turn compiler.

"It was in the depth of the last winter night, when November and December were sailing by in all their paraphernalia of gloom, and rain, and wind,—when the fire-place surpasses the sun in warmth, and the clean hearth the meadows in beauty,—that I took up Beaumont and Fletcher in the evenings, deeming their volumes no incongruous accompaniments to the roaring of the storm, and the chuckling flame that went merrily up the old chimney.

"At first I contented myself with noting in pencil lines the parts that struck me by their grandeur, their pathos, and their wit, or by the fidelity and force with which they illustrated the tone and colouring of that gorgeous pageant of society, the *Elizabethan* and *Stuart* periods.

"These and similar passages, however, grew so rapidly on my hands, that I had recourse to a common-place book, and began right earnestly to transcribe each passage as it pleased me.

"Then it was, and while kindling with the splendid and endless procession of fine things which appeared and passed by, that I began to notice with disgust the foul unsightly creatures that mingled with them, and, in many places, almost obscured them.

"The most deliberate outrages upon delicacy, the most wanton exuberance of obscenity, unutterable abominations of language and conception, and an absolute wallowing in the sty of impurity, are all so interwoven with the several Plays, as to defy even the skill of a Bowdler himself; and must ever render the productions of Beaumont and Fletcher a sealed book, such as no father of a family could conscientiously put into the hands of his children.

"Such it might have remained for me, had I not been irresistibly impressed by the conviction, that there was by far too vast a preponderance of good to be overcome of evil.

"That conviction was the sole origin of this little publication; whether the cause was adequate or not those who read must decide. There were rubies, and emeralds, and diamonds thick sown upon a cloth of frieze; I have ventured to pluck them away, with little care for their uncomely ground-work, and to wreath them into a carcanet, which may sparkle before the purest eyes that ever shone in kindred rays."

Our readers will not hesitate to acknowledge, that he who could write thus was well qualified for the task he has so ably performed. "Horace Guilford" has, indeed—to borrow the motto from his title-page—heaped together

"Infinite riches in a little room."

* Marlowe's Jew of Malta.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cordial thanks to the *Western Luminary* (Exeter).

S.'s letter unfortunately came too late for its purpose. But he surely need not regret it. Such an error would not be heeded amidst so much good matter. Correspondents are requested to bear in mind, that we must have their communications a fortnight before they can reckon with certainty upon our ability to give them attention. We are obliged to be considerably before-hand with our day of publication.

E. B. in our next. We are happy to have suggested some walks to him, and do hereby take them with him in imagination, whether in mud or meadow.

We have received a little volume by John and Mary Saunders, in which there are passages of true poetry. We shall take a speedy opportunity of giving it further notice.

H. B., who wrote the letter respecting Ghosts, wishes to say, "by way of postscript," that the following passage from Coleridge interprets his feelings on the subject more nearly than his letter appears to have done:—

Ordonio. Believe you then no supernatural influence?

Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

Teresa. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing;—and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have, but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.

Remorse, act iii, sc. 1.

We shall probably have more than one occasion to notice the distinction which our Correspondent makes between Good Nature and Good Temper, and which certainly exists, though we are glad to see his fair friends think otherwise; for of course we are bound to construe their identification of the terms, on the charming side.

We have but just become aware of the lines by "H. C." They shall receive the proper attention.

The *Kent Herald* says, that the heroine of a correspondent's ballad, entitled Betty Bolaine, which appeared in the *London Journal* a week or two back, was one of the "worthies of Canterbury," and that she left an immense property to one of the Prebendaries of the cathedral of that city.

An accident has obliged us to omit "The Romance of Real Life" intended for our present Number.

Giving Pain.—In the application of evil for the production of good, never let it be applied for the gratification of mere antipathy; never but as subvenient to, and necessary for the only proper ends of punishment, the deterrent of others by example. In the interest of the offender, reformation is the great object to be aimed at; if this cannot be accomplished, seek to disable him from inflicting the like evil on himself and others. But always bear in mind the maxim which cannot be repeated too often:—Inflict as much and no more pain than is necessary to accomplish the purpose of benevolence. Create not evil greater than the evil you exclude.—*Bentham's Deontology.*

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8, 1834.

No. 28.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

FAIRIES.

Continued.

It may be agreeable to follow up the growth of this good-humoured light in something like chronological order. The old romances began it. Oberon, the beautiful and beneficent, afterwards king of the fairies, made his appearance very early. He is the Elberich, or Rich Elf, of the Germans, and became Oberon, with a French termination, in the romance of "Huo de Bourdeaux." The general reader is well acquainted with him through the abridgment of the work by the Count de Tressan, and the Oberon of Wieland, translated by Mr Sotheby. He is a tiny creature, in the likeness of a beautiful child, with a face of exceeding loveliness; and wears a crown of jewels. His cap of invisibility, common to all the Fairies (which is the reason why they must not lose it) became famous as the Tarn-Kappe, or Daring Cap, otherwise called the Nebel or Mist-Cap, and the Tarn-hut, or Hat of Daring.* In the poem of the German Voltaire, he possesses the horn, which sets everybody dancing. He and his brother dwarfs, of the northern mythology, are the undoubted ancestors of the fallen but illustrious family of the Tom Thumbs, who became sons of tailors and victims of cows. Of the same stock are the Tom Hickathrifts and Jack the Giant-Killer, if indeed they be not the gods themselves, merged into the Christian children of their former worshippers. Their horrible coats, caps of knowledge, swords of sharpness, and shoes of swiftness, are, as the Quarterly Reviewer observes, "all out of the great heathen treasury." Thumb looks like an Avatarkin, or little incarnation of Thor. Thor was the stoutest of the gods, but then the gods were little fellows in stature, compared with the giants. In a chapter of the Edda, from which the Reviewer has given an amusing extract, the giant Skrymner rallies Thor upon his pretensions and size, and calls him "the little man."† As the god nevertheless was more than a match for these lubbers of the skies, his worshippers might have respected the name in honour of him; a panegyricall rallery not unknown to other mythologies, nor unpractised towards the "gods of the earth."‡ The West of England, it may be observed, is a great Fairy country, though even the miners and their natural darkness have not been able to obscure the sunnier notions of Fairy-land, now prevailing in that quarter as much as any. The De-

* Tarn, from *taren*, to dare (says Dohenell), because they gave courage along with invisibility. Kappe is properly a cloak, though the tarn-kappe or nebel-kappe is generally represented as a cap or hat.—*Fairy Mythology*, vol. ii. p. 4. Perhaps the word *cape*, which may include something both of cap and cloak, might settle their apparent contradiction. Hood implies both; and the goblin is sometimes called Robin Hood, and Hoodekin.

† In the agreeable learning which the reviewer has brought to bear on this subject, in the *Antiquities of Nursery Literature*, he has deprived us of our old friend the giant Cormoran, who turns out to be a mistake of the printer's devil for Corinoran, "the Corineus, probably, of Jeffery of Monmouth and the Brut." However, a printer's devil has a right to speak to this point; and we cannot help thinking that Cormoran ought to be the word both on account of the devouring magnitude of the sound, and its suitability to the brazen tromp of a Cornish mouth—

Here's the valliant Cornish man,
Who slew the giant Cormoran.

Abraham Cann or Polkinghorn ought to speak it; or the descendants of the Danish hero Kolson, who have *ora rotunda* in that quarter.

‡ Little Will, the scourge of France,
No godhead but the first of men;—

says Prior, speaking of William the 3d., and rebuking, at the same time, Boileau's dedications of Louis. So Frederick or Napoleon, or both, were called by their soldiers "the Little Corporal."

[From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pultney-street.]

vonshire Pixies or Pucksies, are the reigning elves, and are among the gayest and most good-humoured to be met with. Mr Coleridge, in his juvenile poems, has put some verses into their mouths, not among his best, but such as he may have been reasonably loth to part with. The sea air which he breathed at a distance, and "the Pixies' Parlour" (a grotto of the roots of trees, in which he found his name carved by the hands of his childhood, were proper nurseries for the author of the Ancient Mariner.

Chaucer's notion of Fairies was a confused mixture of elves, and romance-ladies, and Ovid, and the Catholic *diablerie*. We had taken his fairies for the regular little dancers on the green (induced by a line of his to that effect in the following passage); but the author of the Fairy Mythology has led us to form a different opinion. The truth is, that a book in Chaucer's time was a book, and everything to be found in those rare authorities became a sort of equal religion in the eyes of the student. Chaucer, in one of his verses, has brought together three such names as never met, perhaps, before or since,—"Samson, Turnus, and Socrates." He calls Ovid's Epistles "the Saint's Legends of Cupid." Seneca and St Paul are the same grave authorities in his eyes; in short, whatever was written was a scripture; something clerical, and what a monk ought to have written if he could. His Lady Abbess wears a broach exhibiting a motto out of Virgil. Elves, therefore, and Provençal Enchantresses, and the nymphs of the Metamorphoses, and the very devils of the Pope and St Anthony, were all fellows well met, all supernatural beings, living in the same remote regions of fancy, and exciting the gratitude of the poet. He is angry with the friars for making more solemn distinctions, and displacing the little elves in their walks; and he runs a capital jest upon them, which has become famous.

"In olde dayes of the kinge Artour,
Of which that Britons speke gret honour,
All was this land full filled of faerie;
The Elf-queene, with her joly compaignie,
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede,
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see non elves mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,
That serchen every land and every streame,
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beme,
Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castles highe and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepenees and dairies,
This maketh that ther ben no faeries;
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the limitour himself,
In undermeles and in morwenings,
And sayth his matines and his holy thinges,
As he goth in his limitation.
Women may now go safely up and down;
In every bush and under every tree,
Ther is non other incubus but he."

In another poem, we meet with Pluto and Proserpine as the King and Queen of Faerie; where they sing and dance about a well, enjoying themselves in a garden, and quoting Solomon. The "ladies" that wait upon them are the damsels that accompanied Proserpine in the vale of Enna, when she was taken away by his Majesty in his "griesly cart." This is a very different cart from a chariot made of the gristle of grasshoppers.

The national intellect, which had been maturing like an oak, from the time of Wickliffe, drawing up

nutriment from every ground, and silently making the weakest things contribute to its strength, burst forth at last into flowers and fruit together, in the noon-day of Shakspeare. A shower of fairy blossoms was the ornament of its might. Spenser's fairies are those of Romance, varied with the usual readings of his own fancy; but Shakspeare, the popular poet of the world, took the little elfin globe in his hand, as he had done the great one, and made it a thing of joy and prettiness for ever. Since then the fairies have become part of a poet's belief, and happy ideas of them have almost superseded what remains of a darker creed in the minds of the people. The profound playfulness of Shakspeare's wisdom, which humanized everything it touched, and made it know its own value, found out the soul of an activity, convertible into good, in the restlessness of mischief; and Puck, or the elf malicious, became jester in the Court of Oberon the Good Fairy,—his servant and his help. The "Elves" in the Tempest are rather the elemental spirits of the Rosicrucians, confounded both with classical and popular mythology. It is in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' that the true fairies are found, as they ought to be; and there amidst bowers and moonlight, will we indulge ourselves awhile with their company. We make no apology to the reader for our large quotations. They have been repeated many times, and lately on the present subject; yet we should rather have to apologise for the omission, considering how excellent they are. To add what novelty we could, or rather to make our quotations as peculiar to our work as possible, we had made up our minds to bring together all the passages in question out of Shakspeare's drama, as far as they could be separated from other matter, and present them to our readers under the title of a Fairy Play; but we began to fear that the profane might have some colour of reason for complaining of us, and accusing us of an intention to swell our pages. We have, therefore, confined ourselves to selections which are put under distinct heads, so as to form a kind of gallery of Fairy pictures. We shall take the liberty of commenting as we go, even if our remarks are called forth on points not immediately belonging to the subject. It is not easy to read a great poet, and not indulge in exclamations of fondness. Besides there is something fairy-like in having one's way.

EMPLOYMENT OF A DAMSEL OF THE FAIRY COURT.

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours:
In those freckles live their favours;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Flowers, in the proper fairy spirit, which plays betwixt sport and wisdom with the profoundest mysteries of nature, are here made alive, and turned into fantastic servants.

In Fairy-land whatever may be, is. We may gather from this and another passage in Cymbeline, that Shakspeare was fond of cowslips, and had observed their graces with delight. It is a delicate

fancy to suppose that those ruby spots contain the essence of the flower's odour, and ~~was~~ present them their ruling sprite. And the hanging a pearl in every cowslip's ear (besides the beauty of the line) seems to pull the head of the tall personages sideways, and make him ~~again~~ ^{again} ~~sensitively~~ ^{sensitively} ~~conscious~~ ^{conscious} of his new favour.

FLOWER OF QUEEN TITANIA.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

What beautiful lines are these? Observe in the next the goggle-eyed owl, who is nightly astonished at the Fairies, as if amazement were his business; and also the child-like warning to the snails and daddy long-legs, to keep aloof.

THE QUEEN IN HER BOWER.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rear-mice for their leather wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1st Fairy. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So, good night, with lullaby.

2d Fairy. Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, &c.

1st Fairy. Hence, away; now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

TRICKS OF THE FAIRY KING ON HIS QUEEN.

Titania, by practice of Oberon, falls in love with a weaver, on whom Puck has clapped an ass's head. Enter Puck with him and some others. Imagine the weaver to be Liston.

Quince. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly masters! help! (*Exeunt Clowns.*)

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about, around,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on thee?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

The ouzel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill;
The thrush with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?—who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckoo never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon the occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. No so, neither: but if had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

1st Fairy. Ready.

2nd Fairy. And L.

3rd Fairy. And I.

4th Fairy. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1st Fairy. Hail mortal!

2nd Fairy. Hail!

3rd Fairy. Hail!

4th Fairy. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you remember me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peas-blossom, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire of you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up love's tongue, and bring him silently.

The luxurious reduplication of the rhyme in this exquisite passage has been noticed by Mr Hazlitt.

Again, in act the fourth:—

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's the Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom: Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good Monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Monsieur: and good Monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflow with a honey-bag, Signor. Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good Monsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's Monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

Tita. What wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly a peek of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee up my arms.
In my arms, my arms, my arms,
And be all ways away,
And do the wood-birds the sweet honey-suckle
Mostly entreat, the female insect
Enrings the barks fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

THE FAIRIES BLESS A HOUSE AT NIGHT-TIME.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-yard paths to glide:
And we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house;
I am sent, with brooms, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania with their Train.

Oberon. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First, release this song by rote,
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG AND DANCE.

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait!
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace:
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it be blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

It is with difficulty that in these, and indeed in all our quotations, we refrain from marking particular passages. One longs to vent one's feelings, like positive grappling with the lines; and besides, we have the temptation of the reader's company to express our admiration. But we fear to do injustice to what we should leave unmarked; and indeed to be thought impatient with the others. Luckily where all is beautiful, the choice would often be difficult, if we stopped to make any; and if we did not, we should be printing nothing but Italics.

Queen Mab, as the author of the 'Fairy Mythology' remarks, has certainly dethroned Titania; but we cannot help thinking that both he, and the poets who have helped to dethrone her, are in the wrong; and that Voss is right, when he rejects the royalty of both monosyllables. Queen or Quean is old English for woman, and is still applied to females in an ill sense. Now Mab is the fairies' midwife, plebeian by office, indiscriminate in her visits, and descending so low as to make elf-locks, and plait the manes of horses. We have little doubt that she is styled queen in an equivocal sense, between a mimicry of state and something abusive; and that the word Mab comes from the same housewife origin as *Mop*, *Moppet*, and *Mob-cap*. The *a* was most likely pronounced broad; as in *Mall* for *Moll*, *Malkin* for *Maukin*; and *Queen Mab* is perhaps the Quean in the *Mob-cap*,—the midwife riding in her chariot, but still vulgar: and acting some such

part with regard to fairies and to people's fancies, as one of Sir Walter Scott's fanciful personages (we forget her name) does to flesh and blood in the novel.

The passages in Ben Jonson regarding Fairies want merit enough to be quoted; not that he had not a fine fancy, but that, in this instance, as in some others, he overlaid it with his book-reading, probably in despair of equalling Shakspeare. The passages quoted from him by the author of the 'Fairy Mythology,' rather out of respect than his usual good taste, are nothing better than so many common-places, in which the popular notions are set forth. There is, however, one striking exception, out of the 'Sad Shepherd':—

There, in the stocks of trees, white fays do dwell,
And span-long elves, that dance about a pool
With each a little changeling in their arms.

This is very grim, and to the purpose. The changeling supernaturally diminished adds to the ghostliness, as if born and completed before its time.

For our next quotation, which is very pleasant, we are indebted, amongst our numerous obligations, to the same fairy historian. There is probably a good deal of treasure of the same sort in the rich mass of Old English poetry; but the truth is, we dare not trust ourselves with the search. We have already a tendency to exceed the limits assigned us; and on subjects like these we should be tolled on from one search to another, as if Puck had taken the shape of a bee. The passage we speak of is in Randolph's pastoral of 'Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry.' A young rogue of the name of Dorylas 'makes a fool of a fantastique shepherd,' Jocastus, by pretending to be Oberon, King of Fairy." In this character, having provided a proper retinue (whom we are to suppose to be boys) he proposes a fairy husband for Jocastus's daughter, and obliges him by plundering his orchard. We take the former of these incidents for granted, from the context, for we have not seen the original. Dorylas appears sometimes to act in his own character, and sometimes in that of Oberon. In the former, the following dialogue takes place between him and his wittol; descriptive of

A FAIRY'S JOINTURE.

Thestylis. But what estate shall he assure upon me?
Jocastus. A royal jointure, all in Fairy land.

Dorylas knows it.

A curious park—

Dorylas. Paled round about with pickteeth.

Joc. Besides a house made all of mother of pearl.

An ivory tennis-court.

Dor. A nutmeg parlour.

Joc. A sapphire dairy-room.

Dor. A ginger hall.

Joc. Chambers of agate.

Dor. Kitchens all of crystal.

Am. O, admirable! This it is for certain.

Joc. The jacks are gold.

Dor. The spits are Spanish needles.

Joc. Then there be walks—

Dor. Of amber.

Joc. Curious orchards—

Dor. That bear as well in winter as in summer.

Joc. 'Bove all, the fish-ponds, every pond is full—

Dor. Of nectar. Will this please you? Every grove
Stored with delightful birds.

Dorylas proceeds to help himself to the farmer's apples, his brother rogues assisting him. This license, it must be owned, is royal. But what is still pleasanter, we are here presented for the first time with some fairy Latin, and very good it is, quaint and pithy. The Neapolitan Robin Good-fellow, who goes about in the shape of a little monk, might have written it.

FAIRIES ROBBING AN ORCHARD, AND SINGING LATIN.

Dor. How like you now my grace? Is not my countenance

Royal and full of majesty? Walk not I
Like the young prince of pigmies? Ha! my knaves,
We'll fill our pockets. Look, look yonder, elves;
Would not yon apples tempt a better conscience
Than any we have, to rob an orchard? Ha!
Fairies, like nymphs with child, must have the things
They long for. You sing here a fairy catch
In that strange tongue I taught you, while myself
Do climb the trees. Thus princely Oberon
Ascends his throne of state.

Elves. Nos beata Fauni proles,
Quibus non est magna moles,
Quamvis lunam incolamus,
Hortos sæpe frequentamus.

Furto cuncta magis bella,
Furto dulcior puella,
Furto omnia decora,
Furto poma dulciora.

Cum mortales lecto jacent,
Nobis poma noctu placent;
Illa tamen sunt ingrata,
Nisi furto sint parata.

We the Fairies blithe and antic,
Of dimensions not gigantic,
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter;
Stolen kisses much completer;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels;
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,
That's the time for orchard robbing;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peaking,
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

Jocastus's man Bromio prepares to thump these pretended elves, but the master is overwhelmed by the condescension of the princely Oberon in coming to his orchard, when

His Grace had orchards of his own more precious
Than mortals can have any.

The elves therefore, by permission, pinched the officious servant, singing

Quoniam per te violamur,
Ungues hic experiamur;
Statim dicis tibi datam
Cutem valde variatam.

Since by thee comes profanation,
Taste thee, lo! scarification.
Noisy booby! in a twinkling
Thou hast got a prettifying crinkling.

Finally, when the coast is clear, Oberon cries,

So we are clean got off: come, noble peers
Of Fairy, come, attend our royal Grace.
Let's go and share our fruit with our Queen Mab
And the other dairy-maids: where of this theme
We will discourse amidst our capes and cream.

Cum tot poma habeamus,
Triumphos læti jam canamus:
Faunos ego credam ortos,
Tantum ut frequentent hortos.

I, domum, Oberon, ad illas,
Que nos manent nunc ancillas,
Quarum osculemur sinum,
Inter poma, lac, et vinum.

Now for such a stock of apples,
Laud me with the voice of chapels.
Fays, methinks, were gotten solely
To keep orchard-robbing holy.

Hence then, hence, and let's delight us
With the maids whose creams invite us,
Kissing them, like proper fairies,
All amidst their fruits and dairies.

We must beg the reader's indulgence for one more paper on this subject.

Caution to Dogmatic Deniers. Progress of Knowledge.—Previous to the establishment of the rotundity of the earth, and during the centuries of discussion which took place upon this point, the existence of the antipodes was the theme of constant ridicule in the mouths of the opposers of the globular figure. The sentiments of Lactantius, *De Falso Sapientid*, cap. 23, may be taken as a fair specimen of the common objections. He asks, is there any one foolish enough to think that there are men whose feet are higher than their heads? with whom those things that we place upon the earth, hang downwards from the earth? who have trees and vegetables turned upside down? and rain and snow falling the wrong way? Will any one henceforward place the hanging gardens among the seven wonders of the world, when the philosophers make hanging seas, and fields, and mountains! The confusion that here takes place between the words upwards and downwards will be now universally apparent, but was not so in the time of Lactantius, who lived A.D. 311; who, had he simply confined himself to the assertion, that the existence of antipodes could not be demonstrated, and treated it as a philosophical speculation, possibly true, but probably false, would have been justified by the general state of knowledge then existing. But not so when he asserts that he can prove the thing to be impossible, and professes that he sees no alternative, but supposing its professors to be joking, or intentionally lying. The French Encyclopædia is incorrect in stating that he appeals to the sacred writers as deciding the point.—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

CALLANT AND AFFECTION CONSIDERED OF MR GALT'S LITERARY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Just Published.)

I HAVE thus undervalued to give an account of my separate publications to the best of my recollection, and also something of the feeling which I entertain myself towards them: I do not say cherish, because I doubt if I could do so justly, and because some of them have been preferred by the public more than others, which I seriously think have been consigned to unmerited neglect.

Before considering the materials of this particular lucubration, I had no right notion of having attempted so much: I had kept no account of my essays, nor do I know even where many of my novels may be found; yet those who see with what rapt ardour I enter into a subject, can have no idea that, after the task is finished, I could ever become so indifferent to the result.

It is not, however, altogether owing to this indifference that I have been led apparently to undervalue the mere literary character. Many years ago,

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream"

of life, and I was moved to desire, rather than to make books from topics designed by others, to furnish a topic for myself. I cannot state when this happened, but the place and occasion are still vividly in remembrance. I was reading in the Lazaretto of Messina the life of Alfieri, and was prodigiously affected by the incidental observation, where he remarks that the test of greatness is the magnitude of a man's undertaking to benefit the world. The truth descended on me like inspiration. I rose agitated from my seat, and could think of nothing all the remainder of the day, but of corroborative circumstances. Since that time I have ever held literature to be a secondary pursuit—the means of recording what has been done; and thus, although a voluminous author, I cannot persuade myself how in that way I should have ever merited the distinction to which I aspired, or attained the glittering goal towards which my hopes struggled.

The sentiment of Alfieri did not, however, cause me to enter a new line of life; but it elevated my motives, and lent energy to the impulses by which I was actuated, for I had previously determined, as I have narrated, to be distinguished; it only made me observe, that distinction without benevolence was unworthy of a rational being's pursuit. The creation of books did not appear to me to fall within the scope of his sublime idea of greatness; and therefore I conceive that, although few authors have published, in so short a time, more various productions, I have not earned, estimated by his test, which I think the true one, any claim to a better reward than is due to indefatigable exertion. However, I am not the first in whom the desire of fame has been greater than the talent to acquire it. From my earliest recollection, both by meditation and action, I have been devoted to what I thought the accomplishment of useful purposes, and my chief recompense is the satisfaction, undoubtedly, of my own bosom. Yet my efforts, I think, have not been altogether ineffectual, and the consciousness if this emboldens me to say, that I must be much misunderstood by those who imagine that the pressure of disease, and the embraces of poverty, could darken the cheerfulness of mind in reflecting that I have not been ordained in vain. A pining sickly expression, no doubt, often escapes me, but I am in the habitual practice of uttering what I think, and it may indulgently be called to mind, that in addition to being deprived of locomotion and rendered helpless, I often suffer anguish and merciless pain to a degree that ought to be allowed in extenuation of this human offence. I do not, however, always repine, and I can look on the moral green around me, though I see arid spots here and there, with comparative complacency and pleasure, as I repeat a sentiment of my aspiring years.

"Benevolence is like the generous sun
Whose free impartial splendour fosters all;
It is the radiance of the human soul,
The proof and sign of its celestial birth.
All other creatures of corporeal ore
Partake the common qualities of man;
Love, hatred, anger, all particular aims;
But in that infinite and pure effusion,—
That only passion of divinity,—
He owns no rival but the Heavenly God."

Antonie.

* Surely there have been books, than which nothing greater or more serviceable to man was ever by man created. What does our author say to his friend Shakspeare? to the great poets in general? to Newton, Bacon, and a hundred others?—Ed.

Judgment of Books.—I have no other rule by which to judge of what I read, than that of consulting the dispositions in which I rise up from my book; nor can I well conceive what sort of merit any piece has to boast, the reading of which leaves no benevolent impression behind it, nor stimulates the reader to any thing that is virtuous or good.—*Rousseau.*

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

It is proper to state, that we have no other authority for the following story than that of the fair unknown, who has sent it us; but we take for granted, from the style of her letter, that she is, in every sense of the word, "fair;" and this is one of the reasons why we have not thought fit to alter it. We need not add how delighted we are with her approbation, nor that we cordially agree with the remarks which accompany her quotation from Burns.

Mrs Garrick was brought into the English world under the patronage of Lord Burlington, as a Mademoiselle Violette, a dancer. She had great reputation in her art, and was very handsome. Horace Walpole somewhere manifests the delicate distress he suffered under (poor man,) in being asked by a brother patrician, in a large party, who she was. He was obliged to confess that she was 'a dancer;' that is to say, that they had a beautiful young lady in their company, who had talents enough to earn herself a livelihood by charming the world.

XXXVIII.—THE LIFE OF A YOUNG JACOBITE SAVED BY MRS GARRICK.

June 24, 1834.

DEAR SIR,—Be not surprised at so familiar an address from a stranger, for, although I may be, and am, a stranger to you, you are not a stranger to me, but, on the contrary, an old and well known friend, with whose modes of thought and feeling I am intimately acquainted, although I have never seen your face, nor heard your voice. I am not very old (I may yet call myself two years on the sunny-side of thirty), but for by far the greater part of my life, I have been an admiring and sympathising reader of yours.

Judge then of my joy at hearing of the first appearance of the *London Journal*, which (even in my remote habitation, a little "nook of mountain ground" in green Erin,) I managed to procure immediately, and which it delights me to find every way worthy of the name it bears.

After all this preamble, it is time I should get to the real business of my letter, which is to offer you a true story, which I think not unworthy a place amongst your "Romances of Real Life." I shall give it to you as nearly as I can in the words of the person who related it to me, now some years since, when it made a very strong impression on my mind.

My informant, Mr N., was related on the mother's side to an ancient Catholic family named *Wilding*, of the North of England. In the rebellion of 1715, this family were steady in their loyalty to the house of Hanover, so much so, that when the rebel army approached the town (either Preston or Carlisle) in which they resided, they fled from it with the other Loyalists. However, the family mansion, being one of the largest in the place, was made use of by the rebels as their head quarters. When the rebels were driven out, Mr Wilding's mansion was again seized by the triumphant army, and maugre his representations, and the absolute proofs he produced of his loyalty, was totally dismantled, and much valuable property carried off, whilst his complaints were unheeded; and, being a Catholic, he could get no redress.

Such a reward for loyalty was not likely to increase it in the bosoms of the sufferers; the injury rankled in their hearts; and when the Pretender's standard was again hoisted in 1745, among the first who flocked to it was the then head of the family (son to the loyalist of 1715) with his only son, a fine boy of fifteen.

The disastrous results of that ill-fated undertaking are well known. Among the prisoners taken and condemned to death, was young Wilding; but through the interest of the Earl of Burlington, then Secretary of State, the young man received a pardon, on condition of banishing himself for life to the North American Colonies, where he entered the army, and was some years after killed in a skirmish with the Indians—being the last male descendant of his ancient family.

These facts were communicated by an old maiden grand-aunt, a sister of young Wilding, to Mr N.,

when about going for the first time to London, with a strict charge to procure an interview with the late Mrs Garrick, to whose intercession with Lord Burlington, whose natural daughter she was supposed to be, the pardon of Wilding was ascribed; and to assure her that the surviving members and connexions of that family, retained the warmest gratitude towards her. Various circumstances combined to prevent Mr N. from performing this duty at that time; nor was it till a short time before her death that his interview with Mrs Garrick took place. He said the old Lady appeared scarcely to heed or understand his words, whilst apologising for his visit, and explaining its cause, until he mentioned the name of *Wilding*, when her countenance became lit up with sudden animation, and she said "Wilding! O yes! I remember him as it were but yesterday; yet it is long, long since. I was scarce more than a child myself;" and she commenced the narrative with a precision and vivacity, strongly contrasted with her former apathy.

It was, she said, not long after her arrival in England, Lord Burlington had, as was his frequent practice, called on her in his carriage to take an airing. As soon as she was seated, he ordered the coachman to the Tower, saying carelessly to her, "I must first go there to see the state prisoners ordered for execution to-morrow; it is a customary form; if you like, you can come in with me." She felt shocked at the manner in which he spoke, yet curiosity prevailed, and she entered the Tower with him. The prisoners were summoned, and the usual inquiries made whether there was any indulgence they might wish for; any *last request*. Amongst the number were some of note; the gallant and handsome Dawson, the hero of Shenstone's touching ballad, for whom a young heart was then breaking; and the youthful Wilding. "I see him now," said Mrs Garrick, kindling as she spoke, "the beautiful boy, as he stood calm and unmoved before us; I shuddered as I thought of Lord Burlington's fatal words before they entered: 'Every one you are to see, must die to-morrow,' and I vowed inwardly they should not shed that boy's young blood. No sooner were the prisoners removed, than I flung myself at Lord Burlington's feet; I wept; I implored him to save the youth. Astonished at my vehemence, he tried to put me off; but I persisted;—I became more urgent;—I declared I should never know a moment's peace were he to die. Lord Burlington was moved by the agony of his child; for he was my father," continued she; "he promised, and performed his promise. The pardon was obtained, and I was satisfied."

Such is my story. Mr N. added his suspicion that Mrs Garrick's sudden zeal had been caused by a passion for the young captive; that she had, as the vulgar phrase is, "fallen in love at first sight." But I reject the inference; I know my sex better; and I think (you I hope will agree with me) that there is a sufficiency of what Burns calls "the melting blood in woman's breast" to account for her exertions on principles of pure humanity, called into immediate action by the extremity of the case (and it was a shocking case; a youth—a child almost—condemned to death for merely following the advice and example of his father, when incapable of judging for himself),—and perhaps rendered more acute by the callousness of the man who could bring his daughter to witness such a scene. Should you admit the above into your pages, clothing it in your own language, you will give me very great pleasure.

I remain, dear Sir,

With sincere good wishes for your health and prosperity, and in particular for the success of your present undertaking,

Your constant Reader,

F. N. L.

XXXIX.—STORY OF FIRMEN DA COSTA.

THIS man should have married the heroine of Goethe's story, given in our last Number. They would have kept one another in order. Firmien had virtues, but accompanied by a frightful power of sacrificing them to his will and self-love. Under no cir-

cumstances would his fiery nature have made living with him a very secure or comfortable business. He was of the "loaded musket" order. Nobody could have been sure whether he would not go off. His master was a noble soul.

Firmien da Costa was a Portuguese negro, the property of a respectable and humane merchant at Lisbon.

This extraordinary slave, attending a public spectacle, and, stimulated by curiosity, had, with other spectators, trespassed beyond the prescribed boundaries, and after being repeatedly desired to keep back, was slightly goaded by a soldier with his bayonet.

Exasperated by this provocation, Firmien declared, with bitter oaths and execrations, that the want of a weapon alone prevented him from laying his assailant dead on the spot; with these, and other expressions of ungovernable passion, he departed breathing vengeance.

Making himself acquainted with the regiment, company, and name of the man who had offended him, he, a few evenings after, decoyed him, by a pretended message, to a retired spot near his master's house, and stabbed him to the heart.

Not satisfied with mere murder, he inflicted deep wounds on various parts of the soldier's body, whispered to the dying man who he was, mentioned the affront he had received, as his reason for perpetrating the bloody deed, declared himself satisfied, quitted his master's service, and concealed himself in a distant wood.

The place in which the dead body was found, the mark on the instrument of death, which was lying near it, and the circumstance of the master of the murderer being the last person who had been seen speaking to the soldier, strongly marked him as an object of suspicion.

It was in vain that the unhappy merchant declared his innocence, appealed to the general inoffensive mildness of his character, and pointed out the flight of one of his slaves as a presumptive evidence of the fugitive's guilt; he was committed to prison, and circumstance, in a case where no positive proof could be found, being admitted in its place, was condemned to die.

The sentence of the law reached the ears of the assassin in his retreat, and the wretch, who, rather than submit to a trifling injury, had, with circumstances of peculiar barbarity, imbrued his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature, could not bear the self-accusation of ingratitude and injustice, to a master from whom he had long experienced kindness and indulgence.

Nature, or Nature's God, triumphed in his bosom; yielding to the salutary impulse, he presented himself before a judicial tribunal, and confessed himself the murderer. The judges paused with astonishment; they could scarcely believe that the man who exhibited so transcendent an instance of heroic virtue and strength of mind, had recently proved himself a merciless and a blood-thirsty savage; after a reluctant pause, for examination and regret, the defendant was taken into custody. It is not easy to describe the feelings of the merchant; although suddenly and unexpectedly rescued from an ignominious death, the joy of deliverance was considerably diminished when he reflected on the guilt of his slave; when he discovered the fondest and most faithful of his domestics, attached to him by long servitude, and valuable for tried integrity, was an atrocious murderer. Yet a character of such a cast was not a desirable inmate, nor a safe attendant; the same ungovernable ferocity of passion which hurried him into assassination, on some trifling occasion of pettishness, ill-temper, or accidental affront, might have impelled him to destroy his master, his mistress, their children, and the whole of his property.

Many applications were made to save the culprit's life; but all intercession was in vain. With every appearance of triumphant joy, rather than repentant sorrow, the negro was led to execution.

In a country like Portugal, which affords scanty materials for panegyric, I record with pleasure an example of grateful attachment, and inflexible uncorrupted justice: Da Costa's master, Emanuel Cabral, whose name I omitted mentioning, and on the faith of one of whose descendants I relate the circumstance, would have given half his property to save the offender's life.

Defects and Merits of Others.—To abstain from bringing into view the infirmities of others, is one of the marks of negative efficient benevolence. To hold up to view the accomplishments or merits of another, occupies the corresponding place in the regions of positive benevolence.—*Bentham*.

Berghem was of a pleasant temper, his nature was like his landscapes cheerful and quiet; he loved to sing at his easel, nor was he one who believed in the influence of set times and seasons, for he rose early and painted late, and always wrought happily when in good health. He was a careful finisher of his works; nature, he said, finished all hers with much minuteness, and artists ought not to be wiser in their own conceit than nature.—*Major's Cabinet Gallery*.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 1st, to Tuesday the 6th of October.

THE PLINIES. DESTRUCTION OF THE ELDER PLINY BY MOUNT VESUVIUS.

The late frightful eruption of Mount Vesuvius will render interesting, even to those who have read it in other works, the following account of the death of Pliny the Elder, taken from a new volume (which has just appeared) of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, entitled *Lives of Eminent Zoologists*. Of the eruption we shall probably speak again, and therefore say no more of it in this place.

Pliny was a man of fortune in the age of the Cæsars, and author of a History of his own time which is lost, and of a Natural History which is a huge miscellaneous compilation of all sorts of knowledge existing up to his time, bad and good, exhibiting more style than discernment. He was, however, a most industrious gentleman, valuable for preserving better things than he could have found out for us; and that he was a bold one, the following narrative will testify. His nephew, Pliny the Younger, whom he educated, and whose fame also surpasses his deserts as an author, though he too was an amiable man and an elegant writer, is chiefly known by his Letters. His style is too conscious and artificial. Both the Plinies may be looked upon as the artificial products of the highly wrought, but cold and imitative literature of those times, the polish of a despotism which repressed originality. But they both appear to have been good men; and they maintained a degree of political independence in the worst times, highly honourable to the spirit of knowledge.

The death of the Elder Pliny took place during the eruption which is understood to have destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

He was at Misenum, where he commanded the fleet which protected all that part of the Mediterranean comprised between Italy, the Gauls, Spain, and Africa, when a great eruption of Vesuvius took place. His sister and her son, the latter of whom was then about eighteen years of age, were with him. He had just retired to his study, when he was apprized of the appearance of a cloud of the most extraordinary form and size. It resembled a pine-tree, having an excessively elongated trunk, from which some branches shot forth at the top, and appeared sometimes white, sometimes dark and spotted, according as the smoke was more or less mixed with earth and cinders. Anxious to discover the cause of this singular appearance, he ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and was proceeding on board, when he met the mariners belonging to the galley stationed at Retina, who had just escaped from the danger. They conjured him not to advance and expose his life to imminent peril; but he ordered the fleet immediately to put to sea, for the purpose of rendering aid to such as might require it; and so devoid of fear was he, that he noted all the variations and forms which the cloud assumed. By this time the vessels were covered with ashes, which every moment became hotter and more dense, while fragments of white pumice and stones, blackened and split with the heat, threatened the lives of the men. They were likewise in great danger of being left aground by a sudden retreat of the sea. He stopped for a moment to consider whether he should return; but to the pilot, who urged him to this expedient, he replied,—"Fortune helps the brave—steer to Pompeianus." That officer was at Stabie, and being in sight of the danger, which, although still distant, seemed always coming nearer, had put his baggage on board, and was waiting a more favourable wind to carry him out. Pliny, finding him alarmed, endeavoured to recall his firmness. In the meantime, the flames were bursting from Vesuvius in many places, so as to illuminate the night with their dazzling glare. He consulted with his friends whether it were better to remain in the house, or to flee to the open fields; for the buildings were shaken by frequent and violent shocks, so as to reel backwards and forwards, and in the open air they were not less in danger from the cinders. However, they chose to go forth, as the less hazardous alternative, covering their heads with pillows, to protect them from the stones. It was now morning, but the country was enveloped by thick darkness. He proceeded towards the shore by the light of torches, but the sea was still so much agitated that he could not embark; and, seating himself on a sail which was spread for him, he asked for some water, of which he drank a little. The approach of flames, preceded by the smell of sulphur, put his companions to flight, excepting two slaves, who assisted him to rise, when he seems to have immediately fallen, suffocated by the vapours and ashes. On the following day, his body was found in the same place

without marks of external violence, and resembling a person asleep rather than one who had suffered death. This event took place on the 24th of August, in the seventy-ninth year of the Christian era, and a few months after the demise of Vespasian.

As a specimen of the bad and good, the ridiculous and the interesting, in Pliny's "Natural History," we quote from the *Lives of the Zoologists* his account of the Lion's Sickness, and the famous story of Cleopatra's Pearl. The former is taken from the old translation of him by Holland.

HOW TO CURE A SICK LION.

The lion is never sick but of the peevishness of his stomach, loathing all meat; and then the way to cure him is to tie unto him *certain shoes*, which with their wanton mocking and making mowes at him, may move his patience and drive him, for the verie indignitie of their malapert sauciness, into a fit of madness; and then, so soone as he hath tasted their blood, he is perfectlie well againe; and this is the only remedie.

CLEOPATRA'S PEARL.

Pearls were very highly esteemed in Pliny's days. The ladies wore them dangling at their fingers and ears, took great delight in hearing them rattle, and not only appended them to their garments, but even embroidered their buskins with them. It will not suffice them, says he, nor serve their turn, to carry pearls about them, but they must tread among pearls, go among pearls, and walk as it were on a pavement of pearls. Lollia Paulina, the wife of Caligula, was seen by him, on an ordinary occasion, ornamented with emeralds and with pearls, which he valued at forty millions of sesterii (about 300,000.)

The two finest specimens ever seen were in the possession of the celebrated Cleopatra, who, on being sumptuously feasted by Mark Anthony, derided him for the meanness of the entertainment; and on his demanding how she could go beyond him in such a matter, answered that she would spend upon him in one supper ten millions of sesterii. Anthony, conceiving it impossible for her to make good her boast, laid a great wager with her about it. When the supper came, although it was such as to befit the condition of the hostess and guests, it presented no extraordinary appearance, so that Anthony jeered the Queen on the subject, asking, by way of mockery, for a sight of the bill of fare; whereupon she affirmed that what had as yet been brought to the table was not to be reckoned in the count, but that even her own part of the supper should cost sixty millions. She then ordered the second service to be brought in. The servants placed before her a cruet of vinegar, and she put into it one of the pearls which were appended to her ears. When it was dissolved she took up the vessel and drank its contents; on which Lucius Plancus declared that she had gained the wager. Afterwards, when Cleopatra was taken prisoner, and deprived of her royal estate, the other pearl was cut into two, and affixed to the ears of the statue of Venus, in the Pantheon at Rome.

We have been surprised, not very pleasantly, to find by these *Lives of the Zoologists*, that Linnæus, whom we took for a man mild as his flowers, was of so very irascible and vindictive a nature; and that he was miserly. He once, it appears, had serious thoughts of killing a man,—assassinating him! for taking away his character. However, his studies helped him to get rid of these frightful absurdities (the more honour be unto them!) and his miserliness is accounted for by the narrow means with which he once struggled.

The following portrait of him is drawn by himself:—

The head of Linnæus had a remarkable prominence behind, and was transversely depressed at the lambdoid suture. His hair was white in infancy, afterwards brown, in old age greyish. His eyes were hazel, lively, and penetrating; their power of vision exquisite. His forehead was furrowed in old age. He had an obliterated wart on the right cheek, and another on the corresponding side of the nose. His teeth were unsound, and at an early age decayed, from hereditary tooth-ache. His mind was quick, easily excited to anger, joy, or sadness; but its affection soon subsided. In youth he was cheerful, in age not torpid, in business most active. He walked with a light step, and was distinguished for agility. The management of his domestic affairs he committed to his wife, and concerned himself solely with the productions of nature. Whatever he began he brought to an end, and on a journey he never looked back.

As Linnæus grew old, the best parts of his nature (money-wards excepted) seem to quite outgrown the others, and to have exhibited him in the condition desiderated by Mr Southey in his beautiful lines on the Holly-tree, the thorny leaves of

which become smooth as they mount towards heaven. The following picture of his manners and amusements is given (says our author) by his pupil, Fabricius:—

We were three, Kuhr, Zoega, and I, all foreigners. In summer we followed him into the country. In winter we lived facing his house, and he came to us every day in his short red robe-de-chambre, with a green fur cap on his head, and a pipe in his hand. He came for half an hour, but stopped a whole one, and many times two. His conversation on these occasions was extremely sprightly and pleasant. It consisted either of anecdotes relative to the learned in his profession with whom he got acquainted in foreign countries, or in clearing up our doubts, or in giving us other kinds of instruction. He used to laugh then most heartily, and displayed a serenity and an openness of countenance, which proved how much his soul was susceptible of unity and good fellowship.

Our life was much happier when we resided in the country. Our habitation was about half a quarter of a league distant from his house at Hammerby, in a farm-house, where we kept our own furniture, and other requisites for house-keeping. He rose very early in summer, and mostly about four o'clock. At six he came to us, because his house was then building, breakfasted with us, and gave lectures upon the natural orders of plants as long as he pleased, and generally till about ten o'clock. We then wandered about till twelve upon the adjacent rocks, the productions of which afforded us plenty of entertainment. In the afternoon we repaired to his garden, and in the evening we usually played at the Swedish game of trisnet in company with his wife.

On Sundays the whole family usually came to spend the day with us. We sent for a peasant who played on an instrument resembling a violin, to the sound of which we danced in the barn of our farm-house. Our balls were certainly not very splendid, the company was but small, the music superlatively rustic, and no change in the dances, which were constantly either minuets or Polish; but regardless of these defects, we passed our time very merrily. While we were dancing, the old man, who smoked his pipe with Zoega, who was deformed and emaciated, became a spectator of our amusement, and sometimes, though very rarely, danced a Polish dance, in which he excelled every one of us young men. He was extremely delighted whenever he saw us in high glee, nay, if we even became very noisy. Had he not always found us so, he would have manifested his apprehension that we were not sufficiently entertained.

A SCENE AFTER A THUNDER STORM.

The storm hath passed away, and I am free;
The foamy torrent flashes in the sun,
The giant shadows o'er the meadows run,
They chase each other o'er the sunny sea;
The hare is sporting in the spangled lea;
In the blue cleft of the precipitous cloud
The lark is singing,—lows the ox aloud
In the sharp shadow of that beechen tree.
Ah, me! the fascination of that day
A deeper happiness within me wrought
Than is the joy of philosophic thought,
Touching on issues that can ne'er decay.*
Dear Henrietta to my heart I caught,
And wept th' excess of happiness away.

J. C.

* I fear I express myself very indistinctly. An anecdote from the life of Newton will make it clear. "Newton having noted down the length of the degree obtained by Picard, began to recompute his former calculation from the new data. Finding, as he advanced, the manifest tendency of these numbers to produce the long wished for results, he suffered so much excitement that, becoming unable to go on with the calculation, he entreated one of his friends to complete it for him!"

Tyranny of Vice under a Mask.—Vice is never so much at ease, never more tyrannical, never more ambitious, than when it imagines it has found a mask, under the cover and protection of which it may pass off for virtue. And masks there are, which, to a certain extent, deceive even the wearers; a deceit to which they lend themselves with alacrity, and find, in their own delusion, encouragement to make daring experiments on the credulity, timidity, or dependence of others.—*Bentham*.

Numerous Households.—I have narrowly examined into the management of great families, and have found it impossible for a master who has twenty servants to know whether he has one honest man among them, and not to mistake the greatest rascal perhaps to be that one. This alone would give me an aversion to riches. The rich lose one of the sweetest pleasures of life, the pleasure of confidence and esteem. They purchase all their gold at a dear rate!—*Rousseau*.

WARS WITH WILD BEASTS.

(From Mr Pringle's "African Sketches.")

I shall now give some account of our wars with the beasts of prey, allowing, of course, due precedence to the lions. The first actual conflict of the Glen Lynden settlers with this formidable animal, occurred in June, 1821, while I was absent from home, having gone to meet the acting governor at Somerset. The following were the circumstances as detailed to me by the parties present. A horse was missing, belonging to old Hans Blok, one of our mulatto tenants, which, after some search, was discovered by the footpoints to have been killed by a lion. The boldest men of the settlement having assembled to give battle to the spoiler, he was traced to a secluded spot, about a mile or upwards from the place where he had seized his prey. He had carried the horse with him to devour it at his leisure, as is the usual practice of this powerful animal. On the approach of the hunters, the lion, after a little demur, retreated to a thicket in a shallow ravine at no great distance. The huntsmen followed cautiously, and having taken post on an adjoining height, poured volley after volley into the thicket. This bombardment produced no perceptible effect; the lion kept under covert, and refused to give battle; only when the wolf-hounds were sent in to tease him, he drove them forth again with a savage growl, killing two of those who had dared to approach him. At length Mr George Rennie, the leader of the hunt, and a man of daring hardihood, losing patience at this fruitless proceeding, descended from the height and approached the thicket, and threw two large stones into the midst of it. This rash bravado brought forth the lion. He sprung fiercely from his covert, and with another bound would have probably laid our friend prostrate under his paw, but most fortunately, at this critical moment, the attention of the savage beast was attracted by a favourite dog of Mr Rennie's, which ran boldly up to the lion and barked in his face. The poor dog was destroyed in a moment; a single blow from the lion's paw rewarded his generous devotion with death. But that instant was sufficient to save his master. Mr Rennie had instinctively sprung back a pace or two: his comrades on the rock fired at once with effect, and the lion fell dead upon the spot, with eight balls through his body.

Our next serious rencounter with the monarch of the wilderness occurred about the close of April, 1822. I was then residing on my farm at Eildon, in the bee-hive cabin, which I have described in the preceding chapter. My nearest neighbour at that time was Capt. Cameron, a Scotch officer of the 72nd regiment, who had lately come to occupy the farm immediately below me on the river. I had gone down one evening with another gentleman and two or three female relatives to drink tea with Capt. Cameron. The distance being little more than three miles we considered ourselves next door neighbours; and, as the weather was fine, we agreed to ride home by moonlight—no lions having been seen or traced in the valley for nine or ten months. On our return, we were jesting about wild beasts and Caffers. That part of the valley we were passing through is very wild, and encumbered in several places with thickets of evergreens; but we had no suspicion at the moment of what afterwards appeared to be the fact—that a lion was actually dogging us through the bushes the whole way home. Happily for us, however, he did not then show himself, or give us any indication of his presence; being probably somewhat scared by our number, or by the light dresses of the ladies waving in the moonlight.

About midnight, however, I was awakened by an unusual noise in the kraal, or cattle-fold, close behind our cabin. Looking out, I saw the whole of the horned cattle spring wildly over the high thorn fence, and run scampering about the place. Fancying that a hyena, which I had heard howling when I went to bed, had alarmed the inhabitants by breaking into the kraal, I seized my gun, and sallied forth, undressed as I was, to have a shot at it. Though the cloudless full moon shone with a brilliant light (so bright in that fine climate that I frequently read print by it) I could discover no cause for the terror of the cattle, and after calling a Hottentot to shut them again into the kraal, I retired once more to rest. Next morning Capt. Cameron rode up to inform me that his herdsmen had discovered by the traces in the path that a large lion had followed us up the valley the preceding night; and upon further search it was discovered that this unwelcome visitant had actually been in my fold the preceding night, and had carried off a sheep. But as he appeared by the traces to have retreated with his prey to the mountains, we abandoned for the moment all idea of pursuing him.

The lion was not disposed, however, to have done with us on such easy terms. He returned that very night, and killed my favourite riding horse, little more than a hundred yards from the door of our cabin. I then considered it full time to take prompt measures in self-defence, and sent a messenger round the location to call out a party to hunt

him, being assured by our Hottentots that, as he had only devoured a small portion of the horse, he would certainly be lurking in the vicinity. The huntsmen speedily assembled to the number of seventeen horsemen, including Mulattoes and Hottentots; bringing with them a goodly number of strong hounds.

The first point was to track the lion to his covert. This was effected by a few of the Hottentots on foot. Commencing from the spot where the horse was killed, they followed the spoor, or track, through grass, and gravel, and brush-wood, with astonishing ease and dexterity, where an inexperienced eye could have discovered neither footprint nor mark of any kind,—until at length we fairly tracked him into a large *boach*, or straggling thicket, of brushwood and evergreens, about a mile distant.

The next object was to drive him out of this retreat, in order to attack him in close phalanx, and with more safety and effect. The approved mode in such cases is to torment the animal with dogs till he abandons his covert, and comes forth into the open plain. The whole band of hunters then march forward together, and fire deliberately, either one by one, or in volleys. If he does not speedily fall, but grows furious and advances upon his assailants, they must then stand close in a circle, and turn their horses rear outward; some holding them fast by the bridles, while the others kneel to take a steady aim at the lion as he approaches, as he will sometimes do up to the very horses' heels,—crouching every now and then as if to measure the distance and strength of his enemies. This is the moment to shoot him fairly in the forehead or some other mortal part. If they continue to wound him ineffectually, till he waxes desperate; or if the horses, startled by his terrific roar, grow frantic with terror, and burst loose, the business becomes rather serious, and may end in mischief,—especially if all the party are not men of courage, coolness, and experience. The frontier boors are, however, generally such excellent marksmen, and without so cool and deliberate, that they seldom fail to shoot him dead, as soon as they can get within a fair distance.

In the present instance, we did not manage matters quite so discreetly. The Mulattoes, after recounting to us all these and other savage laws of lion-hunting, were themselves the first to depart from them. Finding that our hounds made little impression on the lion, they divided themselves into two or three parties, and rode round the jungle, firing into the spot where the dogs were barking round him, but without effect. At length, after some hours spent in thus beating about the bush, the Scottish blood of some of my countrymen began to get impatient; and three of them, Messrs George and John Rennie, and James Ekron, a servant of my father's, announced their determination to march in, and beard the lion in his den, provided three of the Mulattoes, who were superior marksmen, would support them, and follow up their fire should the enemy venture to give battle. Accordingly, in they went, (in spite of the warnings of some more prudent men among us), to within fifteen or twenty paces of the spot where the animal lay concealed. He was couched among the roots of a large ever-green bush, with a small space of open ground on one side of it; and they fancied, on approaching, that they saw him distinctly lying glaring at them from under the foliage. Charging their coloured allies to stand firm, and level fair should they miss, the Scottish champions let fly together, and struck—not the lion, as it afterwards proved, but a great block of red stone beyond which he was actually lying. Whether any of the shot grazed him is uncertain, but, with no other warning than a furious growl, forth he bolted from the bush. The Mulattoes, in place of now pouring in their volley upon him, instantly turned and fled helter-skelter, leaving him to do his pleasure upon the defenceless Scots, who, with empty guns, were tumbling over each other, in their hurry to escape the clutch of the rampant savage. In a twinkling he was upon them—and with one stroke of his paw, dashed John Rennie (my brother-in-law,) to the ground. The scene was terrific! There stood the lion with his foot upon his prostrate foe, looking round in conscious power and pride upon the band of his assailants,—and with a port the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. It was the most magnificent thing I ever witnessed. The danger of our friends, however, rendered it at the moment too terrible to enjoy fully either the grand or the ludicrous part of the picture. We expected every instant to see one or more of them torn in pieces; nor, though the rest of us were standing within fifty paces, with our guns cocked and levelled, durst we fire for their assistance. One was lying under the lion's paw, and the other scrambling towards us in such a way as to intercept our aim at him. All this passed far more rapidly than I have described it. But luckily the lion, after steadily surveying us for a few seconds, seemed willing to be quits with us on fair terms; and, with a fortunate forbearance turned calmly away, and driving the hounds like rats from among his heels, bounded over the adjoining thicket like a cat over a footstool, clearing brakes or bushes twelve or fifteen feet high, as readily as if they had been tufts of grass; and,

abandoning the jungle, retreated towards the mountains.

After ascertaining the state of our rescued comrade, (who fortunately had sustained no other injury than a bloody scratch on the back, and a severe bruise on the ribs, from the force with which the animal had dashed him to the ground,) we renewed the chase with our Hottentot allies and hounds in full cry. In a short time we again came up with the enemy, and found him standing at bay under an old mimosa tree, by the side of a mountain stream which we had distinguished by the name of Huntly Burn. The dogs were barking round, but afraid to approach him, for he was now beginning to growl fiercely, and to brandish his tail in a manner that showed he was meditating mischief. The Hottentots, by taking a circuit between him and the mountain, crossed the stream, and took their station on the top of the precipice overlooking the spot where he stood. Another party of us occupied a position on the other side of the glen; and placing the poor lion thus between two fires, which confused his attention and prevented his retreat, we kept battering away at him till he fell, unable again to grapple with us, pierced with many wounds.

He proved to be a large full-grown lion, about six years of age, as our coloured friends affirmed. He measured fully eleven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. His fore leg below the knee was so thick that I could not span it with both my hands; and his neck, breast, and limbs appeared, when the skin was taken off, a complete congeries of sinews. His head, which seemed as large and heavy as that of an ordinary ox, I caused to be boiled, for the purpose of preserving the skull,* and tasted the flesh from curiosity. It resembled very white coarse beef, rather insipid, but without any very disagreeable flavour.

Our neighbours, the nimrods of the Tarka, disapproved highly of our method of attacking this lion in the bush, and said it was a wonder he did not destroy some of us. They were highly diverted with the discomfiture of our three champions; and the story of "Ian Rennie en de Leewo," long continued to be one of their constant jokes against the Scotchmen,—at which I have often seen some of them laugh till the tears ran over their cheeks. However, the Scotchmen, and especially the Rennies, were not long in redeeming their credit as huntsmen, equally adroit as adventurous.

Several other lions were killed at Glen Lynden and its vicinity during my residence there; but I shall content myself with the description of another hunt, extracted from a letter written by my friend Mr Philipps, of Glendour, in Albany, who happened to be at the time on a visit to me. Being no great Nimrod myself, I was not present on the occasion.

After describing the rousing of the lion in a wild desert place near the Zwartkei river, in the country of Amatembra Caffers, Mr Philipps proceeds:—

The lion abandoned the grove of mimosas, and we followed him in full cry across the open plain. The Caffers, who had just come up and mixed with us, could scarcely clear themselves of our horses; and their dogs howling and barking—we hallowing—the lion full in view making for a small copse about a mile distant, with the great number and variety of antelopes on our left, scowring off in different directions, formed altogether one of the most animating spectacles that the annals of sporting could produce.

Diederik Muller and Lieutenant Sheppard, being on very spirited horses, were the foremost. Christian Muller gave the signal to dismount, when we were about two hundred yards from the copse. He desired us to be quick in tying the horses, which was done as fast as each came up; and now there was no retreating. We were on lower ground than the lion, with not a bush around us. The plan was, to advance in a body, leaving our horses with the Hottentots, who were to keep their backs towards the lion, for fear they should become unruly at the sight of him.

These preparations occupied only a few seconds, and were not quite completed when we heard him growl, and imagined he was making off again. But no!—as if to retrieve his character from suspicion of cowardice for his former flight, he had made up his mind to attack us in his turn. To the growl succeeded a terrific roar; and at the same instant we beheld him bearing down upon us, his eye-balls glaring with rage. We were taken unprepared, his motion was so rapid no one could take aim; and he furiously darted at one of the horses while we were at their heads, without a possibility of preventing it. The poor horse sprang forward, and with the force of the action wheeled all the other horses round with him. The lion likewise wheeled, but immediately couched at less than ten yards from us. Our left flank thus became exposed; but on it fortunately stood Christian Muller and Mr G. Rennie. What an anxious moment! For a few seconds we beheld the monster at this little distance meditating, as it

* The skin of this lion, after being rudely tanned by our Hottentots, was, together with the skull, transmitted to Sir Walter Scott, as a testimony of the author's regard; and these trophies have now the honour to form part of the lamented poet's antique armoury at Abbotsford.

were, on whom he should first spring. Never did I long so ardently to hear the report of a gun. We looked at them taking aim,—and then at the lion. It was absolutely necessary to give him a mortal shot, or the consequences might be fatal to some of the party. Every second seemed a minute. At length Christian fired. The under jaw of the lion dropped,—blood gushed from his mouth,—and he turned round with a view to escape. Mr Reanie then shot him through the spine, and he fell.

At this moment he looked grand beyond expression. Turning again towards us, he rose upon his fore feet—his mouth gushing blood—his eyes flashing vengeance. He attempted to spring at us, but his hind legs denied him aid. He dragged them a little space, when Stephanus put a final period to his existence, by shooting him through the brain. He was a noble animal, measuring nearly ten feet, including the tail.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE READERS OF THE FAIRIE QUEENE.

CHARACTER OF SPENSER.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

We have, we hope, many hundred things to say of all those bright devils of dances and damozels—the denizens of the woods, and meres, and mountains of that enchanted Forest. The air often seems to sigh as if sick with love. Edmund was the most voluptuous of all pure poets; and in his daring dalliances with nature's supreme delights, his pictures do indeed dazzle our senses, "reeling and drunk with beauty." Beauty, as if overcome by his resistless strains, unveils, in the twilight of shaded air or water, all her hidden charms of limb, and waist, and bosom, to him who seems privileged to enjoy all that is loveliest in love's own world. Yet imagination etherealizes passion—glowing, but not gross—gazing, but not gloating—enjoying all mortal transport—but as a god a goddess.

Poetry is in the gleams of light that revealed temptations heaped up on the happy hills, where Innocence in heaven's own dews preserves for ever unfaded her whitest lilies. Desire, like that fire of scented cedar in Calypso's cave, is purified by what it feeds on. Pleasure is felt not to be sin—and nature's great law holy, which, on an earth where death would fain have sole dominion, sustains perpetual life, and balances bliss against all the weight of woe which else would overwhelm mortality. "Whatever hypocrites austere hold," we hold, with Spenser and Milton, that such is the religion of nature.

Spenser's Fable, quoth Hughes, "though often wild, is always emblematic; and this may very much excuse that air of romance in which he has followed Ariosto."—"Very much excuse!" A bird of light and music excused for light and soaring, and shining and singing in the sky. "Often wild!" Would he have fables to be tame? "Air of romance!" And what air is purer? Not even empyrean. Hughes thinks stories of knights, giants, castles, and enchantments, and all legendary adventures, "in themselves trifling;" that knights in armour, and ladies errant, are as antiquated figures to us as the court of that time would appear, if we could see them now in their ruffs and fardingales. Hurd knew better, and scorned the pseudo-philosophic criticism of the shallow school that spoke of all tales of Faery as unnatural and absurd, surpassing all bounds, not of truth only, but of probability, and more like the dreams of children than the manly inventions of poets. But those Tales of Faery, he reminded the scornful, are not the wild fancies of plebeian poets, but the golden dreams of Ariosto—the celestial visions of Tasso. True that a poet must follow nature. "But not," says the enlightened prelate, "only the known and experienced course of affairs in this world. The poet has a world of his own, where experience has less to do than consistent imagination. He has, besides, a supernatural world to range in. He has gods, and fairies, and witches at his command; and

"O! who can tell
The hidden power of herbs, and might of magic
spell!"

"Thus, in the poet's world, all is marvellous and extraordinary; yet not unnatural in one sense, as it agrees to the conceptions that are readily entertained of the magical and wonder-working natures." It is pleasant to hear Hurd applying these just sentiments to the "Faery Queen," and showing that Spenser is the poet of the chivalrous, as Homer was of the heroic age. The days of chivalry are not yet gone from all men's imaginations; and we know far more about them than of the days of the older heroism. Shall our own Spenser then be neglected by his own people, and the "Faery Queen" be unread, while in a year we have a second edition—for behoof of those who have no Greek—of Sotheby's Homer?

"[No, no, no]" cry we of the *London Journal*, echoing the cry of our wise, enthusiastic brother. Nature, knowledge, imagination, cry No. Spenser

will no more perish than the woods and waters; and the golden light and shades that haunt them. "Nature is vindicated by her children." We have sometimes half thought that the errors and violence of the age of chivalry were well redeemed by the fables they have left us, and might even have been permitted by providence for that purpose, as well as for the greater amenity of manners that they produce, and the brave deference to women! For there must have been some reasons for the thing, and what better than these? The ugliness of it has gone by. Its beauty remains in that amenity and in these books. The storm has burst from the castled hills, and the castles are gone with it; but from out of it there has run, and will run for ever, in the most sequestered places of thought, these brooks of gentleness and beauty, haunted by fair forms that purify the air of passion, and helping to supply half the mind of man with a world fit for it, till the world itself grow fitter.]

THREE OGRESSES v. GIBBON.

[The alleged mistake, mentioned by our correspondent, is Gibbon's own. Indeed, we quoted from his Autobiography at the time. We must add, however, that we partook of it with him. It is new to us, that "Ogresses" are any thing but the lovely creatures we had hitherto supposed them. But, after all, does not the term imply, that Ogresses' heads (as such, and in the popular meaning of the word) are still to be understood as included in the heraldic figure? May not the knights of chivalry have brought them, as they did fictions of ogres, from the East, during the time of the crusades? And might not Gibbon's ancestor, who was a herald, have intended to be at once scientific and jocose?]

16th Sept. 1834.

DEAR BENEFICENT,—Your candour will easily pardon the freedom I take in pointing out an odd mistake that you have either made, or copied (as I have not the book, I cannot say which), in your last Supplement. At page 12, you state that an ancestor of Gibbon "changed the three escallop shells in his arms" into as many Ogresses, or female cannibals, to spite three ladies, &c. Now, Sir, without noticing the absurdity or insufficiency of such means to such end, I have only to observe, that an OGRESS is not the "fearful wild fowl" you take it to be. Guillim, Edmonson, or any other learned pundit of the "*Divine Art of Blazon*," will inform you, that OGRESSES are neither more nor less than *balls of pitch*. For your edification (pardon the assumption) I subjoin the passage as it appears in the "*Rudiments of Honour*." By the way, what a vast idea does it not give us of the circulating medium of those early ages of "barbaric pearl and gold!" Verily the office of pursebearer to a rich traveller (before banks or paper-money were invented) could be no sinecure—while the difficulty of "*getting change*" must at times have been almost insurmountable; on the other hand, a man might very well be reduced to his last piece without any serious apprehension as to the needs of to-morrow.

"When in any coat of arms, one or more of these round pieces shall be found of the colour of ore, then in blazon they are always termed *bezants*, and are taken for pieces of gold," which were anciently the coin of *Bizantium*, and were in weight one hundred and four pounds and two ounces troy; being equal in value to 3150*l.* sterling; but, when any of these figures are found of the colour of red, they must always be called *tortoiseaux*; if blue, *harts*; if green, *pomes*; if black, *pellets*, or *ogresses*; if purple, *golpes*, &c."

That your endeavours to put a spirit of youth in everything, may be crowned by complete success, is the sincere wish of your poor disciple,

I. A. L.

TABLE TALK.

Annibale Caracci's Christ Appearing to St Peter.—This fine picture is not scriptural, as some have imagined: it embodies a tradition of the Romish church. The New Testament tells us that Christ after his resurrection appeared to St Peter; but it was more consistent with the aim and practice of the church, when losing its simplicity, to give currency to obscure or doubtful legends, rather than draw attention to the true and accredited narrative of the gospel. Peter, says the tradition, not finding at the time any liking for martyrdom, made his escape from Rome, when he met Jesus bearing the cross, "Lord, where goest thou?" inquired the astonished saint. "I am going to Rome to be crucified a second time," was the answer, "for I find that my disciples are afraid of attesting the truth of my cause with their blood." The rebuked saint returned and suffered martyrdom. The legend is a very beautiful one; it is in keeping with the timid character of Peter; and serviceable, too, to the Church of Rome, which claimed supremacy over all Christian churches. Those who imagined the legend, found an admirable interpreter in Caracci: it is admitted by very fastidious critics that this picture (in the National Gallery) is one of the best studied and effective of all his performances in this country. — *Major's Cabinet Gallery*. [The picture is a most beautiful one, and worthy of the legend.]

Noble Occupation for the Leisurely.—Whenever you have nothing else to do,—in other words, whenever you have no particular object in view, of pleasure or profit, of immediate or remote good,—set yourself to do good in some shape or other;—to men, to sensitive beings, rational or irrational; to one or to many; to some individual, or to the whole race.—*Bentham*.

Taste of the Gypsies.—The upper part of the wood (in a picture of Gainsborough's) is tenanted by a horde of gypsies; their asses are grazing among the glades; the party-coloured coverings of their wandering camp are visible among the shafts of the trees, and a thin and scarcely distinguished smoke curls slowly away amid the boughs of the forest. This is one of the painter's marks to indicate great natural beauty of scene; he knew that the taste of that roving people was, as far as regarded a feeling for the charms of external nature, essentially poetic. If a lovely spot lies within seven miles of their line of march, there will they fix their tents and make their abode for the night; were landscape painters to follow their footsteps, and paint the scenes in which they establish themselves, they could not fail to produce a series of fine poetic compositions.—*Major's Cabinet Gallery*.

Morland's Rural Taste.—To Londoners, and one so dissipated as Morland, it is next to a wonder that images of country simplicity and rustic modesty should have presented themselves: he was, when very young, made intimate with much of the folly and vice of the town; he assumed the dress of the fop, and copied the manners of the man of pleasure, and in all, save his paintings, was artificial and affected. The moment he took up the pencil, folly resigned her rule and nature reigned in her stead: his mind wandered from the wine vaults and the gin shops to homely cottages, barn-yards, calf-cribs, and piggeries; he forgot the hungry creditor, the griping pawnbroker, and the drouthy companion, and saw but a horde of gypsies bivouacked with their motley tents, tawny children, and tethered asses.—*Major's Cabinet Gallery*.—[But this was the reason. He wanted a contrast to his feverish existence. The people of a metropolis are apt to be fonder of the country, than country-people themselves. It is rarer to them: they have been taught more of its beauties from books; and their state of health gives them more need of it.]

A FLOOD.

THE mountain torrents, rushing fierce and high,

Bearing away the riches of a strath,

Are kind as a good mother in their wrath:

The man who thinks aright—who has an eye

To scan the works of nature, and apply

Their cogent moral rightly to the heart,

Shall find the consolation they impart,*—

That in all seeming evil good doth lie:

The flood shall fertilize, or if you scan

Its path in desolation, hath it not

A better, since a moral harvest, wrought?

How hath it fertilized the heart of man,

Taught it to yield a tenderness unbought,

And better sympathies than interest can.

J. C.

* We made a passing jest a week or two ago upon "Aeons and impart verses," which we notice in this place, merely to say that it had no reference to our correspondent; though he writes so well as to be able to afford an involuntary admonition against condescending to the use of these new obsolete helps to a rhyme.

BELIEF IN SPIRITS; &c.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Dalston, 27th Sept. 1834.

MANY thanks, worthy Sir, for the entertainment your *London Journal* affords me, and still more for the religion of love and hope which it breathes. Amidst the ravings of those who please to revile poor human nature, and who bid us believe this beautiful earth is but our prison-house and scene of our sufferings and trials, and the majority of our fellow-creatures the victims of a mysterious and awful destiny, it is truly refreshing to turn to your pages and find there one, at least, who does not consider man quite so depraved, or the world quite so uninviting as is represented. Dr Watts says, "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less;" but it seems strange that, among all nations and in all creeds, the service of the Deity should be considered to involve a denial, in a greater or less degree, of the pleasures of this world; as if he who placed us here and gave us reason to use, and senses to enjoy his gifts, delighted in witnessing the perpetual conflict of our inclinations and our duty. It is our ignorance of the character of the Supreme which makes us undervalue his works. If our hearts were duly impressed with the conviction that He was the fountain of love, and not the tyrant of the universe, we should view the world more as an Elysium than a place of sorrow, and our fellow-men as beings susceptible of indefinite improvement, and bound to our hearts by the ties of sympathy and philanthropy.

Go on then, Mr Editor, in your labour of love, and prosper. Render men more in humour with themselves and each other, and assist in that "consummation devoutly to be wished"—the full and perfect emancipation of the mind. So far has my heart responded to all you have said, till I come this week to your remarks on Spirits,—there I candidly own I stop. However pleasing the ideas such a belief may awaken, I feel convinced it is delusive, and tends to countenance the darkest superstition, and gives the imagination too large a field for its range. Any vagary of the brain would be received with attention, and no doctrine would be unsubstantiated, if this was admitted, for if such creatures as Spirits exist, it does not seem probable they would not affect us, and if they did so, where would our free will be? Or, supposing them to be passive, for what purpose then were they sent into a material visible world to mix with humanity unseen, and witness actions and feelings in which they could have no participation. I regret you did not offer more evidence for their existence, as I should like to be possessed of the reasons which have led your mind to this conclusion; till then I must venture to express my dissent, and still continue to believe that this world has no other inhabitants but those I see, or is fitted for the abode of any but material beings. I am glad, however, to part with your paper in unison of sentiment respecting the existence of a Devil. Those who think that such a being exists, must have very confused and imperfect ideas of the omnipotence and love of the Deity. A more rational creed whispers, "Man alone is the author of all the evil he endures, and that happiness is within his reach, and easily attained by the disciplined and virtuous mind."

Washington Irvine has an exquisite passage on Spirits in his 'Bracebridge Hall,' which, along with your own remarks, would almost seduce me to become a proelyte to your theory. I have written it out, as I feel assured you will approve of it.

Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul in connexion with the body, or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist, but whence it came, and when it entered into us, and how it is sustained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation and contradictory theories. If then we are thus ignorant of this spiritual existence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or to deny its powers and operations, when released from its fleshy prison-house? It is more the manner, therefore, in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has

been applied; strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been surrounded, and there is none of the whole circle of visionary creeds that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of our moral separation. What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those whom we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare? That affectionate and guardian Spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours? That beauty and innocence which had languished into the tomb yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest visions wherein we live over again the hours of past endearments?

A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honoured, were invisible witnesses of all our actions. It would take away too from that loneliness and destitution, which we are apt to feel more and more, as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily on the journey, have one by one dropped from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, nor revolting to the wishes or affections of the heart. There are departed beings that I have loved as I shall never again love in this world,—that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments they have felt on earth, if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

J. W. A.

[We thank our correspondent for this beautiful extract from Mr Washington Irvine, with whose writings it makes us desirous to be better acquainted. We have often had the feelings described in its concluding sentence. As to Spirits, it surely does not follow, from their existence, that they are to affect the human beings around them, any more than other creatures affect us,—the birds in the trees, for instance. We hold, that out of all faiths and all possibilities, it is the business of a cultivated human mind to extract whatsoever enlivens and enlarges its sense of existence, provided it be consistent with analogy and God's goodness; and we see all visible nature crammed so full of life, that it appears to us equally due to the modesty of man's ignorance, and the comprehensiveness of his wisdom, to suppose that invisible nature is equally so.]

Four Parties in a Family consisting of Four Persons.

—Before I introduce you to the family of my host, I must premise, that the inhabitants of the Comtat are divided into four parties, who persecute each other with inexorable hatred. The first still adheres to the Pope, and consists principally of the old people and ecclesiastics; the second, which is called the Aristocratic party, wishes the country, it is true, to remain under the sovereignty of France, but only on condition that the monarchy shall be fully restored; the third is perfectly satisfied with the present order of things, and is called the Democratic party; and the fourth consists of those who, under the conduct of Sourdun, enriched themselves by plunder, and whose prime wish therefore is to break the chains of their hero, and see him raised again to his former power; these are comprehended under the title of Brigands. It was to me one of the most curious, as well as the most lamentable of political phenomena, to find these four parties united in my inn, where the family consisted of only four persons. The father, a bigotted old man, to whom the metamorphosis of the papal crown over the gate had occasioned more than one sleepless night, was a papist; the mother, a vehement democrat; the daughter, who had been a favourite with the former Archbishop of Aix, an aristocratic enragée; and the son, as having been lieutenant under Sourdun, a furious brigand. The enmity between the two young people did not seem carried to so great a height as between the father and mother, who were almost always quarrelling. When I asked the young lady if one might sleep in security under their roof, as her brother, according to her own account, was a brigand, she answered, "Do not be alarmed, sir; he is a very good lad when he is here, but when he is with Sourdun, he must perform his duty to his captain."—*Matthison's Travels.*

CHORDS TOUCHED.

Ah, how that plaintive strain recalls
The happy hour I heard it last;
And seems, while on my ear it falls,
A dream-like whisper from the past!
What mingled thoughts of joy and pain
From the same source unbidden flow,
To hear those well known tones again,
And, oh, to hear them thus—and now!

A voice in every cadence dwells—
In every mournful note a sigh—
Of other, happier days it tells,
Unvalued as they glided by!
Of those I've loved, o'er whom the pall
Of funeral darkness seems to be,
And, oh! of worse than these, than all,
Of buried hope it speaks to me!

MEMOR.

Progress of Good.—The historian of Anson's Voyages, speaking of scurvy, says, "the cure seems impossible by any remedy or by any management that can be employed." In the present day, instead of the remedy being unknown, it is, happily, the disease: a fact which suggests the most important subject for contemplation, and justifies the reflections and language of Sir Gilbert Blane: "Does it not afford a cheering and consolatory prospect, amidst the thousand shocks that flesh is heir to, that there may be still in store for us, in the boundless progression and endless combination of knowledge, other hidden means of advancing human happiness, of mitigating human misery, and of making accessions to the dominion of man over nature which have not yet been dreamed of in our philosophy?"—*Penny Cyclopaedia.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to thank the *Greenock Advertiser* for its very kind and zealous commendations of our Journal. Such praises, too, are always the more valuable, of course, in proportion to the talents of the praiser.

Our feelings are particularly touched also by what is said of the Journal in the *Windsor and Eton Express*.

J. C. is informed that there will be eight Supplements in the course of twelve months, and that those upon the subject of London will have an index.

The Fourth Number of the Supplement was published with our last week's number, and should have been served by all the venders.

We shall be glad to hear again from our friend JEAN ANDRÉ-SON; and meanwhile will make use of what he has sent us.

ARNOLD next week.

We have handed Mr G. F.'s letter to a quarter, in which we hope it may do him service.

The pamphlet sent us by Mr W. G. shall be attended to.

We should be happy to oblige Solomon Gundy, but fear it is out of our power. Also our friend C. D. M.; but doubt whether the readers would think the re-publication of the verses consistent towards their demand for newer matter.

Some of J. D.'s verses in our next. Those of *Philer* have been unavoidably delayed to the same time.

The observations of J. D. OBSERVATOR were very welcome.

Mr G. B. is informed in the negative. We are under no need of acting upon that plan. Mr J. M. C. will understand to what part of his letter the same answer applies.

Mr J. W. B. will probably think that the spirit of his remarks has been anticipated.

Attention will be paid to the book sent us by Mr J. B., who is thanked for the other book that accompanied it, and for his letter.

B'ees throng upon us,—and all as dulcet as industrious.

Mr J. B.'s letter from Suffolk was highly welcome.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15, 1834.

No. 29.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

ROMANCE OF COMMON-PLACE.

EVERY sentiment, or want of sentiment, pushed to excess, bears, from that excess, a character of romance; even dullness may be romantic. We remember our friend C. L., many years ago, giving us, with his exquisite tact, an account of a deceased acquaintance of his who carried "common-place" itself to a pitch of the "romantic," and who would way-lay you for half an hour with a history of his having cut his finger, or mislaid a pair of shoes. This gentleman did not draw infinite somethings out of nothing, like the wits of the *Lutrin*, or the *Rape of the Lock*, or the Italian expatiators upon a Cough or a Christian-name. He got hold of nothing, and out of it, with a congeniality of emptiness, drew nothing whatever. But it was *he* that drew the nothing, and *you* that listened to him; and thus he got a sense of himself somehow. If you ran against him in the street, it was an event in his life, and enabled him to stand breathing, and smiling, and saying how much it did *not* signify, for the next intense five minutes. He once met a lady, an acquaintance of his, who was going to have a tooth drawn.

Dear me, Madam, and so you are going to have your tooth drawn?

Yes, Sir.

By Mr Parkinson, I presume?

Yes.

Dear me! I fear you have suffered a good deal, Madam?

Not a little, indeed.

God bless me! I am very sorry to hear it,—very sorry. How long pray may you have suffered this tooth-ach?

I should think a week.

God bless me! A week! That is a long time! And by night as well as by day, I presume?

I have hardly had any sleep for these two nights.

Dear me! That is very sad. God bless me! No sleep for these two nights! Want of sleep is a very sad thing,—highly distressing. I could not do without my regular sleep. No, no; none of us can. It is highly undermining to the constitution. Produces such fatigue—such lassitude—such weariness. *H'm! h'm! (Humming with a sort of sympathy and gentlemanly groan, as if his own face were bound up.)* I see you are suffering now, Madam?

It will be soon over now.

H'm! You are very bold, Madam,—very resolute; but that is extremely sensible. *H'm!* Dear me! And you have tried clove, I presume, and all that?

Why, I am not young, and do not like to part with my teeth.

Ah—oh—*h'm!* just so—very natural—ah—yes—dear me! *h'm!* A double tooth, I suppose?

(The lady nods.)

Ah—afraid of the cold air—you are right not to open your mouth, Madam. Cold gets in. Ah—*h'm*—yes—just so. *(Nodding, bowing, and groaning.)*

(Lady turns to go up a court, and makes a gesture of bidding him good morning.)

Oh—ah—dear me! ay, this is the place—so it is—I wish you a happy release, Madam—I hope the process will be easy—*h'm!* ha-a-ah! *(Takes farewell between a sort of breath and a groan. Lady goes into the dentist's, has her tooth drawn, and on returning*

down the court, is astonished to find the gentleman waiting at the corner, to congratulate her!)

Well, Madam *(bowing and smiling)*, the tooth is drawn, I presume?

(Lady acquiesces.)

Dear me! ah!—*H'm!*—very painful, I fear—a long while drawing?

Lady. 'Tis out, at last. *(Aside. I wonder when the man will have done with his absurdity.)*

A skilful dentist, Mr Parkinson, Madam?

(Lady acquiesces.)

I have not been to a dentist myself these—let me see—ah, yes, it must be—now—these twenty years. I had one bad tooth, and caught a cold sitting in the draught of a coach—very dangerous thing—and chaises are worse—very dangerous things, chaises—*h'm*—very. You are suffering still I see, Madam? from the ghost of the tooth, I presume?—*(laughing)*—but, dear me! I am keeping you in the draught of this court, and you go the other way. Good morning, Madam—Good morning—I wish you a very GOOD morning—Don't speak, I beg—GOOD morning.

And so, thus heaping emphasis upon emphasis upon this very new valediction, and retaining a double smile amidst his good wishes, from his very new joke about the ghost of a tooth, our Hero of Common-place takes his leave.

We have been led to write more of this dialogue than we intended; so we put it at the head of our paper, in order to avoid beginning three successive weeks with the same subject,—which, our printer tells us, has a look of dangerous experiment with the reader in these variety-loving times. All that we meant to say was, that there is a romance in the least things as well as the greatest, even in shabbiness itself, if of a very excessive kind; and this remark we intended as an introduction to our present week's

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE,

which is romantic if only for the excess of *meanness* exhibited by the wretched subject of it, in his application to Mr Fox to save his life, at the moment he was defending himself elsewhere at the expense of that gentleman's character. The Mr Fox in question, afterwards first Lord Holland, was father of the celebrated Fox, and grandfather of the present accomplished nobleman. We take the narrative from the third volume of Mr Britton's *History of Wiltshire*,—in the preface of which, by the way, we were much interested by the author's candid account of his rise from humble life. Some of the engravings also much interested us, especially that of Mr Bowles's residence, Bremhill Parsonage, a proper nest for a clerical poet.

XL.—CASE OF JOHN AYLIFFE.

Tockenham in the last century was the birth-place of an individual who was executed for forgery, under peculiar circumstance; and whose fate attracted much of the public attention, from his previous connexion with Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland. The following account of this transaction is taken principally from the statements published in the 'Annual Register' for 1759.

The parents of John Ayliffe were upper servants to Gerard Smith, Esq. He was early in life placed at Harrow school, and qualified to become a teacher at the free-school of Lyneham, with a salary of ten pounds a year. While in that situation he married the daughter of a clergyman of Tockenham, with a fortune of five hundred pounds, against the consent of her relatives.

• A fact.

This money he spent extravagantly, and about two years after his marriage, he was taken into the family of Mrs Horner, mother of Lady Ilchester, as house-steward; and subsequently he was employed as an agent for the management of her estates. This lady probably recommended him to Mr Fox, who procured for him the post of commissary of the musters. He then built himself a house at Blandford Forum, in Dorsetshire, and filled it with pictures and costly furniture. By this extravagance, and by his abortive projects to gain money, he dissipated his income, though it was very considerable, and involved himself deeply in debt. Thus pressed for money, he had recourse to several fraudulent contrivances to relieve himself. He forged a promise of presentation to the rectory of Brinkworth, in the hand-writing of Mr Fox, adding the names of two persons as subscribing witnesses. By means of this paper, he prevailed on a clergyman to become his security in borrowing money, and also to engage to marry a certain young woman. It happened that the marriage had not taken place when Ayliffe's affairs became desperate; but his failure ruined the unfortunate clergyman, who died broken-hearted. After his death the following paper was found in his pocket.

"July 29, 1759,—wrote the following letter to John Ayliffe Satan, Esq.

"Sir,—I am surprised you can write to me, after you have robbed and most barbarously murdered me. Oh! Brinkworth!—Yours, T. E.—d."

In April 1759, Ayliffe committed the forgery for which he suffered. Mrs Horner, to whom he had been steward, at her death, left her property chiefly to Mr Fox, and requested that gentleman to make some provision for Ayliffe. Accordingly Mr Fox executed the lease of an estate in Wiltshire to him for life, and for those of his wife and son, reserving a rent of only thirty-five pounds, which was much below the real annual value of the property. Ayliffe, some time after, borrowed money on the security of this lease; and, to make it appear more valuable, he copied it on a fresh skin of parchment, altering the reserved rent from thirty-five to five pounds. To this copy he forged the name of Mr Fox, and of those witnesses who had subscribed the real lease. To conceal this transaction from the knowledge of Mr Fox, he proposed to the persons from whom he borrowed the money an oath of secrecy. This was not agreed to, and he was obliged to be satisfied with a promise that Mr Fox should not be told of the mortgage. But the interest of the money not being regularly paid, the mortgagee felt himself no longer bound to keep the secret; and he accordingly applied to Mr Fox to pay off the mortgage. This Mr Fox declined doing; and in the course of the affair, the amount of the reserved rent was mentioned, the deed was produced, and the fraud became manifest. In the meantime, about a month after Ayliffe had forged the lease, he was arrested for sums amounting to one thousand one hundred pounds, and thrown into the Fleet Prison. During his confinement there, he produced a deed of gift from Mrs Horner to himself of four hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and three thousand pounds in money. Mrs Horner had died towards the close of the year 1757; and Ayliffe alleged that she, being unwilling to let Lady Ilchester and her relations know how she had disposed of this property, directed him not to mention the donation till after her death. He said he had since concealed the circumstance from Mr Fox, lest it should hurt his interest with that gentleman.

Soon after this claim was set up, the forgery of the lease was found out, and a prosecution instituted against Ayliffe for the crime. In the meantime, he affected to represent Mr Fox's proceedings as being instituted with no other view than to extort from him a renunciation of the deed of gift which he professed to have received from Mrs Horner. So far did he persist in this diabolical accusation, that at the very time he was supplicating Mr Fox for mercy, he wrote thus to the Secretary of State:—

"Mr Fox is now pleased to disown the signing or setting his hand to the lease, alleging it not to be original, though he acknowledged his having signed the same lease, so mortgaged as aforesaid, to several

persons; and for this your paper is censured and sentenced to death."

At the same time that he sent the above accusation against Mr Fox, he forwarded the following letter to that gentleman:—

"HONOURED SIR,—The faults I have been guilty of shock my very soul, and particularly those, sir, towards you, for which I heartily ask God and your pardon. The sentence I have had pronounced me fills me with horrors such surely as never was felt by any mortal. What can I say? Oh, my good God! that I could think of anything I could do to induce you to have mercy on me, and prevail on you, good sir, to intercede for my life. I would do anything in the whole world, and submit to anything for my life, either at home or abroad. For God's sake, good sir, have compassion on your unhappy and unfortunate servant,
JOHN AYLIFFE.

"Press Yard, Newgate,
Oct. 28th, 1759."

Two days before he sent these letters, he was tried and convicted at the Old Bailey Sessions, and received the usual sentence.

Mr Fox, throughout the whole affair, had treated his ungrateful servant with much kindness and generosity, procuring for him every convenience which his situation would admit, and sending him money and provisions, and paying the rent of his apartment in prison. A proof of the excessive depravity of this man is further evinced in a letter he wrote to Mr Pitt, who had ever been the political antagonist of Mr Fox. In this he stated that it was in his power to make some disclosures relative to the conduct of the latter as a minister of state, so much to his disadvantage, that the knowledge of them would leave him entirely at the mercy of Mr Pitt. This application proved worse than fruitless, as that gentleman was the last person in the world who would have adopted so mean a mode of undermining a rival. He forwarded Aycliffe's letter to Mr Fox, who, in justice to his own character, left the unfortunate man to his fate.

Finding his artifices as ineffectual as they were wicked, Aycliffe then wrote again to Mr Fox, offering to make a full confession of his guilt. In reply, that gentleman told him, that, although he pitied him, and forgave him, he was not to expect any advantage from his disclosures; and that he could only advise him to make his peace with God. The culprit, finding his hopes of mercy were at an end, confessed that the deed of gift from Mrs Horner was a fraud; and that he had prepared it ready for signing, and slipped it among some leases which Mrs Horner executed without reading.

Aycliffe suffered the penalty of the law, at Tyburn, November 19th, 1759; when he was about thirty-six years of age.

THE WORD "FAIRY."

SIR,—I have been much amused with an article in your last Number on Fairies. Allow me to make a remark on the use of the word *fairy* being peculiar to this country. Mr Keightley has, I think, satisfactorily shown (see Appendix to his 'Tales and Popular Fictions,') that the word *fairy* was not originally applied, as at present, to any little being, but was used in the sense of the French *faerie*, signifying "enchantment," as "the land of fiery," in which sense Spenser and others use it. Our *fay*, the French *fée*, Italian *fata*, and Provençal *fada*, were the words used to designate the being we now term a *fairy*; and this last word is only the *faerie* of the French transplanted into England. If the word existed in Latin, it would be *fatatio*, but the Romans were a deplorably unimaginative people, and did not know what enchantment meant. There are some curious remarks on this subject, in the book I have above referred to on Popular Fictions.

Excuse my troubling you with these remarks, from

Yours, &c.

Puck.

* * We meant to imply what our Correspondent has noticed relative to the word "faerie," when we spoke, in commencing this subject, of "a southern appellation applied to a northern idea." It would have been more correct had we defined the word "fairy" to be the name of the *sphere* applied to the *inhabitants*. The curious reader cannot do better than go to Mr Keightley's *Popular Fictions and Fairy Mythology* for information on those subjects. We shall speak of the primitive root of the word *fairy* in a future article on the "Fairies of the East."

HINTS FOR TABLE-TALK.

For the London Journal.

DREAMS OF DISPUTATION—CURTAIN LECTURES—GAMING HOUSES—RESPECT FOR RANK—MUCH "IN A NAME"—"BOOTHIA" AND OTHER NAMES OF PLACES—INCONVENIENT STREETS—GREENWICH'S "NINETY TO ONE."

[It is proper to state that the correspondent who favoured us with the following pleasant medley of thoughts, entitled it "Quotations from Johnson," and gave it a motto from the famous passage in Swift's Tale of a Tub, in which the three brothers resolve to find in their father's Will (the Testament, to wit) whatever they please,—if not in so many sentences, yet in so many words; and if not in so many words, yet in so many letters. Our correspondent modestly wished it to be inferred from this, that all his reflections were to be found, by a like process, in Dr Johnson's Dictionary; and hence the title he gave them. In so doing, however, (besides the mystification of the thing), he appeared to do an injustice to himself, not compensated to him or to the reader by a jest which was the least successful pleasantry in his paper; and accordingly we have ventured to change the title.]

Set your mind, gallant reader, in order; prepare for a *magna contentio* within yourself. Make an imaginary division of forces—the Pro and Con of the discussion. Or, like the idiot that acts "Crook-back'd Richard," and "Simple Henry," in the street, say the saying for the one side, and then jump to the other and reply. Having given your supposititious antagonist a knock-down argument, throw yourself into his situation, and retaliate. The dispute is at first carried on with words, and looks "as cool as a cucumber;" then it gets warm—warmer—now energetic—hot—next boisterous—at last, like Jonathan Wild, one of the disputants "cocks his hat and looks fierce." The other cannot stand that in due course; "words proceed to blows" (imaginary of course), and the contention ends like the wakening of day dreamers, according to magazine story-tellers, by your kicking over your footstool, your candle, your lamp, the table, your pot of porter, or (more brittle) decanters of wine, or your glass of rum and water; or it may be, (for lying half awake a-bed is a famous field for mental argument) giving your sleeping spouse a sanguinary blow on the nose; and on striking a light, you find her, according to newspaper phraseology, "weltering in her gore."

A curtain lecture perhaps follows, which is at length interrupted by the braying of your nasal trumpet. The curtain lectures of a benedict's lifetime, I have little doubt, would form a not uninteresting volume; but I am afraid rather monotonous. They might consist of a course under the following heads. Lecture I. (this happens shortly after marriage.) Upon the heinousness of the guilt of dining and taking tea from home, and not coming home till evening—having met an old cronic whom you have not seen since boyhood. Lecture II. Upon the crime of paying too much attention to somebody else at a party. Your wife has walked home with you, with merely the tips of her fingers on your arm, without speaking a word; or has ridden in your carriage, sitting opposite you, or by your side, at the most extreme corner, without opening her lips. You get into your house, she calls for Betty to bring the chamber candlestick, and straightway goes to bed, without asking you to accompany her,—all this time "nursing her wrath to keep it warm." Your inquiries if she is not well, fatigued, or whether any one has offended her, are only answered by looks. After she has thus left you, as she imagines, to your reflections, the temptation of a snug fire, warm slippers, a stiff glass of toddy, and the last new novel or magazine assails you, and perhaps hours pass in the delightful society of books; the volume falling from your hand into the hearth, and your nodding drowsiness, at last send you to bed; then, in addition to what would have been inflicted under the prior offence only, you will be edified by Lecture III., On your growing indifference to the wife of your choice. In the ordinary matrimonial course, Lecture IV. would be

On the sin of getting groggy at home, with some old friends.—Lecture V. On the deadly sin of enjoying your grog abroad, and coming home ditto. Perhaps on the next night, being worn out by a day's illness, the effect consequent on the before-mentioned cause, and wanting a good night's rest to refresh you, you are entertained with Lecture VI. On your indifference to your own health, considering that you are now not your own, but your wife's. The subjects indeed are innumerable, upon which a wife takes upon herself to be the instructress of her husband. The lectures are generally carried on in the interrogative-without-waiting-for-an-answer style, and are interspersed with sundry half-articulated, sleepyish "Yes mi dears"—"No mi dears"—"D'n know mi dears," which at last verge into an unmeaning guttural enunciation. For an excellent specimen, I would refer to "Don Juan," canto I. stanzas cxlv. to clvii., though I must say for the honour of the British community, "there are not many who quarrel like Donna Julia and Aphonso."

[Here our correspondent, in a passage perfectly justifiable, but which might be misconstrued, is led into a transition on the subject of "gaming-houses."]

* * a lapsus penna, these West-end dens, for such they are. The company that frequent them are a medley of all ranks and classes, men of fashion and men of no fashion, beaux and lovers, withered veterans and beardless striplings, peers and bankrupts, blacklegs and greenhorns, swindlers and 'prentice boys. The object that each of these has intently in view is, the universal employment of mankind, in different manners, and, in every shade of varying method, to enrich himself, at the expence of his neighbour; in this case it is carried on by the treacherous card and the deceitful dice. Rouge et noir—the red and the black—the red flush of success, and the black depth of despair, is the character of the game, whatever be the method of play. Yet there are some master spirits, if I may so say, ever to be seen at these temples of the blind goddess, who, whether they win or lose, preserve the coolness of men sitting at ease among their families. To arrive at this state of mind, is the perfection of their art. To stifle the voice of nature, to dissipate her sympathies, to trample on her affections, to make a God and a religion of the spirit of plunder, to have read the prime article of which forbids us to feel for others, and to give up even the privilege of feeling for ourselves. This is the perfection of the gamester's art. Neither satisfied with success, nor contented with ruin, the perfect gambler must put away his heart, or submit it to that operation, by which flesh is made as hard as iron. In a professed gambler we behold talent without admiration, age without reverence, youth without feeling, and rank without respect.

Respect and reverence for rank and high birth are fast failing from the face of our social system. Nature thought that the aristocracy of birth had had its day, and now times are turning to an aristocracy of talent. All whom it may concern, must e'en put up with this state of things, and console themselves as best they can.

Well, well, the world will turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads and tails,
And live and starve, and pay their taxes;
And as the veering wind shifts up its sails,

some stubborn spirits will place themselves in defiance of the innovating waves of time and manners, and, like the rock, will remain steadfast till undermined with the fluctuations of the sea. Then will they fall and be lost, buried, merged into the depths of the past, and the place thereof shall know them no more. What will they leave behind? "Perhaps a name."

And saith Juliet, "What's in a name?" Ay, but then it was the impassioned desire of love that dictated the question, which is intended to comprise its own answer. She was an interested party, as a lawyer would have it, and therefore not a competent witness. She was anxious to annihilate the barriers which the name and lineage of Romeo had cast between her and her lover. But, says Pro, it

was put into the mouth of the passionate Juliet, by the sober reflective Shakespeare, as his own opinion, after due consideration, and weighing of the subject in all its bearings. To this Con replies, that we must not always take for granted, that an author gives his own opinion in his works; besides, Shakespeare had a character to clothe and adorn. The dry bone of a name was before him, and he had to breathe with poetic inspiration upon it, and create the ideal flesh and blood; the mind and faculties of the beautiful love-lorn Juliet. "Oh that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek," exclaimed Romeo, and the most lovely creature in nature, nay, in imagination, rises in our mind. To a fruitful fancy, the pleasure of reading such passages as this is far superior to that of seeing it performed, even by the most exquisite woman, both in talent and in person; because every one has his own opinion of the beau-ideal of beauty, and to each would Juliet be the most beautiful according to his own fancy. Detached passages of Shakespeare, or of any other book, as well as the bible, may be quoted and perverted, to support theories or opinions diametrically opposite their meaning, when taken with the context. "Stolen waters," saith Satan to the thief, "are sweet; and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." He leaves out the prefatory words, "the foolish woman saith;" and if we trace the tragedy of the ill-fated lovers to its conclusion, it will be found that it is altogether calculated to demonstrate the truth, that "a name" is of vital importance, for it is because of this "name" that Romeo and Juliet, and her brother, are killed, and out of which all the tragic incidents of the play arise.

Only imagine if Napoleon had been born to parents of the name of Snooks,—Shakespeare Higgins, or Milton Higginbottom,—would they ever have married such names to immortal verse? Had the parties been ever so well agreed, the public would have forbidden the banns.

Depend on't, the smooth euphonic designations by which all our celebrated men are known, have been a negative, if not a positive cause of their success. The wittings of the "folio of four pages" were in hysterics, because Captain Ross has chosen to call the newly discovered continent "Boothia," and say, that if his patron's name had been Snooks, the appellation Snookia would have been the consequence. I do not like things to be taken for granted in this manner; the brave Captain has, no doubt, more common sense than to have committed such a blunder. As it is, "Boothia" has a very pleasant, smooth, Grecian sound, and is of the same family with the classic names Boetia and Bithynia, and kept in countenance by Bohemia and Batavia. It has been a custom from time immemorial, for conquerors and discoverers to continue the names of their native country to the new possession. So did the Romans with Britain, and from Britain they have been transported to America, which, as to its names, is but a second edition of Great Britain, following the good old custom of naming a son after his father.

It indeed shows a great barrenness of invention thus to "filch from a country its good name," and transfer it to another. I had rather the new continent had been called even Snookia than New Somers Town, Nova Pimlico, or some other of the same stamp. The narrowest lane in our crowded city has been commemorated by Captain Parry in Cape Turn-again, and the frost-bitten cit is reminded of the warm smoke and comfortable fog of Turn-again lane. We leave it to antiquarians to decide, but we imagine that this designation must have arisen from some such romantic incident as the Highland legend of "Hell Bridge." There are many more Turn-again lanes than that which is so designated, *par excellence*, in the first city in the world; and many a time and oft are the inhabitants of these strait streets entertained with the oaths and curses of draymen and jarvies, carters and cabmen, disputing like lawyers as to who entered the street first to a moment, who should turn back, or back out, and who should not. Often as stiff-necked as the before-referred-to Highlanders,

neither will yield, and when jarvie meets drayman, "then comes the tug of war"—the war of words, of oaths and curses, imprecations and appellations obscene, as if hell had for the time been let loose upon earth; and it is only because they are walled by houses hundreds of feet high, instead of being on a rock that height, that they do not dash each other to atoms, after the same fashion.

While the public streets are of these dimensions, while the citizens are as niggardly of a few feet of earth, as if the city had been built in honour of King John, surnamed Lack-land—while streets, I say, are of their present narrow dimensions, the only preventative for such scenes would be to place a "proper authority" at each end, who, with chronometer in hand, timed from the Greenwich Observatory, should watch the precise moment that the tip of a horse's nose enters the lane, and so decide in case of dispute, and compel the parties to abide by his decision. Government would, I think, pay attention to a petition to this effect, as it would give rise to an immense quantity of very useful patronage in the offices of Judges of the Court of Coachmen, Cabmen, and Carters. All the watchmakers in the town would certainly sign the petition, as everyone would have the "chance" of getting the contract to supply the chronometers which would be required.

Talking of watchmakers, it was a sad blunder on the astronomers at Greenwich to be a minute too late in letting the ball fall, which was to regulate all the ship chronometers in the port of London. How many shipwrecks may this not occasion to those who have gone on their voyage without having the mistake rectified? This minute too late makes the mariner a mile out of his reckoning; and what dangers may not lurk within the space of a mile—shoals, sand-banks, sunken rocks, breakers, and all the perils of the ocean! It would be no harm to be a mile farther from danger, but it is as likely that it should be a mile nearer, or that mile may bring them into the very jaws of danger. The sailor may now be whistling at the maintop, enjoying his can of grog, or singing "All in the Downs," in supposed safety. The landsman, confiding in the skill of the seaman, and sympathising in his apparent security, sits at ease, and, perhaps, passes the tedious hours in reading the shipwreck in 'Don Juan,' little thinking that he is about to partake of the same horrors. The females are chattering and sewing, talking of past pleasures and imagining future. The officer, confiding in the accuracy of his calculations, little supposing the treachery of his data, retires to his cabin and repose. The "faithful watch patrols the deck" and keeps a look out, as he imagines, for mere form's sake. The silence of safety and confidence pervades the "thing of life." "Breakers a-head!" is shouted by the watch in a voice of terror and astonishment.

Reader, my steel-pen gets scratchy and restive. I must pretend to have been in a dream, and that the shout of the ship-watch was that of the watch in the street.

HISTORY OF SUGAR.

(From Mr Gall's Literary Autobiography.)

I was led to investigate the History of Sugar by a casual remark of the late Sir Joseph Banks, one day at breakfast. I forgot now how the conversation arose, but he inquired whether I had met with any of the remains of the sugar cane in Sicily, mentioning that it had been previously produced in the island of Crete, but the sugar manufactured in that island was more crystallized than ours, and was called, from the place where it was boiled, sugar of Candi, otherwise sugar Candy, and it seems never to have been prepared better there than in that form.

It is certain, however, that in the year 1148 considerable quantities of the article were produced in the island of Sicily, and the Venetians traded in it; but I have met with no evidence to support the *Essai de l'Histoire du Commerce*, in which the author says that the Saracens brought the sugar cane from India to Sicily.

"The ancient Greeks and Romans," says Dr William Douglas, "used honey only for sweetening." And Paulus Aegineta, who calls it cane-honey, says it came originally from China, by the East Indies and Arabia, into Europe. Salmasius says, however, that it had been used in Arabia nine hundred years

before. But it is certain that sugar was only used in syrups, conserves, and such like Arabian medicinal compositions, when it was first introduced into the west of Europe; but Mr Wotton, in his 'Reflexions upon Ancient and Modern Learning,' says that the sugar cane was not anciently unknown, since it grows naturally in Arabia and Indostan; but so little was the old world acquainted with its delicious juice, that "some of the ablest men," says he, "doubted whether it were a dew like manna, or the juice of the plant itself." It is, however, certain that raw sugar was used in Europe before the discovery of America. Herrera, the ancient historian, observes that sugar grew formerly in Valencia, brought thither by the Moors; from thence it was transmitted to Grenada, afterwards to the Canary Islands, and lastly, to the Spanish West Indies.

About the year 1419, the Portuguese planted the island of Madeira with sugar canes from Sicily; and Giovanni Baterno, in an English translation of his book in 1606, on the 'Causes of the Magnificence and Grandeur of Cities,' mentions the excellence of the sugar cane of Madeira, for which it was transported to the West Indies; and there can be no doubt that Madeira was one of the first islands of the Atlantic Ocean in which this important article was earliest manufactured.

In 1503, two ships arrived at Camperre, laden with sugar from the Canary Islands. As yet, it is said, no sugar canes were produced in America, but soon they were transplanted from those islands to the Brazils.

It was about this time (1503) that the art of refining sugar was discovered by a Venetian, who is said to have realized a hundred thousand crowns by the invention. Our ancestors made use of it as it came in juice from the canes, but most commonly used honey in preference.

From the Brazils and the Canaries sugar canes were brought and planted in the island of Hispaniola, and in the same year sugar was brought from the Brazils into Europe. The commodity was then very dear, and used only on rare occasions, honey being till then the general ingredient for sweetening of meats and drinks.

When sugar was introduced into this country first is doubtful; but in 1526 it was imported from St Lucar, in Spain, by certain merchants of Bristol, who brought the article which had been imported there from the Canary Islands.

In the year 1641 the sugar cane was imported from the Brazils into Barbadoes, and being found to thrive, sugar mills were established. A Colonel James Drax, who began the cultivation with about three hundred pounds, declared that he would never return to England till he had made ten thousand a year; and Colonel Thomas Modyford was still higher in his expectations.

It was from the island of Barbadoes that the slave trade began. The first planters finding such immense profit, induced the merchants at home to send ships with assorted cargoes for the product of the island, but they found it impossible to manage the cultivation of sugar by white people in so hot a climate. The example of the Portuguese gave birth to the negro slave trade, and it flourished till abolished by Act of Parliament; but in that age it was a most flourishing business, and the ports of London and Bristol had the main supply. Barbadoes, in the year 1569, attained its utmost pitch of prosperity. In a pamphlet, entitled 'Trade Revived,' it is spoken of as "having given to many men of low degree vast fortunes, equal to noblemen; that upwards of a hundred sail of ships there yearly find employment, by carrying goods and passengers thither, and bringing thence other commodities, whereby seamen are bred and custom increased, our commodities vended, and manie thousands employed therein, and in refining our sugar at home, which we formerly had from other countries."

In 1670 our sugar colonies drew the means of support from what were then our North American colonies, particularly New York, Pennsylvania, and the Jerseys; and the first time that sugar was made subject to taxation at home, was in 1685. Like other merchandise, it was previously subject to a five per cent poundage.

In 1799, the importation of sugar from the West India Islands was so great, that there was a relaxation of our colonial policy towards them; and they were permitted to carry their sugar to any part south of Cape Finisterre, without being obliged to land them first in Great Britain. From this time sugar has continued to increase, and it is needless to pursue its history further; it was then a great article of trade, and, as an ingredient, the consumption has been continually increasing. Whether the cultivation has exceeded the wants of the commercial world, or that the new colonies have been found more fertile than the old, I cannot pretend to say; but at this moment, the proprietors of the sugar estates are suffering at all hands, and their greatest calamity is not the emancipation of their slaves.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 14th, to Tuesday the 21st October.

BEAUTY OF THE FALLING LEAVES.—MERITS OF
ELDER WINE.

[From the *Mirror of the Month*, one of the numerous elegant publications which have appeared of late years on the successive beauties of the seasons.]

The year has reached its grand climacteric, and is "fast falling into the sere, the yellow leaf." Every day a flower drops from out the wreath that binds its brow—not to be renewed. Every hour the sun looks more and more askance upon it, and the winds, those summer flatterers, come to it less fawningly. Every breath shakes down showers of its leafy attire, leaving it gradually barer and barer, for the blasts of winter to blow through it. Every morning and evening takes away from it a portion of that light which gives beauty to its life, and chills it more and more into that torpor which at length constitutes its temporary death. And yet October is beautiful still, no less "for what it gives than what it takes away;" and even what it gives during the act of taking away.

Let us begin our observations with an example of the latter. The whole year cannot produce a sight fraught with more rich and harmonious beauty than that which the woods and groves present during this month, notwithstanding, or rather in consequence of, the daily decay of their summer attire; and at no other season can any given spot of landscape be seen to such advantage as a mere picture. This, therefore, is, above all others, the month for the artist to ply his delightful task, of fixing the fugitive beauties of the scene; which, however, he must do quickly, for they fade away, day by day, as he looks upon them.

And yet, if it were represented faithfully, an extensive plantation of forest trees now presents a variety of colours and of tints that would scarcely be considered as *natural* in a picture, any more than many of the sunsets of September would. Among those trees which retain their green hues, the fir tribe are the principal; and these, spiring up among the deciduous ones, now differ from them no less in colour than they do in form. The alders, too, and the poplars, limes, and horse-chestnuts, are still green,—the hues of their leaves not undergoing much change as long as they remain on the branches. Most of the other forest trees have put on each its peculiar livery; the planes and sycamores presenting every variety of tinge, from bright yellow to brilliant red; the elms being, for the most part, of a rich sunny amber, varying according to the age of the tree and the circumstances of its soil, &c.; the beeches having deepened into a warm glowing brown, which the young ones will retain all the winter, and till the new spring leaves push the present ones off; the oaks varying from a dull dusky green to a deep russet, according to their ages; and the Spanish chestnuts, with their noble embowering heads, glowing like clouds of gold.

As for the hedge-rows this month, they still retain all their effect as a part of a general and distant view; and when looked at more closely, though they have lost nearly all their flowers, the various fruits that are spread out upon them for the winter food of the birds, make them little less gay than they were in spring and summer. The most conspicuous of these are the red hips of the wild rose; the dark purple bunches of the luxuriant blackberry; the brilliant scarlet and green berries of the nightshade; the bluish-looking fruit of the hawthorn; the blue sloes, covered with their soft tempting-looking bloom; the dull bunches of the woodbine; and the sparkling holly-berries.

Drawing towards the home scene, we find the orchard by no means devoid of interest this month. The apples are amongst the last to shed their leaves; so that they retain them yet; and in some cases of late fruit, they retain that too,—looking as bright and tempting as ever it did. The cherry trees, too, are more beautiful at this time than ever they have been since their brief period of blossoming, on account of the brilliant scarlet which their leaves assume,—varying, however, from that colour all the way through the warm ones, up to the bright yellow. There are also two species of the plum, the purple and the white damson, which have only now reached their maturity.

The elders, that frequently skirt the orchard, or form part of its bounding hedge, are also now loaded with their broad outspread bunches of purple and white berries, and instantly call up (to those who are lucky enough to possess such an association at all) that ideal of old English snugness and comfort, the farm-house chimney-corner, on a cold winter's Saturday night; with the jug of hot elder-wine on the red brick hearth; the embers crackling and blazing; the toasted bread, and the long-stemmed glasses on the two-flapped oak table; and the happy ruddy faces of the young ones around, looking expectantly towards the comely and portly dame for their weekly treat.

The gentle (query *gentle*) reader will be good enough to remember that I am now speaking of old times; that is to say, twenty years ago; and will not suppose me ignorant enough to imagine that they can possibly know what I mean either by "elder-wine," or a "chimney-corner." But though the merits of mulled claret, an ottoman, and a hearth rug, shall never be called in question by me, I must be excused for remembering that there was a time when I knew no better than the above; and that I have not grown wise enough to cease sighing for the return of that time ever since it has passed away. Accordingly, though I would on no account be supposed to permit elder-wine to pass my actual palate, I could not resist the above occasion of tasting it once more in imagination; and I must say, that the flavour of it is quite as agreeable as it was, before claret became a common-place.

THE BROOM GIRL.

BAVARIA'S daughter comes to seek
Some pence in London streets and lanes;
Few English words her tongue can speak,
Save those her little song contains.

From home's endearments forced to part,
For one last kiss her face she lifted;
And bracing up her infant heart,
With little went, save blessings, gifted.

The village gathered in a ring,
Sadly the exile swarm beholding,
And mothers, touched with sorrow's sting,
Press'd close the babes their arms were folding.

The work stood still—the meal was left,
That day was offered up to pain,
And each of some fond tie bereft,
Retired to dream farewell again.

But, 'neath the curtain of the sky—
And, 'neath the morning gale that blew them,
The pilgrim train forgot to sigh,
And felt youth's soul of hope renew them.

Their voices burst—the hills resound them,
Some paused to eat, and some went straying;
And as the landscape widened round them,
It found the little things a-playing.

They talked of arts that nourish ease—
Of Alps to heaven their summits raising—
Of customs—costumes—ships and seas,
Till all the traveller's zeal was blazing.

Till they, like fields from winter's wreck,
Grew gay again, sweet fancies spinning;
And when they stepp'd the vessel's deck,
The world seem'd spread to wait their winning.

To the Great Babylon they beat
The untiring march, their broom-load bearing,
By day the turfy bank their seat,
By night the cow-shed cover sharing.

And in great London's heart the band
A second time love's bonds undoing,
Exchanged adieus with waving hand,
And went, with songs, subsistence wooing.

How, hour by hour, the shifting scene
Lay life's worst features bare to view;
And how the rush of truths so keen
Moulded God's precious work anew,—

How lines on many a brow were writ
Of wringing care that pity craves—
How many a once-mild eye is lit
With fire it brought not o'er the waves,—

We pause not on:—but oft have yearn'd
O'er some lone straggler in the ways,
Whose sadly smiling face upturn'd
Bore, all unharmed, its mountain traits.

So young, so learn'd in human dealing—
So lone—so poor—so torn, and tried—
Whom God, with innocency sealing,
Still manifestly walked beside.

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

[From the *Oriental Annual* for 1835, (just published,) containing the usual information on Eastern subjects, from the pen of Mr. Caunter, illustrated by the clear pencil of Daniell.]

One morning, as I was about to quit my tent, which was pitched a short distance without the walls of Delhi, in a fine tope of tamarind trees, I perceived a gossein standing with his back against a broken pillar, and at a short distance from me. He had assumed that attitude which betokened an expectation of receiving something more tangible than mere courtesy from the benevolence of myself, or any other person whom he might thus silently condescend to supplicate; for with these devotees the social order of things is frequently inverted: they consider the recipient the benefactor when of their own community, or the giver the beneficiary when of any other. As I came near him, I perceived that he had a thick iron rod passed through his cheeks, riveted at each end, from which a circular piece of iron depended, inclosing the chin. Though the rod passed quite through the tongue, it did not materially affect the articulation; he spoke with some difficulty, but was nevertheless perfectly intelligible. He was an elderly man, of gentle manners and mild aspect, without being offensively filthy, as the members of this strange tribe so frequently are. I invited him to enter the tent, which he immediately did, and to my surprise was very communicative. The iron through his tongue and cheeks had been a penitential infliction to which he had submitted in consequence of the breach of a vow. He declined my invitation to seat himself, but stood erect with his back against the pole of the tent, and entered freely into conversation upon the strange events of his life, answering all my questions with the most perfect readiness; and he appeared gratified at giving me any information, either respecting himself, or the singular customs of the religious fraternity to which he belonged. He stated that he was then under a vow to remain erect for the space of fifteen years. During thirteen of this time he had either stood or walked; yet he suffered little or no inconvenience, sleeping every night in the jungles with his back against a tree, as soundly as the most voluptuous man could upon a bed of down. He confessed, however, that sometime after he had commenced the performance of this strange vow he was obliged to be supported with cords when inclined to sleep, and his feet swelled to such a painful degree that he could scarcely stand or walk. After a time, however, this inconvenience ceased, when the performance of his penance became no longer either a pain or a grief to him.

This was not the only infliction to which he had voluntarily subjected himself; the fingers of his left hand were so completely bent upwards from the palm, as to form a right angle with the back of the hand, and were thus rendered entirely useless. He further told me that he had been suspended from the branch of a tree during three hundred and sixty-five revolutions of the earth, as he expressed it, or a whole year. He was suspended by a cord with a strong bamboo crossing the end, upon which he sate, while a strap confined him to the rope, and thus prevented his falling; this he described as the severest infliction to which he had ever submitted. I gave him a trifling gratuity, with which he departed perfectly satisfied.

The self-tortures inflicted by these fanatics are entirely voluntary; they are, like many of the Roman Catholic penances, merely acts of supererogation, and are not necessarily enjoined in the Hindoo ritual, as will appear from the Mahabharat, a work esteemed almost of divine authority among the Hindoos. "Those men who perform severe maceration of the flesh, not authorised by the Sastra, are possessed of hypocrisy and pride; they are overwhelmed with lust, passion, and tyrannic strength. Those fools torment the spirit that is in the body, and myself who am in them."

After we quitted Ivanpoor, nothing occurred worth recording until we came in sight of Benares,—that celebrated city, called the splendid, containing the most renowned specimens of Hindoo learning to be found in Hindostan, a more detailed account of which will be found in the first volume of this work. As we approached the city, we were induced to moor our budgerow and land, in order that we might witness the Churrack Pooja—one of those revolting inflictions which some particular order of devotees undergo, together with such unhappy Hindoos as have had the misfortune to lose their caste; the former to enhance their claims to a blessed immortality, the latter to recover that temporal superiority over a large portion of their fellow beings which the well-known distinction of caste confers. A man frequently loses his caste by circumstances over which he can have no control: such as the casual contact of a pariah whom he might not have known to have

* This is spoken by Krishna, the chief Avatar, or incarnation of Vishnu.

been within his vicinity, or eating out of a polluted vessel, though not at the time aware of its pollution.

I once happened to be present when a *sepooy* of high caste, falling down in a fit, the military surgeons ordered one of the pariah attendants of the regimental hospital to throw some water over him, in consequence of which none of his class would associate with him, and he was considered to have forfeited the privileges of *clanship*. The result was, that as soon as the afternoon's parade was over, he put the muzzle of his musket to his head, and blew out his brains. Although, however, the distinction upon which the Hindoo so highly prides himself is often thus easily forfeited, it is not to be regained but by undergoing either severe mortification, or some terrible infliction, which happened to be the case in the instance I am about to record.

On landing, we found a large concourse of people assembled, and forming a circle of about twenty yards in diameter, in the centre of which was a strong pole fixed upright in the ground. On the top of this pole a transverse bamboo, sufficiently strong to sustain the weight of a man, was attached to a movable pivot, so that it could be swung either vertically or circularly, as occasion might require. The insertion of the transverse bamboo was about one-third part from the end, leaving two-thirds on the other side, to which was attached a cord that reached the ground. At the extremity of the shorter division was a pulley from which a longer cord depended about the size of a man's middle finger, having two ends, to which were affixed a pair of bright steel hooks. Both the vertical and cross poles were of bamboo, which is extremely tough and difficult to break. When the apparatus was prepared, a Brahmin, who is usually the functionary on these occasions, advanced to the centre of the area, and having anointed the points of the hooks with a small portion of ghee, from a sacred vessel especially set apart for this holy purpose, he beckoned to the person about to undergo this trying ordeal. The penitentiary was a handsome man, in the full vigour of manhood, and had lost his caste by eating interdicted food during a voyage from Calcutta to China, whither he had gone as servant to the captain of the ship.

On perceiving the Brahmin's signal, he advanced without the slightest indication of alarm, but rather with an expression of joy on his countenance, at the idea of being restored to that position among the members of his own peculiar caste, which he had unhappily forfeited. He was stripped to the loins, and had nothing on but the cummerband and a pair of white linen trousers, which reached about half way down his thighs. He was a muscular man, and rather tall;—he came forward with a firm step. Upon reaching the place of expiation, he knelt down under the cord to which the two bright hooks were attached. Gently raising his hands, and clasping them together in a posture of devotion, he continued for a few moments silent, then suddenly elevating his head, declared himself ready to undergo the penance that should release him from the pains of his recent pollution. The moment his assent was pronounced, a burst of acclamation was heard from the surrounding multitude. The officiating Brahmin then took the hooks, and with a dexterity that showed he was no novice in his sacred vocation, slipped them under the dorsal muscles just beneath the shoulders. The operation was so instantaneously and so adroitly managed, that scarcely a drop of blood followed. Not a muscle of the man's countenance stirred; all his features seemed stiffened into an expression of resolute endurance, which imparted a sort of sublime sternness to every lineament. Not even the slightest quiver of his lip was perceptible, and his eye glistened with thrilling lustre as he raised his head after the hooks had been fixed. His resolution was as painful as it was astonishing. At a certain signal from the presiding functionary, he started from his recumbent posture and stood with his head erect, calmly awaiting the consummation of his dreadful penalty. After a short interval he was suddenly raised into the air and swung round with the most frightful velocity by a number of half frantic Hindoos, who had stationed themselves for this purpose at the other extremity of the transverse pole. They ran round the area at their utmost speed, yelling and screaming, while their cries were rendered still more discordant by a deafening accompaniment of tom-toms, tobries, kurtauls, and other instruments so familiar to Indian devotees, and which are indispensable on these and similar occasions, producing anything rather than "a concord of sweet sounds."

The velocity with which the poor man was swung round, prevented any one from accurately observing his countenance, though, during one or two pauses made by his tormentors, who became shortly fatigued with the violence of their exertions, there was no visible expression of suffering. Had he uttered a cry, it would have at once neutralized the effect of the penance, though I do not think it could have been heard through the din by which this terrible ceremonial was accompanied. The ministering Brahmins, however, are said to have a perception of sound so acute on these occasions, that the slightest cry of the victim never escapes their ear.

After this barbarous ceremony had continued for about twenty minutes, the man was let down, the hooks extracted from his back, and he really seemed little or nothing the worse for the torture he must have undergone. He walked steadily forward amid the acclamations of the surrounding multitude, and followed by his friends, who earnestly offered him their congratulations on the recovery of his caste.

Accidents of a very serious nature have been occasionally known to happen during the infliction of these fearful penances, though such occurrences are, I believe, rare. Should the cord chance to break, the suspended person is propelled forward under the influence of such a powerful impulse, that he is invariably killed on the spot. When this occurs, it is imputed to the magnitude of his sins, and he is immediately cast upon the funeral pile, neither pitied nor lamented. I have heard a circumstance related by a person once present at the ceremony of the Churrack Pooja when the muscles of the back gave way, the penitent being of considerable bulk, and on his being immediately lowered, the mischief was so extensive, that the wretched man died soon after he was released from the hooks. These things are really too dreadful to be permitted in a civilized country; but in India custom is a positive and even a paramount law, and is therefore implicitly followed. "Immemorial custom," says their imaginary law-giver, "is transcendent, approved in the sacred scripture and in the codes of divine legislators; let every man, therefore, of the three principal classes, who has a due reverence for the supreme spirit which dwells in him, diligently and constantly observe immemorial custom."

"IT IS BUT."

For the London Journal.

FROM the days of Shakspeare to the present time, it has constantly been written and repeated that "Because is a woman's reason;" but, hitherto, we have heard of no word or words that have been particularly denominated "A man's reason," nor do we ourselves pretend to have discovered any phrase that will serve the purpose but such as is of epicene or doubtful gender, and applicable to both sexes. "*It is But*" forms a reason which is seized upon, and applied with equal avidity, by male and female, of all ranks and stations. It is wonderful the power these three little words have, in soothing conscience and lulling it to rest.

The man of rank and fortune, when he is about to give hundreds for "an Arabian," or thousands for some work of art, which he must mortgage part of his estate to procure, says "It is But" seven thousand, and the present owner gave much more for it. Excellent reason!—yet, for no better, many a younger son has been deprived of a comfortable independence. The merchant, when he is inclined to speculate beyond what prudence suggests to be right, says, if the speculation fail, "It is But" three thousand pounds lost, and to make it up I can dismiss two or three of the servants: the children can go to a less expensive school, or be kept altogether at home." This is promptly decided upon; but he allows himself no time to scan the consequences which will inevitably follow his measures. Such a disarrangement of a family will undoubtedly produce years of discomfort and misery. His object is to get back his money;—he gains it; but, in the meantime (to state one result only, by way of sample), his wife has lost her temper for life, and when that is gone where is his happiness? By the poor man these words are used (oh! melancholy sight) as he staggers back into the beer-shop to spend his remaining pittance, declaring "It is But" sixpence—not worth keeping. And forthwith he proceeds to pour into his burning throat what will only make it burn more. The sixpence thus destroyed, to worse than no purpose, would have bought as much bread, perhaps, as his family could eat in a day. Simple as the argument appears, its general application makes it of great importance to mankind. If my readers, particularly the female part, would look over their purchases for the last three months, and mark such as have been bought for no other reason than "*It is But*" a trifle, in many instances, I am certain, they would amount to one fourth of their expenditure, and, in some cases, to one third.

There is one class, who, compared with the rest of the world, make but little use of this sophistry; I

mean professional people, with certain limited incomes. They contrive to live amongst those who are three or four times as rich as themselves, and to a common observer there is little or no difference between them in all exteriors, and it is possible that one may have as much real comfort as the other. The secret is this,—the man of small fortune has long since learnt to dispense with the "*It is But*." There were two families, and in each three daughters. Mrs Jackson often wondered how the Miss Wilsons managed to be so neat and fashionable in their appearance, for it was well-known their father was not rich. She declared she spent a great deal of money on her girls, but the effect produced certainly did not equal the Wilsons. Mrs Jackson took the earliest opportunity to endeavour to learn the cause of the difference: Mrs Jackson candidly told her the amount of the yearly sum she allowed her daughters for dress. "Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs J., "is it possible that so little as that will buy them more than shoes and bonnets? Mine have three times that sum; and their father always gives them several pounds each as a Christmas-box; and after all, that they should appear worse dressed than their neighbours is really provoking." "There is one rule," said Mrs Wilson, "I have insisted on my children adhering to, which is never to buy anything they do not want, because '*It is But*' so and so."

Money is not the only valuable possession these words are employed to get rid of. How much does time, which is "every man's estate," suffer from them! Many months, yet, years, of some lives have been trifled away; true it is, the evil has been effected by half hours, and quarters, but the loss is scarcely less on that account. If a man is compelled to give away a thousand pounds, it makes but little difference whether it is taken from him by sixpences, or by five shillings at a time. How few people of fortune attend to any useful or necessary employment before eleven o'clock in the day. Walter Scott is a bright example of a contrary practice: from six to eleven in the morning was the time he devoted to writing and study; a whole world has felt and acknowledged the pleasure and instruction it has derived from his economy of time. The tradesman who has risen later than usual, exclaims "It is But" half an hour till breakfast, which is too short a period to finish anything in; and, therefore, according to his reasoning, nothing ought to be begun. He afterwards discovers that many little arrangements may have been begun and ended in the half hour.

The young lady who idles away small portions of time, because "It is But" a few minutes till the arrival of something or other which she is expecting, would do well to turn her attention to the proper application of these odd minutes: a short trial would convince her of the many useful things that may be effected by it.

I have a young acquaintance who can play, for hours together, a succession of waltzes and quadrilles, and she has assured me, that they were most of them acquired during odd-quarters of hours before breakfast, or whilst waiting for dinner. She has advanced considerably in my estimation since I have known this proof of her wisdom in "taking care of the minutes." An officer who served in the Peninsular war, made very considerable progress in the Spanish and German languages, by devoting to them only those moments which would have been spent by others in "waiting," as it is generally termed.

It would be an easy task to multiply examples of the use and misuse of small portions of time and money; but these hints, it is believed, will suggest to the mind of every reader, capable of self-improvement, with the help of the congenial variation of the old proverb, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves."

V. V. V.

[There is a great deal of good sense in our correspondent's "*It is But*." It may be as well, however, to add, that any principle driven to a formal excess, may become dangerous and a "snare," tying up the human conscience too painfully, and hazarding a "bursting out" in the other extreme. It is a good thing to take care of the "*It is But*" in nineteen

cases out of twenty; say, if you will, twenty-nine out of thirty; but let us have an "It is But" once and away, to refresh one's self-denial, and keep us in heart with ourselves and charity with others. We are bound to confess (like honest teachers) that we are not without an eye to our own impulses in this particular. We cannot afford, for instance, to lay out money in books (our great temptation); and yet if we did not occasionally treat ourselves to a shilling or eighteen-penny enormity on a book-stall, we should inevitably grow carking and sad, and we flatter ourselves that our readers would suffer also.

Nevertheless, the principle should be taken far more care of, than the indulgence. What our correspondent says of time, and of hours before breakfast, and half hours, is excellent. A wit of our acquaintance (who likes a truth highly coloured) says, that he read the whole of 'Rapun's History of England' through, merely by devoting to the perusal of it those moments which elapsed after his sisters had told him they were ready to walk out!!]

GHOST-READING OF OUR ANCESTORS.

[From the Latin of Camerarius, previously noticed. The old spelling has been retained, for the greater venerableness of perusal. The story ensuing, is the one which Mr Keats has told so beautifully in his poem entitled 'Lamia.']

The learned Budeus reporteth a storie, or poetical fiction, taken out of Philostratus in the life of Apollonius, as followeth. A yong man of Lycia, called Menippus, of some five and twenty years of age, having a reasonable good wit, a faire stature, a pleasaunt and youthful face, was thought of all to have won the favour of a woman stranger, who seemed faire and verie gallante; besides she made herself verie rich: but all this was nothing, though all men thought it a great matter. As Menippus was walking one day all alone in the way to Cenchree, a spirit, (it was the wicked spirit), comes to him in the habit of a woman, and taking him by the hand, sayd unto him, That she had of a long time bene in love with him: that she was a Phoenician, dwelling in one of the suburbs of Corinth, and named it. If thou wilt come thither, Menippus (quoth she), thou wilt take singular delight to heare me sing; thou shalt have wine the best that ever was tasted, thou shalt live there in all securitie without feare of any fellow rivale, I will passe all my time with thee, and we will live faire and faire together. This young man, allured with the bait of such language (though he was otherwise a good resolute philosopher, but loose and given to follow women), conveyed himself in the evening to this womann's house, and had the companie of her (as commonie such people used to do), not mistrusting but that she was indeed what she seemed to be. Apollonius being come to Corinth, and measuring Menippus by the eie, as an image-worker would an image, after he had looked upon him a long time, he sayd unto him, Alas! faire lad, so much desired of faire ladies, know this, that thou nourishest a snake in thy bosome, and a snake nourishest thee. Menippus amazed at this word, Apollonius went on saying, But in truth, Menippus, this woman is none of thine, and dost thou think she loves thee? Yea, marrie, answered Menippus, and with great affectione. By this reckoning (replies Apollonius), thou shouldest marrie her, and it shall be most honestly done, in my opinion, to take her for thy wife, seeing she loves none but thee; but tell me, I pray thee, when shall the wedding be? Verie shortly, answers Menippus, and peradventure to-morrow. Well, the day being set downe, Apollonius remembered it most carefullie. So the guests being all come, and set at the table, Apollonius failed not to be there in time, and then turning about to the companie, Where is the faire bride (quoth he), for whom you make all this good cheer? There she is, answered Menippus, who, blushing, begins to stand up. Apollonius going on, But I pray thee Menippus (quoth he), this vessel of gold and of silver, and all the stuffe this chamber is furnisht with, is it thine or not? It is the bride's, said Menippus; for I have nothing in the world that I can call mine but this, shewing his philosopher's gown which he had on. You will find in the end, replied Apollonius, that all these goodlie shews come from Tantalus garden, that is to say, are mere illusions. All the companie began to crie out, saying, We know that the Poet Homer speaks of those gardens, but we never went down to Hell to be able to tell more particular news of them. Yet for all that, answers Apollonius, you should account the spouse and all her provision a Tantalian garden, for there is not anything here that is firm, all is but smoke and dreams. And that you may know my

words to be true, this fair bride is an Empuse, or Hag, one of those that glut themselves with the blood and flesh of those men they converse with. Whereat the Empuse began to say thus, Soft and faire friend, be not so cholericke; and therewith set a good face on the matter, as if she defied him and all that he had said; flouting all philosophers, and calling them poor dotting fellows. In the meanwhile the golden cups and all the vessels of silver (or that were taken for such) began to melt away at Apollonius' protestation. The servitors, the cooks, the pages, the carvers and other such officers were gone upon a sudden; and the Empuse herself began to pray Apollonius that he would not force her to tell what she was. But Apollonius would not so leave, but began to urge her so sore, that at last she confesseth herself a spirit and no bride: and that her purpose was to make Menippus fat, that afterwards she might eat him up. This is Philostratus tale.

Enagrus writeth, that the mother to the Emperour Mauritius would oftentimes tell how a certaine empuse or hag had taken Mauritius, being a suckling child, and carried him from one place to another with full purpose to have eaten him, but that she had not the power to do him any hurt. And Lylus Gyraldus saith, that some, to whom such women spirits have appeared in our time, have told him (and besides affirmeth he hath read it in authors), that of such spirits as these the Prophet speaketh in the 91st Psalm, where he maketh mention of the evil spirit that killeth men at noonday. We read in the historical collections of Suidas, that the empuse is a devilish hag sent from Proserpina, and appearing to poore distressed persons; and is called so, because it goeth but of one foot, the other being of brass, or made like an ass's foot. Manie thought, saies he, that these hags used to appear about noon, at such time as the funeral obsequies for the dead were performed, and that they used to bring them bread, wine, light, and silver. And at this day the Russians feare and reverence the noon-deville, who useth to walk like a widow that weareth mourning, at such time as they are cutting downe of their hay, and their harvest, breaking the mowers and reapers arms and legs, if they fall not downe to the ground upon their faces so soone as ever they see him. Philostratus, and after him Caelius Rodiginus write, That the ancients called these Empuses Lamia and Mormolyce, as who would say, witches and wolfe-snows. If we say that these Menippian loves are but fictions, tending to withdraw men from infamous thoughts and actions, let us adde thereto a true narration of that which hapned to Alexander of Alexandria, a wittnesse worthe of credite, as himself setteth down thus:—Being once sick at Rome, (saith he), as I lay in my bed broad waking, a verie faire womann (mee thought) appeared unto mee; looking upon her with mine eies wide open, I lay still a long time, much troubled, and not speaking a word, casting and discoursing with myself, whether I wakt or was in a dream, and whether it was a phantasie or a true sight that I saw. Feeling all my senses whole and perfit, and seeing the shape continue in the same being, I began to ask her who shee was; shee smiling and repeating the same words that I had spoken, as if shee had mockt mee, after shee had looked upon me a long while, vanish way. Thomas Erastus, a learned physician, witnesseth that in the time of the Emperour Maximilian the first, in the year 1503, such a like apparition was seene at a place near Ausbourg, resembling the abbess of Ettesteten, called Marguerite de Roth, which suffered itself to be seene and handled, yea and spake in plaine and significant terms to those that came neare unto it. I. Wier reporteth a memorabile storie of Magdalene de la Croix, an abbess in Spaine, whose place a phantasme held in church and elsewhere while she was with a wicked spirit that had married her.

For the rest, it cannot be denied, but that wicked spirits take upon them divers bodies, and may present certaine shapes to men's eyes, although they have not a perfect organical bodie as a man hath. Therefore it is no new or strange thing, if it fall out sometimes that profane persons, or such as be sick or troubled in their brain, have their senses deceived with divers and sundrie illusions, as it hath oftentimes happened in our age, and not long agoe.

There was within the memorie of our fathers as famous an enchanter and conjuror as anie could be, called John Faustus of Cundligen, a German. There is none in all Germanie, little or great, but can tell some tale or other of this wretch's illusions and magical tricks, who had learned the black art at Cracow in Polonia, where in those days it was taught in open schools.

Wier saith, that this Faustus was found dead by a bed-side, in a certain village within the duchie of Wirtemberg, having his neck broken, and the house, wherein he was, being beaten down at midnight. These are the rewards due to such wicked and most intolerable curiositie.

To speak more of Faustus, I have heard manie things reported by those that knew him, which do anew that he was an arch coziner and skilful negro-

mancer, if the venerable trade of a most vaine and wretched man may be termed skill. Among other cozening tricks of his I will speak of one, ridiculous in shew, but most devilish in deed; for it discovereth how cunninglie and seriouslie (and that in such things as to us seem pleasant) the willie ensnare of mankind goeth about to destroy and overthrow us. And therefore the vanitie (or rather impietie) of those men is not to be suffered, who deriving some sport and pastime that may offend nobody (as they termed it) consider not in the meanwhile how they leave the alliance of God to enter acquaintance with an unreasonieable enemie, who walketh about like a roaring lion that he may devour them, lying in wait incessantly for his prey, like the cat when with close pawes and without any noise she watcheth for the mouse to saap at it, and crush it in peeces; for which cause Chrysostome said, "If wicked men say nothing to thee, yet thou hast the prince of wicked men who persecuteth man without any intermission. For what do they else but insinuate themselves into the devill's company, seeing they use exercises as it were with the furious enemie of their salvation, and leaving the standard of Jesus Christ, march under the banner of Sathan, as if there were truce proclaimed between them. But God, who hath created men to this end, that they should be soldiers in this war, will that they should appear in their ranks with the arms about them, and that they should carrie always a readie eye upon the secret ambushes, or open assaults of their sworne enemie, who (after the manner of expert and pollicke captaines) useth divers and sundrie slights, displaying his rage, as he knoweth the nature and inclination of those to be whom he setteth upon. Now Faustus juggling part which he plaid was this. Meeting one day at a table with some who had heard much of his craftie conveyances and tricks of liagedermaine, he was earnestly entreated to shew them some sport; and being overcome in the end by the importunitie of his pot companions that were well warned in the head, he promised to shew them whatever they would have. They with one general consent require him to bring into the place a vine loaded with ripe grapes, and readie to be gathered; for they thought because it was in the month of December, Faustus could not shew them that which was not. He condescended to them, promising that forthwith, before ever they stirred from the table, they should see the vine they desired: but upon this condition that they should not speak a word, nor offer to rise from their places, but should all tarry till he had them cut the grapes; and that whosoever should do otherwise was in danger to lose his life. They having all promised to obey him, Faustus by his enchantments and magical spells forthwith so charmed the eyes and phantasies of these drunken revellers, that they saw, as it seemed to them, a merveilous goodlie vine, and upon the same so manie bunches of grapes (extraordinary great and long) as there were men setting then at the table. Enflamed with the dainties of such a rare thing, and being verie drie with much drink, everie man takes his knife in hand, looking when Faustus would give the word, and bid them cut the clusters. But hee having held them awhile in suspense about this vaine peece of witcherie, behold, all the vine and the bunches of grapes were, in the turn of a hand vanished quite away, and everie one of these drunken companions thinking he had had a cluster of grapes in his hand readie to cut off, was seene to hold his owne nose with one hand, and the sharpe knife with the other to cut that off: so that if any of them had forgotten the enchanter's lesson, and been too forward never so little, instead of cutting a bunch of grapes, he had whipt off his own nose. And such a marke had such profane fellows been worthe of, (or rather of a worse maim), who being carried away with an intolerable curiositie, would needs make their pastimes of such devilish illusions, which a Christian cannot be present at without extreme peril, and should not come there (indeed) at any hand; for it is called a blaspheming and a spiting of God.

Admirable maxim respecting doing others a service.—When your endeavours are directed towards doing good to an individual, in other words, to do him service, if there be any option as to the mode or way, consider and observe what mode is most to his taste. If you serve him as you think or say, in a way which is yours, and not his, the value of any service may, by an indefinite amount, be thus reduced. If the action of serving a man, not in the way in which he wishes to be served, be carried to a certain length, it becomes tyranny, not beneficence; an exercise of power for the satisfaction of the self-regarding affections, not an act of beneficence for the gratification of the sympathetic or social affections.—*Bentham*.

Reasonable study of others in conversation.—If you have two topics to talk to a man about, one of which interests him the most, while the other interests you the most, begin with that which interests him the most. It will put him in good humour; it will confer pleasure.—*Bentham*.

FAIRIES.

[Third and concluding Article.]

NEXT comes Drayton, a proper fairy poet, with an infinite luxury of little fancies. Nor was he incapable of the greater; but he would not blot; and so took wisely to the little and capricious. His *Nymphidia*, a story of fairy intrigue, is too long and too unequal to be given entire; but it cuts out into little pictures like a penny sheet. You might border a paper with his stanzas, and read them instead of grotesque. His fairy palace is roofed with the skins of bats, gilded with moonshine;—a fancy of exquisite fitness and *gusto*. There ought to be *type by itself*, pin-points, or hieroglyphical dots, in which to set forth the following

NAMES OF FAIRIES.

Hop, and Mop, and Drop so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab, the sovereign lady dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinch, and Pin,
Tick, and Quiek, and Fill and Fin,
Tit, and Wit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Oberon's queen (who is here called Mab) has made an amigation with Pigwiggan, a great fairy knight. The king, furious with jealousy, pursues her, and is as mad as Orlando. He grapples with a wasp whom he mistakes for the enemy; next plunges upon a glow-worm, and thumps her for carrying fire; then runs into a hive of bees who daub him all over with their honey; then leaps upon an ant, and gallops her; then scours over a mole-hill, and plumps into a puddle up to his neck. The queen hears of his pursuit, and she and all her maids of honour secrete themselves in a nut shell. Pigwiggan goes out to meet the king, riding upon a *fiery earwig*!

A FAIRY'S ARMS AND WAR-HORSE.

His helmet was a beetle's head
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him.
And for his plume a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet
Ere he himself could settle;
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,*
He was so full of mettle.

The queen, scandalized and alarmed at the height to which matters are now openly proceeding, applies to Proserpina for help. The goddess takes pity on her, and during a dreadful combat between the champions, comes up with a bag full of Stygian fog and a bottle of Lethe water. The contents of the bag being suddenly discharged, the knights lose one another in the mist; and on the latter's clearing off, the goddess steps in as herald on behalf of Pluto to forbid further hostilities, adding that the ground of complaint shall be duly investigated, but first recommending to the parties to take a draught of the liquor she has brought with her, in order to enlighten their understandings. They drink, and forget everything; and the queen and her maids of honour, "closely smiling" at the jest, return with them to court, and have a grand dinner. Now this is "worshipful society," and a good plot. The "*machines*," as the French school used to call them, are in good keeping; and the divine interference worthy.

In the Muses' Elysium of the same poet is a description of a fairy wedding. The bride wears buskins made of the shells of the lady-bird, with a head-dress of rose-yellows and peacock-moons, &c.; but her bed is a thing to make one wish one's self only a span long, in order to lay one's cheek in it. The coverlid is of white and red rose-leaves; the curtains and tester of the flower-imperial, with a border of hare-bells; and the pillows are of lily, stuffed with butterfly-down.

We think, with the author of the *Mythology*, that Herrick's fairy poetry is inferior to that of Drayton.

* *Stare loco nascit, &c.—Virgil.*

Herrick is indeed very inferior to the reputation which a few happy little poems have obtained for him; and the late reprint of his works has done him no good. For one delicacy there are twenty pages of coarseness and insipidity. His epigrams, for the most part, are ludicrous only for the total absence of wit; and inasmuch as he wanted sentiment, he was incapable of his own voluptuousness. His passion is cold, and his decencies impertinent. In his offerings at Pagan altars, the Greek's simplicity becomes a literal nothing; though there is an innocence in the pedantry that is by no means the worst thing about him. His verses on his maid Prue are edifying. Herrick was a jovial country priest, a scholar, and a friend of Ben Jonson's, and we dare say had been a capital university-man. Scholarship and a certain quickness were his real inspirers, and he had a good sense, which in one instance has exhibited itself very remarkably; for it led him to speak of his being "too coarse to love." To be sure, he has put the observation in the mouth of a lady, and probably he found it there. He well deserved it for the foolish things he has said. He made a good hit now and then, when fresh from reading his favorite authors; and among them, we must rank a Fairy poem mentioned by the author of the '*Legends of the South of Ireland*.' His office helped to inspire him in it, for it is a satire, and a bitter one, on the ceremonies of Catholic worship. We must own we have a regard for a Catholic chapel; but it is not to be denied that some of the duties performed in it are strange things, and open to quaint parodies. The names of the saints in Herrick are worthy of Drayton.

There is one thing in the *Fairies of Drayton* which deserves mention. He does not shirk the miscellaneous, and, in some respects, anti-human nature of their tastes. The delicacies at their table are not always such as we should think pleasant, or even bearable. This is good; perhaps more so than he was aware, for he overdoes it.

Milton's "pert Fairies and dapper elves" are a little too sophistical. They are too much like Fairies acting themselves; which is overdoing the quaint nicety of their consciousness. But in addition to the well-known passages we have quoted from him already, there is a very fine one in his *First Book*. He is speaking of the transformation of the devils into a crowd in miniature.

As bees

In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothened plank,
The suburbs of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race,
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the mooh
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and
dance

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fears his heart rebounds.

There is a pretty fairy tale in Parnell, where a young man by dint of moral beauty loses his hump. Perhaps it was this poem that suggested a large prose piece to the same effect, written, we believe, by a descendant of the poet's family, and well worthy the perusal of all who are not acquainted with it. It is entitled *Julietta, or the Triumph of Mental Acquirements over Bodily Defects*; and is found in most circulating libraries. But the most beautiful of all stories on the subject, and indeed one of the most beautiful stories in the world, is the celebrated Fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast. Of this, however, we may speak another time; for the Fairies of the French books (however minute may be their dealings, occasionally) are not the little elves of the north, but, the Fates, or enchantresses of Romance, paying visits to the Nursery.

We shall conclude with a few goblin anecdotes illustrative of the present state of Fairy belief in its

true northern region, that is to say, in the British and other islands, Scandinavia, and Germany; and, as the creed is, in fact, the same throughout the whole of that part of the world, though modified by the customs of the different people, we shall not stop to make literal or national distinctions, when the spirit of the thing is the same. Our authorities are the '*Fairy Mythology*' and the '*Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*;' but it is proper to state, as the authors of these works make a point of doing, that the great masters of Fairy lore now living are Messrs Grimm, the German writers, with whose language (the language of Goethe) we are, to our regret, unacquainted. But we are zealous students at second hand.

A man who had a Nis, or goblin, in his house, could think of no other way of getting rid of him than by moving. He accordingly packed up his goods, and was preparing to set off with the cart, when the Nis put up his head from it, and cried out—"Eh! Well, we're moving to-day, you see."

A German, for a similar reason, set fire to his barn, hoping to burn the goblin with it. Turning round to look at the blaze, as he was driving away, the goblin said, "It was time to move, wasn't it?"

There was a Nis that was plagued by a mischievous boy. He went one night to the boy as he was sleeping in bed by the side of a tall man, and kept pulling him up and down under the pretence of not being able to make him fit the other's stature. When he was down, he was too short; and when up, not long enough. "Short and long don't match," said he; and kept pulling him up and down all night. Being tired by daylight, he went and sat on a wall, and as the dog barked, but could not get at him, the Nis kept plaguing him by thrusting down first one leg and then the other, saying "Look at my little leg! Look at my little leg!" By this time the boy got up dreadfully tired with his dream, and while the Nis was wrapt up in his amusement, the boy went behind him, and tumbled him into the yard, saying, "Look at him altogether."

Two Scotch lassies were eating a bowl of broth. They had but one spoon, and yet they scarcely seemed to have tasted their mess, but they had come to the bottom of it. "I hae got but three sups," cried the one, "and it's a' dune!" "It's a' dune indeed," cried the other. "Ha! ha! ha!" cried a third voice, "Brownie has got the raist o't."

A husband going a journey, gave a Kobold the charge of his wife during his absence. The good man departed, and Kobold had nothing to do from that day forward but assume frightful shapes, fling people down, and crack ribs. At length the husband came back, and a figure at the door welcomed him with a face, pale, but delighted. "Who are you?" cried the husband; for he did not know Kobold, he had grown so thin. "I am the keeper of our fair friend," said the elf, "but it is for the last time. Whew!" continued he, blowing, "what a time I've had of it!"

A Neck or water-spirit was playing upon his harp, when two boys said to him, "What is the use, Neck, of your sitting and playing there? You will never be saved." Upon this the poor spirit began to weep bitterly. The boys ran home, and told their father, who rebuked them; so they came back again, and said, "Be of good cheer, Neck; father says you will be saved as well as us." The Neck then took his harp again, and played sweetly, *long after it was too dark to see him*. [This is very beautiful.]

The most ghastly, to our taste, of all the equivocal fairies, are the Elle-women or Female Elves, of Denmark. The male is a little old man with a low-crowned hat; the female is young and fair, very womanly to all appearance, and with an attractive countenance, "but behind she is hollow like a dough-tough." She has so many lures that people find it difficult to resist her; and they must always follow her about, if they once fondle her; otherwise they lose their senses. But she is apt to bring herself into suspicion by trying never to let her back be seen. If you make the sign of the cross, she is obliged to turn round. We know not whether the charm re-

mains in spite of the dough-trough, provided you are once beguiled. A more unsatisfactory charm could not be found. Think of clasping her to your heart, and finding your hands come together within an ace of your breast-bone!

When lonely German clasps an Elle-maid,
And finds too late a butcher's tray—

We may laugh at such horrors at this time of day, especially in England; but these darker parts of superstition are still mischievous sometimes to those who believe in them; and we have no doubt there are still believers, upon grounds which it would be found difficult to shake. To say the truth, we are among the number of those who, with all allowance for the lies that have been plentifully told on such matters, do yet believe that fairies have actually been seen; but then it was by people whose perceptions were disturbed. It is observable that the ordinary seers have been the old, the diseased, or the intoxicated; young people's aunts, or grandfathers, or peasants going home from the ale-house. When the young see them, their minds are prepared by a firm belief in what their elders have told them; so that terrors which should pass off for nothing, on closer inspection, become a real perception with these weaker heads; the ideas impressed upon the brain taking the usual morbid stand outside of it. We have no doubt that the case is precisely the same, in its degree, with the spectral illusion of faces, and more horrid sights, experienced by opium-eaters and others, in a delicate state of health. We learn from a work of the late Mr Bingley's, that the metal known by the name of Cobalt, is so called from the German word Kobold, or Goblin, so often mentioned in this article, the miners who dig for it appearing to be particularly subject to the vexations of the elf, in consequence of the poison which his name-sake exhales.* If it should be asked how we can tell that anything which is really seen does not really exist, we answer, that such a state of existence is, at all events, not a healthy one, and therefore its perceptions are not to be taken as proper to humanity. Not to mention that spectral illusions are of no use but to terrify, and are quite as likely, and more so, to happen to the conscientious and the delicately organized and considerate, as to those whose vices might be supposed to require them.

The consequence of these darker parts of the belief in fairies, is that deliriums have frequently been occasioned by them; fancied announcements and forebodings have preyed on the spirits in domestic life, and the popular mind kept in a state, which bigotry and wordliness have been enabled to turn to the worst account. But a counter-charm was nevertheless growing up in secret against the witchcrafts of imagination, by dint of imagination itself, and the readiness with which it was prepared to enter into the thoughts of others, and sympathize with the great cause of knowledge and humanity. The cure for these and a hundred evils, is not the rooting out of imagination, which would be a proceeding, in fact, as impossible as undesirable, but the cultivation of its health and its cheerfulness. Good sense and fancy need never be separated. Imagination is no enemy to experience, nor can experience draw her from her last and best holds. She stands by, willing to know everything he can discover, and able to recommend it, by charms infinite, to the good will and sentiment of all men. What has been in the world is, perhaps, the best for what is to be, none of its worst evils excepted; but found out, and known to be evils, the latter have lost even their doubtful advantages; imagination, in the finer excitements of sympathy and the beautiful creations of the poets, casts off these shades of uneasy slumber; and all that she says to knowledge is, "Discard me not, for your own sake as well as mine; lest with want of me, want of sympathy itself return, and utility be again mistaken for what it is not, as superstition has already mistaken it."

The sum of our creed in these matters is this:—Spectral illusion, or the actual sight of spiritual appearances takes place only with the unhealthy, and

therefore is not desirable as a general condition: but spiritual or imaginative sight is consistent with the healthiest brain, and enriches our sources of enjoyment and reflection. The three things we have to take care of, on these and all other occasions, are health, knowledge, and imagination.

TABLE TALK.

Admirable remark respecting the habit of expressing antipathy.—When it is settled in a man's mind that such or such another is a bad man, an effect apt to be produced by such judgment is a settled affection of antipathy; of antipathy more or less strong, according to the temper of the individual. Thereupon, without troubling himself to measure out the proper quantity of antipathy which it would be proper for him to administer, upon every opportunity that presents the means of expressing towards the offending party the affection of hatred and contempt, he accordingly employs it; and, in so doing, he piques himself upon the evidence he affords to others of his hatred of vice and love of virtue, while, in truth, he is only affording a gratification to his own dissocial and self-regarding affections, to his own antipathy and his own pride.—*Bentham's Deontology.*

How to help the judgment of others.—In intercourse with others, it may sometimes be demanded by benevolence that their opinions should be corrected on points affecting their own happiness. In general, however, it becomes us rather to seek points of agreement than points of difference; but where points of difference are to be discussed, give the discussion the character of a joint search after truth—an inquiry by which both are to be benefitted, rather than of contention for victory, or an exhibition of dogmatism. Knowledge communicated by benevolence has the united charm of intellect and virtue,—intellect engaged in clearing the ground of evil, and virtue engaged in covering it with good.—*Bentham's Deontology.*

TO IANTHE, WHO DIED YOUNG.

From thy home in the far skies,
From fields of light,
Beyond the ken of mortal eyes,
Spirit, pure and bright,
Look down on me.

From seats immortal, where thou sittest
On starry flowers,
If our love thou not forgettest
In those sweet bowers,
Look down on me.

Smil'st thou, dear, at these dim eyes,
Dim with full tears,
Turned wishful, upward, to thy skies?
Fancy-drawn thy form appears
In yon blue sea.

And joy'st thou at the life unliv'd,
The thoughts unthought,
The joys unjoyed, the griefs ungriev'd,
And thy young spirit caught
Soon, and set free?

Love, smiling with broken heart,
Fair falsehood's eye,
Death-beds, where torn affections part,
House-gloom's poverty,
Unknown to thee.

Ah! unknown the pilgrimage,
Toilsome and weary,
From bounding childhood to tottering age,
Cold, grey, and dreary,
Unknown to thee.

Lov'd and loving did'st thou live,
'Mid the joy thou madest;
Gently reclined'st thy head at eve,
Into death faded'st,
Unknown to me.

An angel with thy God thou art,
Gone a space before;
Few years we met, for few we part,
To part no more:
Soon may it be!

ARNOLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEEPEST thanks to the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Caledonian Mercury*. We cannot express the gratitude we feel at seeing the light which we endeavour to shed on human hope and endeavour, thus caught into the hands of the best spirits of the press, and reflected with loving colours upon multitudes of new readers.—The advice given by the *Caledonian Mercury* is as sound as it is kindly put. We need not add, it will be taken.

The point inquired about by our friend CARRAS was discussed a few weeks ago in the *London Journal*, in a number containing more than one article upon Goethe. We cannot at this moment refer to it more particularly, as we do not happen to have the *Journal* near us.

E. D. will see, we trust, that to enter further into the matters he speaks of, would lead us into something very foreign to the objects of this paper,—controversy. It is difficult in a zealous writer to know always the exact point at which to stop, during the fervour of composition; but when he really writes in no spirit of controversy, it may be allowed him to waive the letter of it.

We announced some weeks ago an intention, which would of necessity include the notice recommended by E. The very disputable rhyme at the end of his verses, expressly doubted even by himself in a note, is a greater injury to them, we think, than he takes it for. But the harmonising of the "peacock's scream" with the dying hour of day, is well felt; and we like the following stanzas about a clump of "Fir-trees," especially as they concern a favourite old spot of ours:—

Beneath these lofty boughs of Fir
I love to lie and gaze,
To see them in the light winds move
A thousand different ways:

To hear their deep, rough, roaring voice,
When mirthfully they meet,
As though the rooted trees rejoice
A visitant to greet:

And now, when dies the evening gale,
To see them droop and bend,
And hoarsely murmuring seem to wail,
As if they lost a friend.

So have we felt, in the same spot, in the company of friends when living, and at the recollection of them when dead,—of friends who were fine poets and admirable men, (those he speaks of,) and who have enjoyed the place with us a hundred times, and talked in it of the pine-trees of Theocritus.

We agree with A. H. C. in the question he has proposed to us respecting Poetry and Painting, &c. but Painting has its points of superiority also, though not so numerous or subtle. Its chief inferiority (divine art as it is) consists in its not being able to express idealism like Poetry, nor to make the beholder so surely partake of the artist's feeling as the reader does.

We are again compelled to postpone to another week the verses of *Philos*, and of J. D. (of Dover) with some remarks on them.

Further notice to G. H. L. in our next.

If E. W. R. (as we presume by a passage in his communication) is young, he promises to be an elegant writer and sound thinker; but at present he hardly knows what to omit.

E. B. P. will find a right-cordial account of Christ's Hospital and its worthies, when we come to that quarter in our Supplement. Any memorandum which it might please him to furnish us, would be very acceptable.

C. C. C.'s communication next week.

Mr J. W. is very kind and considerate. We had received his communication, and intended to notice it sooner; but it accidentally escaped us. If he (and Mr J. W. M.) will have the goodness to look at the answers to G. B. and J. M. C. in our last week's Notice to Correspondents, they will understand what is implied in them.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 22, 1834.

No. 30.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

GENII AND FAIRIES OF THE EAST, THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, &c.

HAIL, gorgeous East! Hail, regions of the coloured morning! Hail, Araby and Persia!—not the Araby and Persia of the geographer, dull to the dull, and governed by the foolish,—but the Araby and Persia of books, of the other and more real East, which thousands visit every day—the Orient of poets, the magic land of the child, the uneffaceable recollection of the man.

To us, the Arabian Nights are one of the most beautiful books in the world: not because there is nothing but pleasure in it, but because the pain has infinite chances of vicissitude, and because the pleasure is within the reach of all who have body and soul, and imagination. The poor man there sleeps in a door-way with his love, and is richer than a king. The Sultan is dethroned to-morrow, and has a finer throne the next day. The pauper touches a ring, and spirits wait upon him. You ride in the air; you are rich in solitudes; you long for somebody to return your love, and an Eden encloses you in its arms. You have this world, and you have another. Fairies are in your moon-light. Hope and imagination have their fair play, as well as the rest of us. There is action heretical, and passion too: people can suffer, as well as enjoy, for love; you have bravery, luxury, fortitude, self-devotion, comedy as good as Moliere's, tragedy, Eastern manners, the wonderful that is in a common-place, and the verisimilitude that is in the wonderful calendars, cadis, robbers, enchanted palaces, paintings full of colour and drapery, warmth for the senses, desert in arms and exercises to keep it manly, cautions to the rich, humanity for the more happy, and hope for the miserable. Whenever we see the Arabian Nights they strike a light upon our thoughts, as though they were a talisman encrusted with gems; and we fancy we have only to open the book for the magic casket to expand, and enclose us with solitude and a garden.

This wonderful work is still better for the West than for the East; because it is a thing remoter, with none of our common-places; and because, our real opinions not being concerned in it, we have all the benefit of its genius without being endangered by its prejudices. The utility of a work of imagination indeed must outweigh the drawbacks upon it in any country. It makes people go out of themselves, even in pursuit of their own good; and is thus opposed to the worst kind of selfishness. These stories of vicissitude and natural justice must do good even to Sultans, and help to keep them in order, though it is doubtful how far they may not also serve to keep them in possession. With us, the good is unequivocal. The cultivation of hope comes in aid of the progress of society; and he may safely retreat into the luxuries and rewards of the perusal of an Eastern tale, whom its passion for the beautiful helps to keep in heart with his species, and by whom the behaviour of its arbitrary kings is seen in all its regal absurdity, as well as its human excuses.

Like all matters on which the poets have exercised their fancy, the opinions respecting the nature of the supernatural beings of the East have been rendered inconsistent, even among the best authorities. Sir John Malcolm says that *Deev* means a Magician,

whereas, in the Persian Dictionary of Richardson, it is rendered Spirit and Giant; by custom, a Devil: and Sir John uses it, in the same sense in general. D'Herbelot uses it in the sense of Dæmon, and yet in his article on Solomon it is opposed to it, or simply means Giant. Richardson tells us, that Peri means a beautiful creature of no sex; whereas, according to Sir William Ouseley, it is always female; and Richardson himself gives us to understand as much another time. Upon the whole, we think the following may be taken as the ordinary opinion, especially among authors of the greatest taste and genius.

The Persians (for all these supernatural tales originated with the Persians, Indians, and Chaldeans, and not with the Arabs, except in as far as the latter became united with the Persians) are of opinion, that many kings reigned, and many races of creatures existed, before the time of Adam.* The geologists ought to have a regard for this notion, which has an air of old knowledge beyond ours, and falls in with what has been conjectured respecting the diluvial strata. According to the Persians, a time may have existed, when mammoths, not men, were lords of the creation; when a gigantic half-human phenomenon of a beast put his crown on with what was only a hand by courtesy; and elephants and leviathans conversed under a sky in which it was always twilight. Very grand fictions might be founded on imaginations of this sort;—a *Præ-adamite* epic: and knowledge and sensibility might be represented as gradually displacing successive states of beings, till man and woman rose with the full orb of the morning,—themselves to be displaced by a finer stock, if the efforts of cultivation cannot persuade them to be the stock themselves.

The race immediately preceding that of human kind resembled them partly in appearance, but were of gigantic stature, various-headed, and were composed of the element of fire. These were the Genii, *Deeas*, or race of *Gigantic Spirits*, (the *Jann* or *Jinn* of the Arabs,—Pers. *Jannian* or *Jinnian*†) They lived three thousand years each, and had many contests with other spirits, of whose nature we are left in the dark; but the heavens appear to have warred with them, among other enemies. A dynasty of forty, or according to others of seventy-two Solomons, reigned over them in succession, the last of whom was the renowned Soliman Jan-ben-Jan. His buckler, says D'Herbelot, is as famous among the Orientals, as that of Achilles among the Greeks. He

* *Giafar* the Just, sixth Imam, or Pontiff of the Mussulmans, was of opinion, that there had been three Adams before the one mentioned in Scripture, and that there were to be seventeen more.—D'Herbelot, in the article '*Giafar*'

† Pronounced *Jaun* and *Jinniaun*. So *Isphahân*, *Goolistan*, &c. It is a pleasure, we think, to know how to pronounce these Eastern words, and therefore we give the reader the benefit of our A B C learning. There is a couplet in Sir William Ouseley's *Travels* which *assuited* us for a month, purely because we had found out how to pronounce it, and liked the spirit of it. We repeat it from memory—

Haun sheer khân!
Bêkeh sheer dendân!
(Written—*Han shir khan*
Belkeh shir dendan.)

The real spelling ought to be kept, for many reasons; but it is agreeable to find out the sound. The above couplet was an extempore of a Persian boy at an inn, who was struck with the dandy assumptions and enormous appetite of a native gentleman of the party. This person had been commissioned to show Sir William the country, and upon the strength of his having the name of Khan (as if one of us were a Mr Lord) gave himself the air of the title. The jest of the little mimic (who gives us an advantageous idea of the Persian vivacity) would run something in this way in English, a Non being a common term of exaltation:—
A lion-lord, indeed!
You may know him by his feed.

possessed, also, in common with other Solimans, the cuirass called the *Gebeh*, and the *Tig-atesch*, or Smouldering Sword, which rendered them invisible in their wars with the demons.* In his time the race had become so proud and so incorrigible to the various lessons given to them and their ancestors from above, that heaven sent down the angel Hareth to reduce them to obedience. Hareth did his work, and took the government of the world into his hands, but became so proud in his turn, that the deity in order to punish him created a new species of beings to possess the earth, and bade the angels fall down and worship it. Hareth refused, as being of a nobler nature, and was thrust, together with the chiefs of those who adhered to him, into hell, the whole race of the Genii being dismissed at the same time into the mountains of Kaf, and man left in possession of his inheritance. The Genii however did not leave him alone. They made war upon him occasionally till the time of the greatest of all the Solimans, Soliman ben Daoud (Solomon the son of David) who having finally conquered and driven them back, was allowed to retain power over them, to give peace of mind to such as had yielded in good time, and to compel the rest to succumb to him whenever he thought fit, as angels overcame the devils. These last are the rebellious Genii of the Arabian Nights. They are the *Deeas*, in the diabolical and now the only sense of the word,—*Deev* signifying a Gigantic Evil Spirit; and are all monsters, more or less, and generally black; though the most famous of them is the *Deev-Sifed*, or Great White Devil, whose conquest was the crowning glory of Rustam, the Eastern Hercules. They appear to be of different classes, and to have different names, except the latter be provincial. Some are called *Ishreels*, others *Afreets*, and another is our old acquaintance the *Goule* (pronounced *Ghool*). They are permitted to wander from Kaf, and roam about the world, "as a security," says Richardson, "for the future obedience of man." They tempt and do mischief in the style of the Western Devil, the lowest of them infesting old buildings, haunting church-yards, and feeding on dead bodies. The reader will recollect the lady who supped with one of them, and who used to pick rice with a bodkin. These are the *Ghools* above mentioned (*Ghul* is the spelling). They sometimes inhabit waste places, moaning in the wind, and way-laying the traveller. A *Deev* is generally painted with horns, tails, and saucer eyes, like our devil; but an author now and then lavishes on a description of him all the fondness of his antipathy. The following is a powerful portrait of one of them, called an *A'reet*, in the *Bahar Danush*,—or Garden of Knowledge (translated from the Persian by Mr Glenwin):—

On his entrance, he beheld a black demon, heaped on the ground like a mountain, with two large horns on his head, and a long phosels, fast asleep. In his head the Divine Crown had joined the likenesses of the elephant and the bull. His teeth grew out like the tusks of the sea-monster, and all over his monstrous carcase hung long hairs, like those of the bear. The eye of the ghoul-horn was dimmed at his appearance, and the ghoul at his horrible form and frightful figure was confounded.

He was an *Afreet* created from the wrath of God.

His hair like a bear's, his teeth like a bear's. No one ever beheld such a monster.

* D'Herbelot, in the article '*Soliman*'.

Crooked-backed and crab-faced, he might be scented at the distance of a thousand furlongs.

His nostrils were like the ovens of brick-burners, and his mouth resembled the vat of a dyer.

When his breath came forth, from its vehemence the dust rose up as in a whirlwind, so as to leave a chasm in the earth; and when he threw it in, shall sand, and pebbles, from the distance of many yards were attracted to his nostrils.

Some of these wanderers about the world appear nevertheless to be of a milder nature than others, and undertake to be amiable on the subject of love and beauty: though this indeed is a mansuetude of which most devils are rendered capable. In the story of Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess of China, a "cursed Genie" makes common cause with a good Fairy in behalf of the two lovers. The Fairy makes no scruple of chatting and comparing notes with him on their beauty, at the same time addressing him by his title of "cursed," and wondering how he can have the face to differ with her. The devil, on the other hand, is very polite, calling her his "dear lady" and "agreeable Maimoune," and tremblingly exacting from her a promise to do him no harm, in return for his telling her no lies. The question demands an umpire; and, at a stamp of Maimoune's foot, out comes from the earth "a hideous, hump-backed, squinting and lame Genie, with six horns on his head, and claws on his hands and feet." Caschesch (this new monster) behaves like a well-bred arbiter; and the Fairy thanks him for his trouble. In the Arabian Tales, or Sequel to the Arabian Nights,* is an evil Genius resembling the Asmodeus of the Devil on Two Sticks. Asmodeus is evidently Eastern, the Asmadai of the Paradise Lost.

There is a world of literature in the East, of which we possess but a little corner; though, indeed, that corner is exquisite, and probably the finest of all.†

So much for the rebellious or evil Jinn.

The Jinns obedient seldom make their appearance in a male shape, the Orientals, with singular gallantry of imagination, almost always making them females, as we shall see presently. The best of the males are of equivocal character, and retain much of the fiery and capricious natures of the Genii of old. They may be good and kind enough, if they have their way: but do not willingly come in contact with men, except to carry off their wives or daughters; still resenting, it would seem, the ascendancy of human kind, and choosing to serve their own princes and Genii, rather than be compelled to appear before masters of an inferior species,—for magicians have power over them, as our astrologers had over the spirits of Plato and the Cabala. They

* The Arabian Tales are unquestionably of genuine Eastern ground-work, and amidst a great deal of fantastic extravagance, far inferior to the Nights, have some capital stories. Il Boudocani, for instance, and Maugraby. But till we have the express authority of a scholar to the contrary, it is difficult to say, that a French hand has not interfered in it, beyond what is stated by the translator of the reformed edition. There are fine things in the story of Maugraby.

† Doubts have been gratuitously and not very modestly expressed of the value of the celebrated Eastern poets; but surely a few names could not have risen eminently above myriads of others, and become the delight and reverence of nations, without possessing something in common with the great attractions of humanity in all countries. Sir John Malcolm pronounces Ferdousi, the epic poet of Persia, to be a great and pathetic genius; and he gives some evidence of what he says, even in a prose sketch of one of his stories, which, says the original, is a story "full of the waters of the eye." There is a couplet, translated by Sir William Jones, from the same author, which shows he had reflected upon a point of humanity that appears obvious enough, and yet which was never openly noticed by an Englishman till the time of Shakespeare. Sir William's couplet is in the modern fashion, and probably not in the original simplicity, but it is well done, and fit to remember. It is upon crushing an insect.

Ah! spare you emmet, rich in hoarded grain:
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.

Do the gratuitous critics recollect, that the stories of Ruth and Joseph, and the sublime book of Job, are from the East? or that the religion of simplicity itself comes from that quarter? the religion that set children on its knee, and bade the orthodox Pharisee retire? It appears to us, highly probable, that even our Eastern scholars are liable to be mistaken respecting the pompous language of the Orientals. We talk of their high-flown metaphors, and eternal substitution of images for words; but how far would not our own language be liable to similar misconception, if translated in the same literal spirit? What should we think of Persians, who instead of overlooking the every day nature of our colloquial imagery should arrest it at every turn, and wonder how we can talk of standing in other people's shoes, taking false steps, throwing light on a subject, stepping the mouths of our enemies, &c.? There are bad and florid writers in all countries, perhaps more in Persia, because the people there are more fervent; but we should judge of a literature by its best specimens, not its worst.

come frequently, as well as against the grain,—in days of thunder and with severe fates. Rumph more, they have a taste for deformity, if we are to judge from the description of Pari Banou's brother. He was not above a foot and a half high, had a beard thirty feet long, and carried upon his shoulders a bar of iron of five hundred weight, which he used as a quarter-staff. But we will indulge ourselves (and we hope the reader) with an extract about him. Prince Ahmed, who has had the good luck to marry the gentle Pari, which has excited a great deal of jealousy and a wish to destroy him, is requested by his father (into whose dull head the thought has been put) to bring him a little monster of a man of the above description.

It is my brother, Schaibar, said the Fairy; he is of so violent a nature, though we had both the same father, that nothing prevents his giving bloody marks of his resentment for a slight offence; yet, on the other hand, so good as to oblige any one in what they desire. He is made exactly as the sultan your father described him, and has no other arms than a bar of iron of five hundred pounds weight, without which he never stirs, and which makes him respected. I will send for him, and you shall judge of the truth of what I tell you; but be sure you prepare yourself not to be frightened at his extraordinary figure, when you see him. What! my Queen, replied Prince Ahmed, do you say Schaibar is your brother? Let him be ever so ugly or deformed, I shall be so far from being frightened at the sight of him, that I shall love and honour him, and consider him as my nearest relation.

The Fairy ordered a gold chafing-dish, with fire in it, to be set under the porch of her palace, with a box of the same metal, which was a present to her, out of which taking some incense, and throwing it into the fire, there arose a thick smoke.

Some moments after, the Fairy said to Prince Ahmed, Prince, there comes my brother, do you see him? do you see him? The Prince immediately perceived Schaibar, who was but a foot and a half high, coming gravely with his bar on his shoulder; his beard, thirty feet long, which supported itself before him, and a pair of thick mustachios in proportion, tucked up to his ears, and almost covering his face. His eyes were very small, like a pig's, and deep sunk in his head, which was of enormous size, and on which he wore a pointed cap; besides all this, he had a hump behind and before.

If Prince Ahmed had not known that Schaibar was Pari Banou's brother, he would not have been able to look at him without fear; but knowing who he was, he waited for him with the Fairy, and received him without the least concern.

Schaibar, as he came forwards, looked at the Prince with an eye that would have chilled his soul in his body, and asked Pari Banou, when he first accosted her, who that man was? To which she replied, he is my husband, brother; his name is Ahmed; he is son to the sultan of the Indies. The reason why I did not invite you to my wedding was, I was unwilling to divert you from the expedition you were engaged in, and from which I heard, with pleasure, you returned victorious; on his account I have taken the liberty now to call for you.

At these words, Schaibar, looking on Prince Ahmed with a favourable eye, which, however, diminished neither his fierceness nor savage look, said, Is there anything, sister, wherein I can serve him?

We must have one more extract on this part of our subject from the same delightful work. The King of the Genii, in the beautiful story of Zeyn Alasnam (which ends with a piece of dramatic surprise equally unexpected and satisfactory), is a good Genius, and yet but a grim sort of personage. Our extract includes a boatman very awkward to sit with, an enchanted island, and a very princely Jinn.

Zeyn, Prince of Balsora, is in search of a ninth statue, which is necessary to complete a number bequeathed to him by his father. [Agreeably to a direction found by him among the statues, he seeks an old servant of his father's, at Cairo, of the name of Morabec; and the latter undertakes to forward his wishes, but advertises him there is great peril in the adventure. The Prince determines to proceed, and Morabec directs his servants to make ready for a journey.

Then the Prince and he performed the ablution of washing, and the prayer enjoined, which is called farz; and that done they set out. By the way they took notice of abundance of strange and wonderful things, and travelled many days; at the end whereof, being come to a delightful spot, they alighted from their horses. Then Morabec said to all the servants that attended upon them, do you all stay in this place, and take care of our equipage till

we return. Then he said to Zeyn, Now, sir, let us go on by ourselves. We are near the dreadful place where the ninth statue is kept; you will stand in need of all your courage.

They soon came to a lake: Morabec sat down on the brink of it, saying to the Prince, You must cross the sea. How can we cross it, said Zeyn, when we have no boat? But will see you in a moment, replied Morabec, the enchanted boat of the King of the Genii will come for us. But do not forget what I am going to say to you; you must observe a profound silence; do not speak to the boatman, though his figure seem never so strange to you; whatsoever extraordinary circumstance you may observe, say nothing; for I tell you before hand, that if you utter the least word when we are embarked, the boat will sink down. I shall take care to hold my peace, said the Prince, you need only tell me what to do, and I will strictly observe it.

While they were talking, he espied on a sudden a boat in the lake and it was made of red sandal wood. It had a mast of fine amber, and a blue satin flag: there was only one boatman in it, whose head was like an elephant's, and his body like a tiger's. When the boat was come up to the Prince and Morabec, the monstrous boatman took them up one after the other with his trunk, and put them into his boat, and carried them over the lake in a moment. He then again took them up with his trunk, set them on shore and immediately vanished with his boat.

Now we may talk, said Morabec: the island we are on belongs to the King of the Genii; there are no more such in the world. Look round you, Prince; can these be a more delightful place? It is certainly a lovely representation of the charming place God has appointed for the faithful observers of our law. Behold the fields, adorned with all sorts of flowers and odoriferous plants; admire these beautiful trees, whose delicious fruit makes the branches bend down to the ground; enjoy the pleasures of these harmonious songs formed in the air, by a thousand birds of as many various sorts, unknown in other countries. Zeyn could not sufficiently admire those with which he was surrounded, and still found something new as he advanced farther into the island.

At length they came to a palace made of fine emeralds, encompassed with a ditch, on the banks whereof, at certain distances, were planted such tall trees, that they shaded the whole palace. Before the gate, which was of massy gold, was a bridge, made of one single shell of a fish, though it was at least six fathoms long, and three in breadth. At the head of the bridge stood a company of Genii, of a prodigious height, who guarded the entrance into the castle with great clubs of China steel.

Let us go no farther, said Morabec; these Genii will knock us down: and in order to prevent their coming to us, we must perform a magical ceremony. He then drew out of a purse he had under his garment four long slips of yellow taffety; one he put about his middle, and laid the other on his back, giving the other two to the Prince, who did the like. Then Morabec laid on the ground two large table cloths, on the edges whereof he scattered some precious stones, musk, and amber. Then he sat down on one of these cloths, and Zeyn on the other; and Morabec said to the Prince, I shall now, sir, conjure the King of the Genii, who lives in the palace that is before us: may he come in a peaceable mood to us! I confess I am not without apprehension about the reception he may give us. If our coming into the island is displeasing to him, he will appear in the shape of a dreadful monster; but if he approve of your design, he will show himself in the shape of a handsome man. As soon as he appears before us, you must rise and salute him, without going off your cloth; for you would certainly perish, should you stir off it. You must say to him, Sovereign Lord of the Genii, my father who was your servant has been taken away by the angel of death; I wish your Majesty may protect me as you always did my father. If the King of the Genii, added Morabec, ask you what favour you desire of him, you must answer, Sir, I most humbly beg of you to give me the ninth statue.

Morabec having thus instructed Zeyn, began his conjurations. Immediately their eyes were dazzled with a long flash of lightning, which was followed by a clap of thunder. The whole island was covered with a thick darkness; a furious storm of wind blew, a dreadful cry was heard, the island felt a shock, and there was such an earthquake as that which Aarazel is to cause on the day of judgment.

Zeyn was startled, and began to look upon that noise as a very ill omen; when Morabec, who knew better than he what to think of it, began to smile, and said, take courage, my Prince, all goes well. In short, that very moment the King of the Genii appeared in the shape of a handsome man, yet there was something of a stranger in his air.

The King promises to comply with the Prince's request, but upon one condition—that he shall bring him a damsel of fifteen, a virgin, beautiful and per-

fastly shew, and that her conductor shall behave himself on the road with perfect propriety towards her, both in deed and thought. "Zeyn," says the story, "took the rash oath that was required of him;" but naturally asks how he is to be sure of the lady? The Genius gives him a looking-glass, on which she is to breathe, and which will be sullied or unsullied accordingly. The consequences among the ladies are such as Western romancers have told in a similar way; but at length success crowns the Prince's endeavours, and he conducts the Genius's damsel to the enchanted island, not without falling in love, and being tempted to break his word and carry her away to Balaena. The King is pleased with his self-denial, and tells him that on his return home he will find the statue. He goes, and on the pedestal where it was to have stood, finds the lady!

The behaviour of the lady is in very good taste, and completes the charm of the discovery.

Prince, said the young maid, you are surprised to see me here: you expected to have found something more precious than me, and I question not but that you now repent having taken so much trouble; you expected a better reward. Madam, answered Zeyn, heaven is my witness that I more than once was like to have broken my word with the King of the Genii, to keep you to myself. Whatsoever be the value of a diamond statue, is it worthy the satisfaction of enjoying you? I love you above all the diamonds and wealth in the world.

All this to us is extremely delightful. We can say with the greatest truth, that at the age of fifty we repeat these passages with a pleasure little short of what we experienced at fifteen. We even doubt whether it is less. We come round to the same delight by another read. The Genius is as grand to us, if not so frightful as of old; the hostess as peculiar; and the lady as charming. Such ladies may really be found on pedestals, for aught we know, in another life (one life out of a million). In short, we refuse to be a bit older than we were, having, in fact, lived such a little while, and the youth of eternity being before us.

So now, in youth and good faith, to come to our last and best Genius, the Peri! We call her so from custom, but Peri is the proper word; and in the story above-mentioned, it is so spelt. We shall here observe, that the French have often misled us by their mode of spelling Eastern words. The translation of the Arabian Nights (which came to us through the French) has palmed upon our childhood the *Genie*, or French word, for the Genius of the Latins, instead of the proper word *Jinn*. The French pronunciation of *Peri* is *Pari*; and in Richardson's Dictionary the latter is the spelling. It would have looked affected, some years ago, to write *Pari* for *Peri*; though, in the story just alluded to, an exception is made in favour of it: but in these times, when the growth of general learning has rendered such knowledge common, and when Boccaccio has got rid among us of his old French misnomer of Boccace (which a friend of ours very properly called Book-case), we might as well write *Pari* and *Jinn*, instead of *Peri* and *Genie*, both, as we confess we are, to give up the latter barbarism—the belief of our childhood. But, somehow, we love any truth when we can get it, fond as we are of fiction.

Pari then, in future, we will venture to write it, and *Jinn* shall be said instead of *Genie* or even *Genius*; with which it is said to have nothing to do. This may be true; and yet it is curious to see the coincidence between the words, and for our part we are not sure, if the etymology could be well traced, that something in common might not be found between the words, as well as the things. There might have been no collusion between the countries, and yet a similarity of sound might have risen out of the same ideas. This circumstance in the philosophy of the human history is, we think, not sufficiently attended to on many occasions. Fictions, for example, of all sorts have been traced to this and that country, as if what gave rise to them with one people might not have produced them out of the same chances and faculties with another; obvious mixtures and modifications may be allowed, and yet every national mind throw up its own fancies, as well as the soil its own flowers. The Persians may have a par-

tiular sort of fancy as they have of lilac or roses; but Fairies, or Spirits in general, are of necessity as common to all nations as the grass or the earth, or the shadows among the trees.

Thus out of similar grounds of feeling may issue the roots of the same words. It is curious that *Jinn*, *Jinnin*, and *Genie*, should so resemble one another; for as is only the nominative termination of the Latin word, and has nothing to do with the root of it. The Eastern word *Pari*, and our *Fairy*, are still more nearly allied, especially by the Arabic pronunciation, which changes *P* into *F*. It has been justly argued, that *Fairy* is but a modern word, and meant formerly the region in which the *Fay* lived, and not the inhabitant. This is true; but the root may still be the same, and the Italian word *Fata*, from which it has been reasonably derived, says nothing to the contrary, but the reverse; for *fa* or *fam* is but a variety of inflection. *Fata* is the Latin *Fatum*, or *Fate*, whence come the words *Fatus*, *Fama*, and *Fatum*; words implying something spoken or said,—

Aery tongues that syllable men's names.

Pari is the Latin to speak. All these words come from the Greek *Phaten*, *Phatis*, *Phao*, to say, which signifies also to express, to bring to light, and to appear; and *Phaos* signifies light. Here is the union of speech and appearance, and thus from the single root *Pha* or *Fay* may have originated the words *Peri* or *Pari*, the English *Fairy*, the old English *Fay*, which is the *Fée* of our neighbours, the Latin *Fatum* or *Fate*, even the *Pures* (another Latin word for the *Fates*), the Greek *Phatis*, the old Persian *Feroor* (a soul, a blessed spirit, which is the etymology of the author of the 'Fairy Mythology'), and the word *Fable* itself, together with *Faney*, *Fair*, *Famous*, and what not. We do not wish to lay more stress on this matter than it is worth. There is no end to probabilities, and anything may be deduced from anything else. Horne Tooke derived King Pepin from the Greek pronoun *Opser*, and King Jeremiah from pickled cucumber,*—a sort of sport which we recommend as an addition to the stock at Christmas. But the extremes of probability have their use as well as abuse. The spirit of words, truly studied, involves a deep philosophy and important consequences; and anything is good which tends to make out a common case for mankind.

Pari is the female Genius, beautiful and benevolent. D'Herbelot says there are male *Paries*, and he gives the names of two of them, Dal *Peri* and Milan Schah *Peri*, who were brothers of Merjan *Peri*, supposed to be the same as the Western *Fairy*, *Morgana*. The truth seems to be, that originally the *Paries* were of no sex: the poets first distinguished them into male and female; and their exceeding beauty at last confined them to the female kind. We doubt, after all that we see in the writings of Sir William Ouseley and others, whether any poet, Western or Eastern, would now talk of a male *Pari*. At any rate, it would appear as absurd to us of the West, as if any body were to discover that the three *Graces* were not all female. The *Pari* is the female *Fairy*, the lady of the solitudes, the fair enchantress who enamours all who behold her, and is mightily inclined to be enamoured herself, but also to be constant as well as kind. She is the being "that youthful poets dream of when they love." She includes the magic of the enchantress, the supernaturalness of the fairy, the beauty of the angel, and the loveliness of the woman; in short, is the perfection of female sweetness.†

Pari has been derived from a word meaning winged, and from another signifying beauty. But enough has been said on this point. We are not aware of any story in which *Paries* are represented with wings: but they have the power of flight. In

* As thus, "Opser, opser, opser,—diaper, napkin, pipkin, pipkin-king, King Pepin." And going the reverse way, "King Jeremiah, Jeremiah King, jerkin, girkin, pickled cucumber." Fohi and Noeh, says Goldsmith, are evidently the same; for change *Fo* into *No*, and *Hi* into *Ah*, and there you have it.

† Where we say angel-faced, the Persians say *Pari-faced*. *Pari-pager*, *Pari-cher*, *Pari-cher*, *Pari-cher*, are all terms to that effect. The *Parysatis* of the Greeks is justly supposed to be the *Pari-sade*, or *Pari-born*, of the Persians.

an Eastern poem mentioned by D'Herbelot, the evil *Jinns* in their war with the good take some *Paries* captive, and hang them up in cages, in the highest trees they can find. Here they are from time to time visited by their companions, who bring them precious odours, which serve a double purpose; for the *Paries* not only feed upon odours, but are preserved by them from the approach of the *Devs*, to whom a sweet scent is intolerable. Perfume gives an evil spirit a melancholy more than he is in the habit of enduring; he suffers, because there is a taste of heaven in it. It is beautiful to fancy the *Paries* among the tops of the trees, bearing their imprisonment with a sweet patience, and watching for their companions. Now and then comes a flight of these human doves, gleaming out of the foliage; or some good Genius of the other sex dares a peril in behalf of his *Pari* love, and turns her patience into joy.

Paries feeds upon odours; but if we are to judge from our sweet acquaintance, *Pari* Benou, they are not incapable of sitting down to dinner with an earthly lover. The gods lived upon odours, but they had wine in heaven, nectar and ambrosia, and furthermore could eat beef and pudding, when they looked in upon their friends on earth,—see the story of Baucis and Philemon, of Lycan, Tantalus, &c. It is true, Prince Ahmed was helped by his fair hostess to delicious meats, which he had never before heard of, odours perhaps taking the shape of venison or pilau; but he found the same excellence in the wines, and the *Fairy* partook both of those and the dessert, which consisted of the choicest sweetmeats and fruits. The reader will allow us to read over with him the part of the story thereabouts. Such quarters of an hour are not to be had always, especially in good company; and we presume all the readers of this Journal are well met, and of good faith. If any one of a different sort trespasses on our premises, and does not see the beauties we deal with, all we can say is, that he is in the usual condition of those profane persons who are punished when they venture into Fairy-land, by that very inability of sight, which he, poor fellow, would vainly consider a mark of his discernment.—So now to our dinner with a *Fairy*.

The reader will recollect, that Prince Ahmed shot an arrow a great way among some rocks, and, upon finding it, was astonished to see how far it had gone. The arrow was also lying flat, which looked as if it had rebounded from one of the rocks. This increased his surprise, and made him think there was some mystery in the circumstance. On looking about, he discovered an iron door. He pushed it open, and went down a passage in the earth. On a sudden, "a different light succeeded to that which he came out of;" he entered a square, and perceived a magnificent palace, out of which a lady of exceeding beauty made her appearance at the door, attended by a troop of others.

As soon as Prince Ahmed perceived the lady, he hastened to pay his respects; and the lady on her part, seeing him coming, prevented him. Addressing her discourse to him first, and raising her voice, she said to him, Come near, Prince Ahmed; you are welcome.

It was no small surprise to the Prince to hear himself named in a palace he never heard of, though so nigh his father's capital; and he could not comprehend how he should be known to a lady who was a stranger to him.

By the way, who knows what our geologists may come to, provided they dig far enough, and are worthy? Strange things are surmised of the interior of the earth; and Burnet now-a-days would have rubbed his hands to think what phenomenon may turn up.*

After the proper interchanging of amenities on either side, the Prince is led into a hall, over which is a dome of gold and onyx. He is seated on a sofa; the lady seats herself by him, and addresses

* The author of the 'Sacred Theory of the Earth,'—a book as good as a romance, and containing passages of great beauty. We speak of the Latin original. Burnet somewhere has expressed a desire to know more about Satan,—what he is doing at present, and how he lives. There is a subterranean Fairy-land, to which King Arthur is supposed to have been withdrawn, and whence he is expected to come again and re-establish his throne. Milton has a fine allusion to this circumstance in his Latin poem 'Mansus,' v. 81. A poetical traveller in Wales might look at the mouth of a cavern, and expect to see the great King with his chivalry coming up, blowing their trumpets into the day-light.

him in the following words: You are surprised, you say, that I should know you and not be known by you; but you will be no longer surprised when I inform you who I am. You cannot be ignorant that your religion teaches you to believe that the world is inhabited by Genii as well as men; I am the daughter of one of the most powerful and distinguished of these Genii, and my name is Pari Banou; therefore you ought not to wonder that I know you, the sultan your father, and the Princess Nouronihar. I am no stranger to your loves or your travels, of which I could tell you all the circumstances, since it was I myself who exposed to sale the artificial apple which you bought at Samarende, the carpet which Prince Houssain met with at Bisnagar, and the tube which Prince Ali brought from Schiraz. This is sufficient to let you know that I am not unacquainted with anything that relates to you. The only thing I have to add is, that you seemed to me worthy of a more happy fate than that of possessing the Princess Nouronihar; and, that you might attain to it, I was present when you drew your arrow, and foresaw it would not go beyond Prince Houssain's. I took it in the air, and gave it the necessary motion, to strike against the rocks near which you found it. It is in your power to avail yourself of the favourable opportunity which it presents to make you happy. As the Fairy, Pari Banou, pronounced these last words with a different tone, and looked at the same time tenderly on Prince Ahmed, with downcast eyes and a modest blush on her cheeks, it was not difficult for the Prince to comprehend what happiness she meant. He presently considered that the Princess Nouronihar could never be his, and that the Fairy, Pari Banou, excelled her infinitely in beauty, attractions, agreeableness, transcendent wit, and, as far as he could conjecture by the magnificence of the palace where she resided, in immense riches. He blessed the moment that he thought of seeking after his arrow a second time, and yielding to his inclination, which drew him towards the new object which had fired his heart, Madam, replied he, should I, all my life, have had the happiness of being your slave, and the admirer of the many charms which ravish my soul, I should think myself the happiest of men. Pardon me the boldness which inspires me to ask you this favour, and do not refuse to admit into your court a Prince who is entirely devoted to you.

Prince, answered the Fairy, as I have been a long time my own mistress, and have no dependence on my parents' consent, it is not as a slave I would admit you into my court, but as master of my person, and all that belongs to me, by pledging your faith to me, and taking me to be your wife. I hope you will not take it amiss that I anticipate you in making this proposal. I am as I said, mistress of my will; and must add, that the same customs are not observed among Fairies as among other ladies, in whom it would not have been decent to have made such advances: but it is what we do; we suppose we confer obligation by it.

Prince Ahmed made no answer to this discourse, but was so penetrated with gratitude, that he thought he could not express it better than by coming to kiss the hem of her garment, which she would not give him time to do, but presented her hand, which he kissed a thousand times, and kept fast locked in his. Well, Prince Ahmed, said she, will you not pledge your faith to me, as I do mine to you?—Yes, madam, replied the Prince, in an ecstacy of joy, what can I do better, and with greater pleasure? Yes, my sultaness, my queen, I will give it you with my heart, without the least reserve.—Then, answered the Fairy, you are my husband, and I am your wife. Our marriages are contracted with no other ceremonies, and yet are more firm and indissoluble than those among men, with all their formalities. But as I suppose, pursued she, that you have eaten nothing to-day, a slight repast shall be served up for you while preparations are making for our nuptial-feast this evening, and then I will show you the apartments of my palace, and you shall judge if this hall is the smallest part of it.

Some of the Fairy's women who came into the hall with them, and guessed her intention, went immediately out, and returned presently with some excellent meats and wines.

When the Prince had eaten and drank as much as he cared for, the Fairy, Pari Banou, carried him through all the apartments, where he saw diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and all sorts of fine jewels, intermixed with pearls, agate, jasper, porphyry, and all kinds of the most precious marbles; not to mention the richness of the furniture, which was inestimable; the whole disposed with such profusion, that the Prince, instead of ever having seen anything like it, acknowledged that there could not be anything in the world that could come up to it. Prince, said the Fairy, if you admire my palace so much, which is indeed very beautiful, what would you say to the palaces of the chief of our Genii, which are much more beautiful, spacious, and magnificent? I could also charm you with my garden; but we will leave that till another time. Night draws near, and it will be time to go to supper.

The next hall which the Fairy led the Prince into, and where the cloth was laid for the feast, was the only apartment the Prince had not seen, and it was not in the least inferior to the others. At his entrance into it he admired the infinite number of wax candles, perfumed with amber, the multitude of which, instead of being confused, were placed with so just a symmetry, as formed an agreeable and pleasant sight. A large beaufet was set out with all sorts of gold plate, so finely wrought, that the workmanship was much more valuable than the weight of the gold. Several chorusses of beautiful women richly dressed, and whose voices were ravishing, began a concert, accompanied with all kinds of the most harmonious instruments he had ever heard. When they were set down to table, the Fairy, Pari Banou, took care to help Prince Ahmed to the most delicious meats, which she named as she invited him to eat of them, and which the Prince had never heard of, but found so exquisite and nice, that he commended them in the highest terms, crying, that the entertainment which she gave him far surpassed those among men. He found also the same excellence in the wines, which neither he nor the Fairy tasted till the desert was served up, which consisted of the choicest sweetmeats and fruits.

After the desert, the Fairy, Pari Banou, and Prince Ahmed, rose from the table, which was immediately carried away, and sat on a sofa, at their ease, with cushions of fine silk, curiously embroidered with all sorts of large flowers, laid at their backs. Presently after, a great number of Genii and Fairies danced before them to the door of the chamber where the nuptial bed was made, and when they came there, they divided themselves into two rows, to let them pass, and after that retired, leaving them to go to bed.

The nuptial feast was continued the next day; or rather the days following the celebration were a continual feast, which the Fairy, Pari Banou, who could do it with the utmost ease, knew how to diversify, by new dishes, new meats, new concerts, new dances, new shows, and new diversions; which were all so extraordinary, that Prince Ahmed, if he had lived a thousand years among men, could not have imagined.

The Fairy's intention was not only to give the Prince essential proofs of the sincerity of her love, and the violence of her passion, by so many ways; but to let him see, that as he had no pretensions at his father's court, he could meet with nothing comparable to the happiness he enjoyed with her, independent of her beauty and her charms, and to attach him entirely to herself, that he might never leave her. In this scheme she succeeded so well, that Prince Ahmed's passion was not in the least diminished by possession; but increased so much, that, if he had been so inclined, it was not in his power to forbear loving her.

This is a pretty satisfaction to the imagination. And good only can come of it. They are under a great mistake who think that romances and pictures of perfection do harm. They may produce mounting impatience and partial neglect of duties here and there; but in the sum total they give a distaste to the sordid, elevate our anger above trifles, incline us to assist intellectual advancement of all sorts, and keep a region of solitude and sweetness for us in which the mind may retreat and recreate itself, so as to return with hope and gracefulness to its labours. Imagination is the breathing room of the heart. The whole world of possibility is thrown open to it, and the air mixes with that of heaven. Ulysses did not the less yearn to go back to the wife of his bosom, because a goddess had lain there. Affectionate habit is a luxury long drawn out; and constancy, made sweet by desert, is a sort of essence of immortality distilled.

To conclude the remarks on our story;—Prince Ahmed, to be sure, had every reason to be faithful; but we feel it was because a sweet, sincere, and intelligent woman loved him, rather than a wonder-working Fairy. She is a Cleopatra in what is pleasing, but she is also as unlike her as possible in what is the reverse; being very different, as she says, from her brother Schaibar, who was resentful and violent. Such is the Fairy of the East, the sweetest of all Fairies, and fit kinswoman by humanity to the only creature we like better, which is the Flying Woman of our friend Peter Wilkins. With the former we could live for ever, if disengaged and immortal; but with the latter, somehow, like Ulysses, we would rather die.

There remains one more supernatural being, the Arabian Fairy, who lives in a well; for so she has been distinguished from her more elegant sister of the palace. The Arabs, leading a hard and unsettled

life, seem not to have had time, even in imagination, for the more luxurious pictures of Persia. They had all the imagination of home feeling, were devoted patriots and intense lovers, and have poured forth some of the most heart-felt poetry in the world. A volume of poems might be collected out of the romance of Antar, unsurpassed as effusions of passion. But the total absence of airy and preternatural fiction in their works is remarkable. When the two nations became united, and the successors of Mahomet shifted their throne from their old barren sands to the luxurious halls of Bagdad, the mythologies of their poets gradually became confounded; and it is difficult to pronounce, after all, how far the supposed Arabian Fairy differs with the Pari, her sister; how many wonders she might have drawn out of her well, or how far the Pari could not inhabit a hole in the well on occasion, as the Fairies of Italy do in the old stones of Fiesole. She was, no doubt, distinct originally, a coarser breed, like the gnome of the desert compared with the ladies of the court of Darius; but the distinction seems hardly to have survived. If Maimoune lives in a well, we have seen that Denhasch pronounced her charming; and though we might regard this as the flattery of a devil, the Fairy herself gives us to understand that she was a good spirit, one of those who submitted to Solomon; therefore charming by implication, and at all events mixed up with the spirits of Persia. The Jinns, male and female, are all capital architects, who can make a palace in a twinkling for others. We can hardly doubt they can do as much for themselves; and that Maimoune, if she had wished to please a lover, could have raised as splendid a house of reception for him as Banou.

The spiritual beings of the East then may, perhaps, safely be classed as follows, according to the most received ideas:—

The Deev, or Evil Genius.

The Jinn, or Good Genius, if not otherwise qualified.

The Pari, or Good Female Genius, always beneficent and beautiful.

Individuals of all these classes are permitted to roam about the world, and reside in particular places; but their chief residence, or Fairy-land, is understood to be in Jinnistan, or the place of the Genii, which is situated on the Greek mountain of Kaf, and divided into what may be called Good Land and Bad Land, or the domains of the good, and the domains of the rebellious Genii. In the former is the province of the good Genii, the land of *Shadukam*, or pleasure and desire;—and the Cities Juharbad, or the City of Jewels;—and Amberabad, the City of Ambergris. In the latter stands Ahermanhabad, the City of Aherman, or the Evil Principle, over which reigns the bad King Arzhenk, a personage with a half-human body and the head of a bull. He is a connoisseur, and has a gallery of pictures containing portraits of all the different sorts of creatures before Adam.

All Genii, bad and good, being subjected in some sort to the human race, whom they all in the first instance agreed not to worship, are compellable by the invocations of magic, and forced to appear in the service of particular rings and talismans. In this they resemble the Genii of the Alexandrian Platonists and the Cabala. Sometimes a man possessed a ring without knowing its value, and happening to give it a rub, is shocked by the apparition of a giant, who in a tone of thunder tells him he is his humble servant, and wants to know his pleasure. Invocations must be practiced after their particular form and letter, or the Genius becomes riotous instead of obedient, and is perhaps the death of you; and at least gives you a cuff of the ear, enough to fell a dromedary. They transport people whithersoever they please; make nothing of building a house, full of pictures and furniture, in the course of a night; and will put a sultan in their pockets for you, if you desire it. But if not your servants, they are dangerous acquaintances, and it is difficult to be on one's guard against them. You must take care, for instance, how you throw the shells about when you are eating nuts;

otherwise an unfortunate hawk to put out the eye of one of their invisible children, and for this you will suffer death unless you can repeat poems or fine stories. Numbers of Genii have remained imprisoned in brazen vessels ever since the time of Solomon, and it is not always safe to deliver them. It is a moot point whether they will make a king of you for-it, or kick you into the sea. The Genius whom the fisherman sets free in the 'Arabian Nights,' gives an account of his feelings on this matter, highly characteristic of the nature of these Fairy personages:—

During the first hundred years' imprisonment, says he, I swore, that if any one should deliver me before the hundred years expired, I would make him rich, even after his death, but the century run out, and nobody did me that good office. During the second, I made an oath that I would open all the treasures of the earth to any one that should set me at liberty, but with no better success. In the third, I promised to make my deliverer a potent monarch, to grant him every day three requests, of whatever nature they might be; but this century ran out as the two former, and I continued in prison; at last, being angry, or rather mad, to find myself a prisoner so long, I swore that, if afterwards any one should deliver me, I would kill him without mercy, and grant him no other favour but to choose what kind of death he would have; and, therefore, since you have delivered me to day, I give you that choice.

The mode in which the Genii emerge from these brazen vessels is very striking. The spirit into which they have been condensed expands as it issues forth, and makes an enormous smoke, which again compresses into a body, black and gigantic; and the Genius is before you. He is in general a smoke of a weaker turn than our friend just alluded to. If we are to believe the story of the Brasen City in the 'New Arabian Nights,' whole beds of vessels, containing genuine condensed spirits of Jun, were to be found in a certain bay on the coast of Africa. Deews were as plenty as oysters. A sultan had a few brought him, and opening one after the other, the giant vapour issued forth, crying out "Pardon, pardon, great Solomon; I will never rebel more."

Kaf is Caucasus, the "great stony girdle." The Persians supposed it, and do so still, to run round the earth, enclosing it like a ring. The earth itself stands on a great sapphire, the reflection of which causes the blue of the sky; and when the sapphire moves there is an earthquake, or some other convulsion of nature. On this mountain the Jinns reign and revel after their respective fashions; and there is eternal war between the good and the bad. Formerly the good Genii, when hard pressed, used to apply to an earthly hero to assist them. The exploits of Rustam, before mentioned, and of the ancient Tahmuras, surnamed *Deew-Bend* or the *Deew-Binder*, form the most popular subjects of Persian heroic poetry.

Kaf will gradually be undone, and the place of sapphire be not found; but the blue of the sky will remain; and till the Persian can expound the mystery of the cheek he loves, and know the first cause of the roses which make a bower for it, he will still, if he is wise, retain his Pari and his enchanted palace, and encourage his mistress to resemble the kind faces that may be looking at her.

Beautiful Truth.—The bard in whose soul, from that soul's infirmity, the genius of poetry is not strong or lofty enough to sustain him in the sphere of perpetual peace and brightness, may perish by the insolence of pride, and the poison of calumny, and the blows of unscrupulous hostility, and the lashings of interest, and the neglect of indifference, and the collision of his own susceptibility with the coldness of cold natures, and with the hardness of hard natures; but, even in perishing, he will see more and better things in the powers that destroy him, than they themselves are conscious of; and in the waters that engulf his dying limbs will feel the embraces of the beautiful and immortal Ondines.—*Monthly Repository.*

Real Triumph in Argument.—But let the Deontological law be present to his mind, and the triumph he will desire will be only the triumph of the greatest happiness principle. Contending for that, and for that alone, the victory of any sentiments more friendly to the principle than his own sentiments, will be, in fact, his victory.—*Bentham.* [The same may be said of all arguments for truth's sake, by real lovers of truth.]

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 22nd to Tuesday the 28th, October. We give, this week (by way of variety, and in order to furnish the reader with as many specimens as possible of the treatment of such subjects), a brief account of the season, from the 'Calendar of Nature,' or 'The Months,'—a little book, the subject of which was suggested to the Editor, some years ago, by Dr Aikin's 'Calendar of the Year,' and which has since been enlarged upon, and adorned, by various writers, with greater rural knowledge, and a right exuberance of fancy.

OCTOBER.

Then came October, full of merrie glee,
For yet his knowle was totty of the must
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's sea,
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolic, and so full of lust.
Upon a dreadful scorpion he did ride,
The same which, by Diana's doom unjust,
Slew great Orion; and eke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

Spenser's Faerie Queene.

Spenser, in marching his months before Great Nature ('Faerie Queene,' book vii.) drew his descriptions of them from the world and its customs in general; but turn his October wine-vats into cyder-presses and brewing-tubs, and it will do as well. This month, on account of its steady temperature, is chosen for the brewing of such malt liquor as is designed for keeping. The farmer continues to sow his corn, and the gardener plants forest and fruit-trees. Many of our readers, though fond of gardens, will learn, for the first time, perhaps, that trees are cheaper things than flowers; and that, at the expense of not many shillings, they may plant a little shrubbery, or make a rural screen for their parlour or study windows, of woodbine, guelder-roses, bays, arbutus, ivy, virgin's bower, or even the poplar, horse-chestnut, birch, sycamore, and plane-tree, of which the Greeks were so fond. A few roses, also, planted in the earth, to flower about his walls or windows in monthly succession, are nothing, in point of dearness, to roses or other flowers purchased in pots. Some of the latter are, nevertheless, cheap and long-lived, and may be returned to the nursery-man, at a small expense, to keep till they flower again. But if the lover of nature has to choose between flowers, and flowering shrubs and trees, the latter, in our opinion, are much preferable, in as much as, while they include the former, they can give a more retired and verdant feeling to a place, and call to mind, even in their very nestling and closeness, something of the whispering and quiet amplitude of nature.

Fruits continue in abundance during this month, as everybody knows from the shopkeeper; for our grosser senses are well informed if our others are not. We have yet to discover that imaginative pleasures are as real and as touching as they, and give them their deepest relish. The additional flowers in October are almost confined to the anemone and scabious; and the flowering trees and shrubs to the evergreen cytissus.

But the hedges (and here let us observe that the fields and other walks, that are free to every one, are sure to supply us with pleasure when every other place fails) are now sparkling with their abundant berries,—the wild-rose with the hip, the hawthorn with the haw, the blackthorn with the sloe, the bramble with the blackberry; and the briony, privet, honeysuckle, elder, holly, and woody night-shade, with the other winter feasts for the birds. The wine obtained from the elderberry makes a very pleasant and wholesome drink, when heated over a fire; but the humbler sloe, which the peasants eat, gets the start of him in reputation, by changing its name to port, of which wine it certainly makes a very considerable ingredient.

A gentleman, who lately figured in the *beaux monde*, and carried coxcombry to a pitch of the ingenious, was not aware how much truth he was uttering in his pleasant and disavowing definition of port:—"A strong intoxicating liquor, much drank by the lower orders."

Swallows are generally seen for the last time this month; the house-martin the latest. The red-wing, field-fare, snipe, royston crow, and wood pigeon, return from more northern parts. The rooks return to their roost trees, and the tortoise begins to bury himself for the winter. The mornings and afternoons increase in mistiness, though the middle of the day is often very fine; and no weather, when it is unclouded, is apt to give a clearer and manlier sensation than that of October. One of the most curious natural appearances is the *gossamer*, which is an infinite multitude of little threads shot out by minute spiders, who are thus wafted by the wind from place to place.

The chief business of October, in the great economy of nature, is dissemination, which is performed, among other means, by the high winds, which now return. Art imitates her as usual, and sows and plants also.

We have already mentioned the gardener. This is the time for the domestic cultivator of flowers to finish planting as well, especially the bulbs that are intended to flower early in spring.

And as the chief business of nature this month is dissemination, or vegetable birth, so its chief beauty arises from vegetable death itself. We need not tell our readers we allude to the changing leaves, with all their lights and shades of green, amber, red, light red, light and dark green, white, brown, russet, and yellow of all sorts.

As our ruralities are somewhat barren this week, we piece them out with the following poem, by Mr Keats. It is not one of his finest; but everything which he wrote was fine, and was sure to include some beautiful poetry. The closing stanza is full of the purest description. What a delicious line, in particular, is the third—

"While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day!"

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel: to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft beneath thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
As on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy
book
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft,
Or smiling as the light wind lives or dies;
And full grown lambs bleat loud from hilly bourns.
Hedge crickets sing: and now, with treble soft,
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Happy Inscription.—A marble tablet, placed over the fountain of this noble reservoir, contains a short inscription more expressive and beautiful in the Persian language than can be given in an English translation:—"The bounties of Lullaby are ever flowing."—*The Hindoos.*

Hannah More.—The following reflexions on the death of Lord Orford are characteristic of the writer. Thus writes Hannah More to her sister Martha, from London, 1787:—"Poor Lord Orford! I could not help mourning for him as if I had not expected it. But twenty years unclouded kindness and pleasant correspondence cannot be given up without emotion. I am not sorry that I never flinched from any of his ridicule or attacks, or suffered them to pass without rebuke. At our last meeting, I made him promise to buy 'Law's Serious Call.' His playful wit, his various knowledge, his polished manner, alas! what avail they now. The most serious thoughts are awakened. Oh! that he had known and believed the things that belonged to his peace. My heart is much oppressed with the reflection."—It is strange that people of Hannah More's turn of mind should always entertain such serious thoughts of their acquaintance in the article of death. Amiable they may be; but because they take not up with a certain form of speech and demeanor, their after-state is always presumed in the most unfavourable manner. There is in this a temper and feeling which religious people should avoid. Take our word for it, it is an infirmity, and was in Hannah More.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

REMARKS ON REAL LIFE.

THE LONDON JOURNAL, ON THE OUT OF PERSON
TAKEN FOUR TIMES.

THE account of this affecting tragedy, which appears to have occurred no long time since, is taken from one of the comprehensive and entertaining summaries just published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," entitled 'The Hindoos.' A daughter thus sacrificed, by an otherwise affectionate parent, a sort of Eastern Virginius, would make a striking drama; only the homely circumstance which constitutes one of the most affecting points in the anecdote—the refusal of the stomach to second the poison,—would have to be modified. The doses given must be changed into small ones—too small to produce any effect, except perhaps an excited and eloquent *whisper*. When actual and dreadful suffering is before us, such homely manifestations of it become nothing. The patient is absorbed in the greater idea. But human beings, unless given to sarcasm and degradation, do not like to have physical weaknesses deliberately presented to their imaginations; and even then they are apt to take refuge (such as it is!) from the humiliation, in attempting to make a jest of it. A thorough delicacy, or philosophy, in reducing everything to its elements, moral or material, becomes superior to such pollution. And yet there is danger even in that! So nice and perplexing are the balances of things in this world; and so surely must all partake the common burdens of liability, till all can be improved. But we hasten from these mysteries to our story.

Kishna Komari Bae, "the virgin princess Kishna," was in her sixteenth year; her mother was of the Chawura race, the ancient kings of Anhalwara. Sprung from the noblest blood of Hind, she added beauty of face and person to an engaging demeanour, and was justly proclaimed the flower of Rajasthan. The rapacious and blood-thirsty Pat'han, Nawab Ameer Khan, covered with infamy, repaired to Oodipoor, where he was joined by the pliant and subtle Ajit. He was meek in his demeanour, unostentatious in his habits; despising honours, yet covetous of power; religious, which he followed with the zeal of an ascetic, if it did not serve as a cloak, was at least no hindrance to an immeasurable ambition, in the attainment of which he would have sacrificed all but himself. When the Pat'han revealed his design, that either the princess should wed Raja Msum, or by her death seal the peace of Rajwara, whatever arguments were used to point the alternative, the Raja was made to see no choice between consigning his beloved child to the Rahtore prince, or witnessing the effects of a more extended dishonour from the vengeance of the Pat'han; and the storm of his palace by his licentious adherents—the fiat passed that Kishna Komari should die.

But the deed was left for a woman to accomplish—the hand of man refused it. The harem of an eastern prince is a world within itself; it is the labyrinth containing the strings that move the puppets which alarm mankind. Here intrigue sits enthroned, and hence its influence radiates to the world, always at a loss to trace effects to their causes. Maharaja Dowlat Sing, descended four generations ago from one common ancestor with the Raja, was first sounded to save the honour of Oodipoor; but, horror-struck, he exclaimed, "Accursed the tongue that commands it! Dost on my allegiance if this to be preserved?" The Maharaja Jowandas, a natural brother, was then called upon; the dire necessity was explained, and it was urged that no common hand could be armed for the purpose. He accepted the poison, but when in youthful loveliness Kishna appeared before him, the dagger fell from his hand, and he returned more wretched than the victim. The fatal purpose thus revealed, the shrieks of the frantic mother reverberated through the palace, as she implored mercy or executed the murders of her child, who alone was resigned to her fate. But death was arrested, not averted. To use the phrase of the narrator, "she was excused the steel, the cup was prepared," and prepared by female hands! As the messenger presented it in the name of her father, she bowed and drank it, sending up a prayer for his life and prosperity. The raving mother poured imprecations on his head, while the lovely victim, who shed not a tear, thus endeavoured to console her. "Why afflict yourself, my mother, at this shortening of the sorrows of life; I fear not to die! Am I not your daughter? Why should I fear death? We are marked out for sacrifice from our birth; we scarcely enter the world but to be sent out again; let me thank my father that I have lived so long." Thus she conversed, till the nauseating draught refused to assimilate with her blood. Again the bitter potion was prepared, she drained it off; and again it was rejected; but, as if to try

the extreme of human fortitude, a third was administered, and for a third time nature refused to aid the horrible purpose. It seemed as if the fabled charm which guarded the life of the founder of her race, was inherited by the virgin Kishna. But the bloodhounds, the Pat'han and Ajit, were impatient till their victim was at rest; and cruelty, as if gathering strength from defeat, made another and a fatal attempt. A powerful opiate was presented, the fountains draught. She received it with a smile, wished the same over, and drank it. The desires of barbarity were accomplished. "She slept!" a sleep from which she never awoke.

DRUMWHINN BRIDGE

OVER THE RIVER ORR.—BUILT, 1832.

MEET autumn midnight glancing,
The stars above hold away,
I bend, in muse advancing,
To lonesome Orr my way.

Its rush in drowsy even
Can make the waste less dead;
Short pause beneath void Heaven,
Then back again to bed!

Hoho! 'mong deserts moory,
See here the craftsman's hand;
Vain now, bleak Orr, thy fury,
On whinstone arch I stand.

Dull Orr, thou moorland river
By man's eye rarely seen,
Thou gushest on for ever,
And wert while earth has been.

There o'er thy crags and gravel,
Thou sing'st an unknown song,
In tongue no clerk unravel!
Thou'st sung it long and long.

From Being's Source it bounded,
The morn when time began;
Since then 'tis moor has sounded,
Unheard or heard of man.

That day they crossed the Jordan,
When Hebrew trumpets rang,
Thy wave no foot was fording,
Yet here in moor it sang.

And I, while thou'st meandered,
Was not, have come to be,
Apart so long have wandered,
This moment meet with thee.

Old Orr, thou mystic water!
No Ganges holier is;
That was Creation's daughter;
What was it fashioned this?

The whinstone Bridge is builded,
Will hang a hundred year;
When bridge to time has yielded,
The brook will still be here.

Farewell, poor moorland river:
We parted and we met;
Thy journeyings are for ever,
Mine art not ended yet.

November, 1832.

A Zoological Mystery.—On one of these expeditions Linnæus was, or imagined himself to have been, stung by a venomous worm, said to be not uncommon in some parts of Sweden. However this may be, he was seized with a violent disorder which threatened the extinction of life, more especially as he had removed far into the country, where medical assistance could not be readily procured. This accident, instead of diminishing his zeal, tended to increase his desire of becoming more acquainted with the lower orders of animals. In a work which he subsequently published, this singular worm, the existence of which, however, is still doubtful, is thus described by him:—"It occurs in the extensive turf marishes of Bothnia, in the northern parts of Sweden. Falling from the atmosphere, frequently upon the bodies of men and animals, it instantly penetrates them with the most intense pain, so as to produce death from agony within a quarter of an hour. I myself was smitten by it, at Lund, in 1728. I have not seen the animal unless in a dried state. It seems in its properties to be allied to the chaotic animal. By what means it rises into the air, whence it falls during the interval between the summer and winter solstice, no one has explained."—*Lives of Zoologists.*

BALLS.

"LE BAL ENLOUISSANT! LE BAL DELICIEUX!"

For the London Journal.

Is it but a few journals back that the Editor gave a paper on Dancing; but, as is not his wont, left something still to be said on the subject—or, rather, it should be said, on a collateral and most important point—that of balls, or midnight dancing. The Editor touched on the subject, as the *padrona* of a *manipulating* house sometimes yields the tips of her fingers, and gives into the dance for a few moments, and is then off and away again to look after more substantial amusement for her readers—I beg pardon—*gosses*. This is a pardonable confusion of ideas: *how* do we not search the smiling face of the hostess for the cheer of the feast, and read tidings of the table in her eyes? And again—which of the readers of the Journal (alas! why not a *Journal de fante*) is not sometimes mentally a guest of the Editor, either in his library, or at his breakfast table? Did he not even indulgently introduce us to the assembly rooms of Mr Wilson?

It is a bold undertaking, it must be admitted, to attack a favourite amusement of the fair sex, but having had my attention rather painfully directed of late to the subject, I cannot refrain (in the trust of their utility) from offering a few hints on this same art—pastime—or sober-madness—of dancing: name it as you either use it or abuse it. But before I proceed, may I ask why have not medical men rendered any other interference unnecessary, by seriously setting their learned faces against such an unwise misapplication of two great blessings—the hour of rest, and the animal spirits—which are both untimely wasted in our modern *Dances*? Some have, I am aware, done so in books (and what is still more virtuous, in *expensive* books, too), but all should do so, *viva voce*, in the families they attend. It will be said, that the business of the physician is to cure, and a cure supposes an illness, and illnesses must have causes: alas! they manage these matters better in China. We have discovered the utility of a *preventive* police; why not borrow from the Celestial Empire the idea of a *preventive faculty*?

Not to incur the suspicion of Vandalism, I must acknowledge a great admiration for the dance, as brought to perfection by the artist—for there we are enjoying, as it were, a visible music—an embodied harmony. I must also "confess the soft impeachment," and own a love for dancing, when, like a laughing, rosy, yet ethereal, nymph, she surprises us with her presence in the winter's evening, as she is suddenly found at high jinks among the youngsters, leading them on to her tuneful, graceful sports. And, in fact, I must proclaim a respect for dancing in every shape, when confined to reasonable hours—to young limbs, (or young hearts)—and brows not furrowed—but for Balls! ah—"take any shape but that."

The ball-room is very tempting—very splendid—I admit: the interchange of congratulations, compliments, and civilities, all very agreeable; and, perhaps, if the enjoyment took place earlier in the evening, one might not complain: but what a time of night to begin to be happy—ten! Certainly this is one mode of killing time and one's self, too, at the same moment. Talk of the *merck* of intellect! let me hear of the *dance* of intellect. People say the "schoolmaster is abroad"—but not after ten, ye revellers—not after ten! He knows not of your doings, or ye would have heard of it.

But before I come to my subject, let me clear away all the off-shoots. One more, then, ye lovers of dancing, and of me, its eloquent advocate!

Commiseration principally attaches itself to the female (the habits of men and boys bear them up against the ill effects of temporary confinement; but, with the poor girl, the heated ball-room is only the climax of the unnatural course of her ordinary mode of life); but is it not a shame to bring the poor boys into the ball-room to stand there, miserably out of their element, wondering when the fun will begin? I am sure this is a full retribution for all boyish peccadilloes. I never witness the piteous

sight without thinking of the martyr of the innocents, and look on the lord of the feast as a refined and exquisite modern Herod, while, in fact, he is labouring to "make everybody happy."

It is all very well for those who are arrived at years of indiscrimination, to dance away the hours of repose. No doubt they could give good and sufficient reasons why a night spent in restraint and in an heated atmosphere is a recompense for the head-ache, the restlessness, the lassitude, the fever, of the ensuing day. With me, imagination is not so indulgent as to transform the broad-cloth of an elderly gentleman's coat-tail into the rainbow wings of some gay creature of the element; but if the gentleman can fancy himself something *sympathetic*, well and good. But I beg pardon—the amusement of another should be held sacred from all carping, though one may be allowed a little license, considering that, while these things are persisted in, everybody condemns them as wearisome in their own hearts—I would say everybody who has outlived the creaming animal spirits of youth. Who has not noticed good folks *gawwating* their limbs with all the gravity of an Indian pirouetting his last before the fire that is to consume him, or of a mathematician solving a problem, and *setting* the diagram at the same time? Who has not laughed at the desperate steps taken by the unfortunate *Cavalier Seul*, or, in English, *Cavalier Seul*? *Mais, revenons à nous moutons*: my business is with those without whose presence the dance would be at an end—I mean *young ladies*. Let the "tough seniors" enjoy this peculiar gratification to their hearts' content; but oh, let them not lead their children into the same error! The "tender juvenal" is but too content to snatch with delight at the joys of the passing hour—experience cannot have taught her to dread the *recoil*: the young girl will drink to the dregs the cup of pleasure presented to her lips; what shall we say to that parental hand which tempts those lips with a poison?

It would be a different case were there no "dancing hours" but those of midnight and the early morning. Rather than that ladies should not mix in society, large assemblies might be tolerated. But how many sensible people there are, who prove to their own satisfaction, and to the delight of those whom they gather together, that it is very possible to assemble *all* their loving and lovely friends around them, and yet exceed not a moderate number, proving, also, that there is time enough for enjoyment and merriment long before "the hour when churchyards yawn" for nightly revellers.

Need I repeat here the *delightful* truth, that woman nowhere shines to such effect as before her own hearth; and that, in proportion as the sphere is contracted in which her faculties are called upon to act, so will her powers of pleasing be enlarged?

There is a youth in the day, as there is a youth in man. They should dwell hand in hand together, interchanging gladness and beauty. Compare her, who, like Aurora's hand-maid, greets you at the cheerful breakfast-table, with rosy smiles and cheeks (*I vote them not vulgar*)—with flowery trophies of her morning's ramble in her hand—herself as fresh and gay, with the wearied fair you saw the preceding night, her eyes paling as the stars pale at day's approach, and her beauty blighted, as is that of the flowers brought, like her, into the withering atmosphere of riot. Compare the two, and account to me for the motives which can lead the latter lady to make such a sacrifice of health and beauty, and style it *pleasure*! I maintain that she has no motives at all satisfactory to her own mind; but that the *bad taste* of the matter must be laid, with other mighty charges, either at the door of fashion, or to the ostentation—to the false indulgence, or to the ambition of parents.

There are many who, proud of their daughters' superior strength in this particular, set danger at defiance. But while they admire, let them respect this excellency of constitution, and beware how they reduce its strength to a level with the weakness of the less fortunate. Woman has full need of all the powers with which nature has gifted her, if she would not

prove rather a curse than a blessing in the sphere to which she is called. Why, then, are these powers to be wasted in frivolity, or, rather say, in untimely amusements? If our daughters, I repeat, are blessed with health, as great as the fondest parent could desire, we may depend on it the time will come soon enough, when that gift will be largely drawn upon by the cares and illnesses incident to their future stations. If they must keep the night alive, now, for the fun of the thing, they will have enough of the "watches of the night" in after times, and leisure to regret the strength of body they then wasted.

An English party always strikes me as an assembly got together by people who dread such meetings from some cause or other; and, accordingly, seek to rid themselves of the painful tax by one mighty and overpowering effort, going forth almost into the highways, and obliging all to come to see what a number of people they can gather together, and what an expense they can afford to put themselves to. The grand affair over—their friends are no more thought of, till another year gone tells that it is again time for them to be *hospitable*. And it is to patched up meetings like these that we are to send our daughters. No one will dispute that the physical effects of these parties are far from wholesome: I have always found that their moral effects were as little enticing to a judicious parent. When will people do in England as is done on the Continent, that is, throw open their doors, at an early hour, on a certain night in every week, or fortnight, to all their acquaintance with whom they are on terms of amity, and pass with them a cheerful, serious, or a joyous hour, just as suits the individual tastes, or time of life, of their guests, and let conversation, dancing, and play, go on, each in its snug corner, without the restraints of ostentation and *fancy*?

One word on the most melancholy part of our subject—the immediate and often irremediable mischief which follows on "grand balls." In the severest part of our winter, at an hour, whose breath strikes to the bones even of the strongest—under a sky, rude and inclement, or distilling dews and fogs, poisonous as the *malaria* of the Pontine Marshes—the weak girl is led, flushed and joyous—and, in her joy, careless and unguarded—from the heated scene, into the raw air. There are some, who, smothered in cashmere, are hurried at a step into a close carriage, and thus escape at little risk; but in a circle where fortune is not so favourable, what danger is not incurred in waiting for the hired conveyance, and in its cold, rickety fabric, when arrived?

There are few readers whose recollection will not serve them with some unhappy instance, in which months of illness, succeeded too often by death itself, has followed upon this exposure.

For then comes the cough and the pale cheek, and life burning itself out fast in fever. The laughing eye becomes extinct and sunken, only to be lit again by the fearful blaze of consumption, as if death held his watch-tower there. The stream of life is polluted, weakened where it looks for strengthening. Peevishness and discontent seize on the once unruffled temper. Then have we hours of hope and months of despair, the self-accusations of the wretched parent, the flickering hopes of the victim, and the deserted hearth.

Ye natural guardians, whose breasts are not open to other emotions, think how you would suffer if wife or daughter were ordered to the south. Think on the travelling expenses to Devon, Montpellier, Madeira! think and tremble!

I have refrained from touching on the moral effects of my subject, partly as I could not do them justice, and partly because too many severe truths must be told, and partly—if I may close this *lecture* with a joke—because there is no hard hitting allowed in this peaceful arena: we all fight here, as we dance—in gloves.

[We add a note merely to say that we agree in every syllable with our correspondent, and recommend his advice to earnest attention. We would not say that sensible and social people should never go to a midnight ball,—not once in their lives. Let

them do so once and away,—twice, if they please; or oftener, provided it be a very rare event in their lives, as epochs from which to date perseverance, rather than cold or cough. People must not be too immoderately and everlastingly superior to every doubtful degree of social habit, lest they grow proud and carking, or timid, or uncharitable, and miss the beauty even of their virtue. Yet even their every care should be taken by parents and friends to guard against the lamentable evils so well deprecated by our correspondent; and the merry indulgence should not be taken at all, if security cannot be had against melancholy results. But again we ask, why are not domestic dances oftener resorted to, without any fuss and preparation, and purely for the sense and good humour of the thing? We have a vast deal of sound thinking to arrive at, in this very thoughtful country of ours! We are always waiting, and scheming, and laying in prodigious stocks of means, to be happy. Why do we not enjoy ourselves more with our stock as we go? Why not see that all rooms are ball-rooms, and that every passing moment is as good and precious as every other, if we did but know how to make it so? We have not enough *extempore* happiness in this country. In waiting for large results, we lose those thousands of small ones that make up, after all, the largest results of general comfort.]

A DOUBT AND AN ANSWER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON JOURNAL, ON THE SPIRIT OF HIS RECENT WRITINGS.

Oh, H—, thou first refiner
Of the wordy strife,
Making daily life
And the human heart diviner!

Yet, think! a smile for ever
On all things thrown,
Defeats its own
Benevolent endeavour.

Love is enhanced by sparing;—
For praise and blame
Are both the same
When the bad and good are sharing.

Too much does such approving
Seem a studied task,
Or a ready mask,
And not a genuine loving.

Such wholesale satisfaction
With ill and good,
To the full pursued
Would stop all virtuous action.

Such doctrine, kind Professor,
Keeping all bent
In meek content,
Well suits the strong oppressor.

New blandishments are on thee:—
Let it not be said,
When the storm is fled,
That the sunny beam has won thee.

Philos.

Canterbury, September 1834.

We thank our correspondent for his kind expressions, and for the interest he takes in the consequences of people's writings; but he misconceives us extremely if he supposes that we are bent upon "smiling for ever," and "on all things." Did we do so when we wrote the article entitled 'A Human Being and a Crowd'? Do we really do so at any time? Is there no mixture of gravity, of serious thoughts, of thoughts elevated to pleasures above smiling? Do we not speak of death, of the stars, of tears, of the perplexities and struggles of existing systems? And do we not attempt to persuade people out of artificial troubles and uncharitable mistakes, —things which imply a ground of seriousness, and a very grave one too, even when visited by the sunshine of loving endeavour, instead of the doubtful light of fire and sword?

Pleasure, and that of a mere pleasurable kind, than usual, is, undoubtedly, the object of this journal; but pleasure of a noble sort, the pleasure of realising

"The goods the gods provide us,"—

the pleasure recommended alike by the most doubting experiment and the most trusting faith,—that of making the utmost of this green and golden world, the smallest particles of whose surface we have not yet learned to turn to account,—that of profiting alike from the toil that is incumbent on us, and from "the lilies of the valley that toil not, neither do they spin,"—that of omitting no real manly or womanly duty, (how often do we not talk of both); but at the same time of omitting to take no fitting repose or reward for it, seeing that nothing is complete in this world but where the strong (which is health of workmanship) and the beautiful (which is fitness of result) combine to render it so, and that the same sense of a want which is given us in small things, to incite us to supply it (and therefore we do supply it) is given us, by parity of reasoning, to incite us to supply it in the greatest (and why should we not?) Mankind are small and short-lived creatures, viewed only in their present mode of being; but they are great and full of years, considered as a hopeful, a retrospective, and a future species; and when we think of a few hundreds of ages compared with the lapse of time, the happy settlement of this earth may be no greater an action in the eye of eternity than theighting of a shoe.*

Above all, as respects ourselves, pray let our correspondent be assured that we are in earnest every jot, and that we affect nothing. We have no "studied task" (apart from the necessity of a task of some sort), and no "mask" whatever. We say nothing which we do not think, and manifest no feeling which is not that of our daily life and our most habitual enjoyments,—our talisman against trouble, and our best reward for exertion. A leaf, a flower, a fine passage of music, or poetry, or painting, a belief in a thousand capabilities of earth and man, give us literally as much delight as we say they do. We should not otherwise have been able to get through "a sea of troubles," nor to recommend as we do the loving light that has saved us.

We believe that if all men thought better of one another, that is to say, the best they could, doing justice to what is good, and making allowance for the causes and circumstances over which the first formation of character has no control, all "virtuous action" would be so far from "stopped," that it would proceed a thousand times more smoothly and successfully, and a stop be put to a thousand pernicious re-actions of hopelessness and resentment. Neither would the "oppressor" profit by it, except as a man bettered and instructed; for, in partaking of the charitable construction, he would learn to give it; and in the general progress of beneficent knowledge, he could, neither from feeling nor good sense, remain what he is. He would know his oppression to be good for nobody, not even himself.

As to "blandishments," and "sunny beams," and the "storm that is fled," we think the storm is indeed fled,—not surely over our own individual head, which has yet to struggle with the consequences of resisting it, but from the fair face of the world and its hopes; and so thinking, we hold that we have a right to look after the welfare of that head, and to indulge the inclination, which, we will venture to say, was always natural to us,—that of grappling in peace and good will with the hands of all men, and interchanging as many good offices as we can with all our fellow-beings, especially with those whom we conceive qualified by nature to advance the development of the world's best faculties, however obscured their sympathies may have been (like our own) during the melancholy irritabilities of warfare.

* Not that we think heaven meanwhile insensible to individual suffering, whatever may be the necessity for its appearing to be so. Among the infinite mysteries of other modes of being, and its renewals, it is easy to conceive that there is some mode understood for reconciling all. But far from easy is it to conceive that the maker of sensibility can be insensible to it.

THE TWO OAKS IN HYDE-PARK.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—Be so good as inform your correspondent who inquires about the Two Oaks, that they are lifeless, and that during the alterations, or, I believe, improvements, as they were called, which a few years ago took place in Hyde-park, when the solitude of that sequestered spot where the trees stand was invaded by a carriage drive, the idea was in charity conceived of clothing the naked members of these fakeers with a subsidiary verdure, for that of which time and nature had deprived them, thus offering to the wondering eyes of the metropolis, real old trees with real ivy round them. Shoots were planted round their bases, and a railing added to preserve the infant parasites from beasts and depredating hands.

The ivy has grown very slowly, and it has been said, though I doubt if correctly, that the dead and barren tree does not afford it sufficient encouragement. This I altogether suspect: there is not so much affinity between human and vegetable flatterers; on the contrary, I cannot but think it hard to call this beautiful climber a parasitic plant. Does it not better deserve to be called the emblem of Charity, covering with its rich and verdant mantle the most desolate and deserted objects? In the meantime, however, the trees stand like pugilists clothed upwards only to the waist, and their arms are thrown towards the sky with an air of wild and angry contention not a little singular and picturesque, and which, when they shall be crested over with the evergreen, can scarcely be excelled.—I remain dear Sir, also,

Sept. 27, 1834.

A CONSTANT READER.

THE SPECULATOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

[From the *New French Periodical*, published in London, entitled '*Le Camélion*.']

THE Count de Flamarens, having honourably terminated his military career, had retired to his estate, where an easy independence enabled him, with the help of economy, to sustain the dignity of his name. A law suit, which he had already carried with success through many courts, being taken by appeal before a higher tribunal, obliged him to make a journey to Paris. He travelled on horseback, proceeding by easy stages.

Passing through the forest of Fontainebleau, he saw a party of horsemen, who, taking a cross-road, appeared to be all travelling together. Curiosity induced him to follow them, although at the expense of going out of his way. Having proceeded some distance, they arrived at an open place in the wood, which was called the Fort de la Biche, where they all alighted, and each man tied his horse to the branch of a tree. M. de Flamarens by this time perceived that the objects of his curiosity were dressed with very little attention to appearances. It at once struck him that he was in the midst of a band of robbers; flight seemed impossible, for he saw many more approaching by the only path which would have served for his retreat. He presently bethought him that the best way to get himself through the scrape would be to do as he saw others do, and pass among the crowd for one of themselves. He therefore also dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree. His uneasiness was however much increased, when he observed all eyes fixed upon him, and the strangers, gathering in little knots, begin to whisper together, but without for an instant removing their eyes. At last one of them left the circle, and, coming straight up to him, asked him, with some embarrassment, what motive had brought him to the place? The Count, keeping to his first idea, without losing his self-possession, answered firmly, "Probably the same, sir, that has brought others." The deputed mediator retires, rejoins his companions, and the whispering is renewed with greater activity than ever. The negotiator presently returns, to offer the Count two hundred louis if he will withdraw! Astonished by so unexpected a proposal, he began to find his adventure highly diverting; without understanding anything of the business he was thus involuntarily engaged in, he answered at random, that it was not enough. The ambassador again retires, and again returns, to urge his proposal. The Count persists; and, after many trials of his firmness, is offered five hundred louis! He agrees, the gold is placed in his hands, and, mounting his horse, he departs amidst all possible civilities, as glad to get clear of his suspicious company, as they appeared to be to get rid of him.

Arrived at Milan, M. de Flamarens sought for some information that might elucidate the mys-

terious appearances he had witnessed, and, from what he learned, he gathered, that chance had brought him to Fort de la Biche, at the precise time that had been appointed for a sale which was to be made of a great part of the wood. Thence it was not difficult to conclude that he had fallen in with a party who had combined to bid for it; and that, taking him for an interloper, who will bid against them, they had thought his absence cheaply purchased at the rate of five hundred louis.

Good News for Settlers-up of London Journals.—If the desire to maximize good were present to the minds of public writers—if it were ever less their purpose to give pain to some object of individual hostility, than to further the great ends of popular felicity, the atmosphere of opinion would soon become bright and clear.—*Bentham*.

Hannah More.—In her thoughts on her own way of life, at Cowlip Green, the amount of false sentiment is prodigious. She separates her religious duties from the active engagements of her life,—a fatal error, which has led to the abstraction and mysticism of nunneries and monasteries, and their consequent vices. In tending of flowers, and even in paying visits, devotion may mingle; and if admiration of the works of God and charity to our neighbours be the concomitants of either act, more religion will belong to it than to all the leisure in the world. [From an excellent article in '*Fraser's Magazine*,' on the "Life and Writings of Mrs Hannah More."]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are very sensible of the continued kindness of *The Scotsman*, and of the cordial approbation bestowed upon us by the *Glasgow Liberator*.

The Editor will attend to the wishes of Z. Z., which came too late for his last communication. He does not see, however, that the hero of the verses in question could be offended with them, even if he recognized himself as the subject; which, perhaps, among the numerous worthies of his calling, is not very likely. The portrait, though genuine, is painted in a spirit which no honest traveller through the rounds of this life could be offended with.

The author of the verses on "Betty Bolaine" fears he may have hurt the feelings of an individual who is in the enjoyment of the property she left to an intermediate party. Assuredly he had no such intention, nor did we know of the existence of that individual.

A Constant Reader says, in reference to a contingency apprehended from the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius, that it was impossible for any direction of the lava to have affected the city of Naples, as there are hills between that place and the mountain.

R. R. of Leicester, "a youthful subscriber," who will learn to blot and to concentrate as he grows older, sends us some verses on a dying soldier, of which the two following stanzas are worth extracting for the contrast they present between a domestic death-bed, and that on a field of battle:—

Trampling hoofs—the gentle hands—
To smooth his pillow down;
Savage shouts the soothing sounds
To lull his dying moan!

Frantic shrieks and curses dark,
The prayers around him said;
Ruthless drums and cannons roar
The toll when he is dead!

The Christianity of the *London Journal* is not of the gloomy and contradictory sort inquired into by "One of the Million."

The 'Spirit of Business' has points in it; but altogether it appears to us not worthy of the talents of its author.

'Timothy Timbrous' will be good enough to find the answer to his query in the one given to E. D. in our last week's Journal.

'George Hawthorne's' idea of stories founded on the Police cases might be turned, we think, to good account; but we are unable to entertain the project in our publication.

We thought we had noticed the effusion to the 'Buttercup.' There are pleasant things in it; but it is too long. May we extract from it?

There was no offence whatsoever in the proposal of J. M. C. We shall look at his verses again.

The 'Sonnet to the Grave' shall be inserted.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29, 1834.

No. 31.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

AMIABLENESS SUPERIOR TO INTELLECT.

In our article, the other day, upon the gossiping old gentleman who appeared to sympathise so excessively with the lady's tooth-ach, we omitted to caution some of our readers against supposing that we were contradicting our usual sympathetic theories, and laughing at any innocent exemplification of them, however trivial. But though the gentleman was harmless, except in his tediousness, and not an ill-natured man, and did far better than if he had set himself to waste an equal portion of time in the manifestation of antipathy, yet sympathy was not the ground of his proceeding: it was pure want of ideas and a sensation,—the necessity of killing time. We should not object even to any innocent mode of doing that, where a human being lives under a necessity so unfortunate, and has not the luck to be a hedger or ditcher: but it is desirable not to let sympathy be mistaken for something different from what it is, especially where it takes a shape that is ridiculous.

On the other hand, with regard to the common-place of the matter, apart from an absolute extravagance of insipidity, far are we from wishing to treat common-places with derision, purely as such. They are the common clay of which human intercourse is made, and therefore as respectable in our eyes as any other of the ordinary materials of our planet, however desirous we may be of warming them into flowers. Nay, flowers they have, provided the clay be pure and kindly. The air of health and cheerfulness is over them. They are like the common grass, and the daisies and buttercups. Children have them; and what children have, the most uncommon grown people may envy, unless they have health and cheerfulness too.

It is Sir Walter Scott, we believe, who has observed somewhere, that men of superior endowments, or other advantages, are accustomed to pay too little regard to the intercourse of their less gifted fellow-creatures, and to regret all the time that is passed in their company. He says, they accustom themselves so much to the living upon sweets and spices, that they lose a proper relish for ordinary food, and grow contemptuous of those who live upon it, to the injury of their own enjoyment. They keep their palate in a constant state of thirst and irritation, rather than of healthy satisfaction. And we recollect Mr Hazlitt making a remark to a similar effect, namely, that the being accustomed to the society of men of genius renders the conversation of others tiresome, as consisting of a parcel of things that have been heard a thousand times, and from which no stimulus is to be obtained. He lamented this, as an effect unbecoming a reflecting man and a fellow-creature (for though irritable, and sometimes resentful, his heart was large and full of humanity); and the consequence was, that nobody paid greater attention than he to common conversation, or showed greater respect towards any endeavours to interest him, however trite. Youths of his acquaintance are fond of calling to mind the footing of equality on which he treated them, even when children, gravely interchanging remarks with them, as he sat side by side, like one grown person with another, and giving them now and then (though without the pomp) a Johnsonian "Sir." The serious earnestness of his

"Indeed, m'm!" with lifted eyebrows, and protruded lips, while listening to the surprising things told him by good housewives about their shopping or their preserves, is now sounding in our ears; and makes us long to see again the splenetic but kindly philosopher, who worried himself to death about the good of the nations.

There is but one thing necessary to put any reflecting person at his ease with the common-place; and that is, their own cheerfulness and good-humour. To be able to be displeased, in spite of this, is to be insensible to the best results of wisdom itself. When all the Miss Smiths meet all the Miss Joneses, and there is nothing but a world of smiles, and recognitions, and gay breath, and loud askings after this person and that, and comparisons of bonnets and cloaks, and "So glads!" and "So sorrys!" and rosy cheeks, or more lovely goodnatured lips, who that has any good humour of his own, or power to extract a pleasant thought from pleasant things, desires wit or genius in this full blown exhibition of comfortable humanity? He might as well be sullen at not finding wit or genius in a cart full of flowers going along the street, or in the spring cry of "Primroses."

A total want of ideas in a companion, or of the power to receive them, is indeed to be avoided by men who require intellectual excitement; but it is a great mistake to suppose that the most discerning men demand intellect above every thing else in their most habitual associates, much less in general intercourse. Happy would they be to see intellect more universally extended, but as a means, not as an end,—as a help to the knowledge of what is amiable, and not what is merely knowing. Clever men are sometimes said even to be jealous of clever companions, especially female ones. Men of genius, it is notorious, for a very different reason, and out of their own imagination of what is excellent, and their power to adorn what they love, will be enamoured, in their youth, of women neither intelligent, nor amiable, nor handsome. They make them all three, with their fancy; and are sometimes too apt, in after-life, to resent what is nobody's fault but their own. However, their faults have their excuses, as well as those of other men; only they who know most, should excuse most. But the reader may take our word for it, from the experience of long intercourse with such men, that what they value above every other consideration, in a companion, female or male, is amiableness; that is to say, evenness of temper, and the willingness (general as well as particular) to please and be pleased, without egotism and without exaction. This is what we have ever felt to be the highest thing in themselves, and what gave us a preference for them, infinite, above others of their own class of power. We know of nothing capable of standing by the side of it, or of supplying its place, but one; and that is, a deep interest in the welfare of mankind. The possession of this will sometimes render the very want of amiableness touching, because it seems to arise from the reverse of what is unamiable and selfish, and to be exasperated, not because itself is unhappy, but because others are so. It was this, far more than his intellectual endowments (great as they were), which made us like Mr Hazlitt. Many a contest has it saved us with him, many a sharp answer, and interval of alienation; and often,

perhaps, did he attribute to an apprehension of his formidable powers (for which, in our animal spirits, we did not care twopence) what was owing intirely to our love of the sweet drop at the bottom of his heart. But only imagine a man, who should feel this interest too, and be deeply amiable, and have great sufferings, bodily and mental, and know his own errors, and waive the claims of his own virtues, and manifest an unceasing considerateness for the comfort of those about him, in the very least as well as greatest things, surviving, in the pure life of his heart, all mistake, all misconception, all exasperation, and ever having a soft word in his extremity, not only for those who consoled, but for those who distressed him; and imagine how we must have loved him? It was Mr Shelley. His genius, transcendent as it was, would not have bound us to him; his poetry, his tragedy, his philosophy, would not have bound us; no, not even his generosity, had it been less amiable. It was his unbounded heart, and his ever kind speech. Now observe, pray, dear reader, that what was most delightful in such a man as this, is most delightful, in its degree, in all others; and that people are loved, not in proportion to their intellect, but in proportion to their love-ability. Intellectual powers are the leaders of the world, but only for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and amiableness, or of showing them encouraging pictures of it by the way. They are no more the things to live with, or repose with, apart from qualities of the heart and temper, than the means are without the end; or than a guide to a pleasant spot is to be taken for the spot itself, with its trees, health, and quiet.

It has been truly said, that knowledge is of the head, but wisdom is of the heart; that is, you may know a great many things, but turn them to no good account of life and intercourse, without a certain harmony of nature often possessed by those whose knowledge is little or nothing. Many a man is to be found, who knows what amiableness is, without being amiable; and many an amiable man, who would be put to the blush if you expected of him a knowing definition of amiableness. But there are a great many people held to be very knowing, and entertaining the opinion themselves, who, in fact, are only led by that opinion to think they may dispense with being amiable, and who in so thinking confute their pretension to knowingness. The truth is, that knowledge is by no means so common a thing as people suppose it; while luckily, on the other hand, wisdom is much less uncommon; for it has been held a proof of one of the greatest instances of knowledge that ever existed, that it knew how little it *did* know! whereas every body is wise in proportion as he is happy or patient; that is to say, in proportion as he makes the best of good or bad fortune.

A Resource.—It is neither paradoxical, nor merely poetical, to say

"That seeking other's good, we find our own."

This solid yet romantic maxim is found in no less a writer than Plato; who, sometimes in his moral lessons, as well as his theological, is almost, though not altogether, a Christian.—*Sharp's Letters and Essays, (Third Edition, just published.)*

THE "HANS SACHS" OF DOVER.

[THE following letter and verses, some of which we have extracted from much longer poems, all exhibiting a real power struggling with conventional forms of language, will speak for themselves. All we shall say to the author is, let him stick to his trade and his verses too, for thus he will reconcile duty and pleasure, and help the world to learn how noble and manly a thing is every useful employment, and capable of being associated with elegant recreation. We must own that we cannot patronize the keeping of birds in cages, any more than we would the keeping of a man in one, if birds were lords of the creation, and fond of catching Brahams and Catalans; but we publish the verses connected with it, partly because of their freshness, and partly to show how the kindest and most reflecting natures may be led to give into a custom without thinking of it—nay, even while pitying its victims. But our author will tell us, perhaps, that he did not imprison the bird; he only found it imprisoned, and retained it so. There is a perplexity in that point, we acknowledge; but the custom should be discountenanced, especially by the considerate. Imprisonment is a melancholy state for any creature; but, of all creatures, a winged one is surely the most unfit for it. Suppose Mr D. writes some verses on that view of the subject?]

Dover, August 31, 1834.

SIR,—The account you have given in one of your late Numbers, from 'Carlyle's German Literature,' of a "Guild of Poets!" in Nürnberg, and the circumstance of one of my own calling, the redoubted Hans Sachs, being the prime head of the fraternity, led me to think of my own attempts in the same way; and as I have no desire to be "left standing on my own basis as a singular product," as was the honest German, I have, through the opportunity of a friend going to London, resolved to try if I could base myself—though a shoemaker—on the favour of the 'London Journal,' and find some "seat-room" for the few pieces I have herewith forwarded for the purpose. Believe me, Sir, the hardihood of this attempt I know well; I know (and yet, alas! too poorly know) who is to scrutinize my pretensions; and have some conception of the manner in which an Editor is haunted by "Poets!" and must be haunted, notwithstanding a thousand letters of Goethe's were to be reprinted, to keep the "order" in some sort of abeyance. All this I know well, and as proof to you that I, like the rest, am not to be easily deterred, I do as I do, and await with fear and trembling the awful result of your answers to Correspondents, which, though couched with such art and delicacy, are yet, I surmise, in all cases, not without their bitter.

I am, Sir, your admirer,
and as such your grateful
and most obedient servant,

J. D.

P.S. I hope, under the circumstances in which I write, you will excuse all that may be excusable, and set my errors down, not so much to an inability of knowing better, as to a want of an opportunity of ever being put in the way of knowing. Like the spider, I have been compelled to spin from my own in-gatherings, never having the aid of another as to the taste or solidity of my manufacture. I have weaved my own woof, like the witch in Gray, and must be content with its quality, indifferent or absolutely bad, as it may be; there is no choice—for myself there is not, but with you the matter is otherwise.

A BIRD'S KNOWLEDGE.

Could'st thou but tell to me, my pretty bird,
The now sole cheerer of my passing home,
What in the far-off fields to thee occur'd,
When there, the live-long day, thou us'd to roam,
'Twould make, I think, sweet verse!

Tell what thou'st witness'd in thy freedom's day,
And haply will thy bondage lighter seem;
As oft the soul, when pleasant fancies play,
Creates again fresh being in its dream:
Come tell the charming tale!

How thou did'st look upon the opening morn,
As starting from thy rest within some tree,
And saw the sun glint o'er its blushing boughs,
And forcing into life, all gallantly,
Making the dark clouds fall!

TO MY ROBIN ON HIS SINGING BY CANDLELIGHT.

Whence comes, sweet thing, this wondrous confidence,
Soft singing in a light thou ne'er could'st know,
When thou did'st nestle in the hedge-row's fence,
To slumber on till day again might grow?
Whence comes it, or who taught thee thus to vie
With the far famous sorcerer of the night?
Or seek'st thou with the poet but to try
How thou can'st, too, promote thy own delight,
Finding employment in the bosom strain
That comes in lonely hour to soothe one's pain?

SONNET.

[On seeing a Rainbow stretch across the Channel
from Dover to the opposite Coast of France,—
Saturday Evening, August 30, 1834.]

Magnificent Phenomenon! with thee
Can aught of beauty in this world compare,
As now thy proud arch runneth o'er the sea
In all its mixture of rich colours rare?
Thrown superb 'gainst the concave Heavens,
there!
Thou send'st thy brilliance down on either side
On Britain and the Gaul-land o'er the wave,
As they in peace were ever to abide.
Oh! bow of Mercy! be thou then our guide
To keep this feeling worshipp'd, for 'twill save
The Nations from much wrong and hurtful pride,
And many a worthy one from timeless grave.
Let thou, or seen, or not, be understood
As the bright type of universal good!

Indian Hospitality.—The virtue of hospitality in India, as elsewhere, prevails most in the wilder and more unfrequented districts. "I sometimes frequented places," says Forbes, "where the natives had never seen an European, and were ignorant of every thing concerning us; there I beheld manners and customs simple as were those in the patriarchal age; there, in the very style of Rebecca, and the damsels of Mesopotamia, the Hindoo villagers treated me with that artless hospitality so delightful in the poems of Homer, and other ancient records. On a sultry day, near a Jinore village, having rode faster than my attendants, while waiting their arrival under a tamarind tree, a young woman came to the well; I asked for a little water, but neither of us having a drinking vessel, she hastily left me, as I imagined, to bring an earthen cup for the purpose, as I should have polluted a vessel of metal; but as Jael, when Sisera asked for water, gave him milk and 'brought forth butter in a lordly dish,' so did this village damsel, with more sincerity than Heber's wife, bring me a pot of milk, and a lump of butter, on the delicate leaf of the banana, the lordly dish of the Hindoos. The former I accepted; on my declining the latter, she immediately made it up into two balls, and gave one to each of the oxen that drew my hackery. Butter is a luxury to these animals, and enables them to bear additional fatigue.—*Oriental Annual.*

Sensible Apartment.—A very extraordinary practice, which might perhaps be advantageously imitated in more civilized communities, prevails among the superior classes of Hindoos. They have in their houses an apartment called *Krodhagara*, or "The Chamber of Anger," in which any member of the family who happens to be out of temper, shuts himself up, until solitude has medicined his rage. When sufficient time for reflection has been allowed, the master of the family goes and endeavours to bring back the seceder to the domestic circle. If by chance it should be a woman, he inquires what she wants. To this, perhaps, she replies, that she desires to have a large fish to eat every day—having probably seen one in the hands of some female member of the family,—or a palanquin and bearers to carry her daily to the river to bathe; or a large sum of money to perform the worship of some idol; or rich garments, and costly and beautiful ornaments. Having obtained her wishes, she consents (to borrow a vulgar English adage) "to come out of Coventry."—*The Hindoos.*

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

SLID—TRIAL OF SPENCER COWPER, AFTERWARDS JUDGE COWPER, AND GRANDFATHER OF THE POET.

No comment need be made upon this singular case, except, perhaps, that the poor girl, after all, was less in love than she took herself to be; otherwise she never would have left such a step in the mind of an honest and well-meaning man. Wilfulness was predominant over loveliness.

Spencer Cowper, a barrister-at-law, of fair character and honourable family, in the reign of King William, and in the full career of a profitable practice, was accused of murdering the daughter of a wealthy quaker at Hertford; a charge for which he was tried at the assizes of that place, eleven years after the revolution. And it must be confessed that there were circumstances in the conduct and behaviour of Mr Cowper, and other persons associated with him in the indictment, which, though not sufficient absolutely to fix and bring home the crime upon them, certainly required explanation.

Repairing to Hertford, as was his custom, at the assizes, he had been prevailed on by pressing and repeated invitations from the fair quakeress, to dine, and pass a good part of the afternoon and evening at the house of her mother, a respectable widow, with whom she lived. He had been with her almost the whole of the time without a third person; was the last who had been seen in her company; and, at a late hour of the night, they had both gone out of doors, while the servant was warming a bed, as she supposed for Mr Cowper.

The unhappy female returned no more, and the first news her miserable mother heard, after a night of agitation, suspense, and anxiety, was, that the corpse of her daughter had been found floating in a river not far from their dwelling.

It is not necessary to describe the acute sufferings of a parent, or the silent mortification of a fraternity who, if they have more than one fault, it is, that, with considerable temptations to triumph, they somewhat overvalue themselves, in excelling most men in purity of manners. The coroner, after as fair and impartial an inquiry as he was able to make, pronounced it a case of lunacy; and the family followed their poor kinswoman to the grave, with the hopeless regret that such kind of deaths generally produce.

But reports unfavourable to the deceased, and to the visitor of her family, were industriously circulated by folly or by malice. Certain ignorant or prejudiced bye-standers asserted that they saw a dark, circular mark round her neck, as they drew the body from the water, and that the distention which generally takes place in drowned bodies was not observed. From these, and other circumstances hastily taken up, they rashly concluded, that the young lady had by no means destroyed herself, but that some unwarrantable method, probably strangling, had been made use of, to shorten her life, before she was thrown into the river.

It was also proved that a party of gentlemen, friends and acquaintances of Mr Cowper, and some of them attendants on the judges of the assize, had arrived at Hertford the night the deceased was missing; that they were heard to make her the subject of their conversation, and to use the following remarkable expression soon after their arrival: "Her courting days will soon be over; a friend of ours will quickly be even with her."

It ought further to be mentioned, that party politics had for many years run high at this place; that Mr Cowper's father, and, we believe, his brother, were at the period in question sitting members for the town, after a warm and strongly contested election; for these and other reasons, it was supposed that many circumstances were exaggerated, and that the opportunity was thought favourable, and eagerly seized on by an exasperated minority, to cast an odium on the family and connexions of a successful candidate; the quakers also were anxious to remove the stigma of suicide and intrigue from a member of their society.

Whatever were the motives of the different persons concerned, the public mind was highly agitated, and the populace inflamed. After much cavil and clamour, the body was disinterred, and accurately examined by professional men, who, after a long and elaborate discussion, determined that there were strong grounds for suspecting Mr Cowper and his associates of being guilty of murder. The gentlemen were immediately taken into custody, and arraigned at the ensuing assizes.

The position of a man of unblemished reputation, liberally educated, and by his connexion and profession generally known and respected, thus, at once accused of murder, attended with circumstances of peculiar foulness and aggravation, naturally excited general curiosity and attention, and produced a crowded court. To remove not only from himself, but his friends, the danger as well as disgrace attached to so shocking a charge, Mr Cowper brought

a number of physicians, surgeons, and anatomists, eminent in their day,—Sir Hans Sloane, Sir Samuel Garth, and a namesake, but not relation, of the barrister's, a diligent and accurate dissector, who ought never to be named without praise; these, and many other gentlemen proved, to the satisfaction of the court, that the arguments adduced by the medical men, in support of the prosecution, were unfounded and inconclusive; that the circumstance of the corpse having little or no water in the stomach, did not originate from its being dead previous to falling in, but that it frequently occurred with suicides, who plunge in, determined resolutely to die. That the case was very different with those drowned by accidents, who, in their efforts to emerge, and often to call for assistance, generally struggle for some time, and swallow a considerable quantity of water.

This, and much more of scientific theory, abstruse reasoning, and anatomical explanation, in which judges, jurymen, and all unprofessional men, must be governed by the decisions of others, was long and fully urged on both sides, and concluded in favour of the opinion, that the young woman had thrown herself into the river.

In answer to what had been said of a mark round her neck, it was denied by several respectable witnesses that any such appeared: they agreed that there was a discoloured spot below the ear, and another near the collar bone, but neither of them circular, or such as a cord drawn tight on the neck would have left; they were accidental bruises, probably produced by the body falling against piles, near which it was found, or settlements of blood, not unfrequent, on such melancholy occasions.

After a long and impartial examination of a variety of witnesses, Mr Cowper was asked what he had to say in his defence. Struggling between the urgency of his case, and the laudable delicacy which has been generally observed in anything that collaterally or directly relates to such subjects, he was compelled to confess, that the unhappy young lady, on account of whose death he appeared that day at the bar of a court in which he had so often pleaded, had long secretly nourished, and at length expressed, a strong attachment to him, which, as a married man, and as the father of a family, he had dissuaded her from giving way to, by every means in his power.

The letters, in justice to himself and the gentlemen who, by some strange concurrence of circumstances, or some perverse misrepresentation, had been implicated with him in the charge, he would presently submit to the inspection of the court; but he wished first to give a plain unvarnished tale of the whole of his conduct with respect to the deceased.

Mr Cowper then proceeded to observe, that when she saw no probability of her passion meeting with approval, she became low-spirited, melancholy, negligent of her dress, and had been heard in different places and by various persons, to drop expressions of discontent and despair, purporting that her abode in this world would be of short duration; of which, in due time, he would bring sufficient evidence. The very evening they spent together, he observed, the last evening of her life, the conversation, which he little thought of ever repeating in public, was passed in soothing and, he had trusted, salutary advice on his part, and in tears and tender reproaches on hers; and he threw himself, he said, on the pity of every person present of either sex, to spare his entering into further details on the subject, when he solemnly declared that no alternative remained, but his quitting the house peremptorily and abruptly, with a female endeavouring to convince him that he should not do it, or forgetting the line of conduct which in every respect became him.

Mr Cowper then appealed to the general tenor of his life and conversation, to which he called many and respectable witnesses. He asked if any reasonable motive could be adduced for his atrociously murdering one who had long been his client, the object of his most friendly regard and commiseration, and who, without any encouragement from him, had yielded to a fatal infatuation, which deprived her of life; one who, but for this fatal weakness, might have been a credit and comfort to her family? He hoped that the situation in which he stood would not only excuse but justify his making public that which otherwise would never have passed his lips; and having entered into a long, circumstantial, and satisfactory account of many particulars, which it is not necessary to repeat, and after producing strong vouchers in confirmation of all that he had said, he concluded with taking two letters out of his portfolio, which the deceased had addressed to him. These strongly corroborated the defence in every particular.

Such letters, the more singular from having been written by a quaker, and one, too, whose general deportment had been consistent with the prudent manners of the society, raised the curiosity of the court and excited the attention of the judge, Mr Baron Hatsell, who desired to look at them. Having perused them as a literary novelty, and seeing a brother of the deceased, he demanded of him what he thought of the hand-writing? "It is like my sister's," replied the honest secretary, struggling between his

love of truth and fraternal affection; "but the sentiments avowed are so contradictory and inconsistent with the whole tenor of her previous life and conversation, that I hesitate in believing them to be hers."

The same question being put to her mother, the poor lady answered with the asperity of a parent bereft of her darling daughter, under circumstances so appalling;—"Nothing will persuade me that these abominations proceeded from the heart or the pen of Sarah; I believe not a word of all that has been said." Many of the intimate friends, however, of the family, and several persons unbiased by the ties of nature, interest, or corporate feelings, were reluctantly compelled to confess, that the hand-writing resembled that of the deceased as nearly as possible; and that to the best of their knowledge and belief, they considered her as the writer of the letters in question.

The persons indicted with Mr Cowper being called upon to explain their singular conversation (before alluded to) on the night of their arrival at Hertford, replied that Mr Marshall, a common friend of themselves and Mr Cowper, had formerly paid his addresses to the deceased; that for a certain time she encouraged, but at length refused his offers; and that when they understood Mr Cowper was at her house, their chat over their cups was unguarded concerning her, having often joked Mr Marshall on the subject; that the words produced against them they remembered to have made use of, but they only meant, perhaps in a spirit which they did not pretend to justify, that the barrister ought not to be very scrupulous in his treatment of a woman, who had behaved like a jilt and a coquette to her former lover.

The accused parties were honourably acquitted.

A DOMESTIC ADMISSION INTO THE SPECULATIONS OF A GREAT AND LOVING MIND.

(From Mrs Austen's 'Characteristics of Goethe.')

IN the summer of 1809, one afternoon, I called (says a friend) on Goethe, and found him sitting in the garden enjoying the mild weather. Katz, the landscape painter, for whom he had a singular regard was also there. Goethe sat at a small garden table; before him stood a long-necked glass, in which a small live snake was moving about with great vivacity; he fed it with a quill; and made daily and minute observations upon it. He maintained that it knew him already, and raised its head to the edge of the glass, as soon as he came in sight.

What splendid, intelligent eyes! said he. A great deal was half finished in this head, but the awkward writhing body would not allow much to come of it. Nature, too, has cheated this long, ensheathed, organization of hands and feet; though this head and these eyes might well have deserved both. Indeed, she frequently leaves such debts unpaid, at least for the moment, though sometimes she afterwards pays them under more favourable circumstances. The skeletons of many marine animals clearly show, that, when she made them, she was full of the thought of some higher race of land animals. Very often, working in an ungenial and untractable element, she was obliged to content herself with a fish's tail where she would evidently have used to give a pair of hind feet into the bargain—nay, even where the rudiments of them are clearly discerned in the skeleton.

Near the glass which contained the snake lay some chrysalids of caterpillars, whose forthcoming Goethe was expecting. They showed a remarkable mobility, sensible to the touch. Goethe took them off the table, watched them eagerly and attentively, and then said to his boy—Carry them in doors, they will hardly come out to-day. It is too late now. It was four in the afternoon.

At this moment Frau von Goethe (Madame Goethe) came into the garden.

Goethe took the chrysalids out of the boy's hand, and laid them again on the table.

How magnificent that fig-tree is in leaf and blossom, exclaimed Frau von Goethe to us from a considerable distance, as she advanced towards us along the middle walk of the garden. After greeting me and receiving my salutations in return, she immediately asked me whether I had gone close to the fig-tree to admire it. We will not forget, said she, at the same time addressing herself to Goethe, to have it matted next winter.

Goethe smiled and said, Let yourself be shown the fig-tree—and that directly—or we shall have no peace this evening. And it really is worth seeing, and deserves to be handsomely dealt with and provided for.

What is the name of the exotic plant, resumed Frau von Goethe, which a man lately brought us from Jena?

Do you mean the great hellebore?

Yes, it thrives admirably.

I am glad of it. We shall make a second Anti-jira, of this place, in time.

There, I see, lie the chrysalids—have you seen nothing yet?

I laid them there for you. Do listen, I beg of you (taking them again in his hand and holding them to his ear), how it knocks; how it jumps; and will burst forth into life!

Wonderful would I fain call these transitions of nature, were not the wonderful in nature the most usual and ordinary. But we must not omit to let our friend here partake of this sight. To-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, the butterfly will probably be here, and a prettier, more elegant thing you have seldom seen in your life. I know the caterpillar, and I summon you to attend to-morrow afternoon, at the same hour, in the garden, if you have a mind to see something more remarkable than the most remarkable of all the remarkable things Kotzebue saw on his long journey to Tobolsk, in the most remarkable years of his life.* Meanwhile let us put the box in which our yet unknown beautiful sylph lies enclosed, and decks herself in all her splendour for to-morrow, into a sunny window in the summer-house.

So there you stand, my nice, pretty child. Nobody will interrupt you in this corner, nor disturb you while you are completing your toilet.

Well, for my part, said Frau von Goethe, casting a side glance at the snake, I could not endure such a nasty thing as that near me, still less feed it with my own hands. It is such a disagreeable creature! It makes me shudder to look at it.

Hold your tongue, replied Goethe,—though, tranquil as he was himself, he was generally not displeased at this vivacity of expression in those around him.

Yes, added he, turning to me, if the snake would but spin himself a house, and turn into a butterfly to oblige her, we should hear no more about nasty things. But, dear child, we can't all be butterflies, nor fig-trees dressed with flowers and fruit. Poor snake! they despise you! they should treat you better! How he looks at me! How he rears his head! Is it not as if he knew that I was taking his part? Poor thing, how he is pent up there, and cannot come forth, how fain soever he be! Doubly, I mean, first in the glass, and then in the scaly case in which nature has enclosed him.

As he said this, he began to lay aside his reed pencil, and the drawing paper to which he had made some strokes towards a fantastic landscape, without seeming the least interrupted by the conversation.

The servant brought water, and while he was washing his hands, he said, to return once more to Katz, the painter, whom you must have met as you came in, the sight of him is most agreeable and refreshing to me. He is exactly the same in every respect in Weimar as he was in the Villa Borghese. Every time I see him it is as if he brought a bit of the *dolce farniente* of the Roman atmosphere of art, into my presence. As he is here, I will arrange a little scrap-book of my drawings. We constantly talk a great deal too much; we ought to talk less and draw more. I, for my part, should be glad to break myself of talking altogether, and speak like creative nature only in figures. That fig-tree, that little snake, the chrysalis that lies there on the window, quietly awaiting its new existence,—all these are frequent signatures, indeed he who could decypher them might well afford to dispense with the written and the spoken. The more I reflect upon it, the more it strikes me that there is something so useless, so idle, I could almost say so buffoonish in talk, that one is awe-stricken before the deep solemn repose and silence of nature, as soon as one stands withdrawn into oneself, and confronted with her, before some massive wall or rock, or in the solitude of some venerable mountain.

I have brought together a number of varieties of plants and flowers, said he, pointing to the fantastic drawing before him, strangely enough here, on this piece of paper. These spectres might be yet more wild and fantastic, and the question might still remain, whether the originals of them are not actually to be found in some part of the world or other.

In design, the soul gives utterance to some portion of her inmost being; and the highest mysteries of creation are precisely those which (as far as relates to their fundamental plan) rest intirely on design and modelling;† these are the language in which she reveals them.

The combinations in this field are so infinite, that they afford a place even for the exercise of humour. I will take only the parasitical plants; how much of the fantastic, the burlesque, the bird-like, is contained in their fleeting characters! Their flying seeds perch like butterflies on some tree, and feed upon it till the plant is full grown. Thus, rooted in the very bark, we find the mistletoe, from which bird-lime is made, growing like a branch out of the pear-tree. Here, not content with fastening itself as a guest, it forces the pear-tree to supply its very wood out of its own substance.

* Die merkwürdigsten Jahre meines Lebens. The title of Kotzebue's book.—Trans.

† Zeichnung und plastic. It might be Englished,—outline and form.—Trans.

The moss on trees, which is also a parasite, belongs to the same class. I have some very fine preparations of this tribe of plants, which undertake nothing on their own account, but deposit themselves, in all directions, on something that comes ready to their hand. I will show you them at some favourable opportunity—remind me of it. The peculiar construction of the rooty part of certain shrubs, which also belong to the parasitical class, is explained by the ascent of the sap, which is not drawn (according to the common course of nature) from a rude, carthy matter, but from one already organized and fashioned.

No apple grows from the middle of the trunk, where it is rough and woody. A long series of years, and the most careful training are necessary to transform the apple-tree into a fruitful, succulent tree, sending forth blossom and then fruit. Every apple is a globular compact mass, and, as such, requires both a great concentration, and at the same time an uncommon refining and perfecting of the juices which flow into it from all sides.

Figure to yourself Nature, how she sits, as it were, at a card-table, incessantly calling *au double*!—i. e. exulting in what she has already won, through every region of her operations; and thus play on into infinitude. Animal, vegetable, mineral, are continually set up anew after some such fortunate throws: and who knows, whether the whole race of man is anything more than a throw for some higher stake?

During this agreeable conversation, evening had closed in; and as it was grown too cool for the garden, we went up stairs into the sitting-room. Some time after, we were standing at the window, the sky was thick-sown with stars. The chords in Goethe's soul, which the open air in the garden, and the works of nature had struck, still quivered, and during the whole evening their vibration was not stilled.

All is so vast, said he to me, that an end—a cessation of existence—is nowise to be thought of. Or do you think it possible that the all-creating Sun may be intirely *effete* with the production of his own planetary system; and that his earth-and-moon-creating power may be intirely gone out of him, or lie utterly inactive and useless? I can by no means believe this. It appears to me extremely probable, that beyond Mercury, which is still small enough, a still smaller star will sometime or other become visible. We see, it is true, from the position of the planets, that the projectile power of the Sun is notably decreased; since the greatest masses in the system are at the greatest distance from him. In this way to pursue our reference, the time may come that the projectile force may be so exhausted, that the attempted projection of a planet may miss. If the sun cannot sever and cast off the young planet to a proper distance, like its predecessors, he will, perhaps, have a ring, like Saturn's, form itself around him, which, being composed of earthly particles, would reduce us poor earth-inhabitants to a sad condition. And, indeed, the shadow of such a ring would produce a not very cheering effect upon all the other planets of our system. The genial influence of light and heat must naturally be greatly diminished by it, and all organizations whose development is their work, must in their several degrees be cramped and stunted by it.

On this view of the subject, the spots in the sun might certainly cause us some uneasiness for the future. Thus much is certain, that at least, in all that we know of the past history and the laws of our planet, there is nothing to prevent the formation of a solar ring, though, to be sure, it would be difficult to assign any time for such an event.

A Caution to Uncharitable Judgments of Extraordinary Men.—The world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men (as Burns); unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance. It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes, and not positively, but negatively; less on what is done right, than on what is, or is not, done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the ratio of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet, its diameter the solar system, or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of a gin-horse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured; and it is assumed that the diameter of the gin-horse and that of the planet will yield the same ratio when compared with them. Here lies the root of many a blind condemnation of such men as the Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval. Granted, the ship comes into harbour with shrouds and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore blameworthy, for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know *how* worthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.—Thomas Carlyle.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 29th October, to Tuesday the 4th November.

THE FIRE OF LONDON IN 1666.

In consequence of the late event in the metropolis, of which every body is talking, but which it does not fall within the province of our Journal to write upon, we have been looking into our books to see what we could lay before our readers this week respecting some other event of the like sort. We have to apologize to them for not being able to find anything better than an extract out of a production of our own; but it is not for want of the inclination to do so. We would have given them a better account of the great fire of London, could we have found one. As it is, we may observe that the present narrative, though forming part of a work of fiction, was carefully founded on passages in authentic writers. It is taken from 'Sir Ralph Esher, or Adventures of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles the Second,' a work which was announced as a novel, but which it would have been better to publish solely as what it was intended to be,—the imitation of a real set of translated Memoirs,—an humbler and more scrupulous Count de Grammont. The hero, who is a courtier but a good fellow, is giving the account of the fire himself:—

I was pondering on these things one night, as I was sitting in the parlour at Mickleham, looking on a beautiful moon, and delaying to go to bed, when Bennett came in and told me that there was a dreadful fire in London. One of the tradesmen had brought news of a dreadful fire the day before; but, as every fire was dreadful, and I had seen the good people of London run away from a cow, crying out "a mad bull," I had thought nothing of it, and was prepared to think as little of the new one. The old gentleman, however, assuring me that both fires were one and the same, that it had burnt a whole night and day, and was visible as far as Epsom, I thought it time to see into the truth of the matter. I ordered my horse, and promising to bring back a correct account, purely to satisfy the house that there was no such thing (for some of the domestics had kindred in London), I set off at a round gallop, looking towards the north, as if I could already discern what I had doubted. Nobody was stirring at Leatherhead, but at Epsom, sure enough, there was a great commotion; all the people being at their doors, and vowing that they saw the fire, which, however, I could not discern. That there was a fire, however, and a dreadful one, was but too certain, from accounts brought into the town, both by travellers and inhabitants; so, with the natural curiosity which draws us on and on upon much less occasions, especially on a road, I pushed on, and soon had pretty clear indication of a terrible fire indeed. I began to consider what the King might think of it, and whether he would not desire to have his active servants about him. At Morden the light was so strong, that it was difficult to persuade oneself the fire was not much nearer; and at Tooting you would have sworn it was at the next village. The night was, nevertheless, a very fine one, with a brilliant moon.* Not a soul seemed in bed in the village, though it was ten o'clock. There was a talk of the French, as if they had caused it. By degrees, I began to meet carts laden with goods; and on entering the borders of Southwark, the expectation of the scene was rendered truly awful, there was such a number of people abroad, yet such a gazing silence. Now and then, one person called to another, but the sound seemed as if in bravado, or brutish. An old man, in a meeting of cross roads, was haranguing the people in the style of former years, telling them of God's judgments, and asserting that this was the pouring out of that other vial of wrath which has been typified by the fiery sword,—a spectacle supposed to have been seen in the sky at the close of the year sixty-four. The plague was thought to have been announced by a comet.

Very different from this quieter scene was the one that presented itself on my getting through the last street, and reaching the water-side. The comet itself seemed to have come to earth, and to be burning and waving in one's face, the whole city being its countenance, and its hair flowing towards Whitehall in a volume of fiery smoke. The river was of a bloodish colour, like the flame, and the sky overhead was like the top of a pandemonium. From the Tower to St Paul's there was one mass of devastation, the heat striking in our eyes, and the air being filled with

* Evelyn, speaking of this night, says that it was "light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner." 'Memoirs,' vol. 1. p. 201. second edit. 4to. Sir Ralph does not seem to make the light so strong, but he does not absolutely say it was otherwise. Perhaps Evelyn speaks of a later hour. The flames appear to have become visible afterwards to the distance of forty miles.—EDIT.

burning sparkles, and with the cries of people flying, or removing goods on the river. Ever and anon distant houses fell in, with a sort of gigantic shuffling noise, very terrible. I saw a steeple give way, like some ghastly idol, its long white head toppling, and going sideways, as if it were drunk. A poor girl near me, who paced a few yards up and down, holding her sides as if with agony, turned and hid her eyes at this spectacle, crying out, "Oh, the poor people! oh, the mothers and babies!" She was one of the lowest of an unfortunate class of females. She thought, as I did, that there must be a dreadful loss of lives; but it was the most miraculous circumstance of that miraculous time, that the fire killed nobody, except some women and infirm persons with fright.

I took boat, and got to Whitehall, where I found the King in a more serious and stirring humour than ever I saw him. Mr Pepys, begging God to forgive him for having an appetite at such a crisis, and interrupting his laughter, at the supper they gave him, with tears of pity and terror, had brought word to his Majesty that the whole city would be destroyed, if some of the houses were not blown up. The King accordingly not only dispatched myself and others to assist, but went in person with his brother, and did a world of good. I never saw him look so grim, or say so many kind things. Wherever he went he gave the people a new life, for they seemed dead with fright. Those who had not fled (which they did by thousands into the fields, where they slept all night) seemed only to have been prevented from doing so, by not knowing what steps to take. The Lord Mayor, a very different one from his predecessor, who showed a great deal of courage during the plague, went about like a mad cook with his handkerchief, perspiring, and lamenting himself; and nobody would have taken the citizens for the same men who settled my court friends at the battle of Naseby. The court, however, for that matter, was as frightened as the city, with the exception of the King and one or two others; so terrible is a new face of danger, unless there is some peculiar reason for meeting it. The sight, indeed, of the interior of the burning city was more perilous, though not so awful, as its appearance outside. Many streets consisted of nothing but avenues between heaps of roaring ruins, the sound of the fire being nothing less than that of hundreds of furnaces, mixed up with splittings, rattlings, and thunderous falls; and the flame blowing frightfully one way, with a wind like a tempest. The pavement was hot under one's feet; and if you did not proceed with caution, the fire singed your hair. All the water that could be got seemed like a ridiculous dabbling in a basin, while the world was burning around you. The blowing up of the houses, marked out by the King, was the ultimate salvation of some of the streets that remained; but, as a whole, the city might be looked upon as destroyed. I observed the King, as he sat on his horse at the beginning of Cheapside and cast his eyes up that noble thoroughfare; and certainly I had never seen such an expression in his countenance before. Some said that he now began to see the arm of heaven in these visitations, and that he resolved to bethink himself from that time, and lead a new life. I know not how it was: the new life certainly was not led; but his thoughts were very solemn; perhaps they would have been more so, had not a madman pretended to show him the arm of heaven literally stretched over the city, "like unto the arm of a blacksmith;" and had not another afterwards, (who got hung for it) pretended that he helped to set the city on fire, and that the Papists had employed him. The poor wretch was a Papist himself, and numbers believed him. Others said the French did; others the Dutch; and others the Republicans; particularly as the 3rd of September, that is to say, the day on which it did not break out, was the anniversary of Cromwell's victory of Dunbar. Many thought that all these, Papists and Protestants, had made up a plot; but the opinion that secretly obtained most ground was, that it was a punishment for the sin of gluttony; the greatest argument, next to the looks and consciences of the aldermen, being the appalling fact, that the fire began at Pudding Lane, and ended at Pye Corner. The fire raged four days and nights; and on the 5th of September, London, from the Tower to Fleet street, was as if a volcano had burst in the midst of it and destroyed it, the very ruins being calcined, and nothing remaining in the most populous part to show the inhabitants where they had lived, except a church here and there, and an old statue. I looked into it three days afterwards, when the air was still so hot, that it was impossible to breathe; and the pavement absolutely scorched the soles of my shoes.

The loss of property by the fire was of course far greater than that by the plague; and yet, assuredly, it was not felt a thousandth part so much, even in the city; for money, with the lovers of it, is not so great a thing, after all, as their old habits and affections. The wits at court never chose to say much about the plague; but the fire, after the fright was over, was a standing joke; and the beneficial consequences to the city itself soon became manifest, in

the widening and better building the streets, an improvement which came in aid of the cleanliness which was resorted to against the plague; so that instead of a judgment against the King and his government, Rochester said, in his profane way, that heaven never showed a judgment of a better sort.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

VOITURE.

VINCENT VOITURE (says the General Biographical Dictionary) once celebrated as an elegant French writer, was the son of a wine merchant, and born at Amiens, in 1596. His talents and taste for the belles lettres gave him considerable celebrity, and easily introduced him to the polite world. He was the first in France distinguished for what is called *bel esprit*; and though this is all the merit of his writings, yet this merit was then great, because it was uncommon. His reputation opened his way to court, and procured him pensions and honourable employments. He was sent to Spain about some affairs, where, out of curiosity, he passed over to Africa. He was mightily caressed at Madrid, where he composed verses in such pure and natural Spanish, that everybody ascribed them to Lopez de Vega. It appears by his letters that he was in England in 1633. He made two journeys to Rome, where, in 1638, he was admitted a member of the Academy of Humoristi; as he had been of the French Academy in 1634. He was the person employed to carry the news of the birth of Louis XIV to Florence; and had a place in the household of that monarch. He had several considerable pensions from the court; but the love of play and women kept him from being rich. He died in 1648. He wrote verses in French, Spanish, and Italian; and there are some very fine lines written by him, but they are but few. His 'Letters' make the bulk of his works, and have been often printed, in two vols. 12mo. They are elegant, polite, and easy; but, like the genius of the writer, without nerve or strength. Boileau praises Voiture excessively; and doubtless, considered as a polisher and refiner in a barbarous age, he was a writer to be valued; yet his letters would not now be thought models, and are, indeed, seldom read. Voiture, says Voltaire, gave some idea "of the superficial graces of that epistolary style, which is by no means the best, because it aims at nothing higher than pleasantries and amusement. His two volumes of letters are the mere pastime of a wanton imagination, in which we meet with not one that is instructive, not one that flows from the heart, that paints the manners of the times, or the characters of men; they are rather an abuse, than an exercise of wit." With all this insignificance, Voiture's 'Letters' cost him much labour; a single one took nearly a fortnight, a proof that his wit came slower in writing than in conversation, otherwise he would never have been the delight of every company. Pope appears to have had a good opinion of these letters, as he thought them a suitable present for Miss Blount, and never seems to have suspected that this was not paying that lady's delicacy any great compliment.

Notions of delicacy vary with times and manners. The compliment paid to Miss Blount was such as would have been gladly received by any lady of that period, as may be seen by what is addressed to ladies of all ranks and times of life, in the works of contemporary writers. Voiture's pains-taking to be easy amounts to the ludicrous; yet he has succeeded, after his fashion; and it can be easily understood how he may have talked with facility, though he wrote slowly; for personal manner, and the warmth of intercourse, supply what is wanting in the one instance; whereas a letter is to be read deliberately, and in cooler moments; and the writer is thus put upon striving to do his best. We cannot think, with Voltaire, that our author has failed so intirely in painting the manners of the times; for, not to mention the features that occasionally transpire, he has, at all events, given us an egregious picture of the delicacies of his own coxcombry, half banter, and half in earnest. He is the Brummell of flatterers; and his letters should be read accordingly in the last new tone. It is astonishing how this fetches them out. If the reader cannot do it for himself, or chuse to do it, he should fancy them read out by some actor of stage-dandies.

Voiture was one of the artificial wits, whose race was swept away by the manlier genius of Molière. His talent, however, though beaten out and thinned into such trifling, was genuine, and in the subsequent age might have given him a far solid reputation.

tation. The first of the ensuing letters, which is addressed to a celebrated brother wit and letter-writer, is surely exquisite of its kind,—the quintessence of exaggeration. That to the Marchioness of Rambouillet, the great blue-stocking of her day, and patroness of hyperbole, is more extravagant, and not so nicely managed. His ludicrous comparisons with Alexander, now-a-days would be taken for pure affronts to a woman's understanding. But surely these are also specimens of "manners;" and now and then, during his most extravagant moments, it is impossible to help admiring his wit and grace.

But pray let the fancy of the reader mince and dandify the words in perusal.

TO MONSIEUR DE BALZAC.

SIR,—If it be true that I have always kept the rank which you tell me I have held in your memory, methinks you have shown but a very indifferent concern for my satisfaction, in delaying so long to impart the pleasing news to me, and suffering me to be the happiest of men, without dreaming I was so. But perhaps you were of opinion, that this very good fortune was so infinitely above anything I could in reason hope for, that it was necessary you should take time to invent arguments to render it credible, and that you had occasion to employ all the power of rhetoric, to persuade me I was not forgotten. And thus far, at least, I must needs own you have been very just; for, in resolving to let me have nothing but words for all the affection you owe me, the choice you have made of them has been so rich and so beautiful, 'that, let me die, if I believe what they assure me of would be of greater value. This, at least, is certain, that they would suffice to counterbalance any friendship but mine. I am only discontented at one particular, viz. that so much artifice and eloquence should not be able to disguise the truth from me; and that in this I should resemble your own shepherdesses, who are too simple to be beguiled by a man of wit.

Nay, I know not if the very extravagancies of a soul so exalted as yours are not too serious, and too reasonable to descend so low as to me. And I shall esteem myself too obligingly treated, if you have but so much as dreamed of your loving me; for to imagine that you have actually reserved a place for me amidst those sublime thoughts, which are, at present, employed in recompensing every one's virtues, and distributing shares of glory to mankind,—to imagine this—would be an excessive presumption. I have too high sentiments of your understanding to believe you would be guilty of what is so much below you, and I should be unwilling your enemies should have that to object to you. I am perfectly satisfied that the only affection which you can have justly for any one, is that which you owe to yourself; and that the precept of studying oneself, which is a lesson of humility to all but you, ought to have a contrary effect in your instance, and oblige you to contemn whatever you find in others.

I have not seen anything of yours done since your departure which does not surpass all you have done before; and by your last works you have the honour of excelling him who excelled all others. It cannot therefore appear strange, that when you have so much reason to be contented, you should yet be complaining; and that you yourself should be the only great man who remains dissatisfied with you.

For my own part, I have always in so public a manner professed myself so, that if, through ill-fortune, I should not be able to love you as much as I have done, yet here let me swear to you, that you shall be the only man to whom I will dare to declare it; and that I will always proclaim myself, to the rest of the world, to be as much as ever,

Your, &c. &c.

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF RAMBOUILLET.

MADAM,—Though my liberality should, as you tell me, surpass the bounty of Alexander, it would nevertheless be richly recompensed by the thanks which you have returned me for it. He himself, as boundless as his ambition was, would have confined it to so rare a favour. He would have set more value on this honour than he did on the Persian diadem; and he would never have envied Achilles the praise which he received from Homer, if he could but himself have obtained yours. Thus, Madam, on this pinnacle of glory whereon I stand, if I bear any envy to him, it is not so much to that part of it which he acquired himself, as to that which you have bestowed upon him; and he has received no honour which I do not hold inferior to mine, except it be that which you did him, when you declared him your gallant. Neither his vanity, nor the rest of his flatterers, could ever persuade him to believe what was so advantageous to him; and the quality of Son of Jupiter Ammon was abundantly less glorious. But if any thing comforts me for the jealousy which it has raised in me, it is this, Madam,—that knowing you so well

as I do, I am pretty well assured, that if you have done him this honour, it is not so much on the account of his being the greatest of mankind, as of his having been now dead these two thousand years. However, we here find cause to admire the greatness of his fortune, which not yet forsaking him, so many years after his decease, has added to his conquests a person who gives them more lustre than the daughters and wife of Darius; and which has gained him a mind greater than the world he conquered. I ought here to be afraid, after your example, of writing in a too lofty style. But how can the writer be too sublime who writes of you, and of Alexander? I humbly beseech you, Madam, to believe that I have for you a passion equal to that which you show for him; and that the admiration of your virtues will oblige me to be always, Madam,

Your, &c. &c.

TO MADEMOISELLE RAMBOUILLET.

MADAM,—I do not at all wonder you laughed so heartily when you wrote me word of the strange, unaccountable report which is spread of me; namely, that I have neither goodness nor friendship in me; for really nothing was ever uttered more ridiculous; and you had good reason to hear it in the same manner, as if you had been told that Mons. de Chateaubonne robs on the highway, or has married the daughter of Mons. Des—'s gentleman. For my part, I cannot help wondering that such a false opinion, and so unguarded a calumny should have extended so far, and infected three provinces; and whoever gave it birth, he who did it must be the most dangerous person on earth. I will inquire diligently to find out the author or authors; and if I discover it, I positively will be revenged, even be she or they as lovely and terrible as yourself.

You told me some time ago, Madam, a piece of news to which I made no answer, because I was then in the dumps; but since you inform me of the report which is now spread, I must say, that I think the other is as strange as ever I heard. Though I am, as well as any one, acquainted with the charms of the Marchioness de***, I shall never have done wondering how, at a time when she had no man living in her thoughts beside her Doctor and her Cook, when she was dressed in the Rataan we saw, with two or three napkins about her head; how, I say, she could then win the heart of a man so hard to please, as I take the Marquis to be, and send a lover to sigh for her in the Thebaid deserts? The spark you mention would have done well to go after him; or if he did not care for taking so long a journey, he might at least have turned hermit upon the Valerian mountain. But in sober sadness, instead of putting the questions you propose to me from him, he had better hold his tongue, and not speak again these seven years. Nevertheless, Madam, I will answer them, since you desire it. The first,—“Why, being dressed in blue, he always seems dressed in green?” is one of the most arduous questions I ever heard proposed in any science whatever; and, for my part, I cannot find what can be the cause, unless the gentleman, instead of rising at one in the afternoon, and being dressed by three, as he used to be formerly, is now grown more lazy, and never appears but by candle-light. However it be, I should advise him to wear green, in order to see whether he will not then seem dressed in blue. As for the second,—“Which I would have him resolve upon, to take La Motte, or to deliver me out of the hands of the Saracens?” Without a grain of selfishness, I think this last enterprise, besides its being the juster of the two, is also the more difficult, and consequently the more glorious. There are five-and-twenty thousand foot and six thousand horse, who are to take care to guard me with as much care as Gueldres and Anvers; yet he has no need to be frightened at this; for Hector the Brown did alone defy five-and-thirty thousand men in Northumberland, and I do not think he was so valiant as our friend; and then he has no occasion to apprehend that he shall have any want of laurels here: the finest to be found in all Europe grow in this country. On my side, I promise him, I will take care to see to them, and get the crowns made. But, besides Saracen soldiers, he will have Saracen ladies to fight with too; some of whom will not quietly see me taken from them; and the report which you tell me is spread all over three provinces, is not yet come to one of the seventeen. I have not so ill a character here as I have in the place where you live; and it is believed, that though I should not be so very much inclined to love, I should nevertheless be worthy to be beloved. Yet, Madam, I own this is no consolation to me; and I shall think myself very wretched, if, among all the persons in France for whom I have so good a respect, there is not one who has such a great opinion of me as to believe that my heart is formed as it should be; that I can constantly honour those who deserve it, and infinitely love those who are infinitely lovely. I cannot tell what you, for your part, think of it; but, I assure you, no one has less cause to doubt it; and I am as perfectly as I ought to be, and as you could wish, Madam,

Your, &c. &c.

TO MONSIEUR DE CHAVIGNY.

[A real delicacy and feeling almost intirely pervade this letter.]

SIR,—Take notice, I beg you, how far people have extended the report of the credit I have in you. Mons. Esprit, who is going to court with a letter of recommendation from M. to you, thought it would be better if I recommended him to you, and I was so vain, that I chose rather to be so bold as to do it, than to tell him that I durst not. He is really, sir, one of the most agreeable men breathing; his mind is just such a one as you love; he is very good, very wise, very learned, a very great divine, and a very great philosopher; yet he is not one of those who despise riches; and as he is positive he should know how to make a right use of them, he would not be sorry if he could obtain a good abbey; for which Madame d'Alguillon has written to my lord cardinal. That will depend on his eminence; but it will depend upon you to give him a good reception, and that is all he desires. After the character I have bestowed on him I believe it is needless to add the humble supplication I make you in his behalf; and I only do it because he desires I would, and I have been always used to do whatever he would have me. But, sir, having said thus much for his interest, I hope the rules of friendship do not forbid me to say something of my own, and to beg you will do me the honour to continue loving me, and to believe that I am, Sir,

Your, &c. &c.

Paris, June 5, 1641.

SPECIMENS OF THE ESSENCE OF POETRY.

[From a capital article in the 'Dublin University Magazine.' This is the first time we ever really knew what admirable poets existed in old times in Ireland,—men full of the union of an heroic vigour with a woman's feeling. The italics are the writer's own marking, and argue no little critical fortitude in being so spare. We should have been tempted to score almost all the verses, from the whole of the first pathetic and most poignant stanza, down to the exquisite delicacy of the darted javelin at the conclusion.]

The affection of the hereditary bard, it will at once be seen, is, primarily, reverence to the principle of sacred duty ultimately shaping itself, through regard to the point of honour, into its second nature of personal attachment. It is, in a word, piety concentrated into loyalty, natural religion supplying the instinct of natural love. Neither foster-father, nor father himself, could feel more yearning affection for his son, could more anxiously express the fondest alarm for his safety, or more proudly exult in his achievements, than does the bard O'Hussey for his chief, but not relation, Hugh Maguire! We take the extract from Mr Hardiman's unpublished collection in the Egerton MSS., British Museum.

O'HUSSEY'S ODE.

Cold weather I consider this night to be for Hugh!
A cause of grief is the rigour of its show'ry drops;
Alas! insufferable is
The venom of this night's cold.

This night, it grieves my heart,
Is fraught with the thunder-flashing heavy storm,
Succeeded by an icy congealment
Less ruthless than the hate which pursues him.

From the sullen breasts of the clouds
The flood-gates of heaven are let loose;
The vapours exhaled from the salt sea;
The firmament pours down in torrents.

Though he were a wild creature of the forest,
Though a salmon in an inlet of the ocean,
Or one of the winged fowls of air,
He could not bear the rigour of this weather.

Mournful I am for Hugh Maguire
This night in a strange land,
Under the embers of thunderbolts, amid the
showers flaming,
And the keen anger of the whistling clouds.

In the country of Clan Daire
It grieves me that his fate should be so severe:
Perhaps drenched with the cold wet dripping off
the thickets;
Perhaps exposed to the high heaven's floods.

Cold seem to me your two cheeks strawberry-red,
As the fury of the cloud-gathering storm
Impels the weather-winds of the aerial expanse
Against the royal hero of resplendent Galeng.

Sore misery to us, and torturing our bosoms
To think that the fine front and sides of his comely
frame
Should be ground by this rough, sullen, scowling
night
In cold steely accoutrements!

His kind-dealing hand, which punished cruelty,
By frost made numb;
Under some spiked and icicle-hung tree—
Oh, bleak and dreary is this night for Hugh!

Overflowed by the tempestuous torrent
Are the low banks of the cold rivulets;
The lawns of pasture are locked in ice,
So that the cattle cannot graze.

Drenched are their borders also,
So that the inhabitants cannot perceive
The quick-flowing edges of the sunny clear streams:
To keep dry the huts is impossible.

Fearful to him is the excessive rigour
In some intricate wood, 'mongst bones of mon-
sters:
A bright retrospective glance on peaceful days
Were now a torrent to Mac Niadh's tender heart.

This, however, brings the warmth
To his tranquil clear countenance,
His warriors charging like bright billows of the sea,
Wafted in fleeces, wind-borne, fire-flashing.

Unkindled fires shall warm him
Though frost should glaze the glistening dew of
his eyes,
Though his fine fair fingers should be bound in icy
gauntlets,
And his garments be the red-flaming thunderflash.

Far from the journey of Hugh Maguire
Are Munster's green woods, waving to the fair
setting sun in the west;
Her splendid mansions, rich and hospitable,
And a country without frost or misery.

AVRAN.*

Hugh marched, though it grieved me, with his host
to battle,
And his tresses soft curling are hung with ice—
Cause of warmth to the hero are the shouts of war,
And the many mansions lime-white which he laid in
ashes.

O'Hussey was a poet. There is a vivid vigour in these descriptions, and a savage power in the consolation drawn from their antithetical climax, which claim a character almost approaching to sublimity. Nothing can be more graphic, yet more diversified, than his images of unmitigated horror, nothing more gradually startling than his heroic conception of the glow of glory triumphant over frozen toil. We have never read the poem without recurring, and that by no unworthy association, to Napoleon on his Russian campaign. Yet perhaps O'Hussey has conjured up a picture of more inclement desolation, in his rude idea of northern horrors, than could be legitimately employed by a poet of the present day, when the romance of geographical obscurity no longer permits us to imagine these Phlegrean regions of endless storm, where the snows of Hæmus fall mingled with the lightnings of Etna, amid Bistonian wilds or Hyrcanian forests. This ode possesses a new interest in our papers, for it is the first our readers have yet met, in which description has not been altogether sacrificed to sentiment. But O'Hussey's descriptions are pervaded by intense sentiment, and here there is no sacrifice of either—a rare conjunction of felicities in Irish song.

While the impression is still hot, let us complete the vindication of O'Hussey's claim to descriptive power, pious sentiment, and devoted loyalty. Hear how he strikes out Tiege MacBrian at a single heat:—

How thy wrath springs and bounds
In thy free, ember-like, ruddy aspect,
Like a destructive thunder flash!
Is it the fright of war, or peril of battle,
Excessive anger, or oppression of rulers,
That convulse thy mind,
Thou rak'd-up ember of Connaught!

Again, a battle-piece that makes us almost think we snuff the "war-clouds rolling dun" of Thomas Campbell,—

Heroes polishing their glowing weapons
Sounding trumpets loudly martial,

A frosty foggy wind with whistling darts flying—
These are the music in which you delight at early dawn.

Here again, a scene of intense mystic romance, a Salvator Rosa partner for Keats's

— " Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery-land forlorn."

The perilous ways of the borders of Leinster:—
Borders of slow-calling sounds,
Gloomy borders of bright mountains severe,
The intricate deserts of Anmehaidhe.

* A concluding stanza, in which the condensed sentiment of the piece is given as in the epigraph of an heroic poem.

Between the wooded banks of Barrow, and the steep steps of Blackstairs lie many a black bog and misty valley girdling their grey wall of mountain, with solitude which, we can well imagine, whispered moaning horror from inextricable swamps and thickets, where Kavanagh held sylvan court in Saint Mullins, and O'Hussey made his hearers shudder in the hall of Tempo, at the perils of the dark Leinster borders. Here it was that the ill-fated Richard wound his disastrous way through woods and quags, for six weeks, with Art MacMurrough hanging on his discomforted march, and Henry Bolingbroke turning his reluctant stay to royal account, at home; but neither kern nor quagmire could stop the progress of that Iron Saxon, who first made his way through the scattered clans of Byrne, Toole, and Kavanagh, and from the maiden passes of Kill-Edmond, and the sleepy hollow of Scallagh Gap, carried the fire and sword of the republic through bog and glen, and breached castle wall, from Ballyburris to Waterford and Clonmel. Kill-Edmond is no longer, in O'Hussey's words,—

The breast of mountains, and wind-whirling vales,*
Where no host dare cross.

Yet, were we an exciseman, we should prefer making our descent upon the bogs from Graig or Carlow. But to return to O'Hussey, of whose descriptive excellence we have had abundant proof; let us, by one more extract, exhibit him in his pious character of a faithful and true clansman. His ode is now for Cuconnaught, in the north, with Hugh.

But I would not deem the weather inclement,
If I were with him in his distress:
How happy would I be this night,
If I were under one garment with Cuconnaught!
I would not complain of the rude winds,
When standing on the watch for him;
Nor the pelting rain would I regard, though drenched
my garments,
Beside Hy Duach of tempests!

But the didactic devotion of this declaration is consumed in a glow of adoring affection, when he apostrophises the chief himself,—
Thou joy! thou promise! thou sprightly salmon!
Thou beauteous azure ocean wave!
Thou power of panic into the breasts of heroes!

This exceeds Macpherson; O'Hussey is no unfit representative of the true Ossian, but Ossian was a Prince, and O'Hussey sought no higher honour than to be the bard of Maguire. Maguire was his theme, his mark, his sacred butt for devoted shafts of endless and untiring panegyric. "Be on thy guard!" he cries, aiming at his idol's heart.

Be on thy guard, for I will dart
This lay as a javelin cast from me!

And could he, like Cupid in Anacreon, shoot himself bodily into the soul of his chief, he would follow his swift iambs to their unreluctant destination. Whether the next O'Hussey would as successfully fulfil his military duty by the next Maguire, must have been more than doubtful; for such writing as this as we have just seen, is not to be expected in every generation; but whether or not he might equal his father in poetic art and in fervour of poetic feeling, we have no doubt he would not have been deficient in pious emulation of loyal will.

* What *divinus* in the tortuous energy of the epithet!

PRETTY STORY OF AFFECTION IN CHILDHOOD.

(From Mr Clarke's 'Adam the Gardener'.)

[We have been given to understand, on the best authority, that this agreeable little picture of mixed liveliness and tenderness (the most agreeable of all pictures) is from the pen of a lady. We mention this, because it is always pleasant to know how much one is obliged to the sex; and the more modest they are in their pretensions, the more delightful does it become to show one's gratitude.

We take this opportunity of stating, that the book we lately inquired after, — Mr Clarke's new and purified edition of Chaucer, with the spelling modernized,—will appear early next month.]

Dame Barton was an honest, hard working woman, who lived with her husband and son, in a small hut under Dover Cliffs. Her husband was a fisherman, and as industrious as herself; for he laboured night and day at his trade to support his wife and child, till one dreadful day he was drowned in endeavouring to save the crew of a ship, that was wrecked in sight of the hut, on the sea-shore.

About three months after his death, as little John Barton was sitting one evening, mending a net for a neighbour, opposite to his mother, he suddenly exclaimed, Oh, mother, how tired you must be of spinning! You have sat at your wheel ever since four o'clock this morning, and now it is seven o'clock, yet you have hardly stirred from your work.

It is the only means of getting you a bit of bread, Johnny, since poor father left us.

Don't cry, mother, said little Johnny, running towards her; but I do so wish that I could do something myself to earn money enough to keep you from sticking so close to that bur—bur—burring wheel; I mean something of real use to you, continued he, as his mother looked at the net which he had been mending; I wish I could do something better than mending the meshes of old nets.

You do enough for your age, dear, said his mother, and we shall manage to go on quite well while the summer lasts; all I dread to think of is the winter.

O, mother, if you should have your rheumatism come on then, what would you do? I wish I were older to work for you.

I cannot bear to think of it, answered his mother, weeping; if I should have my old complaint come back, I should not be able to work any longer, and then who is to take care of my poor Johnny? I have not a friend in the world that I could send to for help, if I were ill.

Don't you recollect, mother, the French gentleman you have often told me about? perhaps he would help you, if he could know you are so poor.

But he lives in Paris, and I can't write, so how is he to know the state I am in? answered his mother; or else I am sure he would never suffer any one belonging to the deliverer of his child to die of want. Besides, I well remember, (for many's the time I have heard my dear husband tell me the tale), when the child fell over the side of the vessel which was just ready to sail, and your dear father, plunging into the waves, brought back his infant safe and sound, and smiling in his face, the gentleman, after bending his head for an instant over the dear dripping babe, to hide his streaming eyes, (for, let a gentleman be never so manly, it's more than he can do to keep from crying like one of us, when he sees his own flesh and blood saved from death), he turned to your poor father, and said, in a fluttering-like, yet grand kind of voice, too—"Barton, you have done more for me than if you had saved my own life; I can never hope to repay you for the happiness you have given me at this moment, yet"—Before he could finish what he was going to say, your poor father turned away, saying, "Lord bless your honour, don't thank me; it's no more than what you'd have done for my Johnny, I'll swear, if you had seen him drop overboard like your young thing there." Your father was proud enough, then, Johnny, and he told me that he guessed that the gentleman was going to reward him, so he jumped into his boat which lay alongside, and the vessel sailed away immediately, and he never heard anything more of the gentleman: but though your father didn't want anything at that time from any body, being able, as he was, to gain his own living comfortably and honestly, much less to have a reward for having saved an innocent fellow-creature's life, yet I can't help wishing he'd made a friend of the gentleman, who couldn't but be grateful.

How long ago was this, mother? said John, after thinking a little while.

It was eight years since, come Midsummer day; I should surely remember it, continued Dame Barton, for when my good John Barton came home with an honest flush on his brow, and first told me the story, I looked on the dear babe I held in my arms, and thanked God it was not my own dear Johnny which had run the chance of a drowning death, instead of the little stranger. You were then a little more than a fortnight old, for to-morrow's the third of June, you know, your birthday, Johnny; and then you will be exactly eight years old.

Do you think the gentleman has forgotten what my father did for him, mother? asked Johnny, after another and a longer pause.

I don't think he has, but I can't say, for gentle-folk are apt to be forgetful. Perhaps, however, he has never been to England since then.

Little John said no more, but went on very busily with his work; so busily, indeed, that when his mother looked at him again, she saw that he had finished his job.

Why, how quickly you have worked, Johnny, said she, you didn't think to have done that net till to-morrow morning, did you?

No, mother, answered John, but when I am talking to you, and thinking hard, it's surprising how the work gets on; I'm glad I've done it though, continued he, rising to put by his mesh and twine, for I shall be able to take it to Bill Haul to-night, instead of to-morrow, as I promised him.

But it's getting dark, dear, I'm going to put away my wheel, said his mother.

Oh, it's not too late, mother, I shall be there and back before you have put by your spinning-wheel, and got the haddocks out ready for supper; so good bye, good bye, mother, added he, seeing that she did not prevent his going, and off he ran.

He's a dear, good little soul, and that's the truth on't, said Dame Barton to herself, as she listened to the eager footsteps of the boy, which crashed among the shingles, growing fainter and fainter every minute, till at last their sound could no longer be distinguished from the restless washing of the waves on

the beach. I'm sure I oughtn't to be the one to check him when he's doing a good-natured turn for a neighbour.

It was a beautiful evening, and as little John Barton ran along the beach, he took off his hat, and unbuttoned his shirt-collar, that he might enjoy the cool breeze, for the day had been very sultry.

This air blows towards France, said he, half aloud, for I know that France lies over there across the blue water, and Paris is in France, and he lives in Paris. Oh, how I do wish, exclaimed he, passionately, and suddenly stopping short, and straining his eyes over the wide sea, how I do wish I could go to Paris! I would find him out—I would see him—I would tell him—I will, I must go, said he, interrupting himself, and again running forward. When he arrived at the cottage where his friend Bill Haul lived, he found a strange man there, speaking with Bill's father, whom he did not at first take any notice of, but kept on talking with Bill about the net; however, presently he noticed that the man talked in a different tone from what he usually heard, and used his arms very violently while he spoke, and, at last, John thought that he heard him say the word France, though in the same curious voice he had before noticed.

Isn't that man a Frenchman, Bill, that's talking to your father? asked John.

Yes, he's wanting father to buy a cargo of apples and eggs he has brought from France, and he's in a hurry to strike his bargain, because he wants to be aboard again by four o'clock to-morrow morning, but never mind him, Jack, he speaks such gibberish, that—

Did you say he was going to France at four o'clock to-morrow morning, Bill? interrupted little John.

Yes, the tide serves then to make the harbour of Boulogne, I heard him say, so he wants to be off—do but hear what a chattering the French mounseer makes, said Bill, who was about fourteen years of age, and thought it looked manly to ridicule a Frenchman. By this time the bargain was concluded between the fisherman and the apple-merchant, and, as the latter left the cottage, John Barton took rather a hasty leave of his friend, and ran after the stranger, whom he overtook just as he reached the beach.

Sir, Mr Frenchman, said John, as he approached him, somewhat out of breath,—sir, I want to speak to you if you please.

Heh, what you say, littel boy? said the man, turning round.

A'n't you going to France, sir? said John.

Yes, I am, to-morrow morning, *et puis*, but what den, my littel shild?

Why, sir, I want very much to go to France, and if you'd be so good as to take me in your boat—

Take you in my boat; what for should I do dat? answered the Frenchman.

Why, I can give you nothing for taking me, to be sure, said John; I have neither money nor anything else of my own to give away, but I will work as well and as hard as ever I can: I can mend nets, and I can tar boats, and I can—

Stop, stop, stop, interrupted the Frenchman, I was not tinking of what you could give me, or what you could do for me, but I was tinking what should be the use if I was to take you in my *bateau*—in my boat.

Oh, then, you will take me, sir! O, thank you, sir, said John, eagerly; what use did you say, sir? Oh, I want very much to go to France to find a gentleman who I hope will be a friend to my poor mother.

Your moder, did you say, my littel friend—if you want to go to France to do good to your moder, you must be *de bons fils*—de good son, so you shall go wid me in my *bateau*.

Oh, thank you, kind Frenchman, taking his hand and shaking it, and pressing it to his bosom, so overjoyed that he scarcely knew what he did, or what he said; then I will come to the harbour, by four to-morrow, and you will be there and take me. I shall be sure to find you?

Oui, yes, returned the Frenchman, you may come, but be sure you do not be too late after—you must be quite positifement a littel before four, because I would not lose de *marais*, dat is to say de what you call de tide, for de universe. So saying, he walked away in the direction of Dover town, leaving John to pursue his way home to the hut under the cliffs.

By this time the twilight had gradually given way to the coming on of night; and John Barton had been so earnestly engaged in talking and arranging his plan of going to France, that he had not perceived the increasing darkness. The sea that lay calmly before him, and the wide heavens that were above him, were both so exactly the same deep blue colour, that they seemed to touch and be one vast space, except that the waters beneath now and then broke into little white sparkles on the tops of the waves, and the sky over his head was bright with many stars. The cliffs around, with their white fronts stretching down towards the beach, looked cold and ghastly, and there was scarcely a sound to be heard but the flapping wings of a solitary sea-gull

and the distant cry of the sailors keeping time to their pulling altogether, as they hauled in their cables.

Little John could not help stopping for a moment to look round upon a scene which, although seen by him every day, yet seemed now to look particularly beautiful, and, at the same time, of a kind of awful loveliness. Now that he stood quite alone, and had time to think, he felt that he had just done a very bold thing in undertaking to make so long a voyage of his own accord, and without having asked the advice of anyone, no, not even the advice of his own mother. And then came the thought of what she would say when she found what he had done. I know, thought he, I am doing right, for I am trying to do good to my mother, and perhaps if I had asked her leave first, she would have been afraid to let such a little boy as I am go all alone, and with strangers, too; but then no one would hurt such a little fellow as I, I am sure; and then she would think that I never should be able to travel in France, because I have no money, and I can't speak French, which I have heard everybody speaks in France, even the little boys and girls, and she would be afraid I should have no bed, and be obliged to lie in the fields, and then she would perhaps forbid me to go, which I should be very sorry for, because I should not like to disobey her, yet all the time I should know I ought to go; for though there will be a great many difficulties, to be sure, yet I feel that if I try hard and do my best to get through them and help myself, that God will be so good and kind as to take care of me. Little John, as he thought of all this, looked over the blue waters, and felt the tears come in his eyes, and a kind of swelling sensation come over his breast, and it seemed to him as if he had never prayed so earnestly in all his life, though he could not say a word. Just then he recollected that it must be very late, and that he had stayed away from home so long that his mother would be uneasy; so he ran as quickly as he could towards the hut, determining that he had better not mention his intention of going to his mother at all.

Why, Johnny dear, said she, as he bounced into the cottage door quite out of breath, what a long time you have been away. I suppose neighbour Haul kept you?

John felt inclined to say, yes, mother; but he knew it would not be quite the truth, so he said, I stayed a little time talking with Bill Haul, mother, and I stayed the rest of the time on the beach, but, if you please, mother, I would rather you wouldn't ask me what I stayed there for.

Very well, dear, said his mother; no harm, I dare say.

No, indeed, mother, answered John; and they sat down to their supper of dried fish, onions, and brown bread.

What ails you, child, a'n't you hungry, said his mother, observing that he cut off his usual portion of bread and fish, but that, instead of eating it at once, he took only a small piece of each, and put by the rest.

Thank'ee, mother, I don't wish the whole of it to-night, said John, for he thought that he should want something to take with him the next morning, and he did not like to deprive his mother of any more than he could help, as she could so ill afford to spare it. And then he was still more glad that he had not told his mother of his intended voyage, for, even if she had allowed him to go, she would have given him everything that she had in the house, and left herself intirely without food.

When the time came for going to bed, and little John wished his mother good night, as she placed her hand as usual on his head, and said, God bless you, my comfort, he again felt the swelling sensation at his breast, and was very much inclined to throw himself into her arms, and tell her all he had intended to do for her; but he checked himself, and saying, May He be a friend to us, kissed his mother fervently and tenderly, and ran hastily into his own little room, where he threw himself on his straw mattress, and was soon soundly asleep.

The first thing when he awoke, he was alarmed to see that it was already light, and feared that the sun must be risen. He jumped up, put on his clothes as quickly as he could, put up his two remaining checked shirts in a bundle together, with two more pair of grey stockings, and tying his best handkerchief (which his mother had given him for a keepsake) round her spinning-wheel, as a sort of farewell remembrance, for he could not write, he left the cottage, and ran as fast as he could along the sea-beach, eating part of the remainder of his supper as he went. It was not until he had reached the harbour, that he found the sun was already up, for the cliffs hindered him from seeing it while he was on the beach underneath them; he was afraid it was very late, and asked a man who was standing with his hands in his pockets looking at a crab that lay kicking on its back among some sea-weed, what o'clock it was. The man carelessly answered, without looking up, past four.

Oh, dear! I shall be too late; what shall I do? exclaimed little John. Master, continued he, turn-

ing again to the man, who was now scraping some sand with his foot over the sprawling crab, I say, master, have you seen a Frenchman about here this morning?

The man stared for a moment full in little John's face, and said, Lord, how should I know! and then returned again to his stupid cruel amusement.

Oh, dear me! what shall I do?—but I had better not stay here, thought little John, I must do as well as I can, and try to find him out for myself. He went towards a few men whom he saw at a little distance, who seemed to be watching some fishing-boats going out. As he pushed into the midst of them, he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and on looking round, he saw his friend, the Frenchman.

Ah, my little ami, my little friend, said he, you are very good time here, I see.

Oh, I am glad I have found you, I was afraid I should be too late, for a man told me just now, that it was past four o'clock.

No, no such ting, answered the Frenchman, it is half a hour past tree only.

Oh, I am so glad, for then there will be time for me to run and leave a message with Bill Haul for my mother, who, I am afraid, will be frightened, when she finds I have gone away.

The Frenchman agreed, telling him to mind and be back in time, and so John went to Bill Haul, and told him all about his intended journey to France, begging him to go every day and see his mother, and be kind to her, for his sake, while he was away. Bill Haul promised all this, for he loved little John Barton for his good nature and obligingness, so that when John returned to the harbour he felt much happier than he did before, now that he knew his mother would know where he was, and that she would have some one to go and help her in his absence. At first, John Barton was very happy on board the Frenchman's boat, helping him and two other men who were aboard to work the vessel, but when he had been there about an hour and a half, he began to feel very sick at the stomach, and his head ached so much, that he had a great mind to ask Jacques Bontemps (which was the name of the captain of the little French vessel), if he might go into the cabin and lie down for a little while; but as he saw that he and the men were busy, he thought he would manage as well as he could for himself; so seeing a large boat-cloak in a corner, he threw himself upon it, and had not lain long there before he felt quite recovered, which perhaps would not have been the case if he had gone below, as the warm air of a confined cabin is more likely to bring on sea-sickness than to relieve it. The fresh air of the deck, and his being constantly at work, made him quite well; and when the Frenchman came to him to see if he wanted any breakfast, he found that he was very hungry. He produced a small bit of dried fish and some crust, which was all that was left of his provision, and began to eat it.

Ah, my poor little ami! What, is dat all what you have for your *dejeuner*?—for your breakfast. Stop, stop! Stay, let me see if I cannot give you something better.

The kind Jacques went and fetched him some boiled eggs, wine, some bread, and something which he called *fromage de cochon*.*

John thanked him, and eat it very heartily; but he mixed some water with the wine. Jacques Bontemps, who was watching him, said: Ah, ha! it is all very well dat you put de water to de wine now, but you will like it quite by itself when you have been a little time in France. What for are you going to France? continued he, and for how long time?

John answered that he did not know how long he should be there, but he was going to try and find out a gentleman who lived in Paris.

And what name is de gentleman? and what street in Paris does he live in? asked Jacques.

But when little John told him he knew neither, and that he had no money, nor could not speak a word of French, the good-natured Frenchman lifted up his hands and eyes in astonishment, and exclaimed: *Bon Dieu, est il possible!* My poor little friend, how will you do to travel all dat way if you have no money? I would myself go wid you and show you de way, but I must not leave my *métier*—my trade; and I have very little money to give away, but what I can give, I will. So saying, the good man took out a half-franc piece, and fifteen sous, and gave them to little John Barton, who had scarcely ever had so large a sum in all his life.

[To be concluded in our next Journal.]

* This literally means pig-cheese: it is pork cut into bits, with sweet herbs, and pressed into a shape, looking something like brawn.

† Good God! is it possible?

‡ A small silver coin, worth five pence English.

§ A sous is worth an English halfpenny.

Self-Riches.—At an inn in Sweden, there was the following inscription in English on the wall, "You will find at Trollhathe excellent bread, meat, and wine, *provided you bring them with you*;" and this will almost serve for a description of human life, so much depends upon the temper that events are met with, and on the prudence that foresees and provides against them.—*Sharp's Letters*.

TABLE TALK.

Benefits of Ventilation.—For several weeks before the plague broke out in London, in 1665, there was an uninterrupted calm, so that there was not even sufficient motion in the air to turn a vane. And at the season in which the last plague visited Vienna there had been no wind for three months. To produce agitation in the air, fires were formerly lighted, and pieces of artillery discharged, means altogether inefficient to cause a considerable commotion in the atmosphere at large, though a fire is extremely serviceable in renewing the air of apartments in houses: the only means adequate to this end are beyond our controul, though they frequently take place at the moments of the utmost need: these are storms and hurricanes which, however desolating in their immediate effects, are instruments of great, though less obvious good. After the hurricane which proved so destructive to the inhabitants of the West Indies, in 1780, less disease occurred than had been known before; even those who laboured under sickness at the time were benefited by it; fever, diarrhoeas and dysenteries, but, above all, disorders affecting the lungs, were cured. Cases of intermittent fever were observed to be cured by an earthquake at Caracas, in March, 1812. (See 'Brand's Quarterly Journal of Science' for 1817, vol. II. p. 401.) After the expectation of a storm, plants give out more oxygen, which accounts for the delightful and life-giving freshness of the air, of which every one is sensible who walks out into the fields immediately afterwards.—One of the most convincing proofs of the different influence of foul and pure air is to be found in the 'Report of the Lying-in Hospital of Dublin.' In the space of four years, ending in 1784, in a badly ventilated house, there died 2944 children out of 7650. But after freer ventilation, the deaths in the same period of time, and in a like number of children, amounted only to 279. Attention to this point will prove a protection from numerous causes of disease. The annual mortality of Manchester, in 1757, was 1 in 25, and in 1729, 1 in 28; but in 1811, it was 1 in 74; a charge mainly attributable to the improvements in ventilation effected by Drs Percival and Ferriar.

Opinions of Aristotle.—The works of this philosopher (of which, however, only forty-eight exist, out of a multitude supposed to have amounted to four hundred) embrace nearly the whole range of human knowledge as it existed in his day. He was the inventor of the syllogistic mode of reasoning, the principles of which he lays down in his work on logic. In his books on rhetoric, he has investigated the principles of eloquence with great accuracy and precision, inasmuch that they form the basis of all that has since been written on the subject. His work on poetics, or rather the fragment which has come down to us under that name, although almost intirely confined to the consideration of the drama, contains principles applicable to poetical composition in general, and is equally distinguished for precision and depth of thought. Those on ethics and politics are also remarkable productions; and although the former has been effectually superseded by a more perfect system, the latter contains much that is interesting, even at the present day. In his metaphysics, he expounds the doctrine of Being, abstracted from Matter, and speaks of a first mover—the life and intellect of the universe, eternal and immutable, but neither omnipresent nor omnipotent. When treating of physics, he does not in general lay down rules *a priori*, but deduces them from the observation and comparison of facts. This being the case, we might expect that such of his writings as relate to natural history should contain much truth. He holds that all terrestrial bodies are composed of four elements, earth, water, air, and fire. Earth and water are heavy, because they tend towards the earth's centre; while air and fire, which tend upwards, are light. Besides these four elements, he has admitted a fifth, of which the celestial objects were composed, and whose motion is always circular. He supposed that there is above the air, under the concave part of the moon, a sphere of fire to which all the flames ascend, as the brooks and rivers flow into the ocean. He maintains that matter is infinitely divisible; that the universe is full, and that there is no vacuum in nature; that the world is eternal; that the sun, which has always revolved as it does at present, will for ever continue to do so; and, finally, that the generations of men succeed one another without having had a beginning or foreseeing an end. He alleges that the heavens are incapable of decay; and that although sublunar things are subject to corruption, their parts nevertheless do not perish; that they only change place; that from the remains of one thing another is made; and that thus the mass of the world always remains intire. He holds that the earth is in the centre of the world, and that the First Being makes the skies revolve round the earth, by intelligences which are continually occupied with these motions. He asserts that all the globe which is now covered by the waters of the sea, was formerly dry land; and that what is now dry land will be again converted into water. The reason is this; the rivers and torrents are continually carrying along sand and earth,

which causes the shores gradually to advance and the sea gradually to retire; so that, in the course of innumerable ages, the alleged vicissitudes necessarily take place. He adds that in several parts which are considerably inland, and even of great elevation, the sea, when retreating, left shells, and that, on digging in the ground, anchors and fragments of ships are sometimes found. Ovid attributes the same opinion to Pythagoras. Aristotle further remarks, that these conversions of sea into land, and of land into sea, which gradually take place in the long lapse of ages, are in a great measure the cause of our ignorance of past occurrences. He adds that besides this, other accidents happen, which give rise even to the loss of the arts; and among these the innumerable pestilences, wars, famines, earthquakes, burnings, and desolations, which exterminate all the inhabitants of a country, excepting a few who escape and save themselves in the deserts, where they lead a savage life, and where they give origin to others, who, in the progress of time, cultivate the ground, and invent or rediscover the arts; and that the same opinions recur, and have been renewed times without number. In this manner, he maintains that, notwithstanding these vicissitudes and revolutions, the machine of the world always remains indestructible.—*Lives of Zoologists*.

A Lesson in Sentiment.—The deeds of their ancestors are painted on the great bridge of Lucerne; and, poor as the pictures are, they gave me pleasure. They must not be considered as works of art, but, as records of memorable acts, are highly honourable, for they nurture a glowing love of freedom. I might reply to any unseasonable critic in the words of Shakspeare, when the courtiers, in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' were despising the rude dialogue of Moonshine and Wall; and when Theseus made them this remarkable answer,—"The best of this kind are but shadows, and the worst of them are not worse, if imagination amend them."—*Matthison's Travels*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our best thanks to the Lady who forwarded us in so kind a manner the verses of Mr Landor, addressed to the President of the United States. We need not say how much we regret our inability to insert them in this unpolitical journal. We shall make ourselves and our readers amends however, by the further extracts we intend to give from his last volume of poetry.

Z. Z. next week. Also H. S.

VINDEX will see, by intimations to Correspondents in our two last numbers, that we mean to give no further occasion for the excitement of controversial topics.

The author of the sonnet "To a Friend labouring under severe Indisposition," &c. writes with excellent good sense and feeling, but his style is hardly original enough to do him justice, except in the striking line in which he speaks of "Fortitude, the giant of the heart."

We are not aware of any "cause of complaint" which our friend E. W. V. has with us, on the score of not answering Correspondents. We must really say that we take ourselves to be very well-behaved in that matter. The circumstance he notices with regard to some of the shops, has often astonished us; but we cannot discuss the subject in this Journal, the object of which is to point out the beautiful, and not to contend with the deformed.

H. R.'s feelings are genuine; and his love of poetry worth cultivating, at his leisure. He, and our other young friend TENTATOR, should read the old English poets, that they may learn to care less for conventional styles, and the mere fitting of one line to another.

We will endeavour to do what F. H. wishes.

Thanks to F. Sr JNO. N., for his pleasant letter. We shall be happy to hear from him on the subject he speaks of. Meantime, a letter containing a query is left for him at Mr Hooper's, if he will be good enough to apply for it. Also another for our esteemed Correspondent, PEREGRINE REEDPEN, if he will take the same trouble.

In consequence of a letter we have received from the fair writer, it is proper to state that the verses to Flowers, inserted a few weeks back from her pen, were not intended by her to be signed with her name at length, but only with the initials I. J. T. It was our own doing,—the putting the name at length. We wished to let the reader know that they were written by a lady, and did not consider that one of the Christian names would have been sufficient.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5, 1834.

No. 32.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

OF PETER WILKINS AND THE FLYING WOMEN.

As we mentioned this book in our last, and our readers (to judge from those who have expressed any opinion on the matter) appear to like the articles we have given them on imaginative beings, we will devote the present paper to some account of our old friend Peter Wilkins and his bride; and then quit, for the present, this tempting class of subjects, in behalf of the variety expected of us.

The 'Adventures of Peter Wilkins' is a book written about a hundred years back, purporting to be the work of a shipwrecked voyager, and relating the discovery of a people who had wings. It is mentioned somewhere, with great esteem, by Mr Southey, if our memory does not deceive us; and has been altogether so much admired, and so popular, that we are surprised Mr Dunlop has omitted it in his 'History of Fiction.' The name, 'Peter Wilkins,' has, to the present perplexed and aspiring generation (not yet knowing what to retain and what to get rid of) a poor and vulgar sound. It is not Montreville, or Mordaunt, or Montgomery. "Peter" is not the name for a card. "Wilkins" hardly announces himself as a diner with dukes. But a hundred years ago people did not conceive that a gentleman's pretensions were nominal. What novelist now-a-days would call his hero "Tom Jones?" Yet thus was his great work christened by Fielding, a man of noble family. However, there is a "preferment" in the instinct of this aspiration. Society has had a lift, and is inclined to take everything for an advantage and an elegance which it sees in possession of its new company. By and bye, it will be content with the real elegancies, and drop the pretended.

It is a great honour to a writer to invent a being, at once new and delightful; and the honour is not the less, for the apparent obviousness of the invention. Let any one try to make a new combination of this sort, and he will find how difficult it is. We will venture to say, that besides genius in the ordinary sense of the word, there is a faith in it, and a remoteness from things worldly, that implies a virtue and a child-like simplicity, not common but to minds of the higher order. Some writers would think they were going to be merely childish; and would very properly desist. Others would be apprehensive of ridicule; and would desist with like reason. Not that everybody would succeed, who fancied he should. Taste and judgment are requisite to all good inventions, as well as an imagination to find them; and there must be, above all, a strong taste for the truth; verisimilitude, or the likeness of truth, being the great charm in the wildest of fictions. It is very difficult to unite the imaginative with the worldly; and men of real genius sometimes make mistakes, in consequence, fit only for the most literal or incoherent understandings.

We have headed our article 'Flying Women,' instead of the Flying People, because, though the beings discovered by our friend Peter are of both sexes, we could never quite persuade ourselves that his males had an equal right to their *grandees*. All however, that he says about the Flying Nation as a people is ingenious. He has escaped, in particular, in a most happy manner, from the difficulty of introducing his plain-backed hero among them without lessening his dignity, by means of implicating him

with a prophecy important to their well-being; and his speculations upon their religion and policy, show him to have been a man of an original turn of reflection in everything; good-hearted, and zealous for the advancement of mankind. But his lords, his architects, and his miners, violate the remoteness of his invention, and bring it back to common-place; nor was this necessary to render his work useful. The utility of a work of imagination consists in softening and elevating the mind generally; and this is the effect of his Flying Woman. All that relates to her is luckily set in a frame by itself; is remote, quiet, and superior. She is as much above Peter's race in sincerity, as in her wings; and yet there is nothing about her which, in a higher state of humanity, the author does not succeed in making us suppose possible. Peter is even raised towards her by dint of his admiration of her truth, and the sweetness of her disposition more than meets him half way, and sets them both on a level.

The author of this curious invention must have been a very modest as well as clever man, or have had some peculiar reasons for keeping his name a secret; for he was living when the work arrived at a second edition. The dedication does not appear in the first; and the writer, who signs himself R. P. speaks in it of the heroine as his property. It is observable, that in all the editions we have met with, the initials R. P. are signed to the dedication, while R. S. is put in the title-page. This also looks like a negligence uncommon in authors. The dedication is to Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland; the lady to whom Bishop Percy dedicated his 'Relics of Ancient English Poetry.' We have sometimes fancied that Abraham Tucker wrote it, or Bishop Berkeley. It has all the ease and the cordial delicacy of the best days that followed the 'Tatler,' as well as their tendency to theological discussion. The mediocrity of the author's station in life might have been invented, to make the picture of a sea-faring philosopher more real, though the names of the children, *Tommy* and *Pedro*, hardly seem a contrast which a scholar could have allowed himself to give into. The turn of words, invented for the flying people, is copied from Swift, and cannot be called happy. There is a want of analogy in them to the smoothness, and even the energy, of flying. The ancient name of the country, *Nosmnddgrault*, is more fit for that of the Houyhnhnms. *Arndrumstake*, *Babbrindrugg*, *Crashdoorpt*, and *Hunkun* (marriage), and *Glumm* (a man), are words too ugly for any necessity of looking natural. We are hardly reconciled to the name of Youwarkee for the heroine. *Gawrey* (a woman) is hardly so good; but the *Grandee*, the name of the flying apparatus, will do. There is a *grandeur* in it. We see it expand and "display its pomp," as Tasso says of the peacock. The hero's name was most likely suggested by that of a celebrated advocate of the possibility of flying, Wilkins, Bishop of Chester.* Upon the whole, if we were in possession of the Berkeley Manuscripts, we should look hard to find a memorandum indicative of his

* The Bishop is said to have been asked by the flighty Duchess of Newcastle, how people who took a voyage to the moon were to manage for "baiting-places!" to which he replied, with great felicity, that he wondered at such a question from her Grace, "who had built so many castles in the air."

being the author of this delightful invention. Even the miners seem to belong to the author of the Bermuda scheme; and he had traversed the seas, and been conversant with all honest paths of life. There would also have appeared to him good reason for not avowing the book, how Christian soever, when he came to be a Bishop. But these inquiries are foreign to our pages.

A peacock, with his plumage displayed, full of "rainbows and starry eyes," is a fine object; but think of a lovely woman set in front of an ethereal shell, and wafted about like a Venus. This is perhaps the best general idea that can be given of Peter Wilkins's bride. In the first edition of the work, published in 1751 (at least we know of none earlier), there is an engraved explanation of the wings, or rather drapery, for such it was when at rest. It might be called a natural webbed-silk. We are to fancy a nymph in a vest of the finest texture and of the most delicate carnation. On a sudden, this drapery parts in two and flies back, stretched from head to foot behind the figure like an oval fan or umbrella; and the lady is in front of it, preparing to sweep blushing away from us, and "winnow the buxom air."

It has been objected, that the wings of Peter's woman consist rather of something laced and webbed than proper angelical wings, that this something serves her also for drapery, that the drapery therefore is alive, and that we should be shocked to find it warm and stirring. The objection is natural in a merely animal point of view; and yet, speaking for ourselves, we confess we have been so accustomed to idealities, and to aspirations after the predominance of moral beauty in physical, that it is with an effort we allow it to be so. Supposing it, at first, to be something to which we should have to grow reconciled, we conceive, that pity for the supposed deformity would only endear us the more to the charming and perfect womanhood to which it was attached. We have often thought, that real tenderness for the sex would not be so great or so touching,—certainly it could not be so well proved,—if women partook less than they do of imperfection. But the ethereal power as well as grace belonging to our flying beauties could not long permit us to associate the idea with deformity. Our admiration of beauty, as it is (unless we hold with some philosophers, that it is a direct ordinance of the Divine Being) is the effect of custom and kind offices. It is true, there is something in mere smoothness and harmony of form, which appears to be sufficient of itself to affect us with pleasing emotions, distinct from any reference to moral beauty; but the last secrets of pleasures, the most material, are in the brain and the imagination. The lowest sensualist, if he were capable of reflection, would find that he was endeavouring to grasp some shadow of grace and kindness, even when he fancied himself least given to such refinements. The worst like to receive pleasures from the best. The very seducer, in the sorry improvidence of his selfishness, seeks to be mistaken for what he is not; to enjoy innocence instead of guilt; to read in the eyes of simplicity what a transport it is to be loved; and to piece out the instinctive consciousness of his own want of a just moral power by the stealing of one that is unjust. Being a man, he cannot help these involuntary tributes to the soul of beauty. If it were otherwise,

he would be an idiot, or a fly on the wall. We think it, therefore, perfectly natural in our friend Peter, seeing of what lovely elements the mind as well as the body of his new acquaintance is composed, to feel nothing but admiration for an appendage which doubles her power to do him good, and which realizes what it is natural for us all to long for in our dreams. The wish to fly seems to belong instinctively to all imaginative states of being—to dreams, to childhood, and to love. The furious driving of royalty is an unconscious parody on it. Flying seems the next step to a higher state of being; and if we could fancy human nature taking another degree in the scale, and displacing the present inhabitants of the world by a new set of creatures, personally improved, the result of a climax in refinement, what we should expect in them would be wings to their shoulders.

We proceed to lay before our readers, from the complete edition of this romance,* the passages describing our hero's first knowledge of the flying people, and the account of his bride and her behaviour.

As I lay awake, says our voyager, one night or day, I know not which, I very plainly heard the sound of several human voices, and sometimes very loud; but though I could easily distinguish the articulations, I could not understand the least word that was said; nor did the voices seem at all to me like such as I had anywhere heard before, but much softer and more musical. This startled me, and I arose immediately, slipping on my clothes, and taking my gun in my hand (which I always kept charged, being my constant travelling companion), and my outlass. I was inclined to open the door of my anti-chamber, but I own I was afraid; besides, I considered that I could discover nothing at any distance, by reason of the thick and gloomy wood that inclosed me.

I had a thousand different surmises about the meaning of this odd incident; and could not conceive how any human creatures should be in my kingdom (as I called it) but myself, as I never yet saw them or any trace of their habitation.

These thoughts kept me still more within doors than before, and I hardly ever stirred out but for water or firing. At length, hearing no more voices, nor seeing any one, I began to be more composed in my mind, and at last grew persuaded it was all a mere delusion, and only a fancy of mine without any real foundation; so the whole notion was soon blown over.

I had not enjoyed my tranquillity above a week, before my fears were roused afresh, hearing the same sound of voices twice in the same night, but not many minutes at a time, and I was resolved not to venture out, but then I determined if they should come again any thing near my grotto, to open the door, see who they were, and stand upon my defence, whatever came of it. Thus had I formed my scheme, but I heard no more of them for a great while, so that at length I became tranquil again.

I passed the summer (though I had never yet seen the sun's body) very much to my satisfaction; partly in the work I had been describing, (for I had taken two more seals, and had a great quantity of oil from them,) partly in building me a chimney in my anti-chamber of mud and earth burnt on my own hearth into a sort of brick; in making a window at one end of the above-said chamber, to let in what little light would come through the trees when I did not choose to open my door; in moulding an earthen lamp for my oil; and finally in providing and laying stores, fresh and salt (for I had now cured and dried many more fish) against winter. These I say were my summer employments at home, intermixed with many agreeable excursions. But now the winter coming on and the days growing very short, or indeed there being no day, properly speaking, but a kind of twilight, kept mostly in my habitation, though not so much as I had done the winter before, when I had no light within doors, and slept, or at least lay still, great part of my time; for now my lamp was never out. I also turned two of my seal-skins into a rug to cover my bed, and the third into a cushion which I always sat upon, and a very soft warm cushion it made. All this together rendered my life very easy, nay even comfortable; but a little while after the darkness or twilight came on, I frequently heard the voices again; sometimes in great numbers. This threw me into new fears, and I became as uneasy as ever, even to the degree of growing quite melancholy.

At length one night, or day, I cannot say which, hearing the voices very distinctly, and praying very

earnestly to be either delivered from the uncertainty they had put me under, or to have them removed from me, I took courage, and arming myself with a gun, listened to distinguish from whence the voices proceeded, when I felt such a thump upon the roof of my anti-chamber as shook the whole fabric, and set me all over into a tremor; I then heard a sort of shriek and a rustle near the door of my apartment; all which together seemed very terrible. But I having before determined to see what and who it was, resolutely opened my door, and leaped out. I saw nobody; all was quite silent, and nothing that I could perceive, but my own fears, a-moving. I went then softly to the corner of my building, and there looking down, by the glimmer of my lamp, which stood in the window, I saw something in human shape lying at my feet. I asked, who's there? No one answering, I was induced to take a near view of the object. But judge of my astonishment when I discovered the face of the most lovely and beautiful woman eyes ever beheld! I stood for a few seconds transfixed with astonishment, and my heart was ready to force its way through my sides. At length, somewhat recovering, I perceived her more minutely. But if I was puzzled at beholding a woman alone in this lonely place, how much more was I surprised at her appearance and dress. She had a sort of brown chaplet, like lace, round her head, under and about which her hair was tucked up and twined; and she seemed to me to be clothed in a thin hair-coloured silk garment, which upon trying to raise her, I found to be quite warm, and, therefore, hoped there was life in the body it contained. I then took her in my arms, and conveyed her through the door-way into my grotto; where I laid her upon my bed.

When I laid her down, I thought, on laying my hand on her breast, I perceived the fountain of life had some motion. This gave me infinite pleasure; so warming a drop of wine, I dipped my finger in it and moistened her lips two or three times, and I imagined they opened a little. Upon this I be-thought me, and taking a tea-spoon, I gently poured a few drops of the wine by that means into her mouth. Finding she swallowed it, I poured in another spoonful and another, till I brought her to herself so well as to be able to sit up.

I then spoke to her, and asked her divers questions as if she understood me; in return of which she uttered language I had no idea of, though in the most musical tone, and with the sweetest accent I ever heard.

You may imagine we stared heartily at each other, and I doubted not but she wondered as much as I by what means we came so near each other. I offered her everything in my grotto which I thought might please her: some of which she gratefully received, as appeared by her looks and behaviour. But she avoided my lamp and always placed her back towards it. I observed that, and took care to set it in such a position myself as seemed agreeable to her, though it deprived me of a prospect I very much admired.

After we had sat a good while, now and then, I may say, chattering to one another, she got up and took a turn or two about the room. When I saw her in that attitude, her grace and motion perfectly charmed me, and her shape was incomparable; but the straightness of her dress put me to a loss to conceive either what it was, or how it was put on.

Well, we supped together, and I set the best of everything I had before her, nor could either of us forbear speaking in our own tongue, though we were sensible neither of us understood the other. After supper I gave her some of my cordials, for which she showed great tokens of thankfulness. When supper had been sometime over, I showed her my bed and made signs for her to go to it; but she seemed very shy of that, till I showed her where I meant to lie myself, by pointing to myself, then to that, and again pointing to her and to my bed. When at length I had made this matter intelligible to her, she lay down very composedly; and after I had taken care of my fire, and set the things I had been using for supper in their places, I laid myself down too.

I treated her for some time with all the respect imaginable, and never suffered her to do the least part of my work. It was very inconvenient to both of us only to know each other's meaning by signs; but I could not be otherwise than pleased to see that she endeavoured all in her power to learn to talk like me. Indeed, I was not behind-hand with her in that respect, striving all I could to imitate her. With this we at last succeeded so well, that in a few months, we were able to hold a conversation with each other.

After my new love had been with me a fortnight, finding my water run very low, I was greatly troubled at the thought of quitting her to go for more; and, as well as I could, intreated her not to go away before my return. As soon as she understood what I signified to her, she sat down with her arms across, leaning her head against the wall, to assure me she would not stir.

I took my boat, net, and water-cask, as usual; desirous of bringing her home a fresh-fish dinner, and succeeded so well as to catch enough for several meals, and to spare. What remained, I salted, and

found that she liked that better than the fresh, after a few days sitting; though she did not so well approve of that I had formerly pickled and dried.

Thus we spent the remainder of the winter together, till the days began to be light enough for me to walk abroad a little in the middle of them; for I was now under no apprehensions of her leaving me, as she had before this time many opportunities of doing so, but never attempted it.

I must here make one reflection upon our conduct which you will almost think incredible, namely, that we two, of different sexes, fully inflamed with love to each other, and no outward obstacle to prevent our wishes, should have been together under the same roof alone for five months, conversing together from morning till night (for by this she pretty well understood English, and I her language), and yet I should never have clasped her in my arms, or have shown any farther feelings to her, than what the deference I all along paid her could give her room to surmise. Nay, I can affirm that I did not even then know that the covering she wore was not the work of art, but the work of nature, for I really took it for silk. Indeed, the modesty of her carriage and sweetness of her behaviour to me, had struck into me such a dread of offending her, that though nothing upon earth could be more capable of exciting passion than her charms, I could have died rather than have attempted to salute her only, without actual invitation.

When the weather cleared up a little, by the lengthening of day-light, I took courage one afternoon to invite her to walk with me to the lake, but she sweetly excused herself from it, whilst there was such a glare of light; but told me, if I would not go out of the wood, she would accompany me; so we agreed to take a turn only there. I first went myself over the stile of the door, and taking her in my arms, lifted her over. But even when I had her in this manner, I knew not what to make of her clothing, it sat so true and close; but I begged she would let me know of what her garment was made. She smiled, and asked me if mine was not the same under my jacket? No, lady, answered I, I have nothing but my skin under my clothes. Why, what do you mean? she replied, somewhat tartly; but indeed I was afraid something was the matter, by that nasty covering you wear, that you might not be seen. Are not you a glum? Yes, fair creature. Then, continued she, I am afraid you must have been a very bad glum, and have been *crashed*, which I should be very sorry to hear. I replied, I hoped my faults had not exceeded other men's; but I had suffered abundance of hardships in my time, and that at last, Providence having settled me in this spot, from whence I had no prospect of ever departing, it was none of the least of its mercies to bring to my knowledge and company the most exquisite piece of all his works in her, which I should acknowledge as long as I lived. She was surprised at this discourse, and said, Have not you the same prospect that I or any other person has of departing? You don't do well, and really I fear you are slit, or you would not wear this nasty cumbersome coat (taking hold of my jacket-sleeve), if you were not afraid of showing the signs of a bad life upon your natural clothing.

I could not for my heart imagine what way there was to get out of my dominions; and as to my jacket, I confess she made me blush; and, but for shame, I would have stripped to my skin to have satisfied her. But, madam, said I, pray pardon me, for you really are mistaken; I have examined every nook and corner of this island, and can find no possible outlet. Why, replied she, what outlets do you want? If you are not slit, is not the air open to you as well as other people? I tell you, sir, I fear you have been slit for your crimes; and though you have been so good to me that I can't help loving you heartily for it, yet, if I thought you had been slit, I would not stay a moment longer with you, though it should break my heart to leave you.

I found myself now in a strange quandary, longing to know what she meant by being slit. But seeing her look a little angrily upon me, I said, Pray, madam, don't be offended, if I take the liberty to ask you what you mean by the word *crashed*, so often repeated by you? for I am an utter stranger to what you mean by it. Sir, replied she, pray answer me first how you came here? Madam, replied I, if you will please to take a walk to the verge of the wood, I will show you the very passage. Well, replied she, now this odious dazzle of light is lessened, I don't care if I do go with you.

When we came far enough to see the bridge, There, madam, said I, there is my entrance, where the sea pours into this lake from yonder cavern! It is not possible, answered she; this is another untruth; and as I see you would deceive me, and are not to be believed, farewell; I must be gone. But hold! let me ask you one thing more, that is, by what means did you come through that cavern? You could not have used to come over the rock! Bless me, madam! said I, do you think I and my boat could fly? Come over the rock, did you say? No, madam; I sailed from the great sea, in my boat, through that cavern into this very lake. What

* The latest was published in 1816, by Altman. It was followed by an abridgment, purporting to be the entire work, but affording almost as inadequate an idea of it in spirit as in letter.

do you mean by your boat? said she; you seem to make two things of your boat you sailed with and yourself. I do so, replied I, for I take myself to be good flesh and blood, but my boat is made of wood and other materials. Is it so? And pray where is this boat that is made of wood and other materials? under your jacket? Lord, madam! said I, what! put a boat under my jacket! No, madam, my boat is in the lake. What more truths! said she. No, madam, I replied, if you would be satisfied of what I say (every word of which is as true as that my boat now is in the lake), pray walk with me thither, and make your own eyes judges what sincerity I speak with. To this she agreed, it growing dusky; but assured me if I did not give her good satisfaction, I should see her no more.

We arrived at the lake; and going to my wet-dock, Now, madam, pray satisfy yourself whether I spoke true or no. She looked at my boat, but could not yet frame a proper notion of it, till I stepped into it, and pushing from the shore, took the oars in my hand and sailed along the lake by her as she walked on the shore. At last she seemed so well reconciled to me and my boat, that she desired I would take her in. I immediately did so, and we sailed a good way; and as we returned to my dock I described to her how I procured the water we drank, and brought it to the shore in that vessel.

Well, said she, I have sailed, as you call it, many a mile in my life-time, but never in such a thing as this. I own it will serve where one has a great many things to carry from place to place; but to be labouring thus, when one intends pleasure in sailing, is in my mind most ridiculous. Why, pray, madam, how would you have me sail? for getting into the boat only will not carry us this way or that, without using some force. But pray where did you get this boat, as you call it? O, madam! I answered, that is too long a story to begin upon now; but I will make a faithful relation of all to you, when we get home.

I now perceived, and wondered at it, that the later it grew, the more agreeable it seemed to her; and as I had now brought her into a good humour again by seeing and sailing in my boat, I was not willing to prevent its increase. I told her if she pleased we would land, and when I had docked my boat, I would accompany her where and as long as she liked. As we talked and walked by the lake, she made a little run before me, and sprung into it. Perceiving this, I cried out; whereupon she nervently called on me to follow her. The light was then so dim, as prevented my having more than a confused sight of her when she jumped in; and, looking earnestly after her, I could discern nothing more than a small boat on the water which skimmed along at so great a rate that I almost lost sight of it presently; but running along the shore for fear of losing her, I met her gravely walking to meet me; and then had intirely lost sight of the boat upon the lake. This, accosting me with a smile, is my way of sailing, which I perceive by the fright you were in, you were altogether unacquainted with; and as you tell me you came from so many thousand miles off, it is possible you may be made differently from me; and I suspect from all your discourse, to which I have been very attentive, it is possible you may no more be able to fly, than to sail as I do. No, charming creature, that I cannot, I'll assure you. She then stepped to the edge of the lake, for the advantage of a descent before, sprung up into the air, and away she went, farther than my eyes could follow her.

I was quite astonished; but I had very little time for reflection; for in a few minutes after, she alighted just by me on her feet.

Her return, as she plainly saw, filled me with a transport not to be concealed; and which as she afterwards told me was very agreeable to her. Indeed I was some moments in such an agitation of mind from these unparalleled incidents, that I was like one thunderstruck; but coming presently to myself, and clasping her in my arms with as much love and passion as I was capable of expressing, Are you returned again, kind angel, said I, to bless a wretch who can only be happy in adoring you! Can it be, that you, who have so many advantages over me, should quit all the pleasures that nature has formed you for, and all your friends and relations, to take an asylum in my arms! But I here make you a tender of all I am able to bestow—my love and constancy. Come, come, replied she, no more raptures; I find you are a worthier man than I thought I had reason to take you for; and I beg your pardon for my distrust, whilst I was ignorant of your imperfections; but now I verily believe all you have said is true; and I promise you, as you have seemed so much to delight in me, I will never quit you, till death or some other fatal accident shall part us. But we will now, if you please, go home; for I know you have been for some time uneasy in this gloom, though agreeable to me: for, giving my eyes the

pleasure of looking eagerly on you, it conceals my blushes from your sight.

In this manner, exchanging mutual endearments and soft speeches, hand in hand we arrived at the grotto.

The author here proceeds to give an account of his nuptials, which, though given in the very best taste of the time, and evincing great purity as well as pleasurable nature, is better left in its place than brought forward out of the other circumstances which invest it.

But are not such of our readers, as did not know her before, glad of their new acquaintance?

MEMOIRS OF ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON.

A VERY unchristian Christian was Antoinette Bourignon, and perhaps quite as unworthy of the title as most of those to whom she refused it; though she was an honest woman, too, after her fashion, and an extraordinary instance of self-delusion. The following account of her is taken from Miss Hays's 'Female Biography.'

This singular enthusiast (says the fair biographer) was born at Lisle, in Flanders, January 13, 1616. She appeared so much deformed at her birth, that it was debated for some days, in the family, whether the infant ought to be permitted to live. But as she grew older, her figure improved. She gave early indications of an extraordinary character; at four years of age she was disturbed by the immorality of the people of Lisle, and desired to be carried into a country of Christians, for she could not be persuaded that persons, whose conduct was so opposite to the precepts of Jesus Christ, had a title to be called by his name.

Her father and mother had frequent domestic disagreements; the little Antoinette, on these occasions, took the part of her mother, and endeavoured to soften her father, whose temper was harsh and severe, by her infant caresses. From these scenes, which made a strong impression on her mind, she conceived an aversion to marriage. My God, grant that I may never marry! was her daily prayer. Thus early disgusted with the world, she threw all the ardour of her mind, as she advanced towards maturity, into devotion, in which she became an extravagant fanatic.

Her father, incapable of entering into these refinements, and desirous of establishing his daughter in life, promised her in marriage to a Frenchman, who demanded her hand, and, without considering the consent of Antoinette as essential to the engagement, appointed Easter-day, in 1630, for the celebration of the nuptials. The young lady fled to avoid a measure so coercive, disguised in the habit of a hermit; but was stopped at Blacon, a village of Hainaut, on suspicion of her sex. An officer of the guards had seized her, from whom she was delivered by the Curate of the place, who, observing in her something extraordinary, mentioned her to the Archbishop of Cambray, by whom she was sent back to her father.

Being persecuted soon after with new proposals of matrimony, she absconded a second time, to avert a compulsion that appeared to her so odious. She once more made a visit to the Archbishop, and obtained his permission to form in the country a small community of young women, who, like herself, should determine to abjure the nuptial tie. She had conceived an aversion to a cloister, having early learned, that the spirit of the Gospel must not be sought for in convents. The Archbishop afterwards retracting the licence he had granted her, Antoinette retired to Liège, whence she returned privately to Lisle, where she resided many years in great privacy and simplicity.

Her patrimonial estate at length falling to her, she determined at first to reject it; but afterwards altered this resolution, for which she gave the following reasons:—First, that it might not come into the hands of those who had no right to it. Secondly, that it might not be possessed by those who would make an ill use of it. Thirdly, that God had shown her she should have occasion for it for his glory. This patrimony, which she wisely resolved to accept, was somewhat considerable. Her habits were simple, and her wants but few; she bestowed no charities; her wealth, therefore, daily accumulated. John de Saulieu, the son of a peasant, became enamoured of the lady's riches, and resolved to address her. With this view, he assumed the prophetic character, but, like the oracles of old, with great wariness; and insinuated himself into the confidence of the pious Antoinette, by discourses of refined spirituality. At length he drew off the mask and avowed more earthly motives: his suit was listened to with little complacency, and somewhat severely checked. On finding his fair mistress intractable, the lover grew

desperate, and obliged her to apply to the magistracy for protection. This furious innamorato threatened, if denied admission, to break the doors and windows of his dulcinea, and to murder her, though he should be hanged for it in the market place of Lisle. The Provost, to whom the distressed dame had recourse for protection, sent two armed men to guard her house. Saulieu, in revenge, basely attempted to blast the reputation of the woman who had despised alike his arts and his menaces; he reported in the town that she had promised him marriage, and that she had even suffered him to attempt its privileges. A reconciliation was, however, soon after effected between them: Saulieu was persuaded to retract his slanders, and to leave Mademoiselle Bourignon at liberty; when a young man, more complaisant, consoled him for his disappointment.

But our fair recusant had not yet come to the end of her persecutions. The nephew of the curate of St Andrew's conceived a passion for her, and, as he resided in her neighbourhood, frequently attempted to force an entrance into her house. Antoinette threatened to abandon the place, if she were not relieved from the presumption of this new and adventurous lover, whose uncle, on her complaints, drove him from his house. The passion of the young man was, by the cruelty of his mistress, converted into rage, and, in a fit of desperation he discharged a musket through her chamber window; while he affirmed among the neighbours that she was his espoused wife. The devotees, offended by this report, threatened to affront Mademoiselle Bourignon, should they meet her in the streets; the preachers were obliged to interfere, and to publish from the pulpit the innocence of the injured lady.

Some time after these adventures, Antoinette was elected governess of an hospital, in which having taken the habit and order of St Augustin, she shut herself up in 1658. In this situation a new calamity befel her, not more horrible than strange. The hospital was infected with sorcery; all the girls who inhabited it having made a contract with the devil. The governess was taken up on this extraordinary occasion, and examined before the magistrates of Lisle; nothing however was proved against her, but to prevent further persecution, she wisely determined to abandon her station. She then retired to Ghent in 1662, where God discovered to her some great secrets.

About this period she acquired a faithful friend who remained attached to her through life, and who left her at his death a good estate. This gentleman, whose name was De Cort, was one of the fathers of the oratory, and their superior; he was also director of an hospital for poor children. M. de Cort was the first spiritual child of Madame Bourignon, of which the following quotation may afford an explanation. "It is certainly known by all who are acquainted with Antoinette Bourignon (let wicked and impious scoffers say what they please), that when any persons received, by her conversation or writings, light and strength to forsake the world, and give themselves to God, she felt pains and throbs similar to those of a woman in child-birth, as it is said of her whom St John saw in the 12th of the Revelations. She experienced these pains in a greater or smaller degree, in proportion as the truths she had delivered, had more or less strength in their operation on the souls of these her spiritual offspring."

M. de Cort was twice successively divinely warned and threatened, to lend his property to some relations, who were endeavouring to drain an island, which the sea had overflowed in the country of Holstein, where he determined to prepare a retreat for the persecuted disciples of God. He sold a seat in this island to his spiritual mother, Madame Bourignon, who, when she had published at Amsterdam her book intitled 'The Light of the World,' prepared to retire thither in 1668. She also wrote at Brabant several treatises and epistles, and, after her persecutions at Lisle, engaged in the disputes of the Jansenists and Molinists. She made a longer stay at Amsterdam with her proselyte, than she had at first intended. She was here visited by all descriptions of persons, particularly by prophets and prophetesses; the popularity of her discourses inspired her with sanguine hopes of effecting a reformation in this nation of traders; but, commerce prevailing, among this phlegmatic people, over spiritual motives, her expectations ended in disappointment. Her books and sermons were more numerous than her disciples; but even in Holland she was not without admirers. The celebrated Labadie, with his disciples, became desirous of forming a community with Antoinette, at Noordstrandt, the newly-recovered island.

Labadie had offered to M. de Cort a large sum of money for the purchase of the whole island, but Antoinette prevailed on her proselyte to reject this proposal. Should you determine to accept it, said she, you must leave me behind you; because I perceive and know that we can never agree together. Their opinions and the spirit that governs them, are altogether contrary to my views, and the spirit that

* Peter subsequently learns that in the regions of the Flying People, it is always twilight; and makes them tender-eyed in places where the day is brighter.

governs me. She had a divine vision respecting M. Labadie, wherein she saw, in the spirit, a little man very busy, with a great pole in his hand, with which he strove to hinder the fall of a large building, or a church that was falling. She was fully persuaded from some conferences she had held with him, that this man had no other illumination than that of the learned of those times, reading, study, and barren speculation; and that he was in no respect enlightened by God, or directed by divine inspiration. She had formed a terrible idea of the principles of the Cartesians, who had the temerity to set up the light of reason as a guide. God, she affirmed, had shown, and even expressly declared to her, that this error of Cartesianism was the worst and most accursed of all the heresies that were ever in the world, that it was a formal atheism or rejection of God, in whose place corrupt reason was substituted. Every kind of philosophy was substituted, while she denied the equal abhorrence of their malady. She proceeded from pretending to commend all things by the activity of the human intellect, without waiting for the divine illumination of faith, which requires the sacrifice of our reason and weak understandings, that God may diffuse in our minds his divine light; that by the activity of corrupt reason, true knowledge is driven out of our souls; and that such reasoners are the real atheists and the contempters of God.

The conversations of Madame Bourignon with God were very frequent at Amsterdam, where she had many visions and particular revelations; and where also she composed many books, which were but little read by the worldly-minded burghers. M. de Cort died the 12th of November, 1669, and left his spiritual directress heiress to his effects; an event which exposed her to more persecution than she had even suffered for her doctrines, and involved her in many law-suits. Being at the same time in ill-health, and ill attended, she endured about this period great distress. In 1671 she left Holland, with an intention to go to Noordstrandt. She stopped on her way at several places in Holstein, where she found it necessary to dismiss some of her disciples, who, from sinister motives, had enlisted in her suite. She began to despair of collecting a flock of new Christians, when she perceived that everyone appeared solicitous only for his own interest and convenience. Her pen grew now so prolific and her productions so numerous, that she thought proper to provide herself with a printing house, from which her works issued in different editions of the French, Dutch, and German languages. Her tenets and her morals having been attacked by some writers, she vindicated herself in a performance entitled 'The Testimony of Truth,' in which the clergy were treated somewhat severely. This was certainly not the way to remain at proper peace. Two Lutheran ministers took up their pens, and entered the lists against her, declaring that many persons had been beheaded and burned, whose heresies were more tolerable than those of Madame Bourignon. The Labadists also wrote against her, and her press was ordered to be shut up.

In December, 1673, she retired to Flensburg, where her enemies stirred up the people against her; she was accused of sorcery and witchcraft, and compelled privately to retreat; persecuted from town to town she was at length obliged to quit Holstein, and to take refuge in Hamburg, where her arrival was no sooner known than endeavours were used to seize her. Having concealed herself for some days, she fled to East Friesland, where the Baron of Lutsburg granted her his protection. The direction of an hospital was there given to her, to which she consecrated her industry and her cares. If she reserved her purse on this occasion, she gave for it two reasons, both of which, it must be allowed, are admirable: First, she alleged that her effects had already been dedicated to God for the use of those persons who sincerely sought to be true Christians; and, secondly, that men, and all things human, were inconstant, and not to be trusted. To this she added, that these poor people lived like beasts, who had no souls to save; and that she would rather throw her goods, which had been consecrated to heaven, into the sea, than bestow on them the least mite. Her followers also adopted these prudent maxims. The people, who understood not these refinements, were disgusted with what they profanely called the sordid spirit of Madame Bourignon: the authority of the Baron de Lutsburg proved insufficient for her protection; she again became the object of persecution, and was again compelled to fly.

In 1680, she passed once more into Holland, whence she departed to Franeker, in the province of Friesland, where, on the 30th of October, in the same year, she took a final leave of the world. Her constitution had been so good, that, in spite of all her vexations, and of a choleric and morose temper, she appeared at sixty years of age to be no more than forty. Her birth, the time of her commencing author, and her death, were each signalized by the appearance of a comet; a circumstance which could not fail of proving favourable to the promulgator of a new religion.

She is said to have exercised over her family and

servants "a government as cruel as that of the Sicilian court;" and to have justified this humour, so contrary to the meekness of the Gospel, by maintaining, that anger was the love of justice and true virtue; and alleging, as an example, the rigors used by the prophets and apostles. Having suffered some depreciations upon her property by the dishonesty of those about her, she manifested a revengeful and vindictive spirit, severely censuring her friends for not pursuing these wretches with all the severity of the law. We must prevent evil, said she. We oppose it with all which an extraneous law is found. Her system, of semblance has been already given, bore a resemblance to that of the Quietists, excluding external worship, and requiring a cessation of the power of the human intellect, that God might fill the mind with his divine light. She had also some very singular notions respecting Antichrist, whom she was persuaded would be a devil incarnate, or produced by a demoniac human generation. She was inveterate against the church of Rome; nor did she treat the Protestant societies with greater moderation. She beheld this Antichrist, or devil incarnate, in a vision, from which she described, in verse, his stature, complexion, and hair.

Her writings appear to have made more proselytes than her discourses: she had, after her death, many disciples in Scotland, both among ecclesiastics and laymen. One of her principal works, intitled 'The Light of the World,' was published in that country in 1696, to which the translator added a long preface, declaring, "that the maid ought at least to pass for an extraordinary prophetess." A controversy afterwards took place, respecting her doctrines, on the part of Mr Charles Lesley, a man of learning and merit, who exposed their absurdity, and Dr Cockburn, against Messrs Paret, de Cort, and the English translator of the 'Lux Mundi,' who endeavoured to prove that Antoinette was divinely inspired, and had received a commission from God to reform the Christian world. The Bourignonists replied in an apology for their leader. The remains of this dispute still exist in some parts of North Britain.

The Will of Aristotle.—Antipater, the regent of Macedonia, is appointed his executor. To his second wife, Herpylis, he leaves the choice of two houses, the one in Chalce, the other at Stagira. He commends her domestic virtues, and requests his friends to distinguish her by the kindest attention. To Nichomachus, his son by Herpylis, and to Pythias, his daughter by his first wife, he bequeaths the remainder of his fortune, excepting his library and writings, which he leaves to Theophrastus. He desires that his daughter shall be given in marriage to Nicanor, the son of his benefactor, Proxenus, or should he not be inclined to receive her, to Theophrastus, his esteemed pupil. The bones of Pythias (his first wife) he orders to be disinterred, and buried with his own body, as she herself had desired. None of his slaves are to be sold; they are all either emancipated by his will or ordered to be set free by his heirs, whenever they shall become worthy of liberty. Finally, he orders that the dedications which he had vowed for the safety of Nicanor be presented at Stagira to Jupiter and Minerva.—*Lives of Zooticists.* [The passage we have marked in italics, shows the small light in which females were regarded in those days; yet Aristotle manifests an affectionate disposition in this will, and even a respect towards the sex, and probably was thought to manifest both in this very part of the determination of his property. His daughter would be thought well taken care of, however ungallant and arbitrary the manner appears to modern opinion; and his wife, shows that she had some claims of equality, which her husband has affectionately remembered. But the history of the progress of human nature is full of these inconsistencies. Altogether this will does great honour to the memory of a philosopher, whose heart and moral character have been much, perhaps invidiously, doubted.]

Aristo was generally frugal and not choicé in his meals, though at times he ate much and hurriedly, because, his son says, he was not then thinking of what he was doing, being busy in his mind about his verses, or about his plans for building. One day a visitor appeared just after he had dined. While they were conversing, the servant brought up dinner for the stranger; and, as the latter was engaged in talking, Aristot fell on the viands laid on the table, and ate all himself, the guest, of course, not presuming to interrupt him. After the guest was gone, Aristot's brother remonstrated with him on his inhospitable behaviour, when the poet, coming to himself, exclaimed, "Well, it is his fault, after all, why did he not begin to eat his dinner at once?"—*Gallery of Portraits.*

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 5th to Tuesday the 11th November.

DESCRIPTION OF NOVEMBER.—KEEPING BIRDS IN CAGES.

(From Mr Howitt's 'Book of the Seasons'.)

In a month of darkness, storms, and - of the whirling away of the withered leaves, and the introduction of complete winter. Rain, hail, and wind, chase each other over the fields and amongst the woods in rapid alternation. The flowers are gone; the long grass stands amongst the woodland thickets withered, bleached, and sere; the fern is red and shrivelled amongst the green gorse and broom. The plants, which waved their broad white umbels to the summer breeze, like skeleton-trophies of death, rattle their dry and hollow leaves to the autumnal winds. The brooks are brimful; the rivers, turbid and covered with masses of foam, hurry on in angry strength, or pour their waters over the champagne. Our very gardens are sad, damp, and desolate. Their floral splendours are dead; naked stems and decaying leaves have taken the place of verdure. The walks are unkept and uninviting; and as these summer friends of ours are no longer affluent and of flourishing estate, we, of course, desert them.

The country presents, in its silence and gloom, a ghastly scene to those accustomed to towns and dissipation. To them there is something frightful in its solitude; yet, to the reflective mind it is, and has been, at all times grateful. In its sternest moods it presents solemn thoughts, and awakens solemn feelings. Great and philosophic minds have in all ages borne but one testimony to the charms of its quietude. In its profound repose the mourner seeks to indulge the passion of grief; to it, the projector of some great work in art or literature flies to mature his labour, and, while hidden from all eyes, to achieve that which shall make his name familiar to all ears; and to the poet, what is more affluent of imaginative stimulus and precious suggestions than ströls through wood, walks, mountain-glens, and along wild sea-coasts, at this season? The universal stillness is felt through the whole soul. Every object is exaggerated, and yet recommended to the eye through the media of gloom and mist; and while the eye, unsounded by mind, would discern nothing but dreariness, he finds something congenial to the loftiest moods of his spirit, and is often led into strains, which, though solemn, are anything but sad.

Fieldfares and redwings will be generally seen this month. Sometimes they quit their northern regions as early as October, if the season be very severe, but more frequently they make their first appearance here in this month. If the weather be mild, they will be heard, as they sit in flocks upon the trees, warbling in concert very cheerfully in the same manner as before their departure in spring. Fine days will occasionally peep out so Spring-like, that the sky-larks attempt their flights, and sing merrily; but, perhaps the very next morning shows a landscape of frost and snow:

I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded, and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturn'd so lately by the peaceful share.
I saw, far off, the weedy fallow smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change,
Which even now, though silently performed,
And slowly and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls the fleecy shower; the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle, and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

COWPER.

The return of winter is pleasurable even in its severity. The first snows that come dancing down; the first frost that rimes the hedges, variegates the windows, or shoots its fine long crystals across the smallest puddle, or the widest sheets of water, bring with them the remembrance of our boyish pleasures, our slidings and skatings—our snow-balls and snow-rolls—our snow-man making—the wonders of hoar frosts—of nightly snow-drifts in hollow lanes—of caves and houses, scooped in the wintry heaps with much labour and delight; and of scampering over hedge and ditch on the frozen snow, that "crunched beneath the tread," but broke not.

The dark, wet, and wintry day, and the long dismal nights of this season, are, however, favourable to fire-side enjoyments and occupations. Driven from the fields and woods where we have found so much delight, so many objects of interest, or employment, we may now sit within and hear the storm rage around, conscious that the fruits of the earth

are secured, and that, like the bees in their hives, we have not let the summer escape, but have laid up stores of usefulness for the time of darkness and sorrow. In large farm houses, many useful avocations may enliven the evening fireside. In some districts, the men mend their own clothes and shoes; in others, various repairs of smaller implements, as flails, sieves, &c. are done; and it is now become a laudable custom in many superior farms, to encourage reading and other means of mental improvement, which the continual engagements of a rural labourer preclude during the summer. The promotion of this spirit is highly to be desired; no part of our working population having been so lamentably deficient in common knowledge as that of farmers' servants. Through the summer they have toiled from morning till night, and from day to day incessantly, and their only intervals of rest, Sundays and winter nights, have been lost in drowsiness. The cottager may usefully, by his winter fire, construct bee-hives, nets, mole traps, bird-cages, &c. With any of these employments, I have more sympathy than with the last, however.

Of all men who pursue rural occupations, the bird-catchers, especially the summer bird-catchers, are the least feeling. They do not capture birds when they have congregated in winter, when they have no mates or young to feel the effects of their loss, and are rearing for the table of the epicure, but take only singing birds, and take them too wherever and whenever they can, without regard to their having young, which may perish by their absence, or to that harsh change, from the full enjoyment of summer sunshine and pleasures to the captivity of the cage. When I see their nets spread in the fields, where linnets, goldfinches, &c. resort to the seeds of grass, plantain, sow-thistles, &c. I wish them all manner of villainous ill-luck; and I never omit a favourable opportunity of deranging or destroying lined twigs, when they fall in my way.

There are none of our customs which more mark our selfishness than that of keeping singing birds in perpetual confinement, making the pleasure of our ears their misfortune, and that sweet gift, which God has given them, wherewith to make themselves happy and the country delightful, the curse of their lives. If we were contented, however, with taking and rearing young ones, which never knew the actual blessings of liberty, or of propagating them in cages or aviaries, the evil would not be so enormous. But the practice of seizing singing-birds which always enjoyed the freedom of the earth and air, in summer, when they are busy with the pleasant cares of their nests or young broods, and subjecting them to a close prison, is detestable—doubly detestable in the case of migratory birds. They have not merely the common love of liberty, but the instinct of migration to struggle with; and it may be safely asserted, out of every ten nightingales so caught, nine pine away and die. Yet the capture of nightingales is very extensively practised. The bird-catchers declare them to be the most easily taken of all birds; and scarcely can one of these glorious songsters alight in a copse or a thicket, but these kidnappers are upon it. Some of these men assure me that the female birds arrive about ten days later than the males, whose songs give notice of their retreats, on hearing which the females alight; therefore, when nightingales first appear, the bird-catchers are almost sure of taking only male birds, which, being the singers, are the only ones they want. The nightingale, a bird which God has created to fly from land to land to crown the pleasantness of spring with the most delicious music, or a lark which he has made to soar in the rapture of its heart, up to heaven's gates "cribbed, cabined, and confined," in a narrow cage by man, is one of the most melancholy objects on earth. Let those who have hearts for it keep them, and listen to them with what pleasure they may; for my part, while I am myself sensible of the charms of freedom, and of the delights of the summer fields, I shall continue to prefer the "wood notes wild" of liberty to a captive's wail.

Moles now make their nests where they lodge during winter, and which are ready to deposit their young in, the following spring. Salmon begin to ascend the rivers to spawn. Bees require to be moved under shelter, and their hives to be covered with their winter coat; pigeons also require feeding.

Many wild creatures now retire to their winter retreats. The frog sinks to the bottom of ponds and ditches, and buries himself in the mud. The lizard, the badger, the hedge-hog, creep into holes in the earth and remain torpid till the spring. Bats get into old barns, caves, and deserted buildings, where, suspending themselves by the hind feet, and wrapping themselves in the membranes of their fore-feet, they sleep winter away, except some unusual interval of mild weather should awake and call them out for a little while occasionally. Squirrels, rats, and field-mice shut themselves up with their winter stores; and the dormouse betakes itself to slumber.

When the hedges are bare, numbers of old birds' nests become visible, and when they are near the grove they are found full of the seeds of the hips,

the field-mice being in the habit of climbing up the hedges for this fruit, and using the nests as stations where they may sit and eat.

Thrashing and wintering of cattle are now resumed. Many operations of manuring, draining, levelling ant-hills, and other inequalities, irrigating, ploughing, and fencing, go on by intervals, as the weather permits. Timber of all kinds, except those of which the bark is used, is felled. Gates, crates, flakes, &c. are made, and fire-side occupations, making and mending baskets, bee-hives, traps for vermin, &c. fill up the long evenings. The business of the garden this month is principally in preparing manure, making all clean and neat, and defending plants from coming frosts.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XLIII.—THE CONSPIRACY OF FIESCO.

BESIDES the reality of this event, there is something, however brief, in the conjugal part of Fiesco's history, which comes home to the bosom of familiar life; nor is the trivial accident by which he died without its interest, as a circumstance contradicting the historical grandeur of his attempt.

Giovanni Lodovico di Fiesco was a wealthy, powerful, and ambitious nobleman of Genoa, which may be called the land of political experiment, as there is scarcely any form of government which it has not tried.

After emerging from the yoke of the Romans, the Lombards, and Charlemagne, it has, at different times, been governed by dukes, by counts, by consuls, podestats, captains of the people, councils of twelve and of twenty-four, and by doges; but, in spite of every precaution, has alternately experienced the evils of family cabals, aristocratic usurpation and popular insurrection.

Andrew Doria, a name still mentioned in Genoa with reverence, seemed at length sent by heaven to rescue his country from foreign interference and domestic dissension. It was during this short interval of repose (1547) that the subject of our present article endeavoured to interrupt it, assisted by the intrigues of France and of Alexander Farnese, who then governed Rome and the Church, as Pope Paul the Third. Most conspiracies have originated from the grievances of an oppressed people, or the ruined fortunes of bold bad men and desperate individuals. But, at the moment of that insurrection which I propose to give a short account of, Genoa possessed more real freedom, happiness, and peace, than it had enjoyed for several centuries; and Fiesco united in an extraordinary degree the precious gifts of fortune, fame, person, and understanding.

In the prime of life, for he had scarcely reached his twenty-second year, blessed with the affections of a wife whom he tenderly loved, the beautiful, the virtuous, and tender Eleanora, and enjoying the friendship of his fellow-citizens, he was stimulated by ambition to aim at supreme power.

To effect this purpose, he joined an ardour, which no obstacle could resist, with a deep policy and premeditating coolness, which baffled or did not excite suspicion. Having secured men, arms, and galleys, and distributed corn and money, under the pretence of a charitable donation, he embraced every opportunity of displaying himself to the people in splendid attire, and mounted on horses richly caparisoned, gaining the affections of all by gentle manners and graceful familiarity.

On these occasions, as he conversed with the citizens, he would sometimes lament the pride and oppressive conduct of the nobles, venture to hint that a remedy was not impossible; but, after a short pause, recommend patience and submission.

Fiesco continued to visit as usual the two Dorias, Andrew and Jeanetin, treating them on all occasions with marked attention and respect.

To prevent any suspicion being excited by exercising his vassals at his country seat, he complained that he had been insulted by the Duke of Placentia, when, in fact, that Prince had promised to assist him with two thousand men, and he was able to muster the same number himself; at the port and on board the galleys he had also many dependents.

To account for several of his armed galleys entering the harbour, he proposed cruising against the Turks.

The fatal, the guilty secret had as yet been communicated to three persons only, Calcagno, Sacco, and Verrina, three of his most confidential friends in this unwarrantable proceeding; the two first deliberate, cautious, but determined; the last, haughty, furious, and bloody-minded; each of them considering the plot in which they were engaged as a means of gratifying envy and private revenge, more than the probability of its success; but all devoted to their leader by strong personal attachment and considerable pecuniary obligation.

After many consultations, the conspirators con-

sidered the means they possessed as fully adequate to the object in view; and determined, if possible, to dispatch the two Dorias without further delay; as the vigilance, abilities, and patriotism of this family were the chief obstacles to their design.

For this purpose, they were invited to a public entertainment at the Fiesco palace; thus, a man of rank, education, and considerable moral rectitude, who, a few months before, would have started at injuring a fellow-creature in the slightest degree, was stimulated, by thirst for power, to stain his threshold with the blood of the venerable fathers of his country, and, under the guise of hospitality, to commit assassination. A sudden illness of Andrew prevented the execution of this part of their plan.

Fiesco thought it necessary to discover the conspiracy to Paul Pansa, the friend and tutor of his youth, respectable for his age, his learning, and integrity, hoping that he would join and assist their counsels.

Pansa replied, that from the alteration in his looks, manners, and mode of speaking, and from his associating with persons of inferior rank and doubtful reputation, he had long suspected that a dangerous enterprise was in agitation, that he had forbore from delicacy, friendship, and respect, to enter on the subject; but, although he would not betray, he could not participate in the undertaking.

The good old man conjured him, by the honours of his house, by his friendship, by his belief in that holy religion, whose maxims it had been the business of his life to inculcate and impress on his mind; by those locks which were grey in the service of his family, and, lastly, by his love for Eleanora; not to throw away the real and certain happiness he possessed for chimerical and hazardous expectations; which, if they succeeded, could not elevate him to a situation more splendid, honourable, and happy, than that in which he was already placed; but, if they failed, would be productive of death, infamy, and confiscation to all concerned.

That, to many of his associates, bankrupts in fame as well as fortune, and looking only to what they could get in a general plunder, massacre, and confusion, such considerations were useless; but that men like himself and a few others, who had something to lose, would do well coolly to weigh the consequences and hazard of so momentous and irrevocable a step; neither argument nor entreaty could prevail on Fiesco, and the worthy veteran departed from his palace in tears.

The evening of the next day was fixed for executing their purpose, and a cannon fired in the harbour, by Verrina, was to be the signal that he was ready to co-operate.

An entertainment having been announced, many guests repaired to the palace, which they found crowded with strangers and armed soldiers; the persons invited, being conducted to a spacious saloon in a remote part of the building, found the leader and principal conspirators assembled, when Fiesco thus addressed them:—

The hour at length approaches when you have it in your power to relieve Genoa from the yoke of a tyrannic and haughty nobility; in less than an hour our portion will be honourable death, or the recovery and establishment of our freedom on a glorious and eternal basis;—this is the feast to which I have invited you.

The younger Doria has, for several years, been endeavouring to secure to himself and family absolute power; in order more completely to deceive, and that your chains may be indissolubly rivetted, he would establish despotism under the forms of a republic; considering me as one determined to oppose his designs, he has resolved to assassinate me, but I have hitherto been preserved by Providence from his stiletto, for the purpose of restoring you to liberty.

You are grievously oppressed by arrogant taskmasters, whose pride and hardness of heart will increase, should the Doria family succeed in their wishes.

If we succeed in the undertaking to which you are called, I will immediately restore the popular government; so well planned are our precautions, and so effective the means we have taken, that success and easy victory may be pronounced as certain.

The city guards and artificers are wholly devoted to my will; their number is nearly three thousand; these, with two thousand of my own vassals, and the same number from the Duke of Placentia, wait only for my orders.

Our designs are a profound secret; the enemy is off his guard, the danger, the difficulty, the expense and anxiety have been mine; to share in the glory, to rescue yourselves from slavery, and enjoy the blessings I offer, is your portion.

But, as I wish no man to engage who cannot cheerfully co-operate with hand and heart, should any person present be averse to the business in question, let them retire to a tower which adjoins to my palace, where they shall remain in safety till the short struggle is concluded, when, I pledge my honour, that they shall return unmolested to their families.

The guests, who had been invited, as they imagined, to an entertainment, were motionless and

silent; but, when they had recovered from the surprise naturally excited by so unexpected a proposal, they declared, with the exception of only two citizens, that they would support the cause with their lives and fortunes: the company then partook of a hasty repast, while to each of them his post and duty were assigned.

A hard, a painful task, still remained for Fiesco; the fever of ambition had not extinguished love; he repaired to the apartment of Eleanora, to which he had invited his friend Pansa for the evening, hoping that his interesting conversation and agreeable manners would prevent her from observing what passed; for, with a degree of cruel kindness, he had not yet given her any intimation of the conspiracy.

Supporting, as far as he was able, the agitation in his breast, he communicated, in a few words, to the trembling Eleanora, the business of the night. Terrified and distracted, she rushed into his arms, conjuring him, by every tender tie, to abandon his enterprise.

The thunder of the cannon fired by Verriani shook the palace, and prevented further words; tearing himself from the friend he loved, and from the wife he adored, Fiesco returned precipitately, exclaiming, To retreat, or even to deliberate, is now too late; success alone can prevent death and destruction; in a few minutes, you will be mistress or a widow of Genoa. Placing himself at the head of his companions, they instantly sallied forth. The city gates were immediately taken possession of, the galleries of the Dorias secured, and the populace in arms, crying out Fiesco and liberty, crowded through the streets; the wishes of the insurgents were accomplished. Jeanetin had rushed, at the first alarm, towards the harbour, but fell a sacrifice to popular fury; the venerable Andrew, sinking under age and infirmity, was safely conveyed by his faithful domestics through a postern, to his villa, a few miles from the city. The senate assembled to know their fate, but Fiesco, for whom everything had been in motion, was no more; in attempting to get on board a galley, a plank on which he trod, being insecurely placed, he fell headlong into the water; the tide was low, but the weight of his armour, the mud, and the darkness of the night prevented his extricating himself.

Thus, by an unexpected accident, which a little care would have prevented, perished an extraordinary young man, at once the ornament and enemy of his country; and his designs perished with him. His brothers endeavoured to take his place, but when the people heard that their favourite was dead, they retired, in sullen melancholy, to their houses, and tranquillity was immediately restored.

The senate proclaimed a general pardon, by sound of trumpet, and the friends of the republic mingling their tears with those of Andrew Dorea for his nephew, and Paul Pansa for his friend, soothed, by every means in their power, the sorrows of the widowed Eleanora.

PRETTY STORY OF AFFECTION IN CHILDHOOD.

(From Mr Clarke's 'Adam the Gardener'.)

[Concluded from last week's Journal.]

THE vessel just then requiring the captain's attention, he left the little boy, bidding him rest himself, as he would have a long way to walk soon. So John threw himself again upon the boat-cloak, where he slept soundly some hours.

He was awakened by a loud confused noise, and, starting upon his feet, he found that the vessel was alongside the quay in the port of Boulogne, where a great number of people were assembled to witness the arrival of a steam-packet from London. All these people seemed to be talking at once, and at the very top of their voices. He saw some men dressed in green coats adorned with silver, with canes in their hands, who seemed to be ordering every one about, and now and then, some of them conducted the people who left the packet boat, to a small house at a little distance, surrounded with white pillars. There were some strange-looking women, with very short dark-blue woollen petticoats on, curious little figured cotton caps on their heads, very long gold earrings, round baskets strapped to their backs, and heavy wooden-soled slippers on, which went clicket-i-clack, clicket-i-clack, every time they moved a step, and added to the noise they made by screaming and bawling to each other. Then he noticed a number of young men and boys who held little cards in their hands, which they seemed to be endeavouring to force upon every one who lapsed, talking, like all the rest, as loud as they possibly could. Even some fishermen and sailors, who were assisting *Bontemps* to moor his boat, all shouted in the same high tone of voice as every one else. John Barton could not help remarking how different they were from the English sailors at Dover, who seemed to do double the work, though they spoke not a word, perhaps, the whole time, much less made such a bustle and hub-bub as these strange sailors did. What made all this noise seem still more confusing to little John was, that not one word of what

he heard around did he understand. No; nothing was spoken everywhere about him but French;—he was now in France! He felt still more helpless and desolate when he had taken leave of his kind friend, *Jacques Bontemps*, and was wandering along one of the streets of Boulogne, uncertain which way to go; however, he was determined to keep up his spirits, and not to give way to fear and anxiety till there should be real occasion for them. He now began to feel extremely thirsty, and therefore looked about for some place where he might get a draught of water or milk, but it was in vain; there was not a single shop which seemed at all likely to sell anything of the kind. At last he determined to ask, as well as he could, for some at the first shop he should come to of any kind. It happened to be a baker's; he went in, and stood opposite to a woman, who said, *Eh, bien! que voulez vous?*

John Barton put his finger to his mouth to signify what he wanted.

Ah, vous avez faim; vous voulez du pain? said she, holding up a small loaf.

John Barton shook his head, still pointing to his mouth.

Allez, allez; je ne vous comprends pas, said she, crossly; and she pointed to the door.

John, disappointed, left the shop, fearing he should never be able to make any one understand him in France; he walked on, and at the end of the street came to a square open place that looked like a market. To his great joy he saw on one of the stalls some fine ripe cherries and strawberries, and upon producing a *sous* the woman placed in his hand a large cabbage-leaf full of fruit. As he was eating it, and thinking how much better his bargain was here, than the little paper pottles with, perhaps, half a dozen strawberries in them, for the same money in England, he saw standing opposite to him, at a small distance, a little beggar-girl, whose eyes were fixed longingly on the juicy fruit he held in his hand, but directly she perceived he noticed her, she hastily withdrew them. Her face was extremely pale and thin; her eyes, though of a beautiful dark brown, looked hollow and sickly; her clothes hung in rags about her; and her little tender feet were bare. John Barton went towards her, and held his leaf of fruit before her. She hesitated, and looked up in his face; he took her hand, which was hot and parched, and placing it among the tempting red berries, he said, Do eat some, little dear!

The little child, again fixing her large dark eyes on his, and smiling, took some of the strawberries, and began to eat very eagerly, as if she were extremely hungry. When she had finished all the fruit that remained in the leaf, John thought she still seemed to be hungry, and asked her if she would not like some more. The child shook her head, and smiled again. I cannot make her understand me, thought he, but I will buy some bread, which will be better for her, for I am sure she looks still hungry. He was accordingly going towards a shop, but, directly he attempted to move, the little girl shrieked out *Baste donc, baste donc!* and caught hold of his jacket lest he should escape. He took hold of her hand, and pointing to the shop, he led her towards it, and gave her a little loaf, which she ate as hungrily as she had before done the fruit. As John Barton stood watching his young acquaintance enjoy his present, he was delighted to see the colour come into her cheeks, and he felt very happy to think he had been able to help a poor little creature who was still more helpless than himself. He now began to think of continuing his journey; he therefore shook hands with the little girl, and kissed her, and then pointed that he must leave her. This, however, he could not do, for she placed herself before him, then ran round and put her arm in his, and led him on a little way, then stopped and pointed quickly from him to herself two or three times, and then, clapping her little hands together, and looking up in his face, she nodded and smiled, as if she had arranged that they should go together. John Barton could not help feeling pleased, that this little stranger had taken such a fancy to him, especially as he thought he should not be likely to take her from home, as, from her wandering about the streets alone and hungry, he did not think it probable that she lived there; and he found also, that he could make this little creature understand his meaning better than any one else he had spoken to since he had been in France. Well, they were just trotting off together, when suddenly John recollected, that he did not know which way he ought to turn to go toward Paris. He turned to his little companion and said, *Paris, Paris*, two or three times; then pointed to himself, and then all around. The child shook her head and smiled. *Je ne te comprends pas, mon petit ami,* said she.

John Barton did not know how to make her

• Well, what do you want?

† Ah, you are hungry;—you want some bread!

‡ Go, go! I don't understand you.

§ O, do stay, do stay!

|| I don't understand you, my little friend.

comprehend his meaning, when just at that moment a stage-coach came by, and stopped just where the two children were standing. On it were some words in French, and among them was one, which John made out to be Paris; he pointed to it, and when the little girl saw what he meant she screamed out with joy, and exclaiming, *À Paris! à Paris! O, quel bonheur! nous allons à Paris!* she skipped about like a little mad thing.

John thus found out that the word Paris was written the same way in France as in England—but that the French people sounded it differently. The little girl now took his hand, and led him straight up the hilly street they were now in, and when they came to the top, she turned round and pointed across the town. John looked round and saw the wide sea, over which he had so lately passed, dancing and sparkling in the sunbeams, at a little distance off. The day was so clear, that he could distinctly see the cliffs of England; and as he looked upon them, he thought of his own dear mother, and prayed that he might soon return to her with good news. They then entered a gate under some huge walls, on the top of which the trees were growing; and after they had walked through some more streets, they came out at another gate like the former, and they found themselves on a straight road; upon which, at some distance off, John again saw the stage-coach travelling slowly along. They trudged on, keeping it in sight for some time, but it went much faster than they could possibly walk, and so it was not long before they lost it altogether; but still they kept walking on, John every now and then looking at his little companion, to see if she seemed tired. But, on the contrary, she appeared to be gay and brisk, and as if she had been well accustomed to walking; she now and then ran to the side of the road to gather the weeds which she would stick into John's hat, and then smile in his face, as if trying to show how happy she was. Once or twice she endeavoured to get his bundle from him, but when he found that she only wanted it to carry it for him, that she might save him the trouble, he would not let her have it, though she continually put her hand on it, crying, *Je le porterai, te dis-je; laisse moi faire.* However, when she found nothing could make him give it up, she ran and gathered some very large dock-leaves out of the hedge, and held them over John's and her own head to keep the heat of the sun off, all the time smiling, and playing several little graceful tricks, as if she mocked a fine lady with her parasol, to the great delight of our friend John, who, as he watched her sweet cheerful countenance and winning actions, thought he had never beheld such a pretty creature in all his life. Suddenly she stopped, and pointing to herself, she said *Julie, Julie*; then pointing to him, she looked up in his face with an asking look, to which he replied *John*, for he could not but directly understand that she meant to tell him her name and inquire his.

Tchon! Tchon! Ah, que c'est drôle! exclaimed the child, laughing, and again she frisked about; then she came back to him, and, stroking his face, said, in a half-laughing half-soothing tone, *Ah, mon pauvre Tchon!*

Little John could not help laughing too, so he patted her on the cheek, saying, O you dear little Julie! which made her laugh and skip about ten times more; so these merry little travellers went on and on, for many a long mile, without feeling tired, so happy they were with each other.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when they began to feel both hungry and tired, so John began to look about for some house where they might rest and get something to eat; and as he spied a cottage at a little distance, he went towards it, and upon looking in, he saw a woman standing at a table, cutting some slices off an immensely large brown loaf, and giving a piece to each of her children, six of whom were sitting round the table, with a large bowl of milk before them. Julie, who had likewise peeped in, went towards the woman, and said something to her, when immediately the good woman came to where John was standing, and saying, *Entrez, entrez, mon pauvre petit ami,* she led him to the table, where she made him sit down, and placed a bowl of milk and two large slices of bread before him and Julie, all the time encouraging them to eat by her kind looks and tone of voice. They were soon quite at home with this good family, for though they could not make out a single word that John said, yet his good-natured face, and (to them) curious language, soon won the children to take a fancy to him; and as for Julie, no one could look at her beautiful face and winning manners without loving her directly. When they had finished their pleasant meal, John took out two of his *sous*, and offered

• To Paris! to Paris! O what joy, we are going to Paris!

† I'll carry it, I tell thee; let me do it. French people who are familiar with each other, say thee and thou, not you, as we do.

‡ Tchon! Tchon! O, how droll!

§ Ah, my poor Tchon!

|| Come in, come in, my poor little friend.

them timidly to the woman, who put back his hand, saying, *Non, non, garde ton argent, mon garçon, tu en auras bien besoin; quant à moi j'en ai assez pour mes enfants, et pour un pauvre étranger.*

John could not understand the woman's words, but he saw by her action that she refused his money: he thanked her very heartily several times, hoping, by the tone of his voice, to make himself understood; and he took hold of her hand, and drew her face towards him, and kissed her very affectionately. The woman returned his caresses with a very gentle manner, and then went towards a door at the other end of the apartment. She opened it, and pointing to a small bed which stood in the next room, looked at him, and then spoke some words to Julie. John shook his head, in token that they had no place to sleep in, and the good woman seemed to settle that they should remain with her that night. Our two little travellers, after a good game of romps with the children of the cottage, on some hay, which was lying in a field behind the house, went to bed, and slept soundly till six o'clock on the following morning. The good woman having given them some bread and milk for breakfast, our two little travellers took an affectionate leave of her, and proceeded on their journey. We will not follow them day by day, in all their adventures: it will be sufficient to say, that what with John's good-natured face, and frank active manners, together with Julie's pretty voice, and sweet engaging looks when she spoke to strangers for him, our two little wanderers were never in want of a supper or a bed. Once, indeed, they met with a very cross man, who would have nothing to say to them; so that they were forced to endure the pain of hunger, and to lie all night in the open air; but even then they were not down-hearted, for John luckily found some wild strawberries, which he gathered for Julie; and when night came, he made up a nice bed for her on some hay, which he piled up in the corner of a meadow, under a thick hedge, and covered her up with his coarse, but warm blue sea-jacket. It was, fortunately, a fine warm night in July, so that, instead of feeling sorry they had no bed, John could not help being very grateful and happy, as he looked up at the deep blue sky over his head, which was sparkling with thousands of bright stars. As he was silently thanking the kind and good God for his protection, and for his enabling him to help himself, and manage his journey so well as he had till now done, he suddenly heard voices on the other side of the hedge. He listened, but could not make out a word, as the voices talked in French. He rose softly from his bed of hay, and crept to that of Julie, who was at a little distance. He awakened her very gently, and placed his fingers on his lips, in token that she should listen in silence. Julie, who saw his signs by the star-light, after having hearkened to the voices with great attention, suddenly started up, and drew John quietly, but quickly from the spot. He saw that her face was much agitated, and she looked pale and frightened. He had distinguished in the midst of the conversation he had just overheard, the name of the cross man, who had refused them a supper and bed that evening. He particularly recollected it, because it was written over the man's door, *Lion*; and Julie had laughed when she read it, as if she had meant to say that it was a good name for such a cross person. Well, he now noticed that Julie was leading him back to the village where Mr Lion lived, and that she at last stopped at his door. She knocked loudly, and at last the man came to the window, and asked, in a gruff tone, what they wanted. Julie only spoke a few words in a loud whisper, when he hastened down stairs, muttering all the way, *Que Diable! et Morbleu!* and opened the door for them. After bringing the children in, he immediately called up some workmen who slept in the house, and placing them at the doors and windows, with sticks in their hands, he gave them some directions in a frightened tone of voice, and seemed to be expecting something in great alarm. They did not wait long before they heard a voice at one of the window shutters. All the workmen immediately sallied out, and after a short scuffle, they came in again, bringing with them two men bound hand and foot, who no sooner uttered a word, than John discovered them to be the same men whose voices he had heard in the meadow. He now found that Julie had overheard them plotting an attack on Mr Lion's house; and had, in fact, returned good for evil, by coming and warning him of his danger, although he had been so unkind as to refuse them a little food and a night's lodging. The man himself seemed now to be ashamed of his behaviour, for he pulled out a golden coin, and offered it to Julie, but she shook her head, and John stepped forward and put back his hand, for he would not be paid for doing a good action, especially by a man whom he did not respect, even

though he felt that that piece of money would be of very great use to him and Julie on their journey: so he took her hand, and without wishing him good bye, they both left the house, and went to their pleasant beds in the meadow, where they both slept soundly till morning, when they jumped up betimes, and continued their journey as merrily and happily as usual.

Often and often did John Barton thank God for having caused him to meet with his dear little friend, Julie. Had he unkindly eaten all his fruit, instead of sharing it with the poor little stranger, he never could have managed his journey half so well, so that he felt how true the proverb was he had heard his mother repeat—"A good deed always meets its reward."

By being constantly together, and helping and loving each other, John and Julie at last became to understand each other's signs almost as well as by talking; and, by degrees, John learnt to understand a few words of French, and Julie of English.

At length, after about fifteen days' travelling, by the help of Julie's inquiring the way in all the towns they passed through, and by noticing all the stage coaches that passed them on the road, the two little wanderers entered the city of Paris.

Here then, at last, was our hero in Paris; at which place he had, for the last fortnight, been so anxious to arrive. But how was he to proceed in order to find out the French gentleman, who, he hoped, would be a friend to his mother? He did not even know his name, and as he looked at the rows and rows of houses that surrounded him on all sides of this immense town, his heart almost failed him, when he recollected that he did not even know the name of the street in which the gentleman lived.

However, he tried to keep up his spirits, for he recollected that he had never found grieving or crying do him any good, or help him forward in anything; so he began to think what he had better first do, in order to set about looking for the French gentleman.

At this moment, a rude boy, passing quickly and unconcernedly, happened to knock down a basket of fine peaches belonging to a fruit-woman, whose stall was just opposite to the spot where our two little friends were standing.

John immediately, with his usual active good-nature, ran to assist the woman in picking up her fruit, and replacing it in the basket; and she, after having bestowed a few hard words on the awkward boy, turned and thanked our hero, and then gave him a fine peach for his pains. John, although he felt rather hungry, yet (as he always did, when anything nice was given to him) he instantly gave it to Julie, because he thought that she, being a little girl, and weaker than himself, must want it still more than him.

The fruit-woman, who observed this action of his, was very much pleased, and exclaiming, *C'est bien fait, mon petit ami, de la donner à ta sœur; tiens, en voilà une autre, pour toi-même,* she placed another peach in his hands for himself.

While the children were eating their peaches, and still standing by the stall, a lady bought some fruit of the woman, and then wished to have it sent home for her.

The fruit-woman, who liked John's honest face and his kindness to the little girl, desired him to carry it to the lady's house; and when Julie had made him understand what he was to do, he took the basket, and, accompanied by his little friend (who would never leave him for an instant), he followed the lady home. Upon his arriving there, he delivered the basket of fruit to a servant, and the lady, who was pleased with the two children, gave them each a *cinque-sous* piece.

John, thinking this to be the price of the fruit, immediately returned with it to the fruit-woman, who was still more pleased with him, from this fresh proof of his honesty and goodness. He now made his usual signs to Julie, that she should inquire about a sleeping-place. He soon saw by the smiling looks of the good woman, that their petition for a night's lodging was granted, and he felt very grateful that they had so soon found a home in that great busy city, where everyone seemed to be so much occupied with their own thoughts and business, that John had felt much more solitary and neglected since he had come amongst them, than he had ever felt whilst he was travelling along through country roads, meadows, and had only come now and then to a cottage, where the people seemed to have more leisure and inclination to attend to him. In fact, the good fruit-woman had quite taken a fancy to the two strange children, from their honesty, good behaviour, and fondness for each other, and she felt scarcely less pleased than they did, when they were both happily settled in her nice little lodgings in the Rue.

In return for all her kindness to them, John endeavoured to make himself as useful as possible to her; and he really was a great assistance to his kind friend, by carrying the baskets of fruit to the houses

of the people who purchased them at the stall, and by going on all kinds of errands for her, when out of doors, and when at home, by rubbing the fruit, arranging it in the baskets for the next day's sale, picking out the best leaves and placing them among the fruit so as to make it look more tempting, besides various other little jobs in the household, which made him quite a valuable helpmate.

As for little Julie, she was not able to do much to assist, but her sweet merry face, happy voice, and playful gaiety, made her a most charming companion to their kind friend; and as for her young protector, John, he devoted upon her more and more every day, while she, on her part, was so fondly attached to him, that she would never upon any account be prevailed upon to quit him. In all his walks, she accompanied him; during his work she would constantly sit by him, and either sing him some songs, of which she seemed to know an immense number, or merely smile, pat his face, chatter French to him, dance about, and in short use every means in her power to amuse and please him; or if he were sent on any message, she was sure to be trotting beside him, helping him to carry the basket or parcel, and trying, by all kinds of little winning ways, to make the way seem short and pleasant.

In the meantime, John Barton never for a moment lost sight of the main object which had induced him to come to Paris, so far from his own dear mother, and his own home in the little cottage under the cliffs. Whenever he was out, in all his long ramblings through the large city, he never failed to look at all the faces he met, in the hope of seeing one like that which he had often heard his mother describe as belonging to the French gentleman, who had been so much benefited by his father. Every name that he saw written up, he took pains to spell out as well as he could, for he thought he had heard his mother mention it, though he could not recollect the exact sound, and he thought that, if he were to see it, it might be recalled to his mind; these were very slender chances, and the poor little boy began at last almost to despair of ever succeeding; when an event occurred which proved that the good and kind God never deserts those who are really persevering, cheerful, and hearty in their efforts to help themselves.

One fine morning John was sent with a message from the fruit-woman to one of her customers who lived in a distant part of the city, and as he was returning through the Rue de ——— he stopped for an instant to look at a handsome *cabriolet* which stood opposite the door of a fine large house. Just at that moment a piercing scream from Julie made him turn his head abruptly round, and to his horror he beheld her stretched upon the pavement apparently dead! whilst a gentleman was bending over her, and raising her from the ground.

Mon Dieu! j'ai peur que j'ai tué cette pauvre petite! exclaimed the gentleman.

John ran towards his darling little friend, and lifting her head gently in his arms, beheld her face perfectly pale and motionless. He burst into tears at this dreadful sight, and broke forth into reproaches against the gentleman, (who in passing quickly to his *cabriolet*, had knocked the little girl down,) forgetting that he was speaking English, and would therefore most probably not be understood.

However, the gentleman mildly replied in the same language, though with a foreign accent, *My little friend, I am exceedingly sorry to have hurt your sister; but I cannot imagine how it is she fell, for I scarcely seemed to touch her; I think it must have been something else, and which frightened her, for the poor little thing is in a swoon.* Baptiste,† added he, calling to a servant who stood by, *prenez cette petite bien doucement dans vos bras, et placez la sur la chaise-longue dans le salon.*

The servant obeyed: and John, seeing they were carrying away his dear little Julie, loudly protested against it.

My dear little friend, said the gentleman, leading John into the house, be patient; we are only going to try to recover your sister from her fainting fit.

John followed the gentleman into a superbly furnished apartment, where he saw his beloved little friend placed carefully on a soft sofa, where she continued to lie for some time, perfectly still and pale. As John hung over her sobbing, and endeavouring as well as he could to assist in the efforts made by the gentleman and his servants to restore her, he at last beheld her colour come a little into her cheeks, and he had the pleasure of feeling her breath come upon his face, as she sighed and turned a little round.

Où est mon cher Papa? said she, in a faint voice, *J'ai cru l'avoir vu. Est ce un songe?*

Grand Dieu! c'est mon enfant! c'est ma petite Julie! c'est ma chère fille! || exclaimed the gentleman, and

* My God! I fear I have killed this poor little thing!

† Baptiste (the name of the servant), lift this little one carefully in your arms, and lay her on the sofa in the parlour.

‡ Where is my dear Papa?

§ I thought I had seen him. Is it a dream?

|| Great God! it is my child! It is my little Julie! It is my dear daughter!

* No, no, keep thy money, my boy, thou wilt want it: as for me, I have enough for my own children, and for a poor stranger.

† What the *diable* and *morbleu* is another French exclamation which it is impossible to translate—it is a kind of oath.

* That's well done, my little friend, to give it to thy sister; hold, here's another for thyself.

† A small coin, worth twopence halfpenny, English.

rushing to the sofa, he caught the little girl in his arms, and covered her with kisses, while she, in her turn, flung her arms round his neck, and stifled him with weeping and joyful caresses.

John in astonishment beheld this scene, and wondered what could be its meaning, when the gentleman, after indulging in a long embrace of his dear little girl, at last turned to where he was standing, and said, And how came you, my little Englishman, to be with my dear child? Is *Julie* your daughter, Sir? asked John in amazement.

Yes, my long-lost child, for whom I have grieved these last two years; and whom I feared I should never see again; but come, tell me how you came to be with her, come tell me the whole story.

John recollected at this moment, that his kind friend the fruit-woman would be uneasy at his long stay, so he told the gentleman that he believed he ought to return to her to relieve her anxiety: but the gentleman, (though pleased with this instance of his thoughtfulness for an absent friend,) would not hear of his leaving him, and therefore he dispatched a footman to bid the fruit-woman not to feel anxious for the two children, as they were perfectly safe.

By this time the poor little *Julie* had quite recovered from the effects of her swoon, (which was only occasioned by the sudden shock of surprise and joy in seeing her dear papa after so long a separation), and she could now sit up on the sofa and talk, with her usual sprightliness. With her eyes and lips glistening with mingled New-fallen tears and beaming smiles, and her cheek resting on her kind father's bosom, she chatted away to him with such a happy tone of voice as made her father stop every now and then to kiss her for joy, and gave John a sensation of such proud gladness as he had never in his life felt before. And now, my fine brave little fellow, said the gentleman, turning to John after his daughter had stopped speaking, it is but fair you, who have been so kind a protector to my poor little wandering child, should be told who she is, and indeed her whole story, which she has just been relating to me, though I see you did not understand her; and you may be sure that in the course of her tale, she did not forget to mention your kindness to her, my little friend; at any rate, her father never will forget it.

So saying, the gentlemen shook John Barton very heartily by the hand, and after doing so two or three times, he continued. Having lost my dear wife when my little *Julie* was very young, I was compelled to trust the child very much to the care of servants; and one afternoon, when she was about five years old, the maid who had the charge of her, returned home with the dreadful news, that, in the course of their walk, she had suddenly missed *Made-moiselle Julie*, and that she had searched everywhere in Paris for her, but in vain. The agony I then suffered, said the gentleman, looking affectionately at his little girl, can only be equalled by the delight I now feel in again beholding my child, whom I have so long mourned as lost to me for ever. Her loss was so sudden and strange, as to seem almost like a dream; no trace whatever could be discovered of the cause of her removal, and after the strictest inquiry and search were made throughout Paris, I was compelled to give up my efforts for her recovery, as perfectly hopeless. The cause of her extraordinary disappearance is explained by the account *Julie* has just given me. She says, that while she was walking with the servant in the gardens of the *Tuileries*,* she saw a very beautiful butterfly, which she begged the maid to try and catch for her, but as this latter was busily engaged in talking with some acquaintance, and did not attend to her request, she tried to run after it herself, and as she was pursuing it behind one of the many statues which adorn the gardens, a tall woman with glaring black eyes had started out, caught her up in her arms, and ran off with her as quick as possible; at the same time covering her mouth with her dirty brown hand so tightly as almost to stifle her, in order that she might not cry out for help. My poor little girl tells me, that from that day she went through the most shocking hardships; that the horrid gipsy used to beat her dreadfully, if she did not perform tasks which were much too hard for her possibly to accomplish; that she stripped all her own nice clothes off, and dressed her in filthy rags; that she used to make her walk miles and miles with her about the country, till her feet used to bleed, and till she was obliged to drop down by the road-side and cry for very weariness; and that she never gave her sufficient food to eat. This cruel usage was all because my child would never obey her in two things:—no threats, no entreaties, could prevail upon her either to beg or steal; both of which this wicked wretch wanted her to do, and had stolen her for the purpose. At last my poor little *Julie* found an opportunity of escaping from the power of this horrid fiend: she ran away, but she had not wandered far, when she would have perished for want of food and protection, had she not met with you, my kind good little boy, to support her in her misery, and at last to conduct her to the arms of her sorrowing father.

* These are public gardens, something like our Kensington Gardens.

May God Almighty bless and reward you for it, and render your parents as happy as the possession of so good a son ought already to make them, and as he deserves they should be. But I have forgotten all this time to ask your name, my brave boy; twice in her life have I nearly lost my darling. Her first preserver I intirely lost sight of; but you, her second deliverer, must receive the reward due to one who has rendered so important a service to the now happy *Béliard*.

Béliard! *Béliard!* that's it! exclaimed John, utterly regardless of the gentleman's question, I knew I should remember it if I once heard it. And is *Béliard* really your name, sir? added he, eagerly.

Certainly, my little friend, answered the gentleman, astonished; and what then? And you say you nearly lost your little *Julie* twice in her life?—O, it must be, it must be! O, my dear, dear mother! my dear mother! exclaimed John, nearly crying with joy, as he started from his chair, and ran to the window, just as if he could have really looked out towards his own house and his dear mother.

The gentleman, amazed at this strange behaviour of the little boy's, asked him what he meant by his exclamations, and also reminded him that he had not yet told him his name.

O, sir, I am almost sure you will remember it, for it was my poor father's as well as mine—John Barton.

Good heavens! and are you the son of that brave seaman who rescued my dear infant from the waves? Twice has my darling *Julie* been saved from perishing by the generous *Bartons*.

You may easily imagine, that Monsieur *Béliard*, upon discovering that the wife and mother of the two preservers of his child was living in want and misery, hastened to relieve her. On the very day following, he set out for England, accompanied by John and *Julie*, (whom he would not trust from his sight for an instant,) but not till he had first called upon the good fruit-woman and handsomely rewarded her for her kindness to the two children. He also stopped a day at Boulogne, for the purpose of recompensing the good *Jacques Bontemps*.

At last the impatient John had the happiness of again embracing his dear mother, for whom he had done so much, and of beholding her provided for comfortably, for the remainder of her life, by the generosity of Monsieur *Béliard*, and (as he could not help feeling), owing to his own exertions, his perseverance, his humanity, and his reliance on the goodness of God.

TABLE TALK.

A True Lesson of Charity.—Let us be sure, our enemy is not that hateful being we are too apt to paint him. His vices and basenesses lie combined in far other order before his own mind, than before ours, and under colours which palliate them, nay, exhibit them as virtues. Were he the wretch of our imagining, his life would be a burden to himself; for it is not by bread alone that the basest mortal lives; a certain approval of conscience is equally essential to physical existence; is the fine all-pervading cement by which that wondrous union, a Self, is held together. Since the man, therefore, is not in Bedlam, and has not shot or hanged himself, let us take comfort, and conclude that he is one of two things; either a vicious dog, in man's guise, to be muzzled and mourned over, and greatly marvelled at; or a real man, and, consequently, not without moral worth, which is to be enlightened, and so far approved of. But to judge rightly of his character, we must learn to look at it, not less with his eyes than with our own; we must learn to pity him; to see him as a fellow-creature, in a word, to love him, or his real spiritual nature will ever be mistaken by us. —*Thomas Carlyle*.

The better Part of Brahminical Teaching.—Those Brahmins who are really learned, and such are by no means uncommon, have a nice perception of moral influence. They teach the doctrines of a refined practical philosophy, contending for inward purity and integrity of heart, as well as for external decorum of conduct, and there are many among them of very rare mental endowments. We find, moreover, many axioms of a high morality among their religious and philosophical writings. I take one at random from the institutes of Menu: "Let not a man be querulous even though in pain; let him not injure another in deed or in thought; let him not utter a word by which his fellow-creatures may suffer uneasiness, since that will obstruct his own progress to beatitude." There is a beautiful maxim quoted by Sir William Jones, and written upwards of three hundred years before the Christian era, which would do honour to any religious community—it pronounces the duty of a good man, even in the moment of destruction, to consist, "not only in forgiving, but even in a desire to benefit, his destroyer, as the sandal tree, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe that fells it." These are the suggestions of no common minds, and whoever, in seeking to

ascertain the Hindoo character, shall judge of it from those with whom he may happen to come in contact, in passing rapidly through any part of their country, will be sure to look at it through a false medium, and consequently not appreciate it justly. If there be much to despise, there is also much to admire. It cannot, indeed, be denied that many of their religious teachers are so ignorant as to uphold the most barbarous superstitions, which, of course, are eagerly received by the deluded multitude; but, it is equally true that, in almost every age of the world, they have produced learned men among them, who would have done honour to any country and at any period.—*Oriental Annual*.

Ducange and his Glossary.—Ducange was a worthy, well-bred, good-natured man; fond as he was of study, he always cheerfully laid aside his book to welcome any visitors, saying, that he studied for his pleasure, which yet he could always postpone to social duties. The most remarkable particular we have of him is, that once having sent for some book-sellers, he showed them an old trunk, telling them that it contained materials for a saleable book, and upon any reasonable consideration, they were theirs. The offer pleased, but upon opening the trunk they could only find a heap of flitters of paper, which seemed to have been torn, and thrown by, as of no use. Ducange, laughing at their embarrassment, told them again, I assure you, gentlemen, my manuscript is actually in that trunk. At length, one of them, upon a closer examination of some of the snips, discovered each to contain a word, with Ducange's remarks and illustrations upon it; and that all the difficulty would be to bring them into an alphabetical arrangement. Ducange's probity and erudition being well known, the bookseller, without any further explanation, made him a handsome offer for the trunk and its valuable contents; and this is said to be the origin of Ducange's curious Latin Glossary.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not forgotten the poems of J. and M. S. nor is our opinion of them changed. They will be noticed again next week.

We do not recollect having seen the verses mentioned by B. W. C. M.

Our fair correspondent, E. F. A., has much gratified us by the interest she takes in our opinion on the point she speaks of, and will oblige us by putting in practice her kind offer of setting those right who have so strangely mistaken it.

If "One of the Million" will have the goodness to state explicitly his own opinion upon the point in question, we shall be the more easily enabled to give him an explicit answer.

We should have answered the question of *ALFRED* sooner, but doubted, from the way in which he put it, whether his object might not have been misconstrued in these advertising days. Our opinion is that "emasculated editions" of such writers as Shakspeare are good, in order to enable every circle of readers to become acquainted with those works; while editions unemasculated are good also, in order that such works may not be at the mercy of different states of opinion, but remain capable of producing whatever chances of improvement and lessons of charity may be suggested even by the licenses of great minds. We must take the world liberally, as it is made. There are people (at least it would follow so from their assumptions) who, in the impiety of their prudery, would cut and carve Nature herself, if they could; instead of seeing the manifest and kindly lesson taught us by her genial bosom.

A "first attempt" in praise of a native county can afford to be told that its versification requires more study.

The opening specimens of a new weekly publication have been sent us, intitled 'Cumberland's Portrait Gallery.' It is written in a spirit singularly commendable, that of an inclination to approve, combined with the power to object. We shall be happy to quote from it, when in the natural course of its variety it offers us subjects less political or controversial.

Two correspondents inquire why we do not notice two several publications that have lately issued from the pens of popular writers? The reason is, that it is not a part of the system of this Journal to notice books that are not sent it.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 12, 1834.

No. 33.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A NEW BOOK WORTH KNOWING.

We have been deeply interested in a book just published, intitled '*Necessity of Popular Education as a National Object; with Hints on the Treatment of Criminals, and Observations on Homicidal Insanity.*' By James Simpson, Advocate. It is printed for Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; and Longman and Company, London; and should be in the hands of every friend of his species that can afford to purchase it. To many such true readers of books, we hope, by this announcement, to give it introduction; and extracts shall bring many others acquainted with it, whose pockets are not equally rich as their hearts. We see, at page 121, that Mr Simpson commends our estimable contemporaries, the Messrs Chambers, for reprinting in their Journal, "with the author's consent," the lectures given by Mr Combe, in Edinburgh, on Popular Education. We should be happy to obtain the like honour for the 'London Journal,' in Mr Simpson's permission to avail ourselves, not indeed of the use of his intricate work (there is a difference in this respect between lectures already delivered, and a good-sized original work—not to mention other circumstances), but of the liberty to draw more freely upon his pages than we feel warranted in doing unlicensed. There is a good long chapter, for instance, and a very edifying one, which we should like to give intire, '*On the Effects of Imperfect Education upon the Condition of the Class of the People above Manual Labour;*' and as we read further (for we have just received the book, and, at present, have got little beyond), we see very plainly that our love will be for taking larger draughts of it. We should like to know how far we and our readers may drink.

That chapter just mentioned has particularly struck us. It helps to show what a quantity of education is wanted even by "the educated," and how it becomes us all to look about us, lest our defects of moral training, rendered still more visible by the supposed and ostentatious perfection of our intellect, should not only be keeping up the old war between our passions and our judgments, but expose us to the amazement of the very infants whom such men as Mr Simpson and Mr Wilderspin are instructing,—as they too often do, in fact, already, in our own homes and families; for children are far shrewder and more attentive observers than people suppose; and by no means shut up the eyes of their natural discernment, purely because we, in our more than childish will, wish them to do so, or run our own heads behind some fine fancied veil of sophistry and inconsistency, itself an exposure.

Meantime we have extracted from Mr Simpson's book the interesting evidences afforded by the Edinburgh Infant School Society, of the easiness and success of a system of love and candour, in fetching out these natural powers of children, and enabling them to teach and govern themselves. The secret is twofold, and consists, firstly (not in telling them, but) in convincing them, that you desire their good, and not your own power; and in so habituating them to a consideration for others, that, when they come to judge of their own actions, they do it as third parties.

O those two grandest of all secrets for making men loving and true! It scarcely need be observed, that we do not agree in every item of reasoning or practice as it arises in Mr Simpson's book, and the examples he

brings before us. This is not to be expected with any book or with any readers, till all our understandings get respectively into completer and more harmonious condition. He, and all of us, are doubtless to seek in numberless matters; but with love for his guide, and the substitution of the good of others for self-seeking, he surely is in the best way for acquiring wisdom as well as imparting it; and when we differ from such men, we differ from them with respect and hesitation, and delight to see how calculated such a system is to correct its errors as it goes.

I.—EFFECTS OF MORAL TRAINING.

I. *Incidents to show the good effects of exercising kindness and consideration for others, in opposition to reckless mischief, hard-heartedness, and cruelty; vices which render the lower orders dangerous and formidable.*

1. Two of the children, brothers, about five and four years of age, coming one morning late into school, were to go to their seats without censure, if they could give an account of what they had been doing, which should be declared satisfactory by the whole school, who should decide. They stated separately that they had been contemplating the proceedings of a large caterpillar, and noticing the different positions of its body as it crossed their path—that it was now horizontal, and now perpendicular, and presently curved, and finally inclined, when it escaped into a tree. The master then asked them abruptly, Why did you not kill it? The children stared. Could you have killed it? asked the teacher. Yes, but that would have been cruel and naughty, and a sin against God. The little moralists were acquitted by acclamation; having, in ants as they were, manifested a character which, were it universal in the juvenile population, would in another generation reduce our penal code to a mass of waste paper, in one grand department of its bulk.*

2. The teacher mentioned to the children one day that he had been occupied about a boy and a girl who had no father or mother, and whose grandfather and grandmother, who took care of them, were bed-ridden and in great poverty. The boy was seven years of age, too old for the Infant School; but some gentlemen, he said, were exerting themselves to get the boy into one of the hospitals. Here he purposely stopped to try the sympathies of his audience for the girl. He was not disappointed; several little voices called out at once: O! Master! what for no the lassie too? He assured them that the girl was to come to the Infant School, and to be boarded with him and Mrs Wright; and the intelligence was received with loud plaudits.

3. One day, when the children were in the playground, four boys occupied the boys' circular swing, while a stranger gentleman was looking on with the teacher. Conscious of being looked at, the little fellows were wheeling round with more than usual swiftness and dexterity, when a creature of two or three years made a sudden dart forward into their very orbit, and in an instant must have been knocked down with great force. With a presence of mind and consideration, and with a mechanical skill, which to admire most we know not, one of the boys, about five years old, used the instant of time in which the singular movement was practicable, threw his whole body into a horizontal position, and went clear over the infant's head! But this was not all: in the same well-employed instant, it occurred to him that this movement was not enough to save the little intruder, as he himself was to be followed as quick as thought by the next swinger. For this he provided, by dropping his own feet to the ground and stopping the whole machine, the instant he had cleared the child's

* This instance of practical mercy occurred strongly to my mind one day last spring, in London. When passing along a street, I saw several big boys with a live mouse at the end of a string. I returned in a few minutes the same way, and found they had killed it, and were beating it to atoms with their sticks!!

head. The spectator of this admirable specimen of intellect and good feeling, which was all necessarily the thought and act of a moment, had his hand instinctively in his pocket for a shilling, but was stopped by the teacher, who disowns all inferior motives for acts of kindness and justice. The little hero, however, had his reward: for the incident was related by the teacher in full school, in the presence of the strangers, and was received with several rounds of hearty applause.

4. J. J. accused H. S. of having eat up J. J.'s dinner. It was proved by several witnesses that H. S. not only appropriated the dinner, but used force. The charge being proved to the satisfaction of the jury (the whole school), the same tribunal were requested by the teacher to decide what should be the consequences to the convict. One orator rose and suggested that, as H. S. had not yet eat his own dinner, he ought to give it to J. J. This motion, for the children always welcome any reasonable substitute for corporal punishment, was carried by acclamation. When one o'clock came, and the dinner was handed over, *coram publico*, to J. J., H. S. was observed by him to be in tears, and lingering near his own dinner. They were by this time nearly alone, but the teacher was watching the result. The tears were too much for J. J., who went to H. S., threw his arms about his neck, told him not to cry, but to sit down and take half. This invitation was of course accepted by H. S., who manifested a great inferiority of character to the other, and furnished an example of the blindness of the unjust to the justice of retribution, which they always feel to be mere revenge and cruelty. He could not bear to see J. J. even sharing his dinner, and told him, with bitterness, that he would tell his mother. Weel, weel! said the generous child, I'll gie ye'd a' back again. Of course the teacher interfered to prevent this gross injustice; and, in the afternoon, made their school-fellows completely aware of the part each had acted. It is not easy to render a character like that of H. S. liberal; but a long course of such practice, for precept is impotent in such cases, might much modify what in after life would have turned out a selfish, unjust, and unsocial character.

II. *Incidents to show the good effects of practically exercising honesty and truth,—to the end of superseding another branch of criminal jurisprudence.*

1. One of the children lost a halfpenny in the play-ground. The mistress was so certain that it would be found and accounted for, that she lent the loser a halfpenny. Some time after, when the incident was nearly forgotten, one of the boys, J. F., found a halfpenny in the play-ground, and although no one saw him find it, he brought it at once to the teacher. As the latter knew nothing about the loss of a halfpenny already alluded to, it appeared to him a halfpenny without an owner; but one of the children suggested that it must be the lost halfpenny for which the mistress had given the substitute. What then shall be done with it? Many voices answered, The mistress should get it. The girl who lost the halfpenny was called out, and at once knew her own. It was given to her, and she immediately transferred it to the mistress. The teacher then appealed to the whole school. Is that right? Yes, yes, right, right, was called out by the whole assemblage with much applause and animation. This last accompaniment of their approbation is strongly contrasted with the more tranquil and evidently regretting way in which they condemn, when anything is wrong.

2. A penny was found in the play-ground, which had lain so long as to be mouldy and rusty. It was held up for an owner, but claimed by none. What shall we do with it? Keep it master, keep it. Why should I keep it? I have no right to it more than any one here. This was puzzling to all, till a little girl, not four years old, stood up and said, Put it in the box. Many voices seconded this excellent motion, and the master referred it to a show of hands; up went every hand in the school, most of the children showing both hands for a greater certainty, and the penny was put into the subscription-box amid cheers of animation and delight.

3. Immediately before the vacation in August, 1890, three boys plucked a few black currants, which had ripened on the play-ground wall; fruit and flowers being cultivated to exercise self-denial and refinement in the children. One of the boys kept to himself double the quantity which he vouchsafed to each of the other two, but gave a part to a fourth boy, who had seen the transaction, evidently to purchase his silence; but thinking this hopeless, he took back the gift, and struck the boy to give it up, remarking, that as he knew he would tell, he, the speaker, need not lose his berries into the bargain. They all confessed, and expressed their sorrow, except the striker, decidedly in all respects the most guilty, who maintained a bold and hardened countenance. The voice of the school was, however, merciful to them all, which so much affected the last-mentioned offender, that he burst into tears. A Clergyman, one of the Directors, was present, whose eye the boy caught, and instantly brushed away his tears, and joined in the hymn which was sung at the moment. He staid behind the rest, assiduously assisted the master to put away the things, a civility he never showed before, and begged to shake hands with him when he went away.

4. P. M. was brought to solemn trial before the whole school, for keeping up a penny of his weekly school fee. After the trial and award, which were both just and judicious, the teacher asked the school, How many of us have been tried now? A voice called out, J. H. has been tried. This was indignantly denied by J. H. The teacher turning to J. M., asked him if he had ever been tried? He hung his head and answered, Yes. What was it for? Master, do you not remember yourself? I do; but are you any the better of your trial and punishment? I've never stolen since, any how. What was your reason for not stealing? I listened to the thing in my breast, and that told me it was a crime.

J. M.'s offence had been, watching, all the time of school, a penny-piece which had been dropped under the stove, and secretly appropriating it when the school was dismissed. His confession bore that his first purpose was to buy bowls (marbles), but he felt so unhappy that he could not make up his mind to look upon what he should purchase, and formed the singular resolution to expend the money in something eatable, that he might get it out of his sight! This he did, and gave a share to a schoolfellow. He was asked whether his conscience did not upbraid him? He answered, It did not speak very loud at first; but I grew very unhappy, and was happier after I was tried and punished. His contrite tears moved the compassion of his numerous judges, who wished to have spared him; but this was not admissible in the circumstances, and a few pats on the hand was the form of corporal punishment allotted him. He was sorely tempted, for he confessed that he kept his eye on the penny-piece for two hours before he took it.

5. The following incident was communicated by a gentleman from England, Dr Harrison Black, who, in company with the Chevalier de Frasans, Judge of Assize under Charles X., witnessed the whole occurrence:—The Chevalier de Frasans being present, the master was suddenly called into the play-ground, in consequence of a cry that one boy had struck another on the forehead, so as to make the blood flow. All the children were immediately called in, and inquiry made as to who had been witness of the affair. Those who presented themselves were sent into an adjoining room, and the injured party desired to state his grievance. He simply said that T. B. had struck him with a spade (which had for a moment been left by a workman), and that he did not believe it had been done on purpose. The offending party being called, said, J. M. had told him he could not lift up the spade, and in trying to show that he could do it, the blow was given. The witnesses were called in, one by one, and gave their testimony with great clearness, particularly a little Quaker girl. They all corroborated the statement of the accused party.

The teacher then asked of the whole assembly of children what punishment ought to be awarded? The general cry was, Three palmies (i. e. three pats upon the palm of the hand), because that punishment had been a few days before awarded to H. S. But one boy rose, and exclaimed, No, that is not fair, for H. S. told a falsehood about the fault he had committed, and T. B. did not tell any falsehood.

The justice of this remark seemed to be generally understood; and part only of the punishment was determined on. The culprit was then reminded, that, although the blow had not been given intentionally, still he had broken a law which forbade all the children to touch the tools of the workmen, and was made sensible that the punishment was not inflicted because the teacher was angry, but because he, T. B., had broken a law. The truth of this the little offender fully acknowledged to the bystanders, as well as to his master and schoolfellows. The punishment actually inflicted was a gentle tap upon the hand.

Hereupon, a new and unexpected scene arose: the offended party, seeing that all around concurred in condemning the offender, cried out, I'll find

a coachman's whip and lash him. This gave occasion to another appeal to the children as to the injustice of this threatened second punishment, and ended by the threatener being made sensible that all present were now against him. As a proof, he said, Don't be frightened, Tom, I'll not whip you or sell my father. It appeared that he had been so short a time in the school, as not to have become imbued with the governing principles of the place.

6. A little boy came to school with his hands covered with paint. He applied to the teacher's sister to aid him in his extremity, which she did effectually by dint of hot water and soap. He promised to reward her with a halfpenny, whenever he should get one. She, wishing to try him, asked him some days afterwards if he had forgot his promise? He answered, No, but that he had put the first halfpenny he had got into the poor's plate, at church. Having soon after got a halfpenny from a lady, he rung the teacher's house-bell, and gave the money to his creditor, who took it, but, after some days, restored it.

III. *Proofs of the success of the system, in its fundamental principle of governing by Love, and not by Fear, and that consistently with the most perfect order and discipline.*

1. The master one day intimated that he wanted a number of articles, of a kind which he enumerated, to illustrate the lessons. He was next day inundated with all sorts of odds and ends, every child bringing with him something—leather, feathers, cloth, silk, stones, wood, glass, &c.

2. Accidentally saying that he would come and visit his pupils at their own homes, and if he did, how would they entertain him, the question was answered by a burst of hospitality, and the number and variety of the articles of cheer enumerated were too much for his gravity. We observed, however, that whisky was not among the temptations offered him, in the competition for the preference of his company.

3. A parent came one day to the school, expressly to be satisfied on the puzzle, as he said it was to him, how a schoolmaster could render himself the object of love. His own was always the object of terror; and, instead of running to him when he appeared, he and his schoolmates went off in the opposite direction, with the greatest alertness. His boy, he said, runs to the master whenever he sees him, and is proud to come home and tell that he has shaken hands with Mr Wright; of whom, as well as Mrs Wright and Maggy, (the latter a worthy of three years old, the master's child, who sets an example to the whole school,) he never ceases to speak.

Mr Wright requested the inquirer to remain and see how he treated his scholars. He did so, and witnessed the kindness, the cheerfulness, and the fun which never flags, while he saw discipline and obedience at the same time. The children went to the play-ground, and to the amazement of the visitor, the teacher ran out, crying, Hare and hounds! Hare and hounds! taking the first character on himself. He was instantly pursued full cry by the whole pack round and round the play-ground: at last he was taken, and worried by an immense act of co-operation. In his extremity, he rang his hand-bell for school: instantly the hounds quitted their prey, rushed into school, the door being scarcely wide enough for them, and were, within a minute, as still as a rank of soldiers, seated in their gallery, and busy with the multiplication table. The visitor went away, with a shrug, muttering, Na, the like o' that I ne'er saw.

Many pages might be filled with anecdotes illustrative of the beneficial effects of the system, in preventing the numerous fears, follies, envyings, discontents, and prejudices, which render the lower classes so intractable. The superstitious fear of ghosts, witches, &c., is practically removed. A person informed Mr Wright that, as he was crossing the church-yard, not without the habitual dread which from his youth he could not separate from the place, he met a little girl of five years' old marching through, all alone. Was she not afraid? Not a bit: we learn at the Infant School that ghosts and all that is nonsense. All dirty, gross, destructive, selfish, and insolent habits are proscribed, and carefully prevented; and, above all, whisky is held up as the greatest of curses to society, and many a lesson is taught of its effects on both mind and body. The children heard, with much indignation, of a crowd in the street insulting a poor Turk, of some boys who teased an idiot, of the mob breaking windows on occasion of the illumination, and of the people maltreating the doctors for their kindness in trying to cure the cholera.

N.B. It is unnecessary to give examples of the Effect of Intellectual Practice, as there is less novelty in children being trained to acuteness and sagacity; and much of this is capable of exhibition to the public, which is not possible, on set occasions, with proofs of moral advancement. The results in this department, it may, however, be mentioned, are most satisfactory.

II.—LETTERS FROM THE PARENTS.

In order to ascertain that the effects of the moral

training were not a mere show at school, Mr Wright was directed to write a circular note to a large proportion of the parents, requesting their opinion, in writing, of the improvement of their children attending the school, in learning, manners, affection, obedience, health, and happiness. Above thirty answers were received, of which we can only give a very few as specimens, which we do at random. The originals may be seen by any one who chooses, in Mr Wright's hands. It may in general be remarked that there is a striking agreement among them in a zealous readiness to express, in strong terms, their sense of and gratitude for the advantages their children enjoy at school, and the improvement of their own comfort in their intercourse with their children at home. The delight of the children in attending school, and affection for the teacher, are mentioned in most of them.

1. Dear Sir,—I can scarcely express to you how much my children have been benefited by your more than excellent mode of tuition. Whether the many improvements so perceptible in them proceeds from your own qualifications, or from the general system, I know not; but this I know, that before my children attended the Infant School, they were slow, dull, and unmanageable; they are now active, lively, and obedient.—I am, &c.

(Signed) JAMES FORBES.

2. Sir,—I received your letter regarding the opinion I had formed of my son's improvement at the Infant School. I beg leave to state, that it has exceeded my utmost expectation; and, in answer to your questions, the Infant School System, so far from alienating the affections of children to their parents, it increases them to a high degree, and makes them more obedient, and promotes greatly their health and happiness, and they are greatly benefited by the instructions they receive. I have also to return my sincere thanks for your kindness and indulgence to them.—I am, &c.

(Signed) E. GRAHAM.

3. Sir,—I have the pleasure to inform you that my child has improved in every respect. The affection of the child is not alienated from its parents: it is more affectionate and obedient. The health and happiness of the child is greatly improved and much benefited by the instructions received at the school.—I am, &c.

(Signed) JAMES FOGG.

4. Dear Sir,—It gives me great satisfaction to inform you of the rapid progress the child is making under your care; indeed, it is wonderful for so short a time. Owing to your excellent method, she has acquired a taste for learning she never could get at home. She has forgot her playthings, and if the day is so bad that she cannot go to school, she either sings us a song, tells us a story, or goes through part of her school exercises the best way she can by herself. She often mentions some part of scripture, although she is only five years old. I assure you, Sir, her love and respect for her master are great. I think, Sir, all this will give you pleasure to hear, and with good wishes for the improvement of the children, and thanks for what has already been done, I am, &c.

(Signed) CATHERINE ROBERTSON.

5. Sir,—I am really delighted with my son for his intelligence since he went under your tutorage; and I altogether approve of Mr Wilderspin's system of treating children, and, in my opinion, it is not only now, but in future years, it will be installed in his memory. And, you, Sir, I am convinced have done your duty, from the affection that he has towards you; for he is always speaking about Mr Wright, or giving us a recital of the useful information you give him; and so much I approve of the system, that I am going to send another boy of mine as soon as the days get a little longer, and please accept of our best thanks for your attention to our son.—I am, &c.

(Signed) THOMAS WATSON.

6. Sir,—With regard to our son's morals, we think them very much improved; for he has a true sense between right and wrong, and the greatness and goodness of God. His intellectual parts are as far advanced as we could expect in the time he has been at school, and we by no means think his affections alienated from us. As far as our judgment can direct us, we think it must be a great benefit to society. I am, &c.

(Signed) JAMES THOMSON.

Many of the other letters are both well written and worded, and all of them are interesting and satisfactory.

One day, says Menage, I had hold of one of Madame de Sevigné's hands betwixt both mine. Upon her drawing it away, M. Pelletier, standing by, said, Menage, that is the finest work which ever came from your hands.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BUTTERFLY.

For the *London Journal*.

I HAVE outlived three score sunsets and ten. Summer is no more—and her warm honeyed breath I find no longer gently resisting the motion of my wings, and lifting me from the ground. The flowers, too, are dead—or dying now around me. The sunny beams, in which I floated as in a sea of gold, grow fainter every day, and every day the sun returns but for a shorter period. It is then time that I should lay my wings at rest, and that the holy sun, whose rays have been my life, should now withdraw me from this vegetable world—to dwell for ever in its realms of warmth and light.

Threescore days and ten!—a longer life than is vouchsafed to any of our favoured race. I am not vain—but yet I may surmise that the experience of such a life may not be without its use and moral for the world.

I can give little account of my birth and parentage. Conjecture is open—but spark-like is the light I could ever obtain on this immaterial question, though my mind was early turned to the inquiry by the impertinent question as to “who I was,” put to me by a fair but conceited tulip. Prompted by affection, I searched in every quarter for information, but little was my success, and the time lost was great: so much so, that, when I returned to my goddess with what I hoped might prove satisfactory information, I found her charms so greatly on the wane, that I began to wonder what had brought me thither, and so flew off again, humming a favourite air, “I am free, I am free!” And so the tulip lost her lover, and gained no information.*

But this is what I either remembered, or had heard of myself, before I was myself. When I first woke up, it was in a field of waving grass, and it must have been its angry war, as the wind levelled its proud crests to the earth, that woke me up. All was sweet around, and bright and sunny. But so soon as I found the use of my wings, and that I could remove from the uproar by their friendly aid, I pushed off, and settled in a more tranquil spot. Methought I had had a dream—a long and pleasant dream—of wandering among trees and over leaves—of living well and banqueting for ever, and that my life was one continual feast. Could this have been reality? no, it *must* have been a dream, for life is not quite *all* enjoyment. But after this, it seemed as if there came a blank—a dream within a dream—a helpless sleep, perchance. I thought I was alone, alive, but could not move; not dead, but yet no life was stirring in me. Perhaps—mysterious thought—I grew as grows the seed I’ve seen the gardener strew upon the ground. I may have been enclosed, like it, within a husk, and my wings have then burst forth like opening leaves!

Say, first, of life before, or life to be,
What can we reason but from what we see?

What strengthens me in this belief is, that one with whom I always was at enmity, did tell me once, but in scorn he said it, that he had seen me long before lying like a clod among the clods, rolled up in a shapeless, ugly mass. (The latter description can never have been true, but let it pass.) How many minutes’ labour have hypotheses, built on these slender foundations, cost my philosophic mind! One thing I learnt, however, by the incident—that is, to *gain information even from the lips of an enemy*.

In my career there has been much to puzzle me. Passing my days mostly in a region of flowers, I observed that there was one enormous creature who tended them continually: sometimes beings like himself would visit us, and stare about—and look upon the flowers; but in their stupid faces, I never

* There seems hardly verisimilitude enough in the love between an insect and a flower, considering there are creatures more kindred to their nature. Yet our correspondent (besides the visits manifestly paid by a butterfly, and the phrase “love for flowers,” and what else the depth of his floral philosophy might say for it) has critical warrant in the Persian loves of the nightingale and the rose; and Dr Darwin was inclined to think that insects were portions of flowers let loose,—warmed into distinct life by an unusual glow of the vital spirit.—Ed.

could perceive the love which I bore to each flower. These beings are too big—they cannot see one hundredth part of what goes on around them. I have seen them poke their noses into a rose—and say “’twas sweet,”—but their gross senses cannot taste the intoxication of the odour of a flower—and then, like us, reel joyously above it till, overpowered with delight, they sink upon its bosom! The gardener I always liked (his huge size he could not help) for he really loved the garden—and long before the sun arose to shine upon the flower-beds and trees, he would come whistling down the walks. But will it be believed, that this superior being paid the respect of an inferior to the poor creatures who so seldom came to taste the fragrant breath of nature? I may be asked, how I know the tokens of respect and fear among men? Have I not hovered around the coils of the spider, when a poor fly has supplicated for life and liberty? and may it not be surmised that the subdued voice and humble look speak the same language with both man and fly?

It is but an unworthy task for an old butterfly—one o’er whom a long life has passed, and bleached the hair of his head even as the grass of the meadow is bleached by the sun’s rays—it is, I say, for one so sage, so ripe, so time-honoured, a ridiculous task to record the events of his youthful loves. But yet, in all candour, I confess that the recollection of those events fills me with delight (one excepted, which I shall narrate) as the recovery of some sense long lost. Yes, time has destroyed these things, as the plain of waving green was levelled by the scythe; but still how fragrant did the insipid grass become when lying dried, scattered, and dead—scattered by the spoiler, too, upon its own hearth! Such is the hallowed light thrown over the past: such are the uses of adversity.

I have already touched on the subject of my first amour, when my fair friend was too particular as to my pedigree. But there remains another to narrate, which, as I have known insects whose complexions changed with the colour of what they took for dinner, so, its progress and its end being luckless and unhappy, for ever after tinged my joyous nature with the dark hue of melancholy. My heart was wrapped in darkness. And yet, who could have read my feelings? How smooth my feathers still—how sleek and clean my feelers—my head how nicely powdered; and my wings—ah! who to have seen me pour the oily fluid on those well-formed limbs, could have presumed to think me wretched, and that concealment, like a worm in the bud, preyed on my heart?

I loved a lily (time was the thing was common, but now the *papillon* has spurned the *fleur-de-lis*). I found my love returned, and, for a time, things prospered gloriously. Hours went—returned—and still found me at her side. We lived but for each other. She said not much—what would you have a virgin say?—but then she looked so sweet! One luckless evening I was lured away, on some excursion, no matter where or wherefore. Oh, unhappy hour! on my return, I found a spider, a bloated wretch, had usurped my place. He now reigned triumphant, and the noxious cannibal had spread his fearful nets over that fair head which I most adored. In despair I fluttered away, almost sinking to the earth, cursing him—as only butterflies can curse—and hating her for her inconstancy. I consoled myself, however, with making this reflection,—that, to retain the female heart, you must watch over it as zealously as the miserly ant guards her ill-gotten grain.

It was not till sometime after this that I discovered how my passion had hurried me into indiscretion. In quitting Lily so precipitately, I had done her wrong, for I learned that the spider was but an unwelcome intruder, and would have forced her affections. To me she looked for succour, while I—mad fool!

How often have I since reflected that *even* flies cannot see everything, and that it behoves them to be very circumspect when other beings are concerned.

A joyous life I led of it too, for a long period before this. Fanned by the zephyr, courted by the

rose, floating for hours in the sun-beam, bathing in the transparent softly-scented dew, watching every opening flower, and catching their first sweet breaths as they softly sighed forth life—these were but a few of my daily pleasures. With what delight I rocked upon the taper branches of the lavender, till sleep crept over me! And then came night, and with the night the moon, whose beams reflected strange unwonted beauty alike upon the plainest and the loveliest objects.

But now I come to the most fearful event of my troubled life. Near where I dwelt there lived a glow-worm, round whose cheering light a jovial set of us were wont to congregate o’ nights. A chattering knot were we, and often have we made the night gallop through her course to the music of our revels. When the club dispersed, I used to mount to my retirement aloft, and there gaze on the friendly lamp of my light-hearted friend, till I dropped asleep. One night I woke from dreams of these happy meetings—the merry notes of my mates rang in my ears—and I thought they were keeping it up without me, and accordingly determined to drop in upon their revels; but, strange to say, no light shone below, as was usual. I looked about, and at last perceived it above me. This was strange; but, without thinking, up I mounted. Higher still and higher, but no nearer did I approach. They are keeping it up, thought I, with a vengeance. I wonder where Master Snail got his wings to mount so high! Time flew on, and so did I, but it was of no avail: the enticing light was as distant as ever, and the malicious rogues were moving off as fast as I could move on. Meantime, the air grew colder, the zephyrs were cross, and handled me most roughly. I felt myself beating about in space, nor knew I where to fly. My heart failed me, and my strength was gone; and I had fallen back into the realms of darkness, had not the strong winds caught me in their arms and hurried me onwards, now a helpless victim, till I landed suddenly on the earth. Unhappy wretch, I had mistaken a *star* for the light I sought! and now, for punishment, I found myself a bruised wanderer in a land of strangers. Here, then, have I sojourned, unknown, uncared for.

Commiseration is dear to the heart of a fly; therefore have I put pen to paper, in the belief, that when dead, my tale will at least draw one tear from the well of grief springing in every heart. This hope will throw a glow over the sunset of my days. For, although neither gouty, nor flying with the aid of crutches, still I am very old—I feel it. My voice is weak in physical power; but, from my age, I think it intitled to be heard. If time is not at an end—if other butterflies should ever live to love, and to mistake an unapproachable for a friendly light—to them I leave this long memorial of my patriarchal days, now so near their closing. Here ends my task.

Here, too, ended his innocent life. One moment sufficed him to die, whose creation had been the miracle of months. The butterfly is dead, “his wings are at rest,” his bright eye shall no more be dimmed by a passing cloud—his pure loving heart no longer be vexed at the puzzles of insect life—nor his bones rattle in the cold blast of coming Autumn.

PSYCHOPHILUS.

A Pleasant Ensign of the Guards.—La Calprenede (afterwards the writer of the old celebrated French romances, ‘Cleopatra,’ ‘Cassandra,’ &c.), was an Ensign in the Guards, and when he was upon duty at Court, used to get up into the apartments, and there soon get an audience about him by the agreeable knack he had of telling stories. The Court ladies and maids of honour were often among his hearers. The Queen, one day, reprimanded her women, that of late they seemed all at once to have entered into a combination to neglect their duty, upon which one of them answered, “That there was a new Ensign who came up into the ante-chamber, and told such delightful stories, that there was no leaving him.” This raised the Princess’s curiosity, and she was so taken with him, that she added a pretty pension to his pay.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 12th, to Tuesday the 18th November.

HONEY-COMBS AND WAX-LIGHTS.

We did wrong the other day to say that the flowers were all going, for, not to mention the present mild season, which has wonderfully retained the beauties both of our woods and gardens, it is ungrateful and monstrous in us to forget that there are flowers of some sort all the year round, or nearly so, especially the most beautiful of all flowers—the rose, which Nature seems to love so fondly as to be unable to part with it. You may see cottages still covered with it all over, like household smiles.

Even of the flowers that have gone, we possess the results, and we should not forget to see their floral elements in those. The other night we were sitting at a friend's house amidst wax-candles, and thought how busy those little fairies, the bees, had been in making them for us, bringing, with mysterious efficacy, out of the flimsiest beauty, a beauty so solid. Wax-lights, though we are accustomed to over-look the fact, and rank them with ordinary common-places, are true fairy tapers,—a white metamorphosis from the flowers, crowned with the most intangible of all visible mysteries—fire.

Then there is honey, which a Greek poet would have called the sister of wax,—a thing as beautiful to eat as the other is to look upon, and beautiful to look upon too. What two extraordinary substances to be made, by little winged creatures, out of roses and lilies! What a singular and lovely energy in Nature to impel those little creatures thus to fetch out the sweet and elegant properties of the coloured fragrances of the gardens, and serve them up to us for food and light!—honey to eat, and waxen tapers to eat it by! What more graceful repast could be imagined on one of the fairy tables made by Vulcan, which moved of their own accord, and came gliding, when he wanted a luncheon, to the side of Apollo!—the honey golden as his lyre, and the wax fair as his shoulders. Doubtless he hath eaten of it many a time, chatting with Hebe before some Olympian concert, and as he talked in an under-tone, served as the bees', the bass-strings of his lyre murmured as they.

Let honey then be on our November breakfast-table, reminding us of the flowers, and let us have a good and intire account of the nature of it out of the pages of Dr Bevan.

Honey is a well-known, sweet, tenacious substance, which, in fine weather, is continually secreting in the nectaries of flowers, chiefly from certain vesicles or glands situated near the basis of every petal, from whence it is collected by bees and other insects. The domestic honey-bees consume a portion of this honey for food, at or near the time of gathering; but the principal part is regurgitated, and poured into the cell of the hive, for the use of the community in winter. So very abundant are these collections in favourable seasons, as to afford to the apiarian an extensive share of them, without distressing the provident hoarders. Mr Wildman states that, in the year 1789, he purchased a glass filled with exceedingly fine honey-comb, weighing 63 pounds, which had been collected within a month; and that the hive which it had surmounted still contained a full supply for the winter's consumption for the bees. This, however, was an unusual quantity; a hive, or box, of the dimensions recommended in this work, may be considered as well stocked when it yields from 30 to 40 pounds of honey.

The honey intended for early use, and for the nursing bees and drones, is deposited in cells which are allowed to remain open, and is, probably, of an inferior sort; whilst the finest honey, which is laid up in store for winter, is placed in the most inaccessible parts of the hive, and closed in the cells with waxen lids.

There, clustered now, clear wells of nectar glow,
Like amber drops that sparkle in the Po,
And now (so quick the change), ere one short moon
Shrinks with waned crescent 'mid the blaze of noon,
All veiled from view, these amber drops are lost,
And each clear well with waxen crown embost.

In the 'Philosophical Transactions for 1792,' Mr Hunter has stated that, whatever time the contents of the honey-bags may be retained, they still remain pure and unaltered by the digestive powers. Mr Polhill, a gentleman to whom the public are indebted for several articles in 'Rees's Cyclopædia' appertaining to bees, is also of this opinion. Messrs

Kirby and Spence do not admit this statement; as the nectar of flowers is not of so thick a consistence as honey, they think it must undergo some change in the stomach of the bee. This opinion is strengthened by what has been stated by Reaumur: he observed that, if there was a deficiency of flowers at the season of honey-gathering, and the bees were furnished with sugar, they filled their cells with honey, differing in no other respect from honey collected in the usual way but in its possessing a somewhat higher flavour, and in its never candying, nor ever losing the fluidity by long keeping. The same will be observed when they imbibe the juices of sweet fruits, for bees do not confine themselves solely to flowers and honey-dewed leaves; they will sometimes very greedily absorb the juice of raspberries, for instance, and thus spoil them for the table; they also visit, in crowds, the vats of the cider and wine-maker.

Reaumur has likewise remarked that, in each honey-cell, there is a cream-like layer covering, of a thicker consistence than the honey itself, which apparently serves to retain the more liquid collections that may from time to time be introduced under it. Messrs Kirby and Spence say that, if honey were the unaltered nectar of flowers, it would be difficult to conceive how this cream could be collected in proper proportions. This observation is made in consequence of their presuming that some of this cream-like covering is conveyed into the cells with each deposition of fresh honey, and it has been supposed, that 'this' cream was the last portion disgorged. According to an article in 'Rees's Cyclopædia,' probably written by Mr Polhill, this cream-like matter is formed at the very first, and every addition of honey is deposited beneath it. The bee, entering into the cell as deeply as possible, puts forward its anterior pair of legs, and with them pierces a hole through the crust, or cream; while this hole is kept open by the feet, the bee disgorges the honey, in large drops, from its mouth; these, falling into the hole, mix with the whole mass below; the bee, before it flies off, new models the crust, and closes up the hole. This mode of proceeding is regularly adopted by every bee that contributes to the general store.

The power of *regurgitation* in the bee is very remarkable: its alimentary organs, like those of the pigeon, besides being subservient to the purpose of nutriment, afford it a temporary store-room or reservoir. Ruminating animals may be considered as regurgitating animals, though in them the operation is performed for different purposes. In some, it is exercised for the purpose of digesting the food—in others, for feeding the young; but in bees, its use is to enable them to disburden themselves of the honey which they gather for the winter's store of the community.

The finest flavoured and most delicate honey is that which is collected from aromatic plants, and has been stored in clean new cells: it has been usually called virgin-honey, as though it were elaborated by a fresh swarm of bees; but this is not essential to the perfection of honey; for, provided the cells in which it is deposited have never contained either brood or farina, it is not material whether it have been collected by swarms or by old stocks: the season and the flowers having been the same, the quality of the honey will, in both cases, be alike. F. Lamberti asserts, that the best honey in the world is produced in Pontus, and that its superiority is attributable to the greater quantity of balm growing there. In this quarter of the world the Narbonne honey is regarded as the finest, owing to the rosemary which abounds in the neighbourhood of Narbonne. "The honey, for which Narbonne is so deservedly celebrated, is every year diminishing. Bees have ceased to be an object of attention to the peasantry; they now devote their time to the vineyards, and neglect the bees. The flowers of the wild plants in the neighbourhood of Narbonne are highly aromatic, and give the flavour which is peculiar to its honey: this peculiarity is attributed exclusively to the wild rosemary, *Rosmarinus officinalis*."—('Dappe's Miscellaneous Observations and Opinions on the Continent, 1825.') Attempts are said to have been made to imitate Narbonne honey, by adding to other honey an infusion of rosemary flowers.

Of the power which some flowers possess of imparting deleterious qualities to their honey, I have already spoken in the chapter on pasturage. I will here add, however, what has been said of the appearance of the pernicious kind of honey. It is usually distinguished from what is innocent, by its crimson or reddish brown colour, its better flavour, and thicker consistence; but in Florida and Carolina, it is so similar, in all respects, to innocent honey, that the hunters depend upon experience only, and, knowing that bad honey soon shows its effect, they at first eat very sparingly. The converse of this would appear in the blood-red honey found by Mr Bruce at Dixon, in Abyssinia, to which he ascribes no evil properties. ('Travels to the Nile,' vol. v.) Linnaeus informs us, that, in Sweden, the honey of autumn is principally gathered from the flowers of the *erica* or heath, and that it has a reddish cast. The honey of our native heaths is also of the same colour. Dr Barton has observed that, during his residence at Edinburgh, the

Highland honey was often of a dirty brownish colour, which was supposed to be given to it by the "blooming heather," as Burns calls it; the people of Edinburgh, however, though great consumers of it, never complain of any ill-effects from it. It produced upon the Doctor a soporific effect. The most innocent honey will often disagree with those who take it in large quantities, or who have irritable bowels. The mischievous qualities of honey have been said to be destroyed by boiling and straining, or even by long keeping only; yet when made into methueglin it has been found as deleterious as ever.

The quality of honey varies with the time of gathering, and that, even, though the whole season may have been favourable. The collection at the commencement of summer is regarded as the prime honey of the year, the flowers being then most abundant, and in the full glow of health; and that which is collected in spring is superior to the gleanings of autumn.

Heber states that the secretion of honey and the formation of wax are singularly promoted by electricity: hence the works may always be observed to advance rapidly when there is a southerly wind, a moist warm air, and an impending storm; whereas the secretion is impeded and sometimes suspended, by long protracted droughts, cold rains, and a northerly wind.

Prime honey is of a whitish colour, an agreeable smell, a pleasant taste, and a thick consistence. When taken from the combs it is in a fluid state, but gradually thickens by age, and in cold weather, if genuine, becomes firm and solid. In England, it has seldom, if ever, been known to assume this solid state while in the hives; and even out of them, if it remain in the combs, it will preserve its clearness, purity, and fine flavour, for at least a year. The honey of tropical climates is always in a fluid state.

Much of the fine flavour of honey will depend on the manner of its separation from the comb. That will be the most delicate which flows spontaneously from the purest and whitest combs; the next in excellence will be that which is expressed without heat; and the coarsest, that which is obtained by the aid of heat and pressure.

Care should be taken in the selection of the vessels used for storing honey; the most appropriate are jars of stone ware, called Bristol ware. The principal constituents of sugar and honey are the same, viz. hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen. Besides these, their common elements, honey contains mucilage and extractive matter, and also an excess of oxygen: in plain English, honey possesses a greater portion of acid than is contained in sugar, and in a state more capable of acting upon those bodies with which it comes in contact. From this arises the reason for my recommending stone jars for its preservation: the acid of the honey, acting upon the lead with which every other kind of earthen ware is glazed, causes the honey to receive an impregnation from it, which may prove injurious to those whose constitutions are delicate; the stone ware, being glazed with common salt, cannot communicate any injurious property to the honey which is stored in it. Honey should be kept in a cool and dry situation, as warmth promotes fermentation and generates a sensible acidity. The circumstance of honey, when separated from the combs and put into jars, being disposed to ferment in a temperature much below the usual heat of the hive, is calculated to excite our admiration of the instinctive intelligence of the bee, which leads it to distribute its treasure in small cells and to seal them closely over, whereby the honey can be preserved from fermentation for a long period, even in a high temperature. The Jews of Moldavia and the Ukraine, prepare from honey a sort of sugar, which is solid, and as white as snow, which they send to the distilleries at Dantzic. They expose the honey to frost for three weeks, in some places where neither sun nor snow can reach it, and in a vessel which is a bad conductor of caloric, by which process, the honey, without being congealed, becomes clear and hard like sugar.

Prior to the discovery of sugar, honey must have been an article of great utility; and, notwithstanding that discovery, if we may judge from the quantity imported into this country, and the price at which it sells when of fine quality, it may still be regarded as a commodity of great importance, and worthy of more attention from our rural population than it generally obtains. In the Ukraine, some of the peasants have four or five hundred hives each, and find their bees more profitable than their corn. This is a number, however, which, I should think, would overstock most districts, and which could only be supported naturally by having recourse to transportation. This seems to be evinced by the inhabitants of Egypt, France, Savoy, Piedmont, and other places availing themselves of that practice, as already stated.

The most productive parts of this kingdom, in all probability, are the borders of Cambridgeshire, Hertfordshire, and part of Hampshire, which, abounding in heaths, commons, and woods, afford so much pabulum for bees, as to enable some of the farmers to have from 100 to 150 stocks of them, the largest number that I have ever heard of in this kingdom.

On the subject of overstocking, M. Espinasse says, that few parts of England which he has visited afford flowers in sufficient profusion and of sufficient variety to support numerous colonies. "In the village," says he, "where my house is situated, many persons, induced by my example, produced bees; they were too numerous for what was to feed them; more than one half of them died in the ensuing winter, and nearly one third of my own were with difficulty saved with feeding." The proprietor of bees may know whether or not his situation is overstocked, if he will attend to the produce of his apiary for several years together.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE author of the 'Lounger's Common-Place Book' says there have been two songs written on the following adventure, but that they are bad. We have an impression upon our memory, that we have seen a good song upon it, though we cannot remember where,—probably in Mr Allan Cunningham's collection of the Songs of Scotland. We should be obliged to any correspondent who could find it for us. The subject, one would think, is too affectingly true, not to have called forth some corresponding strain.

Adam Fleming, the son of a little farmer, during the reign of Mary, inheriting from nature an attractive person and a vigorous mind, and receiving, from the kindness of a maternal uncle an education superior to what is generally bestowed on persons of his rank in society, had won the affections of a beautiful and wealthy heiress in the shire of Dumfries. But, as it seldom happens that we can enjoy any pleasure or any happiness without exciting envy or discontent in those who are less fortunate or less deserving, the preference given to Fleming by Helena Irving, before a host of visitors, excited in one of the disappointed candidates inveterate malignity, and vows of vengeance. Observing that a favourite evening walk of the lovers was on the banks of the Kirtle, a romantic little stream, skirted with shrubs and overhanging rocks, flowing in a serpentine course near the Abbey of Kirkconnel, the villain procured a carbine, and at their accustomed hour concealed himself in a thicket near the place. The fond pair soon approaching, he levelled the instrument of death at his unsuspecting rival; but occasioning, as he moved, a rustling of the leaves, Helena turned quickly round, saw his deadly purpose, and defeated it by throwing herself before her lover; but, in preserving him, she received the contents of the gun in her own bosom, and sunk a bloody and lifeless corse into his arms.

Neither love nor justice admitted a moment's delay: placing his murdered mistress gently on a bank, Adam pursued the flying, the cowardly assassin with the fury of a hungry lion; soon overtook him, and seizing the merciless ruffian by the hair of his head, planted a dagger in his heart. The report of the piece, and the cries of the dastardly fugitive drawing several peasants to the spot, Fleming, instead of submitting his conduct to the justice of his country, which must have considered it as a justifiable homicide, and without well knowing what he sought, fled towards the sea-coast, where he saw a vessel outward bound; throwing himself into a boat, he went on board, made a confidant of the captain, and sailed with him to Lisbon.

Careless of life, and probably wishing to shorten it, he entered into the service of the king of Portugal, and distinguished himself, in a military capacity, at some of the distant possessions of that monarch, in the Brazilia. Receiving, after many years, ample rewards, and an honourable dismissal, he resolved, in the spirit of the times, to expiate the crime of a murder, to which he received such urgent provocation, but for which he could not forgive himself, by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Having accomplished his purpose, he was anxious to pass the short space of life which remained in his native country; trusting for safety to the mercy or oblivion of his former neighbours. Soon after landing in Scotland, he determined to visit the spot where his beloved, his long-lost Helena was interred: worn down by years, sorrow, and the toils of war, and naturally agitated by recollecting the circumstances, and viewing the place of her death, his debilitated frame was not equal to such emotion: reaching with difficulty her tomb in the chapel of Kirkconnel, he sunk on the earth which covered her remains, and expired without a groan.

This little narrative, which the scrupulous critic may consider as the romantic fiction of a novelist, is founded on fact, supported by the evidence of authentic family documents in the possession of a worthy baronet, who resides near the spot, and corroborated by the remains of a monumental inscription in the chapel, which is now in ruins.

HORTENSIVS.

[A full-blown specimen of the ornate, insincere, prosperous, luxurious, and splendid-living Roman orator; with the vicissitude which his family experienced. From Mr Dunlop's 'History of Roman Literature.']

This celebrated orator was born in the year 640, being then ten years younger than Cotta and Sulpicius. His first appearance at the bar was at the early age of nineteen—that is, in 659: and his excellence, says Cicero, was immediately acknowledged,—like that of a statue by Phidias, which only requires to be seen in order to be admired. The case in which he appeared was one of considerable responsibility for one so young and inexperienced, being an accusation, at the instance of the Roman province of Africa, against its governors, for rapacity. It was heard before Scœvola and Crassus, as judges—the one the ablest lawyer, the other the most accomplished speaker of his age; and the young orator had the good fortune to obtain their approbation, as well as that of all who were present at the trial. His next pleading of importance was in behalf of Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, in which he even surpassed his former speech for the Africans. After this we hear little of him for several years. The imminent perils of the Social War, which broke out in 663, interrupted, in a great measure, the business of the Forum. Hortensius served in this alarming contest for one year as a volunteer, and in the following season as a military tribune. When, on the re-establishment of peace in Italy, in 666, he returned to Rome, and resumed the more peaceful avocations to which he had been destined from his youth, he found himself without a rival. Crassus, as we have seen, died in 662, before the troubles of Marius and Sylla. Antony, with other orators of inferior note, perished in 666, during the temporary and last ascendancy of Marius, in the absence of Sylla. Sulpicius was put to death in the same year, and Cotta driven into banishment, from which he was not recalled until the return of Sylla to Rome, and his election to the dictatorship, in 670. Hortensius was then left for some years without a competitor, and, after 670, with none of eminence but Cotta, whom also he soon outshone. His splendid, warm, and animated manner, was preferred to the calm and easy elegance of his rival. Accordingly, when engaged in a cause on the same side, Cotta, then ten years senior, was employed to open the case, while the more important parts were left to the management of Hortensius. He continued the undisputed sovereign of the Forum, till Cicero returned to his quartership in Sicily, in 689, where the talents of that orator first displayed themselves in full perfection and maturity. Hortensius was thus, from 666 till 679, at the head of the Roman bar; and being, in consequence, engaged, during that long period, on one side or other, in every cause of importance, he soon amassed a prodigious fortune. He lived, too, with a magnificence corresponding to his wealth. An example of splendour and luxury had been set to him by the orator Crassus, who inhabited a sumptuous palace in Rome, the hall of which was adorned with pillars of Hymettian marble, twelve feet high, which he brought to Rome in his ædileship, at a time when there were no pillars of foreign marble even in the public buildings. The court of this mansion was particularly ornamented by six lotus trees, which Pliny saw in full luxuriance in his youth, but which were afterwards burned in the conflagration in the time of Nero. He had also a number of vases, and two drinking cups, engraved by the artist, Mentor, but which were of such immense value that he was ashamed to use them. Hortensius had the same tastes as Crassus, but he surpassed him and all his contemporaries in magnificence. His house at Rome, which was splendidly furnished, formed the centre of the chief imperial palace, which increased from the time of Augustus to that of Nero, till it nearly covered the whole Palatine Mount, and branched over other hills. Besides his mansion in the capitol, he possessed sumptuous villas at Tusculum, Bauli, and Laurentum, where he was accustomed to give the most elegant and expensive entertainments. He had frequently peacocks at his banquets, which he first served up at a grand augural feast, and which, says Varro, were more commended by the luxurious than by men of probity and austerity. His olive plantations, he is said to have regularly moistened and bedewed with wine; and, on one occasion, during the hearing of an important cause, in which he was engaged along with Cicero, begged that he would change with him the previously arranged order of pleading, as he was obliged to go to the country to pour wine on a favourite *platanus*, which grew near his Tusculan villa. Notwithstanding this profusion, his heir found not less than 10,000 casks of wine in his cellar, after his death. Besides his taste for wine and fondness for plantations, he indulged a passion for pictures and fish-ponds. At his Tusculan villa, he built a hall for the reception of a painting of the expedition of the Argonauts, by the painter Cydias, which cost the enormous sum of one hundred and forty-four thousand sesterces. At his country seat, near Bauli, on

the sea-shore, he vied with Lucullus and Philippus in the extent of his fish-ponds, which were constructed at immense cost, and so formed that the tide flowed into them. Under the promontory of Bauli, travellers are yet shown the *Fiscina Mirabilis*, a subterraneous edifice, vaulted and divided by four rows of arcades, and which is supposed by some antiquaries to have been a fish-pond of Hortensius. Yet, such was his luxury, and his reluctance to diminish his supply, that when he gave entertainments at Bauli, he generally sent to the neighbouring town of Puteoli, to buy fish for supper. He had a vast number of fishermen in his service, and paid so much attention to the feeding of his fish, that he had always ready a large stock of small fish to be devoured by the great ones. It was with the utmost difficulty he could be persuaded to part with any of them; and Varro declares that a friend could more easily get his chariot-mules out of his stable, than a mullet from his ponds. He was more anxious about the welfare of his fish than the health of his slaves, and less solicitous that a sick servant might not take what was unfit for him, than that his fish might not drink water which was unwholesome. It is even said that he was so passionately fond of a particular lamprey, that he shed tears for its untimely death.

The gallery at the villa, which was situated on the little promontory of Bauli, and looking towards Puteoli, commanded one of the most delightful views in Italy. The inland prospect, towards Cumæ, was magnificent and extensive. Puteoli was seen along the shore at the distance of thirty stadia, in the direction of Pompeii; and Pompeii itself was invisible only from its distance. The sea view was unbounded; it was enlivened by the numerous vessels sailing across the bay, and the ever changeful hue of its waters, now saffron, azure, or purple, according as the breeze blew, or the sun ascended or declined.

Hortensius's villa at Laurentum, which also commanded a distant prospect of the sea, rivalled, in its sylvan pomp, the marine luxuries of Bauli. This mansion lay between Ostia and Lavinium, near the spot where the town of Paterno now stands, and contiguous to the still more celebrated residence afterwards possessed by the younger Pliny. Around were the walks and gardens of patrician villas; on one side was the village of Laurentum, with its public baths; on the other, but at a greater distance, the town of Ostia. Near the house were groves, and fields covered with herds—beyond were hills clothed with woods, and magnificent mountains bounded the horizon.

Hortensius had here a wooded park of fifty acres, encompassed with a wall. This enclosure he called a nursery of wild beasts, all of which came for their provender at a certain hour, on the blowing of a horn, an exhibition with which he was accustomed to amuse the guests who visited him at his Laurentian villa. Varro mentioned an entertainment where those invited supped upon an eminence, called a Triclinium, in this sylvan park. During the repast, Hortensius summoned his Orpheus, who, having come with his musical instruments, and being ordered to display his talents, blew a trumpet, when such a multitude of deer, boars, and other quadrupeds rushed to the spot from all quarters, that the sight appeared to the delighted spectators as beautiful as the courses with wild animals in the great circus of the *Ædiles*.

The elegance of Hortensius procured him not only all this wealth and luxury, but the highest official honours of the state. He was *Ædile* in 679, *Prætor* in 682, and *Consul* two years afterwards. The wealth and dignities he had obtained, and the want of competition, made him gradually relax from that assiduity by which they had been acquired, till the increasing fame of Cicero, and particularly the glory of his consulship, stimulated him to renew his exertions. But his habits of labour had been in some degree lost, and he never again recovered his former reputation. Cicero partly accounts for this decline, from the peculiar nature and genius of his eloquence. It was of that showy species called Asiatic, which flourished in the Greek colonies of Asia Minor, and was infinitely more florid and ornamental than the oratory of Athens, or even Rhodes, being full of brilliant thoughts and sparkling expressions. This glowing style of rhetoric, though deficient in solidity and weight, was not unsuitable to a young man; and being further recommended by a beautiful cadence of periods, met with the utmost applause. But Hortensius, as he advanced in life, did not correct this exuberance, nor adopt a chaster eloquence; and this luxury and glitter of phraseology, which, even in his earliest years, had occasionally excited ridicule or disgust among the graver fathers of the senatorial order, being totally inconsistent with his advanced age and consular dignity, which required something more serious and composed, his reputation diminished with increase of years; and though the bloom of his eloquence might be in fact the same, it appeared to be somewhat withered. Besides, from his declining health and strength, which greatly failed in his latter years, he may not have been able to have given full effect to that showy species of rhetoric in which he indulged. A constant tooth-ache and swellings in the jaws,

greatly impaired his power of elocution and utterance, and became at length so severe as to accelerate his end.

A few months, however, before his death, which happened in 703, he pleaded for his nephew, Messala, who was accused of illegal canvassing, and who was acquitted, more in consequence of the astonishing exertions of his advocate than the justice of his cause. So unfavourable, indeed, was his case esteemed, that, however much the speech of Hortensius had been admired, he was received, on entering the theatre of Curio the following day, with loud clamour and hisses, which were the more remarked, as he had never met with similar treatment in the whole course of his forensic career. The speech, however, revived all the ancient admiration of the public for his oratorical talents, and convinced them, that if he had always possessed the same perseverance as Cicero, he would not have ranked second to that orator. Another of his most celebrated harangues was that against the Manilian law, which vested Pompey with such extraordinary powers, and was so warmly supported by Cicero. That against the sumptuary law, proposed by Crassus and Pompey, in the year 683, which tended to restrain the indulgence of his own taste, was well adapted to Hortensius's style of eloquence; and his speech was highly characteristic of his disposition and habits of life. He declaimed, at great length, on the glory of Rome, which required splendour in the mode of living followed by its citizens. He frequently glanced at the luxury of the consuls themselves, and forced them, at length, by his eloquence and sarcastic declamation, to relinquish their scheme of domestic retrenchment.

The speeches of Hortensius, it has been already mentioned, lost part of their effect, by the orator's advance in years, but they suffered still more by being transferred to writing. As his chief excellence consisted in action and delivery, his writings were much inferior to what was expected from the high fame he had enjoyed; and, accordingly, after death, he retained little of that esteem which he had so abundantly possessed during his life. Although, therefore, his orations had been preserved, they would have given us but an imperfect idea of the eloquence of Hortensius; but even this aid has been denied us; and we must now, therefore, chiefly trust for his oratorical character to the opinion of his great but unprejudiced rival. It was by means of Hortensius that Cicero was chosen one of the College of Augurs,—a service of which his gratified vanity ever appears to have retained an agreeable recollection. In a few of his letters, indeed, written during the despondency of his exile, he hints a suspicion that Hortensius had been instrumental in his banishment, with a view of engrossing to himself the whole glory of the bar; but this mistrust ended with his recall, which Hortensius, though originally he had advised him to yield to the storm, urged on with all the influence of which he was possessed. Hortensius also appears to have been free from every feeling of jealousy or envy, which in him was still more creditable, as his rival was younger than himself, and yet ultimately forced him from the supremacy. Such having been their sentiments of mutual esteem, Cicero has done his oratoric talents ample justice, representing him as endued with all the qualities necessary to form a distinguished speaker. His imagination was fertile—his voice was sweet and harmonious—his demeanour dignified—his language rich and elegant—his acquaintance with literature extensive. So prodigious was his memory, that, without the aid of writing, he recollected every word he had meditated, and every sentence of his adversary's oration, even to the titles and documents brought forward to support the case against him—a faculty which greatly aided his peculiarly happy art of recapitulating the substance of what had been said by his antagonist or by himself.* He also originally possessed an indefatigable application; and scarcely a day passed in which he did not speak in the Forum, or exercise himself in forensic studies or preparation. But, of all the various arts of oratory, he most remarkably excelled in a happy and perspicuous arrangement of his subject. Cicero only slightly approaches him with showing more study and art in his gestures than was necessary for an orator. It appears, however, from Macrobius, that he was much ridiculed by his contemporaries, on account of his affected gestures. In pleading, his hands were constantly in motion, whence he was often attacked by his adversaries in the Forum for resembling an actor; and, on one occasion he received from his opponent the appellation of Dionysia, which was the name of a celebrated dancing girl. Æsop and Roscius frequently attended his pleadings, to catch his gestures, and imitate them on the stage. Such, indeed, was his exertion in action, that it was commonly said, that it could not be determined whether the people went to hear or to see him. Like Demosthenes, he chose and

put on his dress with the most studied care and neatness. He is said, not only to have prepared his attitudes, but also to have adjusted the plaits of his gown before a mirror, when about to issue forth to the Forum; and to have taken no less care in arranging them than in moulding the periods of his discourse. He so tucked up his gown, that the folds did not fall by chance, but were formed with great care by the help of a knot artfully tied, and concealed by the plies of his robe, which apparently flowed carelessly around him. Macrobius also records a story of his instituting an action of damages against a person who had jostled him, while walking in this elaborate dress, and had ruffled his toga, when he was about to appear in public with his drapery adjusted according to the happiest arrangement,—an anecdote which, whether true or false, shows, by its currency, the opinion entertained of his final attention to everything that concerned the elegance of his attire, or the gracefulness of his figure and attitudes. This appears to have been the only blemish in his oratorical character; and the only stain on his moral conduct was, his practice of corrupting the judges in the causes in which he was employed, a practice which must be, in a great measure, imputed to the effects of the judicial system at Rome; for, whatever might be the excellence of the Roman laws, nothing could be worse than the procedure under which they were administered.

Hortensius was first married to a daughter of Q. Catullus, the orator, who is one of the speakers in the dialogue *De Oratore* (Cicero, *De Oratore*, Lib. III. c. 61). He afterwards asked, and obtained from Cato, the loan of his wife Marcia; who, having succeeded to a great part of the wealth of Hortensius after his death, was then taken back by her former husband (*Plutarch, In Catone*). By his first wife Hortensius had a son and daughter. In his son, Quintus, he was not more fortunate than his rival, Cicero, in his son Marcus. Cicero, while pro-consul of Cilicia, mentions in one of his letters, the ruffian and scandalous appearance made by the younger Hortensius at Laodicea, during the shows of gladiators. I invited him once to supper, says he, on his father's account; and, on the same account, only once. (*Epist. Ad Attic. Lib. VI. Epist. 3.*) Such, indeed, was his unworthy conduct, that his father, at this time, entertained thoughts of disinheriting him, and making his nephew Messala his heir; but in this intention he did not persevere. (*Valer. Maxim. Lib. IV. c. 9.*) After his father's death, he joined the party of Cæsar (*Cicero, Epist. Ad Attic. Lib. X. Epist. 16, 17, 18.*), by whom he was appointed pro-consul of Macedonia; in which situation he espoused the side of the conspirators, after the assassination of Cæsar. (*Cicero, Philipp. X. c. 5 and 6.*) By order of Brutus, he slew Caius Antonius, brother to the Triumvir, who had fallen into his hands; and, being afterwards taken prisoner at the battle of Philippi, he was slain by Marc Antony, by way of reprisal, on the tomb of his brother. (*Plutarch, In M. Bruto.*) Hortensia, the daughter, inherited something of the spirit and eloquence of her father. A severe tribute having been imposed on the Roman matrons by the Triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, she boldly pleaded their cause before these noted extortioners, and obtained some alleviation of the impost. (*Valer. Maxim. Lib. VIII. c. 3.*) Quintus, the son of the orator, left two children, Q. Hortensius Corbio, and M. Hortensius Hortalus. The former of these was a monster of debauchery, and is mentioned by Valerius Maximus among the most striking examples of those descendants who have degenerated from the honour of their ancestors. (*Lib. III. c. 3.*) This wretch, not being likely to become a father, and the wealth of the family having been partly settled on the wife of Cato, partly dissipated by extravagance, and partly confiscated in the civil wars, Augustus Cæsar, who was a great promoter of matrimony, gave Hortensius Hortalus a pecuniary allowance to enable him to marry, in order that so illustrious a family might not become extinct. He and his children, however, fell into want during the reign of his benefactor's successor. Tacitus has painted, with his usual power of striking delineation, that humiliating scene, in which he appeared with his four children to beg relief from the senate; and the historian has also recorded the hard answer which he received from the unrelenting Tiberius. Perceiving, however, that his severity was disliked by the senate, the Emperor said that, if they desired it, he would give a certain sum to each of Hortalus's male children. They returned thanks; but, Hortalus, either from terror or dignity of mind, said not a word; and from this time, Tiberius showing him no favour, his family sunk into the most abject poverty. (*Tacit. Annal. Lib. II. c. 37 and 38.*) And such were the descendants of the orator with the park, the plantations, the ponds, and the pictures!

PREJUDICE.

For the London Journal.

To hate a man, and look upon him with suspicion, for no other reason but that he belongs to or was born in some particular country, betrays a narrow and prejudiced mind; yet how often do we hear men who are accounted wise and learned avow an aversion to an individual, without being able to assign any reason for so doing, other than the one just mentioned. Though these gentlemen may be ever so prepossessed in favour of a stranger before he has spoken, let him but wag his tongue, and if his speech denotes him belonging to a country to which they have an antipathy, the charm is broken, and they immediately turn their backs upon him. This prejudice is generally very prevalent among those who have moved but in a limited sphere,—who have never by travelling and reflection been able to rub off the rust of illiberalism that is so apt to incrust the soul. The Scottish Lowlander turns up his nose and thinks himself superior to the Highlander; the Englishman fancies himself a cut above the Scotchman, whom he considers servile and mean; and the American is never tired of cracking his jokes upon John Bull, who in return holds the Yankee in utter contempt.

Two reasons may be assigned for this illiberal conduct in the family of man. These are past outrages and climate. By past outrages we mean the cruel wars that it was customary in bygone times for one nation to wage with another; and the consequent devastations and crimes which caused the posterity of each country to grow up with the idea that the other was its "natural enemy." Thank heaven! these stormy times are over; the sun of civilization is beaming upon the minds of men, but still their hearts are not yet sufficiently warmed towards each other—the prejudices of their forefathers still exist among them, and dwell in their bosoms like the waves of the ocean after a storm.

The second cause is climate. In a country which is favoured by nature with every luxury the earth produces, where the ground yields spontaneously all that the appetite requires, and where few necessities exist to act as stimulants upon the minds of the inhabitants, they are apt to become slothful and indolent. On the other hand, the natives of a cold climate and comparatively barren soil, who are continually compelled to exert their utmost ingenuity to raise a subsistence, become eventually so ingenious and artful, that even Nature herself is hardly a match for them. They are incessantly at war with the elements, and their minds are never allowed to remain inactive. Necessity is the grand sharpener of their wits, and the new discoveries they are ever making in the arts and sciences are numberless. From these countries there is always a considerable part of the population emigrating into those of their neighbours. They carry along with them their native ingenuity, their hardihood, their industry and their poverty. The better-informed part of the community, among whom they locate, encourage them for their useful qualities; but the others, seeing themselves supplanted by these new comers, grow jealous, and begin to hate them. There may be certain duties in the country which the natives are prejudiced against, and which they consider a disgrace to perform: the foreigners, not having the same feelings towards such offices, and viewing them only as roads to wealth, fill them, and if they should happen to be polite and civil in the performance of their duty, they are too often called mean and servile. The country to which they belong is then fastened upon, and not only it, but all that are in it, and all that ever left it, are branded with the epithets of beggarly, mean, and servile. The sentiments of the jealous natives quickly spread, and the foreigners, ere long, find that it has become quite fashionable to hold them in derision and contempt, without their knowing why or wherefore. If a war should at any time have raged between the two countries, the aversion is doubly strong: generation after generation will imbibe this prejudice; and if a few of these foreigners should turn out unprincipled persons, the

* As a proof of his astonishing memory, it is recorded by Seneca, that, for a trial of his powers of recollection, he remained a whole day at a public auction, and when it was concluded, he repeated in order what had been sold, to whom, and at what price. This recital was compared with the clerk's account, and his memory was found to have served him faithfully in every particular.—*Senec. Pref. Lib. I. Centurio.*

Titian's Portraits.—It may be said of them, that it is they who look at you, more than you who look at them.—*Northcote.*

hatred to the nation will become such as centuries of honourable dealing will scarcely cancel.

In a conversation which we lately had with an intelligent but prejudiced friend, he expressed himself strongly against the Scotch, whom he professed to dislike above all other nations. Upon asking his reasons for such dislike, he said, he had always found them so mean and selfish that he felt disgusted with them. Have you, we asked, never met with a straightforward, disinterested Scotchman?

Very seldom, answered he, with a significant shake of the head.

Then you have met with some such in your lifetime?

Why, said he, after a short pause, upon consideration, I have met with some exceptions to the rest of their countrymen, but I always suspected them, and have carefully avoided any sort of intimacy or intercourse with them, excepting what was accidental or absolutely necessary.—Our friend is only one out of thousands who express a dislike to a people without being aware that it is early prejudice that causes this dislike, and not their own experience.

But how often are foreigners themselves to blame for rousing and keeping alive this enmity and ill-will between them and the people with whom they sojourn! We were a short time since at a social party in London, where the majority were English, when a young Scotchman, being asked to contribute his share to the hilarity of the meeting, started one of those songs of his country which inveighs against the Southrons, and which seemed to have been composed when the two nations were at deadly variance. He sang with all the enthusiasm of a would-be patriot, darting his glances around him as if he was eyeing his foes, and striking the table with his fist, as though he fancied he was busily engaged with his broadsword in the battle field. In looking from him to the Southron part of the company, we observed a jolly good-natured old gentleman shrug up his shoulders, and look over to a friend on the other side of the room, who, in his turn, smiled, winked, and shrugged his shoulders also. A few of the youngsters looked fiercely and disdainfully at the Scotchman, while others seemed at a loss whether to construe this ill-timed song into an insult, or ascribe its introduction to the rawness and ignorance of the singer. The moment he had finished, an older Scotchman, and a man of the world, perceiving the spirit that his imprudent countryman had roused among the company, proposed, and almost immediately began, a favourite English drinking song, which he sung with so much glee and spirit, as completely restored the good humour, and banished the feeling which had a few minutes previous threatened to disturb the harmony of the evening.

How often, too, are the feelings of the natives hurt by foreigners drawing comparisons between the land they live in and the one in which they were born and bred. These comparisons are generally partial, especially if he who draws them left his country when young. It is the nature of man to look back upon the scenes of his infancy, when his heart was free from care, with an interest which is heightened by distance, present troubles, and imagination. He expatiates on the joys of his boyhood, and all the pleasurable sensations of his early days, as if the loss of them was intirely owing to his removal from the scenes where he enjoyed them. He does not reflect that he must again be young, and his heart as buoyant as ever, before he can again appreciate the charms of those scenes that possessed his heart and delighted his fancy in the bright morning of youth. If you believe him, his country, though it may be one of poverty and meanness, is a fairy-land to the one in which he now resides; and its government and institutions, though perhaps despotic and corrupt, are founded on principles of wisdom and liberalism, while the powers by which he is now governed are tyrannical and oppressive. But even allowing all this to be true, what right had he to hurt the self-love and patriotic feelings of those in whose country he shelters himself, by drawing such comparisons? If they are content with their

laws and constitution, is it his business, who is but a stranger in the land, to sow the seeds of sedition and discontent? If he is disgusted with their form of government, why does he remain under it? Why does he not pack up his goods and return to his own "dear country?" No one will hinder him—unless it may be his poverty or his creditors. But if his interest tells him that he had better remain where he is, let him learn to respect the feelings of those by whom he exists, and bless the land he lives in, until he can afford to go back to his own countrymen and relations, who doubtless will be glad to receive him, especially if he takes along with him a well-lined purse and a liberal hand.

There are some branches of certain trades and professions in which the French completely outstrip the English. When one of these skilful *monsieurs* enters a town and divides a business with a native, who has monopolised it for years, what can be said? The feelings as well as the prospects of the Englishman have a severe blow; but is the Frenchman to blame? Certainly not. The law of the land allows foreigners to settle and trade in this country, and he has only done what any other person with the same ideas would have done, namely, taken up his abode where he had the greatest prospect of doing well. Is it the public, then, on whom the blame descends? Surely not. By employing this stranger they are enabled to get their work done in a more elegant manner and cheaper than they could when they employed their own countryman, and at the same time are treated with more politeness and civility. No one can reasonably blame them for studying their own interest. Who then is the supplanted artisan to storm against, if he cannot justifiably do so against his rival or the public? We answer, against no one; for no one is censurable. But if he must needs storm, let him do so against chance, or his own inability to keep his place in the public estimation. Instead, however, of grumbling about the caprice of the unpatriotic public, and cherishing and encouraging an inveterate hatred for all foreigners, and Frenchmen in particular, if he is a wise man he will pocket his gains, and thank his stars that he so long fattened uninterruptedly upon a business for which, he now finds, he was not so well qualified as others in the world. He will also reflect that his son—if he has one—is able to learn certain trades in this country, in which Frenchmen never attain any remarkable degree of excellence, who, when he pleases, has the same liberty to go over to France and supplant French artisans, as the aforesaid Frenchman had to come over to England and supplant his father. Supposing, however, that the rival had been an Englishman with the same tact and genius as the Frenchman, would he not have succeeded as well? There is not a doubt of it. The public do not patronize the Frenchman merely because he is a Frenchman; it is his superior workmanship and pleasing politeness that obtain for him their support and estimation.

Until the day arrives when man shall become more of a cosmopolitan, and allow his reasoning powers to act less shackled by pride and blind selfishness, prejudice must and will be one of his ruling passions. The sooner knowledge gains the ascendancy in the human mind, the sooner will prejudice cease to exist. Men, who now look upon each other as "natural enemies," because Providence ordained them to be born in certain climates, and nurtured under particular governments, will, we trust, ere long, recognise each other as brothers belonging to one family, and the earth which they inhabit as one country, in which each will be encouraged according to his talents and industry.

In the meantime let us make it an inviolable rule never to speak against nations or communities *en masse*. If an individual or individuals of any country have betrayed our confidence, and proved themselves unworthy members of society, it is our duty to expose them, for such exposure may put those on their guard whom they are now deceiving; but never let us be so uncharitable as to cast unpleasant reflections on the country which gave them birth, as though it was

responsible or reprehensible for the delinquencies of its unprincipled sons. In our own lifetime we have met with honest Jews, disinterested Scotchmen, liberal Englishmen, sincere Irishmen, polite Americans, intelligent Indians, and good and noble of nearly every country. We have also met with their countrymen possessing the opposites to all these qualities: but are we to condemn the former and their countries because of the latter? Heaven forbid.

FAIRY SONG.

DEAR SIR,—I see by your number for the present week, that you have taken up my favourite subject of the Fairy People. In return for the gratification you have afforded me, I request your acceptance of the following poetical trifle, if you think it worth presenting to your readers.—I am, dear sir, your sincere well-wisher,

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

October 2, 1834.

THE FIRST OF THE FAIRIES.

SET TO MUSIC BY VINCENT NOVELLO.

WHAT ho! ye minims of earth,
Enwomb'd in your cells,
The buttercup bells;
Come forth at my call—
Come forth one and all—
'Tis Oberon calls you to birth.
Whence we came, and what we were,
Let no one ask—let no one care,
Since here we are!—since here we are!
You, Brisk, and Frisk,
With Whip, and Nip,
Come forth in your ranks,
Come forth with your pranks,
And crown we our birth-night with mirth.
Come one, come two,
"With mop and mowe;"
Come twenty in order meet;
And as you pass
O'er the dewy grass,
In lightning glance
Of your whirling dance,
Make rainbows with your twinkling feet.
You, Mustard-seed, go tweak
With roguish freak
The nose of cramming priest;
While Cob-web there, and Nip,
Will pinch and grip
The snoring slattern in her nest.
And when the owl has wing'd his flight,
And the pearly drops of night
Hang thickest on the lime-tree flower,
You, Bean and Pea-blossom, go clamber
To the sleeping maiden's chamber,
And prank anew her window bower.
Now hey for a roundel!—So—so!
And now through the roundel we go;
My fairies keep time
To the cricket's chime,
And the laugh of our chorus—"Ho! ho!"

A Pretty Note of Acceptance.—Balzac sent to borrow four hundred crowns of Voiture. His brother wit cheerfully complied, and taking the promissory note which the servant put into his hands, wrote on it thus: "I, the undersigned, acknowledge myself debtor to M. Balzac in the sum of eight hundred crowns, for the pleasure he did me in borrowing four hundred of me." He then returned it to the servant, to carry back to his master. "What are all Voiture's finest letters (says a French author) in comparison of such a note!"

Correcting the Press.—The publishers of the French 'Dictionary of French Dictionaries' have adopted a plan somewhat similar to that followed by the Stephens and Elzivirs. The proof sheets of the work will be open to general examination for seven days previously to the operation of pulling off the copies; and a premium of 50 cents (5d.) is offered for every typographical error which may be detected. Twenty errors discovered in one or more numbers of the work will entitle the discoverer to a gratuitous copy of the whole Dictionary.—*The Printing Machine.*

THE VILLAGE ALEHOUSE.

A PICTURE IN DETAIL.

DEAR ramblers all—an Alehouse sign

You'll own as good a sight as greets ye;
When summer's long, long mornings shine,
Where leisure reigns, and "All hail" meets ye.

There rests the waggon in its track,—
A corn-bag round each horse's nose is;
There comes the miller and his sack;
And there at ease the beggar dozes.

There limps the oetler with his pails,
And there the landlord stalks inspector;
Two farmers there discuss their sales,
And drain by turns one goblet's nectar.

Hay-ricks are near, and orchard fruit;
The cock's shrill crow and flapping wing;
The low contented neigh of brute;
The pipe's perfume, and tankard's ding.

The fiddle's scrape,—the milking cows,—
The snapping cork,—the roaring joke;
The birds by thousands in the boughs;
The creaking wheel, and whip's loud stroke.

Sunshine strews all the kitchen floor,
Reposes on the home-field crop—
Blister's the Doctor's fine new door,
And kisses copse and chimney top.

Clouds fleecy dot the blue immense—
Farm-houses—cities—vales—and streams—
And seats, and parks, and forests dense,
Sleep, stretch'd afar, in floods of beams.

Z. Z.

AFFECTING ACCOUNT OF MR
BAMPFYLDE.

[By Mr Southey. From the Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges. Samples of the poetry of this unfortunate gentleman are to be found in Sir Egerton's 'Censura Literaria,' and in Mr Southey's Specimens.]

Keswick, May 10, 1800.

SIR,—I hold myself greatly indebted to you, not only for the list of authors, but for the very gratifying manner in which you have introduced my name in the 'Censura Literaria.' That list, with another of equal length, for which the selections were prepared for the press, but omitted during the course of publication by the friend who undertook to superintend it, will enable me, in an additional volume, to supply the bibliographical defects of the work. It gives me great pleasure to hear that 'Bampfyld's Remains' are to be edited. The circumstances which I did not mention concerning him are these. They were related to me by Jackson of Exeter, and minuted down immediately afterwards, when the impression that they made upon me was warm.

He was the brother of Sir Charles, as you say.* At the time when Jackson became intimate with him he was just at his prime, and had no other wish than to live in solitude, and amuse himself with poetry and music. He lodged in a farm house near Chudleigh, and would oftentimes come to Exeter in a winter morning, ungloved and open-breasted, before Jackson was up (though he was an early riser), with a pocket-full of music or poems to know how he liked them. His relations thought this was a sad life for a man of family, and forced him to London. The tears ran down Jackson's cheeks when he told me the story. Poor fellow, said he, there did not live a purer creature, and, if they would have let him alone, he might have been alive now.

When he was in London, his feelings, having been forced out of their proper channel, took a wrong direction, and he soon began to suffer the punishment of debauchery. The Miss Palmer, to whom he dedicated his 'Sonnets' (afterwards, and perhaps still, Lady Inchiquin), was niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Whether Sir Joshua objected to his addresses on account of his irregularities in London, or on other grounds, I know not, but this was the commencement of his madness. He was refused admittance into the house; upon this, in a fit of half anger and half derangement, he broke the windows, and was (little to Sir Joshua's honour) sent to Newgate. Some weeks after this had happened, Jackson went to London, and one of his first inquiries was for Bampfyld. Lady Bampfyld, his mother, said that she knew little or nothing about him; that she got him out of Newgate, and he was now in some beggarly place. Where?—In King street, Holborn, she believed, but she did not know the number of the house. Away went Jackson, and knocked [at

every door till he found the right. It was a truly miserable place: the woman of the house was one of the worst class of women in London. She knew that Bampfyld had no money, and that, at that time, he had been three days without food. When Jackson saw him there was all the levity of madness in his manners; his shirt was ragged and black as a coal-heaver's, and his beard of two months' growth. Jackson sent out for food, and said he was come to breakfast with him; and he turned aside to a harpsichord in the room, literally he said to let him gorge himself without being noticed. He removed him from hence, and, after giving his mother a severe lecture, obtained for him a decent allowance, and left him, when he himself quitted town, in decent lodgings, earnestly begging him to write.

But he never wrote: the next news was that he was in a private madhouse, and Jackson never saw him more. Almost the last time he met, he showed him several poems, among others, a 'Ballad on the Murder of David Rizzio.' Such a ballad! said he. He came that day to dine with Jackson and was asked for copies. I burned them, was the reply. I wrote them to please you; you did not seem to like them, so I threw them into the fire. After twenty years' confinement, he recovered his senses, but not till he was dying of consumption. The apothecary urged him to leave Sloane street (where he had always been as kindly treated as he could be), and go into his own country, saying that his friends in Devonshire would be very glad to see him. But he hid his face, and answered, No, sir, they who knew me what I was, shall never see me what I am.

THREE PLEASANTRIES,

OF WHICH THE READER MAY TAKE HIS CHOICE.

'Tis pleasant climbing the green hill's ascent,
Soaring in undulations from the sea,
To spy in fancy's mirror stream and tree,
Cottage and castle, beautifully blent—
'Tis pleasant from the lonely peak to gaze
On scenes above the wizard Fancy's power,
The sunset gleaming in a golden shower,
And maidens dancing in the rainbow's rays.—
And sweeter far, decrying in the vale
Her whom we love—to give the person scope,
Winged with joy, adown the glittering slope
To the fair creature in the echoing dale;
And while she smiles or laughs aloud, to hope
The tender mood may in its turn prevail.

TABLE TALK.

St Overseer and St Overall.—M. de Lannoi, from his strict inquiry into the merits of canonized saints, and his discovery of abuses, got the nick-name of the *Unnestler of Saints*; so that M. Godefroi, historiographer of France, meeting him on a new year's day, embraced him with a great deal of civility, and after wishing him a happy new year, "Pray, my good friend, what saints do you intend to unneastle this year?" said he. Lannoi, though a little startled at this question, after so much ceremony, readily answered, "Far be it from me to be wanting in reverence to those saints, whom God and their sanctity have placed in heaven; but no endeavour of mine shall be wanting to unneastle those whom the ignorance and superstition, or knavery of the world have surreptitiously conveyed in there, without the approbation of God or the learned." A great deal of this rubbish still remains, according to an ingenious Englishman (Middleton), who, in a letter from Rome, mentions some original papers which he found in the Barberine Library, giving a pleasant account between the Spaniards and Pope Urban VIII. in relation to saintship. The Spaniards, it seems, have a saint held in great reverence in some parts of Spain, called Viars; for the further encouragement of whose worship they solicited the Pope to grant some special indulgences to his altars; and upon the Pope's desiring to be better acquainted first with his character, and the proofs which they had of his saintship, they produced a stone with the antique letters, S V I A R, which the antiquaries readily saw to be a small fragment of some old Roman inscription in memory of one who had been *Præfectus S V I A Rum*, or, *Overseer of the Highways*. To this he adds, that in England they have a still more ridiculous instance of a fictitious saintship, in the case of a certain saint called Amphibolus (Fling-round, or Overall), who, according to the monkish historians, was Bishop of the Isle of Man, and fellow-martyr and disciple of St Alban; yet the learned Bishop Usher says he has produced irrefragable reasons to convince us that he owes the honour of his saintship to a mistaken passage in the old acts or legends of St Alban, where the *Amphibolus* mentioned, and still revered as a saint and a

martyr, was nothing more than the cloak which Alban happened to have at the time of his execution.

An *Honest Lover*.—As D'Aubigné (Henry the Fourth's friend and rough monitor) was once relating his misfortunes to M. de Taley, the latter interrupted him, saying, "You have papers of the highest consequences to the late Chancellor, who is now retired to his seat, and quite worn out; if you will consent that I should send to acquaint him with what is in your custody, I'll engage you shall have 10,000 crowns, if not from him, from those who would make use of them to ruin him." Upon which, D'Aubigné fetched all these papers which were at once to ruin him, and threw them in the fire before M. Taley, who, beginning to reprimand him smartly for it, D'Aubigné answered, "I have burnt them, lest they might burn me, for the temptation might have overpowered me." The next day, the old gentleman taking him by the hand, said, "Though you have not made your thoughts known to me, I am too quick-sighted not to perceive that you have a love for my daughter: that she is courted by persons in better circumstances than yourself cannot be unknown to you; but your burning those papers yesterday is such a proof of integrity, that it has disposed me to signify to you, that I am willing you should be my son-in-law."

Address of Virtue.—Du Chattelet, a French statesman (he was one of the Scotch family of Hay), had such an unshaken integrity, that he was imprisoned for refusing to act in some unworthy measures. Being afterwards released, he went to the royal chapel: but the King (Louis XIII.) affected to look another way, that he might not meet the eyes of a person to whom he had lately done such flagrant injustice. Hereupon Du Chattelet whispered one of the noblemen, "Be so good as to tell the king, my Lord, that I freely forgive him, and beg the honour of one look." This set the king a-laughing, and all was well.

Excellent Advice to Poets.—The ordinary poet, like the ordinary man, is for ever seeking, in external circumstances, the help which can be found only in himself. In what is familiar or near at hand, he discerns no form or comeliness; home is not poetical, but prosaic; it is in some past, distant, conventional world, that poetry resides for him; were he there, and not here,—were he thus, and not so,—it would be well with him. Hence our innumerable host of rose-coloured novels and iron-nailed epics, with their locality not on the earth, but somewhat nearer the moon. Hence our Virgins of the Sun, and our Knights of the Cross, malicious Saracens in turbans, and copper-coloured chiefs in wampum, and so many other truculent figures from the heroic times or the heroic climates, who, on all hands, swarm in our poetry. Peace be with them! But yet, as a grand moralist proposed preaching to the men of this century, so would we fain preach to the poets a sermon on the duty of staying at home. Let them be sure that heroic ages and heroic climates can do little for them. That form of life has attraction for us, less because it is better and nobler than our own, than simply because it is different; and even this attraction must be of the most transient sort. For will not our own age one day be an ancient one, and have as quaint a costume as the rest, therefore, and be ranked along with them, in respect of quaintness? Does Homer interest us now because he wrote of what passed out of his native Greece, and two centuries before he was born? or because he wrote of what passed in God's world, and in the heart of man, which is the same after thirty centuries? Let our poets look to this: is their feeling really finer, truer, and their visions deeper than that of other men,—they have nothing to fear, even from the humblest subject; is it not so,—they have nothing to hope, but an ephemeral favour, even from the highest.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

DAY-BREAK.

—See, the dapple coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.—*Marston.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Kent Herald* next week.

We are sorry to be obliged to postpone to the same time some further notice of the Poems of John and Mary Saunders.

An answer was given two or three weeks ago to the Gentleman who (under his initials) sent us the article intitled "Smoke."

The verses on the "Squirrel who was found dead," will be gladly inserted.

Mr F. F. D. of Maidstone, highly gratified us with his letter. Insertion shall be given to what was inclosed in it, as soon as possible.

Also to the communications of F. E. J.

LONDON: Published by H. HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall East.
From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Pulteney-street.

* The late Sir Charles Bampfyld, who was shot.—Ed.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19, 1834.

No. 34.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TWILIGHT ACCUSED & DEFENDED.

A monstrous thing has happened. Here is a correspondent of ours, and a pleasant one too, and witty withal, aiming a blow at our gentle friend, *Twilight*! What possible mood could he have been in? Did he expect a friend who had disappointed him? or a new book? or a letter? Was his last bottle of wine out? Or did he want his tea? Or was he reading, and could not go on, the servant not being in the way to bring candles? Or was the evening rainy? Or had he said anything wrong to any one else, and so was out of temper? Or had he been reading something about twilight, badly written, a "twaddle," and so was disposed to go to an extreme the other way, and be perverse in his wit? His first verse looks like it. Or had he a tooth-ache? or a head-ache? or nothing to do? Or had his fire gone out?

We should almost as soon have expected a blow from him at gentleness itself, as at our gentle dusk friend, the mildest and most unassuming of the Hours, meek, yet genial withal, like some loving *Mestizo* or *Quadroon*, something between fair and dark, or dusk and dusker, who, by her sweet middle tone between merit and the want of pretension, and by having nothing to arrogate, and much to be prized, charms the amorous heart of some contemplative West Indian, who is tired out between the flare of his whiter favourites, and the undiscerning presumption of his black. Certain it is, that, vehemently howsoever he speaketh, we hold him not to be in earnest (the less so by reason of that enormity); but, in order to prevent the peril of any false conclusions, in minds accustomed not to such facetious perversity, and still more to take the opportunity of vindicating the character of our gentle friend, and make our correspondent remorseful the next time he sees her (for having even appeared to treat her ill), we have thought it incumbent upon us to follow up his hard words with others more sily soft and overwhelmingly balmy. Oh, there is nothing like defending a good easy cause, and a tender-hearted client! It makes one, somehow, so sure of triumph, so able to trample on one's enemy with the softest foot and the most generous reputation—so gifted (dare we say it?) with the pleasures of malignity by the very exercise of benevolence. Mark you, dear reader, with what a tender savageness we will set him down. Yet he rails in good set terms. There is no denying that. Far be it from us to deny it, who shall only gain the greater praise from our refutation. Hear him how he sets out with the ingenious impudence of his pun and his alliteration—

A TRIMMING FOR TWILIGHT.

How I despise the twaddle about twilight,
That most unserviceable sort of sky-light;
Weak wavering gleam, that, wandering on its way
Towards the night, still lingers with the day.

Twilight's a half-and-half affair, that would
With all its heart be moonlight if it could;
Dim, but not dark; you pause at the bell-handles,
'Tis scarce worth while to conquer it with candles.

Twilight is eve grown grey before its time,
Mystified mummer, ape-ing the sublime
Day with its eye half clos'd, and half a-peep;
The afternoon, making believe to sleep.

'Tis like that forming frown yet undefin'd
That you half-smiling female face has got,
As tho' it hadn't quite made up its mind
Whether it should look angrily or not.

Twilight's an interloper in the sky;
The face of nature painted with one eye:
Something between blank darkness and broad light,—
Like dotard day coquetting with young night.

A dame *passé*, who, growing old and wan,
Affects to veil the charms she feels are gone;
Knowing her day is o'er, the wily jade
Enwraps the ruin where the sunshine play'd.

Lovers love twilight, but I'm not a lover;
And why *they* love it I could ne'er discover;
For light is passion's parent: do ye deem
Beauty no debtor to the radiant beam
That lamps its loveliness; say, can we know
That beauty lives, and one bright glance forego?
Or is't a fancy of love's selfish art,
To close the eyes, and see but with the heart.

Haply 'tis so: in love's delirious trance,
The raptur'd soul grown jealous of the glance
That has a joy beyond it, dims the light
To lend to young imagination sight.

Fancy that peoples darkness with bright rays,
And makes a darkness that it thus may gaze;
How is't that *every* feeling, fond, intense,
Tempt us to lose awhile our visual sense?

Is it superfluous? We drink *love* thro' it;
'Tis then in us; we can no longer view it
By gazing outwards; now, a glance to win,
Our eyelids close, and turn their sense within.

This is digressive, but enough for me;
Lovers, in fact, are no authority;
So, as I said at first, old twaddling twilight,
Be still the lover's gleam, you sha'n't be my light.

Thou'rt day declared a bankrupt, offering round
A dividend of ten-pence in the pound:
Plague take such compositions; I'll for one
Have twenty-shillings' worth of light, or none.

Not day-break, but day *broken*, light fades fast;
Do as thou wilt, thou'rt sure to *fail* at last.
"Come, sealing night," before thee twilight flies,
Put out the mocker with your starry eyes.
Dusky-hued coward! hast begun the race,
Darest thou not look dame Dian in the face?

Now flickering fainter, now more darkly dull,
"I that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:"
Come, light the candles; struggle not,—'tis vain.

Is that thy shadow, lingering on the moor?
No matter; you shall never come in-door.
The stars come out at thee, pale day-diminisher;
Now the moon gleams at full,—ay, that's a finisher.

Beneath the hillock's shadow, cloak'd in grey,
Cautiously creep before the light away;
But when the morning moon grows sick and pale,
Then, stealthy stepper, come across the vale.

Child of the mist, isthmus 'twixt light and shade!
Shadow of chaos, from which earth was made!
Day, dying of decline! doubt-dreaming ray!
Thy presence saddens me—away—away!

W. L. R.

"Away—away!" Our correspondent must have been in a great hurry, to speak thus to the poor gentle twilight, which has not a word to say for itself, unless it be the muffin-bell, the next thing in humbleness of sound to the sheep-bell. We take him to be a prodigiously active and eager spirit, with an ultra flow of health and life, and never easy but when occupied, perhaps not then, unless the occupation perfectly suits him. But he has a soul withal; you may know it even by what is implied in his style of abuse; and therefore it is not the twilight he hates, but the absence of something which he wanted instead of it. Yes; assuredly he has been "snubbing" the poor *Quadroon*, like some lordly planter, because somebody else has not brought him his sangaree.

He lets—we cannot say the "cat out of the bag"—but the dove out of the cage—in what he says about lovers. He tells us he is "no lover," merely in order to avoid what he knows to be conclusive against him; and, in fact, he runs into a digression about love, on purpose to disprove his own argument. Besides, if he happens to be so limited or so unlucky in his circle of acquaintances as to be in love with nobody, he must love all sorts of loveable things, otherwise how could he write so well about loving? and if a man loves anything at all, he must needs love so mild and loving a thing as the twilight. (Here are a great many repetitions of the word "love;" but it is a pleasant note, and will bear reiteration like the nightingale's.)

Furthermore, in this passage of our correspondent's about love, compared with certain letters which he has written to us privately, urging us to give an article on "Coleridge," we have detected him in the fact of his disingenuousness; for this very passage has manifestly been suggested by some stanzas of that favourite of his, in the poem intitled the "Day-Dream." It is a lover's picture of twilight in a room, and is so beautiful and true, that it might serve, alone, as an answer to all the stanzas of this pretending rogue:—

My eyes make pictures when they are shut:
I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow, and a ruin'd hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O, Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
Bend o'er us, like a bow'r, my beautiful green willow.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still dancing fire-flames made;
And now they slumber, moveless all!
And now they melt to one deep shade!
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee;
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

Very beautiful, and spiritual, and truly loving. But lovers, the most honourable and delicate, have a trick of taking other advantages of the good-natured twilight; and the poet goes on to let us know as much:—

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play.

Far be it from us to deny the merits of light and seeing. Beauty was surely meant to be seen as well as loved, or why is it so beautiful? But it is a maxim with us never to deny the merits of one good

thing because there is another; and twilight, where love is, has its loveliness also, as well as lamp and daylight. One of the greatest tests of true love is the sense of joy imparted by the mere presence of the beloved object, apart from light, speech, or anything else; and twilight, somehow, rewards us for the sincerity and generosity of this feeling, by bringing us nearer to the object of our affection, in its abolition of intermediate objects, and a general sense of its mild embracement.

Come—let us consider what our correspondent would say further in behalf of the twilight, if he were in the humour for it. We wish we had time to say it in verse; but here we heave a great sigh (one of the sighs of our life); and as we always feel ashamed of sighing in the midst of this beautiful creation (of which to be able to discern a millionth part of the beauties, is to waken up as many consolatory angels, who lie in wait to become visible to loving eyes) we shall proceed to express ourselves in our accustomed prose, from which, at all events, the love of what is poetical cannot be excluded.

Twilight is the time between light and darkness, when the facility afforded for action by the daylight is over, and the aid of candle-light, for the renewal of action, awaits our pleasure to renew it or not. It is therefore the precise time, of all others, which seems designed by nature for meditation. We say, by nature; for though we hold it to be man's nature to be artificial as well as natural, yet it is natural for him, being a thinking being, to "take pause;" and nature in this gentlest and most intermediate hour seems to offer it him. The greatest part of his duty is over (we hold, that in a more civilized state of society it will all be over, except for purposes of entertainment); he cannot see to work; he cannot see, very actively, to travel; his very book begins to fail him, unless he has determined to keep up the train of his reading, and goes nearer and nearer to the window, and at last he must give it up. He is therefore thrown upon his meditations.

Now "think a little."

Not of your cares, dear reader, if you can help it; not of your work; not of other people's faults; not of your own. There is time enough to attend to those, when we have more light—unless indeed you do it in great charity, first towards the faults of others, and then towards yourself (having earned the right), and always provided you end, as indeed you must if true charity meditates with you, in resolutions befitting the mildness and considerateness of the hour. We would not even have you think of the sufferings of others, provided you think of them at any other time, and do what you can to help them. Twilight is a placid hour, and you must entertain it with placidity or not at all. You must have so acted, or so wished to act, at other times, as to be able to give gentle welcome to gentle guest. You must be worthy of the twilight.

(Here our correspondent gives a great wince; and begins to inquire of his conscience, whether he has ever cracked any one's skull, or written any impiety except the above.)

Now let us think of all mild and loving things,—of our childhood, of the fields, of our best friends, of twilight itself and its shadows, of the quiet of our fireside, and the fanciful things we see in the glowing coals, of the poets who have spoken of evening, of the beauty of stillness, of scenes of rural comfort, of the travels of the winds and clouds, of stories of good angels, nay, of dear friends whom we have lost, provided we have lost them long enough or loved them well enough to consider them with reference to the beauty of their own spirit, rather than to their absence from ourselves. Perhaps they are commissioned to be good angels over us:—perhaps they are now this minute in the room, smiling in the certainty of their own lovingness, and the knowledge of our future good; ay, and (as far as their sympathy with our present struggles will permit) smiling to think even how startled we should be to see them, if it were within heaven's knowledge of what is best for us that we should do so. For God is the author of mirth as well as seriousness, and considering what security

of belief in good there must be in celestial natures, we may conceive some little stooping to it even for the happiness of heavenly cheeks.

"Let us think" of that, and of all other possibilities beyond the regions of mere earthly utility, not excepting it nevertheless. It is the privilege of the imaginative, that they include everything which is good, besides seeing a germ of it at the core of the thorniest evil.

We put these words, "let us think," within marks of quotation for a reason very proper to mention in this place; for we scarcely ever begin meditating at twilight without calling them to mind as uttered to us by the beloved parent to whom we are indebted for most of our aspirations after anything useful or beautiful. She would say to us sometimes at this hour, when our spirits appeared to her to be a little too incessant, "Come—let us think a little." And then we used to sit down on a stool at her side, and look at the fire, and be led into a sedate mood by some story she would tell us of her own mother, or of the sea, or of some great and good people of old.

So now this is good hushing time, is it not, reader? and fit for keeping a little from the candles; and not what our ultra-lively friend (now growing remorseful) would make of it. You and we are sitting on each side of the fire-place, one of us with a knee between his hands, the other with a child between his knees, and there is a fair friend with us, and we are all as quiet as mice, our faces lit up by the fire, and our shadows shifting on the wall. When we speak, it is in a low voice; for twilight has this also in common with the sweetest of its friends:—

Its voice is ever soft, gentle and low,—
An excellent thing in "Twilight."

W. L. R. shall come in among us, if he is "very good."

W. L. R. You see before you, sir, a penitent.

Ed. I see before me a suspicious quoter of impudent plays.

W. L. R. I appeal to the lady's face, sir.

Ed. Oh, you're a very cunning appellant, sir, and the lady's face will get you a pardon for anything.—There—Don't tumble over the little boy. But with what face you can come in, after saying you are "no lover"—

W. L. R. Excuse me. Whatever I might have said before, real or pretended, and whatever new presumption I may be guilty of now, nobody can look on this lady's face, without—

Ed. Hush, hush, not so very loud and enthusiastic. (*All laugh.*) You see how little he was in earnest. The moment he hears of a comfortable party and a charming woman, he is for being in the midst of it, twilight and all.—Come, as we are Christian people, we will give him, by way of penance, what shall be no penance at all. He shall recite to us Coleridge's poem, intitled 'Frost at Midnight.' There is mention in it of a fireside and of the little fluttering film on the bars before us; and the spirit of the whole piece is suited to the occasion, quiet, reflective, and universal. The last line is the perfection of ideal sympathy.

W. L. R. (suppressing the vehemence of his enthusiasm in order to recite with a gentleness fitted to the lines, and gradually growing softer and more reasonable, till nothing can be better given)—

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

The frost performs its secret ministry
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side,
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form

Whose puffy flaps and freaks, the idling spirit
Hides among woods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind
Presagful, have I gazed upon the bars
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come.
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lull'd me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams,
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awd by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book,
Save if the door half open'd, and I snatch'd
A hasty glance, and still my heart leap'd up,
For still I hop'd to see the stranger's face—
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike.

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought,—
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! for I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And nought—nought lovely but the sky and stars;
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach,
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the white thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-drops
fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

No. II.

'Tis night—all is silent—the dwellers in the habitations round are hushed in slumber, or else weeping sleep;—recumbent they ponder on the transactions of the past day, or take thought for those of the morrow. 'Tis October, and the winds sigh round the gable end of the house and o'er its roof,—the last of the flies buzzes drearily through the room. I am in my chamber—a garret,—according to Bacon, the best place for light and poetic study, and, therefore, authors should descend in proportion to the character of their studies, to the second floor, first floor, parlour, kitchen, cellar, and to the very vaults of Somerset House, for heavy, profound metaphysics; because in proportion as they are high in the air, their spirits and thoughts are exhilarating and ebullient, and the nearer they approach the centre of gravity, their minds are constrained into a deeper and more sombre train of thought. But sombre is not the character of writing at which I am at present engaged—neither do I claim the poetic strain—light writing for light reading is my present aim. Light,—said I? I faith my lamp burns dim, and must be trimmed. Lamp,—said I? No—'tis an unpoetic candle. I cannot, as is the manner of some, persuade myself into the belief that there is some of Shakespeare's fat, or Milton's marrow burning in it, to give light, or to shed a lustre on my poor lucubrations.—No—'Tis as genuine a mutton fat as ever burned in socket—some of it, mayhap, supplying combustion, for a second or third time, to illuminate the deeds of a mortal.

"Out, out, brief candle!" said the poet, to the last inch of life, flickering in the socket of time. "Hide not thy light under a bushel," said a greater

than he—therefore, no doubt, was it, dear Journalist, that you have edified our minds and illuminated our imaginations with your weekly collection of *daily* literature. But I must trim my lamp, or, rather, snuff my candle, or, as the sailors say—"top the glim."—The superfluous carbon is now removed, and the flame, on whose nature there has been so many speculations, burns brighter, and entices me to write, while my coach—bed, I should say, but I am tainted with the affected phraseology of the present magazine age of literature—my bed looks tempting, and, with sheets turned down, wooes me to its embrace. But I must seize the present opportunity—not "*carpe diem*," but "*carpe noctem*,"—the night is the time to study and to write, whether in a garret, or in a cellar. Day is too light, bright, and attractive to be able to withdraw your thoughts from it, and fix them on the paper. The subdued light of human invention is more congenial;—we gaze upon it, and behold the emblem of the soul—a spark of light chipped off from the great all-supplying luminary—and, as we know not the nature of flame, neither know we the nature of the soul. The day is too busy with the bustle and business of life, which, though we partake not of it ourselves, yet the noise from without distracts and withdraws the mind and prevents it from turning in upon itself. The dark stillness of night falls like dew upon the field of contemplation, and thoughts germinate and spring up under its influence. The light of the day is too dazzling,—and, "as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen," it is apt to dispel the visions, and, leave the "airy nothings" without "a habitation or a name."

It has been said that morning is the more favourable time for study, inasmuch as the mind is then refreshed with the night's repose, free from any incumbrances with which it might be loaded by past affairs, at the close of the day;—that it is then vigorous, like a bow that has remained for sometime unstrung—and, not being prepossessed by any particular subject, is more ductile, and may be led to the consideration of any required subject. To this I can only answer, from my own experience, that the mind, instead of being fresh and vigorous, upon awaking in the morning, is confused and bewildered with a mixture of dreams and recollections, which it is impossible for a time to dispel; the body, too, requires some time to resume its wonted elasticity; and there is too intimate a connection between the two, to allow of an exhilaration of the one and a depression of the other to exist together. In the morning, too, if it be summer, one would be tempted by the beauties of a sunrise to wander in the verdant fields, or stroll on the banks of a stream, and watch the ruddy luminary chase the dewy fogs from its surface, which fly at his approach, as a lover from the bosom of his mistress at the approach of a crabbed guardian, with face red with rage—(excuse the intrusion of the simile, it is an odd one, but, as it entered my brain, I allowed it to flow from the point of my pen, and I leave it with you, Mr. Editor, to erase it, should you think fit)—or if it be winter, it is not in human nature to brave sharp frost in a cold room. The imagination shivers as well as the body, and the thoughts freeze in abortive masses in the brain. Then, one says, he can do nothing until he gets his breakfast to warm him, and by that time the morning, properly speaking, is over, and the day arrives with its engraving cares.

There is a peculiar advantage in the night over the morning as a time for literary composition, which is far from being unimportant; it is, that if one gets into a good train of ideas, he can keep from his bed as long as he pleases, and so take advantage of the felicitous moments; whereas, if one catches a good clue in the morning, before he has time to unravel it, or follow it to its source, some business interrupts,—breakfast is announced,—or some other fate clips the thread, and it is lost, perhaps, for ever. I know not whether D'Israeli has a chapter on this point or not, in his '*Curiosities of Literature*,' but I am convinced that by far the greater number of authors would be found, as have composed at night, were the subject examined. Sir Walter Scott, certainly, was an exception to this, in my opinion, general fact.

It is as much from necessity as choice that I write at night. Business occupies the day with me, and at night I take up the pen with my mind charged with ideas, which have arisen from the observation of the day, and I either write till sleep overpowers me, or my light burns out. Thus am I brought to the lamp again—and drowsiness tempts me to extinguish the "flaming minister." This reminds me of the lamp in the title page of Richard Taylor's edition of the classics, with its motto "*Alere flammam*." I bought at a book-stall, some time since, one of these books which, as appeared, from the inscription on the title page, had once been the property of a Cantab. In it, the metaphoric emblem was altered from a hand pouring oil into the lamp, to a hand with an extinguisher about to put out the light; and to the hand was appended an arm, and to the arm a body very elegantly attired in a night-shirt—and a head covered with a night-cap—and a mouth most luxuriously stretched in a hearty yawn—the very *ultimatum* of the "*ore rotundo*." The motto was also very appropriately altered to "*extinguere flammam*." The limner has left us in the dark as to whether he intended the elegant figure as one drowsy after a night's revelry or a night's study;—there are neither books and paper, nor bottles and glasses—nothing to tell the tale—we must therefore give it in the subject's favour, and decide that he is fatigued with a night's intense study; and therefore I shall enlist him on my side as one who is of opinion that night is the best and most appropriate time for study. In the words of an old Scotch song—

To sit up a' nicht, I'd sooner agree
Than rise in the morning early.

Old books and book-stalls are fast going out of season; new and cheap editions of all the standard works, in cloth coats, are displacing their respectable forefathers of the leathern doublet. Instead of a dark row of dusky brown backs on the shelves of the shops, we see modern issues glittering in all the colours of the rainbow. The poor penniless student cannot now resort to the book-stall to refer to a book which he cannot afford to buy. What a feast one might have gathered by dipping into a book or two at every stall in an hour's walk, a few years ago! The modern books will not bear such exposure to the weather, and the impenetrable glass excludes their contents from the gazer's view. He of the thread-bare coat is a character of the last century—or at all events of the last generation; we do not now see him hovering about the old book-shops and stalls, sipping learning from each, as a bee sips honey from every flower: no, the flowers are all covered in glass-cases now-a-days. We do not now see him haggling with the bookseller to get a worn-out copy of one of the Greek or Latin classics for a sixpence—mayhap the full extent of his exchequer—or searching for some odd volume to complete a set of the '*Spectator*,' '*Rollin's Ancient History*,' or some other favourite work. I speak feelingly upon this subject, as I have been quite a haunter of book-stalls from my boyhood upwards. I remember reading a whole book at one standing at a stall; I have a faint recollection of the contents—it was the history of some wild fellow who runs away from his apprenticeship—goes on board a ship, suffers shipwreck and much tossing about by land and by sea—gets rich in India, and comes home to relieve and enrich his parents and brothers and sisters, whom he finds about to be turned into the street by a cruel creditor—makes everybody about him happy—lives respected, and dies lamented. This is the only instance in which I recollect reading a whole work at one time at a book-stall. I always like to dip into the boxes of books ticketed "Sixpence each," or "Threepence each." I am always in expectation of picking up some rare '*Caxton*,' or invaluable '*Wynkyn de Worde*,' but the bibliopoles have always as yet been too knowing for me, except once, when I got a '*Breeches Bible*' (so called from Genesis iii, 7, where it is translated that our first parents sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves breeches, instead of aprons) without any boards, for sixpence.

At another time, I bought a well-read copy of

Burns's Songs. It seemed to have been possessed by some admiring countryman of the Bard's, who had taken up his satirical strain, and in the blank-leaf penned the following address "TO THE READER:"

Afore ye tak in hand this beuk,
To these few lines jist gie a leuk:

Be sure that baith ye'r hands are clean,
Sic as are fitten to be seen,
Free fra a' dirt, an' black coal soom;
Fra ash-hole dust, an' chimbley bloom;
O' creesh fra candle or fra lamp,
Upon it leave nae filthy stamp.
I'd rather gie a siller croon,
Than see a butter'd finger'd loon,
Wi' parritch, reemin fra his chaps,
Fast fa'in down in slav'rin draps
Upon the beuk. Hech! for each sowp,
I'd wish a nettle at his doup;
For every creeshie drap transparent,
I'd wish his neck wi' a sair hair in't:
Sic plague spots on ilk bonnie page,
Wad mak a sant e'en stamp wi' rage.
Reader, ye'll no tak amiss,
Sic an impertinence as this:
Ye'r no the aye that e'er wad do't—
An use a beuk like an old clot;
Ye wadna wi' ye'r fingers soil it—
Nor creesh, nor blot, nor rend, nor spoil it.

The possessor of this book cannot have belonged to the very best of Scottish society, as some of the cautions given in the effusion would have been unnecessary—mayhap some farm servant or weaver lad may have been its possessor;—we may imagine the hungry ploughman at his morning repast of "*Scotia's hamely fare*" in the lines

Wi' parritch, reemin fra his chaps,
Fast fa'in down in slav'rin draps
Upon the beuk.

I should prefer to have the preceding caution printed and pasted in the inside of all my books rather than the namby-pamby verses beginning, 'This book belongs to——,' which are sold for the purpose of cautioning the reader against soiling, dog's-eating, or lending again a borrowed book. What an elegant stanza that is, which the lower classes of the English write in their books—beginning,

Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For in it is the owner's name;

and ending—

And God will ask in the last day,
Where is that book you took away?

The lower classes among the Scotch, too, have a rhyme somewhat similar, beginning—

O ye thief! how daur ye steal!

and so on.

I think I may claim congeniality with you, Mr Editor, in my love for old book-stalls, from what you lately let fall in the article "*'Tis But*." Many a sixpence, ay, and shilling too, have I spent, and eked to every one of them a "*'tis but*,"—yet I never regretted such expenditure. I must be excused if I behave as rudely as Mr Burchell, and to the bottom of all such ultra-economists' speculations write "*Fudge*."

BOOKWORM.

Table Hydrophobia.—Peirese, dining at London with several persons of literature, could not be exempted from drinking a health (proposed by Dr Thorius, a German) in a glass of frightful opacities. Peirese alleged freedom, civility, decency, health, and a thousand other reasons, but to no purpose; the glass must be drank off to that health; but, before he consented to it, he required a promise that this Bacchanalian docter should also drink his toast; then having with much ado finished such a copious draught, he drank a health in the same glass filled with water. Thorius appeared quite thunderstruck, and, after many a heavy sigh, put the glass to his mouth, but quickly drew it back; and though he fortified himself with all the Greek and Latin apophthegms on thwarting the senses, he was an hour before he emptied his glass, to the great diversion of the company, and his own advantage; for afterwards he never broke in upon any one's temperance.

—It raises my spleen (says Madame de Sevigné) to hear an old creature say, "I am too old to mend." This would sound better in a young person: youth is so lovely, the body is then so perfect, that were the mind equally such, the passion would be too vehement which such an assemblage must excite; but, when the graces of youth begin to wither, then, surely it is high time to labour after the moral and intellectual qualities, and endeavour to compensate the loss of beauty by the acquirement of merit.

MADRIGAL.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MELLIN DE ST
GELAIS, AND ONE OF THE EPIGRAMS OF CLEMENT
MAROT.

FAIR, lovely, beautiful thou art
Whene'er thy smiles my passion bless;
But when thou lowerest on my heart,
Whene'er thy frowns my soul depress,
Thy beauty wanes, thy charms grow less.
Then ever smile upon my duty:
Not to reward its faithfulness,
But merely to preserve thy beauty.

T. E. I.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 19th to Tuesday the 25th
November.

ST CECILIA'S DAY.

SATURDAY next, the 22nd, is St Cecilia's day, an anniversary which survived the Roman Catholic ascendancy in this country till a late period, in consequence of the fair Saint's being the patroness of music. It is a pity her festival ever went out. Perhaps the new animation which has been given to the study of music by the works of Mozart and others, by the foundation of Academies, and the getting up of performances in Abbeys and Halls, will revive it; and musicians and poets too be inspired by a love of the art, as well as the recollections of the Drydens and Puroells, to give it welcome.

The following is Sir Walter Scott's account of the Saint, and of one of Dryden's odes in celebration of her, which we have transferred to our pages; for, though the production of an author so well-known, its fame has been obscured, even with persons otherwise not ignorant of him, by the lustre of the 'Alexander's Feast;' and in addition to what Sir Walter has said respecting the fineness of the first stanza, the second may be instanced as one equally fine, if not finer; certainly with less mixture of what is weak. The remainder of the poem is unfortunately disfigured with conceits; one of which is associated in our memory with a similar puerility into which it tempted Handel. In the music to the line,

Depth of pains and height of passion,

he has put *deep notes* to the word *depth*, and *high notes* to the word *height*, as if there were analogy to depth or height in either case, and the terms might not have been convertible,—depth of passion and height of pain. But we wish to speak of these slips of great men without irreverence.

St Cecilia (Sir Walter Scott tells us) was, according to her legend, a Roman virgin of rank, who flourished during the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. She was a Christian, and by her purity of life, and constant employment in the praises of her Maker, while yet on earth, obtained intercourse with an angel. Being married to Valerianus, a Pagan, she not only prevailed upon him to abstain from using any familiarity with her person, but converted him and his brother to Christianity. They were all martyrs for the faith in the reign of Septimius Severus. Chaucer has celebrated this legend in 'The Second Nonne's Tale,' which is almost a literal translation from the 'Golden Legend' of Jacobus Januensis. As all professions and fraternities, in ancient times, made choice of a tutelar saint, Cecilia was elected the protectress of music and musicians. It was even believed that she had invented the organ, although no good authority can be discovered for such an assertion. Her festival was celebrated from an early period by those of the profession over whom she presided.

The revival of letters with the Restoration was attended with a similar resurrection of the musical art; but the formation of a Musical Society for the annual commemoration of St Cecilia's day did not take place till 1680. An ode, written for the occasion, was set to music by the most able professor, and rehearsed before the society and their stewards upon the 22d November, the day dedicated to the patroness. The first effusions of this kind are miserable enough. Mr Malone has preserved a few verses of an ode, by an anonymous author, in 1683; that of 1684 was furnished by Oldham, whom our author has commemorated by an elegy; that of 1685 was written by Nahum Tate, and is given by Mr Malone, vol. i. p. 274. There was no performance in 1686; and, in 1687, Dryden furnished the following ode, which was set to music by Draghi, an eminent Italian composer. Of the annual festival, Motteux gives the following account:—

"The 22d of November, being St Cecilia's day, is observed throughout all Europe by the lovers of music. In Italy, Germany, France, and other countries, prizes are distributed on that day, in some of the most considerable towns, to such as make the best anthem in her praise. On that day, or the next (when it falls on a Sunday), most of the lovers of music, whereof many are persons of the first rank, meet at Stationers' Hall, in London, not through a principle of superstition, but to propagate the advancement of that divine science. A splendid entertainment is provided, and before it there is always a performance of music, by the best voices and hands in town; the words, which are always in the patroness's praise, are set by some of the greatest masters. This year (1691) Dr John Blow, that famous musician, composed the music; and Mr D'Urfey, whose skill in things of that nature is well known, made the words. Six stewards are chosen for each ensuing year, four of which are either persons of quality or gentlemen of note, and the two last either gentlemen of his Majesty's music, or some of the chief masters in town. This feast is one of the genteelst in the world; there are no formalities nor gatherings as at others, and the appearance there is always very splendid. Whilst the company is at table, the haut boys and trumpets play successively."

The merit of the following ode has been so completely lost in 'Alexander's Feast,' that few readers give themselves even the trouble of attending to it. Yet the first stanza has exquisite merit; and although the power of music is announced in those which follow, in a manner more abstracted and general, and therefore less striking than when its influence upon Alexander and his chiefs is placed before our eyes, it is perhaps only our intimate acquaintance with the second ode that leads us to undervalue the first, although containing the original ideas so exquisitely brought out and embodied in 'Alexander's Feast.'

A SONG FOR ST CECILIA'S DAY, 1637.

I.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began.
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's pow'r obey.
From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason* closing full in man.

II.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell!
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

III.

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms;
The double, double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

* The diapason, with musicians, is a chord including all notes. Perhaps Dryden remembered Spenser's allegorical description of the human figure and faculties:—

"The frame thereof seem'd partly circular,
And part triangular; O, work divine!
These two, the first and last, propitious are;
The one imperfect, mortal feminine,
The other immortal, perfect masculine;
And 'twixt them both a quadrato was the base,
Proportion'd equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle set in heaven's place;
All which compacted made a goodly diapason."
Fairy Queen, book II, canto ix. stanza 22.

VI.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher,
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n;
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant should devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. XLV.—HISTORY OF THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGES.

WE take this from the *Ladies' Pocket Magazine* for the year 1825, a neat little publication with good things in it. We seem as if we had read the story twenty times over elsewhere; but it is one of those, whose frightful truth must always bring it into collections of stories like the present. The offending parties, by the outrageous violence of their passions, and the desperate defiance of daylight and witnesses by one of them, were most likely madmen; at least, had an unhealthy or exaggerated organization amounting to madness. The author has attributed something of coquetry to the Marchioness, and added that it was "no doubt innocent." But any coquetry, however pardonable to the vanity of youth and beauty, is a very dangerous thing, and likely to bring heavy sorrows on the light shoulders that think it an ornament, especially if the heart be good, and capable of ultimate reflection. The poor Marchioness, by her affecting endeavours to secure her husband's life, appears to have been a woman of great natural tenderness and conscientiousness, and probably thought the endeavours incumbent upon her, out of remorse for that very coquetry.

This lady, whose misfortunes have served the subject of romances, poems, and melodramas, was born at Avignon, in the year 1636. Nature and fortune seemed to have united to load her with their favours in her early life, only that she might feel more acutely the horrors of her subsequent fate. When she was little more than thirteen she was married to the Marquis de Castellane, a grandson of the Duke of Villars. On her being introduced at Versailles, Louis XIV, who was then very young, distinguished her amidst the crowd of beauties which embellished the most brilliant court in Europe. The exquisite loveliness of the Marchioness, the illustrious family of her husband, the immense fortune which she had brought him, and the kind attention with which she had been honoured by the King, all conspired to render her the fashion, and she was soon known in Paris by no other appellation than that of the beautiful Provençal. Her first ties were soon broken. The Marquis de Castellane, who was in the naval service, perished by shipwreck on the coast of Sicily. The Marchioness, a blooming widow, rich, and without children, quickly saw all the most splendid youths of the court flocking around her, and suing for her hand. Her unpropitious star destined her to give the preference to the youthful Lanède, Marquis de Ganges. She was united to him in the month of July, 1658. Two months after the celebration of the marriage, the Marquis took his wife to Avignon. Their bliss during the first year of their union was uninterrupted. The Marquis de Ganges had two brothers, the Abbé and the Chevalier de Ganges. Both were so deeply smitten with the charms of their sister-in-law, that

+ St Cecilia is said to have invented the organ, though it is not known when or how she came by this credit. Chaucer introduces her as performing upon that instrument:—

"And while that the organes maden melodie,
To God alone thus in her heart sung she."

The descent of the angel we have already mentioned. She thus announces this celestial attendant to her husband:—

"I have an angel which that loveth me;
That with great love, when so I wake or sleep,
Is ready eye my body for to kepe."
The Second Nonne's Tale.

they instantly became enamoured of her. At the expiration of two or three years, some differences arose between the married couple: on the one side, too strong a tendency to dissipation, and on the other, a little coquetry, which, no doubt, was entirely innocent, occasioned this slight disagreement. The Abbé, who was naturally of an intriguing disposition, exasperated and reconciled the husband and wife, just as it suited his purposes. As his sister-in-law made him her confidant, he hoped that he should ultimately render her favourable to his passion; but, as soon as he disclosed it, his love was disdainfully rejected. With the same pretensions, the Chevalier made the same attempt, and was just as badly received. Not being able to succeed, the two brothers mutually confided to each other their criminal wishes, and, blending together both their resentments, they agreed to take joint vengeance. From that period they sought the means of getting rid of their sister-in-law. Poison was administered to the Marchioness in milk-chocolate; but, whether it was the poison, being put in with a trembling hand, was not sufficient in quantity, or that the milk blunted the effect of it, she sustained but little injury from it. The crime, however, did not pass undiscovered. To put a stop to the rumours on this subject, which were current in the city, the Marquis proposed to his wife to spend the autumn on his estate of Ganges. The Marchioness consented, which seems rather extraordinary; but in human events there are always some circumstances which are inexplicable. It appears that the Marchioness had forebodings of her fate; for in a letter to her mother, dated from the castle of Ganges, she declared that she could not traverse the gloomy avenues of that melancholy residence without a feeling of terror. Her husband, who had accompanied her thither, left her with his two brothers, and returned to Avignon. Not long before her quitting that city, the Marchioness had come into possession of a considerable inheritance; and it is a fact that proves that she suspected the family into which she had entered, and perhaps even her husband, that she made a will at Avignon, by which, in case of her death, she confided her property, till her children were of age, to Madame de Rossan, her mother. This will became the pretext of an inveterate persecution of the Marchioness by her brothers-in-law. They so strongly and perseveringly pressed her to revoke it, that she was at last weak enough to consent. They had no sooner carried their point, than they made a second attempt to poison her, but with no better success than before. The monsters had, however, gone too far to allow of their receding. Being one day obliged to keep her bed by indisposition, the marchioness saw her brothers-in-law enter the room. In one hand the Abbé had a pistol, and in the other a glass of poison: the Chevalier had a drawn sword under his arm. You must die, madam, said the Abbé; choose whether by pistol, sword, or poison. The marchioness, in a state bordering on distraction, could not believe her senses: she sprang out of bed, threw herself at the feet of her brothers, and asked what crime she had committed. Choose! was the only answer which the assassins made. Seeing that there was no hope of assistance, the unfortunate lady took the glass which the Abbé presented to her, and swallowed the contents, while he held the pistol to her breast. This horrible scene being finished, the monsters retired, and locked the victim into the room, promising to send to her a confessor, the spiritual aid of whom she had requested as a last favour. She was now alone; her first thought was to escape; her next was to try various means of removing from her stomach the poison which she had been forced to take: in the latter she partly succeeded by putting one of the locks of her hair down her throat. Then, half-naked, she threw herself into the court-yard, though the window was nearly eight yards from the ground. But how was she to escape from her murderers, who would speedily be aware of her flight, and were masters of all the outlets from the castle? The unfortunate marchioness implored the compassion of one of the servants, who let her out into the fields through a stable door. She was quickly pursued by the Abbé and Chevalier, who represented her as a mad woman to a farmer, in whose house she had taken refuge. It was here that the crime was to be consummated. The Chevalier, who hitherto had appeared less ferocious than his brother, followed her from room to room, and having come up with her in a remote apartment, the villain gave her two stabs in the breast, and five in the back, at the moment that she was trying to get away. The blows were so violent that the sword was broken, and part of it remained in the shoulder. The cries of the miserable lady brought the neighbours to the place, and the Abbé, who had staid at the door to prevent any help from coming to her, entered the house with the crowd. Enraged to see that the marchioness was not yet dead, he presented his pistol to her breast, but it missed fire. The spectators, who had hitherto been terrified, now rushed to seize the Abbé; but by dint of hard struggles he effected his escape. Madame de Ganges lived nineteen days after this event, and did not expire till she had publicly implored the divine mercy for her assassins. On her body being opened, the bowels were found to be corroded by the effect of

the poison. Her husband was present during her last moments. There were very strong presumptions against him; but the marchioness, still compassionate amidst the severest sufferings, did all that lay in her power to clear him from suspicion. The parliament of Toulouse lost no time in instituting judicial proceedings against the criminals, and by a decree which was issued on the 21st of August, 1667, the Abbé and the Chevalier de Ganges were outlawed, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel. After having had his property confiscated, and been degraded from the rank of nobility, the marquis was condemned to perpetual banishment by the same decree. The Chevalier found shelter in Malta, and was subsequently killed in an engagement with the Turks. As to the Abbé, he sought an asylum in Holland, and there, under a fictitious name, he passed through a variety of adventures, which might furnish the subject of a romance. It is much to be regretted that two such execrable wretches should have escaped the punishment which was so justly awarded to them by the parliament of Toulouse.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

BALZAC.

IN selecting, from our best storehouse, the Romance of Real Life in our last number, we met with the following entertaining account of Balzac, who, as a brother wit and dandy of the writer whom we gave some specimens of in No. 32, we thought would fitly come after him. Balzac was given to more real solemnity in his pomp than Voiture; but, like him, had real talents, and occasionally exhibits considerable grace and pleasantry. He partook with him the afflicting consequences of celebrity as a letter-writer, having at last such a load of correspondence, in answering which he felt himself bound to be witty, that he laboured, in a double sense, under the fatigue of his agreeableness. It was the fashion, at one time, for every gentleman in France, who aspired to be thought a man of taste, to write a letter to Balzac on purpose to get an answer, which he might show about. Notwithstanding the cruel turn of his bigotry, the result of bad breeding in matters of religion, our author was an honest man; and directed himself, in his will, to be buried "at the feet of the poor" in Angoulême, to the hospital and Capuchin convent of which city he was a generous benefactor.

Balzac (says the authority before-mentioned) was a French writer in the early part of the seventeenth century, the friend of Voiture, the favourite and correspondent of Cardinal Richieu, the Duke d'Espéron, and Cardinal de la Villette: as a public agent of the last, he resided at Rome in 1621, and part of the following year.

After making allowances for constitutional vanity, extravagance, and the *faux-brillant*, it cannot be denied that his letters contain many fine turns and witty passages; but, notwithstanding the assertions of his preface writer, Motte-Aignon (Troyes, 1634, 12mo. excellent type), the idea of publication was evidently uppermost in the mind of Balzac, at the moment he wrote; he is perpetually on the look-out for good things, and exhibits in every page strong proofs of literary labour, and the toil of invention.

It is to be lamented that so agreeable a writer, and so pleasant a man, should have imbibed the religious prejudices of the times and the intolerant spirit of his patrons; he joins heartily in the cry of persecution, and echoes the court cants against the Hugonots. In his fifteenth letter to the Duke d'Espéron, there occurs on this subject a piece of Jesuitism unworthy of a literary character and an honest man.

"The fall of heresy is decreed by heaven as certain as the day of judgment, and to oppose its suppression is to resist the will of God. It cannot be very difficult for a great Prince to find or to make them guilty; indeed, every species of deception is justifiable if it ultimately tends to the everlasting happiness of those we deceive."

"Do we ask a madman whether he chooses a straight-waistcoat? Would a father, who saw his son sinking in a rapid stream, suffer him to be drowned, rather than drag him out by the hair of his head?"

A sentiment of Balzac's, which follows this curious doctrine in the same letter, will be its best refutation: "No consideration can alter the nature of things; no circumstance or situation can make proper that which is of itself base and unjust."

In his twentieth letter, written from Rome to the Cardinal de la Villette, he acknowledges the receipt of a remittance, and proceeds to inform his Eminence of the manner in which he means to spend it. On this subject he writes as if he understood and valued the luxuries he describes; but the lively Frenchman cannot suppress extravagant hyperbole.

"In this broiling month (July) I use every method in my power to guard against the heat; four servants constantly fan my apartments; they raise wind enough to make a tempestuous sea."

"My wine is plunged into snow and ice till the moment I drink it; I pass half my time in the cold bath, and divide the other half between an orange grove, cooled by a refreshing fountain, and my sofa; I do not venture to cross the street, but in a coach."

"Other people are content with scenting flowers, I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them; I protest that my chamber smells stronger of perfumes than Arabia Felix, and I am so lavish of rose water and essence of jessamine, that I actually swim in it. While my neighbours, at this sultry season, are overloading their stomachs with solid food, I subsist almost entirely on birds fed with sugar: these, with jellies and fruit, are the whole of my diet."

He concludes with an acknowledgment, which is, in fact, though undesignedly, a severe satire on himself, or his patron, for paying his man so extravagantly for being idle; "these are the whole of the services I perform; such are the duties of my office."

His twenty-first letter, written in the following December, may be considered as a practical sermon on the passage I have recited; it was written during a severe fit of the gout, probably produced by his luxurious indolence.

After comparing this cruel disease to the wild beasts of Africa and the monsters of the deep, he proceeds to describe, with his usual vivacity, the weak state it had reduced him to:—"I am now become so valiant and courageous, that if a troop of horse pursued me, I would not run away; and so proud, that if his Holiness the Pope made me a visit, I should not wait on him to the door."

Persons better acquainted with the history of that period than the editor of this collection, will probably discover who it is that Balzac describes in the following words: "The loveliest Princess in Italy is married, is doomed to pass her days, and, alas, her nights, with a brute! Judge only of his person: he has a bull's neck, a face so overcharged with blood, that you expect him to sink down every moment in an apoplexy; teeth so black, that it would be as easy to whiten an Ethiopian; a nose and a stomach of so enormous a projection, &c. &c. In short, his supposing it possible for a pretty woman to love him, is a sin against nature and common sense."

The following is a brief but well drawn sketch of some eminent Italian personage, I suspect of the Pope himself.

"There has not been since the death of Nero, a Prince who has made a better buffoon; he composes verses and sets them to music, with the dexterity and skill of a master, he recites Ariosto with impressive correctness, and possesses a just taste in painting, sculpture, and *vertù*; in a word, he excels in every art, science, and trade, except his own: a thousand crowns a year has lately been given to an author who presented a learned and elaborate dissertation, in which he endeavours to prove that his generous patron is lineally descended from Julius Cæsar."

Balzac then proceeds, with the entertaining prolixity of a Frenchman, to describe the house in which he resides. "It is neither so elegant nor so costly as Fontainebleau, but it has a charming wood behind it, which the solar rays cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman appear tolerably handsome."

"The trees, covered with foliage to their very roots, are crowded with turtle doves and pheasants; wherever I walk, I tread upon tulips and anemones, which I have ordered my gardener to plant among the other flowers, to prove that the French strangers do not suffer in a comparison with their Italian friends."

A truce at that time signed with the Hugonots, occasioned the loyal and religious zeal of Balzac again to burst forth. "I will not take the liberty," he observes, "to anticipate his Majesty's gracious intentions, but he may rest assured that nothing can ever soften the heart, or change the disposition of an heretic; however he may be flattered or soothed, and whatever he may say or swear, a Hugonot will always be rebellious against a Catholic sovereign."

"From the first rise of the heterodox opinions, to the present hour, they have always more or less defied the constituted authorities of every country in which they have resided; the cautionary towns are the focus of sedition and rebellion. Let us only suppose for the sake of argument that the king's subjects of the true religion were in a similar way to demand fortresses and towns, and, in proportion to their numbers?—little more would remain for our master to reign over, than his palaces, and royal demesnes."

In his forty-second letter, written at Rome, during the disturbance and intrigues which agitated the College of Cardinals previous to the election of Alexander Ludovirio, who afterwards assumed the Papal title of Gregory the Fifteenth, our author is satirical, lively, and pleasant;—these are his words.

"Listen, and I will relate strange things; one of the candidates for the triple crown keeps in constant pay six astrologers to consult the stars on the probability of his success; another takes money of two

parties and coolly votes for a third; others are suddenly afflicted with the most dangerous complaints; and can scarcely rise from their chairs in the hope of being chosen, on the probability of another election speedily taking place; it is often found, that a cardinal of a puny constitution, sinking under age and infirmity, makes a robust and long-lived Pope; in short, I see on every sidesimony, fraud, simulation and dissimulation; good faith, moral purity, disinterestedness, and simplicity of heart, are altogether banished from the conclave."

The forty-ninth letter is written to his mistress, during a severe indisposition, and under the irritating impressions of jealousy. On this occasion, he gives utterance to the violence of his rage till he fancies his rant is sublime. "If my hand wielded but for one hour the thunderbolt of Jove," says the outrageous lover, "not a palace or a tower should stand intire on the surface of the globe."

THE DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK FOR 1835.

We take shame to ourselves for not having given a more instant notice of this Christmas and New Year periodical (a handsome present for the season), full of Miss Landon's poetry and of beautiful plates; but we hoped to write a longer article in reference to some feelings which have been touchingly expressed by the fair contributor of the letter-press; and as we cannot do this forthwith, we must delay our notice no longer. We rejoice to see, in this year's book, that Miss Landon has given signs of a resolution to turn her poetical faculty to its best and most poetical account,—that of seeing happiness wherever she can, instead of lamenting where it is not to be found. Poetry is angelical, and should strike pleasure wherever it comes. Indeed it cannot help doing so in some measure, even when it laments that there is no pleasure. Its very tones and pleasurable images refute it. But if it is content to repeat the common-places of regret, as the ground-work of its song, instead of animating hope and endeavour, it does but the more dangerously tend to keep up the useless delusions of despondency; whereas, like the sweetness of perfect womanhood itself, it should be incapable of doing us anything but service, and making us full of gratitude for joy doubled, or patience irresistible.

Among the plates are some specimens of oriental architecture (the most beautiful union of richness and grace in building), English landscapes by Mr Allen, likenesses of the two Miss Porters, Sir James Macintosh, &c., but above all, a portrait of Raphael, exquisite, and we have no doubt the genuine thing,—refined to the last degree, truly noble and self-possessed, serious, but with a world of pleasurable implied in the features and expression. We shall not be easy till we have it hanging up in our study. In the following passages from Miss Landon's poetry, we have kept some verses on it till the last. The latter part of them is supposed to be addressed to the painter by his mistress, the celebrated Fornarina. These three extracts contain three excellent lessons,—on the treatment of children, on the tasks of manhood, and on the enjoyments to be derived from imagination and affection when their tasks have succeeded in refining the world.

CHILDREN.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
Those joyous creatures know;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe!

How much they suffer from our faults!
How much from our mistakes!
How often, too, mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes.

We over-rule and over-teach,
We curb and we confine,
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

No: only taught by love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task;
Affection, gentleness, and hope,
Are all its brief years ask.

AMELIORATION AND THE FUTURE, MAN'S NOBLE TASKS.

Fall, fall, ye mighty temples to the ground:
Not in your sculptur'd rise
Is the real exercise
Of human nature's brightest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
'Tis in the gifted line,
In each far thought divine
That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
'Tis in the generous thought,
Of all that man has wrought,
Of all that yet remains for man to do.

RAPHAEL.

Ah! not for him the dull and measur'd eye,
Which colours nothing in the common sky,
Which sees but night upon the starry cope,
And animates with no mysterious hope.
Which looks upon a quiet face, nor dreams
If it be ever tranquil as it seems;
Which reads no histories in a passing look,
Nor on the cheek which is the heart's own book,
Whereon it writes in rosy characters
Whate'er emotion in its silence stirs.

Such are the common people of the soul,
Of whom the stars write not in their bright scroll.
These, when the sunshine at the noontide makes
Golden confusion in the forest brakes,
See no sweet shadows gliding o'er the grass,
Which seems to fill with wild flowers as they pass;
These from the twilight music of the fount,
Ask not its secret and its sweet account:
These never seek to read the chronicle
Which hides within the hyacinth's dim-lit bell:
They know not of the poetry which lies
Upon the summer rose's languid eyes;
They have no spiritual visitings elysian,
They dream no dreamings, and they see no vision.

The young Italian was not of the clay,
That doth to dust one long allegiance pay.
No; he was tempered with that finer flame,
Which ancient fables say from heaven came;
The sunshine of the soul, which fills the earth
With beauty borrow'd from its place of birth.
Hence has the lute its song, the scroll its line;
Hence stands the statue glorious as its shrine;
Hence the fair picture, kings are fain to win,
The mind's creation from the world within.

THE FORNARINA TO RAPHAEL.

Not without me!—alone, thy hand
Forgot its art awhile;
Thy pencil lost its high command
Uncherish'd by my smile.
It was too dull a task for thee
To paint remember'd rays;
Thou, who wert want to gaze on me,
And colour from that gaze.

I know that I am very fair,
I would I were divine
To realize the shapes that share
Those midnight hours of thine.
Thou sometimes tell'st me, how in sleep
What lovely phantoms seem;
I hear thee name them, and I weep,
Too jealous of a dream.

But thou did'st pine for me, my love,
Aside thy colours thrown;
'Twas sad to raise thine eyes above
Unanswer'd by my own:
Thou who art wont to lift those eyes,
And gather from my face
The warmth of life's impression'd dyes,
Its colour and its grace.

Ah! let me linger at thy side,
And sing some sweet old song,
That tells of hearts as true and tried,
As to ourselves belong.
The love whose light thy colours give,
Is kindled at the heart,
And who shall bid its influence live,
My Raphael, if we part?

Cloth of Silver.—La Calprenede having got a good sun by a romance, bought a very rich suit of clothes; and an acquaintance asking him of what stuff his clothes were? he replied, "They are Silver;" which was the title of the piece which had procured him the money.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CHOOSING A DWELLING-HOUSE

BY L. J. KENT, ESQ. ARCHITECT.

[From the 'Architectural Magazine,' a new monthly publication, discussing everything connected with house and homestead, and conducted with his usual industry, precision, and ability, by Mr London.]

SIR,—There are few persons, whatever may be their rank in society, who have not occasion, at some period or other of their lives, to make choice of a house. Perhaps I should not be far wrong were I to say that this duty has to be performed by most men several times. How much of health, comfort, economy in living, and respectability of appearance depends on the choice made, few people, I believe, are aware; and still fewer have an idea of the seemingly trifling, and, I may almost say, invisible circumstances, on which the comfort of a house sometimes depends. Before entering on the details of my subject, I shall just mention one of the seemingly trifling circumstances alluded to.

Suppose a new house, most substantially built, and in every apparent circumstance eligible either for purchase or occupation, and that the intended occupier or purchaser has completed his bargain, without examining the subsoil, and the manner in which the foundation walls are built. On the supposition that the subsoil is dry, all will be very well, and the house will turn out what it appears to be. But supposing, on the other hand, that the subsoil should be a clay, or a stratum of moist gravel, or moist soil of any kind, and that the foundation walls should have been built with spongy bricks and bad mortar, and met with good hard brick or Roman cement; the consequence of this will be, that the kitchen and other apartments on the ground floor will appear dry and comfortable for a year, or perhaps longer; but after this, from the bottoms of the walls acting like sponges in absorbing moisture from the soil, the damp will rise up through them more and more every year, till, at last, it will reach 6 ft. or 8 ft. above the exterior surface of the ground. I could refer to a house, in all other respects most substantially and judiciously built, and surrounded by dry areas as deep as the footing of the walls, but on a clayey soil, and without cement being used in the foundations, in which the damp, in the course of eight years, has risen as high as the parlour floor; and the family occupying the house are now quite surprised at finding their furniture becoming mouldy there, after having been for years without experiencing anything of the kind. This, I think, will show the importance of using cement in the foundations of all houses placed on damp soils, and of examining the foundations under the lowest floors before taking a house, to see if this has been done. I shall now proceed to my subject.

The choice of a house will in some respects depend on the size and character of the house required, the purpose for which it is to be used, and the station in life of the party intending to occupy it. There are some things, however, common to all houses, which should be especially attended to, whether in a building intended solely for business, or in a private residence. The first points to be considered are, the nature and character of the soil on which the house is erected, and whether it is effectually drained, or is capable of being drained so as to be kept perfectly dry; for no advantages in other respects can compensate for a damp situation, both as regards health and property. A house built in a damp situation, even though the greatest care has been taken in making an artificial foundation of concrete (which has lately been done in many places), is still unwholesome; and should the materials of the foundation be of inferior quality, such as plaster (that is, soft half-burnt) bricks, and soft pine timber (also a common case), it will speedily decay, and be a constant and unavoidable expense. A gravelly soil is the best to build on, provided care be taken to keep out the land springs, by drains below the level of the bottom of the walls; or hard sand, if gravel cannot be found: but soft sand or clay is to be avoided if possible.

The construction of the house is a matter of serious importance to any person about to take a lease; as, by doing this, he will probably render himself liable to reinstate dilapidations, many of which may be in an incipient state when he takes possession. It is therefore quite advisable, and, indeed, is imperative on every person who is unacquainted with the nature of building, to employ a respectable architect, surveyor, or builder, to examine the strength and durability of the house he is about to engage, in order to ascertain whether it is likely to remain strong and firm for a number of years. The intended tenant should also try to discover the nature of the soil, by which he will also ascertain that of the air which he will have to breathe. In low damp situations, it is well known that the air is at all times charged with a greater degree of moisture than is the case in dry open situations. A moist air suits very few constitutions, even in our humid climate, and seldom fails to bring on rheumatism, more especially in those who cannot afford to live well and take abundance of exercise.

Another important matter to be attended to, is the thorough ventilation of houses; for should the air become stagnant from want of a free ventilation, particularly in houses that have a story underground, it is highly injurious to the persons living, and particularly sleeping, in them. There should, therefore, be windows both in the back and front, and, when possible, at the sides also. From rooms in the basement story, and cellars that have neither fire-places nor windows, there should be air-flues carried up to the open air. Care should likewise be taken that the floor in the basement story is raised above the soil, and that air is freely admitted to circulate between the soil and the floor, whether that floor is of wood or stone. Where this is properly attended to, these low rooms may be used as sleeping-rooms; but where it is not, they are by no means fit or proper for any human being to sleep in.

Stability, light and air are three grand desiderata in every house, and should be particularly attended to in the choice of one. The roof is a part of a house which should be carefully examined; for if it be badly constructed (too common a case with the houses built on speculation, both in London and the country), with narrow gutters, and those difficult of access, you may generally expect the wet to penetrate to the upper rooms after any heavy fall of snow or rain. Many of the best houses built in London are covered with lead; this is the best of covering. The next is slate, if of good quality, and with wide lead gutters, with lead flushings (strips of leads covering joints) to them, and to these parts of the walls which are carried up higher than the slating. Zinc-covered roofs seldom keep out the wet many years; and tiles in London are now rarely used, except in very inferior houses.

In your choice of a house, having satisfied yourself that the site on which it is built is healthy; the drainage good; the roof properly constructed, and free of access, not merely for the purpose of keeping out the wet, but as a safeguard and means of escape in case of fire; the next portion of the building to examine is the substance of the walls, with the materials of which they are composed. The soft, half-burnt bricks, called *plaster-bricks* by the builders, ought never to be employed in the walls of any building which it is desirable to keep dry. Whenever these bricks are found in the foundation of the party walls, the house should be rejected; and if they are seen in the outside of any of the external walls, you may expect every beating rain which falls to penetrate into them. Such walls suck in the water like a sponge, and give it out to all the interior fittings-up and finishings. Sound, hard, well-burnt bricks, called *stocks*, are the strongest, most durable, and best calculated to resist the weather, and keep the inside of a house dry, provided the mortar used with them is composed of fresh-burnt stone lime and sharp road grit or sand, and is well mixed. The stock bricks absorb but little moisture, and that little is soon evaporated; whereas the *plaster* or soft bricks absorb a large quantity of moisture, and allowing that to pass through them into the middle of the wall, are a long time wet; because the centre of a wall retains the moisture long after the surface is dry. It is particularly desirable, as I have before stated, for the walls of houses built on clay, or on any moist soil, to have a few courses of the brick-work above the ground laid in Roman cement.

The timber used in any building should be timber of slow growth, such as the fir of cold climates (Norway or Sweden, for example), or oak. If for work under or near the ground, the oak should be of English growth; but the American oak may be used with propriety above ground. Oak is the only timber fit for joists and sleepers (*joists* laid on the tops of dwarf walls) next the ground, unless the soil is particularly dry, and the floor well ventilated.

The strength of the joists and other timbers, of which the several floors are composed, is another subject of importance to every one about to take a lease of a house. If these are weak, they will necessarily shake, if the tenant allows his friends to enjoy the delightful recreation of dancing on them; and though the floors may not absolutely give way, yet I have known the ceiling and cornices of many modern houses from this cause, amongst others, very unceremoniously desert their posts, and pay their respects to the floor of the room they were intended to crown. This is an accident much to be deprecated, especially as it is very likely to happen (as it did at the house of a friend of mine) at a time of all others the most annoying, viz.: when you have friends with you, and are in the highest spirits, little anticipating such an event. The floors in houses of the first and second class of buildings, are usually pugged (filled in between the floor of one room and the ceiling of that below it, with mortar, &c.) to destroy sound, and as a security against fire. When this is not done, it is an unpardonable omission on the part of the builder, as the expence is small, and the benefit great. All the partitions of a house should, if possible, be brick walls. At all events, no timber partitions ought to be admitted in the basement or lower story of any house, nor any of the upper stories, except where, from the arrangement of the

rooms, the partitions on the upper floors cannot be placed perpendicularly over the lower partitions; even in this case, the timber partitions ought to be trussed up, so as to rest their weight upon the side walls. All timber partitions should be filled in with brick nogging. If this were universally done, and the party and other walls and partitions plastered, so as to prevent all draughts of air, it would tend more to check the progress of fire, than any other mode of construction: indeed, I think, if you were to make a fire on the floor of a room so constructed, it would burn itself out, without communicating with the timber partition; or, at all events, so little would be the tendency of the fire to spread (for want of a current of air), that a very moderate application of water would put it out. But where the floors are pugged with mortar, care must be taken that the timbers are well seasoned and dried, and not taken, as is customary, even in some of our largest buildings, wet out of the Thames, sawed, and fixed, and closed up in the building in a few weeks, reeking with wet, and exuding moisture at their extremities after the weight of the superincumbent walls is put on them. The dry rot and premature decay are the frequent consequences of this careless and ignorant mode of building.

The particular character of houses in towns is, that they are many stories high, having generally one story in the basement, wholly or partially below the surface of the ground; over this is a ground or parlour floor, a one-pair or drawing-room floor, a two-pair or best bed-room floor, and an attic floor. This is the general arrangement; but many houses have other attics, or garrets above these, in the roof. This arises from the high price of the ground in towns, and may be excusable in great thoroughfares, where shops let at a high rate; for even if the landlord were desirous of giving his tenant a wide frontage to enable him to have two rooms in front, and some space behind, it would most likely be divided by the tenant, and underlet. A serious evil, however, arises from the great landed proprietors round London allowing the ground to be divided and subdivided by speculating builders or agents, so that there is now scarcely a house built with a yard large enough to dry a few clothes in; a garden is out of the question, except in some few instances, and those are far between. This is a subject worthy of the attention of the legislature; and some restraints should be imposed on landlords, particularly as to drainage and roads. If, before a landlord could dispose of his land for building purposes, he were compelled to engage to form the roads and footpaths next to his intended houses to the satisfaction of the parish or some other authority, the sewers to the satisfaction of the commissioners of sewers, and to see that good and sufficient drains from every house were built, a penalty being incurred if any house on his estate should be inhabited before an effectual drainage were formed, it would tend very much to the health and the comfort of the middle class of society, and the poor especially.

The restraint imposed by the Building Act has, in the neighbourhood of London, tended much to produce a kind of house called a fourth-rate house; and the smallest of these are built principally for the occupation of the poor, in the suburbs of London, in inferior situations. These houses consist of two rooms; they have generally from 12 ft. to 14 ft. frontage, and are from 12 ft. to 14 ft. deep, having an access on the ground floor in front into the lower room, and steps outside at the back leading into the upper room. Three, four, or more have a yard and other conveniences in common. Dwellings of this description are rarely properly drained or ventilated, and therefore form nurseries for the cholera and all other diseases. They are usually let at from three shillings to four shillings per week each room.

There are some houses of this class presenting a very decent appearance, and occupied by respectable tradesmen and mechanics, having about 15 ft. wide in front by 23 feet deep, with a basement story, cellars and wash-house, a parlour floor of two small rooms, a drawing-room floor over, and two bed-rooms over that, which generally let for, from 25s. to 40s. a-year rent, according to the number of rooms they contain, and the conveniences they afford. The back room on the two pair floor of a house of this description is obliged, by the Building Act, to be *curbed* (contracted by being carried up into the roof) which spoils the room; and the gutters are frequently so narrow at the bottom of the curb, and they convey the water into, rather than off, the house.

The next class of town house, according to the Building Act, is the third-rate house, which is from about 17 ft. to 18 ft. wide in front, and from 28 ft. to 29 ft. deep. Houses of this class generally contain the same number of rooms as the largest size fourth-rate, with an attic story over, in addition; this story is sometimes partly in the roof, but more generally the walls are carried up to allow the rooms to be square. At the back of the parlour floor there is frequently built a small room, used as a dressing room or store room. These houses have generally two windows in the width of their front.

The next class of house, the second-rate, is of a better and larger description, and frequently pos-

sesses conveniences that cause it to be occupied by the wealthy tradesman and gentleman of good fortune. It is usually 20 ft. or 30 ft. wide in front, by 30 ft. to 40 ft. deep, with additional rooms at the back. It can, and does in many instances, contain all the apartments required by a family keeping their carriage, footman, housekeeper, &c.; and has attached to it, or in some mews in the immediate neighbourhood, a coach-house and stable. These houses are usually built with two windows in the width of the front, but many of them have three windows in this width. The rooms are higher and better finished than in the houses of the third and fourth classes.

The first-rate class of buildings embraces all houses containing more than 900 superficial feet on the ground floor, and includes the residences of the nobility and gentry and the wealthiest class of professional men and merchants. Houses of this class may be said to be unrestricted as to size, either in height or width; the other classes are by the Building Act restricted as to dimensions in their plan, their height, and expence; though the height and expence of a house are not now taken into consideration in deciding the rate or class to which it belongs.

A new Building Act is drawn up, and approved, which, it is expected, will pass into a law next year; and it is greatly to be hoped that in this new law the absurdities of the present act will be avoided.

I. J. KENT.

Manor Place, Paddington, Nov. 16, 1833.

BURNS.

He was often advised to write a tragedy: time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly and so scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock, "amid the melancholy main," presented to the mind such "a spectacle of pity and fear," as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. Conquerors are a race with whom the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathising loftiness, and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons inspire us in general with any affection; at best, it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of wisdom, some tone of the "eternal melodies," is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation; we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us; and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

Such a gift had nature in her bounty bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queen-like indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognised it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable; but that of wisely guiding his own was not given. Destiny—for so in our ignorance we must speak, his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit which might have soared, could it have but walked, soon sunk to the dust; its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul, so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature, and, in her bleakest provinces, discerns a beauty and a meaning! The daisy falls not unheeded under his ploughshare, nor the ruined nest of that "wee, cowering, timorous beastie," cast forth, after all its provident pains, to "thole the sleety drizzle, and cranreuch cauld." The "hoar visage," of winter delights him: he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness on these scenes of solemn desolation; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for it raises his thoughts to Him "that walketh on the wings of the wind." A true poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother-men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling! What trustful, boundless love! What generous exaggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him. Poverty is indeed his companion; but love also, and courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest providences of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul, and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softly brightened into a beauty which other eyes dis-

cern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defiance, not for offence; no cold suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The peasant poet bears himself, we might say, like a king in exile: he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel; the supercilious he can subdue; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye under which the "insolence of condescension" cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of poetry and manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay throws himself into their arms, and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest dependency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unbores himself even to the unworthy; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet he was quick to learn; a man of keen vision; "before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity in his heart. And so did our peasant show himself among us; a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no sadder business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale barrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste.

A Scottish peasant's life was the meanest and rudest of all-lives, till Burns became a poet in it, and a poet of it, found it a man's life, and therefore significant to men. A thousand battle-fields remain unsung; but the wounded here has not perished without its memorial; a balm of mercy yet breathes on us from its dumb agonies, because a poet was there. Our Halloween had passed and repassed in a rude awe and laughter, since the era of the Druids; but no Theocritus, till Burns, discerned in it the materials of a Scottish Idyl: neither was the *Holy Fair* any *Council of Trent*, or *Roman Jubilee*; but, nevertheless, *superstition*, and *hypocrisy*, and *fraud* having been propitious to him, in this man's hand it became a poem, instinct with satire and genuine comic life. Let but the true poet be given us, we repeat it, place him where and how you will, and true poetry will not be wanting.

There is a true old saying, that "love furthers knowledge," but, above all, it is the living essence of that knowledge which makes poets; the first principle of its existence, increase, activity. Of Burns's fervid affection, his generous all-embracing love, we have spoken already as of the grand distinction of his nature, seem equally, in word and deed, in his Life and in his Writings. It were easy to multiply examples. Not man only, but all that environs man in the material and moral universe is lovely in his sight; the "hoary hawthorn," the "troop of grey plover," the "solitary curlew," all are dear to him; all live in this earth along with him, and to all he is knit as in mysterious brotherhood. How touching is it, for instance, that amidst the gloom of personal misery, brooding over the wintry desolation without him and within him, he thinks of the "ourie cattle," and "silly sheep," and their sufferings in the pitiless storm!

I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' wintry war;
Or through the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scaur.

Ilk hopping bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,
And close thy ee?

The tenant of the mean hut with its "ragged roof and chinky wall," has a heart to pity even these. This is worth several homilies on mercy; for it is the voice of mercy herself. Burns, indeed, lives in sympathy; his soul rushes forth into all realms of being; nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him. The very devil he cannot hate with right orthodoxy!

But fare ye weel, auld nickie-ben;
O wad ye tak a thought and men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
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He did not know, probably, that Sterne had been beforehand with him. "He is the father of curses

and lies," said Dr Slop; "and is cursed and damned already;" "I am sorry for it," quoth my uncle Toby. "A poet without love, were a physical and metaphysical impossibility."—(From a masterly article in the *Edinburgh Review*, by Thomas Carlyle.)

THE SQUIRREL.

[The signature at bottom of these verses made us call to mind, with repentance, something which we fear we insinuated on a former occasion respecting a want of sentiment on the part of our respected correspondent, the author of the Letter on English and French Ladies.—Ed.]

STANZAS ON SEEING A DEAD SQUIRREL LYING IN THE
STREETS, JULY 13, 1884.

I.

I SPIED A Squirrel in a passage lone,
Her once fair polished coat besmeared with mire;
Her head was pillowed on a filthy stone,
And quench'd the full black eye's quick sparkling fire,
And fled the spirit that could never tire,
But brisk from morn till twilight-gathering night,
Bounded from brake to oak-branch, mounting higher,
And then aye deftly played her gambols light,
High rocked among the leaves and safe from man's
despite.

II.

And there, perchance, thou hadst a little nest
Scooped in the trunk, and lined with mosses dry,
Where all thy young ones lay in quiet rest,
Till summer's heat or pelting storm was by.
Oft has the stranger marked thy cautious eye
Peering from out the hole; and being come
The wished-for hour when no rude step was nigh,
Thou'dst lead thy silky little ones from home,
And teach them gamesome pranks, and 'mong the
woods to roam.

III.

Thou hadst thy little sorrows, joys, and pains,
Thy hopes in sunshine and thy fears in night:
The falcon, hovering o'er thy wooded plains,
Has wrung full oft thy bosom with affright,
And caused thee downward spring in headlong flight,
And hid thy young in some impervious bush,
Where, snugly hid from the fell harpy's sight,
They all, unconscious, harboured with the thrush,
For dangers mingle castes and common scruples hush.

IV.

And when the tyrant of the upper air
Winged slowly on and dissipated fear,
How gay ye climbed the forest branches fair,
To where the chestnuts 'tween the foliage peer—
Bounding aloft—now farther—and now near—
While the friend thrush, companion in your woe,
Joins in the gen'ral joy with notes full clear,
And modest perched upon a lowly bough—
Thus all is mirth above, and harmony below.

V.

Mischance that mars us all, spared not e'en thee,
Thou loving atom of bright Nature's world!
Rude clambering hands invaded thy tall tree,
And ruin on thy habitation hurld.
Ah me! the stream still flows as then it purld,
And birds yet sing, as in thy merrier time
They sang on mossy branch that downward curld;
But gone art thou in summer's balmy prime,
Unmourned, unheeded all, save in my lowly rhyme.

VI.

In wired cage wast thou hereafter kept,
Which turned about, aye restless, round and round;
And not one gentle eye thy sorrows wept,
For few think Squirrels feel a mental stound,
But love their prisons as the forest ground.
Thy little ones thou ne'er didst see again,
Some died, some lived in loathsome prison bound;
And thou, their parent, languished on in pain,
Till death in mercy came, and snapp'd life's tedious
chain.

VII.

And there thou art—the beautiful, the gay,
No more. "Where be thy gambols now?"—the prank
Fantastic?—all the merriment of play
Which charmed the woodman, as on daisied bank
He wiped the toil-drops, gathering cold and dank,
And rested on his axe? The iron wheel
Of cars has crushed thee,—street-curs, thin and lank,
Have mumbled with their jaws, in search of meal—
There art thou—scorned of all—and spurned by every
heel!

VIII.

Farewell, poor Squirrel! thou hast lived thy day,
And though no greenwood trees beheld thee die,
Nor balmy breezes bore thy breath away—
Well hast thou lived, and eke right joyously,
In this mixt world of mirth and misery.
Humble my theme, and of no ancient date—
Yet, Reader! view it not with scornful eye,—
Tasks more ungrateful fall in man's estate
Than singing Squirrel's spring, or mourning her sad
fate.

OLD CROKY.

TABLE TALK.

Good Logic.—In the dedication of a piece of his, Scarron speaks in this manner to the king: "I shall endeavour to convince your majesty, that to do me a little good would be doing yourself no hurt: if you did me a little good, I should be more cheerful than I am; if I was more cheerful than I am, my comedies would be merrier; if my comedies were merrier, your majesty would be more diverted; if you were the more diverted, your money could not be said to be thrown away. All these conclusions hang together so naturally, that, methinks, I could not hold out against them were I a great monarch, instead of being a miserable indigent creature."

SELF-AID AGAINST PERTURBATION.

—When our diseas'd affections
Harmful to human freedom, and storm-like
Inferring darkness to th' infected mind
Oppress our comforts, 'tis but letting in
The light of reason, and a purer spirit
Take in another way; like rooms that fight
With windows 'gainst the wind, yet let in light."

CHAPMAN.

—The man who shrinks from investigation, lest he should mistake false for true, can have no reason for supposing himself free from that delusion in his actual opinions.—Bailey.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have had thoughts of doing what SCHOLASTICUS wishes.

T. F. T. appears to have an honourable and earnest nature, and no mean feeling of the tone of poetry; but two of his sonnets are not admissible in this journal on account of their polemical and political tendencies, and we are doubtful whether the third would sufficiently interest the general reader.

We will look into the book mentioned by W. D. who writes to us under a new and venerable signature.

J. A. has been merely kept out, not at all willingly, by a press of matter; and while we are writing this notice, we must express a fear that we shall be forced to omit paying our debts to other writers, J. and M. S. included, till next week. We shall take warning by this compulsion, (against which we find it impossible to guard, especially in a publication which must be squared to the printer's necessities at the eleventh hour,) and fix no more days in future for the appearance of what is delayed. It is hazarding apparent negligence to our readers, and needless responsibility to ourselves.

We hope to become better acquainted with the muse of T. C.

† R. J. understandeth dulcet benediction; but have we not seen the verses before?

Attention shall be paid forthwith to E. B. and to H. H.

W. H. M., we conceive, mistook the signature. We cannot refer to it at this moment, nor the article he speaks of; but we have a recollection of intending it for insertion, and will look for it.

Several contributions are under consideration.

LONDON: Published by H. HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall East.
From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Palace-street.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26. 1834.

No. 35.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE CAT BY THE FIRE.

A BLAZING fire, a warm rug, candles lit and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea (if rich, you may have a silver kettle, and so partake the pleasures of the poor), and finally, the cat before you, attracting your attention,—it is a scene which every body likes unless he has a morbid aversion to cats; which is not common. There are some nice inquirers, it is true, who are apt to make uneasy comparisons of cats with dogs,—to say they are not so loving, that they prefer the house to the man, &c. But agreeably to the good old maxim, that “comparisons are odious,” our readers, we hope, will continue to like what is likeable in anything, for its own sake, without trying to render it unlikeable from its inferiority to something else,—a process by which we might ingeniously contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us, and to reject one thing after another, till we were pleased with nothing. Here is a good fireside, and a cat to it; and it would be our own fault, if, in removing to another house and another fireside, we did not take care that the cat removed with us. Cats cannot look to the moving of goods, as men do. If we would have creatures considerate towards us, we must be so towards them. It is not to be expected of everybody, quadruped or biped, that they should stick to us in spite of our want of merit, like a dog or a benevolent sage. Besides, stories have been told of cats very much to the credit of their benignity; such as their following a master about like a dog, waiting at a gentleman's door to thank him for some obligation over night, &c. And our readers may remember the history of the famous Godolphin Arabian, upon whose grave a cat that had lived with him in the stable, went and stretched itself, and died.

The cat purrs, as if it applauded our consideration,—and gently moves its tail. What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face, as it looks up at us. We must own, that we do not prefer a cat in the act of purring, or of looking in that manner. It reminds us of the sort of smile, or *simper* (*simper* is too weak and fleeting a word) that is apt to be in the faces of irritable people, when they are pleased to be in a state of satisfaction. We prefer, for a general expression, the cat in a quiet unpretending state, and the human countenance with a look indicative of habitual grace and composure, as if it were not necessary to take any violent steps to prove its amiability,—the “smile without a smile,” as the poet beautifully calls it.*

Furthermore, (in order to get rid at once of all that may be objected to poor Pussy, as boys at school get down their bad dumpling as fast as possible, before the meat comes) we own we have an objection to the way in which a cat sports with a mouse before she kills it, tossing and jerking it about like a ball, and letting it go, in order to pounce upon it with the greater relish. And yet what right have we to apply human measures of cruelty to the inferior reflectability of a cat? Perhaps she has no idea of the mouse's being alive, in the sense that we have,—most likely she looks upon it as a pleasant moveable toy, made to be eaten,—a sort of lively pudding, that oddly jumps hither and thither. It would be hard to beat

into the head of a country squire, of the old class, that there is any cruelty in hunting a hare; and most assuredly it would be still harder to beat mouse-sparing into the head of a cat. You might read the most pungent essay on the subject into her ear, and she would only sneeze at it.

As to the unnatural cruelties, which we sometimes read of, committed by cats upon their offspring, they are exceptions to the common and beautiful rules of nature, and accordingly we have nothing to do with them. They are traceable to some unnatural circumstances of breeding or position. Enormities as monstrous are to be found among human beings, and argue nothing against the general character of the species. Even dogs are not always immaculate; and sages have made slips. Dr Franklin cut off his son with a shilling, for differing with him in politics.

But cats resemble tigers? They are tigers in miniature? Well,—and very pretty miniatures they are. And what has the tiger himself done, that he has not a right to his dinner, as well as Jones? A tiger treats a man much as a cat does a mouse;—granted; but we have no reason to suppose that he is aware of the man's sufferings, or means anything but to satisfy his hunger; and what have the butcher and poulterer been about, meanwhile? The tiger, it is true, lays about him a little superfluously sometimes, when he gets into a sheepfold, and kills more than he eats; but does not the Squire or the Marquis do pretty much like him in the month of September? Nay, do we not hear of venerable judges, that would not hurt a fly, going about in that refreshing month, seeking whom they may lame? See the effect of habit and education! And you can educate the tiger in no other way than by attending to his stomach. Fill that, and he will want no men to eat, probably not even to lame. On the other hand, deprive Jones of his dinner for a day or two, and see what a state he will be in, especially if he is by nature irascible. Nay, keep him from it for half an hour, and observe the tiger propensities of his stomach and fingers,—how worthy of killing he thinks the cook, and what boxes of the ear he feels inclined to give the footboy.

Animals, by the nature of things, in their present state, dispose of one another into their respective stomachs, without ill-will on any side. They keep down the several populations of their neighbours, till time may come when superfluous population of any kind need not exist, and predatory appearances may vanish from the earth, as the wolves have done from England. But whether they may or not, is not a question by a hundred times so important to moral inquirers as into the possibilities of human education and the nonsense of ill-will. Show the nonentity of that, and we may all get our dinners as jovially as we can, sure of these three undoubted facts,—that life is long, death short, and the world beautiful. And so we bring our thoughts back again to the fireside, and look at the cat.

Poor Pussy! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for those vindications of dinner; and symbolically gives a twist of a yawn, and a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person,—beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind-hips. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards it, and shutting her eyes,

half to accommodate the action of the skin, and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches;—look at the action of her head and neck, how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro. Finally, she gives a sneeze, and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation.

What does she think of?—Of her saucer of milk at breakfast? or of the thump she got yesterday in the kitchen, for stealing the meat? or of her own meat, the Tartar's dish, noble horse-flesh? or of her friend the cat next door, the most impassioned of serenaders? or of her little ones, some of whom are now large, and all of them gone? Is that among her recollections when she looks pensive? Does she taste of the noble prerogative-sorrows of man?

She is a sprightly cat, hardly past her youth; so happening to move the fringe of the rug a little with our foot, she darts out a paw, and begins plucking it and inquiring into the matter, as if it were a challenge to play, or something lively enough to be eaten. What a graceful action of that foot of hers, between delicacy and petulance,—combining something of a thrust out, a beat, and a scratch. There seems even something of a little bit of fear in it, as if just enough to provoke her courage, and give her the excitement of a sense of hazard. We remember being much amused with seeing a kitten manifestly making a series of experiments upon the patience of its mother,—trying how far the latter would put up with positive bites and thumps. The kitten ran at her every moment, gave her a knock or a bite of the tail; and then ran back again, to recommence the assault. The mother sat looking at her, as if betwixt tolerance and admiration, to see how far the spirit of the family was inherited or improved by her sprightly offspring. At length, however, the “little Pickle” presumed too far, and the mother, lifting up her paw, and meeting her at the very nick of the moment, gave her one of the most unsophisticated boxes of the ear we ever beheld. It sent her rolling half over the room, and made her come to a most ludicrous pause, with the oddest little look of premature and wincing meditation.

That lapping of the milk out of the saucer is what one's human thirst cannot sympathize with. It seems as if there could be no satisfaction in such a series of atoms of drink. Yet the saucer is soon emptied; and there is a refreshment to one's ears in that sound of plashing with which the action is accompanied, and which seems indicative of a like comfort to Pussy's mouth. Her tongue is thin, and can make a spoon of itself. This, however, is common to other quadrupeds with the cat, and does not, therefore, more particularly belong to our feline consideration. Not so the electricity of its coat, which gives out sparks under the hand; its passion for the herb valerian (did the reader ever see one roll in it? it is a mad sight) and other singular delicacies of nature, among which perhaps is to be reckoned its taste for fish, a creature with whose element it has so little to do, that it is supposed even to abhor it; though lately we read somewhere of a swimming cat, that used to fish for itself. And this reminds us of an exquisite anecdote of dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly, charitable Johnson, who would go

* Knowles, in the ‘Beggars of Bethnal Green.’

cern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence; no cold suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The peasant poet bears himself, we might say, like a king in exile: he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel; the supercilious he can subdue; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye under which the "insolence of condescension" cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of poetry and manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay throws himself into their arms, and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unbores himself even to the unworthy; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet he was quick to learn; a man of keen vision; "before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity in his heart. And so did our peasant show himself among us; a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no sadder business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale barrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste.

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Thou hadst thy little sorrows, joys, and pains,
Thy hopes in sunshine and thy fears in night:
The falcon, hovering o'er thy wooded plains,
Has wrung full oft thy bosom with affright,
And caused thee downward spring in headlong flight,
And hide thy young in some impervious bush,
Where, snugly hid from the fell harpy's sight,
They all, unconscious, harboured with the thrush,
For dangers mingle castes and common scruples hush.

IV.

And when the tyrant of the upper air
Winged slowly on and dissipated fear,
How gay ye climbed the forest branches fair,
To where the chestnuts 'tween the foliage peer—
Bounding aloft—now farther—and now near—
While the friend thrush, companion in your woe,
Joins in the gen'ral joy with notes full clear,
And modest perched upon a lowly bough—
Thus all is mirth above, and harmony below.

V.

Mischance that mars us all, spared not e'en thee,
Thou loving atom of bright Nature's world!
Rude clambering hands invaded thy tall tree,
And ruin on thy habitation hurl'd.
Ah me! the stream still flows as then it purld,
And birds yet sing, as in thy merrier time
They sang on mossy branch that downward curl'd;
But gone art thou in summer's balmy prime,
Unmourned, unheeded all, save in my lowly rhyme.

VI.

In wired cage wast thou hereafter kept,
Which turned about, aye restless, round and round;
And not one gentle eye thy sorrows wept,
For few think Squirrels feel a mental stound,
But love their prisons as the forest ground.
Thy little ones thou ne'er didst see again,
Some died, some lived in loathsome prison bound;
And thou, their parent, languished on in pain,
Till death in mercy came, and snapp'd life's tedious
chain.

VII.

And there thou art—the beautiful, the gay,
No more. "Where be thy gambols now?"—the prank
Fantastic?—all the merriment of play
Which charmed the woodman, as on daisied bank
He wiped the toil-drops, gathering cold and dank,
And rested on his axe? The iron wheel
Of cars has crushed thee,—street-curs, thin and lank,
Have mumbled with their jaws, in search of meal—
There art thou—scorned of all—and spurned by every
heel!

VIII.

Farewell, poor Squirrel! thou hast lived thy day,
And though no greenwood tree beheld thee die,
Nor balmy breezes bore thy breath away—
Well hast thou lived, and eke right joyously,
In this mixt world of mirth and misery.
Humble my theme, and of no ancient date—
Yet, Reader! view it not with scornful eye,—
Tasks more ungrateful fall in man's estate
Than singing Squirrel's spring, or mourning her sad
fate.

OLD CROXY.

TABLE TALK.

Good Logic.—In the dedication of a piece of his, Scarron speaks in this manner to the king: "I shall endeavour to convince your majesty, that to do me a little good would be doing yourself no hurt: if you did me a little good, I should be more cheerful than I am; if I was more cheerful than I am, my comedies would be merrier; if my comedies were merrier, your majesty would be more diverted; if you were the more diverted, your money could not be said to be thrown away. All these conclusions hang together so naturally, that, methinks, I could not hold out against them were I a great monarch, instead of being a miserable indigent creature."

SELF-AID AGAINST PERTURBATION.

—When our disease'd affections
Harmful to human freedom, and storm-like
Inferring darkness to th' infected mind
Oppress our comforts, 'tis but letting in
The light of reason, and a purer spirit
Take in another way; like rooms that fight
With windows 'gainst the wind, yet let in light."

CHAPMAN.

—The man who shrinks from investigation, lest he should mistake false for true, can have no reason for supposing himself free from that delusion in his actual opinions.—Bailey.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wx have had thoughts of doing what SCHOLASTICUS wishes.

T. F. T. appears to have an honourable and earnest nature, and no mean feeling of the tone of poetry; but two of his sonnets are not admissible in this journal on account of their polemical and political tendencies, and we are doubtful whether the third would sufficiently interest the general reader.

We will look into the book mentioned by W. D. who writes to us under a new and venerable signature.

J. A. has been merely kept out, not at all willingly, by a press of matter; and while we are writing this notice, we must express a fear that we shall be forced to omit paying our debts to other writers, J. and M. S. included, till next week. We shall take warning by this compulsion, (against which we find it impossible to guard, especially in a publication which must be squared to the printer's necessities at the eleventh hour,) and fix no more days in future for the appearance of what is delayed. It is hazarding apparent negligence to our readers, and needless responsibility to ourselves.

We hope to become better acquainted with the muse of T. C.

R. J. understandeth dulcet benediction; but have we not seen the verses before?

Attention shall be paid forthwith to E. B. and to H. H.

W. H. M., we conceive, mistook the signature. We cannot refer to it at this moment, nor the article he speaks of; but we have a recollection of intending it for insertion, and will look for it.

Several contributions are under consideration.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 26. 1834.

No. 35.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE CAT BY THE FIRE.

A BLAZING fire, a warm rug, candles lit and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea (if rich, you may have a silver kettle, and so partake the pleasures of the poor), and finally, the cat before you, attracting your attention,—it is a scene which every body likes unless he has a morbid aversion to cats; which is not common. There are some nice inquirers, it is true, who are apt to make uneasy comparisons of cats with dogs,—to say they are not so loving, that they prefer the house to the man, &c. But agreeably to the good old maxim, that “comparisons are odious,” our readers, we hope, will continue to like what is likeable in anything, for its own sake, without trying to render it unlikeable from its inferiority to something else,—a process by which we might ingeniously contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us, and to reject one thing after another, till we were pleased with nothing. Here is a good fireside, and a cat to it; and it would be our own fault, if, in removing to another house and another fireside, we did not take care that the cat removed with us. Cats cannot look to the moving of goods, as men do. If we would have creatures considerate towards us, we must be so towards them. It is not to be expected of everybody, quadruped or biped, that they should stick to us in spite of our want of merit, like a dog or a benevolent sage. Besides, stories have been told of cats very much to the credit of their benignity; such as their following a master about like a dog, waiting at a gentleman's door to thank him for some obligation over night, &c. And our readers may remember the history of the famous Godolphin Arabian, upon upon whose grave a cat that had lived with him in the stable, went and stretched itself, and died.

The cat purrs, as if it applauded our consideration,—and gently moves its tail. What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face, as it looks up at us. We must own, that we do not prefer a cat in the act of purring, or of looking in that manner. It reminds us of the sort of smile, or *simmer* (*simper* is too weak and fleeting a word) that is apt to be in the faces of irritable people, when they are pleased to be in a state of satisfaction. We prefer, for a general expression, the cat in a quiet unpretending state, and the human countenance with a look indicative of habitual grace and composure, as if it were not necessary to take any violent steps to prove its amiability,—the “smile without a smile,” as the poet beautifully calls it.*

Furthermore, (in order to get rid at once of all that may be objected to poor Pussy, as boys at school get down their bad dumpling as fast as possible, before the meat comes) we own we have an objection to the way in which a cat sports with a mouse before she kills it, tossing and jerking it about like a ball, and letting it go, in order to pounce upon it with the greater relish. And yet what right have we to apply human measures of cruelty to the inferior reflectability of a cat? Perhaps she has no idea of the mouse's being alive, in the sense that we have,—most likely she looks upon it as a pleasant moveable toy, made to be eaten,—a sort of lively pudding, that oddly jumps hither and thither. It would be hard to beat

into the head of a country squire, of the old class, that there is any cruelty in hunting a hare; and most assuredly it would be still harder to beat mouse-sparing into the head of a cat. You might read the most pungent essay on the subject into her ear, and she would only sneeze at it.

As to the unnatural cruelties, which we sometimes read of, committed by cats upon their offspring, they are exceptions to the common and beautiful rules of nature, and accordingly we have nothing to do with them. They are traceable to some unnatural circumstances of breeding or position. Enormities as monstrous are to be found among human beings, and argue nothing against the general character of the species. Even dogs are not always immaculate; and sages have made slips. Dr Franklin cut off his son with a shilling, for differing with him in politics.

But cats resemble tigers? They are tigers in miniature? Well,—and very pretty miniatures they are. And what has the tiger himself done, that he has not a right to his dinner, as well as Jones? A tiger treats a man much as a cat does a mouse;—granted; but we have no reason to suppose that he is aware of the man's sufferings, or means anything but to satisfy his hunger; and what have the butcher and poulterer been about, meanwhile? The tiger, it is true, lays about him a little superfluously sometimes, when he gets into a sheepfold, and kills more than he eats; but does not the Squire or the Marquis do pretty much like him in the month of September? Nay, do we not hear of venerable judges, that would not hurt a fly, going about in that refreshing month, seeking whom they may lame? See the effect of habit and education! And you can educate the tiger in no other way than by attending to his stomach. Fill that, and he will want no men to eat, probably not even to lame. On the other hand, deprive Jones of his dinner for a day or two, and see what a state he will be in, especially if he is by nature irascible. Nay, keep him from it for half an hour, and observe the tiger propensities of his stomach and fingers,—how worthy of killing he thinks the cook, and what boxes of the ear he feels inclined to give the footboy.

Animals, by the nature of things, in their present state, dispose of one another into their respective stomachs, without ill-will on any side. They keep down the several populations of their neighbours, till time may come when superfluous population of any kind need not exist, and predatory appearances may vanish from the earth, as the wolves have done from England. But whether they may or not, is not a question by a hundred times so important to moral inquirers as into the possibilities of human education and the nonsense of ill-will. Show the nonentity of that, and we may all get our dinners as jovially as we can, sure of these three undoubted facts,—that life is long, death short, and the world beautiful. And so we bring our thoughts back again to the fireside, and look at the cat.

Poor Pussy! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for those vindications of dinner; and symbolically gives a twist of a yawn, and a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person,—beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind-hips. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards it, and shutting her eyes,

half to accommodate the action of the skin, and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches;—look at the action of her head and neck, how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro. Finally, she gives a sneeze, and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation.

What does she think of?—Of her saucer of milk at breakfast? or of the thump she got yesterday in the kitchen, for stealing the meat? or of her own meat, the Tartar's dish, noble horse-flesh? or of her friend the cat next door, the most impassioned of serenaders? or of her little ones, some of whom are now large, and all of them gone? Is that among her recollections when she looks pensive? Does she taste of the noble prerogative-sorrows of man?

She is a sprightly cat, hardly past her youth; so happening to move the fringe of the rug a little with our foot, she darts out a paw, and begins plucking it and inquiring into the matter, as if it were a challenge to play, or something lively enough to be eaten. What a graceful action of that foot of hers, between delicacy and petulance,—combining something of a thrust out, a beat, and a scratch. There seems even something of a little bit of fear in it, as if just enough to provoke her courage, and give her the excitement of a sense of hazard. We remember being much amused, with seeing a kitten manifestly making a series of experiments upon the patience of its mother,—trying how far the latter would put up with positive bites and thumps. The kitten ran at her every moment, gave her a knock or a bite of the tail; and then ran back again, to recommence the assault. The mother sat looking at her, as if betwixt tolerance and admiration, to see how far the spirit of the family was inherited or improved by her sprightly offspring. At length, however, the “little Pickle” presumed too far, and the mother, lifting up her paw, and meeting her at the very nick of the moment, gave her one of the most unsophisticated boxes of the ear we ever beheld. It sent her rolling half over the room, and made her come to a most ludicrous pause, with the oddest little look of premature and wincing meditation.

That lapping of the milk out of the saucer is what one's human thirst cannot sympathize with. It seems as if there could be no satisfaction in such a series of atoms of drink. Yet the saucer is soon emptied; and there is a refreshment to one's ears in that sound of plashing with which the action is accompanied, and which seems indicative of a like comfort to Pussy's mouth. Her tongue is thin, and can make a spoon of itself. This, however, is common to other quadrupeds with the cat, and does not, therefore, more particularly belong to our feline consideration. Not so the electricity of its coat, which gives out sparks under the hand; its passion for the herb valerian (did the reader ever see one roll in it? it is a mad sight) and other singular delicacies of nature, among which perhaps is to be reckoned its taste for fish, a creature with whose element it has so little to do, that it is supposed even to abhor it; though lately we read somewhere of a swimming cat, that used to fish for itself. And this reminds us of an exquisite anecdote of dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly, charitable Johnson, who would go

* Knowles, in the ‘Beggars of Bethnal Green.’

out of doors himself, and buy oysters for his cat, because his black servant was too proud to do it! Not that we condemn the black, in those enslaving, unliberating days. He had a right to the mistake, though we should have thought better of him had he seen farther, and subjected his pride to affliction for such a master. But Johnson's true practical delicacy in the matter is beautiful. Be assured that he thought nothing of "condescension" in it, or of being eccentric. He was singular in some things, because he could not help it. But he hated eccentricity. No: in his best moments he felt himself simply to be a man, and a good man too, though a frail,—one that in virtue as well as humility, and in a knowledge of his ignorance as well as his wisdom, was desirous of being a Christian philosopher; and accordingly he went out, and bought food for his hungry cat, because his poor negro was too proud to do it, and there was nobody else in the way whom he had a right to ask. What must anybody that saw him have thought, as he turned up Bolt court! But doubtless he went as secretly as possible,—that is to say, if he considered the thing at all. His friend Garrick could not have done as much! He was too grand, and on the great "stage" of life. Goldsmith could; but he would hardly have thought of it. Beauclerc might; but he would have thought it necessary to excuse it with a jest or a wager, or some such thing. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his fashionable, fine-lady-painting hand, would certainly have shrunk from it. Burke would have reasoned himself into its propriety, but he would have reasoned himself out again. Gibbon! Imagine its being put into the head of Gibbon!! He and his bag-wig would have started with all the horror of a gentleman-usher; and he would have rung the bell for the cook's-deputy's-under-assistant-errand-boy.

Cats at firesides live luxuriously, and are the picture of comfort; but lest they should not bear their portion of trouble in this world, they have the drawbacks of being liable to be shut out of doors on cold nights, beatings from the "aggravated" cooks, overpettings of children (how should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner by some great patronizing giants?) and last, not least, horrible, merciless tramples of unconscious human feet and unfeeling legs of chairs. Elegance, comfort, and security seem the order of the day on all sides, and you are going to sit down to dinner, or to music, or to take tea, when all of a sudden the cat gives a squall as if she was mashed; and you are not sure that the fact is otherwise. Yet she gets in the way again, as before; and dars all the feet and mahogany in the room. Beautiful present sufficiency of a cat's imagination! Confined to the snug circle of her own sides, and the two next inches of rug or carpet.

ABODES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

(From the new edition of 'D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature'.)

Men of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest ones, under the roof of a garret; and few literary characters have lived, like Pliny or Voltaire, in a villa or *château* of their own. It has not, therefore, often happened that a man of genius could raise local emotions by his own intellectual suggestion. Ariosto, who built a palace in his verse, lodged himself in a small house, and found that stanzas and stanzas were not put together at the same rate; old Montaigne has left a description of his library,—“over the entrance of my house, where I view my courtyards and garden, and at once survey all the operations of my family.”

There is, however, a feeling among literary men, of building up their own elegant fancies, and giving a permanency to their own tastes; we dwell on their favourite scenes as a sort of portraits, and we eagerly collect those few prints which are their only vestiges. A collection might be formed of such literary residences, chosen for their amenity and retirement, and adorned by the objects of their studies, from that of the younger Pliny, who called his villa of literary leisure by the endearing title of *villula*, to that of Cassiodorus, the prime minister of Theodoric, who has left so magnificent a description of his literary retreat, where all the elegancies of life were at hand;

where the gardeners and agriculturists laboured on scientific principles; and where, amidst gardens and parks, stood his extensive library, with scrives to multiply his manuscripts;—from Tycho Brahe's, who built a magnificent astronomical house on an island, which he named, after the sole object of his musings, Uraniburg, or the Castle of the Heavens;—to that of Evelyn, who first began to adorn Wotton, by building a little study, till many years after he dedicated the ancient house to contemplation, among the delicious streams and venerable woods, the gardens, the fountains, and the groves, most tempting for a grave person and a wanton purse; and, indeed, gave one of the first examples to that elegance so much in vogue;—from Pope, whose little garden seemed to multiply its scenes by a glorious union of nobility and literary men conversing in groups, down to rural Shenstone, whose 'Rural Elegance,' as he intitles one of his odes, compelled him to mourn over his hard fate, when

EXPERIENCE

Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
CONVENIENCE to perplex him, ART to fall,
POWER to deject, and BEAUTY to displease.

We have all by heart the true and delightful reflexions of Johnson on literary associations. When the scene we read suggests to us the men or the deeds, which have left their celebrity to the spot, we are in the presence of their fame, and feel its influence!

A literary friend, whom a hint of mine had induced to visit the old tower in the garden of Buffon, where the sage retired every morning to compose, passed so long a time in that lonely apartment, as to have raised some solicitude among the honest folks of Montbar, who having seen the Englishman enter, but not return, during a heavy thunder-storm which had occurred in the interval, informed the good mayor, who came in due form, to notify the ambiguous state of the stranger. My friend is, as is well known, a genius of that caste who could pass two hours in the Tower of Buffon, without being aware that he had been all that time occupied by suggestions of ideas and reveries, which in some minds such a locality may excite. He was also busied with his pencil; for he has favoured me with two drawings of the interior and the exterior of the old tower in the garden, the nakedness within can only be compared to the solitude without. Such was the studying-room of Buffon, where his eye, resting on no object, never interrupted the unity of his meditations of Nature.

“In return for my friend's kindness, it has cost me two hours, I think, in attempting to translate the beautiful picture of this literary retreat, which Vicq. d'Azyr has finished with all the warmth of a votary. At Montbar, in the midst of an ornamented garden is seen an antique tower, it was there that Buffon wrote the history of Nature, and from that spot his fame spread through the universe. There he came at sunrise, and no one, however importunate, was suffered to trouble him. The calm of the morning hour, the first warbling of the birds, the varied aspect of the country, all at that moment which touched the senses, recalled him to his model. Free, independent, he wandered in his walks; there was he seen with quickened or with slow steps, or standing rapt in thought, oftentimes with his eyes fixed on the heavens in a moment of inspiration, as if satisfied with the thought that so profoundly occupied his soul, sometimes, collected within himself, he sought what could not always be found; or at the moment of producing, he effaced, and re-wrote, to produce once more; then he harmonized, in silence, all the parts of his composition, which he frequently repeated to himself, till, satisfied with the corrections, he seemed to repay himself for the pains of his beautiful prose, by the pleasure he found in declaiming it aloud. Thus he engraved it in his memory and would recite it to his friends, or induce some to read it to him. At those moments, he was himself a severe judge, and would again re-compose it, desirous of attaining to that perfection which is denied to the impatient writer.”

A curious circumstance connected with local associations, occurred to that extraordinary oriental student, Fourmont. Originally he belonged to a religious community, and never failed in performing his offices; but he was expelled by the Superior for an irregularity of conduct, not likely to have become contagious through the brotherhood—he frequently prolonged his studies far into the night, and it was possible that the house might be burned by such superfluity of learning. Fourmont retreated to the college of Montaigne, where he occupied the few chambers which had been formerly those of Erasmus; a circumstance which contributed to excite his emulation and to hasten his studies. He who smiles at the force of such emotions, only proves that he has not experienced what are real and substantial as the scene itself—for those who are concerned in them. Pope, who had far more enthusiasm in his poetical disposition than is generally understood, was extremely susceptible of the literary associations with localities; one of the volumes of his Homer was begun and finished in an old tower over the chapel at Stanton Harcourt; and he has perpetuated the event, if not

consecrated the place, by scratching with a diamond on a pane of stained glass, this inscription:—

In the year 1718,
Alexander Pope
Finished Here

The Fifth Volume of Homer.

It was the same feeling which induced him one day, when taking his usual walk with Harte in the Haymarket, to desire Harte to enter a little shop, where going up three pair of stairs into a small room, Pope said, “In this garret Addison wrote his Campaign.” Nothing less than a strong feeling impelled the poet to ascend the garret—it was a consecrated spot to his eye, and certainly a curious instance of the power of genius contrasted with its miserable locality! Addison, whose mind had fought through “a campaign” in a garret, could he have called about him “the pleasures of imagination,” had probably planned a house of literary repose, where all parts would have been in harmony with his mind.

Such residences of men of genius have been enjoyed by some; and the vivid descriptions which they have left us convey something of the delightfulness which charmed their studious repose.

The Italian, Paul Jovius, has composed more than three hundred concise eulogies of statesmen, warriors, and literary men of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries: but the occasion which induced him to compose them is perhaps more interesting than the compositions.

Jovius had a villa, situated on a peninsula, bordered by the lake of Como. It was built on the ruins of the villa of Pliny, and in his time the foundations were still visible. When the surrounding lake was calm, the sculptured marbles, the trunks of columns, and the fragments of those pyramids which had once adorned the residence of the friend of Trajan, were still viewed in its lucid bosom. Jovius was the enthusiast of literature, and the leisure which it loves. He was an historian, with the imagination of a poet; and though a Christian prelate, almost a worshipper of the sweet fictions of Pagan mythology: and when his pen was kept pure from satire or adulation, to which it was too much accustomed, it becomes a pencil. He paints with rapture his gardens bathed by the waters of the lake; the shade and freshness of his woods; his green slopes; his sparkling fountains; the deep silence and calm of his solitude. A statue was raised in his gardens to Nature! In his hall stood a fine statue of Apollo, and the Muses around, with their attributes. His library was guarded by a Mercury, and there was an apartment adorned with Doric columns and with pictures of the most pleasing subjects, dedicated to the Graces! Such was the interior. Without, the transparent lake here spread its broad mirror, and there was seen luminously winding by banks covered with olives and laurels; in the distance, towns, promontories, hills rising in an amphitheatre, blushing with vines, and the first elevation of the Alps, covered with woods and pasture, and sprinkled with herds and flocks.

It was in a central spot of this enchanting habitation that a cabinet or gallery was erected, where Jovius had collected, with prodigal cost, the portraits of celebrated men; and it was to explain and to describe the characteristics of these illustrious names that he had composed his eulogies. The collection became so remarkable, that the great men his contemporaries presented our literary collector with their own portraits, among whom the renowned Fernandez Cortes sent Jovius his before he died, and probably others who were less intitled to enlarge the collection, but it is equally probable, that our eulogist Jovius would throw them aside. Our historian had often to describe men more famous than virtuous; sovereigns, politicians, poets, and philosophers, men of all ranks, countries, and ages, formed a crowded scene of men of genius or of celebrity: sometimes a few lines compress their character, and sometimes a few pages excite his fondness. If he sometimes adulates the living, we may pardon the illusions of a contemporary; but he has the honour of satirizing some by the honest freedom of a pen which occasionally broke out into premature truths.

Such was the inspiration of leisure and literature which had embellished the abode of Jovius, and had raised in the midst of the lake of Como a cabinet of portraits; a noble tribute to those who are the salt of the earth!

We possess prints of Rubens's house at Antwerp. That princely artist, perhaps, first contrived for his studio the circular apartment with a dome, like the rotunda of the Pantheon, where the light, descending from an aperture or window at the top, sent down a single equal light,—that perfection of light which distributes its magical effects on the objects beneath. Bellori describes it, *una stanza rotunda con un solo oculo in cima*; the *solo oculo* is what the French term *œil de bœuf*; we ourselves want this single eye in our technical language of art. This was his precious museum where he had collected a vast number of books which were intermixed with his marbles, statues,

* On a late inquiry it appears that this consecrated pane has been removed, and the relic is said to be preserved at Nuneham.

cameos, intaglios, and all that variety of the riches of art which he had drawn from Rome: but the walls did not yield in value, for they were covered by pictures of his own composition, or copies by his own hand, made at Venice and Madrid, of Titian and Paul Veronese. No foreigners, men of letters, or lovers of the arts, or even princes, would pass through Antwerp, without visiting the house of Rubens, to witness the animated residence of genius, and the great man who had conceived the idea. Yet great as was his mind, and splendid as were the habits of his life, he could not resist the intreaties of the hundred thousand florins of our Duke of Buckingham, to dispose of the studio. The great artist could not, however abandon the delightful contemplations he was depriving himself of; and as substitutes for the miracles of art he had lost, he solicited and obtained leave to replace them by casts, which were scrupulously deposited in the places where the originals had stood.

Of this feeling of the local residences of genius, the Italians appear to have been, not perhaps more susceptible than any other people, but more energetic in their enthusiasm. Florence exhibits many monuments of this sort. In the neighbourhood of *Santa Maria Novella*, Zimmerman has noticed a house of the celebrated Viviani, which is a singular monument of gratitude to his illustrious master, Galileo. The front is adorned with the bust of this father of science, and between the windows are engraven accounts of the discoveries of Galileo: it is the most beautiful biography of genius! Yet another still more eloquently excites our emotions—the house of Michael Angelo: his pupils, in perpetual testimony of their admiration and gratitude, have ornamented it with all the leading features of his life, the very soul of this vast genius put in action: this is more than biography!—it is living as with a contemporary!

CASTLE-BUILDING.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

DEAR SIR,—I am one of that large class of unfortunates called castle-builders,—one of those who thriftlessly mis-spend hours upon hours of their valuable time in the profitless debauchery of “building new nothings wonderful to see;” till my mind has, I fear, materially suffered from long indulgence in the harmful habit.

Often and often have I gone to bed an hour sooner to talk to myself about my airy plans, until sleep has come upon me in the midst of a flaming oration, wherein I turned the whole universe round my little finger by the overpowering effect of my rhetoric;—at another time astonishing a listening senate, or leading on an invincible army to victory, or astounding my countrymen in the still small voice of poetry. All these visions are pleasing enough at the time; but they are like

The snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white, then gone for ever;

and when I come to the dull realities of earth, and find how poor and weak I am, compared with what I have fancied myself to be, I feel humiliated more than I can express.

But, notwithstanding this feeling of self-abasement, I persevere in my misdeeds, and am unable intirely (though I have done so partially) to break through this pernicious habit.

Many of your readers, doubtless, have given way to the same course of fancy with myself, and must have experienced its dangerous tendency. You, yourself, dear Sir, when young in years, as still you are in imagination, may have taken pleasure in the same delinquency. If I am right in my conjecture, you will be doing a good both to them and to myself by acquiescing in my request, which is that you should suggest some method for breaking the habit of which I complain.

Of the numerous plans that I have tried, all have in a great measure failed, and I appeal to you, as to a father, to suggest to me some plan of escape.

Yours, faithfully,

H. B.

October 23, 1834.

[To those who are suffering under the somewhat rare embarrassment of too much fancy, we would recommend, *imprimis*, an invigoration of their health (the great secret of overcoming involuntary ideas); and, secondly, Mr Bentham's recipe of thinking what

they can do, in less ambitious ways than those of our correspondent, towards being useful to their friends, or promoting some beneficial public measure. For our parts, the poetry of life is the pleasantest alternation we know with the prose of it; and castle-building (short of that of Bishop Williams' friend, the Duchess, who built solely for her own aggrandizement) is an agreeable architectural refreshment after performing one's daily duties to households less romantic.]

ADAM FLEMING AND FAIR HELEN.

[We avail ourselves with pleasure of the following communications from a Correspondent, which “flush up” the roses of poor Helen's grave, to the confusion of the memory of the ‘Lounger.’]

SIR,—In the last number of your ‘London Journal,’ I see the affecting story of ‘Fair Helen of Kirkconnel’ related. The author of the ‘Lounger's Common-place Book’ really seems not acquainted with the songs written on the subject, or else he would not have called them indifferent. Mr Allan Cunningham's version of Fleming's lament over the grave of Helen to which you allude, I here copy:—

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

I wish I were where Helen lies—
Night and day on me she cries;
O, that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnel lea.
O Helen fair beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O think nae ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt and spoke nae mair!
She sank and swoon'd wi' meikle care
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

Curs'd be the heart that thought the thought,
And curs'd the hand that fir'd the shot,
When in my arms burd* Helen dropt,
And died to succour me.

As I went down the water wide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
With sword in hand and side by side,
On fair Kirkconnel lea,—
The small bird ceas'd its song with awe,
When our bright swords it heard and saw,
And I hew'd him in pieces sma'
For her that died for me.†

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
“O come, my love, to me.”
O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet drawn o'er my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
I'm sick of all beneath the skies
Since my love died for me!

Sir Walter Scott, in his ‘Border Minstrelsy,’ has also printed an address from one of the lovers to fair Helen, but which he considers to be the composition of a different bard:—

FAIR HELEN.

O! sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the cause of my care,
Since first I loved thee.

* Maid.

† This verse I never saw in any other copy than Mr Cunningham's.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shalt prove as kind
As any one that thou shalt find,
Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes most din,
The deadliest pool the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
Though he preferred be.

Yet, ne'ertheless, I am content,
And ne'er a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
Though I disdained be.

O, Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet!
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly?

O, Helen brave! but this I crave,
On thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave,
And dies for love of thee.

In addition to the facts related by the writer of the article in your ‘Journal,’ it may be mentioned that the despised lover and murdering villain was a Bell of Blacket-house. Some accounts make Fleming pursue Bell into Spain and slay him in the streets of Madrid,* returning whence he died on her grave, breathing her name in his last sigh. Scott writes, “The grave of the lovers is yet shown in the churchyard of Kirkconnel, near Sprinkell. Upon the tomb-stone can still be read—*Hic jacet Adamus Fleming*; a cross and a sword are sculptured on the stone. The former is called by the country people the gun with which Helen was murdered; and the latter the avenging sword of her lover. *Sit illis terra levis!* A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed,—a token of abhorrence common to most nations.”—*Border Minstrelsy*, edition, 1833, vol. 2. p. 10.

Mr Robert Chambers tells us that, “besides being the subject of many songs, the story of ‘Fair Helen’ was some years ago wrought up in the shape of a poem as long as the ‘Lady of the Lake,’ and it is the foundation of at least one novel of the ordinary size.”—*Chambers's Scottish Songs*, vol. 1, p. 145.

For other information about ‘Fair Helen,’ your readers are referred to ‘Pennant's Tour in Scotland,’ to some verses in the ‘Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1783,’ written in an old copy of ‘Drummond of Hawthornden's History of Scotland,’ where “burd Helen's” heart was “transpierced” by an “arrow;” to ‘Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland,’ vol. xiii. p. 275; ‘Ritson's Scottish Songs,’ vol. i. p. 145; ‘Pinkerton's Tragic Ballads,’ p. 109, where the editor has given a poem of his own composition referring to it; and ‘Jamieson's Popular Ballads,’ vol. i. p. 200, where is the old song, and an imitation by the editor.

The subject cannot be concluded better, than with Mr Wordsworth's

ELLEN IRWIN, OR THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.

Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate
Upon the braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian maid
Adorn'd with wreaths of rayrtle.
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many squires,
The Bruce had been selected;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.

* Another version of the Song alludes to this;—
To foreign climes the traitor fled,
But quickly after him I sped,
Ere long beneath my glaive he bled,
For her that died for me.

But what is Gordon's beauteous face,
And what are Gordon's crosses,
To them who sit by Kirtle's brass
Upon the verdant mosses?
Alas! that ever he was born!
That Gordon couch'd behind a thorn,
Saw them and their caressing;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling,—
And, starting up, to Bruce's heart
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it when it came,
And stepping forth to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The youth, her chosen lover.

And falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen;
Thus, from the heart of her true-love,
The mortal spear repelling.
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sail'd away to Spain;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish Crescent.

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing:
So coming his last help to crave,
Heart-broken upon Ellen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirconnel church-yard view
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
And for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn—Hic Jacet!

Your obedient servant, A. M.

THE MEETING OF THE AMICI.*

Close the window-shutters tight,
We will have a feast to-night,
"Feast of reason—flow of soul,"
Sparkling glass, and brimming bowl;
Toast the girl our fancy loves,
Sing the song our heart approves;
Feel how different we are
From the common sons of care,—
Men who cannot, after toil,
Love the lone lamp's midnight oil,
Bright'ning, as we feel it does,
All our joys and all our woes,—
Men who will not see the flowers
Blooming in this world of ours;
But who merely sow and reap,
Eat and drink, and wake and sleep.

Who would change his pow'r of mind
With the dull untutor'd hind?
Who would be an idiot lord?
Who would wield a hero's sword?
Who would wish the miser's chest?
Who with baubles think him blest?
None of us—oh no, not one,
If he could not, when the sun
Leaves the west for other lands,
Thus, around the bowl shake hands;
Thus commingle heart with heart,
Soul with soul—man's better part;
Thus evince to one another,
How mankind can make a brother!

* A Society, consisting of ten members, at Maidstone, thus truly characterised in the first number of the 'London Journal,' as a "knot of spirits, generally young men, who are known above others, for their love of books, for the liberality of their sentiments, and their desire to be acquainted with all that is going forward in connexion with the graces of poetry and the fine arts." They meet every Saturday evening at each others' houses in rotation, when original papers are read, and friendship and harmony prevail.

Or, if absent, who can tell,
How the pregnant heart will swell?
How the gladdened eye will glisten
At the thought that friends will listen
With a kindred heart and eye
To our rudest minstrelsy;
Conscious that 'tis only meant
With this motive, this intent—
Just to speed the time awhile,
Just to raise the jocund smile,
Just to show the goblet's juice
Has with us a double use;
Teaching us to sing and rhyme
In the teeth of Father Time:
Keeping us sometimes till Sunday,
Only to be nearer Monday;
Thus each seventh night to sit
'Mid a galaxy of wit,
And retire to rest—to pray
For the coming Saturday!

Maidstone, Oct. 25, 1834.

THE LARVS IRONICAL, OR FIRE-IRONS AND HEARTH-BRUSH.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

WHILST you have been sunning your imagination in Fairy-land, I, who am but too proud to follow in your wake, have been prosecuting my researches in the Pantheon. Not in that "tricked and frowned" bifrontal Temple of Oxford cum Marlborough street, but that wherein the gods abide. The summer, that like a loved and loving friend, lingers long, yet must depart, has at length disappeared; and the autumnal fire now flames and sparkles, not in cheerfulness, but as performing the funeral obsequies of that season. By this fire, in this mood of mind, I found myself seated, and, like Prince Rasselas, continued to grieve and muse. The long vista of winter lay stretched before my mental view, a sealed book, into whose pages I would fain penetrate, yet was unable. Some ingenious persons have maintained that the pleasures of winter surpass even those of summer. To those, whose happy temperaments "make a sunshine in a shady place," I consign the solution of this problem, regretting that I am not of them. To me, winter appears ever an ugly phantom, whose chill contact paralyses the mind, rendering it incapable of reciprocating pleasures. Could those divinities, thought I, of whose attributes my late researches had but imperfectly instructed me, be propitiated, their friendly aid might interpose some mitigation of the rigours incident to a six months' residence by the—fireside.

I suspect that about this stage of my cogitations, I must have fallen into a dose, for I imagined something brushed by me with a rustling noise, and, on turning round to ascertain its cause, methought I beheld a diminutive creature, with a huge bristly head, around whose dark slender body a seeming gilded serpent was coiled! Observing my consternation, he exclaimed, "Be under no alarm, and pardon the interruption which my appearance has occasioned to the chain of your reflections. I have the desire, as well as the ability, to assist your inquiries. I am well aware that the objects of your present solicitude are certain divinities, who are said to preside over the hearths of mortals, and their favours,—the boon which you are at this time occupied with the desire of imploring. Their friendly powers have been too highly extolled, for divinities have their foibles as mortals have. I have been long their attendant, and my length of service has enabled me to observe that in them, which their suppliants reckon not. In the course of a long bondage, I have acquired many particulars of their secret history. As, among mortals, the difficulty to support dignity with those of the antichamber is sometimes felt, so with us, divinities also are sometimes shorn of their beams. I counsel you, therefore, not to build your hopes too highly on their co-operation. There is much disunion among them. They who lack harmony in themselves, it is unwise to select as the dispensers of that boon to others; and it is a fact well known in our spheres, that those very divinities

are often the cause of discord, and are generally opposed to each other in the stations they assume. Should they approach, a conflict often succeeds their conjunction, and they are sometimes known to fall together by the ears, 'with most admired disorder.' On these occasions I am generally summoned to arrange matters, which having achieved successfully, I retire modestly to some obscure corner, where I may hang, for any sympathy my suit and service would ever receive from them. One of them in particular, is of a busy stirring restlessness, which 'breeds me great annoy;' and should the others interpose, they often make matters worse, though it may be with good intent. So I would hope against hope, the real fact being, that they are all a set of incendiaries, notwithstanding their outward polish, and even disturbers of sacred ashes! They all go under feigned names, but I hope you will discover their real appellations. In conclusion, I beseech you to believe that I speak not as a malevolent spirit, but to guard you from the error into which you appear to be falling. Have as little to do with them as may be. Moreover, they are themselves often under the surveillance of some one individual in most families, who would monopolize their joint offices to himself, and through whose jealous prerogative, even my insignificance does not protect me from the performance of much unnecessary labour, whereby my hair becomes prematurely thin, and my powers gradually weakened. That you may acquit me of all ill design in this exposé, I must add that they are all very well in their places. I would that they kept them! Even now I hear great strife and commotion, like that of a discordant trio, who would extract music from a marble stone.

I remain your disinterested adviser,
and humble servant,

Nov. 14, 1834.

HEARTH-BRUSH.

CHARMING SPECIMEN OF FRENCH MANNERS.

(From 'Six Weeks on the Loire.')

THE chateau de Clermont was built by the order of the Great Conde, who, after the war of the Fronde, fancying in a moment of disgust that he wished to retire from the world, directed one of his intendants to select some spot in a desirable military position on the borders of Bretagne and Poitou, where he might spend the remainder of his days. The chateau was accordingly erected on this site, which contains everything that could be desired. Conde however never inhabited it, probably finding out, before it was finished, that he was not so weary of the world as he had imagined. It stands on the brow of a lofty eminence, commanding from its proud height the full sweep of the Loire, with its winding shores and many islands, and the whole of the surrounding country from Ancenis to Nantes. Delightful winding walks, shaded with the birch, the fir, and the mountain-ash, and diversified sometimes with fragments of rock, sometimes with flowering shrubs, tempted us to the summit. It was impossible not to proceed when every step showed us new attractions; we heard the sound of music from the open windows of the chateau, it seemed as if the strains awoke some kindly sympathies that told us that refinement, benevolence, and courtesy, dwelt within: nevertheless, as sympathies and suppositions do not justify intrusions and impertinences, we were turning away at the sight of a lady coming across a lawn, in the front of the chateau, with a little basket of flowers in her hand. It was Madame la Baronne des J——s herself, and advancing with an expression that heralded to us a welcome, she begged we would walk round the gardens, if agreeable to us, adding, that as we might find ourselves fatigued by the ascent, she hoped we would come into the saloon afterwards and take a cup of coffee, or a little fruit. It was singular enough that I, who have a dislike absolutely amounting to folly, of presenting myself among strangers, or taxing in any way their time or kindness, in this instance felt immediately desirous of availing myself of the politeness offered. We accordingly walked round the gardens and the grounds, and then presenting ourselves in the saloon, found coffee prepared for us. We were introduced to M. le Baron de J——s, to a son and daughter, and two or three visitors; we in return introduced ourselves, which, as Sterne justly observes, is always "pour le moment quelque chose d'embarrassante" (somewhat embarrassing at the moment), but never could it be less so than in the present instance, with a family full of ease, vivacity, and good breeding. The conversation immediately became general, and two hours flew away unperceived. At length I recollected poor Jean, who would,

I thought, fancy that we had either tumbled over the rocks or fallen into the hands of the Chouans. I rose, but, on offering to pay my parting compliments, I was overpowered by many voices, all joining in the friendly entreaty that we would stay and dine, and proceed to Nantes in the cool of the evening. I read in the countenances of my companions a wish for my compliance, and too happy in the conversation of a party at once so accomplished and unaffected, I willingly yielded to the entreaty which afforded me a little more time to profit by it. Accordingly it was settled that the gentlemen should stroll through the woods whilst I remained with Madame des J——s and her lovely daughter.

The bill of fare for dinner was discussed in my presence, and settled, *sans façon*, with that delightful frankness and gaiety which, in the French character, gives a charm to the most trifling occurrence. Mademoiselle Louise then begged me to excuse her for half an hour, as she was going to make some creams and some pastilles. I requested I might accompany her, and also render myself useful. We accordingly went together into the dairy, and I made tarts à l'Angloise, when she made confections and *bon bons* and all manner of pretty things, with as much ease as if she had never done anything else, and as much grace as she displayed in the saloon. I could not help thinking as I looked at her with her servants about her, all cheerful, respectful, and anxious to attend upon her, how much better it would be for the young ladies in England if they would occasionally return to the habits of their grandmothers, and mingle the animated and endearing occupations of domestic life, and the modest manners and social amusements of home, with the perpetual practising on harps and pianos, and the incessant efforts at display and search after gaiety, which in the present day render them anything but what an amiable man of a reflecting mind and delicate sentiments would desire in the woman he might wish to select as his companion for life.

But it was not only in the more trifling affairs of the *menage* that this young lady acquitted herself so agreeably; in the household, the garden, the farm, among the labourers, their wives, and children, with the poor in the neighbourhood and the casual wanderer, everywhere she was superintending, directing, kind, amiable, the comfort of all around, and the delight of her family; her cheerfulness was in proportion to

— that sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever :

she flew up and down the rocks with the lightness of a mountain roe, she sprang into a boat like the Lady of the Lake, and could manage an oar with as much grace and skill. With all this her mind was thoroughly cultivated. She had an elegant taste in the authors of her own language, understood Latin, Italian, and English, and charmed me with her conversation, whilst she employed her fingers in the fancy-work with which French ladies occupy the moments some call idle, but which with them are always sociably and generally usefully employed. After a day spent in all the agreeableness of country-life, under its most engaging aspects, evening came, and, with mutual adieus, we parted; but scarcely had we proceeded half a league upon our way, when we saw a little boat in full speed after us, and as it had the advantage of a sail, it soon gained upon ours enough to allow us to perceive that it was the Baroness and her son and daughter. We rested on our oars until they came up to us; they then told us that, after parting with us, they considered that it would be so late before we could reach Nantes, that they resolved to bring us back again:—it was impossible to resist so friendly an invitation; we accordingly put about and all returned together, our oars keeping time to the song of our party; and flutes and guitars making up the remainder of our evening concert. In this hospitable manner we were kept four days voluntary prisoners, for it was indeed the talent of this amiable family

With willing words to conquer willing hearts.

Librarians and Lord Treasurers.—Bautru being sent to Spain on political business and, attending the Court of the Escorial, took the opportunity to visit the library, promising himself great satisfaction in an acquaintance with the librarian; but a little discourse let him see that the man scarce knew what books were under his care, much less the contents and best editions, or the character of their authors. Discoursing afterwards with the King about the decorations of that magnificent palace, his Majesty happened to say, "Foreigners of learning have expressed great approbation of my library here." "Nor can it be too much admired," answered Bautru; "but your Majesty's librarian is quite misplaced there: he'd make an excellent Lord Treasurer!" "A Lord Treasurer!" replied the King; "how so?" "Why, he never fingers what is committed to his care."

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 26th November to Tuesday December 2nd.

(From Mr Howitt's 'Book of the Seasons'.)

GAWAIN DOUGLAS, the celebrated Bishop of Dunkeld, has given the following most excellent sketch of Winter, which Warton has rendered from antiquated Scotch verse into good modern English prose:—The fern withered on the miry fallows, the brown moors assumed a barren mossy hue; banks, sides of hills, and hollows grey, white, and bare; the cattle looked hoary from the dank weather; the wind made the red reed waver on the dyke. From the crags, and the foreheads of the yellow rocks, hung great icicles, in length like a spear. The soil was dusky and grey, bereft of flowers, herbs, and grass. In every hold and forest the woods were stripped of their array. Boreas blew his bugle horn so loud, that the solitary deer withdrew to the dales; the small birds flocked to the thick briars, shunning the tempestuous blast, and changing their loud notes to chirping; the cataracts roared, and every linden tree whistled and brayed to the sounding of the wind. The poor labourers, wet and weary, dragged in the fen. The sheep and shepherds lurked under the hanging banks, or wild broom. Warm from the chimney side, and refreshed with generous cheer, I stole to my bed, and laid down to sleep, when I saw the moon shed through the window her wintry glances, and wintry light; I heard the horned bird, the night-owl, shrieking horribly, with crooked bill, from her cavern. I heard the wild geese, with screaming cries, fly over the city through the silent night. I was soon lulled to sleep, till the cock, clapping his wings, crowed thrice, and the day peeped. I waked, and saw the moon disappear, and heard the jackdaws cackle on the roof of the house. The cranes, prognosticating a tempest, in a firm phalanx, pierced the air with voices sounding like a trumpet. The kite, perched on an old tree, fast by my chamber, cried lamentably,—a sign of the dawning day. I rose, and half opening my window, perceived the morning, livid, wan, and hoary; the air overwhelmed with vapour and cloud; the ground stiff, grey, and rough; the branches rattling; the sides of the hill looking black and hard with the driving blasts; the dew-drops congealed on the stubble and rind of trees; the sharp hailstones, deadly cold, hopping on the thatch and neighbouring causeway.

We are now placed in the midst of such wintry scenes as this. Nature is stripped of all her summer drapery. Her verdure, her foliage, her flowers have all vanished. The sky is filled with clouds and gloom, or sparkles only with a frosty radiance. The earth is spongy with wet, rigid with frost, or buried in snow. The winds that in summer breathed gently over nodding blooms, and undulating grass, swaying the leafy boughs with a pleasant murmur, and wafting perfumes all over the world, now hiss like serpents, or howl like wild beasts of the desert; cold, piercing, and cruel. Everything has drawn as near as possible to the centre of warmth and comfort. The farmer has driven his flocks and cattle into sheltered home-enclosures, where they may receive from his provident care that food which the earth now denies them; or in the farm-yard itself, where some honest Gilles piles their cratches plentifully with fodder. The labourer has fled from the field to the barn, and the measured strokes of his flail are heard daily from morn to eve. It amazes us, as we walk abroad, to conceive where can have concealed themselves the infinite variety of creatures that sported through the air, earth, and waters of summer.

Birds, insects, reptiles, whither are they all gone? The birds that filled the air with their music, the rich blackbird, the loud and cheerful thrush, the linnet, lark, and goldfinch, whither have they crept? The squirrel that played his antics on the forest tree; and all the showy varied tribes of butterflies, moths, dragonflies, beetles, wasps, and warrior hornets, bees and cock-chafers, whither have they fled? Some, no doubt, have lived out their little term of being, and their little bodies, lately so splendid, active and alive to a thousand instincts, feelings, and propensities, are become part and parcel of the dull and wintry soil; but the greater portion have shrunk into the hollows of trees and rocks, and into the bosom of their mother earth itself, where, with millions of seeds and roots, and buds, they live in the great treasury of Nature, ready, at the call of a more auspicious season, to people the world once more with beauty and delight.

As in the inferior world of creatures, so it is with man. The wealthy have vacated their country-houses, and congregated in the great Babylon of pleasure and dissipation; families are collected round the social hearth, where Christmas brings his annual store of frolic and festivities; and the author, like the bee, withdrawn to his hive, revels amid the sweets of his summer gathering.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. XLVI.—ADVENTURES OF RIPERDA.

THIS account of Riperda, may, to some, look too much like a page out of history; yet surely a Dutchman who becomes a Spanish Catholic minister, and dies a bashaw, may be considered a curiosity, in the more fantastic sense of the word. Riperda was truly what is called an adventurer; that is to say, a man formed only to go on from one adventure to another, without obtaining any settled and noble success. He was of a class of men, whose brains, very clever in all the rest, appear to want a portion common to the rest of mankind, and necessary to keep them in equilibrium. A bit of it seems broken off, or omitted; and so the poor creature keeps turning about from project to project, and creed to creed, like the convert described by Butler:—

A convert's but a fly, that turns about,
After his head's pulled off, to find it out.

Riperda was a native of Groningen, towards the close of the seventeenth century, for the materials of whose singular life and adventures we are indebted to the late Dr Campbell, and for many new facts to the ingenious rector of Bemerton (Archdeacon Cox).

The last writer, admitted to sources of information which few private men can have any access to, has, in his Apology for Sir Robert Walpole, performed the task committed to his care in a dexterous and pleasing manner.

It must be confessed, that when the transactions of ministers and statesmen are to be delineated and laid before the public, a writer is placed in a situation peculiar and delicate; more particularly when those individuals to whom he is indebted for important papers, are immediate descendants from the illustrious persons whose history he writes.

To investigate characters, and decide on measures when party zeal, inflamed resentments, and family prejudice, have not had time to cool, has been aptly compared by Horace, to treading on ashes, beneath which unextinguished fire is concealed. In such cases, an author has a difficult part to act; to avoid the bias of gratitude and private interest; to speak not only truth, but the whole truth; to avoid exciting the malignity of powerful enemies, but at the same time to preserve unblemished his integrity and literary reputation with the public.

Riperda, the subject of my present page, inheriting from nature, activity, and acuteness, and uniting to a warm imagination a more than moderate confidence in his own abilities, applied with indefatigable industry to literature and science.

After a well-planned and well-executed education, under the superintendence of his father, who was descended from a good family, in the province where he resided, the young man passed the earlier part of his life in the army, in which he deserved and obtained promotion.

His military progress added a general knowledge of the world and agreeable manners to his more solid acquisitions; but he suffered no pursuit, either of business or of pleasure, to interrupt the cultivation of his mind. His morning hours were sacred; and while his associates in winter quarters were lost in the stupifying indolence of superfluous sleep, or in recovering from a nocturnal debauch, the more diligent Dutchman was trimming his early lamp.

He exerted himself more peculiarly in procuring information on every subject directly or remotely connected with manufactures and trade; he made himself acquainted with the population and the wants of the different powers in Europe; with the natural produce and raw materials each country yielded, and the various commodities they were under the necessity of providing from their neighbours.

Having formed himself precisely for managing the concerns of a mercantile country, soon after the peace of Utrecht, he was appointed envoy from the United Provinces to the court of Madrid, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty with the King of Spain.

This complicated business he conducted with so much address, and turned his book knowledge, which men of business are so apt to think so lightly of, to so much account, that he attracted the favour of Cardinal Alberoni, who, from being a curate in the Duchy of Parma, had, by fortunate and well-improved incident, gained the patronage of the Princess Ursini, and was, at the moment, prime minister of Spain.

At Madrid, he found Mr Doddington, who was sent on a similar business, by his master, the King of England.

The English envoy, better skilled in borough arrangements than the intricacies of foreign politics, derived so much benefit from the correct official statements and the authentic documents of Riperda, that he received many warm acknowledgments from Lord Townshend, at that time a cabinet minister at the court of London.

These flattering circumstances first occasioned the subject of our present article to meditate establishing himself in Spain; he was induced to this project by remembering that it required no very consummate abilities to pass for a deep politician at Madrid, where many foreigners had been advanced to high honours and confidential trusts, who had no other recommendation than a good voice, a dexterous finger, a pleasing countenance, or a handsome leg.

Finding the Protestant religion a considerable impediment to his advancement, he publicly abjured the faith in which he had been educated, and was eagerly admitted into the Catholic church.

This change of opinion, or of profession, so favourable to his political career, does not appear to have improved his morals; for, in a pecuniary transaction, Riparda was accused of imposing on Mr Doddington. This ill-timed incident lost him Alberoni's favour, and he was soon after dismissed from the lucrative post of superintendent of a royal manufactory, to which he had been appointed.

The Dutchman always repelled this degrading accusation with spirit, insisting that the money received, ten thousand pistoles, was no more than a moderate reward for the important diplomatic benefits he had conferred, by advice and communication, on the infant statesman, that being the appellation he bestowed,—alluding, I apprehend, rather to his want of experience than of years. He asserted that part of the cash had been actually expended in obtaining secret intelligence for the Englishman. Who shall decide when statesmen disagree? Sometimes, in these collusions, a spark of truth, useful to honest men, is struck out.

Riparda observed that, on this occasion, he had acted towards the unfledged envoy as a prudent physician would treat an illiberal and parsimonious patient, who insidiously picked out his opinions and advice during accidental conversations, without offering a fee: he had paid himself.

It is not easy now to decide on the positive criminality or relative equity of this transaction; it must, however, be confessed that internal evidence, deduced from the subsequent conduct of Riparda, and the left-handed, characteristic cunning of his countrymen, who generally over-reach themselves, tell rather against him.

But this obliquity of conduct does not appear to have retarded his political progress: he joined the enemies of Alberoni, and, in the place from which he had been dismissed, having been kindly noticed by the royal family, was frequently consulted by the principal secretary, Grimaldo; and, what in Spain is an object of the greatest importance, Riparda became a favourite with the King's confessor.

In this advantageous position, he intrigued and caballed against the cardinal; contributed powerfully towards his dismission; and, dazzled by the bright prospect which opened before him, confiding in superior abilities, or his personal influence with the King, he was ambitious of succeeding the ex-minister.

But, when his appointment was proposed in council, strong representations were made against the placing at the head of his Majesty's government an alien and a new convert from heresy, whose integrity was already suspected.

A further discussion was delayed by Phillip's abdicating the Spanish throne; but when the royal seceder resumed his crown, Riparda was still his confidential favourite, and ingratiated himself more particularly with the Queen, by promoting a marriage between Don Carlos and an Archduchess of the House of Austria.

On this occasion, he was sent ambassador to the Emperor of Germany, and during his mission to Vienna, acquired considerable popularity, as well by the unqualified warmth of his declarations in favour of German connections, as by the hospitality of his table, the splendour of his retinue, and the punctuality of his payments.

A new system of politics, different views, and probably the pecuniary embarrass with Mr Doddington, gradually estranged him from his former attachment to England, and he poured forth a foul stream of virulent invective against this country for hesitating to fulfil her engagements, one of which he positively insisted was an immediate and unqualified cessation of the important fortress of Gibraltar.

In reply, it was acknowledged that the subject had been pressed by the Spanish minister, and a promise made to take it into consideration; but when the outrageous statesman was informed that, in Great Britain, the will of a sovereign, or the wishes of his minister, are impotent and ineffectual without parliamentary concurrence, he burst into passionate, vehement, and unbecoming expressions; threatened that he would land twenty thousand men in Scotland, send home the Elector of Hanover, and place the lawful sovereign, a legitimate descendant of King James II, on the English throne.

Having concluded with the Emperor a treaty, by which the King and Queen of Spain were highly gratified, he hastened to Madrid, where he was received with rapturous acknowledgments, but he treated his friend Grimaldo with ungrateful coldness,

and the day after his arrival was appointed to succeed him as principal secretary of state; he transacted business at the council board and with foreign ambassadors, thus enjoying the uncontrolled authority of Alberoni, without the name of prime minister.

But it was soon found, with all his predominating address and eminent talents, that he was unfit for the high office he filled; that he was vain, turbulent, and insolent; without regularity, prudence, moderation, or consistency of conduct; in a word, that he possessed great powers and attainments, but wanted prudence and common sense.

The King, by more frequent intercourse, soon saw the deficiency of Riparda in these indispensable requisites, and in a short time he ceased to be a favourite.

It is not improbable that the minister became giddy from the height to which he was elevated; being hated by the officers of state who were obliged to attend him, and detested by the people, his situation was awkward and perilous: yet at a crowded levee he had the folly or the assurance to exclaim, "I know that the whole kingdom is irritated against me, but their malice I defy; safe under the protection of God, the blessed virgin, and the goodness of my intentions."

The general aversion every day increasing, and Riparda's imprudence keeping pace with his unpopularity, it was found necessary to remove him. His dismission, according to the usual court etiquette, being called a resignation, and his temper smoothed by a liberal pension.

But this pacific treatment had no effect in quieting the exasperated Dutchman; his angry passions raged with unabated fury, and he vowed eternal vengeance against a country so blind to his merits.

Being possessed of secrets which the English ministry were anxious to become acquainted with, he opened a clandestine intercourse with the English ambassador, Stanhope; his former friend, Doddington, having been recalled.

The curses of the people, artfully fomented by his enemies, were by this time not only deep, but loud; he was fearful of an attack on his person, and he fled to that gentleman's house.

His intrigues with England, and other hostile designs being now discovered, he was dragged from his retreat, taken into custody, and imprisoned in the castle of Segovia.

Taking advantage of the infirmity or neglect of his keepers, and assisted by a female domestic, who first pitying had then loved him, he bribed a nocturnal sentinel, and by means of a rope ladder effected his escape.

With these companions, and after a long, anxious, and fatiguing journey, he reached Oporto, and embarked without delay for England, where he was received with respect and attention by the King's ministers.

But when Sir Robert Walpole had gained from the fugitive every necessary information, he was gradually neglected, and, as is the case with all betrayers of their trust, at last despised, even by those who had derived advantage from his treachery.

A man like Riparda, who had directed national councils and had been listened to by kings, who abounded in pride, and swelled with indignation, could not but feel this degraded situation most acutely. After two years passed in the English metropolis, in unavailing impatience, passion and regret, but with undiminished hatred against everything Spanish, he withdrew to Holland.

In that republic he found an agent from Barbary, who being acquainted with his story, conceived that his thirst for vengeance might be productive of important advantages to the sovereign by whom he was employed.

This person was an envoy from that barbarian whom we condescend to call the Emperor of Morocco. He assured Riparda that all his efforts in Europe would be ineffectual, in consequence of the important changes which had recently taken place in continental politics; but that on the borders of his master's territories in Africa, he might annoy his enemies and gratify his revenge most effectually; that he would there possess the advantage of a geographical position, in which, to defeat the Spaniards would be to exterminate them, and that he would receive ample rewards from a grateful ally stimulated by the hereditary impulse of eternal hatred and national antipathy.

Riparda heard and was convinced: revenge, the most infernal, but the most seducing of all our crimes, quickening all his measures and smoothing every difficulty, with the two companions of his flight he sailed for Africa, and after a prosperous voyage, announced his arrival and the object of his views to Muly Abdallah, who eagerly accepted his services.

The Dutchman, who, like his countrymen, for a productive cargo would have trod on the cross at Japan, embraced the Mahometan faith, adopted the dress, conformed to the manners, and gained the esteem of that African chief.

In less than two months he was advanced to the post of prime minister, and shortly after appointed commander-in-chief of his forces, with unusual discretionary power.

The new general, animated by the spur of the occasion, lost no time in improving the army placed under his guidance, by every means in his power.

He represented to Abdallah the insufficiency of the desultory and irregular modes of attack generally practised by the Moors, by which, although at their first onset they sometimes break down all before them, are, if they fail, generally productive of irrecoverable confusion, slaughter, and defeat.

With the Emperor's permission, Riparda, for so I continue to call him, although the renegade had assumed another name, with the Emperor's permission, he rigidly enforced the severe maxims of European tactics, silent and prompt obedience, irresistible energy, patient and cool dexterity, which, at the mouth of a cannon, the mounting a breach, or the springing of a mine, convert an otherwise unmanageable mob into a compact magic machine, various in form, but of tremendous power: a widely spread line, a hollow square, a wedge, a column, or a platoon.

Thus improved and thus directed, the barbarians attacked the Spaniards, and irrecoverably defeated them: their leader was created a bashaw, and died at Tetuan, in extreme old age, some time in the year 1787.

Such was Riparda; with a strong mind, and talents improved by assiduous cultivation, placed on elevated ground, and possessing a considerable share of book learning, and no small portion of general and local information, he missed the high road to happiness: all his parts and all his acquisitions did not guard him against obliquity and crooked policy, which in this, as in most instances, generally defeat their own purpose. He has added to the many instances which pointedly prove, after all the contrivances of cunning, and the deep stratagems of finesse, that honesty is the best policy; that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

LIFE & CHARACTER OF MÆCENAS.

We gave the other day an interesting account of a splendid and luxurious Roman orator, from Mr Dymlop's 'History of Roman Literature.' We follow it up from the same work, with a portrait of an effeminate statesman, who wielded the empire with rings on his little finger.

A Mæcenas, all over Christendom, means a patron of genius. It is curious, even to scholars, to contemplate a summary of the life and character of the singular personage whose name has become thus generously immortal. He deserves his immortality; and yet he was a dandy of the most luxurious description amidst the iron and marble of old Rome, —the most effeminate of the effeminate, as Ney was "bravest of the brave." The probable secret of this weakness in a great man (for great he was both as a statesman and a discerner of greatness in others) was to be found in excessive weakness of constitution.

At the commencement of the reign of Augustus, the old Cæsarians, Balbus, Matius, and Appius, men who were highly accomplished and had been the chief personal friends of the great Julius, still survived, and led the way in every species of learning and elegance. Their correspondence with Cicero, in his Familiar Epistles, exhibits much refinement in the individuals, and in general a highly polished state of society. They had a taste for gardening, planting, and architecture, and all those various arts which contribute to the embellishment of life. They rewarded the verses of poets, listened to their productions and courted their society. When Augustus landed in Italy from Apollonia, Balbus was the first person who came to offer his services, and Matius took charge of the shows which he exhibited on his arrival at Rome. These ancient friends of the Julian line continued, during the early part of his reign, to frequent the court of Augustus; and, though not first in favour with the new sovereign, they felt no jealousy of their successor, but lived on the most cordial and intimate terms with Mæcenas, who now held, near the person of the adopted son, the enviable place which they had occupied with the father.

To this favourite minister of Augustus the honour is due of having successfully followed out the views of his master for promoting the interests of literature. Some writers have alleged that, after the battle of Actium, a deliberate design was formed by Mæcenas to soften the heart of Augustus, and that, among the arts which he employed for this purpose, one of the chief was, the encouragement of learned

men and poets, who would imperceptibly give him lessons of moderation, and incline his heart to justice and clemency. But this is refining too much; and it seems more probable, that in his patronage of literature, Mæcenas merely acted from the orders, or followed the example, of his master.

Caius Cilnius Mæcenas was descended, it is said, from Elbius Volterrenus, the last king, or rather Lucumon of the Etrurians, who perished in the 445th year of the city, at the battle near the lake Vadimone, which finally brought his country under total subjection to the Romans. His immediate ancestors were Roman knights, who having been at length incorporated into the state, held high commands in the army, and Mæcenas would never consent to leave their class to be enrolled among the senators; but he was proud, (as may be conjectured from its frequent mention by the poets), of his supposed descent from the old Etrurian princes. It is not known in what year he was born, or in what manner he spent his youth; but Meibomius conjectures that he was educated at Apollonia along with Augustus and Agrippa; and that this formed the commencement of their memorable friendship. He is not mentioned in the history of his country, till we hear of his accompanying Augustus to Rome, after the battle of Modena. He was also with him at Philippi; and attended him during the whole course of the naval wars against Sextus Pompey, except when he was sent at intervals by his master to Rome, in order by his presence to quell those disturbances, which, during this period, frequently broke out in the capital. In the battle of Actium he commanded the light Liburnian galleys, which greatly contributed to gain the victory, for Augustus, and he gave chase with them to Anthony, when he fled after the galley of Cleopatra. During the absence of his master in Egypt, Mæcenas, in virtue of his office of Prefect, was entrusted with the chief administration of affairs in Italy, and particularly with the civil government of the capital. After Augustus had returned from Egypt without a rival, and the affairs of the empire proceeded in a regular course, Mæcenas shared with Agrippa the favour and confidence of his sovereign. While Agrippa was entrusted with affairs requiring activity, gravity, and force, those which were to be accomplished by persuasion and address were to be committed to Mæcenas. The advice which he gave to Augustus in the celebrated consultation with regard to his proposed resignation of the empire was preferred to that of Agrippa; Mæcenas having justly represented that it would not be to the advantage of Rome to be left without a head to the government, as the vast empire now required a single chief to maintain peace and order; that Augustus had already advanced too far to recede with safety; and that, if divested of absolute power, he would speedily fall a victim to the resentment of the friends or relatives of those whom he had formerly sacrificed to his own security.

Having agreed to retain the government, Augustus asked and obtained from Mæcenas a general plan for its administration. His minister laid down for him rules regarding the reformation of the Senate, the nomination of magistrates, the collection of taxes, the establishment of schools, the government of provinces, the levy of troops, the equalization of weights and measures, the suppression of tumultuous assemblies, and support of religious observances. His measures on all these points, as detailed by Dion Cassius, show consummate political wisdom and knowledge in the science of government.

Mæcenas had often mediated between Anthony and Augustus, and healed the mutual wounds which their ambition inflicted. But when his master had at length triumphed in the contest, the great object of his attention was to secure the permanence of the government. For this purpose, he had spies in all corners to pry into every assembly, and to watch the motions of the people. By these means the imprudent plots of Lepidus and Muræna were discovered and suppressed, without danger or disturbance; and, at length, no conspiracies were formed. At the same time, and with a similar object, he did all in his power to render the administration of Augustus moderate and just; and as he perfectly understood all the virtues and weaknesses of his character, he easily bent his disposition to the side of mercy. While he himself, as Prefect of the city, had retained the capital in admirable order and subjection, he was yet remarkable for the mildness with which he exercised this important office, to which belonged the management of all civil affairs in the absence of the Emperor, the regulation of buildings, provisions, and commerce, and the cognizance of all crimes committed within a hundred miles of the capital. Seneca, who is by no means favourable in other respects to the character of Mæcenas, allows him a full tribute of praise for his clemency and mildness. "Maxima laus illi tribuitur mansuetudinis; pepercet gladio, sanguine abstinent; nec ullâ alia re quid posset, quam licentiâ, ostendit."

So sensible was Augustus of the benefit which his government received from the counsels and wise administration of Mæcenas, and such his high opinion of his sagacity, fidelity and secrecy, that everything which concerned him, whether political or domestic,

was confided to this minister. Such, too, were the terms of intimacy on which they lived, that the Emperor when he fell sick, always made himself be carried to the house of Mæcenas: so difficult was it to find repose in the habitation of a prince.

During the most important and arduous periods of his administration, and while exercising almost an unremitted assiduity, Mæcenas had still the appearance of being sunk in sloth and luxury. Though he could exert himself with the utmost activity and vigilance, when these were required, yet, in his hours of freedom, he indulged himself in as much ease and softness as the most delicate lady in Rome. He was moderate in his desire of wealth or honours; he was probably indolent and voluptuous by nature and inclination; and he rather wished to exhibit than conceal his faults. But the thundering applause, which we are told by Horace resounded through the theatre, when he first appeared in that place of public resort, after a long and severe indisposition, evinces that his manners succeeded in gaining him popularity among his fellow-citizens. Dion Cassius also informs us, that he was beloved by those around the person of Augustus, to whose jealousy and envy he was more immediately exposed. That air of effeminate ease which he ever assumed, was, perhaps, good policy, in reference both to the prince and the people. Neither could he be jealous of a minister who was apparently so careless and indifferent, and who seemed occupied chiefly with his magnificent villas and costly furniture. He usually came abroad with a negligent gait and in a coarse garb. When he went to the theatre, forum, or senate, his ungirt robe trailed on the ground; and he wore a little cloak, with a hood like a fugitive slave in a pantomime. Instead of being followed by lictors or tribunes, he appeared in all public places attended by two eunuchs. He possessed a magnificent and spacious villa on the Esquiline Hill, to which a tower adjoined, commanding a view of all the hills of Rome and the surrounding country, in different directions, as far as Tibur, Tusculum, and Præneste. The inner walls of this villa were of foreign marble, the ceiling glittered with gold, and the floors were of corresponding splendour. All the apartments were richly furnished. The tables were particularly costly, and of various forms. Having a passion for gems and pearls, Mæcenas had many jewellers and engravers in his employment, and his cabinet was adorned with all sorts of trinkets and precious stones, which his freedman, Thalation, had engraved and set in gold. Each chamber was likewise stored with precious ointments, and with every species of balsam, perfume, and essence, which might be refreshing or agreeable to the senses.

The gardens of Mæcenas which surrounded the villa, were among the most delightful in Rome or its vicinity. The ground, which was given to him by Augustus to lay out in gardens, was previously the most unhealthy spot in the city. It had formerly been a burying place, where the bodies of slaves and of those who had squandered their estates, were confusedly interred. The air, in consequence, was unwholesome, and noxious to the whole town. But Mæcenas converted this cemetery into a spot the most salubrious and delightful; adorning it with every species of rare and exotic plants; and forming walks, along which were placed statues of the most exquisite sculpture. Here, seated in the cool of his green spreading shade, where the most musical birds constantly warbled their harmonious notes, he was accustomed to linger, and pay at idle hours, his court to the muses—

Fleridas Phœbumque colens in mollibus hortis,
Sederat argutas garrulus inter aves.

In one corner of this garden stood a temple to Priapus, where Mæcenas often resorted with his friends, who there recited, or inscribed on the walls, the verses which they had composed in honour of the productive god. These poems were written in the style supposed to be suitable to the divinity whom they celebrated. Hence was formed the collection which derives its name from Priapus, and to which Tibullus, and even Virgil, are said to have contributed.

Being fond of change and singularity, the style of Mæcenas' entertainments varied. They were sometimes profuse and magnificent; at others, elegant and private; but they were always inimitable in point of taste and fancy. He was the first person who introduced at Rome the luxury of young mules' flesh; his table was served with the most delicious wines, among which was one of Italian growth, and most exquisite flavour, called from his name Mæcenateum; and hence, too, the luxurious Trimalchio, who is the Magister Convivii in the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter, is called Mæcenateum, from his imitating the style of Mæcenas' entertainments.

His sumptuous board was thronged with parasites, whom he also frequently carried about to sup with his friends; and his house was filled with musicians, buffoons, and actors of mimes or pantomimes, with Bathyllus at their head. These were strangely intermingled in his palace with tribunes, clerks, and

lictors. But there too were Horace, and Varius, and Valgius, and Virgil!

Of these distinguished poets, and of many other literary men, Mæcenas was, during his whole life, the patron, protector, and friend. Desert in learning never failed, in course of time, to obtain from him its due reward; and his friendship, when once procured, continued steady to the last. Poets, however, seem always to have enjoyed a preference; and the first place in his favour was justly held by those who ranked highest in their number. Had he not loved and cherished, posterity, perhaps, would have been deprived of the chief works of the Mantuan bard, and would have known him only by his imitative Eclogues:—

Ipse per Ausonias Æneis carmina gentes
Qui canit, ingenti qui nomine pulsat Olympum,
Mæoniamque senem Romano provocat ore,
Forsitan illius memoris latuisset in umbrâ
Quod canit, et sterili tantum cantasset avenâ,
Ignotus populis, si Mæcenate careret.

It was Virgil who first introduced Horace to the notice of Mæcenas; and though at first he paid no great attention to a young poet, as yet little distinguished by his works, and chiefly known as having fought in the Republican ranks at Philippi, he admitted him at length among the number of his domestic friends, selected him as a companion in all his expeditions, whether of business or pleasure; procured for him the favour of the Emperor, and at length gave him the most substantial proof of regard, by presenting him with a villa at Tibur, and obtaining for him a grant of a farm, in the eastern district of the Sabine territory. Varius, who was the first tragic writer of his age, and, till the appearance of the Æneid, was accounted the greatest epic poet of Rome, and next in rank to Homer, as also Domitius Marsus, the best epigrammatist since the time of Catullus, were befriended and enriched by Mæcenas. Propertius, likewise, in his elegies, repeatedly acknowledged him as his protector, as the encourager and guide of his studies, and as the statesman to whose party and principles he had uniformly and steadily adhered. To other writers and learned men whom he patronized, the palace of Mæcenas was an asylum, where they were not only maintained and protected, but became the friends and companions of their illustrious host. They were introduced by him to his prince, as persons deserving of notice and royal munificence; they accompanied him to the banquets of the great, and followed him in many excursions both of pleasure and business. When he went to Brundisium, to negotiate a treaty between Augustus and Anthony, he was attended on his journey by Horace, Varius, Virgil, and Heliodorus.

Among the most distinguished men who frequented the house of Mæcenas, a constant harmony seems to have subsisted. They never occasioned uneasiness to each other; they were neither jealous nor envious of the favour and felicity which their rivals enjoyed. The noblest and most affluent of the number were without insolence, and the most learned without presumption. Merit, in whatever shape it appeared, occupied an honourable and unmolested station.

As Mæcenas extended such liberal patronage to the learned, it is not surprising that the greatest productions of the Augustan age should have been inscribed by their authors with his name, in testimony of their respect and gratitude. At the head of these glorious works stand the *Georgics* of Virgil and *Satires* of Horace.

Mæcenas is better known to posterity as a patron of literature than as an author; but, living in a poetical court, and surrounded with poets, it was almost impossible that he should have avoided the contagion of versification. He wrote a tragedy, called *Octavia*; a poem, intitled *De Cultu*; and some Phæleucian and Galliambic verses. All these have perished, except a few fragments cited by Seneca and the ancient grammarians. To judge from these extracts, their loss is not much to be regretted; and it is a curious problem in the literary history of Rome, that one who read with delight the works of Horace, should have himself written in a style so obscure and affected. The Roman critics have collected examples of uncommon inversions in language from their poets and orators, which have found a place in their works of rhetoric; and Quintilian refers to many arrangements of words in the poems of Mæcenas, which he thinks not allowable even in verse. The effeminacy of his manners appears to have tainted his language: though his ideas were sometimes happy, his style was loose, florid, and luxuriant; and he always aimed at winding up his periods with some turn of thought or expression which he considered elegant or striking. These conceits were called by Augustus his perfumed curls (*Calamistri*); and, in one of that Emperor's letters which is still preserved in Macrobius, he parodies the luxuriant and sparkling style affected by his minister.

Some idea of the mode of composition employed by Mæcenas, at least in his smaller poems, may be formed from the following lines, in which he describes

a river, with the woods on its banks, and the boats sailing on it, in a manner almost unintelligible:—

Amne sylvisque ripa comantibus,
Vides, ut alveum lintribus arent,
Versoque vado remittant hortos.

Or from the verses addressed to Horace, in which he declares that he is so grieved for the absence of the poet, that he has become careless, even concerning those gems for which he once had such an inordinate passion:—

Lugens, O mea vita, te Smaragdus
Beryllos neque, Flacce, nec nitentes
Nuper, candida Margarita, quæro,
Nec quos Thynica lima perpolivit
Anellos, nec Jaspiri Lapillos.

One good and energetic line of his composition is preserved and applauded by Seneca:—

Nec tumulum curo, sepelit natura relictos.

Mæcenas continued to govern the state, to patronize good poets, and write bad verses, for a period of twenty years. During this long space of time, the only interruption to his felicity was the conduct of his wife, Terentia. This beautiful but capricious woman was the sister of Proculeius, so eminent for his fraternal love, as also of Licinia Murena, who conspired against Augustus; and she is supposed by some, though I think erroneously, to be the Licymnia whom Horace celebrates for her personal charms and accomplishments, and for the passion with which she had inspired his patron. The extravagance and bad temper of this fantastical, yet lovely woman, were sources of perpetual chagrin and uneasiness to her husband. Though his existence was embittered by her folly and caprice, he continued through his whole life to be the dupe of the passion which he entertained for her. He could neither live with nor without her; he quarrelled with her, and was reconciled, almost every day, and put her away one moment to take her back the next, which led Seneca to remark that he was married a thousand times, yet never had but one wife.

Terentia vied in personal charms with the Empress Livia, and is said to have gained the affections of Augustus. She accompanied her husband and the Emperor on an expedition to Gaul, in the year 738, which, at the time, was reported to have been undertaken in order that Augustus might enjoy her society without attracting the notice or animadversions of the capital. Mæcenas was not courtier enough to appear blind to the infidelities of Terentia, or to sleep for the accommodation of the Emperor, as the senator Galba is said to have slumbered for the minister. The umbrage Mæcenas took at the attentions paid by his master to Terentia is assigned by Dio Cassius as the chief cause of the decline of that imperial favour which Mæcenas experienced about forty years previously to his death. For although he was still treated externally with the highest consideration, though he retained all the outward show of grandeur and influence, and still continued to make a yearly present to the Emperor on the anniversary of his birth-day, he was no longer consulted in state affairs as a favourite or confident. Others have supposed that it was not the intrigue of Augustus with Terentia that diminished his influence, but a discovery made by the Emperor, that he had revealed to his wife some circumstances concerning the conspiracy in which her brother Murena had been engaged. Suetonius informs us he had felt some displeasure on that account; but Murena's plot was discovered in the year 732, and the decline of Mæcenas' political power cannot be placed earlier than the year 738. The disgust conceived by masters when they have given all, and by favourites who have nothing more to receive, or are satiated with honours, may partly account for the coldness that arose between Augustus and his minister. But the declining health of Mæcenas, and his natural indolence, increasing with the advance of years, afforded of themselves sufficient causes for his gradual retirement from public affairs. His constitution, which was naturally weak, had been impaired by effeminacy and luxurious living. He had laboured from his youth under a perpetual fever; and for many years before his death he suffered much from watchfulness, which was greatly aggravated by his domestic chagrins. Mæcenas was fond of life and enjoyment; and of life even without enjoyment. Hence he anxiously resorted to different remedies for the cure or relief of this distressing malady. Wine, soft music sounding at a distance, and various other contrivances, were tried in vain. At length, Antonius Musa, the imperial physician, who had saved the life of Augustus, but accelerated the death of Marcellus, obtained for him some alleviation of his complaint, by means of the distant murmuring of falling water. The sound was artificially procured at his villa on the Esquiline-hill. But during this stage of his complaint, Mæcenas resided principally in his villa at Tibur, situated on the banks of the Anio, and near its celebrated cascades. The chief falls of the Anio were heard at the villa, but there were also a number of jets, formed by the stream, which flowed down the hill, on which the palace of Mæcenas stood aloft. "Mæcenas' villa," says Eustace, "stands at the extremity of the town, on the

brow of the hill, and hangs over several streamlets, which fall down the steep. It commands a noble view of the Anio and its vale beneath, the hills of Albano and Monticelli, the Campagna, and Rome itself, rising on the borders of the horizon. A branch of the river pours through the arched gallery and vaulted cellars, and, shaking the edifice as it passes along, rushes in several sheets down the declivity." This was indeed a spot to which Morpheus might have sent his kindest dreams; and the pure air of Tibur, with the streams tumbling into the valley through the arches of the villa, did bestow on the worn-out and sleepless courtier some few moments of repose.

But all these resources at length failed. The nervous and feverish disorder with which Mæcenas was afflicted increased so dreadfully, that for three years before his death he never closed his eyes. In his last will, he recommended Horace, in the most affectionate terms, to the remembrance of the Emperor:—"Horatii Flacci, ut mei, memor esto." He died in 745, in the same year with Horace, and was buried in his own garden, on the Esquiline-hill. He left no child, and in Mæcenas terminated the line of the ancient Etrurian princes. But he bequeathed to posterity a name, immortal as the arts of which he had been through life the generous protector, and which is deeply inscribed on monuments that can only be destroyed by some calamity fatal to civilization.

Mæcenas had nominated Augustus as his heir, and the Emperor thus became possessed of the Tiburtine villa, in which he passed a great part of the concluding years of his reign. The death of his old favourite revived all the esteem which Augustus had once entertained for him; and, many years afterwards, when stung with regret at having divulged the shame of his daughter Julia, and punished her offence, he acknowledged his irreparable loss, by exclaiming, that he should have been prevented from acting such a part had Mæcenas been alive. So difficult was it to repair the loss of one man, though he had millions of subjects under his obedience. "His legions," says Seneca, "being cut to pieces, he recruited his troops,—his fleet, destroyed by storms, was soon refitted,—public edifices, consumed by the flames, were rebuilt with greater magnificence—but he could find no one capable of discharging the offices which had been held by Mæcenas with equal integrity and ability."

THE WISH.

How oft the gen'rous, with the selfish mated,
Must drag in lonesomeness a galling chain!
How oft the two that might have lov'd are fated
Never to meet, or soon to part again!

Yet here—while in earth's wilderness we linger,
Desponding, sick at heart, unnerv'd in hand,
Young Hope by times will point with cherub finger
To spots of verdure in that "weary land."

Some shadow of the good we're blindly seeking,
Some scene of peace—some maid we might adore,
Will thrill—like music of his far home, meeting
The exile on a friendless foreign shore.

With sighs one asks—O! might not, could not I,
From heartless bustle, dungeon-gloom of town,
With her to love me best, for ever fly,—
'Mid still retirements, make my soul my own?

In sunny vales calm homes arise for many;
The sky, the earth, their glad looks spread for all;
And may not friendship's balm be wish'd by any
Whose heart is true, and beats at friendship's call?

Each chain'd to th' oar by thousand imag'd wants,
See Fashion's galley-slaves and Mammon's ply;
Not theirs the bliss love earn'd by virtue grants—
By lofty aims and deeds that may not die!

Their wages, gilded straws, for ever leaving,
Might not one kindred pair go hand in hand—
The heart's joy with the mind's light interweaving—
To wisdom's haunts, to fancy's fairy land?

Th' undying minds of ev'ry age around us,—
The world's, our being's, mystery to view—
If in us dwelt some thoughts might live beyond us,
To form them, find them, hearers "fit tho' few."

In tasks like these were not enough to do?
In other's arms were not enough to feel?
Clear as the summer sun our days might flow,
And bright their end be like that sun's farewell.

Vain longings! vain! No pow'r will hear me,
To darkness fades my baseless dream;
No bosom-friend or home must cheer me,
Low toil, pale care sit mocking near me,
My past, my future mates they seem.

A kingly thought with a captive's fate
Wasteth the heart to misery driven:
But to steadfast men in their low estate,
By stern endeavourings, minds elate,
To light the gloom of life is given.

And noble 'tis, without complaining,
Our lot to suffer, task fulfil,
Thro' scowls, neglect, and chill disdainings,
In pain—alone—our pride retaining,
Untir'd work out our purpos'd will.

Be calm'd, my soul! No act of thine
With fame can gild thy dreary doom;
But whoso walks firm duty's line
'Mid life's sick mists unstain'd may shine,
And—sound is the sleep of the tomb.

T.

Invincible Animal Spirits.—Scarron was seized with such a violent hiccup that all who were present began to fear for his life; however, when it abated, so as to give him some ease, says he with a serious air, "If ever I recover, I'll lash the hiccup in a very fine satire." His friends expected another kind of a resolution; but the public was deprived of this votive satire, the distemper in which he then lay carrying him off. Within a few minutes of his death, when his acquaintance were about him, all in tears, so far from being moved by such an affecting sight, he told them, very unconcernedly, "You'll never cry for me so much as I have made you laugh."

—There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.—*Bailey.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall certainly not be the less desirous of expediting our version of Mr Landor's Latin Idyll (provided we can satisfy ourselves with it, when it be done) in consequence of the letter written us by a fair Correspondent from Wales. The book we had already seen, and attributed (we guess) to the right author. It will be noticed with as little delay as possible.

FREDERICUS will meet with due attention. Also the communication of J. T. for the 'Romance of Real Life.'

W. H. of Glasgow has nothing to fear for the truth and beauty of his feelings; but he has not yet acquired the art of doing them justice in verse.

The author of 'Hints for Table Talk,' will have seen that we have not forgotten him. Correspondents in general are requested to bear in mind, that articles intended for insertion are sometimes unavoidably thrust out and delayed by such of them as more immediately suit the printer's purpose, when he "makes up" the Journal for press. *This is the case with almost every one of our numbers.*

We have been much gratified by the letter of G. B. C. who describes himself as reading the 'London Journal,' "seated in his elbow chair by the side of a bright fire, opposite the partner of his joys and griefs busily employed in plying the needle." It is the right way of reading the 'Journal' in winter-time, especially if (as we hope) he occasionally reads aloud. Good husbands read to their wives, as birds warble to their industrious mates. G. B. C. may confidently reckon upon an ample account of the place he mentions.

We are obliged by the specimen of "Cabal and Love," from Schiller, but think it hardly a specimen of him worthy of his fame.

ASRINO's "Verses on presenting his Nephew with a Silver Cup," though not sufficiently surpassing the ordinary elegance of such things for publication, do all honour to his nature, and deserve the respect and gratitude of his young kinsman.

A book, with a letter, will be found at Mr Hooper's addressed to "One of the Million," if he will have the goodness to send for it.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3. 1834.

No. 36.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A "NOW";

DESCRIPTIVE OF A COLD DAY.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year.—THOMSON.

A FRIEND tells us, that having written a "Now," descriptive of a hot day (See 'London Journal,' No. 17), we ought to write another, descriptive of a cold one; and accordingly we do so. It happens that we are, at this minute, in a state at once fit and unfit for the task, being in the condition of the little boy at school, who, when asked 'the Latin for "cold," said he had it "at his fingers' ends;" but this helps us to set off with a right taste of our subject, and the fire, which is clicking in our ear, shall soon enable us to handle it comfortably in other respects.

Now, then, to commence.—But first, the reader who is good-natured enough to have a regard for these papers, may choose to be told of the origin of the use of this word Now, in case he is not already acquainted with it. It was suggested to us by the striking convenience it affords to descriptive writers, such as Thomson and others, who are fond of beginning their paragraphs with it, thereby saving themselves a world of trouble in bringing about a nicer conjunction of the various parts of their subject.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks—

Now flaming up to heav'n, the potent sun—

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky—

But now—

When now—

Where now—

For now—&c.

We say nothing of similar words among other nations, or of a certain *But* of the Greeks, which was as useful to them on all occasions as the *And* so of the little children's stories. Our business is with our old indigenous friend. No other *Now* can be so present, so instantaneous, so extremely *Now* as our own *Now*. The *Now* of the Latins,—*Nunc*, or *Jam*, as he sometimes calls himself,—is a fellow of past ages. He is no *Now*. And the *Nun* of the Greek is older. How can there be a *Now* which was *Then*? a "*Now-then*," as we sometimes barbarously phrase it. "*Now and then*" is intelligible; but "*Now-then*" is an extravagance, fit only for the delicious moments of a gentleman about to crack his bottle, or to run away with a lady, or to open a dance, or to carve a turkey and chine, or to pelt snow-balls, or to commit some other piece of ultra-vivacity, such as excuses a man from the nicer proprieties of language.

But to begin.

Now, the moment people wake in the morning, they perceive the coldness with their faces, though they are warm with their bodies, and exclaim, "Here's a day!" and pity the poor little sweep, and the boy with the water-cresses. How anybody can go to a cold ditch, and gather water-cresses, seems marvellous. Perhaps we hear great lumps in the street of something falling; and, looking through the window, perceive the roofs of the neighbouring houses thick with snow. The breath is visible, issuing from the mouth as we lie. Now we hate getting up, and hate shaving, and hate the empty grate in one's bed-room, and water freezes in ewers, and you may set the towel upright on its own hardness, and the window-panes are frost-whitened, or it is foggy, and the sun sends a dull, brazen beam into one's room; or, if it is fine,

the windows outside are stck with icicles; or a detestable thaw has begun, and they drip; but, at all events, it is horribly cold, and delicate shavers fidget about their chambers, looking distressed, and cherish their hard-hearted enemy, the razor, in their bosoms, to warm him a little, and coax him into a consideration of their chins. Savage is a cut, and makes them think destiny really too hard.

Now breakfast is fine; and the fire seems to laugh at us as we enter the breakfast-room, and say, "Ha! ha! here's a better room than the bed-chamber!" and we always poke it before we do anything else; and people grow selfish about seats near it; and little boys think their elders tyrannical for saying, "Oh, you don't want the fire; your blood is young." And truly that is not the way of stating the case, albeit young blood is warmer than old. Now the butter is too hard to spread; and the rolls and toast are at their maximum; and the former look glorious as they issue, smoking, out of the flannel in which they come from the baker's; and people who come with single knocks at the door are pitied; and the voices of boys are loud in the street, sliding, or throwing snow-balls; and the dustman's bell sounds cold; and we wonder how anybody can go about selling fish, especially with that hoarse voice; and schoolboys hate their slates, and blow their fingers, and detest infinitely the no-fire at school; and the parish-beadle's nose is redder than ever.

Now sounds in general are dull, and smoke out of chimnies looks warm and rich, and birds are pitied, hopping about for crumbs, and the trees look wiry and cheerless, albeit they are still beautiful to imaginative eyes, especially the evergreens, and the birch with boughs like dishevelled hair. Now mud in roads is stiff, and the kennel ices over, and boys make illegal slides in the pathways, and ashes are strewn before doors; or you crunch the snow as you tread, or kick mud-flakes before you, or are horribly muddy in cities. But if it is a hard frost, all the world is buttoned up and great-coated, except ostentatious elderly gentlemen, and pretended beggars with naked feet; and the delicious sound of "All hot" is heard from roasted apple and potatoe-stalls, the vender himself being cold, in spite of his "hot," and stamping up and down to warm his feet; and the little boys are astonished to think how he can eat bread and cold meat for his dinner, instead of the smoking apples.

Now skaters are on the alert; the cutlers' shop-windows abound with their swift shoes; and as you approach the scene of action (pond or canal) you hear the dull grinding noise of the skais to and fro, and see tumbles, and Banbury cake-men and blackguard boys playing "hockey," and ladies standing shivering on the banks, admiring anybody but their brother, especially the gentleman who is cutting figures of eight, who, for his part, is admiring his own figure. Beginners affect to laugh at their tumbles, but are terribly angry, and long to thump the bye-standers. On thawing days, idlers persist to the last in skating or sliding amidst the slush and bending ice, making the Humane-Society-man ferocious. He feels as if he could give them the deaths from which it is his business to save them. When you have done skating, you come away feeling at once warm and numb in the feet, from the tight effect of the skais; and you carry them with an ostentatious air of indifference, as if you

had done wonders; whereas you have fairly had three slips, and can barely achieve the inside edge.

Now riders look sharp, and horses seem brittle in the legs, and old gentlemen feel so; and coachmen, cabmen, and others, stand swinging their arms across at their sides to warm themselves; and blacksmiths' shops look pleasant, and potatoe shops detestable; the fishmongers' still more so. We wonder how he can live in that splash of wet and cold fish, without even a window. Now clerks in offices envy the one next the fire-place; and men from behind counters hardly think themselves repaid by being called out to speak to a Countess in her chariot; and the wheezy and effeminate pastry cook, hatless and aproned, and with his hand in his breeches-pockets (as the graphic Cruikshank noticeth in his almanack) stands outside his door, chilling his household warmth with attending to the ice which is brought him, and seeing it unloaded into his cellar like coals. Comfortable look the Miss Joneses, coming this way with their muff and furs; and the baker pities the maid-servant cleaning the steps, who, for her part, says, she is not cold, which he finds it difficult to believe.

Now dinner rejoiceth the gatherers together, and cold meat is despised, and the gout defieteth the morrow, thinking it but reasonable, on such a day, to inflame itself with "t'other bottle;" and the sofa is wheeled round to the fire after dinner, and people proceed to burn their legs in their boots, and little boys their faces; and young ladies are tormented between the cold and their complexions, and their fingers freeze at the piano-forte, but they must not say so, because it will vex their poor comfortable grand-aunt, who is sitting with her knees in the fire, and who is so anxious that they should not be spoilt.

Now the muffin-bell soundeth sweetly in the streets, reminding us, not of the man, but his muffins, and of twilight, and evening, and curtains, and the fireside. Now play-goers get cold feet, and invalids stop up every crevice in their rooms, and make themselves worse; and the streets are comparatively silent; and the wind rises and falls in moanings; and fires burn blue and crackle; and an easy chair with your feet by it on a stool, the lamp or candles a little behind you, and an interesting book just opened where you left off, is a bit of heaven upon earth. People in cottages crowd close into the chimney, and tell stories of ghosts and murders, the blue flame affording something like evidence of the facts.

"The owl, with all her feathers, is a-cold,"

or you think her so. The whole country feels like a petrification of slate and stillness, cut across by the wind; and nobody in the mail-coach is warm but the horses, who steam pitifully when they stop. The "oldest man" makes a point of never having "seen such weather." People have a painful doubt whether they have any chins or not; ears ache with the wind; and the waggoner goes puckering up his teeth, and thinking the time will never arrive when he shall get to the Five Bells.

At night, people get sleepy with the fire-side, and long to go to bed, yet fear it on account of the different temperature of the bed-room; which is fur-

* Keats, in the 'Eve of St Agnes.' Mr Keats gave us some touches in our account of the 'Hot Day' (first published in the 'Indicator') as we sat writing it in his company thirteen or fourteen years back. We have here made him contribute to our 'Cold Day.' Thus it is to have immortal friends, whose company never forsakes us.

thermore apt to wake them up. Warming-pans and hot-water bottles are in request; and naughty boys eschew their night-shirts, and go to bed in their socks.

"Yes," quoth a little boy, to whom we read this passage, "and make their younger brother go to bed first."

ODE TO A FRIEND.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[We have been just honoured with the receipt of the following ode from the classical pen of Mr Landor, written in the warmth of his heart, and of the sunshine of Fiesole.]

I.

Lord of the lovely plain
Where Celtic Clwyd runs to greet the main!
How happy were the hours that held!
Thy friend (long absent from his native home)
Amid those scenes with thee! how far afield
From all past cares, and all to come!

II.

What hath Ambition's feverish grasp,—what hath
Inconstant Fortune, panting Hope,
Nay,—what hath Genius that should cope
With the heart's whispers in that path
Winding so idly where the docile stream
Thro' the tall poplars sheds its playful gleam?

III.

Ablett! of all the days
My sixty summers ever knew,
Pleasant as there have been no few,
Memory not one surveys
Like those we spent together: wisely spent
Are they alone that leave the heart content.

IV.

Together we have visited the men
Whose song Scotch critics vainly would have
drowned.
Ah! shall we ever grasp the hand again
That gave the British harp its truest sound?
Yea! my soul sugars, yea!
For this alone she would not wing away.

V.

Yet Time now passes hoarse
And panting in his course;
Coleridge hath loost his shoe, or bathes in bliss
Among the spirits that have power like his.
Live Derwent's guest! and thou where Grasmere
springs!
Serene Creators of immortal things.

VI.

I never courted Fame:
She pouted at me long; at last she came,
And threw her arms around my neck, and said,
"Take what hath been for years delayed!
And fear not that the leaves will fall
One hour the earlier from thy coronal!"

VII.

Ablett! thou knowest with what even hand
I waved away the offered seat
Among the clambering, clattering, stilted Great,
The rulers of our land.
Nor crowds nor kings can lift me up,
Nor sweeten pleasure's purer cup.

VIII.

Thou knowest how, and why are dear to me
My citron-groves of Tivoli,
My chirping Africo,* my beech-wood nook,
My Naiads, with feet only in the brook,
Which runs away and giggles in their faces—
Yet there they sit, nor sigh for other places.

* Africo, a little stream celebrated by Boccaccio in his 'Ninfale'; to this place also his *Bella Brigata* retired, to relate the last stories in the 'Decameron.' The author's villa (formerly Count Gherardesca's, the representative of the unhappy Count Ugolino) stands directly above what was anciently the lake described there.

IX.

'Tis not Pelasgic wall,
By him made sacred, whom alone
'Twere not profane to call
The Bard Divine, nor (thrown
Far under me) Valdarno, nor the crest
Of Willomthron in the purple east.

X.

Behold our earth! most nigh the sun,
Her zone least open to the genial heat,
But further off, her veins more freely run:
'Tis thus with those who whirl about the great:
The nearest shriek and shiver; we remete
May, open-breasted, blow the pastoral out.

EDUCATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

From 'Necessity of Popular Education as a National Object; with Hints on the Treatment of Criminals, and Observations on Homicidal Insanity. By James Simpson, Advocate.' Edinburgh, Adam and Charles Black; London, Longman and Co.

[HAVING received the liberal permission of Mr Simpson and his booksellers to make what extracts we please from this interesting and important work, we proceed to avail ourselves of it with a copiousness which we feel sure will be felt (by such writers and publishers) as the best return we can make for the indulgence. Self-interest is beginning now-a-days to identify itself in a noble manner with the general interests of mankind.]

CONTENTS OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE SECOND CHAPTER OF MR SIMPSON'S BOOK.

The term "Educated class" relative. Our vast attainments in Physical Science, Confusion and Error in Moral World. Controversy and Party Divisions. Contrast of Sound Legislation. General Selfishness. Demands of Christianity. Religion of the "Educated." Large Provision for it. Want of Educational Preparation. Fanaticism and Insanity. Certain Social Defects. Remnant of Barbarism, National Jealousies, Offensive Wars, Criminal Code, &c. Barbarous Customs, Fox-hunting, Engrossing Rural Sports, &c. Happiness not attained. Reasons. False Views of Life. Young Men of Fortune. Waste of Life, Wealth, and Happiness by the Affluent. Their Marriages. Sedentary Study. Instructive Illustrations on this head. Incoherent Pursuit of Wealth. Over-trading, glutted Markets. Unwelcome Inquiry. Good admitted. Causes of our Social Evils. No Moral Training in Education. Milton, Locke, Kames. Reading. Dead Languages.

The term "educated class," as applied to the portion of our countrymen who are above manual labour, will scarcely be taken by any one to mean that they enjoy the means of education perfect or nearly perfect. The term is relative; and, certainly, when compared with the manual-labour class, who have no education at all worthy the name, we are an educated class. But no error is more profound, or more prevalent, than the persuasion that we are an educated class in the best sense of the term. Our complacent conclusions on the subject are, however, exceedingly natural. Look, it is said, at our libraries, our encyclopedias, teeming, as they do, with knowledge in every branch of science and literature. See our chemical, mathematical, mechanical powers, with all their realized results, which seem to mould material nature to our will, and render life proudly luxurious. Then turn to our classical literature, our belles-lettres, our poetry, our eloquence, our polished intercourse, our refined society; consider our fine arts and elegancies; and, above all, think of our legislation, our political economy, our institutions of benevolence and justice, and the gigantic combinations of our intire national system. There is much in these high-sounding claims that deceives us. We are prone to borrow from the large fund of credit we possess in the exact and physical sciences, to place the loan to the account of universal intellectual and moral attainment, and to conclude that a pitch of improvement which enables us to travel thirty miles an hour, must comprise in it everything else of knowledge and power. But, alas! when we look beyond the range of physical tangibilities, and, it may be, elegant literature, into the region of mental and moral relations,—in short, the science of man, upon which depend the wisdom of our legislation, and the soundness of our institutions and customs, what a scene of uncertainty do we see! Fixed principles in social affairs have not yet been attained. Scarcely shall we meet two individuals who are guided by the same code. Hence, controversy is the business of the moral, and assuredly, we may add, of the religious world. If any measure affecting the public is propounded, there arises a perfect hurricane of opposition and denunciation, as if it were the most monstrous of errors and the most atrocious of crimes. No plan or project, religious, civil, economic, or merely orna-

mental, can be proposed, without tearing to pieces the conventions of courtesy—nay, the feelings of common charity, and exposing a lamentable scene of inconsistency and passion. We find sects of men combining to attain by their action certain proposed ends, and these seem to be guided by principles which they all acknowledge; for there is no want of party array and skillful party tactics; but, when we find that the spirit of party is violence and hatred, we must search the humbler regions of selfishness for the bond of their union, for we cannot recognize among them anything which is intitled to be called profound, philosophical, or high moral, principle. Nothing more exposes the low state of our present moral attainments than the endless disputes and hatred which are the sum and substance of what are called our politics. If the time shall ever arrive when legislation shall be brief and practical, founded on benevolence and justice, purified of vain personal display, freed from selfishness, party spirit, pride of caste, and sacrifice to particular interests,—either of an exclusive aristocracy on the one extreme, or a reckless, impatient, and often most aristocratic democracy on the other; when it shall cease to be fettered by a constituency less enlightened than representatives animated by a single-hearted love to their country and their species,—when it shall become an easier task, because abuses will be already removed, and laws will come to be less retrospective remedies than onward meliorations, moving abreast with human improvement,—what will be thought of the political dissensions which at present degrade and retard public affairs? Of the game of parties, with all its frauds and hypocrisies, the irreconcilable varieties of opinion, the diversity of views, the fierceness of divisions! A wide-spread selfishness alone accounts for this spectacle; and who can deny that a systematic selfishness, regulated by law and conventional expediency, is the impelling power,—at once the bond which unites and the divellent influence which tears asunder the centripetal and centrifugal forces which preserve, yet disturb, the circumscribed orbit of our social relations? To engross as much wealth, gain as much of what is mis-called distinction, and outstrip our neighbour, is the business of life. We have, too, a cold-hearted fashion, which denies those without its frivolous pale well-nigh a common nature; and we have all the successive exclusions and repellants descending in society, and freezing up the sources of good-will and brotherly love, which should flow downward to soften and fertilize the humblest regions of the community, and unite the whole in mutual good will and contented co-operation. It is this habitual contumely which separates the great body of the manual-labour class from all who merely enjoy more physical comfort and ease of life, in a scowling attitude of distrust, envy, and hostility. Talk to us of a more liberal basis of social being, of a higher morality, a more wide-spreading philanthropy,—nay, of a mitigation of selfishness, a moderation of wealth-engrossing, a transference of our worship from artificial badges to real intellectual and moral merit, a kindlier feeling to our universal fellow-men,—and we meet you with mockery, as we point to what we call "human nature," and return to our money-getting and self-exaltation. Bonaparte was right—we are a nation of shopkeepers. Nevertheless, when it is put to us in the abstract, we admit that Christianity demands ALL and MORE than in practice we laugh to scorn, and we are terribly scandalized when our Christianity is doubted. Do we not attend church, and yield our assent to the precepts and doctrines there taught? Do we not prove our zeal by cordially hating all other religious sects, *cum odio theologico*? Are we not the foremost and the loudest in shouting the approved watchwords of "irreligion," "infidelity," to raise the mob to put down all heresy and schism—that is, all opinions not our own? And are we not ready to shed our blood, if we refuse to mend our lives, for the Church, which has always formed an essential part of our politics, and been toasted by us in many an overflowing cup of conviviality?

It can scarcely be averred that any considerable portion of the church-going of the "educated class," have more practical week-day Christianity, than that which was predicated of the manual-labour class. If we should ask any of the first how much of what they listen to on Sunday influences their views and acts in life, they would be sorely puzzled to answer the question. Yet there are no institutions of public instruction, both as supported by state establishments, and by the zeal of private associations, more largely endowed than the ecclesiastical, no part of our well-being more cared for. What is the cause of so small a harvest from so immense a cultivation? Why does not the seed so plentifully sown fructify and produce? There is but one answer to this question. WE ARE NOT A MORALLY EDUCATED PEOPLE. There is a barrenness of soil among us, where genuine Christianity refuses to take root; there is a worse, there are the thorns of an inherent selfishness, which choke it; taxes pre-occupy the whole field, and the husbandmen sow in vain. As was predicated of their efforts to excavate the lower classes from the heathenism in which they are

embedded, our religious guides address themselves to unprepared minds much higher up in the social scale. Yet, if a stranger to the actual religious condition of the "educated" were to hear our talk upon the subject, he might mistake us for a religious people: if he contemplated our animosity, division, and violence in the matter; although he might miss the spirit of Christianity, he could not fail to be struck with our zeal each for his own dogmas, and for their substitution by the force of indirect persecution, for all others; dogmas, too, so often adopted yesterday for others as dogmatically maintained the day before,—

"As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended."

Nay, he would see religious feeling running into the most extravagant credulity and fanaticism among us; and if he did not know that that melancholy extreme is capable of a physiological explanation, as in actual disease of the brain, which sees visions, hears voices, and dreams dreams, he might conclude that we are an over-religious generation. But the indifference and the enthusiasm have alike their origin in an imperfect education, in unprepared, uncultivated feelings, which, according to the predisposition and temperament, are either roused to success by the mere sympathy—the hysteria of a deceased enthusiasm, or are not stirred at all.

A catalogue of our social defects, all referable to the education wherewith we are mocked, might be expatiated upon to the extent of a volume; the remnants these of barbarism which still cling to us and our institutions, customs, habits, and manners. I will venture to enumerate a few of these. We direct yet, for example, an evil eye to our fellow-men in other communities, and speak of our "natural enemies." We are disgraced by national jealousies, national antipathies, commercial restrictions, and often offensive war. We have our game laws and criminal code also to account for. Brought to the standard of sound ethics and reason, there are many of our customs that have as little chance as these of escaping the reproach of barbarisms, which an educated people would disown; cruel rural sports, for example, fox-hunting, horse-racing, betting, gambling, prize-fighting, duelling, and excessive conviviality. The character and engrossing claims of rural sports, as they are called, will astonish a future better-educated age.* Such an age will scarcely believe "the butcher work that then befell," the unsparing slaughter of all that is furred and feathered and fanned, in field and flood, "on mountain, moss, and moor;" they will discredit the graft of the hunting stage of the race upon a civilization, at its lowest, immensely in advance of that stage; they will reject the story that the boast of the Iroquois and the Esquimaux was also the distinction of the most polished ornaments of our drawing-rooms, namely, the havoc of their unerring aim, the life they have extinguished, the blood they have shed, the "head of game" they have gloried over as trophies spread out dead before them, and the larders which they have out-done the butcher in stocking. All is not right in our habits of thinking: in other words, in our own education,—when our "élite" can claim, and multitudes can accord, a certain distinction to a "capital shot," the victor in what the Olympics knew not—a "steep chace,"—or the proprietor of a pony which can trot sixteen miles an hour.

I know the ready answer to such strictures on rural sports, and that answer implies the very educational vacuum which there is so much reason to deplore. It is of great importance, it is said, to our own rural population, that the aristocracy should pass a reasonable portion of their time in the country. They are the spoiled children of excitement, and if you withhold that in the country, they will seek it in the capital, in pursuits and pleasures infinitely more debasing and more ruinous to health and fortune. Look at Paris. Is an educated aristocracy here spoken of? Is it indeed so, that in the alternative of their urban or rural excitements, the objects are so low? Is it indeed so, that without the slaughter of its innocent animals, which spread a living poetry over its fields, our "better classes" find no attraction in the country, no delight in "the green fields of England in the merry month of May," no luxury in the roses of June, the pride of July, the mellowness of Autumn, that they indeed—

"Renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields,
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven?"

Can we have a more rousing proof than this of a defective, nay, a perverted education? I say perverted, for the barbarism is actually inculcated. The vacuum is filled by precept and example with images of rural slaughter; the young idea is taught to shoot

most carefully, and the tender thought assiduously reared, which longs for manhood and bloodshed. The spirit of severity, and even cruelty and blood, of our criminal code, has with no small reason been imputed, in some respects, to this remnant of the hunting stage of society.

The evils suffered by society from ignorance of the human faculties and their right application, will be more obvious, when we come to inquire what the faculties and their relations are; it may suffice at present to say, that happiness is rarely if ever attained, and that the preponderance of selfish feelings, which are incapable of rational satisfaction, verifies the truth that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Ignorance of physical and organic conditions of health produce disease, while it transmits the consequences in weakened constitutions to offspring. The selfish desire of wealth brings together, in matrimonial alliance, the predisposed to disease and insanity, and bitter domestic suffering is the consequence. The same desire of wealth, added to ambition to rise above others, regulate or rather derange the whole system of life, and there is not one ray of light but disregarded Christianity to guide in a direction more consistent with real happiness. This is ignorance of the moral conditions of human weal. An enlightened friend of the author's once asked an excellent young man about to embark for India, what views he entertained of life, and the objects of his own existence? The question was new to him. He had been "well educated," in the common acceptance of the words, but he had never conceived that life had any higher aim than to acquire a fortune, marry, rear a family, live in a fine house, drink expensive wines, die, and go to heaven! There was no provision in this for reaping enjoyment from the higher faculties of his nature; he was not aware that these had any other function to perform than to regulate his conduct in the pursuit of the gratification of his inferior feelings. This is the condition of mind in which almost all young men of the upper and middle classes of society enter into active life; and nothing can well be conceived more disadvantageous to their success and happiness. Those who are what is called religiously educated, are not more fortunate; because no sect in religion has yet addressed itself to the duty of teaching the nature of man the value of pursuits in life, the institutions of society, and the relation of all these to the religious and moral faculties of man. Without understanding these, no person entering upon active life can see his way clearly, or entertain consistent or elevated views of duty, and the true sources of happiness.

This deficiency in knowledge is remarkably exemplified in young men born to large fortunes, who have succeeded in minority to their paternal estates, and, on attaining majority, are, by law, intitled to pursue their own happiness in their own way. It is quite lamentable to observe the humble, the debasing course they almost always adopt. Rational views of themselves, of human nature, and of the institutions of society, would be invaluable to such individuals; but they have no adequate means of obtaining them, while positively false views have been implanted in their minds by a perverted education. I grant the case to be an extreme one, of a young gentleman of large fortune, not destitute of talents and good feeling, and regularly subjected to all the appliances of dead-language education at school and college, who, on the day of his majority, was declared a free man, with power to choose the most likely road to real happiness. What did he do? He established, of course, a stud of hunters, a pack of hounds, and a whole armoury of fowling-pieces,—galloping and blazing and slaughtering being universally held inseparable from wealth and rank, in the present state of civilization. Coach-driving, either of private four-in-hand vehicles or the public conveyances, is no longer sanctioned by general approbation, as suiting the age: nevertheless, our hopeful had a trial of coach-driving. From this he was diverted by matrimony, and post-nuptially took to another gratification of his faculties, of rather an original kind; he placed cats upon a float in the middle of a pond, and sent dogs to swim in and attack them! This last occupation would have been disdained by a young nobleman of immense possessions, who, at a feast in honour of his majority, manifested the best natural disposition, by acknowledging that he had always been taught, and had always felt, that the great duty imposed upon him, by his rank and fortune, was to do good. The declaration was sincere, and the character of the speaker such as to warrant the belief that he would act upon it, if his education had been such as to have shown him how to do so, or rather, as the previous point, what to do. To keep a pack of hounds, to be followed over fields and inclosures by the élite of the county, does not stand very high in the scale of good; to engage keenly in party politics is not good, for these are generally incompatible with the general weal; to dispense costly and luxurious hospitality indiscriminately, is to do wide-spreading mischief; to pursue or encourage idleness or frivolous occupations, is not good; to strengthen, by influence and example, the pride of rank and its co-relative sycophancy, to uphold the heartless, icy, withering barriers of fashion, and, by external pomp,

circumstance, and equipage, to shut out knowledge of, and sympathy with, the general mass of society, cultivated and uncultivated, are all severally bad; and, although much the practice of our nobility, injurious, in a degree to which their education shuts their eyes, to themselves and to society. Education, rendered what it ought to be, will point out "what is good," both in its temporal and spiritual sense, to the wealth-loaded favourites of fortune. "To do good and to communicate" is eminently in their power, if they will first, "with all their gettings, get knowledge," and apply it to useful purposes; if they will learn and value the acts and manifestations of high intellectual and moral endowments, more than physical comforts, sensual enjoyments, and external pomp; if they will seek the society of enlightened and benevolent men, whose intellects are replenished with knowledge of the Creator's works and ways, whose hearts swell with wonder, adoration, and love, whose whole minds are instinct with sympathy with, and ardent desire for, human happiness. With their aid they would know how to convert their wealth into a powerful engine of social benefit, and, from this, the legitimate gratification of the higher faculties of their nature, they would enjoy as well as confer real good.

The very proposition of such a course for a rich, splendid, elegant, and "spirited" young nobleman, would, of course, at present, raise in himself and the whole table he presides at, a roar of incredulous and scornful laughter, the natural expression of the very barbarism so much to be deplored. But, with more enlightened views, it will come to be acknowledged that the waste of life, fortune, and happiness by the affluent which characterises the present, as it has marked the past ages of the world, is owing, in no small degree, to ignorance of human nature, its wants and capacities—in other words, to imperfect education.

A volume might be filled* with proofs of the suffering from ignorance which visits all classes, and none more than the higher. The inactivity of the faculties of persons of fashion is a perfect *adfectum vite*. Their vacuity and dislike to mental exercise is constant ennui, and their indisposition to muscular exercise and fresh air, brings in its train a whole catalogue of ailments. Their carriages "stop the way" to health, bloom, and beauty. Who has not pined, when they were thought to envy, the pale-faced victim dragged to what is called an airing, in which lungs and limbs are alike unconcerned, and are both tending to a state of disease by impeded circulation and impaired digestion. Much of high life is an ignorant defiance of nature's laws, and is visited with enfeebled functions, lassitude, uneasiness, anxiety, and a thousand evils, arising from infringement of institutions, which, when observed and obeyed, lead to delight and happiness. No considerations but rank and wealth determine matrimonial alliances, and these are often in consequence ill-assorted. The enfeeblement and diseases of high life are, by nature's law, transmitted to offspring, as surely as those of the reckless and dissolute mechanic; the powers of mind suffer deterioration from the influence of impaired nerves and brain: the race itself degenerates, and imbecility, and even insanity visit the palaces of the great, much more, in proportion to their numbers, than the hovels of the poor.

It is lamentable to see ignorance of the conditions of health inducing the aspirant to college honours to impose upon himself more prolonged labour than that to which the manual labourer is forced by want of bread, reckless that he loses health and life in the pursuit. In the biographies of early talent, when I have come to the usual passage, "when his companions played, he remained to read and study," I have looked on a few pages, and always found that he died early. No attempt is made in our defective education, to inculcate and impress such knowledge upon us; and we find the most talented men acting in practical disregard of these conditions of health and longevity. I cannot withhold the following apposite and most instructive passage from Mr Combe's work, already referred to, on the 'Constitution of Man.' "No idea can be more preposterous, than that of human beings having no time to study and obey the natural institutions. These laws punish so severely, when neglected, that they cause the offender to lose ~~tenfold more time~~ in undergoing his chastisement than would be requisite to obey them. A gentleman extensively engaged in business, whose nervous and digestive systems, have been impaired by the neglect of the organic laws, was desired to walk in the open air at least one hour a-day; to repose from all exertion, bodily and mental, for one full hour after breakfast, and another full hour after dinner, because the brain cannot expend its energy in thinking and aiding digestion at the same time; and to practise moderation in diet; which last he regularly observed; but he laughed at the very idea of his having three hours a-day to spare for attention to

* I say engrossing claims, for I grant that killing game is as legitimate as killing mutton, and do not quarrel with a subordinate and moderate resort to the field by those whose main avocations are more useful and dignified. It is healthful exercise: I cannot concede to it a higher merit.

* An admirable volume has been so filled—'The Constitution of Man in relation to External Objects,' by Mr George Combe, of Edinburgh, a work in its second edition in America, and already translated into French, German, and Swedish.

his health. The reply was, that the organic laws admit of no exception, and that he must either obey them, or take the consequences: but that the time lost by the punishment would be double or treble that requisite for obedience; and accordingly the fact was so. Instead of his attending an appointment, it is quite usual for him to send a note, perhaps at two in the afternoon, in these terms:—"I was so distressed with head-ache last night that I never closed my eyes; and to-day I am still incapable of being out of bed." On other occasions, he is out of bed, but apologises for incapacity to attend to business, on account of an intolerable pain in the region of the stomach. In short, if the hours lost in these painful sufferings were added together, and distributed over the days when he is able for duty, he would find them far outnumber those which would suffice for obedience to the organic laws, and with this difference in the results,—by neglect, he loses both his hours and his enjoyment; whereas, by obedience, he would be rewarded by aptitude for business, and a pleasing consciousness of existence."

Perhaps the most wide-spreading mischief to society comes of the only other ignorance with which I shall detain the reader, the ceaseless, indiscriminate, and incognate pursuit of wealth. There are no limits to this object with most men, but the stern barriers of law. Merchants and manufacturers hasten to be rich beyond the course of nature; they engage in adventures for which they have neither capacity nor talents; they enter into the most inconsiderate partnerships; they lend and borrow, and involve each other in the consequences of the rashest speculations; and they live in splendour far beyond their means.

Machinery should reasonably abridge bodily toil, and leave leisure for intellectual and moral improvement, with its concomitant enjoyment; but machinery has been used only to overlabour workmen and overstock markets; prices fall ruinously low; the labourers lately overworked are thrown idle, and left to starve or be supported on charity; what are called "better times" return; the glut is removed, work is abundant; avarice again overdoes, and again the market is glutted, and the labourers again thrown into idleness, starvation, and misery. In 1825-6-7, these views were fearfully verified; large bodies of workmen were supported on charity. For many miserable hours they were idle, which hours, distributed over the time of their labour, would have afforded them sufficient daily subsistence. The Creator intended man to labour a reasonable portion of his time, but when man infringes this law by abuse, he defeats his own end; he is thrown idle longer than all the time put together which, in each day, would have given him salutary leisure. This has been written in broad characters, and should be remembered. It is a curious and instructive fact, that when these miscalled good times returned, and labour was in request, workmen struck for higher wages, and for months some manufactories were from this cause stopped; when the glut returned and its consequences, these masters were the most fortunate, for they had less on hand, and, blind themselves, had been taught by their blind workmen in quest of a different object, that the overtrading of their neighbours was a folly which they had, by no wisdom of their own, but by an accidental combination of circumstances, escaped. At the present moment, prosperity has returned: the seconder of the address, in the House of Commons the other night went into a detail to show that all our manufactures were thriving and affording full employment. Let us not boast. Love of money, hurry to be rich, still afflicts our imperfectly educated capitalists. Competition will urge them on in the race, another glut will stop them, their workmen will again be thrown idle, and much commercial distress will be the consequence. In nothing is education more wanted than for the attainment of principles which shall put the race for wealth under rational practical regulation, that it may not defeat itself, and subject society to a constant alternation of mock prosperity and overwhelming misery.

But we must proceed from the evils which visit the class of society above manual labour, although they are by no means exhausted, to a short inquiry into their causes. Before doing so, however, it may be necessary to guard the picture I have drawn from the imputation of being overcharged, and on that ground rejected as altogether false. This objection is most likely to come from persons who live in comfortable circumstances, and a fair external good-will towards the circle of their acquaintances, the world to them, and among whom they know kind-hearted, decent, moral, religious, and even a few generous individuals; who shrink from the disgusting task of examining the sores of society, or going deeper than a very satisfactorily varnished skin which covers them; who feel in their own persons no inconvenience from alleged social evils, the degradation, physical and moral, of the working classes, and the humble attainments and practical errors of the middle and higher; and who even resent being disturbed by the tiresome people who are always croaking, "that whatever is, is wrong," instead of enjoying the far more consolatory conviction, that, whatever is, is right. Readily do I concede to the

most contented of these objectors, that there is a large portion of genuine good, moral and religious, in society; that this, with a much larger ingredient of conventional morality, and its result, positive law, preserves the system from falling to pieces, which it would do in an hour, were the picture I have drawn of the lower and higher classes of universal and unqualified application. The higher sentiments are at work in our legislation and our social economy; justice is extending its influence, and benevolence and charity are distinguishing the age.* But, while all this is granted, it is maintained that the positive evils which have been enumerated do exist; nay, more, that they immensely preponderate, and we should deeply miscalculate if we glossed over and spared them for the sake of the good wherewith they are mixed. When the question is answered, "What is our education?" all that has been said of our condition will be easily and naturally accounted for.

First, There exist no adequate means, either in private families or public institutions, with the exception of Infant Schools, of which, in the sequel, for educating the feelings, improving the dispositions, restraining the inferior propensities, and exercising the higher sentiments—in short, for MORAL TRAINING. In all this we took our chance, and picked up what we might, from partial parents, nursery-maids, and juvenile companions. The animal feelings, being the strongest, acted in us with all the blindness and all the power of instincts, and laid a broad and deep foundation for habitual selfishness. There is no greater change, nay, revolution in education, than will arise out of the nascent want, the incipient demand which is felt by the more enlightened part of society, for this, education's paramount object. Multitudes do not yet know what it means, or laugh at it as a wild chimera, when they succeed in imperfectly taking in the idea. The refracted ray, the full light, is seen from the mountain before it shines upon the valley; but it must shine as the day, and widely influence our institutions, before we shall merit the name of an educated people. As a proof of the slow progress of truths which nevertheless concern man in his most vital social interests, it is instructive to look back and find such truths announced to an age long past, by master minds that arose long before the generation qualified to appreciate their genius, and profit by their wisdom. Milton and Locke both advocated moral training; they held it paramount to intellectual, and intellectual merely subservient to it. One hundred and fifty years have passed since they urged on the notice of their countrymen its superiority and necessity; but no attempt was made to act upon the principles they taught till within the last fifteen years, when the first Infant School realized their bequest to their country, and commenced the era of moral education. I cannot withhold the solemn words of these great men. Impressed, as I am, profoundly, with a conviction of their transcendent value, they are to me, as it were, "the voice of the spirits of the mighty dead." Milton's words are these—"The end of learning is to repair the ruin of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, make up the highest perfection."—*Letter to Samuel Hartlib*.

Locke says, "It is virtue, then, direct virtue, which is the hard and valuable part to be aimed at in education, and not a forward pertness, or any little arts of shifting. All other considerations and accomplishments should give way and be postponed to this. This is the solid and substantial good, which tutors should not only read lectures and talk of, but the labour and art of education should furnish the mind with, and fasten there, and never cease till the young man had a true relish of it, and placed his strength, his glory, and his pleasure in it."—*Locke's Thoughts concerning Education*. § 70.

"Learning must be had, but in the second place, as subservient only to greater qualities. Seek out somebody (as your son's tutor) that may know how discreetly to form his manners; place him in hands where you may, as much as possible, secure his innocence, cherish and nurse up the good, and gently correct and weed out any bad inclinations, and settle him in good habits. This is the main point, and this being provided for, learning may be had into the bargain."—§ 147.

"But under whose care soever a child is put to be taught, during the tender and flexible years of his life, this is certain, it should be one who thinks Latin and language the least part of education; one who, knowing how much virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of learning or language, makes it his chief business to form the mind of his scholar, and give that a right disposition; which, if once got, though all the rest should be neglected, would, in due time, produce all the rest; and which,

* The infatuated generation is apt to take credit for the institutions of charity. The subscription lists of these tell a different tale. It has been observed that about 1500 known individuals, of the 150,000 of which Edinburgh is composed, support all the charitable establishments in the place. The London proportion would be 15,000. It would be interesting to know, how the fact stands—charity balls and musical festivals, of course, excluded.

if it be not got and settled, so as to keep out ill and vicious habits, languages and sciences, and all the other accomplishments of education, will be to no purpose, but to make the worse or more dangerous man."—§ 177.

Lord Kames anticipated his age more than half a century. In his 'Hints on Education,' with profound truth to us, but more sentimental writing to the generation he addressed, he says, "It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head, with very little attention to the heart. From Aristotle down to Locke, books without number have been composed for cultivating and improving the understanding; few, in proportion, for cultivating and improving the affections. Yet, surely, as man is intended to be more an active than a contemplative being, the educating of a young man to behave properly in society, is of still greater importance than the making him even a Solomon for knowledge." Society has suffered much, and suffers severely yet, for its ignorant neglect of these admonitions. The principle and the practice of moral training will be detailed in its proper place.

Having worse than lost five or six years in the nursery,—having passed the practicable season of moral training, with all our natural faults about us, tempers unregulated, pride and vanity decidedly pampered, and selfishness aggravated, we were sent to school to LEARN TO READ. That there is some improvement in schools, it would be great injustice not to acknowledge; but few adults can say that mere reading was in their first school instruction vouchsafed to them. Even yet no attempt is made to direct aright the natural appetite of the young to know. Reading is a useful instrument of knowledge, but it is gross ignorance to call it knowledge itself. Even at an age earlier than that of our "English school," the faculties ardently craved their natural food—knowledge. The infant purveys in some degree for itself, to the great reproach of its unenlightened instructors. At school, these knowledge-craving faculties have little or nothing done for them; on the contrary, their natural neglect of the school-book, the result of their preference of something else much more instructive as well as delightful, was punished as idleness and frivolity; and we left our first school as we went to it, with scarcely any addition to our knowledge.

We were now eight or nine years of age, and not past the season for yet commencing useful knowledge training. Creation might yet have been made to open upon us to the incalculable enlargement of the fund of our happiness, and these faculties might still have been delightfully exercised, by which knowledge is acquired and stored; but no; the "usages of society" demanded that we should then commence "a classical education;" in other words, the study for from six to ten years of the languages which were spoken by the Greeks and Romans, and which being no longer the vernacular tongues of any living people, are called the dead languages. There is a strong feeling prevailing, that this usage is a monstrous error. In the educational crisis at which we have arrived, it is beginning to be inquired into, and there can be no doubt that the schools of the dead languages are falling off in popularity. This is therefore a subject which I am not warranted to omit in this treatise. There is odium and imputed presumption in even approaching the strongholds of habit and prejudice with an inquiring purpose; and that odium always holds an inverse proportion to the merit of the system or practice to be investigated. Truth and real merit neither dread nor resent free discussion. It is matter, too, of current observation, that the temperature of controversy is always increased when interests are endangered; when, therefore, we consider the splendid endowments, especially in England, for the study of classical literature, which have stood for centuries in venerable grandeur, and continue to dispense the richest prizes, it were in vain to look for dispassionate discussion in those who enjoy or look forward to these objects. Antiquity and wealth, however, are not in themselves valid defences of social evils. The time is come for a grave trial of the claims of the dead languages to engross so many of the years of youth, to the exclusion nearly of all other kinds of education. If their advocates and incumbents be confident of the strength of their cause, they ought to court the inquiry, to save them from being prejudiced by a practical rejection which is daily gaining ground.

(This Chapter to be concluded next week.)

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! why, 'tis the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest him to heav'n;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Decker.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 3rd to Tuesday the 9th December.

ANOTHER PICTURE OF DECEMBER.

(From the 'Mirror of the Months'.)

THE meadows are still green—almost as green as in the spring, with the late sprouted grass that the last rains have called up, since it has left off, and the cattle called home to enjoy their winter fodder. The corn-fields, too, are bright with their delicate sprinkling of young autumn sown wheat; the ground about the hedge-rows and in the young copses is still pleasant to look upon, from the sobered green of the hardy primrose and violet, whose clumps of unfading leaves brave the utmost rigour of the season; and every here and there, a bush of holly darts up a pyramid of shining leaves and brilliant berries, from amidst the late wild and wandering, but now faded and forlorn company of woodbines and eglantines, which have all the rest of the year been exulting over, and almost hiding it, with their quick-growing branches and flaunting flowers. The evergreens, too, that assist in forming the home inclosures, have altogether lost their sombre hue which they have until lately worn—sombre in comparison with the bright freshness of spring and the splendid variety of autumn: and now, that not a leaf is left around them, they look as gay by the contrast as they lately looked grave.

Now, the high-piled turnip cart is seen labouring along the narrow lanes, or stands ready with its white load in the open field, waiting to be borne to the expectant cattle, that are safely stalled and sheltered for the season; while, for the few that are still permitted to remain at the mercy of the inclement skies, and to make their unwholesome bed upon the drenched earth, the moveable hay-rack is daily filled with its fragrant store, and the open shed but poorly supplies the place of the warm and well-roofed stalls of the straw-yard.

Now, too, some of the younger members of the herd (for the old ones know by experience that it is not worth the trouble), seeing the tempting green of the next field through the leafless hedge-rows, break their way through, and find the fare as bitter and as scanty as that which they have left.

Now the hazels throw out their husky blossoms from their bare branches, looking, as they hang straight down, like a dark rain arrested in its descent; and the furze flings out its bright yellow flowers upon the otherwise bare common, like little gleams of sunshine, and the moles ply their mischievous night-work in the dry meadows; and the green plover "whistles o'er the lea," and the snipes haunt the marshy grounds; and the wagtails twinkle about near the spring heads; and the larks get together in companies, and talk to each other, instead of singing to themselves; and the thrush occasionally puts forth a plaintive note, as if half afraid of the sound of its own voice; and the hedge-sparrow and tit-mouse try to sing; and the robin does sing still, even more delightfully than he has done all the rest of the year, because it now seems as if he sang for us rather than for himself—or rather, to us, for it is still for his supper that he sings, and therefore for himself.

There is no place so desolate as the orchard this month: for none of the fruit trees have any beauty as trees, at the best; and now, they have not a leaf left to cover their unsightly nakedness.*

Not so with the kitchen-garden; that, if it has been duly attended to, is full of interest this month, especially by comparison with the scenes of decay and barrenness by which it is surrounded. The fruit trees on the walls are all nailed out with the most scrupulous regularity; and by them, as much as by anything else, you may now judge of the skill and assiduity of your gardener. Indeed, this is the month of all others in which his merits are put to the test, and in which they often seem to vie with those of nature herself. Anybody may have a handsome garden from May to September; but only those who deserve one can have it from September to May. Now, then, the walls are all covered with their wide-spread fruit-fans; the celery beds stretch out their unbroken lines of fresh-looking green: the late planted lettuces look trim and erect upon the sheltered borders where they are to stand the winter and be ready, not to open, but to shut up their young hearts at the first warm breath of spring; the green strings of autumn-sown peas scarcely lift their tender downward turning stems above the dark soil; the hardy endives spread out their now full grown heads of fantastically curled leaves, or stand tied up from the sun and air, doing the penance necessary to acquire for them that agreeable state of unhealthiness without which (like modern fine ladies who contrive to blanch themselves in a similar manner, and by similar means) our squeamish appetites could not relish them; the cauliflower, brocoli, and kale plants,

maintain their unbroken ranks; and, finally, even the cabbages themselves (Mr Brummel being self-banished to Boulogne, and therefore not within hearing, I may venture to say it) even the young cabbages themselves contrive to look genteel, in virtue of their as yet heartless state, which is, in fact, the secret of all gentility, whether in a cabbage or a countess.*

As to the flower-garden this month, it looks a picture either of pleasantness or poverty; according to the degree of care and skill which has been bestowed upon it: for though nature wills that we should enjoy her beauties during a certain period of the year, whether we use any efforts towards the obtaining of them or not, yet she lays it down as a general principle, in regard to her gifts, that to seek them, is at once to deserve, to have, and to enjoy them;† and that, without such seeking we shall only have just enough to make us sigh after more.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XIVIL.—THE FIRST FEMALE ACCOUCHEUR.

AGNODICE, an Athenian female, appears to have been endowed with a considerable portion of keen sensibility towards the afflictions and calamities of others: with this amiable disposition she united qualities which persons of that laudable description do not always possess,—good sense to direct, and consummate resolution for carrying into execution the singular efforts she made to alleviate the sufferings of her fellow-creatures; and which in the path chosen by her benevolence could not be exercised without difficulty and danger.

This excellent woman saw with concern numbers of her own sex dying or undergoing extreme and frequently unnecessary risk and protracted pain in child-birth, because they dreaded calling in professional assistance, or resorted to it when too late; for, at the period to which I refer, there was a positive law in Athens, that men only should study and practice this or any other branch of the medical art.

Agnodice could not rest contented till she found a remedy for this evil, which struck at the root of population, laid a cruel tax on the first great law of nature, and overwhelmed with torture, agony, and death, the fairest, the most modest, and often the worthiest of women; whilst certain help was loudly called for and really administered to vicious audacity and callous unconcern.

Inspired by the importance of her object and animated by the humanity of her purpose, she alleged a call from a sick friend at a considerable distance to account for her absence, and, procuring the dress of a man, attended as a pupil at the schools where the knowledge she wished for was dispensed.

As improvement is generally rapid when the desire for it is ardent, Agnodice soon acquired the necessary qualifications, and, in the assumed character and dress of a man, afforded substantial relief to many women who had been deterred by modesty, by fear, and other motives, from applying to male professors; the secret of her being a woman having been previously imparted to those, whose situation rendered her assistance necessary.

But the gratitude of her patients or the selfishness of her opponents, who found they were losing business, led to a discovery of this meritorious imposture.

They circulated reports injurious to the character of the young practitioner, and, ignorant of the truth, insisted that he was frequently called in when, in fact, no medical aid was necessary, and that dangerous and illicit intercourse was carried on under the convenient plea of asking advice.

Agnodice was tried before the Areopagus, a court so called from their assembling on a hill of that name near Athens; and by a party of envious husbands and jealous rivals this excellent and intrepid woman was condemned to die; an unjust and inhuman sentence, which would have been carried into execution, if the prisoner had not convinced her judges in a way I will not describe, that it was impossible she could have been guilty of the crime alleged against her.

Disappointed in their purpose, her adversaries next endeavoured to destroy her, for having violated an express law, mentioned at the beginning of this article, which prohibited her sex from studying any branch of the medical profession. On this charge, the law being positive, her judges paused, when the court was immediately filled with a crowd of women, many of whom had received comfort, and many of them life, from her well-timed aid.

They boldly and loudly appealed to the feelings, the reason, and the interests of the person they addressed. After a short debate Agnodice was honourably acquitted, and the obnoxious law revoked. Such was the salutary triumph of merit and good sense over selfishness and absurd prejudice.

— Since the period at which the transaction I have

* All false gentility,—our author means. Real gentility is either benevolence in its own natural grace, or as good an imitation of it as fashion can muster up.—Ed.

† This is an excellent remark, well thought and well said, and deserves to be got by heart by our readers.—Ed.

related took place, the opinions of the world on this subject appear to have taken an opposite direction; the art which Agnodice took so generous and effectual a method of acquiring, is now almost universally practised by men.

Yet it has been doubted whether, in nine cases out of ten,—so kind a guardian have we in the superintending providence of God,—whether in nine cases out of ten, nature, with trifling aid, does not conduct the business with safety; but the fear, perhaps a natural one in the breast of each woman, that she may be that unfortunate tenth, has secured, and still secures to the modern *accoucheur* a large and profitable proportion of patients.

MADAME DE BEAUFREMONT AND CARTOUCHE THE ROBBER.

DURING the night I speak of, Madame de Beaufremont first heard a smothered noise in her chimney, and she soon after perceived a cloud of soot, swallows' nests, and plaister, which rolled down, helter skelter, with a man armed to the crown of his head. As he made the fire-wood roll into the room, with all the lighted faggots, the first thing he did was to take the tongs, and methodically replace all the sparks into the chimney: he kicked away some lighted coals, without crushing them on the carpet; and then he turned towards the Marquise, to whom he said, Madame, may I ask to whom I have the honour of speaking? Sir, I am Madame de Beaufremont; but, as you are a perfect stranger to me, as you have not the appearance of a robber, and as you have taken the greatest care not to injure my furniture, I cannot guess why you thus arrive in my room in the middle of the night. Madame, I have no intention to come into your bed-chamber. Will you have the goodness to accompany me to the gate of your hotel? added he, taking a pistol from his belt, and a lighted candle in his hand.—But, Sir— Madame, have the goodness to hasten, continued he, loading his pistol. We will go down together, and you must order the porter to open the gate. Speak lower, Sir, speak lower, or the Marquis de Beaufremont may hear you, replied she, trembling with fear.—Put on your cloak, Madame, and do not remain in your dressing-gown, it is bitterly cold! In short, everything was settled as he dictated, and Madame de Beaufremont was so overcome by it, that she was obliged to sit down in the porter's lodge, as soon as this terrible man had passed. Then she heard a knock at the window of the lodge which looked towards the street:—Porter, said the same voice, I am Cartouche;—do you hear;—and I have this night walked one or two leagues on the roofs of the houses, because I was pursued by spies. Do not suppose that it is an affair of gallantry, or, that I am Madame de Beaufremont's lover. You would have to answer it to me; however, you shall hear from me by the penny post, the day after to-morrow. Madame de Beaufremont went up stairs, and awakened her husband, who maintained to her that it was a night-mare, and that she had had a frightful dream: but she received, two or three days afterwards, a letter of excuses and thanks, perfectly respectful, and very well worded, in which was enclosed a safe conduct for Madame de Beaufremont, with an act to authorise her to deliver one to her family. The letter had been preceded by a little box, which contained a fine unset diamond; and the stone was valued by Monsieur Lempereur at 6,000 francs, which the Marquis de Beaufremont placed for the sick, at the Hotel Dieu, in the hands of the treasurer of Notre Dame.—*Recollections of the Eighteenth Century.*

Family-packing of a great Genius.—There is a document among the records of the prison of Valladolid, from which it appears, that in June 1605, Cervantes was taken up on suspicion of being concerned in a night-brawl, which took place near his house, and in which a knight of Santiago was mortally wounded. The wounded man came to the house in which Cervantes lived, and was helped up stairs by one of the other lodgers, whom he knew, assisted by Cervantes, who had come out at the noise. The magistrate arrested several of the inmates of the house, which contained five different families, living in as many different sets of chambers on the different floors. From the examinations taken, it appears that Cervantes, his wife and daughter, his widowed sister and her daughter, his half-sister, who was a *monja*, or domestic nun, and a female servant, occupied apartments on the first floor; and that Cervantes was in the habit of being visited by several gentlemen, both on commercial business and on account of his literary merit. Cervantes was honourably acquitted; as the wounded man, before he died, acknowledged that he had received the fatal blow from an unknown stranger, who insolently obstructed his passage, upon which they drew their swords.—*Gallery of Portraits.*

* We beg leave to object to the word "unsightly." A tree is a tree always, with hope and memory to invest it, when leaves are wanting.—Ed.

MALAGRIDA.

GABRIEL MALAGRIDA, a native of Milan, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was a Jesuit, and, during the greatest part of his life, a missionary in South America, where he is said to have conducted himself with orthodox zeal, and exemplary propriety; but, in the decline of life, forgetting his Christian profession, and prostituting the sacred nature of his office, he was accused of engaging in a conspiracy with the Duke of Aveiro, and other noblemen, and of pronouncing absolution on certain assassins, previous to the nefarious attempt on the life of the King of Portugal, in 1757. For this union of sacrilege and homicide, for this worst species of treason, murder, and fanaticism, he had almost escaped punishment; so powerful at that period, and at Lisbon, was the influence of the Church. During a long confinement, and in the imbecility of dotage, vanity or madness, Malagrída awakened the resentments of the Inquisition by heresy, which, in a moment, drew down on his devoted head the thunders of the Inquisition. He published a book, which he called 'The Heroic and Wonderful Life of the Glorious St Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, dictated by the same Sovereign Lady, and written with the assistance, approbation, and concurrence, of her most Holy Son.' In this curious publication, he boldly and unequivocally laid claims to divine inspiration, and celestial intercourse; he also was author of another heterodox Latin treatise on the Life and Reign of Antichrist. The poor man, being questioned on the subject of these publications, far from denying what had been alleged against him, pertinaciously adhered to the assertions in his book; and, after recapitulating a great deal of nonsensical or profane jargon concerning the subject of his History, previous to her birth, which it would be neither interesting nor decent to relate, he solemnly declared that the Almighty had repeatedly spoken to him with an audible and distinct voice. A reader of common curiosity, who should inquire for what important service the Creator of the Universe had departed from his customary mode of proceeding, would hear, with a smile or a sigh, that it was to inform a pupil of St Ignatius, that the name of St Anne's husband was Joachim, by trade a mason; that she founded a spiritual retreat in Jerusalem for sixty-three women of a retired life; that the building in which they lived was erected by angels; that from this female society Nicodemus, St Matthew, and Joseph of Arimathea, had chosen each of them a wife, &c. It was in vain that Malagrída was told of the absurdity and impiety of what he said; of the improbability of God's immediately interfering, for purposes so trifling, so inadequate to his attributes and power: the Jesuit remained firm and unmoved, boldly appealing to miracles he had wrought, in confirmation of the truth of his assertions, and positively declaring that he had delivered many persons from sickness and danger, and procured heirs for others. He further informed the tribunal before whom he was examined, that having been applied to, on a certain time, for his intercession, in order to secure the succession of a noble family, they had promised six hundred milreis for our Lady of the Missions; and that, when, by virtue of his prayers and supplications, the desired heir had been obtained, and the parents would pay only two hundred, in consequence of their non-performance of the agreement, the child in question was seized with sudden sickness, and in danger of dying, on account of the dilatoriness of its relations in paying the remainder. The same persons again applying to him on the subject, and paying the four hundred milreis, which had been promised, his prayers were repeated, and the infant restored to perfect health.

Considerable pains were taken with the criminal to prevail on him to recant, and purify himself of such unmeaning and abominable heresies; the holy office being very unwilling to proceed to extremities with an active and successful missionary, who had on many occasions proved himself a faithful and humble Son of the Church; but all reasoning, and all entreaty, proving ineffectual, he was sentenced to be burned; but, as a mark of consideration for the order of which he was a member, and of mercy to the individual himself, it was directed that he should previously be strangled, the following label being affixed to the offender as he was conducted to the place of execution, where he was strangled and consumed to ashes:—

"Abandoned in the Flesh.

"Gabriel Malagrída, from Milan, for feigned relations and false prophecies; for indecent proceedings and heretical opinions, and for asserting that the three persons of the Trinity were father, son, and grandson. For various impostures, duplicity, prevarication, impenitence, and hardness of heart."

Such was Malagrída, who, if suffering death in support of what he avowed be any proof of its truth, afforded this test in its amplest and most unequivocal manner; he died indeed a martyr, but it was the martyrdom of a weak man, who, instead of being put to death, should have been suffered to neutralise the effect of his books, by having them received with a smile of pity and toleration.

THE ABSENT MEMBER.

[This is taken from the new number of the 'Amulet,' just published, and is from the pen of Miss Mitford, the author of the delightful village histories. The picture seems a little caricatured here and there; but absence of mind is in itself a caricature; and whatever exuberance there is at any time in Miss Mitford's style is but truth in a state of luxuriance.]

Everybody remembers the excellent character of an absent man, by La Bruyère, since, so coldly dramatized by Isaac Bickerstaff,—everybody remembers the character, and everybody would have thought the whole account a most amusing and pleasant invention, had not the incredible facts been verified by the sayings and doings of a certain Parisian count, whose name has escaped me,* a well known individual of that day, whose *distractions* (I use the word in the French sense, and not in the English) set all exaggeration at defiance, who was, in a word, more *distract* than *Le Distract* of La Bruyère.

He, "that nameless he," still remains unrivalled: as an odd Frenchman, when such a thing turns up, which is seldom, will generally be found to excel at all points your English oddity, which is comparatively common. No single specimen so complete in its kind has appeared in our country; but the genus is by no means extinct; and every now and then, especially amongst learned men, great mathematicians, and eminent Grecians, one has the luck to light on an original whose powers of perception and memory are subject to lapses the most extraordinary; fits of abstraction, during which everything that passes falls into some pit of forgetfulness, like the oubliette of an old castle, and is never seen or heard of again.

My excellent friend, Mr Coningsby, is just such a man. The waters of oblivion of the Eastern Fairy Tale, or the more classical Lethæ, are but types to shadow forth the extent and variety of his anti-recollective faculty. Let the fit be strong upon him, and he shall not recognize his own mansion, or remember his own name. Suppose him in London, and a fire in the opposite house would, at such a time, hardly disturb him. You might, at certain moments, commit murder in his presence with perfect impunity; he would not know the killer from the killed.

Of course this does not happen every day; or rather, opportunities of so striking a character do not often fall in his way, or doubtless he would not fail to make the most of them. Of the smaller occasions, which can occur more frequently, he is pretty sure to take the advantage; and, from the time of his putting on two different coloured stockings when getting up in the morning, to that of his assuming his wife's laced nightcap when going to bed, his every day's history is one perpetual series of blunders and mistakes.

He will salt his tea, for instance, at breakfast time, and put sugar on his muffin, and swallow both messes without the slightest perception of his having at all deviated from his common mode of applying those relishing condiments. With respect to the quality of his food, indeed, he is as indifferent as Domine Sampson; and he has been known to fill his glass with vinegar instead of sherry, and to pour a ladle of turtle soup over his turbot instead of lobster sauce, and doubtless would have taken both the eatables and drinkables very quietly, had not his old butler, on the watch against such occurrences, whisked both glass and plate away with the celerity of Sancho's physician, Don—Bless me! I have forgotten that name also! I said that this subject was contagious. Don—he who officiated in the island of Barataria—Don—no, Doctor Pedro Resio de Aquero, that is the title in which the gentleman rejoices.—Well, the vinegar would have been drunken, and the turbot and turtle sauce eaten, had not the vigilant butler played the part of Don Pedro Resio, and whipped off the whole concern, whilst the good man, his master, sat in dubious meditation, wondering what had become of his dinner, and not quite certain that he might not have eaten it, until a plateful of more salubrious and less incongruous viands—ham and chicken for instance, or roast beef and French beans, was placed before him. But for that inestimable butler, a coroner's inquest would have been held upon him long ago.

After breakfast he would dress, thrice happy if the care of his valet prevented him from shaving with a

* In writing of the forgetfulness of others, a touch of that quality may be permitted in oneself. It is in keeping, and belonging to the subject: and in good truth, if one may say of this sort of *distract*, as of that worst species of hallucination, called love, "they best can paint them who can feel them most," then I am a fit recorder of all the errors, blunders, and mistakes that proceed from want of memory, I being as much addicted to forget names, and dates, and places—to write one word for another—to confound authorities, and misquote verse, as Mr Coningsby himself. I cannot even remember the style and title of my own geraniums, and only yesterday gave away a *Magnolia* seedling (as precious to a *geranium-breeder* as an *Eclipse* colt to a gentleman on the turf) mistaking it for a Lord Chamberlain. "The force of *absence* could no further go."

pruning-knife, or putting on his waistcoat wrong side out. Being dressed, he would prepare for his morning ride, mousing, if his groom did not happen to be in waiting, the very first four-footed animal that came in his way,—sometimes the butcher's horse, with a tray nicely balanced before—sometimes the post-boy's donkey, with the letter-bags swinging behind him—sometimes his daughter's pony, side-saddle notwithstanding; and, when mounted, forth he sallies, rather in the direction which his steed may happen to prefer than in that which he himself had intended to follow.

Bold would be the pen that should attempt even a brief summary of the mistakes committed in one single morning's ride. If he proceed, as he frequently does, to our good town of Belford, he goes for wrong things to the wrong shops, miscalls the people whom he accosts (seldom, indeed, shall he hit on the proper name, title, or vocation of any one whom he chances to address), asks an old bachelor after his wife, and an old maid after her children; and, finally, sums up a morning of blunders by going to the inn where he had not left his horse, and quietly stepping into some gig or phaeton prepared for some other person. In a new neighbourhood, this appropriation of other people's property might bring our hero into an awkward dilemma; but the man and his ways are well known in our parts, and when the unlucky owner of the abstracted equipage arrives in a fury, and demands of the astounded ostler what has become of his carriage, one simple exclamation, Mr Coningsby, sir! is at once felt by the aggrieved proprietor to be explanation enough.

Should morning calls be the order of the day, he contrives to make a pretty comfortable confusion in that simple civility. First of all, he can hardly gallop along the king's highway without getting into a *démêlé* with the turnpike keepers, sometimes riding quietly through a gate without paying the slightest attention to their demand for toll; at others tossing them, without dreaming of stopping to receive the change, a shilling or a sovereign, as the case may be; for, although great on the currency question (have I not said that the gentleman is a county member?) he is practically most happily ignorant of the current coin of the realm, and could hardly know gold from silver, if asked to distinguish between them. This event is a perfect godsend to the gatekeeper, who, confiding in the absolute deafness produced by his abstraction, calls after him with a complete assurance that he may be honest with impunity; and that bawl as he may, there is no more chance of his arresting his passenger than the turnpike-man of Ware had of stopping Johnny Gilpin. Accordingly, after undergoing the ceremony of offering change, he pockets the whole coin with a safe conscience. Beggars (and he is very charitable) find their account also in this ignorance; he flings about half-crowns for penny pieces, and half sovereigns for sixpences, relieving the same set a dozen times over, and gets quit of a pocketful of money (for though he have a purse, he seldom remembers to make use of it—luckily seldom—for if he do fill that gentlemanly net-work, he is sure to lose it, cash, bank-notes, and all) in the course of a morning's ride.

Arrived at the place of destination, the house at which he is to call, a new scene of confusion is pretty sure to arise. In the first place, it rarely happens that he does arrive at the veritable mansion to which his visit is intended. He is far more likely to arrive at the wrong place, inquire of the bewildered footman for some name, not his master's, and be finally ushered into a room full of strangers, persons whom he neither visits nor knows, who stare and wonder what brought him, whilst he, not very sure whether he ought to remember them, whether they be his acquaintances or not, stammers out an apology, and marches off again. (N.B. He once did this, whilst canvassing for the county, to a rival candidate, and finding only the lady of the house, intreated her, in the most insinuating manner, to exert her influence with her husband for his vote and interest. This passed for a deep stroke of finesse amongst those who did not know him—they who did, laughed, and exclaimed, Mr Coningsby!) Or he shall commit the reverse mistake, and, riding to the right house, ask for the wrong people, or, finding the family out, he shall have forgotten his own name—I mean his name tickets,—and shall leave one from his wife's or daughter's card-case, taken up by that sort of accident, which is to him second nature; or he shall unite all these blunders, and leave at a house where he himself does not visit, a card left at his own mansion by a third person, who is also acquainted with the family to which so unconsciously that outward sign and token of acquaintanceship had travelled.

Imagine the mistakes and confusion occasioned by such doings in a changeable neighbourhood, much broken into parties by politics and election contests. Sometimes it did good, as between two old country squires, who, having been friends all their lives, had

* Erratum: For *is* read *was*. "Was a county member" will do just as well, and save the talented Editor, the eminent publisher, and respectable printer of this loyal volume from any danger of being called, innocent as they are, to the bar of the House, and committed to his Majesty's goal of Newgate for breach of privilege; to say nothing of my own share of the peril. *Was* must be the word.

quarrelled about the speed of a greyhound, and the decision of a course, and had mutually vowed never to pass each other's door. The sight of his antagonist's card (left in one of Mr Coningsby's absent fits), so mollified the most testy elder of the two, that he forthwith returned the visit, and the opposite party being luckily not at home, a card was left there also; and either individual thinking the concession first made by himself, was emulous in stepping forward with the most cordial hand-shaking when they met casually at dinner at a third place.

But Mr Coningsby's visiting blunders were not always so fortunate; where they healed one breach, they made twenty; and once had very nearly occasioned a duel between two youngsters, lords of neighbouring manors, between whose game-keepers there was an outstanding feud. The card left was taken as a cartel—a note of defiance; and, but for the interference of constables, and mayors, and magistrates, and aunts, and sisters, and mammas, and peace-preservers of all ages and sexes, some very hot blood would inevitably have been spilt. As it was, the affair terminated in a grand effusion of ink, the correspondence between the seconds, a delicious specimen of polite and punctilious quarrelling, having been published for the edification of the world, and filling three columns of the county newspapers. It came to no conclusion; for, although the one party conceded that a card had been left, and the other that the person to whom the name belonged did not leave it, yet how the thing did arrive on that hall table remained a mystery. The servant who opened the door happened to be a stranger, and somehow or other nobody ever thought of Mr Coningsby;—nay, he himself, although taking a great interest in the dispute, and wondering over the puzzle like the rest of the neighbourhood, never once recollected his own goings on that eventful morning, nor dreamt that it could be through his infirmity that Sir James Mordaunt's card was left at Mr Chandler's; to so incredible a point was his forgetfulness carried.

If, in so simple a matter as morning visiting, he contrived to produce so much confusion, think how his genius must have expended when so dangerous a weapon as a pen got into their hands! I question if he ever wrote a letter in his life without some blunder in the date, the address, the signature, or the subject. He would indite an epistle to one person, direct it to another, and send it to a third, who could not conceive from whom it came, because he had forgotten to put his name at the bottom. But of the numerous perplexities to which he was in the habit of giving rise, franks were by very far the most frequent cause. Ticklish things are they, even to the punctual and the careful; and to Mr Coningsby the giving one quite perfectly right seemed an impossibility. There was the date to consider, the month, the day of the month, the year—I have known him to write the wrong century;—then came the name, the place, the street, the number, if in London—if in the country, the town and county;—then, lastly, his own name, which, though so simple an operation as it seems, he would contrive generally to omit, and sometimes to boggle with, now writing only his patronymic, as if he were a peer, now only his Christian name, as if a prince, and now an involution of initials that defied even the accurate eye of the clerks of the Post-Office. Very, very few can have been the franks of his that escaped paying.

Of course his friends and acquaintance were forewarned, and escaped the scrape (for it is one) of making their correspondents pay triple postage. Bountiful as he was in his offers of service in this way, (and keeping no account of the numbers, he would just as readily give fifty as one), none incurred the penalty, save strangers and the unwary. I, for my own part, never received but one letter directed by him in my life, and in the address of that, the name, my name, the name of the person to whom the letter was written, was wanting. "Three Mile Cross" held the usual place occupied by "Miss Miford."

"Three Mile Cross—
Reading,
Berks,"

ran the direction. But as I happened to receive about twenty times as many letters, and especially franked letters as all the good people of "The Cross" put together, the packet was sent first to me by way of experiment, and, as I recognised the seal of a dear friend and old correspondent, I felt no scruple in appropriating for once, like a Scottish laird, the style and title of the place where I reside. And I and the postmaster were right; the epistle was, as it happened, intended for me.

Notes would, in his hands, have been still more dangerous than letters; but from this peril he was generally saved by the caution of the two friends most anxious for his credit, his wife and the old butler, who commonly contrived, the one to write the answers to all invitations and general billets that arrived at the house, the other to watch that none from him should pass without due scrutiny. Once, however, he escaped their surveillance; and the conse-

quence was an adventure which, though very trifling, proved, in the first instance, so uncomfortable, as to cause both his keepers to exert double vigilance for the future. Thus the story ran.

A respectable but not wealthy clergyman had been appointed to a living about ten miles off, had married, and brought home his bride, and Mr Coningsby, who as county member, called upon everybody within a still wider circuit, paid a visit in due form, accompanied by, or rather accompanying his lady, which call having been duly returned (neither party being at home), was followed by an invitation for Mr and Mrs Ellis to dine at Coningsby House. The invitation was accepted; but when the day arrived, the dangerous illness of a near relation prevented the young couple from keeping their engagement; and some time after, the fair bride began to think it necessary to return the civilities of her neighbours, by giving her first dinner party. Notes of invitation were despatched accordingly, to four families of consequence, amongst them Mr Coningsby's; but it was the busy Christmas time, when, between family parties, and London visitors, and children's balls, everybody's evenings were bespoken for weeks beforehand; and, from three of her friends accordingly, she received answers declining her invitation, and pleading pre-engagements. From Mr Coningsby only, no note arrived. But accidentally Mr Ellis heard that they were to go at Christmas on a distant visit, and, taking for granted that the invitation had not reached the worthy member or his amiable lady, Mrs Ellis, instead of attempting to collect other friends, made up her mind to postpone her party to a more convenient season.

The day on which the dinner was to have been given proved so unfavourable, that our young couple saw good cause to congratulate themselves on their resolution. The little hamlet of East Longford, amongst the prettiest of our North-of-Hampshire villages, so beautiful in the summer, from the irregularities of the ground, the deep woody lanes hollowed like water-courses, the wild commons which must be passed to reach it, and the profound seclusion of the one straggling street of cottages and cottage-like houses, with the vicarage, placed like a bird's-nest on the side of a steep hill, clothed to the very top with beech woods; this pretty hamlet, so charming in its summer verdure, its deep retirement, and its touch of wildness in the midst of civilization, was, from those very circumstances no tempting spot in mid-winter; vast tracts across the commons were then nearly impassable; the lanes were sloughs; and the village itself, rendered insulated and inaccessible by the badness of the roads, conveyed no other feeling than that of weariness and loneliness. Mr and Mrs Ellis, who, although not insensible of the inconveniences of their abode, had made up their minds to bear the evil and enjoy the good of their situation, could not help congratulating themselves, as they sat in their snug dining-parlour, after a five o'clock dinner, on the postponement of their party. The snow is above a foot deep, and the bridge broken, so that neither servants nor horses could have got to the Eight Bells; and where could we have housed them? said the gentleman. And the drawing-room smokes so, in this heavy atmosphere, that we cannot light a fire there, responded the lady; never to be sure was anything so fortunate!

And just as the word was spoken, a carriage and four drove up to the door, and exactly at half-past six (the hour named in the invitation), Mr and Mrs Coningsby were ushered into the room.

Imagine the feelings of four persons, who had never met before, in such a situation, especially of the two ladies. Mrs Ellis, dinner over, with the consciousness of the half-bottle of port and the quarter of sherry, the apples, the nuts, the single pair of mould candles, her drawing-room fire that could not be lighted, her dinner to be provided as well as cooked, and her own dark merino and black silk apron! Poor Mrs Coningsby, on the other hand, seeing at a glance how the case stood, feeling for the trouble they were giving, and sinking under a consciousness far worse to bear than Mrs Ellis's—the consciousness of being overdressed. How heartily did she wish herself at home again! or, if that were too much to desire, what would she have given to have replaced her claret-coloured silk gown, her hat with its white plumes, her pearls and her rubies back again in their wardrobes and cases!

It was a trial of no ordinary nature to the good sense, good breeding, and good humour of both parties, and each stood it well. There happened to be a cold round of beef in the house, some undressed game, and plenty of milk and eggs; the next farmer had killed a pig; and with pork chops, cold beef, a pheasant, and apple fritters, all very nicely prepared, more fastidious persons than Mr and Mrs Coningsby might have made a good dinner. The host brought out his best claret, the pretty hostess regained her smiles, and forgot her black apron and her dark merino; and, what was a far more difficult achievement, the fair visitor forgot her plumes and her satin. The evening, which began so inauspiciously, ended pleasantly and sociably; and, when the note (taken, as was guessed, by our hero from the letter-

boy, with the intention of sending it by a groom) was found quietly encoined in his waistcoat pocket, Mrs Coningsby could hardly regret the termination of her present adventure, although fully resolved never again to incur a similar danger.

Of his mishaps when attending his duty in Parliament, and left in some measure to his own guidance (for, having no house in town, his family only go for about three months in the season) there is no end. Some are serious, and some are very much the reverse. Take a specimen of his London scrapes.

Our excellent friend wears a wig made to imitate a natural head of hair, which it is to be presumed that at the very best of times, it does not very closely resemble, and which, after a week of Mr Coningsby's wearing, put on with the characteristic negligence of his habits, sometimes on one end, sometimes on the other, always awry, and sometimes hind side before, assumes such a demeanour as never was equalled by Christian peruke at any time or in any country.

One day last winter, being in London without a servant, he, by some extraordinary chance, happened to look in the glass when he was dressing, and became aware of the evil state of his caxon,—a piece of information for which he had generally been indebted to one of his two guardians, Mrs Coningsby or the old butler,—and, recollecting that he was engaged to a great dinner party the ensuing evening, stepped into the first hair-dresser's shop that he passed to bespeak himself a wig; where, being a man of exceedingly pleasant and jocular manners (your oddities, with the exception of the peculiar oddity, are commonly agreeable persons), he passed himself off for a bachelor to the artificer, and declared that his reason for desiring a wig of peculiar beauty and becomingness was, that he was engaged to great party the next day, at which he expected to meet the lady of his heart, and that his fate and fortune depended on the set of his curls. This he impressed very strongly on the mind of the perruquier; who, an enthusiast in his art, as a great artist should be, saw nothing extraordinary in the fact of a man's happiness hanging on the cut of his wig, and gravely promised that no exertion should be wanting on his part to contribute to the felicity of his customer, and that the article in question, as perfect as hands could make it, should be at his lodgings the next evening at seven.

Punctual to the hour arrived the maker of perukes; and, finding Mr Coningsby not yet returned to dress, went to attend another appointment, promising to come back in half an hour. In half an hour, accordingly, the man of curls re-appeared, just in time to see a cabriolet driving rapidly from the door, at which a maid servant stood tittering.

Where is Mr Coningsby? inquired the perruquier. Just gone out to dinner, replied the girl; and a queer figure he is, sure enough. He looks for all the world like an owl in an ivy-bush.

To be sure he has not got his new wig on!—my wig! returned the alarmed artist; he can never be such a fool as that!

He's fool enough for anything in the way of forgetting or not attending, responded our friend Sally; and he has got a mop of hair on his head, whoever made it, that would have served for half-a-dozen wigs.

The article was sent home untrimmed, just as it was woven, replied the unfortunate fabricator, in increasing consternation; and a capital article it is. I came by his own direction to cut and curl it, according to the shape of his face; the gentleman being particular about the set of it, because he's going a-courting.

Going a-courting! exclaimed Sally, amazed in her turn; the Lord ha' mercy upon the poor wretch! If he has not clean forgot that he's married, and is going to commit—I don't know what you call it—to have two wives at once! and then he'll be hanged. Going a-courting! What'll Madam say! Going a-courting! He'll come to be hanged, sure enough.

Married already! quoth the perruquier, with a knowing whistle, and a countenance that spoke Benedick the married man in every feature. When! One wife at a time's enough for most people. But he'll not be hanged. The fact of his wearing my wig with the hair six inches long will save him. He must be non compos. And you that stand tittering there can be little better, to let him go out in such a plight. Why didn't you stop him?

Stop him! ejaculated the dame; stop Mr Coningsby! I should like to know how!

Why by telling him what he was about, to be sure; and getting him to look in the glass. Nobody wish eyes in his head could have gone out such a figure.

Talk to him! quoth Sally; but how was I to get him to listen? And, as to looking in a glass, I question if ever he did such a thing in his life. You don't know our Mr Coningsby, that's clear enough.

I only wish he had never come in my way, that I never had had the ill luck to have known him, rejoined the discomfited artist, if he should happen to mention my name as his wig-maker, whilst he has that peruke on his head, I am ruined—my reputation is gone for ever!

No fear of that, replied Sally, in a comforting

tone, struck with compassion at the genuine alarm of the unlucky man of wig. There's not the slightest danger of his mentioning your name, because you may be certain sure that he does not remember it. Lord love you, he very often forgets his own! Don't you be frightened about that! repeated the damsel, soothingly, as she shut the door, whilst the discomfited perrier returned to his shop, and Mr Coningsby, never guessing how intirely in outward semblance he resembled the wild man of the woods, proceeded to his dinner-party, where his coiffure was, as the hairdresser had predicted, the theme of universal astonishment and admiration.

This, however, was one of the least of his scrapes. He has gone to Court without a sword; he has worn coloured clothes to a funeral, and black to a wedding. There is scarcely any conventional law of society which, in some way or other, he hath not contrived to break; and, in two or three slight instances, he has approached more nearly than becoms a magistrate and a senator to a *démêlé* with the laws of the land. He hath quietly knocked down a great fellow, for instance, whom he caught beating a little one, and hath once or twice been so blind or so absent, as to suffer a petty culprit to run away, when brought up for examination in virtue of his own warrant. But it is remarkable that he never, in his most oblivious moods, is betrayed into an unkind word or an ungenerous action. There is a moral instinct about him which preserves him, in the midst of his oddities, pure and unsullied in thought and deed. With all his "distractions," he never lost a friend or made an enemy. His opponents at an election are pized when they get up a handbill against him; and for that great test of amiableness, the love of his family, his household, his relations, servants, and neighbours, I would match my worthy friend, George Coningsby, against any man in the county.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

(Passages from the latest and best Life of him, by Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. No. XI. of the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library'.)

RALEIGH'S ACCOUNT OF THE SCENERY OF CANARI, IN SOUTH AMERICA.

WHEN we ascended, says he, to the tops of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that wonderful breach of waters which was precipitated down Caroli, and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts above twenty miles off; there appeared ten or twelve falls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower, the water descending with that fury that the rebound made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain, and in some places we took it for a smoke that had risen over some great town. For mine own part, I was well persuaded from thence to have returned, being a very ill footman; but the rest were all so desirous to go near the said strange thunder of waters, as they drew me on by little and little into the next valley. . . . I never, he continues, saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects; hills so raised here and there over the vallies; the river winding into divers branches; the plains adjoining without bush or stubble; all fair green grass; the ground of hard sand, weary to march on either for horse or foot; the deer crossing in every path; the birds towards evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons, of white, crimson, and carnation, perching on the river's side; the air fresh, with a gentle easterly wind; and every stone that we stopped to take up promising either gold or silver by its complexion.

As Raleigh lay at St Michael's, waiting the arrival of the commander-in-chief, who was again running after some fruitless enterprise, a carrack, of eighteen hundred tons, loaded with treasure, bore in with all sail amongst his ships, mistaking them for Spaniards, at which sight he gave orders to haul down every flag, and that no one should, at the highest peril, either fire a gun or put off a boat. All lay quietly at anchor, eyeing their golden victim, which, without suspicion, was proudly advancing, and, in a few minutes retreat would have been impossible, when a loggerhead Hollander, either neglecting or mistaking the signals, discharged a shot at the stranger, who, perceiving her error, changed her course as nimbly as a frightened dove; but at the same moment the wind chopped about, and she ran aground under the town and fort. Here the rear-admiral followed in his barges, with the design of boarding; upon which, finding the danger inevitable, the Spaniards, after having set fire to her in many places at once, betook themselves to the boats that came to their assistance from the shore. Still, says Gorges, in his animated description of this incident, Raleigh and his men pursued to board and prevent loss, though not without great danger to his row-barge where he was, the surge being very outrageous. But before he

could get up to her, she was all over thunder and lightning, her ordnance discharging from every port, and her whole hulk, masts, cordage, and furniture, overrun with such a thorough, yet distinct and unconfused blaze, as represented the figure of a ship more perfectly in fire than could be done by any painter with all his art and colours; and when she was consumed, even to the surface of the water, she exhaled at her last breath such clouds from her spicy entrails, as for a great way, and for many hours perfumed the air and coast around.

Lasting Traces of a Great Man.—It is a remarkable point about this eminent man, that wherever he had settled, or his influence extended even for a short period, he left some traces of his usefulness and activity. At Youghall, in the county of Cork, of which county he was mayor, and where his house and gardens are still seen, the finest potatoes ever planted in Ireland were introduced by Raleigh, who had brought them from Virginia; and he is also said to have been the first propagator of the cherry in that island, which was imported by him from the Canaries. At Lismore, which formed part of the extensive grant made to him by Elizabeth, we find a still more interesting memorial in a Free School which he founded; and the large and beautiful myrtles in his garden at Youghall, some of them twenty feet high, are associated with that love of shrubs and sweet-smelling plants, and that elegance of taste in his rural occupations, which remarkably distinguished him.

Portrait of Raleigh.—Although his person was noble and manly, his voice was weak and somewhat shrill; his long residence at Court could not conquer his strong Devonshire accent, which, with all the power of a youthful habit, clung to him to the last. His conversation and social qualities were eminently attractive; and whether he sat smoking his long silver pipe among his literary friends at the Mermaid, or talked with his royal mistress when she admitted him to the privy-chamber, or assisted with his advice and experience at the council-table, he swayed and delighted the intellects which came into contact with his superior mind. We know, from one who was no partial judge, that the queen loved his company, and esteemed his judgment as highly as his wit. In his youth, he was violent and hasty, and did not scruple to beat at a tavern Charles Charter, a loquacious and insolent fellow, who had annoyed him by his remarks; after which he laid him on his back and sealed up his upper and nether beard with hard wax. These were youthful follies. As he grew up he became an indefatigable student, and, in the judgment of Secretary Cecil, himself one of the most laborious men of his age, "would toil terribly when he was busy." Not content with his reading on shore, he carried with him a trunk of books on his voyages, and strictly economized his time. His love of science and experiment was so ardent, that his chemical pursuits and study of natural history were enthusiastically pursued at sea. Whatever corner of the world he sought, his curiosity was active, and his observations unremitting. In his last fatal voyage, when broken by disease and disappointment, his Manuscript Journal, which is preserved in the British Museum, shows the same unwearied love of science. He goes ashore with his Indian guide, "to discover the trees which yield balsamum, of which he had found a nut smelling like angelica and exceeding precious;" and on one of its blank leaves he has sketched the representation of some of the fruits of the country. Shortly before his death, in one of his conversations with Sir Thomas Wilson in the Tower, he alludes to a machine which he had invented for turning sea-water into fresh; and even in those melancholy hours he took pleasure in explaining to him a theory he had formed to account for the saltiness of the ocean. His knowledge of chemistry and medicine seems to have led him into that unhappy practice of almost daily drugging himself, which is so common a weakness amongst literary and sedentary men. In his letters to his wife from the Tower, he asks her, in the same sentence, to send him his manuscripts, and his powder of steel and duxem, with some more bitony. He was fond of music, and it seems to have been an hereditary taste in his family, Sir Carew Raleigh performed delicately on the olpharion, an instrument, probably, similar to the lute, and his grandnephews, Walter and Tom, had delicate tunable voices, playing well on the violin. In the productions of the sister-art of painting he took much delight, carrying his favourite pictures with him even on his voyages, and extending his patronage to the best artists of his time, by sitting to them himself, and employing them to paint his wife and children. He was fond also of antiquarian studies, a purchaser of ancient records and rare charts, and not only prided himself upon the rich inlaid coat of silver mail which he wore on gala days, but had collected a fine armoury. In architecture his taste was sumptuous. Durham House, where he lived during his greatness, is described by Aubrey as a noble palace; yet he left the spacious apartments to his family, and for himself preferred a small library which enjoyed an extensive view over the

river. "I remember well his study," says this amusing and garrulous author, "it was a little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had a prospect as pleasant, perhaps, as many in the world, not only refreshing the eyesight but cheering the spirits." In his best time there was an air of dignity and command about him, an "awfulness and ascendancy," as it is well expressed by Aubrey, "above other mortals," which was displeasing to many, and particularly to the King; yet by his sailors and ships' crews, as we learn from Cecil, he was wonderfully beloved. The interior of his palace was magnificent, his taste in furniture being marked by the same love of splendour which appeared in his dress. He delighted in richly carved panels, in antique chimney pieces, in decorating the walls and ceilings of his apartments with his armorial bearings, in beds with green silk hangings, and legs like dolphins, overlaid with gold. His splendid dress, his shoes and doublet studded with precious stones, have been already described. Perhaps he indulged in it to a weakness; but it was an age of magnificence, and it is to be remembered that this wealth in jewels was in Raleigh the result not of extravagance, but of the rich prizes which he had taken from the Spaniards. He glittered with the spoils of the New World; but his jewels were the insignia of his skill and bravery, the fruits not of purchase, but of honourable conquest.

POLYSYLLABIC RHYMES.

WE have but few rhymes of four syllables, and these are hardly made but by some whimsical and far-fetched expressions. Swift, who indulged himself much in these trifles, will furnish an example.

For this, I will not dine with *Agmondesham*;
And for his victuals, let a *rydman dish 'em*.

Words, accented on the fifth syllable from the end, are extremely rare, and, of course, rhymes to them nearly impossible to be found. I have met with a single instance.

Why did old Euclis take his only child,
And shut her in a cloister *reparatory*?
Because she was a rebel whig, and wild,
And he resolved to tame and *keep her a tory*.

But the verses of Swift, upon the ancient dramatic authors, exhibit the most extraordinary specimen of the sort of rhymes we are now considering, that the English language contains. He had superior abilities in rhyming, and he appears to have set himself down to this piece merely for the purpose of exerting them. The following lines are an extract:—

I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand, just where the new pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede hñce*,
Thy judgment of the old comedians.
Proceed to tragics; first, Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirate,
Who says his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much, he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman, in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is;
At least, I'm well assured, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Eschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
And now I find my muse but ill able
To hold out longer in trisyllable.
Crowe, on English Versification.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE gentleman through whose friendly letter from Scotland we had the first information of Mr Simpson's permission to make use of his book, was requested to accept our acknowledgments in a paragraph which was left for insertion last week, but which the press of matter kept out.

We learn, for the first time, that the *Bradford Observer* is an old friend of ours. We need not say how valuable is the repetition of its approbation after "a lapse of six months."

An accident compels us to postpone further notices to correspondents till next week, when arrears will be duly discharged.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10, 1834.

No. 37.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

PUT UP A PICTURE IN YOUR ROOM.

MAY we exhort such of our readers as have no pictures hanging in their room to put one up immediately? we mean in their principal sitting-room;—in all their rooms, if possible, but, at all events, in that one. No matter how costly, or the reverse, provided they see something in it, and it gives them a profitable or pleasant thought. Some may allege that they have “no taste for pictures;” but they have a taste for objects to be found in pictures,—for trees, for landscapes, for human beauty, for scenes of life; or, if not for all these, yet surely for some one of them; and it is highly useful for the human mind to give itself helps towards taking an interest in things apart from its immediate cares or desires. They serve to refresh us for their better conquest or endurance; to render sorrow unselfish; to remind us that we ourselves, or our own personal wishes, are not the only objects in the world; to instruct and elevate us, and put us in a fairer way of realizing the good opinions which we would all fain entertain of ourselves, and in some measure do; to make us compare notes with other individuals, and with nature at large, and correct our infirmities at their mirror by modesty and reflection; in short, even the admiration of a picture is a kind of religion, or additional tie on our consciences, and *rebinding* of us (for such is the meaning of the word religion) to the greatness and goodness of nature.

Mr Hazlitt has said somewhere, of the portrait of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence. It is not so much for restraint's sake, as for the sake of diffusiveness of heart, or the going out of ourselves, that we would recommend pictures; but, among other advantages, this also, of reminding us of our duties, would doubtless be one; and if reminded with charity, the effect, though perhaps small in most instances, would still be something. We have read of a Catholic money-lender, who, when he was going to cheat a customer, always drew a veil over the portrait of his favourite Saint. Here was a favourite vice, far more influential than the favourite Saint; and yet we are of opinion that the money-lender was better for the Saint than he would have been without him. It left him faith in something; he was better for it in the intervals; he would have treated his daughter the better for it, or his servant, or his dog. There was a bit of heaven in his room,—a sun-beam to shine into a corner of his heart,—however he may have shut the window against it, when heaven was not to look on.

The companionship of anything greater or better than ourselves, must do us good, unless we are destitute of all modesty or patience. And a picture is a companion, and the next thing to the presence of what it represents. We may live in the thick of a city, for instance, and can seldom go out, and “feed” ourselves

thing to seeing the fields at a distance. For every picture is a kind of window, which supplies us with a fine sight; and many a thick, unpierced wall thus lets us into the studies of the greatest men, and the most beautiful scenes of nature. By living with pictures we learn to “read” them,—to see into every nook and corner of a landscape, and every feature of the mind; and it is impossible to be in the habit of these perusals, or even of being vaguely conscious of the presence of the good and beautiful, and considering them as belonging to us, or forming a part of our common-places, without being, at the very least, less subject to the disadvantages arising from having no such thoughts at all.

And it is so easy to square the picture to one's aspirations, or professions, or the powers of one's pocket. For, as to resolving to have no picture at all in one's room, unless we could have it costly, and finely painted, and finely framed, that would be a mistake so vulgar, that we trust no reader of the ‘London Journal’ could fall into it. The greatest knave or simpleton in England, provided he is rich, can procure one of the finest paintings in the world to-morrow, and know nothing about it when he has got it; but to feel the beauties of a work of art, or to be capable of being led to feel them, is a gift which often falls to the lot of the poorest; and this is what Raphael or Titian desired in those who looked at their pictures. All the rest is taking the clothes for the man. Now it so happens, that the cheapest engravings, though they cannot come up to the merits of the originals, often contain no mean portion or shadow of them; and when we speak of putting pictures up in a room, we use the word “picture” in the child's sense, meaning any kind of graphic representation, oil, water-colour, copper-plate, drawing, or wood-cut. And any one of these is worth putting up in your room, provided you have mind enough to get a pleasure from it. Even a frame is not necessary, if you cannot afford it. Better put up a rough, varnished engraving, than none at all,—or pin, or stick up, any engraving whatsoever, at the hazard of its growing never so dirty. You will keep it as clean as you can, and for as long a time; and as for the rest, it is better to have a good memorandum before you, and get a fresh one when you are able, than to have none at all, or even to keep it clean in a portfolio. How should you like to keep your own heart in a portfolio, or lock your friend up in another room? We are no friends to portfolios, except where they contain more prints than can be hung up. The more, in that case, the better.

Our readers have seen in all parts of the country, over the doors of public-houses, “Perkins and Co.'s Entire.” This Perkins, who died wealthy, a few years ago, was not a mere brewer or rich man. He had been head-clerk to Thrale, the friend of Dr Johnson; and, during his clerkship, the Doctor happening to go into his counting-house, saw a portrait of himself (Johnson) hanging up in it. “How is this, sir?” inquired Johnson. “Sir,” said Perkins, “I was resolved that my room should have had one great man in it.” “A very pretty compliment,” returned the gratified moralist, “and I believe you mean it sincerely.”

Mr Perkins did not thrive the worse for having the portrait of Johnson in his counting-house. People are in general quite enough inclined to look after the

interests of “number one;” but they make a poor business of it, rich as they may become, unless they include a power of forgetting it in behalf of number two; that is to say, of some one person, or thing, besides themselves, able to divert them from mere self-seeking. It is not uncommon to see one solitary portrait in a lawyer's office, and that portrait, a lawyer, generally some judge. It is better than none. Anything is better than the poor, small unit of a man's selfish self, even if it be but the next thing to it. And there is the cost of the engraving and frame. Sometimes there is more; for these professional prints, especially when alone, are meant to imply, that the possessor is a shrewd, industrious, proper lawyer, who sticks to his calling, and wastes his time in “no nonsense;” and this ostentation of business is in some instances a cover for idleness or disgust, or a blind for a father or rich uncle. Now it would be better, we think, to have two pictures instead of one,—the judge's by all means, for the professional part of the gentleman's soul,—and some one other picture, to show his client that he is a man as well as a lawyer, and has an eye to the world outside of him, as well as to his own; for as men come from that world to consult him, and generally think their cases just in the eyes of common sense as well as law, they like to see that he has some sympathies as well as cunning.

Upon these grounds, it would be well for men of other callings, if they acted in a similar way. The young merchant should reasonably have a portrait of some eminent merchant before his eyes, with some other, not far off, to hinder him from acknowledging no merit but in riches. Or he might select a merchant of such a character as could serve both uses,—Sir Thomas Gresham, for instance, who encouraged knowledge as well as money-getting,—or Lorenzo de Medici, the princely merchant of Italy. So with regard to clergymen, to professions of all sorts, and to trade. The hosier, in honour of his calling, might set up Defoe, who was one of that trade, as well as author of Robinson Crusoe; the bookseller, may the footman, Dodsley, who was at one time a footman as well as a bookseller and author, and behaved excellently under all characters; and the tailor might baulk petty animadversions on his trade, by having a portrait, or one of the many admirable works, of the great Annibal Caracci, who was a tailor's son. It would be advisable, in general, to add a landscape, if possible, for reasons already intimated; but a picture of some sort we hold to be almost indispensably necessary towards doing justice to the habitation of every one who is capable of reflection and improvement. The print-shops, the book-stalls, the portfolios containing etchings and engravings at a penny or twopence a-piece (often superior to plates charged twenty times as much), and lastly, the engravings that make their way into the shop-windows, out of the Annuals of the past season, and that are to be had for almost as little, will furnish the ingenious reader of this article with an infinite store to choose from; and if he is as good-natured as he is sensible, we will venture to whisper into his ear, that we should take it as a personal kindness of him, and hope he would consider us as a friend assisting him in putting it up.

With pleasure of the breathing fields; but we can put up a picture of the fields before us, and, as we get used to it, we shall find it the next

THE CELEBRATED

CASE OF MARY SQUIRES AND ELIZABETH CANNING.

MARY SQUIRES, an itinerant pedlar, gipsy, and smuggler, who might have lived unnoticed, and died without remembrance, had not a prosecution for robbery, by which she was condemned to die, suddenly fixed the public eye upon her; and as prejudice or party operated, alternately rendered her a general object of detestation, pity or contempt.

Persisting with the most solemn asseveration, that she was in a distant part of the kingdom on the very day she was accused of having committed the crime, and naming a variety of persons who could prove it, the compassion of Sir Crisp Gascoyne, at that time Lord Mayor of London, was excited; by his example, several well-meaning individuals were induced to join him in examining a most perplexed and intricate business, and she was ultimately recommended as an object of mercy to the crown.

It appeared, by the declaration on oath of Elizabeth Canning, a young woman about nineteen years of age, that, in the beginning of the year 1755, having procured leave from a person with whom she lived as servant, to pass a day with her uncle at Saltpetre bank, she remained with him from eleven in the morning till nine at night; that, on her return, two lusty men in great coats met her near Bethlem Wall, Moorfields, violently assaulted, robbed her of a gown, apron, hat, and half-a-guinea in money, tied her hands behind her, and, on her struggling, gave her a violent blow on the temple, accompanied with oaths and execrations.

They then laid hands on her, one on each side, and dragged her with violence and abuse for some hours, part of which time, from fits, she was not sensible, till they arrived at the house of Susannah Wells, which she afterwards found was situated at Enfield Wash. On being forced by the two ruffians into the house, she was accosted by Mary Squires, who asked her, as if she would go their way? and if she would, that she should have fine clothes; words of which, at that time, she did not understand the import, though she replied No; but she afterwards conceived that it was nothing less than for her to submit to the odious life of a prostitute.

Elizabeth Canning further deposed, that, on her answering No, Mary Squires, with a long knife ripped up the lace of her stays, which she took from her, and, after many intimidating threats, pushed her into a back room, or hayloft, where she was confined for twenty-seven days, with no other sustenance than a slender pittance of bread, some water in a broken pitcher, and a small mixed-pie which she accidentally had in her pocket.

During the whole of the time, she declared that no human creature visited her; that, the bread and water being exhausted, she broke down a board, nailed on the inside of the window, through which she crept on a sort of pent-house, and then jumped on the ground, which, from her description, was nine or ten feet from the window.

Having quitted the house, she walked home as fast as her weak condition permitted; after so long an absence, it was natural to expect that her mother should be alarmed, by the squalid and diseased appearance of her daughter; and by her distressing account of the injurious treatment she had experienced.

A circumstance of this kind naturally excited the sympathy and resentment of the public, ever compassionately attentive to female injuries; a subscription was set on foot in favour of the young woman; Squires and Wells were taken into custody, under the most violent impressions of popular prejudice and indignation, tried at the Old Bailey, and sentence of death passed on the former.

But Sir Crisp Gascoyne perceived much contradiction in the evidence, and considered the description given by Canning of the room which she said was the place of her confinement, to be very different from the actual state and dimensions of the hayloft, in Wells's House; he was also startled by a principal witness in Canning's favour, Virtue Hall, wholly retracting her evidence, though she had positively sworn to the seeing Canning at Enfield Wash, and to a good part of the conversation said to have passed between that young woman and Squires, particularly to her ripping off the stays.

For these, and other reasons, this worthy, but at that time unpopular magistrate, presented a memorial to the king, mentioning the presumptive circumstances in favour of the old woman's innocence.

In consequence of this application, Mary Squires was respited for six weeks; the consideration of the matter was referred to the attorney and solicitor-generals, who reported, that the weight of evidence was in the convict's favour, and she ultimately received a free pardon.

If Squires was not guilty, it was impossible Canning could be innocent; her conduct, considering her years, must have been cruel and atrocious in the

highest degree; combining at once the crimes of perjury and intended murder;—murder, too, of the most cruel, base, and premeditated kind, for the purpose of supporting a groundless prosecution for felony; under the colour of justice to take away the life of an innocent person, and to raise contributions on the public by a fabricated narrative.

For these, and other reasons, it was judged proper to apprehend her on a charge of wilful and corrupt perjury; she was arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, nearly twelve months after the trial of Mary Squires; and five days were occupied in examining a variety of witnesses, with a patience and a laborious search after truth, equally honourable to the judges on the bench, the counsel, and the jury.

It was observed, in Canning's defence, that her not flying from justice, during the long interval that elapsed between the trials, was a strong presumption of her innocence, since neither herself nor friends were bound by any recognizance.

To this it was answered, that one who had been able, for so long a time, by an artful story, to prejudice so many in her favour, and to receive such ample countenance and pecuniary support, and every prospect of evading justice by well dressed evidence, and the strong force of popular opinion; in which case, her triumph over truth would have been complete, her reputation as a species of martyr established, and her reward, in all probability, would have been splendid.

The previous and accurate description of a broken pitcher which was discovered in the room; and the hay-loft which, in some particulars, tallied with her account, though in many circumstances it failed, as she did not mention a jack-line and pulley, a broken casement over the chimney, and a chest of drawers, all of which were proved, by an accumulation of dust and cobwebs, to have been very long residents.

Yet, as the pitcher, and the description of the room and its contents, though not correct, prove some previous acquaintance with the loft, a reference to the evidence of one of Canning's witnesses (Robert Scarratt) helped to clear the mystery.

Incited by curiosity, and, according to his own account, unsolicited, Mr Scarratt had, though a perfect stranger, called at her mother's house soon after her return, and, in the course of his evidence, acknowledged having often, on former occasions, been at the house of Susannah Wells, a place not of the most creditable description, at Enfield Wash.

If we can suppose, for a moment, an iniquitous communication to have taken place between Elizabeth Canning and Robert Scarratt, whose evidence was by no means satisfactory, this difficulty vanishes, and the appearance of truth given to certain parts of the impostor's story, may be accounted for.

It was submitted to the court, that even if Squires could prove, by positive and circumstantial evidence, that she was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time laid in the indictment, it did not follow that Canning had maliciously perjured herself; it being as possible for a person to be deceived by a similitude of deformity, as well as of beauty; though the old gipsy, when the constable went with the warrant to apprehend her, said to Canning, on being charged with robbing her of her stays,—“Do you say I robbed you? Pray look at this face; if you have once seen it, it must be remembered, for I think God Almighty never made such another.”

When this part of the evidence was related, the eyes of every one present were earnestly fixed on Mary Squires, whose countenance exhibited an assemblage of features uncommon, and diabolically hideous; her portrait, as a curiosity, is preserved by some of the collectors.

The sufferings of Canning, and the evidently reduced state of her health, so much so as to be thought at first irrecoverable, were also mentioned, as convincing proofs of the truth of her allegations.

The man that hangs, or beats out brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns

was quoted on this occasion; and it was asked if any person in their senses would bring themselves to the brink of death, to procure friends and contributions? Would the girl kill herself for the sake of a subscription?

The counsel in behalf of Canning strongly dwelt on the danger of allowing convictions for wilful and corrupt perjury, on the score of mere improbability of facts, which have been credited by twelve men on their oaths; he insisted that such proceedings tended to overturn the common and established forms of justice, and would at last intimidate individuals from bringing guilty persons to punishment, lest they themselves might afterwards be prosecuted.

[This doctrine was acknowledged by the court to be well worthy of attention, though in the present instance from the recantation of a principle witness, and for other important reasons, it was thought advisable to depart from a good general rule.]

On this occasion it was observed, that things seemingly impossible for human power to have performed, have been proved true, though no credit was allowed

to them when first asserted; and declarations have been proved false, which had every appearance of credit and authenticity, and which at the time were thought the most unlikely to be attested, if not really true.

An improbable and unparalleled ride from London to York, in one day, on the same horse, prevented the conviction of a prisoner for a highway robbery, though he confessed himself guilty of it immediately after his acquittal.

William Harrison, a steward in the Gainsborough family, was also mentioned, who suddenly disappeared with a considerable sum of money in his charge, of which he was supposed to have been robbed and then murdered. The family were terrified and alarmed, and, after a certain time, as he said, by remorse, Edward Perry, a man residing near Camden, accused himself, the wife and sister of the absent man, of having murdered him; he added, that they had thrown the body into a certain pit in the neighbourhood, which was searched, but no body could be found; yet, as he persisted in his accusation, they were all three indicted, tried, and hanged. Harrison a few months afterwards returned, giving a particular and satisfactory account of his absence, equally shocked and perplexed by a sanguinary, but unaccountable depravity, which had thus exterminated his family.

The contradictory accounts of Canning were explained by her friends, as amounting to no more than this, that a general fact, compounded of a variety of things done and said at various places, when related on particular occasions, and at different times, had not always been told minutely and exactly the same way, a defect to which every long and complicated story must in some degree be liable.

Some allowance, they said, ought to be made for the aggravated feelings and expressions of a parent, who believed her daughter to have been treated in the manner described; and some to an injured female, under the impressions of fear, famine, an emaciated body and an agitated mind.

Several witnesses proved their having seen Mary Squires on or about the 16th, 17th, and 23rd of December, at Enfield Wash. She was observed, according to the evidence of one man, telling a person's fortune; another swore to her applying to him for leave to sleep in his barn; and a third, to her inquiring of him about a horse she had lost.

A physician and an apothecary proved the languid and reduced state of Elizabeth Canning, on her return to her mother's, and that she appeared like one who had suffered extreme hunger, thirst and cold; but they acknowledged, that a person might be as she was from other causes.

An attendant at the Stamford Hill turnpike, swore, that about the fore-end of January, but could not speak positively as to the day, he saw a girl, in company with two men, pass the gate, sobbing and crying; that they jostled her along, and used abusive language.

He described her as having a light coloured gown and apron, and that it was about eleven o'clock at night.

On this evidence it was observed that Canning could not be the woman who passed the turnpike, for she had sworn that her gown and apron were taken from her in Moorfields;—add to this, that the turnpike gate is four miles from Moorfields, and seven from Wells's House, and she swore, that she was brought to Wells's about four in the morning.

Thomas Bennett saw a miserable, poor wretch, in a ragged dirty condition, on the 29th of January, near Enfield Wash, on her way to London, and deposed, that she asked him the road. Two other witnesses swore to their meeting a girl, whom they verily believe to have been Elizabeth Canning, on the road between Enfield Wash and London, but described her as looking pale, though her hands and face were said, by herself and others, to be black and blue.

On the part of Mary Squires upwards of forty persons were called, to prove that she was upwards of 130 miles from Enfield Wash, in company with her son George, and her daughter Lucy, at the time she was accused of having committed the robbery.

On the 29th of December, according to the evidence of Mrs Hopkins, the landlady of a public house at South Perrott, in Dorsetshire, they all three lodged with her; and on the 30th they called at Winyard's Gap, an ale-house about a mile further, to take refreshment. At this last house, the frightful countenance of Squires, so remarkably attracted the notice of the daughter of the woman of the house, that she compared her to a picture of Mother Ship-ton, hanging in the room. Their appearance on the same day at Lytton, a village nine miles further on the road, was also proved by several witnesses; by James Hawkins, at whose house they slept two nights; by her son's being shaved there by Francis Gladman, and by their dining on a couple of boiled fowls; Mr Moreton observing, that this was a remarkable dinner for gipsies, George answered, that

fowls at sixpence a-piece were cheaper than butcher's meat. At Abbotsbury, a small parish three miles from Lytton, they remained till Tuesday the 9th of January; were recognised by many persons, and had a dance at the house of John Gibbons, the sign of the Ship, at Abbotsbury, where William Clarke, a shoemaker, and the sweetheart of Lucy Squires, was her partner, and Melchisedech Arnold, a blacksmith, played the fiddle. John Ford, a carpenter, of Abbotsbury, saw them also on the 1st of January, shook hands with the old woman, kissed her daughter, and drank a pint of beer with George. From Abbotsbury, they were regularly traced through Portersham and Ridgway (where cash being scarce, they left a piece of nankin as a pledge for the reckoning) to Dorchester; at this place, in consequence of the excessive rains, the Fordington water was so high as to cover the causeway; the old woman and George were obliged to wade through it, but Lucy prevailed on a miller's boy to carry her behind him on horseback; to the repeated entreaties of Mary Squires that he should also take her on horseback, the little varlet replied that he "would have nothing to say or to do with such an ugly old b—h."

By a chain of credible and circumstantial evidence, they were proved to have passed through Chettle, Coombe, and Basingstoke, where Lucy, not being able to write, begged the landlady to send Clarke a few lines according to promise. The letter with the post-mark was produced in court. From Basingstoke they went to Bagshot, Brentford, Page's-green, Tottenham, and on the 24th of January took lodgings at Susannah Wells's, in Enfield Wash. On the 1st of February they were apprehended, and it was remarked that Canning immediately in coming into the room, exclaimed, pointing to Mary Squires, "That is the woman who robbed me of my stays," when it was impossible for her to see the old woman's face, from the peculiar position in which she sat. Canning had described the place of her confinement as square, dark, and little; but, on surveying the room, it measured 35 feet 3 inches by 9 feet 8; and it was far from dark, as well from the two windows, as from the light admitted between the pantries. She also said at first that she dropped from the window by a pent-house, when, on inspection, there was not a pent-house on the premises. A poor man, named Fortune Natus, proved that he and his wife slept in the room in which Canning swore she was confined, during the whole of that month, and for five or six weeks before. This part of the evidence was strongly corroborated by Ezra Whiffin, a neighbour of Susannah Wells, who, being in want of part of the work of a signboard, and hearing that she had a old one to dispose of, called to see it, and accompanied Wells into the very room in question to seek for it. They at last found it under some hay, which made part of the bed on which the wife of Natus was actually lying at the time Whiffin called, on the 18th of January. John Larney, Edward Allen, and Giles Knight, labourers, swore that they lopped several trees that grew near the window of the workshop or hayloft in question, on the 8th of January; and that, while they were employed in it, two women, Virtue Hall and Sarah Howick, appeared at the window and conversed with them for more than half an hour.

Had Canning been in the room she must have been seen, or might have called for help. She had sworn that no person of any description entered the garret or loft, during the whole of her confinement.

It was also remarked, that a night-gown and handkerchief, which she said she took to cover herself with, out of the room at Wells's, she claimed as her mother's before the Lord Mayor, and wished to take them, as well as the pitcher, into her possession. To the information before Mr Fielding she set her mark, as if unable to write her name, but afterwards wrote a fair legible hand.

After an examination of more than a hundred and twenty witnesses, the jury retired for fifteen minutes, and brought in a verdict—guilty of perjury, but not wilful and corrupt. This the recorder told them he could not receive, as they must either find her guilty of the whole indictment, or acquit her. After half an hour's consultation, they brought in a verdict—guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury.

In May, 1754, being called up to receive sentence, she addressed the court in the following words:—

"I hope your lordships will be favourable to me, for I had no intention of swearing the gipsy's life away; I am an unfortunate woman, and what I did was only in my own defence."

The recorder (Mr Moreton) then addressed her in the following words:—

"Elizabeth Canning,—You stand convicted on the clearest proof of wilful and corrupt perjury, a crime attended with the most fatal and dangerous consequences to the community, though as yet it is not punished with death."

"Your trial has taken up a great deal of time, and the several witnesses have undergone the strictest examination: I think I may venture to affirm, that there is not one unprejudiced person of the great numbers who have attended it, but must be convinced of the justice and impartiality of the verdict."

If I look back with horror on the evidence you gave at the trial of Mary Squires, whom you know to be destitute and friendless, and therefore you fixed upon her as a proper object to make a sacrifice of, at the expense of a false oath: this you preferred to the making a plain discovery to those who had the right to know where you really were those twenty-eight days of your pretended confinement in the house of Susannah Wells.

"In this imposture you were encouraged to persist by misapplied charity, and by the advice of your mistaken friends, whom you had deluded and deceived into a belief of the truth of what you had falsely sworn."

"This audacious attempt, and the calm deliberate assurance with which you formed a scheme to take away the life of one, though the most abject of the human species, together with your youth and the character you then had, as well as your seeming inexperience, imposed upon many, and gained you a credit which must have exceeded your highest expectation."

"Thus encouraged, you not only wickedly persevered, but even triumphed over those who would not suffer their judgments to be misled by so gross an imposition; but when people had a little recovered their senses, and this miraculous tale of yours came to be temperately canvassed, when your own original information was compared with the evidence you gave at the trial, and was found to vary in many material circumstances, a necessary inquiry was set on foot by a worthy magistrate, who presided in this court, which saved the life of Squires. These proceedings gave rise to the prosecution which has exposed the guilty, and ought to convince the doubtful; I hope this iniquitous conduct of yours will induce mankind not to suffer their conduct to get the better of their reason."

"It is not my wish to aggravate your guilt, or to increase that affliction which I hope you feel, but, as I attended both the trials, it may be expected that I should declare my opinion; I, therefore, in the most solemn manner affirm that I always thought your evidence false, and your witnesses grossly mistaken."

"The policy of foreign countries punishes this offence with death; but it is your happiness to have been born in a country whose code of laws are neither severe nor sanguinary; and the sentence I now pronounce is in no degree adequate to the nature of your offence. You shall be imprisoned in the jail of Newgate for one month; you shall then be transported to America for the term of seven years, and if in that period you return, or are found in any of his Majesty's dominions of Great Britain or Ireland, you shall suffer death."

Notwithstanding this decision, many people still insisted on the innocence of Canning; the newspapers and periodicals of that day are full of the subject: Henry Fielding exercised his pen in favour of, and Sir John Hill against the female impostor. In August, 1754, she was transported to New England, where she married advantageously, and one of her original supporters left her a legacy of five hundred pounds. Before her departure, not willing to lose that valuable prerogative of her sex, the last word, Canning published a declaration, which concludes in these words:—"I declare, in the most serious manner, that I am fully persuaded and well assured that Mary Squires was the person who robbed me, and that the house of Susannah Wells was the place in which I was confined twenty-eight days."

This article ought not to conclude without paying a tribute of praise to the humane zeal of Sir Crisp Gascoyne, the acute investigation of Mr Moreton, and the discriminating precision of Sergeant Dary.

—Linnæus's theory of medicine is amusing, if not instructive. He supposes the human body to consist of a *cerebro-medullary* (brain-marrowy) part, of which the nerves are processes; and a *cortical* (bark) part, including the vascular system and its fluids. The nervous system, which is the animated part, derives its nourishment from the finer fluids of the vascular system, and its energy from an electrical principle inhaled by the lungs. The circulating fluids are capable of being vitiated by acrescent putrid ferments, the former acting on the *serum*, and causing critical fevers; the latter on the *crassamentum*, and exciting *phlogistic diseases*. Eruptive ailments are excited by external causes, which he supposes to be animalcules. The cortical or vascular system, undergoing continual waste, requires continual reparation, which is effected by means of suitable diet. Its diseases arise from improper food, and are to be remedied by sapid (palatable) medicines; while those of the medullary system are cured by oild (nauseous) substances.—*Lives of the Zoologists.*

HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

No. III.

"HOW D'YE DO?"—THE WEATHER—WHITE AND LIGHT-COLOURED GARMENTS—CLOTHING IN HOT CLIMATES—WASHERWOMEN, ETC.

THERE is an every-day common-place, which is very apt to jar upon the mind of a sensible person, and which is not leavened with even an atom of romance. It is the remark which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred follows our very expressive salutation of "How d'ye do?"—and comes immediately in the rear of "Very well I thank e"—I mean the exclusive and important news which one party tells to another as to the state of the weather. The conversation which takes place between two acquaintances upon a casual encounter in the streets, or even in a house, is really one of the most intellectual, instructive, comprehensive, and sensible that can be imagined—"How d'ye do?" says A—. There is chemistry in this very exclamative question—Nay, start not, reader, I do not intend to drag you into the region of the acids and the alkalis, the metals and the gases. But verily there is chemistry in the salutation—inasmuch as it is a meaning clouded and hidden under a dark mode of expression—*Chemio*, the verb, to hide, is the supposed root of the word. The question is generally understood to refer to health, if it be in a good, or in a bad state. This is gathered from the answer, for B— either says, "Very well, I thank ye," or "Rather poorly," or "Tol-lol," or "So-so," or "Very unwell," or "Very ill." All these evidently refer to the health. "Rather poorly," has no reference to a poverty of worldly chattels or cash. "Tol-lol," does not mean that he is glorious or upstart. And "So-so," has no reference to the Schneider's trade. But, says Con, it is as reasonable to ask after a man's worldly affairs as his health. "How d'ye do?" is a very inclusive salutation, and is as perfectly applicable to health as to wealth. It means, how do your physical functions act, perform, or do, their office? How do your spirits agree with your animal state? and so on. How do you do? is applicable to all the circumstances of a man's life—his health and his wealth, his family and his friends—it is as comprehensive an expression as could be devised by any Solomon. Says Pro, I acknowledge that all that may be very fair, and very properly included, and taken into account by such a penetrating mind as yours; but, with every-day folk, the salutation has no more meaning than a sentence. And as to the Double-Dutch sentence that usually follows, telling a body what everybody in his senses is fully aware of—the state of the weather—I cannot imagine any defence for that. Were you addressing a hermit residing in a cave in a rock, to which light never penetrated, or a prisoner in a Bastille dungeon, it would be all very well, and very proper, and very novel, and very interesting to such an exclusive. But to tell a person what his sight, feeling, and perception must make him sensible of, evinces a degree of folly, which seems altogether out of character with the present advanced state of intellect.

Suppose you meet a friend muffled up in a thick Brighton beaver over-all, buttoned up to the chin as if he were afraid to lose a single particle of his natural caloric, or inspire a mouthful of the cold atmosphere, a boa round his neck, or handkerchief round his throat drawn up over his mouth, as if he feared inhaling a pestilential breeze; mayhap over his nose; or should that be left exposed, it looks for all the world as red as a Christmas holly-berry; his hands encased in thick fur gloves lined with lamb's-wool, the upper joint of his arms forming an angle of about thirty degrees from his side, and from thence let fall a perpendicular for the lower joints of his arms. He walks with his body and knees bent, as if he were carrying a heavy load—a chilly mortal—and a sudden severe frost has just set in; the very sun itself, the fountain of light and heat, is nipped with the cold till red in the face. Suppose you meet such a one, on such a day, trudging between a walk and a run to his domicile. You salute him (yourself being a hearty dread-no-weather, fig-for-the-cold kind of a fellow, that never touched flannel nor wore

a great coat), "Ah! how d'y'e do? Cold day!" Pretty consolation, this for your chilly friend!—his teeth chatter out "Y—e—s;"—and afraid to give egress to another word, lest he should give ingress to a cold breath, he either stands shivering for your next question, or trudges on wishing you an ague for stopping him;—perhaps merely gives you a recognitory nod—a demi-cut—and forward with his shuffle. Then, again, suppose you meet a friend scampering along, walking as fast as if he feared the pavement would burn his toes, loaded with a carpet-bag, hurrying for fear he should be too late for the mail or the steam-boat—and his "too, too solid flesh melting and dissolving into a dew"—anything but a cool refreshing one—his hat shifted to the back of his head, and his vest merely confined with one button—he has not a hand to spare to move the perspiration from his face, both being engaged with his luggage,—the very sun, blazing above, seems to laugh at his agony, and to throw more piercing rays of heat to annoy him. You stop him with, "Ah! how d'y'e do? Hot day this! Eh?" His white inexpressibles look black at you, and his neckcloth wrinkles into a grin. He is too much knocked up to give you a verbal answer—he nods, and, accompanying it with something between a sigh and a groan, hurries on.

Though I have had the temerity thus to find fault with existing customs, I am not in such a presumptuous mood as to hazard any substitute. Perhaps you, Mr Editor, will favour us with your opinion upon the subject, and suggest some mode of salutation more consonant with the high pretensions at present made with regard to advancement in intellect, and disregard to prejudice. No doubt we shall be accused of intrenching upon vested interests, and with a desire to overturn the social customs of the country; but that should not deter us (excuse me if I include you contrary to your opinion, but, judging from your expressed sentiments on similar subjects, I take you to be on my side of the question) from doing our duty.

Talking of hot weather, I the other day met with a passage which seems to throw cold water upon another of our social customs—that of wearing light-coloured, and especially white garments during the hot months of summer; it was to the following effect: that the scorching effect on the skin which sometimes takes place by the sun's rays through semi-transparent cloth, as white linen, is prevented by the absorptive power of black cloth; and that the sun strikes through the transparent skin of a white, but is absorbed by that of a negro. If this be the case, why is it that white and light-coloured garments are in summer so much in vogue with the people of England? How is it that our fair countrywomen peril the beauty of their fair necks and bosoms by rendering them liable to be scorched and freckled by the rays of an envious sun, through the light gauze with which they are wont to veil their charms? One would have thought, too, that the kind of instructive wisdom given by nature to her children, which leads them to adopt the costume most applicable to their native climate, would have held good on this point: but are not all Eastern nations clothed in thin fabrics? We imagine the beauties of the fair Persian glowing through a garment of gauze, which the lightest gale of Zephyr would press to her faultless form, and, for a moment, give an impress of the charms beneath. Like Moore's Nora—

O my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as free as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.

The Europeans in the Indies, too, clothe themselves in light cotton and nankin; the colonial planter is always represented in a white striped coat and trowsers, with broad brimmed white straw or chip hat, as are also the Americans. The negro is very fond of light and dazzling colours, such as yellow, pink, and such like; and especially does he delight to contrast his ebony skin with a pure white garment. This seems running quite foul of nature,

which gave them a black skin to absorb the heat, instead of scorching and shrivelling it up, as it does the skin of the white who sojourns in a climate to which nature has not adapted him. When the sun is shining brightly on a pure white ground, it must be very injurious to the eyes; and the dazzling effect of the sun on the red coats of soldiers in British troops in hot countries, has often filled the hospitals with ophthalmic patients.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, it would be but a sorry change to convert the white summer frocks of our English girls and Scottish lasses into sombre black, or sad brown; nor would the beaux part with their "ducks" without a struggle. It would take the very cream from the gaiety of a holiday assemblage, and reflect a darker hue upon a collection of happy faces. It would, indeed, be a general mourning, if white garments and white curtains were expelled from the nation on the plea of expediency; and last, though not least, but by way of climax—what would our poor washerwomen do?

What is your opinion, reader, of a washerwoman? I do not mean, by washerwoman, such as keep large establishments—employ a dozen or twenty under-washers—have a covered waggon to send home, and call for the clothes, and who style themselves by the more euphonic name of "Laundress." Such an one would be quite offended if called a washerwoman—as much as a dust contractor at being called a dustman. A "Laundress" is a monopoliser—a "washerwoman" an operative. We may suppose the latter to have been a housemaid who has married a coachman—and she is now a widow, with a grown-up daughter. On her widowhood she has obtained the washing of her late mistress's family, and mayhap of her late husband's late master—this, with a shirt, a couple of neckcloths, and some pocket handkerchiefs of a bachelor or two, gives her pretty good employment. Her daughter is usually "at place," but when at home, helps her mother. Stray gowns, neckcloths, shirts, white inexpressibles, handkerchiefs, &c., are attracted to her wash-tub by a sign painted on a piece of wood, eighteen inches by twelve, or on an old lid of a fish-kittle, minus the rim—to the purport either of "WASHING TAKEN IN HERE," or, "GENTLEMEN DONE FOR." Her temper is proverbially rather sour, but a glass of comfort will soon mollify her. Her hands are usually clean, but seamed; and the points of her fingers something like a parched pea—the effects of soap, pearlash, and soda. Clad in a light figured cotton gown, a white apron, straw bonnet, with well-washed ribbons, you may meet her on a Saturday afternoon supporting one side of a basket, while her daughter, or a charity-boy to whom she has promised a halfpenny, carries the other, his end about a foot lower than hers, or else she has tied a handkerchief to her handle to accommodate their different heights. She is carrying home "the things." A great part of her earnings are spent on Sunday for a good dinner, to which she has always been accustomed. Monday is her holiday, on which she indulges with a gossip with her neighbours, or sisters of the suds.

But I must conclude; yet not without turning even from a washerwoman to poetry. In an old song, a mistress gives a lover three tasks, which she considers impossibilities; he answers her by proposing three in return—to make him a shirt without "stitches or needlework in it," and next—

Love, you must wash it in yonder well,
Lavender green, rosemary, and thyme,
Where never a drop of rain ever fell,
And then you will be a true lover of mine.

Considering the subjects of this paper, it is not with much propriety that I subscribe myself

(Bookworm.)

Exquisite Rhyme.—(Butler, speaking of an apothecary):—

Stored with deleterious medicines,
Which whosoever took is dead since.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 10th to Tuesday the 16th December.

A THIRD PORTRAIT OF DECEMBER.

(From the Literary Pocket Book.)

It is now complete winter. The vapourish and cloudy atmosphere wraps us about with dimness and chilliness; the reptiles, and other creatures that sleep or hide during the cold weather, have all retired to their winter quarters; the farmer does little or nothing out of doors; the fields are too damp and miry to pass, except in sudden frosts, which begin to occur at the end of the month; and the trees look like skeletons of what they were—

"Bare ruined choirs in which the sweet birds sing."

The evergreen trees, with their beautiful cones, such as firs and pines, are now particularly observed and valued. In the warmer countries, where shade is more particularly desirable, their worth and beauty are more regularly appreciated. Virgil talks of the pine as being handsomest in gardens, and it is a great favourite with Theocritus, especially for the fine sound of the air under its kind of vaulted roof.

But we have flowers as well as leaves in winter time; besides a few of last month, there are the aconite and bellebore; two names of very different celebrity; and, in addition to some of the flowering shrubs, there is the Glastonbury thorn, which puts forth its beauty at Christmas. It is so called, we believe, because the Abbots of the famous monastery at that place first had it in their garden from abroad, and turned its seasonable efflorescence into a miracle.

The evergreens and winter flowers are like real friends, who, whatever be their peculiar disposition, whether serious or gay, will never forsake us. Even roses, with which we are so apt to associate summer weather, flourish from May to December inclusive; and during the winter months will live and prosper in apartments. We need never be without them from the first day of the year to the last; and thus, to the numerous comparisons made between roses and the fair sex, may be added this new one, as complimentary to their friendship as it is true.

We have anticipated our general observations upon winter time, and our remarks at the beginning of the year. December is in general too early a month for the fine manly exercise of skating, which, indeed, can be taken but rarely, on account of our changeable weather and the short continuance of frost. Like swimming, all the difficulty is in the commencement, at least, for the purposes of enjoyment. The graces of outside strokes and spread eagles are the work of time and ambition.

But December has one exercise in it which turns it into the merriest month of the year—Christmas. This is the holiday, which, for obvious reasons, may be said to have survived all others; but still it is not kept with anything like the vigour, perseverance, and elegance of our ancestors. They not only ran Christmas-day, New-year's-day, and Twelfth-night all into one, but kept the wassail-bowl floating the whole time, and earned their right to enjoy it by all sorts of active pastimes. The wassail-bowl, (as some of our readers may know by experience, for it has been a little revived of late) is a composition of spiced wine or ale, with roasted apples put into it, and sometimes eggs. They also adorned their houses with green boughs, which, it appears from Herrick, was a practice with many throughout the year,—box succeeding at Candlemas to the holly, bay, rosemary, and mistletoe of Christmas,—yew at Easter to box,—birch and flowers at Whitsuntide to yew,—and then bents and oaken boughs. The whole nation were in as happy a ferment at Christmas, with the warmth of exercise and their firesides, as they were in May with the new sunshine. The peasants nestled and sported on the town-green, and told tales of an evening; the gentry feasted them, or had music and other elegant pastimes; the court had the poetical and princely entertainment of masques, and all sung, danced, revelled, and enjoyed themselves, and so welcomed the new year like happy and grateful subjects of nature.

This is the way to turn winter to summer, and make the world what Heaven has enabled it to be; but, as people in general manage it, they might as well turn summer itself into winter. Hear what a poet says, who carries his own sunshine about with him:—

"As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,

Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.

Oh, think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me!"

Nor is it only on holidays that nature tells us to enjoy ourselves. If we were wise we should earn a reasonable portion of pleasure and enjoyment day by day, instead of resolving to do it some day or other, and seldom doing it at all. Company is not necessary

for it, at intervals, except that best and most necessary company of one's family partners in life, or some one or two especial friends, really so called, who are friends for every sort of weather, winter as well as summer. A warm carpet and curtains, a sparkling fire, a book, a little music, a happy sympathy of talk, or a kind discussion, may then call to mind with unenvying placidity the very rarest luxuries of the summer time; and instead of being eternally and foolishly told that pleasures produce pains, by those who really make them do so, with their profligacy or bigotry, we shall learn the finer and manlier knowledge how to turn pain to the production of pleasure.

"Lawrence, of virtuous father, virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, which neither sowed nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice
Of Attic, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of these delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XLVIII.—A LESSON TO VULGAR MISTAKE; OR FARCE
ENDING IN TRAGEDY.

A BOOK has just appeared, intitled 'Recollections of the Eighteenth Century,' purporting to be written by the Marchioness de Créquy, an old lady of whom the startling fact is told us, that she had her hand kissed, when a child, by Louis the Fourteenth, and the same hand kissed, at the age of eighty-five, by Napoleon, when First Consul! We say that the book "purports" to be written by the Marchioness, because our lively neighbours have established a regular manufactory of pretended Biographies and Recollections, which are got up with such extraordinary tact and research, that it is often impossible to distinguish between a false book of the kind and a true. We must confess, that the present work, though it contains some piquant anecdotes, does not appear to us one of the best of its sort, whether true or false. The Marchioness is fairly "mad with aristocracy," and, instead of being the kind, elegant, and judicious personage described by the editor, and often to be found in her class of life, seems as if she had written on purpose to exhibit the class as consisting of little else but those who disgrace it, or a heap of vulgar spite, pretension, and absurdity; the book really looks as if some libellous revolutionist had composed it with that view. The following story is an exception, however, to its general character; and whether genuine as to the alleged parties, is too probable in other respects to be refused a place in our list. Such fatal absurdities, in various shapes, have too often occurred in real life.

There happened not far from Montvilliers (says Madame de Créquy) an event which I do not think useless to relate to you, were it only to warn you against some sorts of pastimes, to which persons of bad taste sometimes give themselves up in the country. I mean to speak of those sort of amusements which consist in playing tricks and in buffoonery.

Monsieur de Martainville, a young counsellor, at the parliament of Normandy, and newly married, had collected in his castle twenty persons, who were to pass the vacation there, and among the number there were several officers of the neighbouring garrisons. They bored holes in the walls and the ceiling to run through packthreads, which they had fastened to the curtains and coverlids. They dug holes in the ground and hid them with the grass, that they might trip up the horses and their riders, which must have been very agreeable to the horsemen. They put salt into your coffee, pepper into your snuff, colocynth juice at the edge of your tumbler, Burgundy peas into your shirts, and chopped horse-hair into your sheets. You may imagine that there were cray-fish and frogs in all the beds of the castle; for it is a fundamental idea in all provincial fun, and always, I have been told, the first thought which comes into the heads of these charming country wits. Others could never go and see the new married couple without their finding themselves assailed by all this vulgar fun and impertinent brutality, which made their castle a sort of receptacle for all the mischievous people in the neighbourhood. La Martainville expected at their house the widow of the intendant Alençon, who was called Madame Hérault de Séchelles, and who was going to the baths of Barge by very easy day's journeys; she

had entreated permission to rest for some days at Martainville. It is right to tell you that she was recovering from an inflammation on the chest, that she had 60,000 francs a-year, and that the Martainvilles were her principal heirs. She was an old-fashioned woman, very delicate, tiresome, and susceptible to a degree. She was one of those genuine intendantes who are used to the adulation of a village, and who never take the trouble of taking up their cards at reverses; from whence the Cardinal Fleury always said to the young King, who played without ever thinking of it, "Madame l'Intendante, it is your turn to take up the cards."

"Ah now," said De Martainville to the harpies then around him, "do not play tricks during the stay of our aunt de Séchelles. Be very prudent and very serious, gentlemen and ladies; do not forget she is my relation with a succession." They had removed I do not know what president's lady, that they might prepare the best apartment for this illustrious invalid. They had placed in the chamber that they had allotted for her, all the most convenient furniture, as well as all the china and the rarest Dresden porcelain of the house. They had taken care to keep hot and dressed to a turn, a large boiled chicken, with pigeons stewed with barley, and quails with lettuces, without reckoning the fresh eggs in cold water and the Alicant wine in hot water: in short, the kitchen and the servants had remained under arms for more than a week, and yet Madame did not arrive! They began to be uneasy at it in the family, and the rest of the company to be out of patience. It is to be told also that the master of the house had never seen this aunt of his wife, and that she had not seen her old relation since she was five or six years old, which gave rise to the idea of playing a trick.

There was among this facetious band, a little Mons. de Clermont d'Amboise, who wished some years afterwards to marry me, but the gratitude I owe him cannot prevent me from telling you he was a nasty-looking, little, yellow, sneaking wretch. They thought of disguising him as an old lady; another officer was to be dressed as a lady's maid; and, above all things, they had taken care to conceal the preparations for these disguises, which were only to be known to three or four people—but which were divulged by a waiting woman to a spark of the society. They planned trick upon trick, and they concluded to mystify the mystifiers. Therefore, while they were on tenter-hooks to receive them, and bowing and cringing in the best manner, arrived the real intendante, on whom they precipitated themselves like an avalanche; they tore off her furbelowed gown, her starched frill, her mob cap, her wig; in short, they maltreated her so cruelly that it is horrible to think of! The unfortunate woman was so mortally terrified, that she could neither cry, nor utter a single word—but in what she heard there were perfidious revelations:—

"Greedy ostrich, tiresome intendante—old aunt with a succession. Ah! you wish to go to the baths to tire out your heirs. Here are mineral waters, there are shower baths." And it was blows and buckets of water which came over her whole body, in the midst of the most frightful noise and confusion.

After a quarter of an hour of such ducking, and of the worst treatment (she had sunk under the blows and lay senseless on the ground), they perceived that she gave no sign of life. They brought a light; they did not know the little de Clermont, and the result of the investigation was, that the poor woman was almost dead. Every one fled from the castle except her relations, who tore their hair, and whom she could not face without a sentiment of terror and profound horror. She died of it the third day; and as she had never made any testamentary bequests, it was found that her property naturally fell to the Martainvilles, which compromised them so much in the public opinion, and before their brethren of the robe, that they made a judicial disposition on this abominable mistake, and that Monsieur de Martainville saw himself obliged to give up his profession. As he was very honourable and his wife was delicacy itself, they would not touch any part of the succession of Madame de Séchelles, which they gave up to their collaterals. They some time after sold their fine manor of Martainville, and they even quitted the name for that of their barony of Francheville, which their family still bears. Madame de Maintenance has said that good taste always supposes good sense, and that is the moral of this anecdote.

— The Countess Colonne and Madame Mazarine, on their way through Arles, went and paid a visit to Madame de Seigné, with each a casket of jewels, but in foul linen. This lady sent each of them, in the evening, a dozen of shifts, with a jocular billet, beginning thus: "My dears, you are like the heroines in romances: jewels in abundance, but scarce a shift to their backs."

A SORROWFUL STORY.

[THIS 'Sorrowful Story,' which is from the 'New Year's Gift for 1835,' edited by Mrs Alaric Watts, deserves rather to be called a delightful story for the true virtue of its moral.]

Uncles and Aunts are very delightful people, as every child knows, most particularly on a birth-day, on which occasion they are scarcely to be found empty handed. Little Nina Musgrove, then, was a fortunate child, for she had nine of these relations besides three great aunts, who lived in a fine old-fashioned house up many steps, in a beautiful garden, with a pond full of gold fish, and rose-beds that could be almost smelt a mile off. Nina, too, was an only child—and, what was strange, with so many uncles and aunts, had no cousins; so that when the thirty-first of June came round, there was no little girl in England received so many presents as she did: such books from her uncles, William and George, in London—such dainty little work-boxes from her aunts—such toys in boxes that I do not pretend to name—such sumptuous dolls from the three Misses Fortescue, one with a powdered head, like its giver, in a sacque of old-fashioned damask, such as she used to wear. I could fill this sheet, and not tell of half the gifts which came to Nina, so I will pass by all save one,—the only gift of her "Uncle Captain," as she used to call him; but then he had brought it from the Brazils on purpose for her—and this was neither more nor less than a grey parrot.

But, then, such a parrot had never been seen in or about Ridsden before. Polly was not one of your sulky birds that prate a word or two, and either deafen you with repeating these again and again, or vex you with being stupid all day. She could talk finely, and said such strange things that it was hard to believe that it was only a bird that was talking. When she heard the baker's knock, she would cry, "Walk in, Mr Toast," without being bidden. She knew the names of every one in the family, and used to bid them good morning as a civil bird should; she could sing "I'd be a Butterfly," though sometimes that long word puzzled her; and she would then cry, "How droll!" and try again; and what Nina like better than all, could cry, "Captain, come home;" and whistle, "Hearts of Oak," and "God save the King," as well as any sailor on board the good ship Amphitrite, in which she came over.

It was no wonder that, with all these accomplishments Polly was a favourite on her own account, as well as for the sake of Nina's kind uncle. She was lodged in a lordly cage with gilt wires, and her house was duly and carefully cleaned. Her food was the daintiest; and as she could call for most things she liked, her dinner was principally of her own choosing. She was also often indulged in being hung in a corner of a pleasant court-yard, among the branches of an old vine which ran up against the house; and as there was always something going on, carts coming in or setting off, the sound of the flail in the barn, the postman with his horn, the travelling fishmonger with his ass and a bell at its collar, she was never in want of amusement; and, being a bird of observation as well as fond of company, she picked up many odd sayings and strange sounds, which she was heard practising over to herself at duller times of the day. Every one in the house liked Polly; she was cheerful and fearless, and was never guilty of biting anyone, as I have known worse tempered parrots do, and that most severely.

It was on a certain brilliant July day that Polly was taken in her gilt cage, and hung up in the "vine corner," as Nina used to call it; while that little maiden went to pay her great aunts a visit. A merry afternoon she had in their old garden, for they had invited several other children to play with her; and they swung, and told stories, and slid down the side of a hay-stack, and played at hide and seek in the large cool barn, till the little girl was quite tired, and not sorry when old Bartholomew, the butler, made his appearance to bring her home. But tired as she was, she did not forget her feathered favourite; and no sooner had she delivered her aunt's long message, than she ran hastily into the courtyard, calling out, "My poor Polly, I hope they have not forgotten to give you your dinner;" but, alas! no chirup came from the cage, no "Walk in, Miss Nina;"—she came nearer and nearer, and, oh grief, oh grief!—the door was open, and the bird gone.

Nina was not a weeper on common occasions, but she set up such a shriek when she perceived the loss of her favourite, as reached the ears of a company in the dining-room, who all got up hastily from their dessert and ran out to see what could be the matter. Poor Nina could not speak; she could only point to the empty cage and weep the more; for if she had loved one plaything above another, if she had valued one treasure above another, it had been poor Polly; and now that she was really gone, and for ever, the family shared her distress. Her mother took her upon her knee and told her she hoped her favourite would be found, her father forgot a fit of rheumatism, and put on his hat to go out and inquire if the

run-away had been seen up the village; the gardener was called out of the hothouse, the footman excused from carrying up coffee, the haymakers disturbed over their supper; everything possible was done to try to recover the lost treasure of the bereaved little girl.

At length, when every one was becoming almost hopeless, and, in fact, it was growing dusk, the housekeeper, Mrs Brockley, the most puzzle-headed of all puzzle-headed women, stood stock still suddenly, as she was used to do when anything struck her, and cried out, "Dear me, why that little beggar-boy, Gilbert Rock, was here this afternoon; he may have taken the bird; I should not much wonder if he has."

"And why could you not remember that before, Mrs Brockley?" said her master: "I went up past the Cross, nearly as far as old Abby Rock's cottage, and would have gone in; let some one go immediately—one of the labourers—and she will not suspect his errand; nothing is more likely. Nina, you had no business to hang the cage in the court-yard; I always said something of this kind would happen." Poor Nina wept the more for her father's speech, for she knew he had warned her that there might be danger to her bird in so public a place as her favourite vine corner; and she knew also that if Gilbert Rock had carried away her treasure, there was little chance of her ever beholding it again. These Rocks had a bad name in the village, and had been accused, or at least suspected, of not a few small thefts. There were people too, who said that this Gilbert was not the boy who had always been with old Abby, for that, when she first came to Ridsden, the boy she used to call her son had red cheeks and curly hair, and bold blue eyes of his own; whereas this was dwarfed and puny, with rusty black hair, and staring set eyes and hollow cheeks, which had made some of the village flout him by calling him "Little Scull." How the old woman lived was a mystery to every one: a few withered apples or clay-coloured pasties did appear in the window of her hovel, it is true; but they were so seldom changed that much profit could not possibly accrue from them. Little Gilbert, too, was never seen doing anything, save lounging about in other people's farm-yards; and that day he had come up to the Musgroves for an old livery jacket, which Nina's mother, who compassionated his wretched and starved appearance, had promised him; though, as Mrs Brockley said, she might have spared herself the trouble, as old Abby was not the thrifty woman to turn it to any account, and, as it was, it would hang about the child's heels.

To the house of these suspected individuals, one of the haymakers was sent in quest of Miss's bird. Nina would have gone with him if she had been permitted, though it was now so dark that she could see nothing when she looked out, and never rested a moment while he was away: she thought he would never come back, and her mother had no little trouble to keep her impatience within any bounds. At last steps were heard in the stone hall; she sprang off her father's knee, running as fast as her feet could carry her, and crying out aloud—"Oh Simon, Simon, have you found her?"

"No, Miss," replied the man, very slowly, "but I ha' brought you her feathers, and the thief that stole her away."

Poor Nina heard no more—this termination to Simon's search she had never expected, even in her moments of most miserable fear: and by this time the inhabitants of the house were thronging round old Simon, listening, as well as her sobs would permit, to his tale—how he had found the floor of Abby Rock's cottage all strewn with the feathers, and the head under the dresser; and heard the old woman say to Gilbert (for he listened at the door a moment or two before he went in), "Thou dolt, not to bring her alive—who bade thee twist her neck round, I wonder?"—He had seized the culprit on the spot, and brought him to Mr Musgrove, who was a magistrate.

Candles were brought, and a full light thrown upon the group. The unfortunate little thief was now as doggedly still as he had struggled all the way, and the Justice thought he had never beheld a more hardened, unchild-like countenance. Heedless of Nina's cries, "I hope he will be hanged, papa," in which she seemed to find comfort, he took the culprit by the shoulder, and led him to his own study and shut the door. Presently he called for Mrs Musgrove, who returned in an instant to desire that Miss Nina might be taken to bed, as it was an hour later than her usual time, and after giving her a kiss disappeared again. There was nothing more to be heard that night it was plain, and Nina, compelled to submit, cried herself to sleep presently, and, by good luck, did not dream of her loss.

Breakfast-time came the next morning, and Nina waited eagerly till her father should come down stairs, for, though she had ceased to weep, the thought of her murdered favourite occupied her intently; and when Mr Musgrove entered the parlour, she ran into his arms, almost forgetting her morning kiss, crying—"Well, Papa, what have you done with the little thief? I hope he will be hanged!"

Nina's father put her down quietly, and gravely added—"Do not go away, my love; I want to talk to you—you cannot know what you are saying, I think; and he sat down and took her on his knee, still very serious."

"I do not wonder," continued he, "that you are sorry to have lost your favourite bird, your kind uncle's present, in so miserable a way; but to wish this wretched little boy hanged, even for such a fault, grieves me not a little."

Nina made no answer; for, as the door opened, some creaking sound in the hall made her almost fancy that she heard the well known "Good morning, Beauty—good morning, Miss Nina."

"You do not answer me, my dear," said her father. Suppose this little boy were your brother (you have often wished for a brother), and he had stolen any other little girl's bird, would you wish to have him hanged then?"

"O, papa, but to steal! Nobody—I mean—that is—nobody steal but poor people."

"And why is that, Nina? Do you think that rich and poor are not the same flesh and blood? We have taught you differently from that, my child."

"O, no, papa."

"Well, then, is it not because the poor have more temptation, and are not so well taught their duty?"

Nina made no answer, for she was thinking how hard it was that any one should steal her bird.

"I will tell you a little story to show you that rich children steal sometimes," continued her father; "a story of myself."

"O, papa, did you ever steal?" exclaimed the little girl quickly.

"You shall hear; I do not know that ever any little boy had such presents made him as I had—a great many, too many I fear; for at last I ceased to care for any they could give me; and I can well believe the story of the young Dauphin, who was dissatisfied all his birth-day because he was not allowed to go and play in the mud under the window."

"O, what was that story, papa? Pray tell me."

"Another time, my love—I remember having many such unaccountable fancies myself—one, in particular, I had for a piece of red leather that hung in a shoemaker's window."

"A piece of red leather! O, what for?" said Nina. "I cannot tell you now, but so it was. I told my father I wished for it, and he said if I could give him any good reason for wanting it, he would buy it for me. Well, I had nothing to say which satisfied him, so I was forced to get without; but this did not satisfy me. I had set my heart on a piece of red leather, and was resolved to have it."

"And what did you do, papa?"

"I am going to tell you. It happened, about two days after this, that I heard my father order the footman to call at Wicksted's, and to inquire why he had not sent home his new boots, and to bring them if they were done. Well, this was the very shop where I had seen the red leather in the window, and I was so foolish that I asked to go with James. My father gave leave—my uncle, who had heard of my fancy (I thought he might have gratified it), laughed, and said—'Are you going to order a pair of red leather shoes for yourself, George, and turn a little girl?' I was much affronted at this, but off we set."

"Well, it never occurred to me till we came within sight of the shop, that I had no money, and it was as much as a servant's place was worth in our house, if it was found out that they had lent us any. So, to make a long tale short, I did as many a thousand more have done, who are resolved to obtain what they have no means of obtaining honestly—I watched a lucky moment when old Wicksted's back was turned, seized the piece I had taken such a fancy to, thrust it into my pocket unperceived, and for a moment was content: but only for a moment, for now that I had got it, I durst show it to nobody, or make any use of it, lest I should be found out; and all the way home I well remember contriving how and where I was to hide it, and beginning to wish with all my heart that I had not done anything so wicked. I was wretchedly afraid of being in the parlour with my father, I knew not why; and still, when I was out of the room was no less afraid lest he should suspect that I had done something that made me unwilling to be near him. My love, when you grow older, you will understand that this is what is called conscience."

"But I was not careful enough, or rather too careful, for I remember well, by the agony it gave me, my uncle crying out suddenly—'Why, the lad has been after the red leather after all—stolen a bit, and has brought it home in his pocket, I declare!'"

"There was no need to ask me any more questions, I am quite sure my guilty face told what I had done, and I stood, when it was fairly understood, trembling and wretched—I hardly think that now, if I were going to be hanged, I could suffer more."

"My father always spoke most quietly, when most seriously displeased, and addressed me so gently, I expected—but nothing half so bad as what really happened. He was very sorry, he said, that his son should become a thief, and, that I might make all the reparation I could for my offence, I was to take the piece of red leather back (Oh, I hated it then!) to

Wicksted, explain how I had come by it, and ask his pardon."

"Poor papa! and did you do this?"

"Yes; and my father took me himself, and made me carry it in my hand all the way. Oh, I shall never forget that day! A glorious afternoon in August it was; and how I thought every one must know what I had done, and looked at me. I would have given anything I had—everything, to have escaped, especially as we drew near the door: I grew first hot and then cold. 'Is Mr Wicksted within?' said my father in a firm voice; 'my little boy wants to speak with him.' I thought almost I must die, when—why, Nina, look up; do not cry."

But it was too late to prevent it—the child was already in tears.

"Well, my love, I have done—I only told you this to show you that it is not the poor alone who do wrong, though their temptations to some kinds of sin, the sin of theft in particular, are ten times more than that of the rich. You see I must go and steal merely from a fancy: there is many a little beggar boy and girl that is beaten by harsh parents, if they come home empty-handed, and they know this. Now this poor Gilbert Rock, I have taken means to ascertain was cruelly used by his mother, and as she makes a livelihood partly by supplying feather-workers—I see you guess what I am going to say—compare him with your own papa when he stole the red leather, and then tell me whether you wish him to be hanged."

My young readers need not be told that poor Nina's wrath was fully appeased, and that though she could not help mourning the loss of her bird, she never again breathed a word of reproach to the author of her calamity.

The old woman, Abigail Rock, well knowing that, after this affair should become public, her "occupation would be gone," prepared to decamp to a distant part of the country; and Mr Musgrove, compassionating the condition of the child of such a mother, agreed, on her departure, to place him under the charge of one of his grooms, as stable-boy, and thus give him a chance of redeeming his character. The plan fully answered: under proper training the lad became not only a good, but a faithful servant; and is at the head of the stable department in the Musgrove family at the present day.

GHOST STORIES.

[CHRISTMAS used always to have its Ghost-stories.

We give a few now, though they are of a somewhat different complexion from what they used to be. They are taken from 'Tough Yarns, a Series of Naval Tales and Sketches,' just published, enriched with the (in every sense of the word) living pencil of George Cruikshank.]

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep:

Hets. Why, so can I; or so can any man;

But will they come, when you do call for them?

King Henry IV.

I wish my young readers had been acquainted with my worthy and excellent father, for he cared not a snap of the finger for ghosts and hobgoblins, and he would actually walk through a churchyard at midnight without feeling the smallest particle of fear. Now, it may be supposed that his children (of whom I was the third) were naturally as courageous as their father; but, from certain circumstances this was not the case. For whilst my worthy sire would have bidden defiance to a whole army of apparitions, myself and my brothers (there were five of us) would tremble at every noise after dusk, and, when we were in bed, bury our faces in the blankets lest something alarming should appear; nay more, not one of us would remain a moment in the dark without screaming, even if persons were in the same room; or be left alone in any place, though it was broad daylight and the sun shining in all its splendour.

I have said that my father was courageous; but then what ghost would have dared to attack him or have ventured to appear in his presence? He had fought many battles; he had braved the wind, and the storm, and the howling tempest; he had undauntedly looked death in the face, and the unrelenting tyrant had plundered him on every possible occasion, in his violent efforts to carry him off altogether. Thus the brave man had, at different times, lost an eye, and an arm, the calf of his right leg, and sundry slices and cuttings from various parts of his really handsome person; so that a thought of frightening him never could have entered the mind of any supernatural being,—at least, of any rational one. This was the opinion of us boys respecting our father,—but as to ourselves it was quite another thing. We were children, and ghosts might rub their cold nose against our faces in the night, or start up out of the ground to terrify us during the day

with impunity; for that there were such things as ghosts, it would have been impossible to entertain a moment's doubt, having, as we certainly had, the undisputed authority of Susan the housemaid, backed by the matter-of-fact accounts of Jane the cook, and the whole fully authenticated by old nurse, who declared that she had actually seen a spirit; but I suspect it was at a time when spirits were pretty plentiful with her.

My parents were much out in company, and then the evenings were employed in telling the most horrible tales of murders, of sudden deaths, and of those who shortened their brief span of life, on account of disappointments in love. Oh! how often has a cold sick shuddering come upon my young heart at pictures of the diabolical cruelties of human nature, when "man became a wolf to man!" and how has terror shaken every joint in my childish frame, to hear of the restless spirit of the murdered, clothed in corporeal semblance, escaping from its cold prison-house to haunt the guilty slayer! How frequently have the tears trickled down my pale face at the hapless adventures of blighted affections! and many a time did my infantile imagination follow the retributive form that constantly haunted the wretch who had broken the vow of fidelity and truth! Nor was there wanting a good sprinkle of accurate stories about highwaymen and housebreakers, gentlemen thieves for whom young maids wept when they considered them deserving a better fate.

The house we lived in was a very ancient but strong building, and exactly the sort of place to excite superstitious feelings,—in fact, a sort of ghostery. There were some strange tales told about it; and the unaccountable noises in the chimneys which frightened the birds that built their nests there, and the hollow murmuring sounds that proceeded, particularly in windy weather, from behind the old oak panels of the rooms, all conspired to do that which my parents had little idea of, namely, to unnerve the system, and weaken the intellect.

Still I was no coward, for I would always defend myself against any boy of my size, and was ready to undertake the usual hazardous enterprises of children; but a subtle poison was working within which bade fair to render the mind imbecile, and to undermine the constitution. My parents became sensible of our altered condition, and, when it was almost beyond redemption, were made acquainted with the cause. My father, in his usual blunt manner, made use of a strong argument against ghosts. "Boys," said he, "you are a pack of fools: remember this, that those who are gone to Heaven are too happy to quit; and those who are gone to a place of torment the devil won't part with, even for a moment." Of course, a change took place among the servants, who were blamed for instilling pernicious principles into our minds, but which they could not have done had my parents used a little more watchfulness to guard against it.

I was destined for the sea, and at an early age to sea I went. But though I had risen superior to many apprehensions which once tortured me, yet there were times when I could not intirely conquer former weaknesses; and a few weeks after the frigate to which I belonged had left Plymouth, on a three month's cruise, one of the quarter-masters, of the name of Buckley, died, and, as is the usual custom, the body was sewed up in a hammock preparatory to interment. The poor fellow had expired late in the afternoon, and the committal of the corpse to the deep was to take place the following morning. Now Buckley had shown me a great deal of kindness, and taught me to knot and splice, and other parts of a seaman's duty; besides, he had always slept at no great distance from me, and both of us were in the same watch; yet I could not subdue the horror I felt in my breast, at the thoughts of passing the night near the cockpit where I supposed the dead man to be laid. I dared not mention a word of this to my messmates, lest it should have ruined my character for ever; and as I was to take the morning watch, I went early to my hammock, but not to sleep. The close proximity to the corpse excited the most sickening sensations, which I found it impossible to get rid of; horrible phantoms floated before my imagination; and if weary nature exerted her prerogative and sank into repose for a moment, I started with dread lest the cold hand of the old man should be pressed heavily on my heart. At length my mind was harrowed up beyond human endurance; the watch below had turned in: there was no light except the glimmering in the lantern of the sentry, and he sat dozing at his post. I thought I could see the spot where the corpse was extended, and faintly discern the outline of his form. To remain longer was impossible; the bell struck four, and slipping on my jacket and trousers, over which I hastily wrapped my watch-coat, but ashamed to be seen, I crept into the launch, which was between the booms, and finding a hammock, which I supposed to have been negligently left there by one of the seamen, I laid myself down upon it, and pulling over myself an old sail with which it had been covered, I was soon in a deep and refreshing slumber.

* Ten o'clock at night.

The corpse was to be committed to the deep whilst all hands were on deck, during the relief of the watch, at four o'clock in the morning; and exactly at that moment I was awake by some one shaking me rather roughly by the shoulder. In an instant I sprang up; horrid recollections rushed upon me: it was broad day-light; many eyes were staring at me, some with astonishment, others with mirth; but, oh! how can I describe the terrible thrill that ran through every vein, when, on looking at the hammock which had served me for a bed, I discovered that I had, through the whole of the night been sleeping with the dead man for my companion, the body having been removed to the launch late in the preceding evening! I could not speak; I could not shriek; but I burst into an hysterical fit of laughter, and that saved me; for the spectators, not knowing what was passing in my mind, took it for bravado. Many were the jokes respecting my attachment to old Buckley, and thus I was severely punished for my folly.

Two years passed away, during which I had occasional returns of terror and alarm, arising from my dread of non-existents, though I had been in two or three engagements, and gained some applause for my conduct. The frigate I had first joined had been laid up as unserviceable, and I was now in a beautiful eighteen-gun brig-sloop on the South American station. The tale of old Buckley was no longer the subject of amusement to others and torture to me, for the circumstance was unknown to my new messmates; and I entertained hopes, that in the course of time, I should be enabled to overcome the feelings which but too frequently oppressed me.

The sloop was attached to the expedition intended to subjugate (for any other design was futile) the city of Monte Video, in the river Plata; and, with several other vessels, we were employed to capture the island of Gorretta, in Meldonado Bay. There were three strong batteries, with long twenty-four and thirty-two pounders mounted; and these batteries were well manned with Spaniards; but they were compelled to yield to the intrepidity of our brave tars after a severe slaughter, considering the comparatively small number of men engaged. After the conflict, small parties were posted in various places round the island, to prevent a surprise, whilst the main body, with the commanding officer, occupied a large building in the centre.

Midnight came,—a dark, dreary, cold, starless midnight; and I was ordered to visit all the out-posts to see that the sentinels were alert upon their duty. The dead bodies of those who had fallen in battle remained unburied. I had looked upon many a bleeding and mangled form during the day; I had seen many a poor wretch writhing in the last pang of mortal agony; I had gazed with a sort of desperate wildness on the convulsive contortions which expiring nature had left upon the countenance; and now, in the stillness and solitude of night, to traverse the spot where they lay in promiscuous heaps as they had fallen,—my very soul was harrowed up! I would not disobey, and I did not dare to ask for assistance, lest my secret should transpire.

Alone then I departed, every nerve agitated with the commotion that shook my trembling frame. Alone I took my way to the nearest out-post, often starting aside as some stiffened corpse lay stretched across my path. The hollow moaning of the waves breaking against the rugged rocks came with a fearful sound upon the wind, which rushed past in hurried gusts, and now and then a half-stifled groan burst from some poor creature who yet survived the carnage, and was recovering sensibility. I had reached about half-way to my first place of destination, when my faculties became in a great measure paralyzed, on hearing something behind which emitted a strange and unnatural noise. I determined to face it, and turned round for that purpose. The atmosphere was dense and hazy, enveloping the earth in darkness; but, amidst the gloom, a most horrible figure kept rising up to more than mortal height, and then again sinking to scarcely half the stature of a man; two immense projections issued from its hideously-formed head, and a pair of burning eyes glared with vengeful fierceness upon me. All my old feelings returned; 'dismay crept upon my spirit, and, making one desperate effort, I ran with amazing rapidity from this terrific object. But, alas! I had not run far when I stumbled over a dead body, and fell in the midst of several others. I stretched out my hands to assist me in rising, and they rested upon the cold clammy face of a corpse! Once more upon my feet, I looked round; the monster was close to me, rising and falling as it had done before, and again I bounded away without knowing whither. A building presented itself, which I hoped was one of the out-posts, and hastily entering it, I fell about twenty feet into a space below, but sustained no bodily injury, as the floor was covered with piles of seal-skins. Here, in thick darkness and insensibility, I lay for several hours, when I was accidentally discovered by a party who had clandestinely left the main body to seek for plunder, and were attracted to the spot by seeing an enormous *he-goat* near the entrance to the building. By the light of the lantern which they carried I was

readily recognized, and soon rescued from my uncomfortable situation. The fresh air and human voices speedily restored me to animation, and almost the first thing I saw, quietly standing amid the group of seamen, was the innocent cause of my alarm and misfortune, the great *he-goat*! My fall was attributed to accident; and, attended by the party, I visited the out-posts, and made my report to the commanding officer. The account of my adventure soon spread, but the occurrence was attributed to anything but the real cause, as the different tale-tellers had each a story of his own to magnify my intrepidity; and thus my weakness not only again escaped detection, but I actually obtained approbation of my courage. From that hour my determination became more and more strengthened to resist the puellianimity which, in spite of every effort, would at times attack me.

I was next employed in the capture of Monte Video, or rather the city of San Philip, which is its proper name—Monte Video being a lofty mountain on one promontory of a deep bay, as the city of San Philip stands on the extreme point of the other promontory. After the city was taken, I was stationed at night on the flat roof of a house which communicated with several others; having received orders to be very vigilant, and in case of anything material occurring to forward immediate information to the officer in command of the party, who was to dispatch the intelligence to head-quarters. The post was one of extreme importance, and had been intrusted to me on account of my apparent fearlessness. I overlooked the gates leading to the shores of the bay, which, though in our possession, were frequently visited by guerilla bands, who secretly dealt death to the incautious sentinels. I had been about one hour on the look out, and had suppressed the rising sensations of terror which had more than once attacked me; when, to my great surprise, a large empty earthen-ware crate, that stood in the corner of the next flat, began to move slowly along the roof. I had been leaning over the parapet of the house with my back towards the crate, but the slight rustling made by the movement caused me to glance over my shoulder without appearing to turn my head. The motion ceased; but I could not doubt the fact, for the crate was not in the situation where I had first seen it. I still remained in my position without stirring, but kept my eyes directed by a side-long glance towards the object. Again it moved, but so slowly and noiselessly that, by a person possessing a mind of any other stamp than mine, it would have passed unheeded, and consequently unheeded. In vain I struggled to repress my emotion—trembling imbecility was rapidly creeping upon my system—all my former terrors were reviving, when, at that moment, the devices of the guerillas recurred to my recollection, and cocking the lock of a pistol, I stood in perfect readiness. Again the crate moved, so as to get more into my rear; but a picket-guard passing through the street below, I called to the officer, and instantly sprang over the breast-work that divided the two roofs, and ran to that part which was most likely to cut off a retreat, if the crate had been moved by human agency—of which, I confess, I entertained strong doubts. These, however, were soon dispelled, for I had scarcely reached my station, when the crate was thrown up, and the tall gaunt figure of a guerilla was for an instant seen against the dim light of the sky. But it was only for an instant; our pistols seemed to be discharged at the same moment of time. I heard his ball whistle by my ears, and it left a tingling sensation that indicated how very close it had passed to my head; the smoke hindered me from seeing more, but I felt the sharp point of a knife graze down my breast,—I heard a heavy fall into the street below,—a fire of musketry succeeded;—then followed a wild shriek, and the guerilla was a corpse. His knife had been intended for my heart; but a backward step on my part saved me; the skin was slightly scratched, and the instrument remained in my coat without doing further injury.

In what manner the desperado had gained the roof I could not then divine, and I felt certain that he was not under the crate on my first taking the post, as I had carefully examined it. I had afterwards an opportunity of witnessing the mode by which he had accomplished it, and it was simply through the efforts of a number of men, who were raised up successively on each other's shoulders. His design was assassination and plunder. For my share in this transaction, I obtained the approval of Sir Horne Popham, and was raised in temporary rank.

The next trial of my nervous system was at Sierra Leone. I was then in a frigate, and as fears were entertained that the French were about to make a descent upon some part of the encampment (a French squadron having been seen hovering off the coast), the free negroes were armed and enrolled as volunteers. To effect this, at a village about six miles from the interior, I was dispatched with proper orders, and the boat landed me at the nearest point to my destination. It was late in the evening before my duty was completed; and as I was particularly desirous to return to the ship, and make my report, an officer of the York Rangers lent me a beautiful

and spirited horse, which I mounted, though not without a few misgivings, which were much increased, when I was jocosely requested not to fall in love with the "ghost" on my road. On the wayside stood a lone and uninhabited house, where a trafficker in human flesh had murdered his wife; and, ever since, the lady, or her apparition, had presented herself after dark before the gate. Beyond the house were the remains of a negro village, which previously to colonization had been attacked by slave dealers and burned. The aged inhabitants were massacred, the young were borne to slavery; and now it was asserted that the former visited their old habitations, and called aloud for vengeance to redress their wrongs. Such tales were not calculated to inspire composure; but I strove to laugh at the jokes passed on me, and started off at full speed, declaring that "the ghosts should have a long chase if they felt inclined to sport."

The empty boast still faltered on my heart, and my tremulous hand could scarcely hold the rein, when the house of death, all desolate, appeared in view. Striking the spurs into the sides of the generous animal, he sprang forward on his way, and passed the dreadful spot, without my witnessing anything to excite horror.

Although the moon was up, yet storms were on the wind, and heavy clouds obscured her light. Often in imagination did I hear shrieks of the slaughtered negroes as they came howling on the gale, whilst I rapidly approached the ruined village which had been the terrific scene of blood. A black thick cloud with darkness overshadowed the picture, and spread a gloomy wildness over every object. The horse buried his hoofs deep in the sand, and, like an arrow from a bow, continued his fleet career; when in a moment he stopped, threw out his fore legs and reared upon his haunches, while steaming foam issued from his nostrils. It was with considerable difficulty that I retained my seat; and as the creature refused to proceed, I rode back a short distance, and again made an effort to pursue my direct road, but in vain; the animal stopped at the same spot, and flew from side to side of the highway, nor could the whip and spur urge him to advance.

Several times did I repeat the same attempt; and though a chilling awe crept through my veins and made my blood run cold, yet nothing had presented itself to my sight, though it was evident that the eyes of the horse were fixed upon something supernaturally terrific.

At length the moon shed her dim light through a fleecy cloud, and then with horror and amazement I beheld the cause of terror, for right in the middle of the road appeared a long black coffin, and the pale beams of the moon glanced on the white escutcheon fixed on the top. Every feeling of the soul was racked to the extreme; every fibre of the heart was nerved to desperation: and, mustering all my breath, I uttered the great and awful name to which both quick and dead must pay obedience. The lid of the coffin was thrown up, a figure slowly raised itself and gazed upon me, whilst my whole existence seemed quivering on the verge of eternity. The horse pawed the ground with uncontrolled fury; the howling of the gale seemed more dreadful;—when a hollow voice, with distinct utterance, vociferated, "Don't be alarmed,—'tis only Uncle Joey!—So, so, poor fellow! So, so!"

The horse, hearing a well-known sound, became pacified; and then I ascertained that Uncle Joey, a corporal in the newly-raised volunteers, had been to town to fetch an arm-chest, which had been made by a carpenter to deposit the muskets in. Having, however, drank rather freely, he had found himself drowsy on his way back; so, getting into the chest, (which was painted black with a tin plate on the lid,) and shutting himself in, he had enjoyed a comfortable nap, till the snorting of the animal and my shouting brought about his resurrection.

I hardly need say how much my heart was lightened by this explanation, and that I parted with Uncle Joey and his shell in much better spirits than had attended our meeting. Since that time I have had occasional returns of panic, but they have gradually diminished, and I am now almost as daring as my late excellent father, and, except during fits of nervous relaxation, care neither for ghost nor goblin; and I trust, that whilst my readers who are parents will keep a watchful eye that servants do not instil pernicious feelings into the breasts of their offspring, my young readers will rest satisfied on the assurance of an old man, that all ghosts are in reality mere Uncle Jokeys.

Books the Conferrers of Immortality.—The men by whom literature was chiefly encouraged and protected in the age of Augustus, were all of them rich and powerful—consuls, statesmen and warriors,—yet now they are only known to us, or at least are only objects of interest, as the persons from whom Virgil obtained the restoration of a few acres of land, of which he had been unjustly deprived, and to whom Horace fled destitute and trembling from the field of Philippi.—*Dunlop's History of Roman Literature.*

FINE ARTS.

[It is our intention, in future, to give regular weekly notices of the Fine Arts and Music, provided occasion be furnished us.]

Gallery of Portraits, No. XXX.—Charles Knight.

THE portrait of Murillo (from a picture by himself) for solidity and painter-like effect, we are inclined to think, exceeds anything we have seen of Scriven's, excellent as he is in these respects. The countenance of the painter is not such as his works would lead us to expect; there is a weight and melancholy about it that would seem to belong rather to the painter of Gaspar Poussin's austere landscapes, or Caravaggio's gloomy scenes; not to the immortalizer of merry flower-girls and laughing beggar boys. Not that such were his only subjects, but in them lay the strength and peculiarity of his genius. His portrait reminds us of Molière, whose face was perhaps of a still graver cast. The portrait of Cervantes, being copied from an old and quaint engraving, must not be taken as a faithful image of the Spanish Shakespeare. Engravings of Cervantes, from different pictures, are not unfrequently to be met with; but they all belong to the earlier periods of engraving, while the art was yet imperfect, and its productions rude and unshapely. Is there no original picture to which the engravers of the day might refer? We say this out of no spirit of discontent with the conductors of the 'Portrait Gallery,' who give us the best that is to be procured; but as a hint to artists who visit Spain, and who should keep their eyes about them, and endeavour to supply the readers of Don Quixote with a better knowledge of the aspect of its immortal author. A portrait of Frederick II completes the number.

The Comic Almanac; or, Illustrations of the Months, by George Cruikshank.—Tilt.

A little book inscribed with Cruikshank's well-known, grotesque, bold autograph, embordured with phantasies of zodiacal inference, such as would have killed Phaeton with nothing worse than laughter, indorsed with an effective allegory of the seasons! It is put into your hands, and you grin. The text of the book consists of the usual calendar, with a chronological table, chiefly commemorating modern events. The illustrations in verse are not quite so good as those in figures; so let us turn to the etchings at once. The general spirit of each month is concentrated in one characteristic scene. *January* shows us cart-loads of ice coming to the pastry-cook's, who now supplies hot soups, but in July must furnish his languishing customers with cooling ices. 'In the middle of the street is a troop of "frozen-out gardeners;" in the gutter, sliding boys; beyond them, a motley crowd seeking warmth and comfort in a "gin palace." How head the drinkers! how scrambling the sliders, with the butcher-boy distributing the contents of his tray! how creeping, abrunken, wretched, bawling, the gardeners! how hurrying, shovelling, horse-urging the ice-carters! how muffled up and scornful the gentleman in the box! but above all, how unhoused the pastry-cook. He has just emerged from the warm shop, sleek, slipped, night-capped, to superintend the cellaring of the ice. One of the carters is asking him for directions, touching his hat with a swelled, benumbed fist (for his fingers are bound together with cold); the man of tarts can scarcely attend to him, so much is he absorbed in impatience to be back to the fire, so tottering with cold; his hands pocketed, his knees together, his eye wandering back to the shop. *February* is a scene of swampy, melted, refrozen, remelted snow, with many a slip and slide. How true to our every-day experience the woman reading the direction of the letter she has received, the postman that of the next he is to deliver, while the twopence that is to pass between them, for which the woman is diving in her pocket, is too much a matter of course to merit the exercise of attention from either. We must cut short our expressions of admiration; Cruikshank is too rich in fun for us to cram it all, or much of it, into a paragraph full of description. Think of March winds treated by his etching needle,

of April-fools, and April-showers! He had a better Jack-in-the-Green in his 'Political Showman' than this in *May*,—that was more ungainly, top-heavy—was endowed with more "serious lightness"—the recollection of it injures this in our eyes. Still it is full of humour; so is the Exhibition—Vauxhall, and all the Months, till we come to the crowning Christmas dinner, warm, jolly, comfortable, with plenty of wine, joke, beef, and pudding.

The Amulet for 1835.—Westley.

The illustrations of the 'Amulet' this year possess a higher interest, we think, than those of any of the preceding volumes. There is more originality, and less of the pseudo-sentimental, a weakness into which the ultra-refinement of these exquisitely among books (the *Annals*) are apt to fall. The hotpressing, blind-tooling, and gilding seem to suffocate the artist's fancy with petty sweets and prettinesses, and like another Ruggiero, he melts into an effeminate slavery under the meretricious blandishments of the drawing-room enchantress of the day, Fancy Stationery. 'The Lily,' by Eastlake, and the 'Proposal,' by Wyatt, are not exempt from the influence of the false Fay. Not so Inskipp's little 'Lace Maker'; nor his maid servant 'Going to Service'—going forth with all the buoyancy of youth and health, to make the cheerless experiment of a new service. The engraver of the 'Lace Maker' has hardly accomplished the difficult task of rendering Inskipp's free and careless pencilling into the more definite style necessary to a print. The other engraving is a more successful imitation of his manner. 'The Gipsy Mother' is a striking head, handled in a masterly style, but something opaque in the shadow, and, though probably a veritable gipsy, not very characteristic of the race—it is a Scotch Gipsy. Our favourite in the book is Uwins's 'Madonna de Fiori,' a group in a procession of young girls carrying flowers to offer before the Virgin. The girl in the middle is fair and slender as a lily, as graceful, and as simply gentle and tender. Round her is a fine glow of youth and colour. These are not all the plates; but we have not room to notice more than such as most call for remark. A neat little cut, however, of the Duck-billed Platypus, inserted in the article on that living riddle, interested us extremely, being the first picture we had seen of that singular individual, alive, and in his natural sphere.

['Gray's Elegy Illustrated,' and the 'Literary Souvenir,' next week.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DELTA's question has reminded us, that when we extracted, some weeks ago, the interesting account of the death of Barbara, Queen of Poland, headed "Poisoning at a Feast," we were careless enough to omit the name of the work to which we were indebted for it. It is a new novel called the 'Court of Sigismund Augustus.'

The paper of a fair and friendly correspondent, headed 'A Stile' (a good subject), shall have our best attention.

VERUCUS the first opportunity.

W.'s lines to his Fire are not uncreditable to him; but they are not a "Sonnet," being sixteen lines instead of fourteen. A Sonnet is always confined to fourteen lines, unless it be of the comic order, when it may run to what length it pleases, after discharging its regular duties in that respect.

S. G. is justly grateful to his "Pen," though his acknowledgments are hardly peculiar enough to be made public.

The vindicator of Johnson, in the matter of the "City-Club," shall have insertion as soon as possible. Is his signature W.? It is not so legible as the rest of his communication.

We cannot, at the moment we are writing this, refer to the past numbers of our Journal; but surely we noticed the communication mentioned by "Un Lecteur qui a soif!" At all events, his messenger was not in fault; for we received it.

We fear we must have mislaid the papers mentioned by our very kind friend, J. M. C. They shall be searched for immediately.

The *Northern Herald* (Belfast) is requested to accept our most grateful acknowledgments.

We are quite ashamed at having delayed so long with the manuscripts of Mr. G. F. His verses, just sent us, shall be considered forthwith. We fear we cut a bad figure altogether with our Correspondents this week; and we must complete it with an awkward confession; which is, that instead of being able to fetch up our arrears to them, as promised last week, the key of the closet which contained their papers has been fairly walked off with, and will not return to us till too late for the press. We make this explanation, because the vague mention of "accident" a second time, might have looked still more awkward; and truth is the best resource under a scrape, if it cannot always help us out of it.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17, 1834.

No. 38.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

IMPROVEMENTS OF THE 'LONDON JOURNAL' FOR THE
ENSUING YEAR.

As all Periodicals, at the commencement of a new year, must desire to obtain fresh readers, and show regard to old ones, by as much improvement or novelty as they can devise, and as we have no inclination to be behind-hand with our contemporaries in evincing either our zeal or gratitude, we hereby give a fortaste of our proper Journal pretensions, by setting modesty utterly aside; and do fairly acknowledge, that on Wednesday, the 7th of January next, we mean to be extremely brilliant and astonishing.

It is of no use to mince the matter. If we have been good hitherto, we mean to be twenty-fold better then. If people (particularly those of a lofty five-shilling turn of mind) have been hitherto astonished how we could sell our weekly stores of knowledge and entertainment for the unmentionable sum of three half-pence, they shall then be amazed beyond endurance. Men shall be found, with our Journal in their hands, staring and immovable, under peril of a locked-jaw; while the fair sex, with a sweeter access of frenzy, and agreeably to their more patient endurance of a transport, yet not knowing withal how to express their satisfaction, shall be tempted literally to devour our pages,—perhaps in a sandwich, as Miss Catharine Fisher, out of a less exalted feeling, did the bank-note.

Good heavens! if all our contemporaries improve as we do, what a periodical literature we shall have! The old 'Gentleman's Magazine,' their father, will be so very old and very gentlemanly, that nothing will ever have been seen so venerable, not even his churches. 'Blackwood' will be so intense, that there will be no distinguishing him from the woods and fountains he speaks of. His magazine, coming to us, overshadowing, will be like a visit from the clouds and mountain tops of the primeval world; or of Greece with all its isles. 'Tait' and the 'Monthly Repository' will blow such notes of advancement, that we shall all of a sudden be living in the twenty-first century, all thriving and merry, our days cut beautifully in two betwixt work and leisure. 'Fraser' will bring English orthodoxy so well acquainted with Irish and French vivacity, that all three shall be astonished at finding themselves shaking hands over Rabelais' 'Oracle of the Bottle.' The 'New Monthly' shall be so very polite and "distinguished," that men shall put a leaf of it into their button holes instead of myrtle. The 'Metropolitan' shall begin a new novel once a month, and render us so jolly and maritime that, like the drinkers in the 'Naufregium Joculare,' we shall take our room for a ship; and begin tossing the furniture out of window to lighten her. Then the orthodox 'Dublin University Magazine' shall more and more delight the "candid reader" by praising Whigs who write about forest-trees, and Radicals who can relish claret. All war, in short, shall become, in a manner, all peace,—the war being only a sort of robust joviality,—a Donnybrook fair, —to relish the peace with; and peaceful magazines shall, of course, have a prodigious deal to do. Mr Loudon, with his 'Architectural,' 'Gardening,' and 'Naturalist's' Magazines, shall build all our houses for us, plant all our gardens, and illustrate all our fields.

[From the Steam-Press of C. & W. RYNNELL, Little Pultney-street.]

By the way, what have we done, that the 'Monthly Repository' has not been sent us, ever since we made an extract from it? And how is it, that 'Tait' and 'Blackwood' are not sent, as they used to be when we wrote in another Journal? Our universalities, we are sure, do not offend them. They are too much in earnest themselves. And, agreeably to the insolence of our companionship, we must remind them of an anecdote in Boswell. Johnson dined one day in company with Wilkes, at Dilly's, the bookseller in the Poultry. There was a coldness at first; but wine, wit, and natural humanity, fused all parties together before dinner was over; and Wilkes, leaning back in his chair, and speaking to some one behind Johnson's back, said, in a stage-whisper, "I understand Dr Johnson has written a very fine book (the 'Lives of the Poets'); but I am a poor patriot, and have not been able to see it." "Mr Dilly," said Johnson, smiling with benignity, (as Boswell says,) "be good enough to send a copy of the 'Lives' to Mr Wilkes." Now we have no ambition to compare ourselves with Wilkes, except inasmuch as he desired the public welfare (if he did); but we may be allowed, without any immodesty, to measure our inability to buy books with an Alderman and Member of Parliament; and "candid readers" are deserving the consideration of good editors.

To return to our subject;—we propose, in our next year's Journal, in addition to most of the features of the year past, to give regular notices of the Fine Arts and Music; a Memoir (every week) of some eminent person, taken from some good author; regular extracts from good books of Travels, so that the reader may go round the world with us in the course of the twelvemonth; specimens, also (we hope) of the best English Poets; and a sprinkle of more original matter, generally. And the proprietors of 'Mr Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays' (which are out of print) have kindly permitted us to promise one of them for every successive week, till the series be completed.

SHAKSPEARE AND CHRISTMAS, AND MR LANDOR'S NEW WORK.

SHAKSPEARE and Christmas! How naturally the idea of Shakspeare can be made to associate itself with anything which is worth mention! Christmas is coming; Shakspeare is always at hand; a man of genius has just written a book upon him; and the two ideas, or all three, fall as naturally and seasonably together, as festivity, and heart and soul. So you may put together "Shakspeare and May," or "Shakspeare and June," and twenty passages start into your memory about spring and violets. Or you may say "Shakspeare and Love," and you are in the midst of a bevy of bright damsels, as sweet as rose-buds; or "Shakspeare and Death," and all graves, and thoughts of graves, are before you; or "Shakspeare and Life," and you have the whole world of youth, and spirit, and Hotspur, and life itself; or you may say even "Shakspeare and Hate," and he will say all that can be said for hate, as well as against it, till you shall take Shylock himself into your Christian arms, and tears shall make you of one faith.

As it is true that "extremes meet," so do we verily hold that extreme greatness and extreme goodness

(as far as man can have either) meet in the same individual; and being extremely good, Shakspeare, for all his greatness, or rather, by reason of it, must needs have been a good fellow; and being a good fellow, it follows that he must have been a good hand at Christmas. There have, undoubtedly, been bad great men; but, inasmuch as they were bad, they were not great. Their greatness was not intire. There was a great piece of it omitted. They had heads, legs, and arms, but they wanted hearts; and thus were not whole men. Besides, men of this kind, like Polyphemus, have but one eye; for bad men see but half; and their palates are poor, one-tasted things,—callous except to great excitements. They could not even partake of a dinner off a cut-apple with a child, without calling to mind their dignity, or their brandy, or some such thing; and how could such unhappy persons have a true relish of Christmas? Now Shakspeare, who manifestly saw everything that could be seen, and relished everything that had a taste, great and small, could not, and would not, (God and good health willing) have refused to join any festivity that had a heart in it; and he could neither have been the man he was, nor the poet he was, nor the "player-man" he was, nor have led the life he did, nor have had such good-humoured knowledge of country and town pastimes, of sheep-shearings, and taverns, and "good men's feasts," and Falstaff, and Sir Toby, and *Twelfth-Night* (mark you that!)—if he had not been in request at Christmas, and (to use his own phrase) often "set the table in a roar." Nobody talks so well of such things, without having had a relishing experience of them; and there is reason to believe that, like the thoroughly-discerning man he was, Shakspeare, through all that he had seen, had come to the conclusion that there was nothing better on earth than love and good-fellowship; for this is not only the conclusion, abstractedly speaking, which the logic of the question might bring him to, but it is understood, and is most highly credible, that *Twelfth-Night*, with *Viola* and *Christina* in it, was the last play he wrote.

But we must hasten, this week, to let a writer speak of Shakspeare, who has spoken of him as writer has never yet spoken in England, and we have had eloquent utterers to that matter too; nay, he has dared to make Shakspeare himself speak, and shown that he had a right to dare it.

It was said by a candid saint, in a fit of the phraseology of this world, "Deuce take those who have said our good things before us!" (Perant male qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.) We add, Deuce take those who quoted the saying before us;—but above all, Deuce take him who wrote the article on Mr Landor's book (for it is of this book we speak) in the 'Examiner' of the week before last:—and Deuce particularly take him for having said our good things so well, that it becomes a matter of modesty with us not even to claim them. Hard is it to practise that saintly virtue of candour; but out the truth must come,—and the truth is, that the nicety of the critical feeling in that article is worthy of the book it criticises; and after what we have said of the book, the reader may judge of its review.

Our only comfort is, as all our friends will testify to whom we spoke of the book, that we hailed and trumpeted it to every body in private the moment we got it, and before we had time to speak of it publicly. So if two men think alike upon the

general merits of a subject, and one of them anticipates the other, we cannot help but we shall simply proceed to act as our friend the wit would have done on the like occasion, and with an impudence becoming our love and veracity (for extremes meet, and there is nothing so daring as your perfect innocence), extract the whole of the article from our columns. Yes, the whole;—for though this ‘*Examiner*’ is a paper as celebrated as it is witty and argumentative, yet its price (moderate as it is), and its partizanship (however sincere) may keep it out of hands into which the *LONDON JOURNAL* goes. The article, therefore, will have additional readers; those who have read it before will be glad to read it again (we beg to say that we were the inventors of that useful piece of assertion); and, finally, we cannot help taking every bit of it for our own satisfaction. We might omit the first two paragraphs, but there is capital talk about Shakespeare in them, and this present unworthy article of ours is about Shakespeare as well as Mr Landor. We have omitted only one passage, of a few lines; because, however justifiable it is in its own place, it would not be equally so in a paper which professes to be a neutral ground, set apart from everything hostile or controversial. Next week, we shall give some extracts from Mr Landor’s book, which are not to be found in the article of our contemporary.

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare, Euseby Treen, Joseph Carnaby, and Silas Gough, clerk, before the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer-stealing, on the 19th day of September, in the year of Grace 1582, now first published from Original Papers. To which is added, a Conference of Master Edmund Spenser, a Gentleman of Note, with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, A.D. 1595. Saunders and Osley, 1834.

This is a book of remarkable genius—an honour to the age. High wit, imagination, and the sweetest pathos, are its least distinguished characteristics. It is steeped in the deepest waters of humanity. It would have been called a gentle book when that term meant all that was noble as well as mild and wise. It deserves to have its dwelling-place near the loved and everlasting name of Shakespeare, and we are very sure that posterity will find it there.

For ourselves, we have adopted it as the faithful record of some authentic pages in the life of the young poet. Of these, we have “alas! too few”—and we cannot see why so excellent a romance should not stand for a piece of reality. How strange it is that so little should be known of the personal history of Shakespeare! Was it that the radiance of his genius quenched the paler light of his life? Had his contemporaries in literature lost their sense of his personal identity in the universal character of his fame? Ben Jonson’s learning, the weight of Marlowe’s mighty line, the dark gloom of Ford, streaked with its moonlight gleams of pathos, the domestic prose-poetry of Heywood, the terrible graces of Webster and of Decker, the earnestness and precision of Middleton, the comprehensive thought of Massinger, and the sweetness of Fletcher—all these have an individual character, which is stamped on the admiring love with which we regard the memories of the men. They never published anything that did not remind each other of their own personal existence. Not so with Shakespeare. When *Falstaff* succeeded his *Hamlet*, and *Lear* followed *Falstaff*, who ever thought of him? He might be seen, we presume, at the Globe or the Mermaid; he might win hearts there by his flowing facility or wit or fancy—by his brave notions and gentle expressions; but never, we dare be sworn, did he excite there, or in his time, a tithe of the reverent and loving admiration we pay to the Creator of a World. His genius was, in short, too large and universal to be referred to himself, sitting in the common ranks of men. His companions never could associate them—never dreamt of them as of mutual and reciprocating interest—and never fancied, therefore, that a later posterity would. Surely, had they done so, they would have gathered together for us some records of his personal career, and marked out for us more distinctly, as a shrine for pilgrimage, the tomb of the man. But, no—his works, they said, would be a “monument without a tomb.” They were to be associated with no sense of mortality—nor could we now have had the definite certainty that their author was not, in truth, the demigod that they express him, but for our chance possession of that “key,” which, while it “unlocks his heart,” proves it to be mortal. Thanks to the bookseller who scraped together the sonnets of Shakespeare! There the immortal poet pours out his mortal sorrows. There we feel with him on the common ground of life; there we see him laying on his heart the low-

liberties; there we follow him through the conflicts of duty and passion, and through a sea of troubles, discontents, and sorrows; there we find that the web of his life, too, was a mingled yarn, and that he, the so potent master, at whose feet the world of spirits and of nature laid their richest treasures, might to mortal sources of truth and beauty and delight were open, could yet be baffled by the unknown of his fellow-men: could see them join against him with the “spite of fortune”; and, troubled and despairing, “desiring this man’s art, and that man’s scope”—could, at last, in the bitterness of his anguish, “look upon himself, and curse his fate.” But, for all that, what a humane and generous world is that of Shakespeare! He, who felt its wrongs, felt also the allowances to be made for them. He knew, let what would betide, that “beautiful usages were remaining still, kinder affections, radiant hopes, and ardent aspirations.” He knew that “there is in the blood of man, as in the blood of animals, that which giveth the temper and disposition, and that these require nurture and culture.” He chose the nobler part, therefore, of cherishing and cultivating these; and for him, in grief or in gladness, we are surely always kinder and happier. The words we have quoted are words from the volume before us. They call us back to it from our dreams of Shakespeare.

This book is something better than a dream. Concealed in the dress of fiction, its purpose is the assertion of truth. A most exalted moral aim is the “heart of its mystery.” The youth, William Shakespeare, is brought before Sir Thomas Lucy on the charge of deer-stealing. The persons present at the examination are the knight’s chaplain, Silas Gough—his clerk, the quaint and trust-worthy Ephraim Barnett, whose report the book purports to be—and two countrymen, who bear witness against Shakespeare. The whole conduct of the thing is admirable. We have Sir Thomas Lucy before us in his large, comfortable, easy chair, a portly theologian, and, in his own conceit, a great poet, very stately at first, but gradually relaxing under the influence of the wonderful culprit he has before him, until, at last—fairly subdued by the stream of wit, eloquence, poetry, reason, and religion, poured out upon him by the stealer of his deer—he lies back in his chair in his very easiest attitude, opens his ears to their widest stretch, and tells “honest Willy” to “go on” with his sermons. He throws in a word or two here and there to secure his own dignity and superiority, but it is easy to see who has the upper hand. He is led by the nose, by the eyes, and by the ears—no faculty of him can withstand the fascination of Shakespeare!

“I am not ashamed to avouch that it goeth against me to hang this young fellow, richly as the offence in its own nature doth deserve it, he talketh so reasonably; not indeed so reasonably, but so like unto what a reasonable man may listen to and reflect on. There is so much, too, of compassion for others in hard cases, and something so very near in semblance to innocence itself in that airy swing of light-heartedness about him. I cannot fix my eyes (as one would say) on the shifting and sudden shade-and-shine, which cometh back to me, do what I will, and mazes me in a manner, and blinks me.”

This exquisite aside is addressed to his chaplain; but Sir Silas Gough is an ill-natured person who doesn’t like Shakespeare’s religion, who doesn’t “relish such mutton-broth divinity, making him sick in order to settle his stomach,” who somewhat “smokes” the youth’s object besides, and who, moreover, has grown very impatient during the examination, for, says honest Ephraim Barnett—

“He had ridden hard that morning, and had no cushion upon his seat as Sir Thomas had—and I have seen, in my time, that he who is seated on beechwood hath very different thoughts and moralities from him who is seated on goose-feathers under deerskin”—and so the said chaplain proposes he may be committed at once, and afterwards sentenced to death or not, for “the penalty of the law may be commuted, if expedient, on application to the fountain of mercy, in London.” Then answers the humanity which lurks behind the dignity of Sir Thomas, in these beautiful words:—

“May be, Silas, those shall be standing round the fount of mercy who play in idleness and wantonness with its waters, and let them not flow widely, nor take their natural course. Dutiful gallants may encompass it, and it may linger among the flowers they throw into it, and never reach the parched lip on the way-side. These are homely thoughts—thoughts from a field, thoughts for the study and housekeeper’s room. But whenever I have given utterance to them, as my heart hath often prompted me with beating at the breast, my hearers seem to bear towards me more true and kindly affection than my richest fancies and choicest phraseologies could purchase.”

But we are getting on too fast. Let us go back a little. Our next extract shall be from the evidence of Joseph Carnaby, who watched the deer-stealers at their night-work. Mark how finely this passage shadows out the thoughts of the young poet, lightly

and darkly thrown from him in the night; and what a capital picture he, and his strange vagaries, and his wandering companions, and their unlawful business, make! The witness himself, Joseph Carnaby, while he is delivering his evidence, cannot get rid of the awe the scene had thrown over him as he listened, and he looks more guilty-like than the Strange Thief. “Willy stands there,” says the recording Ephraim, “with all the courage and composure of an innocent man; and, indeed, with more than what an innocent man ought to possess in the presence of a magistrate.” Now hear the evidence:—

“At this moment one of the accomplices cried ‘Willy, Willy! prythee stop! enough in all conscience! first, thou divertedst us from our undertaking with thy strange vagaries; thy Italian girl’s nursery sighs; thy Fucks and pinchings, and thy Windsor whimsies. No kitten upon a bed of marum ever played such antics. It was summer and winter, night and day, with us within the hour; and with such religion did we think and feel it, we would have broken the man’s jaw that gossamed it. We have slept with thee under the oaks in the ancient forest of Arden, and we have wakened from our sleep in the tempest far at sea. Now art thou for frightening us again out of all the senses thou hadst given us, with witches and women more murderous than they.’ Then followed a deeper voice; ‘Stouter men and more resolute are few; but thou, my lad, hast words too weighty for flesh and bones to bear up against. And who knows but these creatures may pop amongst us at last, as the wolf did sure enough, upon him, the noisy rogue, who so long had been crying wolf! and walf!’”

Some papers are found in the young Thief’s pocket, and read out in the Justice-room. Here is one of them, called the ‘Maid’s Lament,’ and in pathos we never felt anything beyond it. The reader will take it to his heart for ever:—

“I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check’d him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him, once I sought,
And wearied all my thought,
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
‘Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns;
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
‘Merciful God!’ such was his latest prayer,
‘These may she never share!’
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the church-yard gate,
His name and life’s brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe’er you be,
And oh! pray, too, for me!”

Whereupon Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, passeth the following acute criticism:—

“Of all the youths that did ever write in verse, this one verily is he who hath the fewest flowers and devices. But it would be loss of time to form a border, in the fashion of a kingly crown, or a dragon, or a Turk on horseback, out of buttercreps and dandelions. * * The wench herself might well and truly have said all that matter without the poet, bating the rhymes and metre.”

Let the reader take this to his heart too:—

“This is the only kindness I ever heard of Master Silas towards his fellow-creatures. Never hold me unjust, Sir Knight, to Master Silas. Could I learn other good of him, I would freely say it; for we do good by speaking it, and none is easier. Even bad men are not bad men, while they praise the just. Their first step backward is more troublesome and wrenching to them than the last forward.”

We have said that the purpose of this book is one of a very lofty kind. Its wit and pathos, its humour, fancy, and imagination, are only made subservient to the most exalted expression of morality, to the embodiment of the subtlest and most profound spirit of humanity. Shakespeare, observing the Knight’s theological turn, launches forth into sundry disquisitions, moral and religious, gleaned, as he says, from the discourses of a certain Doctor Glaston of Oxford. And though the worthy Justice sometimes seems to yearn for an authority, for something doctrinal—though he has a sort of half-longing for a thread or two from the coat of an apostle—is thirsty, it may be, for a smack of Augustin—or hankereth after the perfume of a sprig from Basil—still he lieth back, as we fancy, in his great easy chair, twirls (perhaps) his thumbs over each other as easily as he can for the gout, and urges “Willy” to go on. The reader may pardon this defalcation from doctrine and the fathers, when he observes the light that leads astray. It is light indeed—a full beam of generous truth—of the rays of Heaven.

But first observe Shakespeare's introduction to this pretended Dr Glaston, and the true philosophy of the passage:—

"What may thy name be, and where is thy abode?" William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, at your service, sir. And welcome, said he; thy father, ere now, hath bought our College wool. A truly good man we ever found him; and I doubt not he hath educated his son to follow him in his paths. There is in the blood of man, as in the blood of animals, that which giveth the temper and disposition. These require nurture and culture. But what nurture will turn flint stones into garden mould? or what culture rear cabbages in the quarries of Hedington Hill? To be well-born is the greatest of all God's primary blessings, young man, and there are many well-born among the poor and needy. Thou art not of the indigent and destitute, who have great temptations; thou art not of the wealthy and affluent, who have greater still. God hath placed thee, William Shakespeare, in that pleasant island, on one side whereof are the syrens, on the other the harpies, but inhabiting the coasts on the wide continent, and unable to make their talons felt, or their voices heard by thee. Unite with me in prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings thus vouchsafed. We must not close the heart when the fingers of God would touch it. Enough if thou sayest only 'My soul, praise thou the Lord.'

We trust none of our readers may take offence at the notion of this said Doctor Glaston, being neither Bishop, nor Bishop's Ordinary, presuming to propose a catechism to priests themselves. He does this in the following, and how finely!

"Let us preachers, who are sufficiently liberal in bestowing our advice upon others, inquire of ourselves whether the exercise of spiritual authority may not be sometimes too pleasant, tickling our breasts with a plume from Satan's wing, and turning our heads with that inebriating poison which he hath been seen to instil into the very chalice of our salvation. Let us ask ourselves in the closet, whether, after we have humbled ourselves before God in our prayers, we never rise beyond the true standard in the pulpit; whether our zeal for the truth be never overheated by internal fires less holy; whether we never grow stiffly or sternly pertinacious at the very time when we are reproving the obstinacy of others; and whether we have not frequently so acted as if we believed that opposition were to be relaxed and borne away by self-sufficiency and intolerance. Believe me, the wisest of us have our catechism to learn; and these, my dear friends, are not the only questions contained in it. No Christian can hate: no Christian can malign: nevertheless, do we not often hate and malign those unhappy creatures who are insensible to God's mercies? And I fear this unchristian spirit swells darkly, with all its venom, in the marble of our hearts, not because our brother is insensible to these mercies, but because he is insensible to our faculty of persuasion, turning a deaf ear unto our claim upon his obedience, or a blind or sleepy eye upon the fountain of light, whereof we deem ourselves the sacred reservoirs."

Then Sir Thomas hearing this, and secretly delighted, nevertheless thinks it due to his theology that he should get up some little quarrel with this pleasure, and peradventure crieth out from his great chair, "Reasonable enough! nay, almost too reasonable!" "But where are the Apostles? Where are the Disciples? Where are the Saints? Where is hell fire? Well, well," soothing himself, and falling back again for another delicious dream, "patience! we may come to it yet. Go on, Will!" and on Will goes accordingly. Here is the history of priesthood, and the antidote against it, which has, in all ages, had, in pure hearts, its chosen depositaries. In this he leaves Dr Glaston, and pretends to quote some book he had been reading:—

"Those cunning men who formed to themselves the gorgeous plan of universal dominion, were aware that they had a better chance of establishing it than brute ignorance or brute force could supply, and that soldiers and their paymasters were subject to ether and powerfuller fears than the transitory ones of war and invasion. What they found in heaven they seized; what they wanted they forged. And so long as there is vice and ignorance in the world, so long as fear is a passion, their dominion will prevail; but their dominion is not, and never shall be, universal. Can we wonder that it is so general. Can we wonder that anything is wanting to give it authority and effect, when every learned, every prudent, every powerful, every ambitious man in Europe, for above a thousand years, united in the league to consolidate it? The old dealers in the shambles, where Christ's body is exposed for sale in convenient marketable slices, have not covered with blood and filth the whole pavement. Beautiful usages are remaining still—kinder affections, radiant hopes, and ardent aspirations."

But here, the Doctor speaks again in an admirable piece of just and acute criticism. It satisfies an old grudge of ours against the Romans:—

"William, I need not expatiate on Greek with thee, since thou knowest it not, but some crumbs of

Latin are picked up by the callowest beaks. The Romans had, as thou findest, and have still, more taste for murder than morality, and, as they could not find heroes among them, looked for gladiators. Their only very high poet employed his elevation and strength to dethrone and debase the Deity. They had several others who polished their language and pitched their instruments with admirable skill; several who glared over their thin and flimsy gaberdines many bright feathers from the wide spread downs of Ionia, and the richly cultivated rocks of Attica."

What follows is a truly splendid passage. How noble in its exhortation to effort!

"Young gentlemen! Let not the highest of you, who hear me this evening, be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was originally a greater or a better man than the lowest here. He willed it, and became it. He must have stood low; he must have worked hard; and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning. He waived and whistled off ten thousand strong and importunate temptations; he dashed the dice-box from the jewelled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each; he ascended steadily the precipices of Danger, and looked down with intrepidity from the summit; he overawed Arrogance with Sedateness; he seized by the horn and overleaped low Violence; and he fairly swung Fortune round. The very high cannot rise much higher; the very low may; the truly great must have done it. This is not the doctrine, my friends, of the silkenly and lawnly religious; it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforward under it."

Who will not acknowledge the truth of what Shakespeare subsequently puts into the mouth of Doctor Faustus, quoting, as it were, from the book that made the devil think it worth his while to deal with him?

"Faustus was not your man for fancies and figments; and he tells us that, to his certain knowledge, it was verily an owl's face that whispered so much mischief in the ear of our first parent. One plainly sees it, quoth Doctor Faustus, under that gravity which in human life we call dignity, but of which we read nothing in the Gospel. We despise the hangman, we detest the hanged; and yet, saith Duns Scotus, could we turn aside the heavy curtain, or stand high enough a-tiptoe to peep through its chinks and crevices, we should, perhaps, find these two characters to stand justly among the most innocent in the drama. He who blinketh the eyes of the poor wretch about to die, doeth it out of mercy; those who preceded him—bidding him, in the garb of justice, to shed the blood of his fellow-man—had less, or none."

The more incidental sketches of feeling and character in the book are of a subtle and exquisite kind. Ethelbert, a young poet, struck by the hand of consumption, is exceedingly touching. He speaks to his more impatient friends:—

"Be patient! From the higher heavens of poetry, it is long before the radiance of the brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man finds out another, placing his observatory and instruments on the poet's grave. The worms must have eaten us before it is rightly known what we are. It is only when we are skeletons that we are boxed and ticketed, and priced and shown. Be it so! I shall not be tired of waiting."

But the highest point of pathos in the book is reached in the description we are about to quote. We never read anything finer. Young Wellerby, a ripe and promising scholar at the University, broken in spirit by an unfortunate passion, flies to the relief of poetry, and abandons his severer toil. He has a mother. The master of his college has remonstrated with her concerning her son. Doctor Glaston and she now speak, the Doctor being supposed to repeat what passed:—

"I sated him, told him I was poor, and he knew it. He was stung, and threw himself upon my neck and wept. Twelve days have passed since, and only three rainy ones. I hear he has been seen upon the knoll yonder, but hither he hath not come. I trust he knows, at last, the value of time, and I shall be heartily glad to see him after this accession of knowledge. Twelve days, it is true, are rather a chink than a gap in time; yet, O, gentle sir! they are that chink which makes the vase quite valueless. There are light words which may never be shaken off the mind they fall on. My child, who was hurt by me, will not let me see the marks. 'Lady,' said I, 'none are left upon him. Be comforted! Thou shalt see him this hour. All that thy God hath not taken, is yet thine.' She looked at me earnestly, and would have then asked something, but her voice failed her. There was no agony, no motion, save in the lips and cheeks. Being the widow of one who fought under Hawkins, she remembered his courage, and sustained the shock, and said calmly, 'God's will be done! I pray that he find me as worthy as he findeth me willing to join them.' Now, in her unearthly thoughts, she had led her only son to the bosom of her husband; and in her spirit (which is often permitted to pass the gates of

death with holy love) she left them both with their Creator. The curate of the village sent those who should bring home the body; and some days afterwards he came unto me, beseeching me to write the epitaph. Being no friend to stone-cutters' charges, I entered not into biography, but wrote these few words. 'Joannes Wellerby, Literarum quasiit gloriam, Videt Dei.'"

In the conference of Master Edmund Spenser with the Earl of Essex, we have evidences of the same fine genius. Spenser laments his domestic calamities,—"none in any season, none in any place, like mine." Essex beautifully answers:—

"So say all fathers; so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vases, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway, or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply are toying at it; nevertheless, thou mayest say that, of a certainty, the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wallings; and each time was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amidst the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish. Edmund! the things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all; and, when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us."

Here we must suddenly close. We have, perhaps, outrun our limits in a desire to do justice to this remarkable book. It is an honour to its author; it does honour to English literature; it is an addition to the rare list of books that will live. The man who could write it knows this, and smiles, of course at the reception it has hitherto met with. We have not been fortunate enough to see it praised anywhere!

It is clear, from the internal evidence, that the book is by Mr Walter Savage Landor.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XLIX.—HISTORY OF FELIX PERETTI.

FELIX PERETTI, the son of a peasant at Montalto, a village in the Papal territory of Ancona, discovered at an early age quick parts and a retentive memory: but the poverty of his parents obliged them to part with him when only nine years old; and he was placed in the service of a neighbouring farmer.

In this situation, Felix did not satisfy his employer. He was perpetually finding fault with the lad for his unhandiness in husbandry work, and observing that corrections served only to augment his apparent stupidity, he dismissed him from the house, the barn, and the stable, to what was considered as a more servile and degrading species of occupation;—the taking care of a number of hogs on an adjoining common.

In this solitary place, deserted and forlorn, his back still smarting with repeated stripes, his eyes overflowing with tears, he was surprised by a stranger at his elbow, inquiring which was the nearest way to Ascoli.

This person was a Franciscan, who, travelling to that place, had lost his way; in fact, the poor boy was so absorbed in grief, that he did not observe any one approaching till he heard the voice of the friar, who had spoken to him several times before he could procure an answer.

Affected by his melancholy appearance, he naturally asked the cause, and received an account of his hopeless condition related in a strain of good sense and vivacity (for, on speaking to him, he resumed his natural cheerfulness), which surprised the holy father, when he considered his age and wretched appearance.

"But I must not forget that you are going to Ascoli," said Felix, starting nimbly from the bank on which he was sitting, then, pointing out the proper road, he accompanied the friar, who was charmed at finding so much untaught politeness in a little rustic.

Considering himself as sufficiently informed, he thanked the boy, and would have dismissed him with a small present, but he still continued running and skipping before him, till Father Michael asked, in a jocular way, if he meant to go with him quite to the town.

"Not only to Ascoli, but to the end of the world," said Felix, unwilling to quit his companion. "Ah, sir!" continued the lad, after a short pause, in a tone of voice, and with one of those looks which make their way at once to our hearts, "Ah, sir! if you or any other worthy gentleman would but get me the place of an errand boy, or any other employment in a convent, however laborious, where I could procure a little learning, and get away from these filthy hogs and the owner of them, who is little better, I would try to make myself useful, and should be bound to pray for and bless you as long as I live."

"But you would not take the habit of a religious order?" said the Franciscan. "Most willingly," replied Felix.

"You are little aware of the hardships, the fastings,

the toll, the watchings, and the labour which you would undergo."

"I would endure the pains of purgatory to become a scholar," was the boy's singular reply.

Finding him in earnest, and surprised at his courage and resolution, he permitted the stripling to accompany him to Ascoli, where he introduced him to the society of Cordeliers he was going to visit, informing them at the same time of the circumstance which first introduced him to this new acquaintance.

The superior sent for the boy, put many questions to him, and was so well pleased, that he immediately admitted him. He was immediately invested with the habit of a lay-brother, and appointed to assist the Sacristan in sweeping the church and lighting the candles. In return for these and other services he was taught the responses and instructed in grammar.

In acquiring knowledge, the little stranger was found to unite a readiness of comprehension with unceasing application; his progress was so rapid that, in 1534, being then only fourteen years old, he entered on his noviciate, and, after the usual time, was admitted to make his profession.

On taking deacon's orders, he preached his first sermon to a numerous congregation, it being the Feast of the Annunciation, when he soon convinced his hearers that the man who was instructing them possessed no common share of abilities.

The service being concluded, a prelate then present thanked Felix publicly for his discourse, encouraged him to persist diligently in his studies, and congratulated him, as well as the society of which he was a member, on the fairness of his prospects.

He was ordained a priest in 1545, took the degrees of bachelor and doctor with considerable credit, and, being chosen to keep a divinity act before the whole chapter of his order, father Montalto (that being the name he now assumed) so distinguished himself, that he secured the esteem, and afterwards enjoyed the patronage and protection of two cardinals, Carpi and Alexandrino.

The time, indeed, was now come when a friend was necessary to defend him against the numerous enemies his acrimonious violence had created; for, as Montalto advanced to notice and celebrity, impetuosity of temper and impatience of contradiction became prominent features in his character; his air and manners were predominating and dictatorial.

At this period of his life he is described (by a contemporary, who, I suspect, had felt his reproof) as one of those troublesome people, who, presuming on what I have called the aristocracy of intellect and the insolence of good design, fancy they can set the world to rights, and consider themselves as authorised to censure without respect of persons, and to amend, without regard to consequences, whatever they see amiss in church or state.

It cannot be denied that, at the time of which I speak, the reins of government, ecclesiastical as well as civil, were held with a careless and slackened hand; that public and private morals were notoriously corrupt and profligate through the whole extent of the Papal dominions; that Rome was a nest and a place of refuge for everything base and villainous in Italy; that the roads and even the streets of the great city could not be passed after night, without incurring the danger of robbery and murder.

But men in public stations, however culpable their dereliction of duty, when they recollected that the present reformer of abuse, less than twenty years before, was a poor peasant, an object of charity and commiseration, could not prevail on themselves to submit to his censures without resistance and indignation. But the hour was rapidly approaching when Montalto possessed the power, as well as inclination, not only to reprove, but to punish evil doers.

By the interest of Cardinal Alexandrino, who saw and understood the unbending sternness of his disposition, he was appointed to an office which seemed congenial with such a temper,—Inquisitor General at Venice.

But the unqualified harshness of his manners, and the peremptory violence with which he executed his duty, soon raised a storm in that jealous republic, and he would have suffered personal violence from the enraged Venetians, had he not saved himself by a precipitate flight.

A few months after, he visited a country sensible of the value of such a character, and where such zeal was duly appreciated: Cardinal Buon Compagno, being appointed *Legatus a latere*, in plain English, Ambassador from the Pope to his Catholic Majesty, Montalto accompanied him into Spain, as his chaplain and inquisitorial consultant.

In this capacity he was received at Madrid with great cordiality, and gave such proofs of the warmth of his zeal, that, on the Cardinal's recall, ecclesiastical honours and preferment were repeatedly offered, if he would establish himself in that country; but the palace of the Vatican, the city on seven hills, Imperial Rome, was the object on which the shepherd of Ancona had fixed an unaverted eye.

The Legate Buon Compagno had quitted Spain only a few hours, when he met a messenger de-

spatched from Rome with news of the Pope's death; this was John de Medici, who governed the church almost seven years under the title of Pius IV.

Montalto was strongly interested in this intelligence, as he had every reason to expect that his patron, Cardinal Alexandrino, would be elected Pontiff.

In this hope he was not disappointed, and on his arrival at Rome, his friend, now exalted to an ecclesiastical throne, under the name of Pius V, received him with kindness, and immediately appointed him general of his order, a post in which Montalto did not forget to punish those whom he had before admonished.

In less than four years from the elevation of Cardinal Alexandrino he was made a bishop, received a competent pension, and was ultimately (1570) admitted into the College of Cardinals.

Being now arrived within a short distance of the mountain top, which, for more than forty years he had been arduously and laboriously attempting to climb, he found a firm and safe resting place on which to rest his foot.

It cannot be denied that his reflections on this occasion must have been in the highest degree solacing and triumphant; from poverty, contempt, and oppression, from a life of labour unrequited, and with an ardent thirst for knowledge, which, at a certain time, it seemed impossible for him ever to gratify, he was suddenly placed at the fountain head of learning and information; the treasures of ancient and modern literature were displayed before his eyes, he was raised to personal, and, what was still more flattering, to an intellectual eminence, which was generally acknowledged and felt; he was exalted to a post, which, in those days placed him on an equality with kings.

But with so many rational sources of exultation, with so much to hope, there was still much to fear; his new associates, generally speaking, were men of talents; well educated, and with the proud blood of the Medici, the Caraffa, the Farnese, the Colonna, and the Frangipani families, swelling their veins; many of them not only of illustrious descent, but endowed with a considerable share of deep political sagacity as statesmen; and all alike wishing for, yet anxiously concealing their wishes, to succeed to the chair of St Peter.

With competitors of this description it must be confessed that Montalto had a difficult and trying part to act. Being convinced that a severe assuming character was not likely to succeed, he gradually suppressed every angry passion, and artfully disguised the foibles and imperfections of his temper under a convenient mask of mildness, affability, and unconcern.

One of his nephews, on a journey to Rome, to see his uncle, being murdered, the Cardinal, now a new man, instead of aiding in the prosecution of the offender, interceded for his pardon; he did not encourage visits from his relations, several of whom hearing of his advancement, repaired to Rome, but lodged them at an inn, and dismissed them the day after their arrival, with an inconsiderable present, strictly charging them to return to their families, and trouble him no more, for that he now found his spiritual cares increasing every day, that he was dead to his relations and the world; but as old age and infirmities came on, he perhaps might send for one of them to wait upon and nurse him.

On the death of his friend, Pius the Fifth, he entered the conclave with the rest of the cardinals, but did not appear to interest himself in the election; and on being applied to by any of the candidates or their friends, replied, "that the sentiments of so obscure and insignificant a man as he was, could be of no importance; that having never before been in a conclave, he was fearful of making a false step, and left the affair to his brethren, who were persons of great weight and experience, and all of them such worthy characters, that he was quite at a loss which to vote for, and wished only he had as many voices as there were members of the sacred college."

Cardinal Buon Compagno being elected, and having assumed the name of Gregory the Thirteenth, the subject of our present article did not forget to pay court to him, but soon found he was no favourite, having offended his holiness when Legate in Spain, by refusing to remain at Madrid as he desired.

Montalto now became a pattern of meekness, modesty and humility; he lived frugally in a small house, without ostentation; this best species of prudence and economy, which enabled him to feed the hungry and clothe the naked by retrenching his own superfluities procured him the character of a friend to the poor; he also submitted patiently to every species of injury or indignity, and was remarked for treating his worst enemies with tenderness, condescension, and forgiveness.

In the meantime he had so far deceived the majority of the cardinals, that they considered him as a poor, weak, doating old fellow, incapable of doing either good or harm, and, by way of ridicule, they called him the Ass of La Marca,—the district round Ancona, to a certain extent, being called the Marsh of Ancona. An evident alteration took place in the appearance of his health; he felt, or affected to feel,

violent internal pains, which, not being always accompanied with external appearances, afford no positive proof of the existence of disease to the senses, and we are generally obliged to take the word of those who say they feel them.

He applied for advice to medical men in various quarters of the city, describing what he felt, which (having secretly gathered the information from books) they described as alarming symptoms produced by causes which, in all probability would shorten his days; public prayers were offered up for his recovery, and the intercession of all devout Christians and good men earnestly requested.

At intervals he would appear in a state of convalescence, but considerably changed; of a pale countenance, thin, bent in body, and leaning painfully on his staff; by a few persons, who suspected the duplicity of his conduct, these untoward appearances were said to be produced by the frequent use of nauseating medicines, nocturnal watchings, and rigid abstinence.

But with all his apparent sufferings, and affected indifference to public men and public measures, his eyes and ears were open and intent on every transaction, public as well as private; by means of apt emissaries, many of whom were domestics, with Cardinals and Ambassadors, he made himself acquainted with every event either directly or remotely connected with his ambitious views.

Considering auricular confession as a convenient instrument to forward political intrigue, and his reputation as a learned divine being firmly established, he attended, whenever his health would permit, to hear confessions, and was resorted to by crowds of all ranks.

In this post he procured great help towards his aggrandisement, and is said to have extracted secrets on which he afterwards grounded many judicial punishments.

At this propitious moment (1585), and at a time when the College of Cardinals was torn by opposite interests and divided by contending factions,—at this auspicious moment died Gregory the Thirteenth.

Montalto accompanied the Cardinals into the conclave, and, immediately shutting himself in his chamber, was scarcely spoken to, or thought of; if at any time it was necessary as a matter of form, or for the purpose of calculating numbers, to consult him, his door was found fast, and a message was sent that he would wait on their eminences the moment his coughing and violent pain were abated; but earnestly entreated them to proceed to business, as the presence of so insignificant a person as himself could not be necessary, and he hoped they would not disturb a man sinking under disease, whose thoughts were placed on another world.

At the end of fourteen days, three powerful parties, each of whom had considered themselves as certain of choosing their own Pope, found their views defeated in consequence of the votes being equally divided.

Impatient of delay, and hoping that a vacancy would soon take place, if they elected the old Ass of La Marca, whom every man thought he could manage as he pleased, they unanimously concurred in electing him.

The moment he was chosen, Montalto threw away the staff on which he had hitherto supported himself, then suddenly raised his head, and expanding his chest, he surprised everyone present by appearing at least a foot taller.

Coming forward with a firm step, an erect and dignified air, he thanked them for the high honour they had conferred upon him, the duties of which, with God's good grace, he would to the utmost of his power conscientiously perform.

As he passed from the conclave, the people exclaimed "Long live the Pope—Plenty, Holy Father, Plenty—Justice and large Loaves." "Pray to God for Plenty, and I will give you Justice," was his answer.

Impatient to exercise the rights of sovereignty, he ordered his triple crown to be immediately produced, and placed it on a velvet cushion in the room where he sat; he was also desirous of being immediately crowned and enthroned; but being informed that his authority and prerogatives were in every respect as firmly established and as extensive before as after the ceremony of coronation, he reluctantly consented to a short delay, for the necessary preparations.

The humility and complaisance he had for so many years assumed, immediately vanished; those predominating passions, which had been suppressed by interested views and political dissimulation, regained their ascendancy, and burst forth with augmented fury. So great an alteration in his conduct and manners, as well as health, was a bitter disappointment to those Cardinals who, to serve their own purposes, had assisted in the elevation of Montalto, who now assumed the name of Pope Sixtus the Fifth.

It was not merely his refusing them the least share or appearance of authority; it was not only the loss of patronage and influence they had to lament; but the mortification of being over-reached and defeated by the old man who for more than fourteen years had been the object of their ridicule and contempt;

he had met them on their own ground, and conquered them with their own weapons.

If at any time they hesitated in concurring with the vigorous and salutary measures of his government, and ventured to expostulate and represent the inconsistency of his former conduct and professions, he instantly silenced them, and observed: "That feeling himself much improved in health and spirits, he was able, by God's assistance, and would endeavour to govern the Church without their help or advice; that he was their sovereign, and would be obeyed."

The day before his coronation, the governor of Rome and the keeper of the castle of St Angelo waited on Sixtus to inform him that it had been the custom for every new Pope to grant an universal jail delivery, and a free pardon to all offenders; they wished to know his pleasure.

He eagerly asked for a list of the malefactors in custody; they gave him a paper filled with names, as, on these occasions, expecting what would take place, the prisons were crowded with a number of miscreants, who, in consequence of murder, robbery, and other crimes, had the sword of the law hanging over their heads.

By surrendering themselves, they all hoped and expected, according to long-established custom, to procure indemnity for past offences, and security, on being released, for persevering in their criminal courses.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed his Holiness "what a nest of villains have we here! but are you not aware, Mr Governor, and you, Mr Jailer, of the glaring impropriety of your conduct in pretending to talk of pardon and acts of grace; leave such matters to your sovereign. Depending on your never repeating this impertinent interference with my powers and prerogatives, I, for once, will pardon it; but instantly go back to your charge and see that good care be taken of those you have in prison, for, as I hold my trust from God, if one of your prisoners escape, I will hang you on the highest gibbet I can procure."

"It was not to protect delinquents, and encourage sinners that Divine Providence placed me in the chair of St Peter; to pardon men notoriously and flagrantly wicked, who glory in their crimes and only wait for liberty that they may again practice their enormities, would be to share their guilt."

"I see you have four criminals under sentence of death for abominable crimes, and in whose favour I have applications and petitions from all quarters; their friends, I have no doubt, think they are doing right, but I must not forget my duty."

"It is therefore my pleasure," continued Sixtus in an elevated tone, and with a severe look, "it is my will and pleasure that to-morrow, at the hour of my coronation, two of them suffer by the axe, and two of them by the halter, in different quarters of the city; we shall then do an act of justice pleasing to the Almighty, and take off many of those idle and disorderly people who, at public ceremonies, generally occasion so much riot and confusion."

His orders on this occasion were literally obeyed.

The day after the ceremony, many of the nobility and gentry waited on the Pope, to congratulate him, but he said, "*his was a post of toil and duty—that he had not time for compliments,*" and with these words he was on the point of retiring, but a master of the ceremonies informed him that a crowd of cardinals, nobles, ambassadors, senators, and wealthy citizens demanded an audience.

The greater part of them having relations, friends, or dependents, who, in consequence of their crimes, had fled from justice and joined banditti, but had lately surrendered themselves on the prospect and probability of a general and universal liberation; their expectations in this respect were disappointed as the Pope had positively declared that not a single offender should be pardoned.

The deputation represented to Sixtus in strong language the indecency of so sanguinary a proceeding, at a season which had been generally devoted to mirth and rejoicing, and were proceeding to further arguments in the hope of prevailing on him to retract his resolution.

But the person they addressed could restrain himself no longer; commanding silence on pain of his displeasure, he thus addressed them with angry looks and in a loud voice:

"I am surprised at the insolence of your representations, and your apparent ignorance of the obedience which ought, in all cases, to be paid to the orders of a sovereign prince. When the government of our holy Church was committed to Saint Peter by Christ, it surely was not his design that the successors of the holy apostle should be tutored and directed by their subjects."

"But if you do not, or will not do your duty, I am resolved to practise mine; I hope and trust that I shall not, like my predecessors, suffer law and justice to sleep; by which means the ecclesiastical states have been rendered, and are notoriously become, the most debauched, and, in every respect, the wickedest spot on the surface of the globe—a by-word to the scorner and the heretic—a reproach to the faith we profess."

"Retire (raising his arm and voice as he repeated the word, seeing the cardinals did not appear to move),—retire, and instead of wishing to obstruct law and justice, endeavour to co-operate with me in cleansing this filthy Augean stable; for, as to the criminals in question, no motive of any kind shall ever induce me to pardon one of them; each offender shall undergo, without fear, favour, partiality, or resentment, the punishment attached by law to the crime he has committed, and I shall make strict inquiry after all those who have patronised and encouraged them, whom I cannot but consider as participators in their guilt, and will also punish. The different prisoners suffered the sentence of the law. They departed in silent dismay; and a few months after, as his Holiness was repairing to St Peter's on the day of a public festival, a crowd, as was customary, assembled to see him pass; the people on this occasion were so numerous, and pressed so closely, that the Swiss guards, who always attend the Pope, were under the necessity of making way with their halberds."

Among the multitude, there happened unfortunately to be the son of a Spanish Grandee, who having arrived only that morning at Rome, had not time nor opportunity to secure an unmolested spot for viewing the procession.

This gentleman, standing foremost, was pushed back somewhat rudely. The enraged Spaniard, following the poor Swiss into the church, murdered him as he fell on his knees at the foot of the altar, and endeavoured to fly for refuge to the house of the Spanish Ambassador; he was pursued by two comrades of the deceased, and taken into custody.

Intelligence of this barbarous and sacrilegious act quickly reached the ears of Sixtus. After the service of the day was concluded, the Governor of Rome also waited on his Holiness, as he was going to his coach, to know his pleasure, and wait for instructions how to proceed.

"Well, sir," said Sixtus, "and what do you think ought to be done in a case of flagrant murder, thus committed before my face, and in the house of God?"

"I have given orders," said the officer, "for informations being taken, and a process being commenced."

"A process!" replied the Pope; "what occasion can there be for processes in a crime like this, committed before hundreds of witnesses?"

"I thought your Holiness would choose to observe due form of law," answered the Governor; "particularly in this instance, as the criminal is the only son of a person of consideration, in high favour with his Catholic Majesty, and under the protection of his Ambassador."

"Say not a word to me of consideration and protection. Crime levels every distinction; his rank and education should have taught him better. It is our pleasure that he shall be hanged before we sit down to dinner."

The trial of the prisoner being soon gone through, and a gallows erected in the interval, on a spot where the Pope could see it from the saloon in which he was sitting, he did not quit the apartment till he saw the Spaniard brought forth and suspended; he then retired from the window and went to dinner, repeating with a loud voice a favourite passage from the Psalms:—"I shall soon destroy all the ungodly in the land, and root out evil-doers from the city of the Lord."

Such was the conduct of the little peasant of Ancona when elevated to supreme power. He became a rigid but impartial censor of public defaulters and private transgressors. He ordered the public functionaries throughout his dominions to send him, each of them, a list of every person in their neighbourhood who was notorious for debauchery, drunkenness, or other vicious habits; first, inquiring into the truth of their information, he sent for and privately reprimanded them; but if this warning was not attended to, he severely punished the offender. Having deeply impressed a conviction of his inexorable regard to justice, persons exercising authority under him performed the duties with scrupulous exactness.

The various remarkable instances in which this extraordinary man exerted his powers in suppressing vicious enormity, would, if introduced in this place, extend our present article to a length inconsistent with the nature of this publication.

With respect to women, a violation of their chastity, by force or by fraud, with or against their consent, he never pardoned; and even a slight deviation from public decorum did not go unpunished; a subsequent marriage, on either of these occasions, he did not consider as a satisfaction to justice.

This delicacy so scrupulously severe, he carried to an excess in many instances, inconsistent with human infirmity, or the wishes and often the happiness of the injured women, who in several instances had their husbands torn from their embraces and committed to the galleys for follies and indiscretions committed before marriage, in the furious licentiousness of stimulating passion.

He determined to put a stop to a depraved custom then generally prevalent in his dominions among the elevated and wealthy classes of society; that of marrying a mistress to a dependent, for the purpose of pro-

curing an ostensible parent for their illegitimate offspring, and carrying on securely an adulterous intercourse.

The first example of this kind was that of a person from whom his Holiness had experienced many acts of kindness, before he was created a Cardinal. After a momentary struggle he sent for his former friend privately, and warmly censuring him for his conduct, he warned him of the consequence of persevering in the unlawful connexion; and assured him that his duty as a magistrate was paramount to his feelings as a friend, and advised him either to remove the female or to quit his dominions. A few months after, Sixtus ordered secret spies to watch the parties, and finding that the person he had reproved still continued the criminal attachment, probably presuming on the indulgence of former friendship, he ordered the offender, the husband and wife, to be hanged without delay; three domestics, acquainted with the illicit proceeding, he ordered to be publicly whipped, for not giving information.

It had been usual for the people to exclaim "Long live the Pope" whenever he passed, but finding that this mode of acclamation prevented his dropping in unexpectedly at the courts of justice and public offices, he forbade the custom; on two unlucky rogues who, from obstinacy or inadvertency, disobeyed this injunction, he ordered the strappado to be inflicted immediately on the spot; this effectually prevented a repetition.

Assassinations and duels had disgraced the reigns of all his predecessors, and rendered Rome and Italy unsafe.

To arrest, and, if possible, remove an evil productive of public danger and private distress, he published an edict, forbidding, on pain of death, any persons, whatever their rank, drawing a sword or even having in their possession any instrument of death as they passed the streets, except his own magistrates and officers. Bystanders who did not prevent, and seconds who encouraged duelling, he instantly sent to the galleys. A few instances of rigid severity effectually removed the grievance.

Anything like revenge or bearing malice he would not endure. A barber quarrelling with one of his neighbours, held up his hand in a threatening manner, and, with a significant motion of his head, had been heard to say, "If ever he comes under my hands I will do his business." This being repeated to the Pontiff, he ordered the speaker of the obnoxious words to be taken into custody, then directing all the barbers in Rome to be collected in one of the squares, the offender underwent a long and severe whipping before them.

His Holiness observing that tradesmen suffered seriously and often became bankrupts, in consequence of long credit and bad pay, to the great injury of commerce, and frequently of the public revenue, he quickly produced an important reformation on a point which loudly calls for amendment in Great Britain and Ireland.

A hint to his officers that he wished to collect information on the subject was sufficient. A tradesman, in all probability previously instructed, made complaint, that having applied to a person of distinction for payment of a debt which had been long due, and of which he stood in urgent need, the debtor had violently resented it, withdrawn his own custom from the poor man's shop, and persuaded many others to do the like, telling the person he injured, in an insolent manner, "*That gentlemen paid their debts only when they pleased.*"

Sixtus sent for both parties, ordered the money to be instantly paid, with interest from the time of its being due, and committed the fraudulent debtor to prison.

At the same time a proclamation was issued, directing all the merchants and tradesmen to send his Holiness a list of their book debts, with the names of those from whom the money was due; he directly paid the whole, taking the debts on himself, which, in consequence of the general alarm, were quickly discharged.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the subject of our present article exercised a rigid and inexorable despotism; but exerting it in most instances with impartial justice, and for salutary purposes, his power was submitted to with less reluctance: he is called, by a writer of that period, *a terror and a scourge*; but it was to evil doers, to the profligate, the incorrigible, and the corrupt. Most rational men, I believe, would prefer living under an absolute monarch of such a cast, than under the easy sway of a lax moralist, a generous libertine, or one of those devilish good kind of fellows who are commonly described as *no man's enemy but their own*; a character which cannot exist,—as it is impossible he can be a friend to others who is in a state of constant hostility with himself. At all events the great interests of society's public happiness and private peace are most effectually preserved by a prince like Montalto.

In his transactions with foreign princes, Sixtus uniformly preserved a dignified firmness, from which he never relaxed. Very early in his reign, he was involved in a dispute with Philip the 11th, King of Spain, who, though the most superstitious of bigots

to the Catholic faith, was a constant object of the Pope's hostility, while the heretic Elisabeth, Queen of England, was a character he warmly admired, and never mentioned without enthusiastic admiration.

Speaking of her, on a certain occasion, to an English Catholic who visited Rome, he observed, "a Queen like yours deserves to reign; she governs her kingdom with energy and wisdom; respected abroad, and loved or feared at home, her subjects enjoy the benefits of a vigorous and successful administration. If such a woman were to become my wife, we might people the world with a race of Scipios, Cæsars, and Alexanders."

Yet, in his public capacity, as head of the Catholic church, he found it necessary to publish a bull of excommunication against Elisabeth, when Philip meditated an invasion of England with his *invincible Spanish Armada*.

At the same time, he privately informed her of the proceedings and intrigues of Philip against her, earnestly recommending her Majesty to prepare for a vigorous defence.

The subsequent defeat and disappointment of the Spanish King in this attempt, commenced with so much threatening arrogance, and carried on at so enormous an expence, is known to most readers, and was highly gratifying to Sixtus.

The imprisonment and execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, an event which produced a strong and universal sensation through Europe, has, in modern times, excited a long and animated controversy. Various have been the opinions on the justice of Elisabeth's proceedings.

As weak states, in contests of a more important kind, find it necessary sometimes to call in the aid of powerful allies, I may be permitted to observe, that the Pontiff Sixtus was often heard to say, "Had I been King of England, I would have acted precisely in the same manner."

When he was first informed that the unfortunate Mary was beheaded, he rose suddenly from his seat, and traversed the apartment in much apparent agitation, but not the agitation of regret, for, throwing himself into a chair, he exclaimed, "O happy Queen of England! how much art thou to be envied, who hast been found worthy of seeing a crowned head prostrate at thy feet!"

These words were evidently spoken with reference to Philip King of Spain, whose name was never mentioned in his presence without producing angry looks.

Sixtus could never submit with patience to a ceremony annually performed by the Spanish Ambassador; this was the presenting a *Cenet* to his Holiness by way of acknowledgment that his master held the kingdom of Naples of the Pope.

On one of these occasions, rising hastily from his throne, he said in a loud voice, to Count Olivarez, "Our predecessors must certainly have been in a very complaisant mood, when they agreed to accept from your master's ancestors a *poor pitiful hack*, in return for a rich and flourishing kingdom. I hope soon to put an end to this mummary, and to visit the kingdom of Naples as its lawful sovereign."

But circumstance and situation were not favourable to his executing this purpose, which was the fond wish of his heart.

Such was Sixtus the Fifth, who directed the officers of his palace to give audience on every occasion to the poorest man in his dominions; who listened with condescension to the unfortunate, the widow, and the orphan; but punished with inexorable severity criminal delinquency, respecting neither person, rank, nor wealth; who was moderate in his enjoyments, of pure morals, and correct in private life. The revenues of the state, almost annihilated by the rapacious anticipation of his predecessors, he restored to more than double their former nominal amount. In the public treasury, which was exhausted at the time of his election, his successor found five millions in gold; his personal expenses were trifling, but his private charities amounted every year to a considerable sum; on these occasions he sought for and generally found patient, meek, and unassuming merit struggling with adversity; the perverse and importunate mendicant who begged by day and thieved at night, he ordered out of the city with reproof and frequently with stripes; so salutary were his edicts, and so undeviating and rigid the impartiality with which he enforced them, that his judges and police officers confessed that their places were become sinecures. Such was Sixtus the Fifth who, if the qualities we describe are the first and most indispensable duties of a monarch, deserves to be classed with the first and most glorious of kings, and to be numbered with the greatest benefactors of mankind.

He was deficient it must be confessed in the mild acts of gentle persuasion; he was a stranger to the *suaviter in modo*; but to such a pitch was the wickedness and enormity of his subjects carried, that a governor of a mild character would have been disobeyed and despised. But he possessed a qualification more essential and exactly calculated for the times in which he lived, the *fortiter in re*; an eagle-eyed acuteness to search after and to see criminality and fraud, however concealed or disguised, together with unabating energy and an unconquerable resolution to resist and punish them.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 17th to Tuesday the 23d December.

MUMMING, AN OLD CHRISTMAS SPORT.

As Christmas is coming, and we intend on many accounts not to let it pass without notice, we thought we might as well anticipate its arrival by some previous instructions, and, among others, by an extract or two from good old holiday books. We do not recollect whether Mr Hone, in one of his many zealous and entertaining volumes, has given the following passages from 'Brand's Popular Antiquities.' Most probably he has; but if the noticers of such subjects avoid all which he has taken, we hardly know what would be left them; and repetition, like that of the sports themselves, is excusable in due season.

The latest notice of Mummung that we are aware of, is in the memoirs of the most jolly and holiday-making Pepys, who, in the Diary which he kept with so extraordinary a mixture of preciseness and anti-preciseness, recordeth that, at some Christmas meeting (we forget the place), he and some friends of his, male and female, played all sorts of pranks, after the fashion recorded in our extract, and, among other things, "did black their faces like devils."

Mummung (says Mr Brand) is a sport of this festive season, which consists in changing clothes between men and women, who, when dressed in each other's habits, go from one neighbour's house to another, partaking of Christmas cheer, and making merry with them in disguise.

Mummer signifies a masker, one disguised under a vizard; from the Danish Mumme, or Dutch Momme. Lipsius tells us in his 44th Epistle, Book III, that mornar, which is used by the Scillians for a fool, signifies, in French, and in our language, a person with a mask on. See Junij Etymolog. *in verbo*.

It is supposed to have been originally instituted in imitation of the Sigillaria, or Festival Days added to the ancient Saturnalia, and was condemned by the Synod of Trullus, where it was agreed that the days called the Calends should be entirely stripped of their ceremonies, and that the faithful should no longer observe them; that the public dances of women should cease, as being the occasion of much harm and ruin, and as being invented and observed in honour of the gods of the heathens, and therefore quite averse to the Christian life. They therefore decreed that no man should be clothed with a woman's garment, nor any woman with a man's.

The author of the 'Convivial Antiquities,' speaking of Mummung in Germany, says, that in the ancient Saturnalia, there were frequent and luxurious feasts among friends: presents were mutually sent, and changes of dress made; that Christians have adopted the same customs, which continue to be used from the Nativity to the Epiphany: that feasts are frequent during the whole time, and we send what are called New Year's Gifts; that exchanges of dress, too, as of old among the Romans, are common; and neighbours, by mutual invitations, visit each other in the manner which the Germans call Mummung. He adds that, as the Heathens had their Saturnalia in December, their Sigillaria in January, and the Lupercalia and Bacchanalia in February,—so, amongst Christians, these three months are devoted to feasting and revellings of every kind.

Stowe has preserved an account of a remarkable Mummung, A.D. 1377, made by the citizens of London, for disport to the young Prince Richard, son to the Black Prince.

"On the Sunday before Candlemas, in the night, one hundred and thirty citizens, disguised, and well horsed, in a Mummenie, with sound of trumpets, sackbuts, eornets, shalmes, and other minstrels, and innumerable torch-lights of wax, rode to Kennington, beside Lambeth, where the young Prince remayned with his mother. In the first ranke did ride forty-eight, in the likeness and habit of esquires, two and two together, clothed in red coats and gowas of sey, or sandall, with comely visors on their faces. After them came forty-eight knights in the same livery. Then followed one richlie arrayed, like an emperor; and after him some distance, one stately tyred, like a pope, whom followed twenty-four cardinals; and, after them, eight or ten with black visors, not amiable, as if they had been legates from some forrain princes.

"These maskers, after they had entered the manor of Kennington, alighted from their horses, and entered the hall on foot; which done, the Prince, his mother, and the Lords, came out of the chamber into the hall, whom the Mummers did salute, shewing, by a paire of dice upon the table, their desire to play with the young Prince, which they so handled, that the Prince did alwaies winne when he caste them.

"Then the Mummers set to the Prince three jewels, one after another, which were a boule of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the Prince wonne

at three castes. Then they set to the Prince's mother, the Duke, the Earls, and the other Lords, to every one a ring of gold, which they did also winne. After which they were feasted, and the music sounded, the Prince and Lords daunced with the Mummers on the one part, which did also dance; which jollitie being ended, they were againe made to drinke, and then departed in order as they came."

"The like," he says, "was donne to King Henry the Fourth, in the second year of his reign, hee then keeping his Christmas at Eltham; twelve aldermen and their sonnes rode a Mumming, and had great thanks."

We read of another mumming, in Henry the Fourth's time, in 'Fabyen's Chronicle,' edit. Pynson, 1516, fol. 169, "in winche passe tyme the Dukys of Amnarle, of Surrey, and of Excester, with the Erllys of Salesbury and Gloucestyr, with other of their affynte, made provysion for a Dysguysynge or a Mummynge to be shewed to the Kyng upon Twelfethe Nyghte, and the tyme was nere at hande, and all thinge readie for the same. Upon the sayde Twelfethe Daye came secretlye unto the Kyng the Duke of Amnarle, and shewyd to him, that hee, wyth the othere lordys aforesayd, were appoynted to sle hym in the tyme of the froe sayd Dysguysynge." So that this Mummung, it should seem, had like to have proved a very serious jest.

In the tract intitled 'Round about our Coal-fire, or Christmas Entertainments,' 8vo. Lond., I find the following;—"Then comes mumming or masquerading, when the Squire's wardrobe is ransacked for dresses of all kinds. Corks are burnt to black the faces of the fair, or make deputy-mustachios, and every one in the family, except the Squire himself, must be transformed."

This account further says:—"The time of the year being cold and frosty, the diversions are within doors, either in exercise or by the fire-side. Dancing is one of the chief exercises, or else there is a match at blindman's buff, or puss in the corner. The next game is 'Questions and Commands,' when the commander may oblige his subjects to answer any lawful question, and make the same obey him instantly, under the penalty of being omitted, or paying such forfeit as may be laid on the aggressor. Most of the other diversions are cards and dice."

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

We extract the following notice of this admirable institution from the 'New Year's Gift for 1835,' edited by Mrs Alaric Watts, a very attractive number of that periodical. We regret we cannot give the plate which accompanies it, presenting a Sister in the costume of the Society; but all who can afford to purchase the book should get it for their children, were it only for the plate and this article; and there are very good things in it besides. We had the pleasure of seeing a few of the Sisters of Charity once, in passing through the city of Lyons, albeit the glimpse presented us with little more than the skirts of their dress, for they were turning the corner of a street, we believe, in procession. We have nevertheless treasured up the sight in our memory, as a moral counterpart to that of the shining and heavenly top of Mont Blanc, which we saw from a road in the neighbourhood. Both sights seemed the nearest heaven of any we ever beheld.

"Oh! what a singular dress that young lady has on, and how thoughtful she looks," was the observation of Blanche Wilson, a lovely girl of ten years old, as she drew from a portfolio the engraving which may be seen on the opposite page.

"That lady, my dear," replied her mother, "belongs to a community whose lives are past amidst scenes of suffering and distress. It would not therefore be surprising if sympathy with the afflicted should have given a sedate expression to features lovely as those before you."

"Oh! do tell me her history," exclaimed the little girl eagerly, "where you first saw her, and why she wears that singular costume? I long to know all about her."

"I will answer your query first," replied her mother. "She wears that dress simply because it is the habit of the charitable order of which she is a member—an institution peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church, at once its highest boast and its greatest ornament."

"But what are the particular duties of these charitable Sisters?" inquired the little girl.

"Those of the Samaritan of old, my dear; to visit the sick poor, both at their own houses and at the public hospitals; to nurse and administer medicines, and to afford them the consolations of religion. These are the occupations of a Sister of Charity; duties simple in their enumeration, difficult in their

fulfilment, but boundless in their importance and extent."

"But, mamma, if their object is so praiseworthy, why have not we Sisters of Charity as well as the Roman Catholics?" inquired the little girl.

"That is a question, Blanche," replied Mrs. Wilson, "that I have often put both to myself and others, but to which I have never received any satisfactory reply. I cannot believe that we have less benevolence amongst us than our Gallic neighbours. I am therefore bound to suppose, either that the idea has never occurred to the influential or humane, or that hitherto no ladies have been found of sufficient nerve to brave the misrepresentation and ridicule which would, in the first instance, attach to a Protestant Sisterhood."

"But, mamma," interrupted Blanche, "how often have I heard you yourself say, that—

'Evil and good report, if undeserved,
Is soon lived down.'

Think how different would have been the lot of hundreds of unhappy convicts, if Mrs Fry had been deterred from attempting to better their condition from the mere dread of ridicule and misrepresentation."

"That is most true, my dear; nor do I yet despair of seeing among us, at some future day, an establishment very similar to the one founded by Vincent St Paul some two hundred years ago. Meantime I am happy to inform you, that at this very period a house is erecting between St Leonard's and Hastings for a community of these Charitable Sisters, who, in addition to the duties before enumerated, propose taking upon themselves the further responsibility of educating and fitting for domestic servants, as many of the destitute poor as the funds of the institution will permit. In this labour of love, to use their own words, they 'neither make distinction of sect nor creed, nor accept nor expect any remuneration whatever.'"

"Oh! how very kind," interrupted Blanche, "but have they always been equally liberal in the distribution of their charity?"

"Always; from its first foundation. The benevolence of its projector was of too diffusive a character to limit his wishes of relieving distress to the members of his own church; and this truly Christian spirit is a distinguishing feature of the society to the present day. To the unwearied care of the Sisters are many hundreds of English wives and mothers indebted for the very existence of those they love. Thousands of British subjects, while languishing as prisoners in the hospitals of France, have borne witness how literally these daughters of Pity fulfil the injunction of their Divine Master, 'If thine enemy hunger, give him bread; if he thirst, give him drink.' Many of our fellow-countrymen are there at this moment, who can adopt the words of Scripture, and say, '—I was hungry, and ye gave me bread; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me; I was a stranger, and ye took me in!'"

Tears filled the eyes of the child as she continued her mother's quotation, and repeated the reply of our Lord to the query of his disciples, of ("when they had ministered unto him,") "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of my people, ye have done it unto me."

Both parent and child were silent for a few minutes, after which the former then continued the conversation.

"The Order of the Sisters of Charity was established by Vincent St Paul in the year 1629, assisted by the counsel and co-operation of a lady of rank, named Le Grés. This benevolent individual not only bestowed her whole fortune for the establishment of the institution, but took upon herself an active part in its management and labours. Thus, while the worthy pastor was travelling from town to town, and from village to village, preaching in aid of the funds of the Society, she remained at Paris, inciting the charitable of her own sex to become the dispensers of this bounty thus collected."

"On its first commencement, when hospitals were unhappily more scarce than they have since become, the afflicted poor were received into the houses of this community; but, alas! it was soon evident, that however ample the funds of the society might be, they were inadequate for a temporary maintenance of even half the unhappy claimants that presented themselves; the Sisters were therefore under the necessity of attending the least destitute poor at their own houses; and this excellent method of ascertaining the wants of the afflicted, as well as the best means of alleviating them, is pursued to the present day."

"But, mamma," inquired Blanche, "are not the Sisters of Charity obliged to take upon themselves some vows which are thought objectionable by Protestants?"

"The vows of the Sisters of Charity are simply these—'Poverty, obedience, and service to the poor.' These vows are limited to one year, although many continue their labours for a long life. During this period, their vow of 'poverty' prevents their enjoying property individually; neither can they marry; their 'obedience' consists in an adherence to the re-

gulations of the Society; and their 'service to the poor' in relieving the distressed, without distinction of creed or country."

"But, mamma," interrupted Blanche, "I do not see what could be objected to in anything you have named,—the vows are so simple, and for so short a period."

"It would detain us too long to enter minutely into that question," replied her mother; "but there can be no doubt that the arrangement might be so modified as to meet the scruples of the most timid; and it would be well for us all to bear in mind, that, even in its existing form, it is an institution of humanity. It does not measure its members within stone walls—it sends them forth into the world in all the beautiful energy of benevolence; and, when the calls on their labour of love have ceased, not cramped by indolence, or soured by austerity, but glowing with the wholesome fatigue of good work, to enjoy peaceful repose, until the dawn of another day calls them to minister to the affliction it brings with it."

"But the dress, mamma—the dress—how came they to choose so strange a costume? It is very unbecoming."

"I fancy, my dear, that persons who voluntarily take upon themselves the duties I have enumerated, would not be very solicitous on that head. The dress, with the exception of the head, is exactly similar to the one which the first sister, Madame Le Grés, is represented to have worn. It consists of a black stuff petticoat, with the body made jacket-wise; a blue apron; with stockings of the same colour; a white collar and cap, the latter modelled from the form which a handkerchief took for a moment, as it fell from the head of Louis the Fourteenth on the head of one of the Sisters."

"How strange! But did the King accidentally drop his handkerchief?" inquired Blanche.

"No," replied her mother; "the Sister whom the King chanced to encounter happened to be very lovely, and his Majesty remarked, that 'she needed a veil to conceal her loveliness from vulgar eyes,' and, suiting the action to the word, invested her with the embroidered handkerchief he held in his hand. This is the origin of the only very singular part of their costume. But we will resume their history on some future occasion, when I trust to be able to narrate to you a series of anecdotes illustrative of their benevolence, which will greatly enhance the interest of the sketch on which our present conversation has originated."

FINE ARTS.

The Literary Souvenir. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

THE 'Literary Souvenir' does great credit to its class of publications this year, so far as we know it, namely, as to its plates. There is great variety, novelty, and interest, in the major part of the illustrations; and in many of them great beauty. To the 'Storm in Harvest,' however, we cannot concede the attribute of novelty; nor can we, unassisted by any enlightening text, divine the occasion of its being introduced in an Annual, at this time of day. It has certainly many points of merit; but it loses much by being in so confined a space; and, at the best, is not a very expressive design; the subject is not suited to Westall; the artificiality and superciliousness of his style are totally unfit for rustic subjects, or the representation of powerful feelings. The best bit in the thing, is the girl hiding her face in the young man's breast. We cannot altogether pass over the defects in the series, some of which are very conspicuous. What is there of Diana Vernon, in the so-called female? still greater difficulty is there in discerning aught of the 'Italian Peasant' in Mr Pickersgill's picture. There is a striking family likeness in all that artist's productions, and they are all most unequivocally English, be they called Spanish, Greek, or Italian. Still farther from all mark or likelihood is the gentlewoman who bears the name of 'Gulnare.' Where is the beauty, the voluptuousness, the passion? We know the artists are not always answerable for these impropriations; artists are sometimes thrust upon their unlucky offspring, who are forced to disown their honest name, and shame their parents. This is cruelty! But oftentimes the artists themselves are so conscious of working at random, that they are glad if any stranger will decide upon the nature and meaning of what they have executed—are willing that any editor, or publisher, give their "airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

In these Annuals are various fantastic relationships devised; sometimes a design is made to illus-

trate prose or verse; sometimes prose or verse, by an inverse process, is made to suit the picture; and sometimes are text and design, equally innocent of all share in each other's being, total strangers till they meet at the publisher's, are sewed up side by side, and are made to pass for the nearest relations, friends by birth. We do not apply these remarks to the Annual before us, but to the class generally. It is an abuse that has many excuses, and there are many difficulties in the way of its avoidance; but it is not the less an abuse, and it were as well got rid of. Has not some such act of illegitimation been passed upon Skothard's picture, which is here called 'The Vintage?' There are grapes truly, and one out of the half-dozen figures is plucking them;—but what are the rest about? How do the close-packed group, the inactive postures of the figures, the total absence of bustle, or general vivacity, portray a vintage? Is it not rather an impersonation of the Seasons? The young woman to the right is Spring;—the maturer female, with the children, is genial Summer, the brown-skinned man is Autumn, the old crone, Winter. There is, no doubt, from the clearest internal evidence, that such is the original design, at whose door soever the misappropriation is to be laid, even should it be traced to the artist himself. As 'The Vintage,' beautiful as the individual figures are, it were tame, formal, and fantastic; as an allegory of the Seasons, it is beautifully expressive and simple, and the grouping graceful and appropriate. The tone and colouring are charming, and charmingly rendered by the engraver, J. Goodwyn. There are two capital pieces of nature contributed by Collins, 'The Haunts of the Sea Fowl,' and 'Prawn Fishers,' the former is rather blackly engraved. The broad bit of solid green in the foreground, so real and so pleasing in the picture, has become heavy in the print, and the distance does not know its place so well. The 'Ancient Garden,' (sunset,) by Danby, is a striking picture; a little artificially made up, perhaps, but it has a fine, solemn, melancholy effect. 'Euphrosyne' by Skothard, has scarcely the semblance of mirth,—"heart easing,"—she looks gentle, and even cheerful, but she is not "mirth"; she lacks animal spirits; the head, considered as that of a beautiful girl, merely, is fine; in a certain graceful and epic simplicity, it is truly worthy of the English Raphael. There is a Bonington, 'Interior of the Abbey of St Ouen,' not one of the best by that artist, but effective; and a striking composition by Roberts, 'Rain—Sunset,' one of the very best we have seen of his; less mannered, but not less striking. The flower of the bunch, however, is 'Dorothea,' by Middleton. Cervantes's sweet description of the injured Dorothea has struck the fancy of many a painter, and numerous have been the attempts it has inspired; but never have we seen an attempt so completely successful as this of Middleton's. We do not remember to have seen this gentleman's name before, which possibly is our inadvertency; if he be a young man, we shall hope to see many more such creations. How truly lovely is the first glimpse we obtain of Dorothea in reading Don Quixote! What a mixture of beauty and mystery; of engaging helplessness, of a certain voluptuous negligence; how picturesque and touching is the accident, as a painter would call it, of her having her feet in the water; how it tells her weariness; what a natural and pretty restorative; and how it links the gentle, natural girl, with the elements and peacefulness of the scene around her. The young girl has wandered from her home, disguised as a boy; wearied with travel and her anxious thoughts, and, trusting to the solitude she is in, she sits down by a rivulet, and, slaking her weary little feet in the cool water, she abandons herself to her fatigued reflections, quite forgetting her disguise. What a subject for a picture; and here it is,—thanks to Mr Middleton. The figure is exceedingly elegant and womanly; the attitude expressive and graceful; the countenance tender, pensive, lovely, and sweet-natured. There is another production of Middleton's in the book, of a less interesting subject, but highly creditable to his talents in the execution. The rest of the engravings (there are five-and-twenty in all)

are of various interest and merit; we have mentioned the most remarkable. They are generally carefully and skilfully executed; and the getting up of the work is altogether handsome.

Elegy written in a Country Church-yard: by Thomas Gray. John Van Voorst.

Is Mr John Martin who signs the preface, *the Mr Martin*? "We merely ask for information," and that we may know to whom we are to be obliged for a very elegant and interesting edition of this popular poem. Every stanza is illustrated with an appropriate wood-cut, and many of the designs are truly beautiful, particularly the 'Sunset,' by Copley Fielding; the 'Dawn,' by Constable; the 'Father's Return,' by Steadman, though not of his best, is very pleasing; the little 'Village Hampden,' by Calloot is good; Mulready's 'Young Author,' waiting in the hall of his rich patron, is truly excellent—with the milliner, all trimming and cap-box, the sleeping porter, the "pampered menial" lounging insolently at the door. The book is not without defects, but the only one of any magnitude is a ludicrous misconception on the part of a Mr F. Howard of his author's meaning. It is in illustration of the stanza beginning "Here rests his head upon the lap of earth"—accordingly, we see a genteel young man in black, dressed like Mr Charles Kemble in Romeo, reclining by a rivulet, whereas the lines speak of a man who has received decent Christian burial.

BENTHAM ON ANGER.

[FROM his posthumous work, intitled 'Deontology,' from which so many excellent passages have been extracted in the LONDON JOURNAL.]

LET the passion of anger be analysed, and its consequences traced. When under its influence a man is suffering pain—pain produced by the contemplation of the act which has excited the passion, an immediate consequence is, a desire to produce pain in the breast of the party who has excited the anger. Anger, then, has in it two constant ingredients,—pain suffered by the angry man, and a desire to give pain to the person by whom he has been made angry.

And now to the question of virtue and vice. As there is no anger without pain, the man who draws pain upon himself without the compensation of a more than equivalent pleasure, violates the law of prudence.

Next comes the desire to produce pain in the breast of the object of anger. This desire cannot be gratified without malevolence and maleficence. Here is an obvious violation of the law of benevolence. And here we have an exemplification of the relationship between passion and pain and pleasure; between passion and virtue and vice.

Cannot anger then be indulged without vice in both its shapes, without imprudence and without maleficence?

It cannot! It cannot, at least, whenever it rises to the height of passion. And here a more remote but more mischievous result presents itself to view, as a violation of the law of self-regarding prudence. The passion cannot be gratified but by the production of pain in his breast by whom the anger has been excited, and pain cannot be produced there without a counter desire to retaliate the pain or greater pain on him who has produced it. To the pain in the breast of the angry man there is a termination, and most commonly a speedy termination, but to the remote pain, which may be considered a third link in the chain of causes and effects, who can put a limit? Anger may have had what is called its revenge, but the exercise of that revenge may have created the durable passion of enmity, to whose consequences it is impossible to affix a boundary.

Since anger cannot exist without vice, what is to be done? Can a man exist without anger? Without anger can injuries be averted, can self-defence, can self-preservation be provided for?

Certainly not without the production of pain to him who has inflicted the injury. But to the production of this pain anger is not necessary. Anger is no more necessary than to the surgeon by whom, to save suffering or life, a painful operation is performed. No anger is excited in his breast by the view of the agony he inflicts, or by the contemplation of the greater evil which would follow but for his interference. That anger should never have place is not possible: it is not consistent with the structure of the human mind. But it may be said, and that on every occasion, and without any exception, that the less there is of it the better; for whatever pain is needful to the production of the useful effect, that pain will be much better measured without the passion than by it.

But, it may be said, there are circumstances in which not only pain—the natural effect of anger—pain purposely produced, but anger itself, the passion of anger, is useful and even necessary to the exist-

ence of society, and that these circumstances in our own country, extend over the whole field of penal jurisprudence. I have been robbed—the offender, on conviction, will be capitally punished, or transported in a state of servitude. Shall I prosecute him? Not if self-regarding prudence is alone to be my counsellor; for her counsel would be—Add not to the loss inflicted by the robbery, the further loss inflicted on you by the prosecution. Not if I consult benevolence, for she would say—The punishment is too great for the offence. And such is the response which, in the knowledge of everybody, and especially when the punishment of death is menaced, frequently determines a man's conduct.

But, were the matter rightly considered, the response, it might be said, would be—Yes, prosecute; for the good of the community requires that neither the suffering of the offender in the shape of punishment, nor the suffering of yourself, the prosecutor, in the shape of vexation and expence, should be grudged. Good! But I can ill afford it: the pecuniary burden to me will be greater than that uncertain, unestimated, and remote benefit which will grow out of the prosecution and its results. Again, the responses of benevolence have no influence with me. Be they ever so decisive, they have not a preponderant weight in my mind.

In this case, neither prudence nor benevolence will produce action; and yet, if action were not produced, the security of society would suffer a serious shock—a shock serious in proportion to its frequency; and, if constant, security would be wholly destroyed, and the general ruin of property would immediately follow. The supposed virtue in both its forms is sufficient to preserve society, and anger, however dissocial its character, is indispensably necessary.

TABLE TALK.

Exquisite Rhyme.—(Butler, speaking of an apothecary):—

Stored with deleterious medicines,
Which whosoever took is dead since.

—POETRY, PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION, are united in the spirit of Love. By that spirit, expanded and elevated, Intellect and Imagination create within themselves conceptions and emotions of the sublime and beautiful, the spiritual and the everlasting. Poetry is the produce of Love in its delight—Philosophy of Love in its wonder—Religion of Love in its gratitude—and thus, in all higher moods, the Three are One. Love broods on the wonders of its own delight, and Poetry is solemnized into Philosophy. Love is instructed in the first cause, and Philosophy is sanctified into Religion. Then sings the philosophical pious Poet his hymns and odes on Nature and Nature's God, and the tongues of men are as Angels.—*Essays on Spenser in Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Secret of Longevity.—Admiration and light contemplation are very powerful to the prolonging of life; for they hold the spirits in such things as delight them, and suffer them not to tumultuate or to carry themselves unquietly, and waywardly. And therefore all the contemplators of natural things which had so many and so eminent objects to admire (as Democritus, Plato, Parmenides, Apollonius,) were long lived; also Rhetoricians which tasted but lightly of things, and studied rather exornation of speech than profundity of matter, were long lived (as Gorgias, Protagoras, Isocrates, Seneca,) and certainly, as old men are, for the most part, talkative, so talkative men do often grow old: for it shews a light contemplation; and such as does not much strain the spirits, or vex them. But subtil, and acute, and eager inquisition shorten life; for it tireth the spirit, and wasteth it.—*Bacon's History of Life and Death.*

The Poor of England.—The poor deserve all the attention we can give them; they are grateful and respectful to their superiors, and most kind to one another. Contempt, or neglect, they will resent it, and they have a right to do so; but let any one manifest an interest in their concerns, address them kindly, assist them with discrimination, refuse, when necessary, with mildness, and reprove with temper, and he will never find reason to complain. As the almoner of public charities, I have been brought into contact with thousands of them of all grades, from the respectable artizan down to the imprisoned felon. I have never been treated with disrespect; and have far more frequently had reason to blush at the excess of their gratitude, than to reproach them for unthankfulness. Their kindness to one another in their distresses is most exemplary and affecting. When pleading for a neighbour, they will indeed urge the absence of every claim upon themselves, and their inability to afford any assistance; but after the aid they have been soliciting has either been obtained or denied, they will cheerfully divide their morsel, and perform voluntarily and gratuitously every service. Their faults are on the surface, and are often nothing more than that coarseness of manner which belongs to their station; but whoever will

study them thoroughly will be compelled to admire their general character, and will feel it an enviable privilege to be enabled to relieve distresses in which it is impossible not to sympathize, and to place them generally in circumstances which shall afford scope and encouragement to their virtues.—*Mr Osler, in Communications to the Poor-Law Commissioners.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F., who writes to us on a point in our Supplement connected with Northumberland House, shall have an explanation in our next. He is quite mistaken respecting the intention of the passage.

The Sonnet to F. M. W. will be inserted with pleasure.

ALANNENSIS and C. P. J. have our best thanks; but they will have seen that their communication was anticipated.

We respect J. D. for the way in which he consoles his misfortunes.

We congratulate A. N. on his happiness.

Eva shall be attended to, as soon as we have done our duty to 'Christie's Will.'

A READER has obliged us in pointing out to our attention the book he speaks of, connected with city history. We shall procure a sight of it.

The Tales mentioned by H. H. have a promising title; but we presume it would better suit his purpose to publish them elsewhere.

The verses of W. S. S. have good points, but are very unequal.

A communication from our friend, "The Hans Sachs of Dover," shall appear the first opportunity.

The elegant selection of French poetry, intitled *Fleurs de Poesie Moderne*, published by Messrs Chapman and Hall, has been received, and will have further notice.

W. H. C. appears to have a genuine taste for Poussin.

The kind recommendation of our Bristol friend shall be duly considered.

We had the pleasure of receiving both the letters of our friend W. H. S.

The question between A. CONSTANT READER and his friend, respecting our non-notice of Mr Braham in other periodicals, is easily settled. We have had the pleasure of recording our admiration of him (so to speak) a thousand times.

We will make a point of seeing the articles mentioned by Mr A. C., and of taking his proposal into consideration.

The use of the word "domestic" in a national sense, as opposed to "foreign," is certainly not correct in the abstract, since, taken literally, it applies only to *dowms* or the house; yet as all the internal politics of a nation affect people more or less in their domesticities, and may be said, literally as well as metaphorically, to "come home to men's business and bosoms," and as a strong sense of this identification of national and household interests is shown in a variety of phrases in use, such as "*home-consumption*," "*at home and abroad*," meaning out of doors merely, or in another country, &c., it appears to us that custom (a great warrant in itself) has justly determined the question so politely referred to our judgment by Mr C. R.

The 'Horrors of Atheism,' a Vision from Jean Paul Richter, shall appear speedily.

☺ We should be happy to encourage the ingenious studies of E. N. who translates from Schiller; but can he not find some shorter passage?

We are obliged to ONE OF THE MILLION for his kind expressions. The edition alluded to is not an edition already existing, but one contemplated. Perhaps ONE OF THE MILLION will find the point in question satisfactorily noticed in an article which will appear in the LONDON JOURNAL next Wednesday.

The communication of our friend BOOKWORM next week. His wishes with regard to the printing shall be attended to.

MR TEAR'S 'One Step Further in Stenography' shall be noticed forthwith.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24, 1834.

No. 39.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

For the convenience of those who may like to begin a new purchase with a new year, as well as for the fitness of the thing in itself, the volume of the LONDON JOURNAL for 1834, though its first number appeared in April, will close with the 31st of December, and the volume for 1835 commence with the first week of January. A title page and index to the present year's volume, for binding up with sets that have been kept by the readers, will appear without delay; and complete volumes may be had of the publisher, Mr Hooper, or by order on any other bookseller.

CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE Almanack has been very accommodating to us this year, in enabling us to publish a Journal on the eve of the three great annual holidays; for May-Day Eve, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Eve, all fall on a Wednesday; so that we can prepare for a day of merriment with our readers, right upon the coming of the day itself, without interfering with it when it comes.

Of these three holidays, Christmas Day is, for many reasons, the greatest; and one reason among others is, that it stands out of the winter-time, the first and warmest of them. It is the eye and fire of the season, as the fire is of Christmas and of one's room. We have always loved it, and ever shall; first, (to give a child's reason, and a very good one, too, in this instance,) because Christmas Day is Christmas Day; second, (which is included in that reason, or rather includes it, for it is the greatest,) because of a high argument, which will, more properly, stand by itself at the close of this article; third, because of the hollies and other evergreens which people conspire to bring into cities and houses on this day, making a kind of summer in winter, and reminding us that "The poetry of earth is never dead;" fourth, because we were brought up in a cloistered school, where carols had not gone out of fashion, and used to sit in circles round huge fires, fit to roast an ox, making inconceivable bliss out of cakes and sour oranges; fifth, because of the fine things which the poets and others have said of it; sixth, because there is no business going on,—*"Mammon"* is suspended; and, seventh, because New Year's Day and Twelfth Day come after it; that is to say, because it is the leader of a set of holidays, and the spirit is not beaten down into common-place the moment it is over. It closes and begins the year with cheerfulness.

We have collected, under the head of 'The Week,' some notices of the other principal points connected with Christmas. Most of them are now losing their old lustre, only to give way, we trust, by and by, to better evidences of rejoicing. The beadle we can dispense with, and even the Christmas-boxes; espe-

cially as we hope nobody will then want them. And the 'Bellman's Verses' shall turn to something nobler, albeit, we have a liking for him; ay, for his very absurdities; there is something in them so old, so unpretending, and so reminiscent about him. As long as the bellman is alive, one's grandfather does not seem dead, and his cocked-hat lives with him. Good 'Bellman's Verses' will not do at all. There have been some such things of late, "most tolerable and not to be endured." We have even seen them witty, which is a great mistake. Warton and Cowper unthinkingly set the way to them. You may be child-like at Christmas; you may be merry; you may be absurd,—in the worldly sense of the term; but you must write with a faith, and so redeem your old Christmas reputation somehow. Belief in something great and good preserves a respectability, even in the most childish mistakes; but it feels that the company of banter is unworthy of it. The very absurdity of the 'Bellman's Verses' is only bearable, nay only pleasant, when we suppose them written by some actual doggerel-poet in good faith. Mere mediocrity hardly allows us to give our Christmas-box, or to believe it now-a-days in earnest; and the smartness of your cleverest worldly-wise men is felt to be wholly out of place. No, no; give us the good old decrepid 'Bellman's Verses,' hobbling as their bringer, and taking themselves for something respectable like his cocked-hat, or give us none at all. We should not like even to see him in a round hat. He would lose something of the old and oracular by it. If in a round hat, he should keep out of sight, and not contradict the portrait of himself at the top of his sheet of verses, with his bell and his beadle's staff. The pictures round the verses may be new; but we like the old better, no matter how worn out, provided the subject be discernible; no matter what blots for the eyes, and muddiness for the clouds. The worst of these old wood-cuts are often copied from good pictures; and, at all events, they wear an aspect of the old sincerity.

Give us, in short, a foundation of that true old Christmas sincerity to go upon (no matter under what modification of belief, provided it be of a Christian sort), and like the better sort of Catholics, who go to church in the morning and to their dance in the evening, we can begin the day with a mild gravity of recollection, and finish it with all kinds of forgetful mirth,—forgetful, because realizing the happiness for which we are thoughtful. It is a pernicious mistake among persons who exclusively call themselves religious, to think they ought never to be cheerful, without calling to mind considerations too vast and grand for cheerfulness; thereby representing the object of their reverence after the fashion of an officious and tyrannical parent, who should cast the perpetual shadow of his dignity over his children's

sports. Those sports are a part of the general ordinance of things. Man is a laughing as well as a thinking creature; and "there is a time," says the wise man, "for all things." Formal set times for being religious and thoughtful are, to be sure, not the only times; but a perpetual formality is merely the same mistake rendered thorough-going and intire! It might be thought unnecessary to touch upon this point now-a-days, and a violation of our own inculcations of seasonableness to notice it in the present article; but, for a reason which we shall mention presently, a periodical writer who is in earnest is much hampered by certain inconsistencies in the demands of some of his readers; and what we feel, we express.

To have a thorough sense, then, of Christmas, grave and gay, and to reconcile as much as possible of its old times to the new, one ought to begin with Christmas Eve, to see the log put on the fire, the boughs fixed somewhere in the room, and to call to mind what is said by the poets, and those beautiful accounts of angels singing in the air, which inspired the seraphical strains of the Handel and Corelli. Those who possess musical instruments should turn to these strains, or procure them, and warm their imaginations by their performance. In paintings from Italy (where the violin, on account of its greater mastery, and the enthusiasm of the people, is held in more esteem than with us), we often see choral visions of angels in the clouds, singing and playing on that instrument as well as the harp; and certainly, if ever a sound which may be supposed to resemble them, was yet heard upon earth, it is in some of the harmonies of Arcangelo Corelli.* And the recitative of Handel's divine strain, 'There were shepherds abiding in the fields,' is as exquisite for truth and simplicity as the cheek of innocence. See what Milton has sung of these angelic symphonies, in the Ode extracted into our present Number. Shakspeare has touched upon Christmas Eve with a reverential tenderness, sweet as if he had spoken it hushingly.

*Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawn singeth all night long.
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.*

Upon which (for it is a character in *Hamlet* who is speaking) *Horatio* observes, in a sentence remarkable for the breadth of its sentiment as well as the niceness of its sincerity (like the whole of that apparently favourite character of the poet, who loved a friend),

So have I heard, and do in part believe it:
that is to say, he believed all that was worthy, and recognized the balmy and Christian effect produced

* See his famous Pastoral in the second Number of the 'Musical Library,' lately published.

upon well-disposed and sympathetic minds by reflections on the season.

The Waits, that surprise us with music in the middle of the night, evidently originated in honour of the heavenly visitation. They are, unfortunately, not apt to be very celestial of their kind. There is a fellow in particular, that plays the bass, who seems to make a point of being out of tune. He has two or three notes that are correct enough, that enable him to finish in a style of grandeur and self-satisfaction, but his "bye-play," for the most part, is horrible. However, the very idea of music is good, especially in the middle of the night; and a little imagination and Christian charity, together with a consideration of his cold fingers, will help us to be thankful for his best parts, and slip as we can over his worst. When the English become a more musical people, zealous amateurs will volunteer their services on fine nights, and, going forth with their harps and guitars, charm their friends and neighbours with strains rendered truly divine by the hour and the occasion,—

Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise.

(See Milton's ode, as above-mentioned.)

Soft: stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Merchant of Venice.

A Christmas Day, to be perfect, should be clear and cold, with holly-branches in berry, a blazing fire, a dinner, with mince-pies, and games and forfeits in the evening. You cannot have it in perfection, if you are very fine and fashionable. Neither, alas! can it be enjoyed by the very poor; so that, in fact, a perfect Christmas is impossible to be had, till the progress of things has distributed comfort more equally. But when we do our best, we are privileged to enjoy our utmost; and charity gives us a right to hope. The completest enjoyer of Christmas (next to a lover who has to receive forfeits from his mistress), is the holiday school-boy, who springs up early, like a bird, darting hither and thither, out of sheer delight, thinks of his mince-pies half the morning, has too much of them when they come (pardon him this once), roasts chestnuts and cuts apples half the evening, is conscious of his new silver in his pocket, and laughs at every piece of mirth with a loudness that rises above every other noise. Next day what a peg-top will he not buy! what string! what nuts! what gingerbread! And he will have a new clasp-knife, and pay three times too much for it. Sour oranges also will he suck, squeezing their cheeks into his own with staring eyes; and his mother will tell him they are not good for him—and let him go on.

A Christmas evening should, if possible, finish with music. It carries off the excitement without abruptness, and sheds a repose over the conclusion of enjoyment.

A word respecting the more serious part of the day's subject alluded to above. It is but a word, but it may sow a seed of reflection in some of the best natures; especially in these days of perplexity between new doctrines and old. It appears to us, that there is a point never enough dwelt upon, if at all, by those who attempt to bring about a reconciliation between belief and the want of it. It is addressed only to the believers in a Providence, but those who have that belief, if they have no other, are a numerous body. The point is this,—that Christianity, to say the least of it, is a GREAT EVENT. It has had a wonderful effect on the world, and still has, even in the workings of its apparently unfilial daughter,

Modern Philosophy, who could never have seen what she is, but for the doctrine of boundless Deity, grafted upon the elegant self-reference of the Greeks, and the patriotism of the Romans, which was so often a mere pretext for the most unadvisedly injurious. Now so great an event must have been in the contemplation of Providence,—one of the mountain tops of its manifestation; and, if we say, even of a Shakespeare and a Plato, (and not without reason,) that there is something "divine" in them, that is to say, something partaking of a more energetic and visible portion of the mysterious spirit breathed into mankind, how much more, and with how much more reverential awe, ought we not to have a divine impression of the nature of Him, who drew the great line between the narrowness of the old world, and the universalities of the new, and uttered to the earth, through the angelical organ of his whole being, life, and death, that truly celestial doctrine "Think of others!"

In saying this, we have no intention of begging the question in favour of any species of false Christianity, either such as is dishonourable to heaven by its bigotry and other melancholy inconsistencies, or pernicious to man by its disingenuousness and worldly use. In thorough and spotless sincerity do we say it. Would we were as free from blemish in other respects! But we add this protestation in order to disrepute our opinion from those who make "artificial" or "theatrical" ones of a show of Christian belief, very much, we think, to be deprecated, and such as the 'Athenæum' pointed at the other day in some excellent remarks on a French book. And the editor of the 'Kent Herald' will have the kindness to take it as a reply to his handsome comment on our notice of his poetical address to us, published a few weeks ago in this Journal, under the head of a 'Remonstrance and an Answer:' for it is he, it seems, who honoured us with the verses; and some perplexity in connexion with the present subject was, we suspect, at the bottom of them. We intended to say more, especially for the sake of the correspondent who writes to us under the signature of ONE OF THE MILLION; but a dread of violating our anti-controversial system hinders us, as well as some other considerations; and we should apologize for its introduction on this holiday occasion, did not the holiday itself warrant an alternation of the liveliest and most serious moods. Luckily, be serious as we may, there is nothing, thank heaven, ponderous or gloomy in our seriousness. Our notions of Christianity are as universal as the skies, and as happy as childhood; and our emblem of it, if we were a painter, and could paint it in one figure, would be a child with the forehead of a man,—the meeting of the extremes of innocence and wisdom.

All Great Poets Good Men. — False philosophy, false poetry, and false religion—all arise from self-willed ignorance, or misconceptions of the intimations Nature gives us of her own laws. "Truth and pure delight" are inseparable, because, cognate; but impure pleasure obscures and confuses those intimations which in their settled brightness are intuitives. Hence all great poets have been good men. In all cases where the physical has disturbed or oppressed the spiritual, poetry in that man's being has languished and died, or shown, by fits and starts, a convulsive strength tenacious of troubled life. And so has it ever fared with philosophy and religion—in the decay, or extinction of "pure delight," whether wrought by prideful reason rushing into the dark, or by polluted novel impatient of the ideal, philosophy degenerating into scepticism, and religion into superstition.—*Esays on Spenser, in Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE SONG OF THE CAT.

[We have taken a liberty with our esteemed correspondent, Bookworm, in publishing the following private communication, by way of preface to the good old song with which he has favoured us, but, to say nothing of the commendation with which he sets out, and of which we are willing to avail ourselves, it will save us the necessity of noticing one or two points in other words; and there is something to us so pleasant and straightforward in his style, that we could not help pointing the whole of it.]

"DEAR SIR,

"Your admirable anti-demonic article, 'The Cat by the Fireside,' put me in mind of a Scotch song, supposed to be the ruminations of a cat (albeit she is not a ruminating animal), while basking in the sun of a comfortable fire. I have written it down from memory, and transmit it to you, thinking it may perhaps be worthy a place in your Journal. If you deem that it is so worthy, please give directions that it be 'set up' by a compositor who is a Scotchman, that the Scottish spelling may be attended to. I hope you will excuse this interference, but I have often been vexed with the blunders made by Englishmen in such cases.

"The burthen of the 'sang'—'Three threads an' a thrum'—is the translation given to the sound of the cat's purring by the Scotch, I suppose from the similarity which exists between it and the 'birring' of a spinning-wheel, to which 'Three threads an' a thrum' evidently refers.

"In the 'Hints for Table Talk' which you have, will you be so kind as correct the following error. Talking of 'chemistry being in the very salutation,' I have derived it from *amoo* (I think), please alter that to *amoi*, the sound of the Arabic word signifying to conceal. Excuse this trouble, and believe me yours truly.

"Dec. 6. 1834."

AULD BAWTHRENS' SANG,
AT A SCOTCH INGLE SINE.

The gudewife birrs wi' the wheel a'day,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum,
A walth o' wark, an' sma' time for play,
Wi' the lint sae white, and worster grey,
Work fu' hard she maun, while sing I may
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum.

The gudewife rises frae out her bed,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Wi' her cooey nicht-matth sound her head,
To steer the fire to a blaze sae red;
Her feet I rub wi' welcome glad,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum.

I daunder round her wi' blythesome birr,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum,
An' rub on her legs my sleek warm fur;
Wi' sweeps o' my tail I welcome her,
An' round her rin, wherever she stir,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum.

The men-folks' time for rest is gye sma',
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum,
They're out in sunshine, an' out in snaw;
Tho' cauld winds whistle, or rain should fa',
I, i' the ingle, dae nought ava',
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum.

I like the gudeman, but loe the wife,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Days mony they've seen o' leil and strife;
O' sorrow human hours are rife;
Their haud's been mine a' the days o' my life,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum.

Auld Hawthrens gray, she kith'd me here,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum,
An' wha was my sice I naer did speir;
Blithers an' sisters senew'd i' the weir;
Left me alane to my nither dear,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum.

An' syne she loe'd me muskle mair,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum,
For want o' her weans, near a' t'en-frae 't,
Her only kitten she couldna spare,
I a healing was to her heart sae sair,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum.

As I grew a cat, wi' look sae douse,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum,
She learnt me to catch the piff'in' mouse;
Wi' the thief-like rottoms I had nae truce,
But banish'd them frae the maister's house,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum.

Mither got fashonless, auld; an' blin',
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum,
The bluid in her veins was could an' thir;
Her claws were blunt, an' she couldna rin,
An' t' her forbears was sune gather'd in,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum.

Now I sit hunklin' aye i' the aye,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum,
The queen I am o' that cozie place;
As wi' ilka paw I dieht my face,
I laing an' purr, wi' mickle grace,
Three threads an' a thrum,
Three threads an' a thrum.

ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR ANIMAL.

THE DUCK-BILLED WATER-MOLE.

(From the 'Anulet' for 1835,—an excellent number.)

It was on a beautiful evening in the month of October, the commencement of summer in southern latitudes, that we arrived in a district lying to the south-west of Sydney, and distant about two hundred miles from that of the Colonial Government, I approached the banks of the Yas river, in the interior of Australia. The scenery here is of the most picturesque description: the open forest country and wooded hills; the neat cottage and garden, with the grain of a vivid green just bursting into ear: the tranquillity around being only occasionally disturbed by the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, or the gay and blithesome notes of the feathered tribe. The silver stream of the Yas continued its silent course, its banks adorned by the beautiful pendulous acacias, which, at that season, were profusely covered by their rich golden and fragrant blossoms; while the lofty and majestic gum-trees, the graceful manna, or the dark "swamp oak," added to the variety and beauty of the landscape.

The sun was near its setting, when, at a more quiet part of the river, I sought the burrows of those shy animals the "water-moles," the *ornithorynchus paradoxus* of naturalists, known also as the platypus, or duck-billed animal.

Those only who are accustomed to view and investigate the varying productions of nature—whether in the peculiar forms and habits of the animal, or the brilliant and animating varieties of the vegetable world—can appreciate the true feelings of enjoyment experienced on seeing in their native haunts creatures which before were known merely from vague description.

Perhaps no animal, on its first introduction into Europe, gave rise to greater doubts as to its being a production of nature, or excited deeper interests among naturalists respecting its habits and economy, than this paradoxical creature, which, from its external appearance, as well as internal anatomy, may be correctly described as forming a connecting link between the bird and the quadruped.

The animal, when seen in a living state, running along the ground, conveys to the spectator an idea of something supernatural, and its unusual form produces terror in the minds of the timid: even the

canine race (except those accustomed to bring them out of the water when shot) stare at them with erect ears, and the feline race avoid them; still, although of such a "questionable shape," it is an animal of perfectly harmless, although restless disposition.

Among the colonists in Australia, it is known by the name of "water-mole," from some resemblance it bears to the common European mole. By the aboriginal tribes at Bathurst, Goulburn Plains, Yas, Murrumbidgee and Tumut countries, it is designated by the two names *callangong* and *cambress*, the latter being more in use with them than the former.

The body is depressed like the otter, mole, and beaver. It is covered by long and thick dark brown hair, underneath which is a short and very soft fur, resembling the two distinct kinds found on the seal and otter. On the abdomen, breast, and throat, the fur and hair is of much finer quality, and more silky in its nature. In young specimens, the under-surface of the tail is covered by hair of a beautiful silvery white; this is lost, however, in the adult; the under-surface of the tail, in such, having merely a few coarse hairs scattered over it. This circumstance induced many to suppose that the animal used its tail as a trowel, in a manner similar to the beaver; but from an examination of their burrows, I have no doubt that the hair is rubbed off by the friction of the tail on the surface of the ground. The tail is flat, broad, and inclining on each side abruptly off at the termination, beyond which the long hairs project. The hair on the upper part of the tail is of a dark colour, long, and coarse, and destitute of the peculiar glossy appearance of the other parts of the body.

There was no variation in the colour of the fur in all the specimens I have seen; the under short fur is of a greyish line. The whole of the under surface of the body is of a ferruginous colour, varying in intensity according to age. The legs are short, feet pentadactyle, webbed, and in the fore-feet the web extends a short distance beyond the claws, is loose, and falls back when the animal burrows. The head is flat; and from the mouth, two lips or mandibles project, resembling the beak of a Shoveller duck; the lower mandible is short and narrower than the upper, and its internal edges are channelled with numerous *striae*, resembling, in some degree, those seen in the bill of a duck. The colour of the superior mandible above, when seen in an animal recently taken out of the water, is of a dull, dirty, greyish black, covered with innumerable minute dots, and the cartilaginous continuation around the mandible is uniformly smooth and soft. The eyes are very small, but brilliant, and of a light brown colour; they are situated rather high up the head. The external orifice of the ear is situated at the upper part of the external angle of the eye; the orifice is easily discovered when a living specimen is examined, as the animal is then seen frequently to open and close it; but remaining collapsed in dead specimens, it is not easily perceived by persons unacquainted with its exact situation. From this orifice a semicircular cartilaginous canal is continued, which terminates at the base of the skull, and probably increases the intensity of sound, giving the animal an acute auditory power. The size varies; but the males are usually found to be, in a small degree, larger than the females, the average length being from eighteen to twenty inches.

It was at a tranquil part of the Yas river, which the colonists call "ponds," on the surface of which numerous aquatic plants grew, that I first beheld these animals. It is in places of this description that the water-moles are most commonly seen, seeking their food among the aquatic plants, whilst the steep and shaded banks afford them excellent situations for excavating their burrows.

Readily recognizing their dark bodies just appearing level with the water, the head slightly raised, by the circles made around them from their paddling motions. It is necessary at this time for the spectator to remain perfectly stationary, as the slightest noise or movement will cause the timid creatures instantly to disappear; and they seldom re-appear when frightened, so acute are their sight and hearing. But, if the spectator remain quiet while the animal is paddling about, he will have an excellent view of its movements; it, however, seldom remains longer than one or two minutes, but dives, and re-appears a short distance above or below the stream from the place at which it was observed to descend. Although the animal may rise close to the spot on which the sportsman patiently waits, it is useless to level the gun, as the action would cause its instant disappearance. Preparations must be made to discharge the gun on its re-appearance at the surface, which, when the animal descends unfrightened, is almost certain to take place in a short time. A new shot is requisite, a distant one being almost useless.

When the fur is wet, the animal has a soiled and far from attractive appearance, resembling more a lump of dirty weeds which are often seen floating about the rivers than any production of the animal kingdom; it would therefore often escape observation but for its paddling motion in the water; such was its appearance, when lying dead on the surface,

or when drifted by the stream against the stump of a tree, or among the reeds and bulrushes growing profusely near and upon the banks of the river.

The animals are seen in the Australian rivers at all seasons of the year, but are most abundant during the spring and summer months; and I think a query may arise whether they do not hibernate. The best time for seeing them is very early in the morning, or late in the evening; during floods and freshes they are frequently perceived travelling up and down the rivers. When going down, they appear to allow themselves to be carried by the force of the stream without making any exertion; but when swimming against the stream, all their muscular power is exerted to the utmost to stem the force of the current. The opinion that so generally prevails, that these animals must be shot instantly dead, otherwise they will sink and not re-appear, I did not find correct in practice; if missed, this is likely to occur, but if the animal is wounded, although it sinks, it almost invariably afterwards ascends to the surface of the water, some distance from the place at which it had dived. Some require several shots before they are killed, or before they are so severely wounded as to secure their capture, which they frequently evade, even when wounded, by diving; and oftentimes, unless the sportsman is very vigilant, in rising they may come up amongst reeds and rushes (which are plentiful in some parts, extending out from the banks of the river), and thus escape observation altogether.

When the *ornithorynchus* is captured, it makes great efforts to regain its liberty, and its loose integuments cause it to be retained with difficulty, for the animal feels as if it was contained in a thick fur bag, under which are very powerful cutaneous muscles. During its struggles to escape it makes no attempt to bite, but occasionally emits a low, growling noise. The aborigines use them for food. The methods employed in their capture are by digging them out of the burrows, or by spearing them. They dig up the burrows at certain seasons of the year, when the young are nearly full grown, and at the time they consider them excellent eating, and often capture the old animal at the same time. One morning I accompanied a native to inspect the burrow of one from which, the preceding summer, he told me the young had been taken.

We availed ourselves of his assistance in seeking for the burrows. On a steep bank near that part of the Yas river where I first had the gratification of seeing these animals, and which I have before described as abounding in river weeds, and the banks decorated by overhanging acacias in full bloom, strewing the surface of the water with their golden blossoms shaken off by the wind, our keen-sighted guide pointed out to our uninitiated eyes the tracks of the animals on the moist earth close to the water; these tracks being followed up the bank, at a distance varying from two to five feet, the entrance of the burrows, concealed by the long grass and shrubs which grew profusely and luxuriantly in these situations, was soon discovered, and the tracks had evidently a very recent appearance. Following the same method he had adopted on similar occasions, the native placed his hand within the burrow, and took from its lower surface pieces of clay, on which impressions of the animals' feet were distinctly marked. From the situation of these burrows, and from being so concealed by shrubs and long grass, as well as the height and steepness of the bank, I regarded it as next to impossible to explore them.

Some of the burrows on this bank had also a second entrance under the water, communicating with the principal or largest entrance above it. Although this second entrance was found in several, we could not discover it in all. Often during this our first excursion of the kind, we mistook the holes of water-rats and other animals for those of the *ornithorynchus*, but our more experienced tawny companion always told us what they were, at the same time kindly pointing out the difference, so that, under such able guidance, there is but little doubt that, in course of time, we might have become expert "water-mole" hunters. Besides seeking for the habitation, we kept also an occasional look-out for the owners of these grassy dwellings.

Very late in the evening we perceived two paddling about in a small pond of the river, but they eluded all our endeavours to get a sufficiently near shot at them. I frequently heard a splash in the water at one particular part of the bank, whenever I approached it, as if the animal had retreated to the bank, but, unable to gain the burrow in time, had, on my approach, taken again to the water. As this occurred several times about the same place, and as darkness was setting in rapidly, I marked the situation of the spot.

On the following morning, whilst the horses were saddling for a ride to Mount Lavinia, the farm and residence of Mr. Henry O'Brien, on Yas plains, we went down, accompanied by the native, Darga, to that part of the river at which I had supposed the water-mole to have been attempting to regain its burrow. I was right in my conjecture, for, near the spot, tracks of one were very distinctly visible, and were traced up the bank, when, amongst some long

grass, the entrance was discovered; the tracks continuing on the under surface of the interior, was sufficient to determine its being inhabited, which our black companion, Darega, consented to. The situation was one admirably calculated for digging up the burrow, as the bank gradually sloped, and was neither very high nor steep; so I came to the determination to explore it, not with the expectation of meeting with any young, for my dissected specimens induced a contrary opinion, but from a desire of examining the internal construction of the burrows themselves. Spades were consequently sent for.

The entrance was large, particularly when compared to its size in the continuation, measuring one foot three inches in depth, and one foot one inch in breadth. Instead of laying the burrow intirely open from the entrance to the termination, which would have been a laborious undertaking, holes were opened at certain distances in its direction, according to the method adopted by the aborigines. The depth of these burrows beneath the surface of the earth may be from one foot to one foot and a half, but gradually tending towards the surface as it proceeds up the bank, so that the termination or nest is nearly superficial with the earth's surface. This burrow, as it receded from the entrance, became narrow, being about the usual size of the animal when uncontracted.

We had traced the burrow for the distance of ten feet four inches, and had just dug a pit down upon it, and saw it still continuing its course up the bank, when the well-known beak and head of a water-mole was seen protruding for an instant from the upper part, as if it had been disturbed from its repose, and had, therefore, come down to see what we were about with its habitation. It did not remain an instant, however, appearing not to fancy our *captivating* physiognomies; for, as soon as it beheld us, it thought we could be there making such a noise for no very benevolent purpose, for it immediately turned up to take refuge in that part of the burrow not yet explored; but in turning it was seized by the hind leg, and secured as a lawful prisoner of the chase. It proved to be a full-grown female. When I held the unfortunate platypus in my hands, its little bright eyes glistened, and the orifices of the ears were expanded and contracted alternately, as if eager to catch the slightest sound; its little heart palpitating violently with fear and anxiety. After it had been retained in the hands some time it became more reconciled to its situation.

The animal certainly appeared very much astonished when it was hauled out of its subterraneous dwelling. It uttered no sound when first captured, nor attempted to bite; in its struggles for liberty, the hind claws being sharp, would scratch the hand, but not sufficiently to be regarded.

The ornithorynchus was placed in a cask, with grass, mud (taken from the river), and water, and all that could make it comfortable under existing circumstances. It ran round its place of confinement, scratching and making great efforts to get out; but finding them useless, it became quite tranquil, contracted itself into a small compass, and was soon buried in sleep. At night, however, it was very restless, and made great efforts to escape, going round the cask with its forepaws raised against the sides, the web turned back, scratching violently with the claws of the forefeet, as if to burrow its way out. In the morning, I found the animal fast asleep, the tail being turned inwards, the head and beak under the breast, and the body contracted into a very small compass. When disturbed from its sleep, it utters a soft growling noise, something like the growl of a young dog, but in a softer and more harmonious key. Although quiet most of the day, its efforts to escape continued with a growling noise during the night. The animal seemed a great curiosity to the Europeans about Yas, who had not before had an opportunity of seeing one alive. Although they have long been known to be burrowing animals, yet I believe this to be the first burrow explored, and the first living animal captured by an European.

The female gives birth to from one to four young ones at a time, the usual number being two. The mother first suckles, but when her offspring are sufficiently old, feeds them with comminuted insects mingled with mud, until they are capable of taking to the water and providing for themselves.

Another burrow, which we afterwards explored, near Goulburn Plains, continued up the bank in a serpentine form, and was very long; after a laborious task, from the hardness of the ground, the termination was attained at a distance of thirty-five feet from the entrance to the inhabited part; they have been found to extend even a distance of fifty feet.

The arrival at the termination of this very extensive burrow was made known by a growling being very distinctly heard to issue forth; this, at first, I thought proceeded from the old one, which I now expected of having an opportunity of viewing with her young; but recollecting, under similar circumstances, that the old one had forsaken her progeny, and during the course of laying open the burrow we had not seen her come down to ascertain why we destroyed her habitation, I could not tell what to

think of it, more especially when at its termination the fur of the animal or animals was seen; and what then surprised me was, that although there was abundance of growling, yet there was no attempt of the animals to escape. On being taken out, they were found to be full-furred young ones, coiled up asleep, which growled exceedingly on being exposed to the "broad light of noon-day." There were two, a male and female, of the dimensions of ten inches from the beak to the extremity of the tail.

These animals had a most beautiful sleek and delicate appearance, when compared with those of larger growth, and seemed never to have left the burrow. The nest, if it may be so termed, consisted of dry river weeds, the epidermis of reeds, and small dry fibrous roots of some kinds of plants, all strewn on the floor of the cavity, which was of sufficient size to contain the mother and her young. When awake and placed on the ground, they would move about, but not make the wild attempts at escape we had perceived in the old ones when caught. Indeed, it was rather a subject of surprise that we did not capture, or, at all events, see the old one escape; but, not long after, the black captured a female on the bank not far distant from the burrow, which, there is no doubt, was the mother of the young we had just taken, which had escaped in the intermediate spaces of the burrow which were left, when all were busily engaged in exploring its long and tedious windings. The old specimen was in a ragged and wretchedly poor condition, the fur was abraded in several places, the hind claws were also rubbed and wounded and she seemed to be in a miserable and weak state.*

In the young animals, the beak above was of a similar colour to the same organ in the old specimens, but on their under surface it was a beautiful pink, from the minute blood vessels being distinctly seen through the delicate epidermis, like the bloom of rosy health on the cheeks of the infantile portion of our race; the legs, close to the feet, were fringed with fine silvery hairs, and the whole of the under surface of the tail had a similar covering, but coarser; the fur on the back, although of a more delicate nature, was similar in colour, as was also the under part of the chest and abdomen, but of a lighter tinge than that observed in full grown specimens.

The young animals sleep in various positions, sometimes extended and often rolled up, like a hedge-hog, in the form of a ball. They formed an interesting group in the box in which I placed them, seemingly happy and content. One lay curled up like a dog, keeping its beak warm with the flattened tail brought over it; another stretched on its back, the head resting, by way of a pillow, upon the body of the old one, which lay on its side, the back resting against the side of the box, all fast asleep. At another time, one would be seen lying on the back, with outstretched paws, another on its side, and the third coiled or rolled in the form of a ball. They lie in various positions, shifting them as they may feel fatigued; but the most favourite position of the young animals is rolled up like a ball: this is effected by the fore paws being placed under the beak, the head and mandible bent down towards the tail, the hind paws crossed over the mandibles, and the tail being turned up to complete the rotundity of the figure.

Although furnished with a good thick coat of fur, they seem particularly about being kept warm and comfortable.

They would permit me to smooth their fur, but if the mandibles were touched, they darted away immediately, those parts appearing to be remarkably sensitive. The young I permitted to run about the room, as they pleased, but the old specimen was so restless, and damaged the walls of the rooms so much by attempts at burrowing, that I was obliged to keep her a close prisoner in the box, where during the day she would remain quiet, but at night was very restless, and eager to escape from her place of confinement. The food I then gave them, and afterwards continued, was bread soaked in water, chopped egg, and meat minced very small; although, at first, I presented them with milk, they did not seem to prefer it to water. The young were very tranquil; as they were not confined in the night, I heard them growling, and they seemed as if they were fighting, the saucer containing their food being upset in the scuffle; but, on the following morning, they were quietly rolled up fast asleep, side by side, in the temporary nest I had formed for them.

The little animals often appeared to dream of swimming, as I have seen their little paws in movement as if in the act. If I placed them on the ground during the day, they ran about seeking some dark corner for repose; but if I placed them in a dark corner or box, they huddled themselves up, as soon as they became a little reconciled to the place, and went to sleep. I found they would go to sleep on a table,

* It has been observed with those curious birds, the penquins, that the parents become thin, and in a low condition, when feeding and rearing their young; which become very fat. Thus it was with the young moles, they were "cobbling fat," and in a plump condition, whilst the old one was miserably thin.

sofa, or, indeed, any place, but, if permitted, would resort to that in which they had been accustomed to repose, but, although for days together they would sleep in the place made up for them, yet, on a sudden, from some unaccountable cause, they would seek repose behind a box, or some dark corner, in preference to their former habitation. They usually reposed side by side, like a pair of furred balls; and awful little growls issued from them when disturbed, but, when very sound asleep, they were handled and examined without any hint of the kind.

At first, I was inclined to consider them night animals; but I found that the time of their leaving the burrow was exceedingly irregular, both during the day and night; but they seemed more lively and more disposed to ramble about the room after dark, commencing about dark; yet all their movements in this respect were so very irregular that no just conclusions could be drawn, further than that they were both night and day animals, preferring the cool and dusky evenings to the heat and glare of noon. This habit was not confined to the young specimens, for the old ones were just as irregular, sometimes sleeping all day, and lively at night, and sometimes the reverse. I have often found them asleep and running about at the same periods of the day, the male leaving the burrow alone, the female remaining asleep; he returns, curls himself up and sleeps, and then the female leaves. At this time, having fed from the saucer of food placed before them, they would paddle round the room, and return to their usual sleeping-place. Although they frequently left alternately, yet at other times they would suddenly go out together. One evening, when both were running about, the female uttered a squeaking noise, as if calling her companion, which was in some part of the room behind the furniture, and was invisible. He immediately answered her in a similar note, and, noting the direction the answer to her signal came from, she went to the place where he had secreted himself.

It is very ludicrous to see these uncouth animals open their mandible-like lips and yawn, stretching out the fore-paws, and extending the web of their fore-feet to their utmost expansion. Although this was natural, yet, not being in the habit of seeing a duck yawn, it had the semblance of being perfectly unnatural.

It often surprised me how they contrived to reach the summit of a book-case, or any other elevated piece of furniture. This, at last, was discovered to be effected by the animal supporting the back against the wall, and placing the feet against the book-case, and then, by aid of the strong cutaneous muscles of the back, and the claws of the feet, they contrived to reach the top very expeditiously. They perform this mode of climbing often, so that I had many opportunities of witnessing the manner in which it was done.

When running, they are exceedingly animated; their little eyes glisten, and the orifices of the ears contract and dilate so as to catch the slightest sound; they struggle very much to escape, if taken up at this time for examination. Their eyes being placed so much above the head, they do not see objects well in a straight line, and consequently run against everything in the room, and spread "dire confusion" among all the light and easily overturnable articles. I have seen them now and then elevate the head, as if to regard the objects round or above them; but they more usually run head-foremost, without looking on one side or the other. Sometimes I have been able to play with them by scratching and tickling them with my finger; they seemed to enjoy it, for they opened their mandibles, biting playfully at the finger, and moving about in the same manner as we see a young dog enjoy similar treatment.

As well as combing their fur to clean it, when wet, I have also seen them often peck it (if the term may be allowed) with the beak, as a duck would clean its feathers. What with this, and the combing of the hind feet, it is a curious sight to view them engaged in the occupation of the toilette. When I placed the animals in a pan of deep water, they were eager to get out; but, when the water was shallow, with a turf of grass placed in one corner, they enjoyed it exceedingly; they would sport together, attacking one another with their mandibles, and rise one against the other with their fore feet, as if in mock combat, and roll over in the water in the midst of their gambols; they then retired, having had a plenitude of fun, to the turf, where they would lie combing themselves, from which process their fur had an additional bright and sleek appearance; this they appeared to enjoy exceedingly, lying on the back, and in various positions, for the purpose of bringing the hind claws into action over every part of the body. It was most ludicrous to observe the uncouth looking little beasts running about, overturning and seizing one another with their mandibles in "sportive gaiety;" and then, in the midst of their fun and frolic, coolly incline to one side, and scratch themselves in the gentlest manner imaginable. After the cleaning operation was concluded, they would perambulate the room for a short time, and then seek re-

poes. It is seldom they remain longer than ten or fifteen minutes in the water at a time.

One evening both the animals came out about dusk, went and eat food from the saucer, and then commenced playing like two puppies, attacking with their mandibles, and raising their fore-paws against each other. In the scuffle one would get thrust down, and when the spectator would expect it to rise again, the animal would commence scratching itself; its antagonist looking on, and waiting for the other to rise and renew the combat.

Some time after, to my great regret, my little favourites became meagre; their coats lost the sleek and beautiful appearance which before caused them to be so much admired, and they ate very little; yet they ran about, and appeared lively. But these external symptoms were much against their being in a state of health. When wet, their fur became matted, and never appeared to dry so readily as before; the mandibles, and, indeed, every part of the animals, indicated anything but a condition of health. How different was their appearance now from the time I removed them from the burrow; then, their plump and sleek appearance excited even the apathetic blacks, now, the poor creatures could only excite commiseration for their reduced condition. The female died on the 29th of January, 1833, and the male on the 2nd of February, having been kept by me during the space of nearly five weeks. Thus my expectations of conveying them to England were frustrated.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 24th to Tuesday the 30th December.
CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

SELECTED FROM BRAND, FOSTER, AND HONE.

Singular Devonshire Customs on Christmas Eve.—A superstitious notion prevails, in the western parts of Devonshire, that at twelve o'clock at night, on Christmas Eve, the oxen in their stalls are always found on their knees, in an attitude of devotion; and that (which is still more singular), since the alteration of the style, they contrive to do this only on the Eve of old Christmas Day. An honest countryman, living on the edge of St Stephen's Downs, near Launceston, Cornwall, informed me, October 28th, 1790, that he once, with some others, made a trial of the truth of the above, and watching several oxen in their stalls at the above time, at twelve o'clock at night, they observed the two oldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and as he expressed it in the idiom of the country, make "a cruel moan, like Christian creatures;" I could not but with great difficulty keep my countenance: he saw, and seemed angry that I gave so little credit to his tale, and, walking off in a pettish humour, seemed to "marvel at my unbelief." There is an old print of the Nativity, in which the oxen in the stable, near the Virgin and Child, are represented upon their knees, as in a suppliant posture. This graphic representation has probably given rise to the above superstitious notion on this head.

Christmas Day, in the primitive Church, was always observed as the Sabbath-day; and, like that, preceded by an Eve, or Vigil, hence our present Christmas Eve. On the night of this, our ancestors were wont to light up candles of an uncommon size, called Christmas Candles, and lay a log of wood upon the fire, called a Yule Log, or Christmas Block, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, to turn night into day. This custom is, in some measure, still kept up in the North of England. [And in the South say others. In truth, it is a custom lingering, or revived, more or less, in all parts of the country.]

Old English Hospitalities.—A writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for February, 1795, p. 110, gives the following account of a custom which takes place annually, on the 24th of December, at the house of Sir Holt, Bart., of Aston Jureta, Birmingham:—"As soon as supper is over, a table is set in the hall; on it is placed a brown loaf, with twenty silver threepences stuck on the top of it, a tankard of ale, with pipes and tobacco; and the two oldest servants have chairs behind it, to sit as judges if they please. The steward brings the servants, both men and women, by one at a time, covered with a winnow-sheet, and lay their right hand on the loaf, exposing no other part of the body, the oldest of the two judges guesses at the person, by naming a name, then the younger judge, and lastly, the oldest again. If they hit upon the right name, the steward leads the person back again; but if they do not, he takes off the winnow-sheet, and the person receives a threepence, makes a low obeisance to the judges, but speaks not a word. When the second servant was brought, the younger judge guessed first and third; and this they did alternately, till all the money was given away. Whatever servant had not slept in the house the preceding night, forfeited his right to the money. No account is given of the origin of this strange custom, but it has been practised ever since the family settled there. When the money is gone,

the servants have full liberty to dance, sing, and go to bed when they please."

Christmas Boxes or Presents.—The custom of annual donations at Christmas and on New Year's Day is very ancient, being copied by the Christians from the Polytheists of Rome, at the time the public religion was changed. These presents, now-a-days, are more commonly made on the morrow of Christmas. From this circumstance, the festival of St Stephen has got the nick-name of Christmas Boxing Days, and, by corruption, Boxing Days.

In London, and in many other parts of Europe, large families and establishments keep regular lists of tradesmen's servants, apprentices, and other persons who come about making a sort of annual claim on them for a Christmas Box on this day. This practice, however, is declining; and, in many places, is now confined to children. The parish boys and children at schools bring about their samples of writing, and ask for money; and the Bellman, the Watchman, the Waits, and the Church-Band, still repeat their wonted annual calls on the hospitable feeling with which a smoking Christmas board of turkey, plum-pudding, and minced-pies, inspires the pious head of an old fashioned family mansion.

We are told in the 'Athenian Oracle,' vol. 1, p. 360. that the Christmas Box money is derived from hence: The Romish priests had masses said for almost everything. If a ship went out to the Indies, the priests had a box in her, under the protection of some saint; and for masses, as their cant was, to be said for them to that saint, &c. the poor people must put something into the priests' box, which was not opened till the ship's return. The mass, at that time, was called Christ-mass; the box, called Christ-mass box, or money gathered against that time, that masses might be made by the priests to the saints to forgive the people the debaucheries of that time; and from this, servants had the liberty to get box-money, that they, too, might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses, knowing well the truth of the proverb,—"No Money, no Pater Noster."

Christmas Carols.—Bishop Taylor observes, that the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' the well-known hymn sung by the angels to the shepherds at our Lord's Nativity, was the earliest Christmas Carol. Bourne cites Durand, to prove that, in the earlier ages of the churches, the bishops were accustomed, on Christmas Day, to sing Carols among their clergy. He seems perfectly right in deriving the word carol from cantare, to sing, and vola, an interjection of joy. This species of pious song is undoubtedly of most ancient date.

"From a carol (says Mr Hone) called 'Dives and Lazarus,' I annex an amusing extract. However whimsical this may appear to the reader, he can scarce conceive its ludicrous effect when the metre of the last line is solemnly drawn out to its utmost length by a Warwickshire chaunter, and so solemnly listened to by the well-disposed crowd, who seem without difficulty to believe that Dives sits on a serpent's knee. The idea of sitting on the knee was, perhaps, conveyed to the poet's mind by old wood-cut representations of Lazarus seated in Abraham's lap. More anciently, Abraham was frequently drawn holding him up by the sides, to be seen by Dives in hell. In an old book now before me they are so represented, with the additions of a devil blowing the fire under Dives with a pair of bellows. On the continent (continues the same inquiring and sincere writer) the custom of carolling at Christmas is almost universal. During the last days of Advent, Calabrian minstrels enter Rome, and are to be seen in every street saluting the shrines of the Virgin mother with their wild music, under the traditional notions of charming her labour-pains on the approaching Christmas. Lady Morgan observed them frequently stopping at the shop of a carpenter. In reply to questions concerning this, the workman who stood at the door said, that it was done out of respect to St Joseph! I have an old print of this practice. Two Calabrian shepherds are represented devoutly playing, at Christmas, in a street of Rome, before a stone shrine containing a sculpture of the Infant Jesus in the Virgin's arms, lighted up by candles, with a relief under it of supplicating souls in purgatorial fire, inscribed *Dile Ave Maria*. A young female, with a rosary, is praying on her knees before the sculpture. The shepherds stand behind and blow the bagpipes and a clarinet. If one there be, who has proceeded until now without tiring, he will know how much pleasantness there is in pursuits like these. To him who inquires of what use they are, I answer, that I have found them agreeable recreations at leisure moments. I love an old MS. and a ballad in print, and I know no distance that I would not travel to obtain Autolyceus's—

"Ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fore-score of April, forty thousand fathoms above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids."

I can rarely tell why collectors have almost overlooked Carols as a class of popular poetry. To me they have been objects of interest, from circumstances

which occasionally determine the directions of pursuits. The wood-cuts round the annual sheets, and the melody of "God rest you, merry Gentlemen," delighted my childhood; and I still listen with pleasure to the shivering carolists' evening chaunt towards the clean kitchen window, decked with holly, the blazing fire showing the whitened hearth, and reflecting gleams of light from the surfaces of the dresser utensils.

Since this sheet was at the printer's, Gilbert Davis, Esq., F.R.S., F.A.S., &c. has published eight Ancient Christmas Carols, with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the west of England. This is a laudable and successful effort to rescue from oblivion some carol melodies, which in a few years will be no more heard."

Mr Davies says that, "On Christmas Day these carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining; and, at the end, it was usual for the parish clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year."

A sentiment similar to that of the parish clerk's in the West of England, was expressed last year in a way that leaves little doubt of its former general adoption at the same season. Just before Christmas Day, I was awakened in London, at the dead of the night, by the playing of the waits: on the conclusion of their solemn tunes, one of the performers exclaimed aloud, "God bless you, my masters and mistresses, a merry Christmas to you, and a happy new year."

We conclude our "Week" with the finest Christmas Carol ever written by Englishman. It is an Ode or Hymn of Milton's, on the Nativity, written when he was a youth,—not, of course, one of his best, but with almost as fine things in it here and there as he ever produced, particularly in stanzas 4, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, and many of the closing lines in the others. Milton was always Milton. The stature of his mind was lofty from the first.

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies.
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize.
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
She, crown'd with olive-green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing.
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

Nor war or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood:
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was nigh.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the wild ocean:
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them hence,
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And, though the shady gloom
Hath given day her room,
The sun himself withhold his wanted speed,
And hid his head for shame
As his inferior flame.
The new-enlightened world no more should need.
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the lawn,
On the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal singer strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful raptures took.
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won.
To think her past was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light
That with long beams the shame-fac'd night
array'd;
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born heir.

XII.

Such music as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balance'd world on hinges hung;
And east the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have powers to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your nine-fold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yes, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissue'd clouds down steering,
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify;
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trumpet of doom must thunder through
the deep.

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Minerva's shrine rang,
While the sad sea and mouldering clouds out
broke:
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of the blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins, far from this happy day.
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wrath to see his kingdom fall,
Swinges the scarily horrors of his fouled tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or bidding hum
Runs through the ashed roof in sounds deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shrieks the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Laræ and Lemures moan with midnight
plaint;
In urns and altars round
A cheer and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the obdurate marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd God of Palestine;
And moaned Astarteoth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits no girl with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybick Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Tammuz
mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Lies left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals ring,
They call the gristy king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Iris, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphis' grove or green
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud.
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The stable-stoled soverers bear his worshipp'd ark.

XXV.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;
Nor all of the Gods beside
Longer dare abide;
Not Typhon huge ending in snakey twine:
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Caa in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

XXVI.

So, when the sun is bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The fleeking shadow pale
Troops to the infernal jail;
Each scatter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fates
Fly after the night steeds, leaving the moon-lov'd
maze.

XXVII.

But see! the Virgin bless
Hath laid her babe to rest;
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-teen'd star,
Hath fixed her polish'd car,
—Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp-attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order servicable.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. I.—MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE AT THE MAURINUS.

[FROM 'Recollections of Seven Years' Residence at the Maurinus, by a Lady,'—a truly feminine book, full of natural feeling and description, and evincing a liberal spirit of allowance for other countries in spite of party education.]

A young married gentleman lived on an estate in a very retired and lonely part of the country, at a great distance from towns. At that time the island was covered with thick forests and impenetrable jungles. Estates were far apart and divided from each other by deep ravines, high mountains, rapid rivers, or pathless woods; communication was very difficult in consequence; narrow footpaths, and deviant tracts over the mountains and along the brink of precipices were the only medium of intercourse between the inhabitants, instead of the fine broad roads over which the carriages of the English now roll so smoothly. This gentleman's family consisted only of his wife, her sister, and himself; both the ladies were very beautiful and attractive. It happened, unfortunately, that some troops were stationed in the neighbourhood of the estate, commanded by a man of the most infamous character. The army of revolutionized France was of a very different order from that which Condé and Turenne had led into the field; and of that army the regiments stationed at the colonies were the worst specimens, and composed of the most abandoned characters. The colonel of the military party stationed near this estate, was of this description, but had plausible manners and handsome features; yet it was said that there was a certain fearful expression in his eyes which seemed to tell of evil passions and wicked deeds.

It was the misfortune of the young Madame B.—to attract the attention of this bad man; he soon took an opportunity of declaring his sentiments to her. Shocked and alarmed, she shrunk with horror from the passion she had inspired in this desperate and daring man, of whom she always had an unconquerable dread. After his declaration she shunned his presence, but refrained from mentioning his declaration to her husband, fearing that the impetuosity of his feelings would hurry him to a meeting with the colonel, which would doubtless prove fatal to him, and thereby throw her completely in the power of their mutual enemy.

The colonel continued to visit at the estate, and was always attended by a junior officer, who, being the professed admirer of this lady's sister, became a frequent guest, and it was not considered extraordinary that the colonel should accompany his friend. The unhappy lady, in the meantime, endured great uneasiness of mind, and confided to an elderly female friend, who sometimes came to visit her, the cause of her disquiet; adding, that she had a presentiment of some approaching evil which she could not banish from her mind.

Some urgent business obliging her husband to go to town for a day or two, the lady, alarmed at the thought of being at the estate without him, expressed a wish that she and her sister should accompany him. His strongly opposed her desire, alleging that the fatigue of the journey would be injurious to her, as she was then expecting to be a mother. In vain she urged her entreaties; he at first laughed at her extraordinary wish to visit the town, and then felt surprised at the more than common grief she evinced at parting for so short a time. Bidding her keep up her spirits, he gaily bade her adieu, and, as he told his friend afterwards, saw her, on turning his head to look back, weeping bitterly where he had taken leave of her.

When his swift-footed bonnet had borne him through the avenue of trees, and turned into the narrow road he was so travel along, he looked back at her for the last time—it was indeed the last time—he never saw her again.

On the evening of his departure she was particularly anxious and uneasy, and started at every sound (as her favourite maid afterwards related), and expressed a desire that the house should be shut up at a much earlier hour than usual, and that every one should retire to bed, requesting her sister to sleep with her that night. As she was not naturally fearful, her restlessness and evident terror that evening excited the surprise of her sister and her maid. On being rallied on her timidity, she burst into tears, saying, that a great calamity, she was sure, was hanging over her, and she should never see her husband again. All these terrors and forebodings were attributed to weakness of nerves, and the delicacy of

her situation at the time, and it was agreed that they should go to bed; before she retired to her room, however, she carefully examined every door and window, to be sure of all being secured.

Towards the morning of the following day, the blacks on the estate, aroused by the outcry of the watchman, beheld their master's house a 'blaze of flames, and, by sunrise, a heap of ruins alone was seen where that happy dwelling once stood. All efforts to extinguish the fire had been in vain; it had been burning too long, and had too surely penetrated into every part of the mansion before it was discovered, for any endeavour to prevail against it. A slave was despatched to town with the dreadful tidings for the master, whose anguish at hearing the misfortune that had befallen him may be more easily imagined than described. It was at first supposed that the fire had accidentally happened, and that the two ladies had been burned to death in the house; but a small silk shoe, which was at once recognised as belonging to Madame, having been found in a narrow path leading to the river, it was then conjectured that some horrible act of violence had been perpetrated, and that the two females had been murdered in some part of the ground. Search was made for the bodies, but they were never found.

After a careful investigation of the matter, it was discovered that the waiting-maid, who slept in the room adjoining her mistress's apartment, had admitted a soldier into the house, who was immediately followed by two other men, wrapped up in cloaks. The woman, not expecting the two latter, and seeing them approach her lady's room, was about to scream out, when the soldier seized her, and throwing a thick great coat over her head, prevented her from moving or speaking, and hurried her into the house. When at length he released her from his grasp, she saw the building in flames. Such was her account; she protested that she had no knowledge of the intentions of the men who accompanied the soldier, and expressed the greatest grief at the catastrophe. Her assertions, however, were not credited, and she was taken into custody: the soldier was also taken up, and confessed having entered the house at the command of Colonel —, who, with another officer, had accompanied him. The colonel denied the charge, but the man most solemnly declared the truth of what he affirmed, at the same time acknowledging his guilt, and expressing great contrition for what he had done in obedience to his officer's commands. No doubt of the colonel's guilt remained in the minds of any; so much evil was known, and so much more suspected of him, that all were ready to believe the evidence against him; yet, such was the general fear entertained of the military, and so little was justice understood or attended to, that this man was acquitted, and the far less guilty accomplice of his crime was executed, calling on heaven to testify to the truth of his allegation, and accusing the colonel of having drawn him into sin, and then leaving him to his fate: the woman also suffered death. Finding the law did not punish the author of his misfortunes as he deserved, the unhappy husband challenged his enemy to combat, and, as was to be expected in so unequal a combat, he fell beneath the blows of the practised swordsman.

The mystery of this transaction has never been cleared up, and it remains unknown how the unfortunate females met their death.

AN HONEST CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY AN OLD CRICKETER AND HIS YOUNG KENSMAN.

"Without the door let Sorrow lie:—

And if of cold it hap to dye,

We'll bury't in a Christmas pye:—

And evermore be merrie!"

Wilder's Juvenile.

Join merry hearts in merry vows]

To keep old customs up,—

To dress the house with holly boughs,

And drain the Wassail cup!

We'll hold the mirth the season brings,

With all its jovial folly,

As firmly as the ivy clings

Around the sprig of holly.

Oh holly! 'tis a sight as rare

As Summer's gaudy scene,

To see both hall and hovel wear

Thy livery of green;—

To see in spite of Winter's nips,

Thy little bright red berry,

Reminding us of ruby lips

That bid all hearts be merry!

Bright Vesta, hail! Housewrenky Carn!

Evaporate in fog!

Look on our little Summer there

Where burns the bright Yule Log.

Christmas and these are not of kin—

He waxes there, base sojourner!

There is no place for thee within

His cheerful chimney-corner!

Welcome the midnight Minstrel's lay—

That simple rustic pray!—

That, like the fabled elfin fay,

Steals lightly through the air—

Welcome the soft unsexed new

'What art can paint its whiteness?

Or can Spring's sweetest dew bestow

The icicle's pure brightness?

Now Mally innocently trips

Beneath the Mistletoe,—

And if Ralph pounces on her lips

How can she say him "No"?

To quarrel with so fair a kin,

Were little short of treason;

And frowns at such a time as this

Were sadly out of Season!

Now Youth with dance and mirthful song

Seems feels the minutes fly;

Joy mingles with the merry throng

And lightens every eye:

Some ardent play the changeable game—

'Fit type of life's beginning—

When all hearts join the chase for Fame,

And all are sure of winning!

And old age loves the lively noise—

Each happy youthful face

Appears to speak of by-gone joys;

That memory may trace:—

He too has had his early prime,

His eye has beam'd as brightly,

His voice has join'd the cheerful chime,

His feet have tripp'd as lightly!

—Come, pass the Wassail bowl about!

The merry feast begin,

He cares not for the cold without

Whose heart is warm within!

Hail, rosy Bacchus!—graver cares

We in thy goblet bury;

Let him be dismal now who dares—

Our Christmas shall be merry!

A. M. P.

FINE ARTS AND MUSIC.

Tough Yarns, by the Old Sailor, illustrated by George,]
Cruikshank.

Fox the illustration of jest and droffery, there is none going like George Cruikshank; his etching-needle brings before us the scenes we read of, as fresh, as lively, as real as when they first occurred. What can be more full of life and character than the smoking party of Greenwich pensioners? Cruikshank hits a nice point; in his best things, the action and expression are highly seasoned, to the verge of caricature; but, though eccentric and grotesque, his faces have the character of portraits, from their exceeding truth and reality. So every one of the old gentlemen before us has a distinct and exclusive identity—we should know him again, if we met him in the streets. The sailor misreading the custom-house officer is, in the spirit of nautical adventure, a headlong scramble for life and death, between jest and earnest. The fat sailing-master, Old Soundings, driving the three dismounted French dragoons before him is admirable; it is an excellent specimen of that power of drawing in which Cruikshank need yield to no one; and the individual character of the man so sailorly, respectable, fat, waddling, puffing, and commanding, so flustered in person, so cool in courage—is another of his idealities that are as real to us as flesh and blood. The kicking *pas de deux*, between Captain Treebridge and the cowardly Neapolitan Count, is

highly comic: so are Old Mike and Mrs Rowley Uncle Joey, and Mother Mount's sons. The picturesque land crab carrying off the head of the dead corporal, to the utter astonishment of the two Jack Tars, which they mistake for the Corporal's own skeleton, playing 'St Dennis, is a glorious confusion of things—a riddle substantiated.

Eighth and last Volume of 'Cunningham's Burns.'

This concluding volume of the complete and most explanatory edition of Burns yet published, contains a view of the Harbour and Town of Ayr, and of Leith Pier and Harbour, both from the pencil of Mr D. O. Hill. We could wish that they had been more clearly and distinctly engraved; but they are good, handling, trafficking, sailor-frequented portraits of these places. Leith, the only one of the places we have seen, we recognised immediately. How many anxious, how many hopeful, encouraging friends did we see coming down the pier, following the parting steamer, as far as they might into the strange waters,—keeping company with its hundred passengers to the last extent of land,—trying, perhaps, to persuade themselves that they were going part of the way!

There is a great improvement which the more recent views of towns present; and that is a due attention to the degree of population peculiar to the place. In the older views, the streets of London were deserted,—a pointing man with his arm projecting at right angles from his hips, and his hand on a stick, looking like a humiliated B, a gawky woman in a parasol, were all that were necessary to represent the souls of the place; a dog was a gratuitous gift; a child running by the woman showed the artist to be a liberal man; a man and horse, was a prodigality; a coach added a shilling to the price. Now-a-days, a view in London would be considered very meagre and trivial, that did not convey also an idea of the bustle, and crowding, that gives life and character to the scene, more than the mere shapes of the buildings.

The Musical Library, Part IX. Charles Knight.

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These things are beginning to be amended. The 'Musical Library' has broken the ice; other works,

VII.

And, though the shady gloom
Hath given day her room,
The sun himself withhold his wanted speed,
And bid his hand, for shame,
As his inferior flame.
The new-enlightened world no more should need.
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning ardours could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the lawn,
On the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal singer strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful raptures took.
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the very region thrilling,
Naw was almost won.
To think her past was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light
That with long beams the shame-fac'd night
array'd;
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born heir.

XII.

Such music as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balance'd world on hinges hung;
And east the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have powers to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your nine-fold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity,
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yes, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify;
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep.

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and moulder'd clouds out
break:
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of the blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; far from this happy day.
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wrath to see his kingdom fall,
Swinges the scaly herring of his fabled tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arch'd roof in sounds deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shrieks the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Laræ and Lemures moan with midnight
plaint;
In urns and altars round
A cheer and dying sound
Affrights the Flamines at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baalam
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd God of Ebalstine;
And moaned, Astartoth,
Hesper's queen and mother both,
Now sit no-girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybick Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammoz
mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Molech, fled,
Has left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Iris, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Neught but profoundest hell can be his shroud.
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The stable-stol'd sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

XXV.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyes;
Nor all of the Gods beside
Longer dare abide;
Not Typhon huge ending in snakey twine:
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flaking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail;
Each scatter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fates,
Fly after the night steeds, leaving the moon-lov'd
maze.

XXVII.

But see! the Virgin-blast
Hath laid her babe to rest;
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-teenaged son,
Hath fixed her pollack'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp-attending;
And all about the country stable
Eight harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. I.—MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE AT THE MAURIMUS.

[From Recollections of Seven Years Residence at the Maurimius, by a Lady,—a truly feminine book, full of natural feeling and description, and evincing a liberal spirit of allowance for other countries in spite of party education.]

A young married gentleman lived on an estate in a very retired and lonely part of the country, at a great distance from town. At that time the island was covered with thick forests and impenetrable jungles. Estates were far apart and divided from each other by deep ravines, high mountains, rapid rivers, or pathless woods; communication was very difficult in consequence; narrow footpaths, and deviant tracts over the mountains and along the brink of precipices were the only mediums of intercourse between the inhabitants, instead of the fine broad roads over which the carriages of the English now roll so smoothly. This gentleman's family consisted only of his wife, her sister, and himself; both the ladies were very beautiful and attractive. It happened, unfortunately, that some troops were stationed in the neighbourhood of the estate, commanded by a man of the most infamous character. The army of revolutionized France was of a very different order from that which Condé and Turenne had led into the field; and of that army the regiments stationed at the colonies were the worst specimens, and composed of the most abandoned characters. The colonel of the military party stationed near this estate, was of this description, but had plausible manners and handsome features; yet it was said that there was a certain fearful expression in his eyes which seemed to tell of evil passions and wicked deeds.

It was the misfortune of the young Madame B. to attract the attention of this bad man; he soon took an opportunity of declaring his sentiments to her. Shocked and alarmed, she shrank with horror from the passion she had inspired in this desperate and daring man, of whom she always had an unconquerable dread. After his declaration she shunned his presence, but refrained from mentioning his declaration to her husband, fearing that the impetuosity of his feelings would hurry him to a meeting with the colonel, which would doubtless prove fatal to him, and thereby throw her completely in the power of their mutual enemy.

The colonel continued to visit at the estate, and was always attended by a junior officer, who, being the professed admirer of this lady's sister, became a frequent guest, and it was not considered extraordinary that the colonel should accompany his friend. The unhappy lady, in the meantime, endured great uneasiness of mind, and confided to an elderly female friend, who sometimes came to visit her, the cause of her disquiet; adding, that she had a presentiment of some approaching evil which she could not banish from her mind.

Some urgent business obliging her husband to go to town for a day or two, the lady, alarmed at the thought of being at the estate without him, expressed a wish that she and her sister should accompany him. His strongly opposed her desire, alleging that the fatigue of the journey would be injurious to her, as she was then expecting to be a mother. In vain she urged her entreaties; he at first laughed at her extraordinary wish to visit the town, and then felt surprised at the more than common grief she evinced at parting for so short a time. Bidding her keep up her spirits, he gayly bade her adieu, and, as he told his friend afterwards, saw her, on turning his head to look back, weeping bitterly where he had taken leave of her.

When his swift-footed bonnet had borne him through the avenue of trees, and turned into the narrow road he was so travel along, he looked back at her for the last time—it was indeed the last time—he never saw her again.

On the evening of his departure she was particularly anxious and uneasy, and started at every sound (as her favourite maid afterwards related), and expressed a desire that the house should be shut up at a much earlier hour than usual, and that every one should retire to bed, requesting her sister to sleep with her that night. As she was not naturally fearful, her restlessness and evident terror that evening excited the surprise of her sister and her maid. On being rallied on her timidity, she burst into tears, saying, that a great calamity, she was sure, was hanging over her, and she should never see her husband again. All these terrors and forebodings were attributed to weakness of nerves; and the delicacy of

her situation at the time, and it was agreed that they should go to bed; before she retired to her room, however, she carefully examined every door and window, to be sure of all being secured.

Towards the morning of the following day, the blacks on the estate, aroused by the outcry of the watchman, beheld their master's house a blaze of flames, and, by sunrise, a heap of ruins alone was seen where that happy dwelling once stood. All efforts to extinguish the fire had been in vain; it had been burning too long, and had too surely penetrated into every part of the mansion before it was discovered, for any endeavour to prevail against it. A slave was despatched to town with the dreadful tidings for his master, whose anguish at hearing the misfortune that had befallen him may be more easily imagined than described. It was at first supposed that the fire had accidentally happened, and that the two ladies had been burned to death in the house; but a small silk shoe, which was at once recognised as belonging to Madame, having been found in a narrow path leading to the river, it was then conjectured that some horrible act of violence had been perpetrated, and that the two females had been murdered in some part of the ground. Search was made for the bodies, but they were never found.

After a careful investigation of the matter, it was discovered that the waiting-maid, who slept in the room adjoining her mistress's apartment, had admitted a soldier into the house, who was immediately followed by two other men, wrapped up in cloaks. The woman, not expecting the two latter, and seeing them approach her lady's room, was about to scream out, when the soldier seized her, and throwing a thick great coat over her head, prevented her from moving or speaking, and hurried her into the house. When at length he released her from his grasp, she saw the building in flames. Such was her account; she protested that she had no knowledge of the intentions of the men who accompanied the soldier, and expressed the greatest grief at the catastrophe. Her assertions, however, were not credited, and she was taken into custody: the soldier was also taken up, and confessed having entered the house at the command of Colonel —, who, with another officer, had accompanied him. The colonel denied the charge, but the man most solemnly declared the truth of what he affirmed, at the same time acknowledging his guilt, and expressing great contrition for what he had done in obedience to his officer's commands. No doubt of the colonel's guilt remained in the minds of any; so much evil was known, and so much more suspected of him, that all were ready to believe the evidence against him; yet, such was the general fear entertained of the military, and so little was justice understood or attended to, that this man was acquitted, and the far less guilty accomplice of his crime was executed, calling on heaven to testify to the truth of his allegation, and accusing the colonel of having drawn him into sin, and then leaving him to his fate: the woman also suffered death. Finding the law did not punish the author of his misfortunes as he deserved, the unhappy husband challenged his enemy to combat, and, as was to be expected in so unequal a combat, he fell beneath the blows of the practised swordsman.

The mystery of this transaction has never been cleared up, and it remains unknown how the unfortunate females met their death.

AN HONEST CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY AN OLD CRICKETER AND HIS YOUNG KENSMAN.

"Without the door let Sorrow lie—
And if of cold it hap to dye,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pye—
And evermore be merrie!"
Wilder's Juvenilia.

Join merry hearts in merry vows!
To keep old customs up,—
To dress the house with holly boughs,
And drain the Wassail cup!
We'll hold the mirth the season brings,
With all its jovial folly,
As firmly as the ivy clings
Around the sprig of holly.

Oh holly! 'tis a sight as rare
As Summer's gaudy scene,
To see both hall and hovel wear
Thy livery of green;—
To see in spite of Winter's nips,
Thy little bright red berry,
Reminding us of ruby lips
That bid all hearts be merry!

Bright Vesta, hail! Huzza, huzza, huzza!
Ere you're in fog!
Look on our little Summer there
Where burns the bright Yule Log.
Christmas and these are not of kin—
He wears thee, base sejourner!
There is no place for thee within
His cheerful chimney-corner!

Welcome the midnight Minstrels' lay—
That simple rustic pray—
That, like the fabled elfin fay,
Steals lightly through the air—
Welcome the soft unsexed snow
That art can paint its whiteness?
Or can Spring's sweetest dew bestow
The icicle's pure brightness?

Now Mally innocently trips
Beneath the Mistletoe,—
And if Ralph pounces on her lips
How can she say him "No"?
To quarrel with so fair a kin,
Were little short of treason;
And frowns at such a time as this
Were sadly out of Season!

Now Youth with dance and mirthful song
Seems feels the minutes fly;
Joy mingles with the merry throng
And lights every eye:
Some ardently play the changeable game—
Fit type of life's beguiling—
When all hearts join the chase for Fame,
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And old age loves the lively noise—
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in which the trade are coyly dabbling, have followed its example; and doubtless, in these days of reform, the musical world will be purified of its exclusiveness, and the works of musicians become as open to every one as those of writers and painters. Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' is now puplshing in threepenny numbers, arranged by Mr Barnett; this is a good beginning. We hope the intire works of Paesiello, Winter, Gluck, Rossini, and other great German and Italian writers will follow. Meantime good selections are the most desirable, and effect a more rapid spread of a knowledge of good music. It was lucky that the first work that set the example of suiting its price to the means of the public was good, and has stood its ground; otherwise the failure of the thing might have been looked upon as a proof of the fallacy of the reasons that led to the attempt. The 'Musical Library' is cheap, beautifully got up, and selected with taste and discrimination. Every part has something of the best in it; something for likings exclusively English, something for the lovers of the truly Italian style, something for those who delight in the profundity of the modern German school. A supplement of letter-press accompanies the monthly parts, with comments on the music they contain, and notices of musical occurrences of the day. We would object, generally, that, in the arrangements for the 'Musical Library,' too much is sacrificed to exceeding facility of execution, which makes the accompaniments sometimes less full than they might be: we could also wish, for our own parts, that a little more concerted music from the dramatic Italian and German writers were introduced. There are many of Mozart's finest pieces, many among Rossini's best performances, that are not at all too difficult to enter into a selection for the most general uses. And may we entreat speedily for a few specimens of Gluck and Winter, particularly some of the latter's affecting compositions in the 'Ratto di Proserpina,' which is an easy straightforward work, and most beautiful? The current Number of the 'Musical Library' contains, among the instrumental music, an Air and Variations by Beethoven in his most original manner. It reminds us of the Theme and Variations in his 'Septuor;' the two things are very different, but obviously by the same master hand;—three of Handel's finest choruses arranged for the pianoforte; and the wonderful overture to 'Don Giovanni.' 'What a pity that the still more wonderful introduction into which it should run, which finishes with that beautiful trio for three basses, could not have been given us with it. It is difficult, perhaps, but not impossible; and its beauty would pay for any amount of difficulty. Among the vocal music is a pleasing ballad by Arne, and a sweet glee by Spofforth, the sweetest of glee writers. The tenderness and beauty of this one are not to be surpassed in anything of the kind. It was written, we believe, in C, for a counter-tenor, tenor, and two basses; but, for more general convenience it has been re-arranged, in A three sharps, for two trebles, alto, and bass; it goes very well so, and is certainly better suited to family parties; by this arrangement the ladies are not excluded, and that is the chief thing. A memoir of the composer is in the Supplement.

SONNET.

TO MY FIRE.

My little chirping fire, companion gay,
Whose merry gambols make me less alone,
A blessing on thy glee! Be ever known
At evening hour, when just the dying day
Hath made light sad.—Thou hast a pleasant way
Of muttering low, in many a little tone,
Quaint syllables—that scarcely from his own
The cricket knows, as pausing mid his play.

Sweet is thy precept in that listening hour;
Thou seem'st to tell me with thy quiet mirth
How good is hope—regret how little worth:—
And perfect is thy love;—if Fate but lower
The cold world leaves us,—thou, with kindlier turn,
When sharpest frost impends dost merriest burn.
E. W.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

[FROM Mr Godwin's 'Lives of the Necromancers,' just published. As the chimney-corners at Christmas sometimes love to vary their mirthful stories of old times with melancholy, we here give them a very sad one, which we may end, however, with this cheerful reflection, that true Christianity has at length put an end to such absurdities. The flower has outgrown the husk.]

A more melancholy tale does not occur in the annals of necromancy than that of the Lancashire witches in 1612. The scene of this story is in Pendlebury Forest, four or five miles from Manchester, remarkable for its picturesque and gloomy situation. Such places were not sought then as now, that they might afford food for the imagination, and gratify the refined taste of the traveller. They were rather shunned as infamous for scenes of depredation and murder, or as the consecrated haunts of diabolical intercourse. Pendlebury had been long of ill repute on this latter account, when a country magistrate, Roger Nowel by name, conceived about this time that he should do a public service by rooting out a nest of witches who rendered the place a terror to all the neighbouring vulgar. The first persons he seized on were Elizabeth Demdike and Anne Chattox, the former of whom was eighty years of age, and had for some years been blind, who principally subsisted by begging, though she had a miserable hovel on the spot which she called her own. Anne Chattox was of the same age, and had for some time been threatened with the calamity of blindness. Demdike was held to be so hardened a witch that she had trained all her family to the mystery, namely, Elizabeth Devise, her daughter, and James and Alison Devise, her grandchildren. These, together with John Balcock, and Jane his mother, Alice Natter, Catherine Hewitt, and Isabel Roby, were successively apprehended by the diligence of Nowel, and one or two neighbouring magistrates, and were all of them by some means induced, some to make a more liberal, and others a more restricted confession of their misdeeds in witchcraft, and were afterwards hurried away to Lancaster Castle, fifty miles off, to prison. Their crimes were said to have universally proceeded from malignity and resentment; and it was reported to have repeatedly happened for poor old Demdike to be led by night from her habitation into the open air, by some member of her family, where she was left alone for an hour to curse her victim, and pursue her unholy incantations, and was then sought and brought back again to her hovel. Her curses never failed to produce the desired effect.

The poor wretches had been but a short time in prison, when information was given that a meeting of witches was held on Good-Friday, at Malkin's Tower, the habitation of Elizabeth Devise, to the number of twenty persons, to consult how, by infernal machinations, to kill one Lovel, an officer, to blow up Lancaster Castle, deliver the prisoners, and to kill another man of the name of Lister. The last was effected; [the other plans, by some means, we are not told now, were prevented.

The prisoners were kept in jail till the summer assizes; and, in the meantime, it fortunately happened that the poor blind Demdike died in confinement, and was never brought up to trial.

The other prisoners were severally indicted for killing by witchcraft certain persons who were named, and were all found guilty. The principal witnesses against Elizabeth Devise were James Devise and Jennet Devise, her grandchildren, the latter only nine years of age. When this girl was put into the witness box the grandmother, on seeing her, set up so dreadful a yell, intermixed with dreadful curses, that the child declared that she could not go on with her evidence, unless the prisoner was removed. This was agreed to, and both brother and sister swore that they had been present, when the devil came to their grandmother, in the shape of a black dog, and asked her what she desired. She said the death of John Robinson; when the dog told her to make an image of Robinson in clay, and after crumble it into dust, and as fast as the image perished, the life of the victim should waste away, and in conclusion the man should die. This testimony was received; and upon such testimony, and testimony like this, ten persons were led to the gallows, on the twentieth of August, Anne Chattox, of eighty years of age among the rest, the day after the trials, which lasted two days, were finished. The judges who presided on the trials were Sir James Altham and Sir Edward Bromley, barons of the exchequer.

From the whole of this story it is fair to infer that these old women had played at the game of commerce with the devil. It had flattered their vanity to make their simpler neighbours afraid of them. To observe the symptoms of their rustic terror, even of their hatred and detestation, had been gratifying to them. They played the game so long that in an imperfect degree they deceived themselves. Human passions are always to a certain degree infectious. Perceiving the hatred of their neighbours, they

began to think that they were worthy objects of detestation and terror, that their imprecations had a real effect, and their curses killed. The brown horrors of the forest were favourable to visions, and they sometimes almost believed that they met the foe of mankind in the night. But, when Elizabeth Devise actually saw her grandchild of nine years old placed in the witness-box, with the intention of consigning her to a public and ignominious end, then the reveries of the imagination vanished, and she deeply felt the reality, that, where she had been somewhat imposing on the child in devilish sport, she had been whetting the dagger that was to take her own life, and dig her own grave. It was then no wonder that she uttered a preternatural yell and poured curses from her heart. It must have been almost beyond human endurance to hear the cry of her despair, and to witness the curses and agony in which it vented itself.

Twenty-two years elapsed after this scene, when a wretched man of the name of Edmund Robinson, conceived, on the same spot, the scheme of making himself a profitable speculation from the same source. He trained his son, eleven years of age, and furnished him with the necessary instructions. He taught him to say that one day in the fields he had met with two dogs, which he urged on to hunt a hare. They would not budge; and he in revenge tied them to a bush and whipped them; when suddenly one of them was transformed into an old woman and the other into a child—a witch and her imp. This story succeeded so well that his son had an eye that could distinguish a witch by sight, and he took him round to the neighbouring churches, where he placed him standing on a bench after service, and bade him look round and see what he could observe. [The device, however clumsy, succeeded, and no less than seventeen persons were apprehended at the boy's election, and conducted to Lancaster Castle. These seventeen persons were tried at the assizes and found guilty; but the judge, whose name has unfortunately been lost, unlike Sir James Altham and Sir Edward Bromley, saw something in the case that excited his suspicion, and, though the juries had not hesitated in any one instance, respited the convicts, and sent up a report of the affair to the government. Twenty-two years, on this occasion, had not elapsed in vain. Four of the prisoners were, by the judge's recommendation, sent for to the metropolis, and were examined, first by the king's physician, and then by Charles the 1st, in person. The boy's story was strictly scrutinized. In fine, he confessed that it was all an imposture; and the whole seventeen received the royal pardon.

TABLE TALK.

Bad Translations.—Madame de la Fayette (authoress of some of the 'French Fairy Tales') used to compare a bad translation to a footman sent with a compliment from his mistress; what she had directed him to say in the most polite terms, he quite murders by his bungling rusticity in delivering it; and the more delicate the message is the more it is sure to suffer from the ignorance of such a messenger.

Involuntary Trip to the West Indies.—A frigate, returning from a cruise, came off Plymouth, and the Captain invited a few friends to dine on board, promising them a sail, as it was a fine day. They went and enjoyed it much; but as they were tacking to return to port, a cutter came up with an order from government, for him to sail instantly to the West Indies, with some sealed packets to the Admiral on that station. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to take his company with him, and give them such a view of the West Indies as they neither expected nor wished to have.—*The Ship.*

Ancient Reform Schedule.—In old times people used to put a written schedule of their sins under the cloth which covered the altar of a favourite saint, accompanied by a donation; and, in a day or two after, re-examined the schedule, which the virtues of the saint converted to a blank.—*Fosbrooke's British Monachism.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents will excuse us this once. It is Christmas time, and good friends make allowances. Several articles have been delayed by the press of immediate matter till next week, when we shall bring up all arrears remaining at the end of 1834.

To one Correspondent, however, a Lady, we cannot help making our acknowledgments for the letter received from Wales, accompanied with apologies no less needless in themselves than welcome and delightful for the spirit that dictated them.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, 1834.

No. 40.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE EDITOR having been accidentally prevented from seeing the proof sheets of last week's Journal, requests the reader to correct an error of the press in the first article, which is of importance to the writer's meaning. It is in the passage where Christianity is spoken of as a "GREAT EVENT." This event, says the passage as it stands in print, "has had a wonderful effect on the world, and still has, even in the workings of its apparently unfilial daughter, Modern Philosophy, who could never have been what she is, but for the doctrine of boundless Deity, grafted upon the elegant self-reference of the Greeks, and the patriotism of the Romans, which was so often a mere pretext for the most unneighbourly injustice. Now so great an event must have been in the contemplation of Providence," &c.

Instead of the word "Deity" in this passage, it should have been *sympathy*.

In the same article, instead of "the Handel and Corelli," read "Handel and Corelli."

NEW YEARS' DAY. NEW YEAR'S GIFTS. THE WASSAIL-BOWL.

ALL the Christmas holidays have, or may have, if they please, some things in common, such as mince-pies, plum-puddings, holly-boughs, and games of play; but the three principal ones have each their indispensable accompaniment,—Christmas Day its log on the fire—New-Year's Day its wassail-bowl—Twelfth Night its cake. Every man may think he begins a New Year purely by entering into the 1st of January; but he is mistaken. The New Year is no more to him than the old one—the 1st of January nothing different from the 31st of December. The poor man walks in error. People, if they could, have a right to hustle him back again into the preceding week, and ask him what business he has out of his twelve-month.

Formerly, everybody made presents on New-Year's Day, as they still do in Paris, where our lively neighbours turn the whole metropolis into a world of cakes, sweetmeats, jewellery, and all sorts of gifts and greetings. The Puritans checked that custom, out of a notion that it was superstitious, and because the heathens did it; which was an odd reason, and might have abolished many other innocent and laudable practices—eating itself, for one—and going to bed. Innumerable are the authorities which (had we lived in those days) we would have brought up in behalf of those two customs, in answer to the New-Year's-Day-knocking-down folios of Mr Prynne, the great "blasphemer of eustard." Unfortunately, if the Puritans thought gift-giving superstitious, the increasing spirit of commerce was too well inclined to admit half its epithet, and regard the practice as, at least, *superfluous*—a thing over and above—and what was not always productive of a "consideration." "Nothing's given for nothing now-a-days," as the saying is. Nay, it is doubtful whether next to nothing will always be given for something. There are people, we are credibly informed, taken for persons "well to do" in the world, and of respectable characters, who will even turn over the pages of the LONDON JOURNAL, and narrowly investigate whether there is enough wit, learning, philosophy, lives, travels, poetry, voyages, and romances in it, for three half-pence.

This must be mended, or there will be no such thing as a New Year by and by. Novelty will go out: the sun will halt in the sky, and prudent men sharply consider whether they have need of common perception.

Without entering into politics, something is to be said, now-a-days, for an Englishman's being averse to making presents; and, as it behoves us to make the best of a bad thing, reasons might be shown also, why it is not so well to have a formal and official sort of day for making presents, as to leave them to more spontaneous occasions. Besides, if every body gives, and everybody receives, where, it may be asked, is the compliment? and how are people to know whether they would have given or received anything, had it not been the custom?

How are they to be sure, whether a very petty present is not a positive insult, till they compare it with what has been received by others? And how are men in office and power to be sure that in the gifts of their inferiors there is anything but mere self-seeking and bribery? It was formerly the custom in England to load princes and ministers with New-Year's Gifts. Queen Elizabeth, who had the soul of a mantua-maker as well as of a monarch, received whole wardrobes of gowns and caps, as well as caskets of jewellery. What a day must she have passed of it, with all the fine things spread out before her! And, yet with all her just estimation of herself, and her vanity to boot, bitter suspicions must occasionally have crossed her, that all this was but so much self-interest appealing to self-love. But suppose a Duke or an Earl did not send a gift good enough. Here was ground for anger and jealousy, and all the pleasure-spoiling self-will which sees no good in what is given it, provided something be wanting. Dryden addressed some verses on New Year's Day to Lord Chancellor Hyde (Clarendon), which he begins as follows:—

My Lord,
While flattering crowds officiously appear
To give *themselves*, not *you*, a happy year,
And, by the greatness of their presents, prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love, &c.

Here was a blow (not very well considered perhaps) at the self-complacency induced by the receipt of "great presents!" Suppose Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, or Lord Chancellor Brougham, had similar presents sent them on the like occasion. How could the one be sure that his great legal knowledge, or the other, that even his great genius, and tact for all knowledge, had anything to do with the compliment? or that it was not as mere a trick for court-favour, as any thing which they would now despise? We grant, that (where there is any right to bestow it at all) a present is a present; that it is an addition to one's stock, and, at all events, a com-

pliment to one's influence; and influence is often its own proof of a right to be complimented; as want of influence is sometimes a greater. But, for the sake of fair play among mankind, every advantage must have its drawback; and it is a drawback on the power to confer benefits, that it cannot always be sure of the motives of those who do it honour. If a day is to be set apart for such manifestations of good will, the birth-day would seem better for them than New-Year's Day. The compliment would be more particular and personal; others might not know of it, and so would not grudge it; and real affections would thus be indulged, not mere ceremonies.

We own that we think there is something in that distinction. Yet our sprightly-blooded neighbours would no doubt have replies to all these arguments; and, for our part, we are for cutting the knot of the difficulty thus:—Make us all rich enough, and then we could indulge ourselves both on the New-Year's Day and the birth-day, both on the general occasion, and the particular one. For, to say the truth, we people who are not rich, and who, therefore, have nothing perhaps worth withholding, are long in coming to understand how it is that rich people can resist these anniversary opportunities of putting delight into the eyes of their friends and dependents, and distributing their toys and utilities on all sides of them. Presents (properly so called) are great ties to gratitude, and therefore great increasers of power and influence, especially if they are of such a kind as to be constantly before the eye, thus producing an everlasting association of pleasant ideas with the giver. They tell the receiver that he is worth something in the giver's eyes; and thus the worth of the giver becomes twenty-fold. Nor do we say this sneeringly, or in disparagement of the self-love which must of necessity be, more or less, mixed up with everyone's nature; for the most disinterested love would have nothing to act upon without it; and the most generous people in the world, such as most consult the pleasure of others before their own, must lose their very identity and personal consciousness, before they can lose a strong sense of themselves, and, consequently, a strong desire to be pleased.

Oh, but rich people, it will be said, are not always so rich as they are supposed to be; and even when they are, they find plenty of calls upon their riches, without going out of their way to encourage them. They have establishments to keep up, heaps of servants, &c.; their wives and families are expensive; and then they are cheated beyond measure.

Making allowances for all this, and granting in some instances that wealth itself be poor, considering the demands upon it, nevertheless for the most part real wealth must be real wealth; that is to say, must

have a great deal more than enough. You do not find that a rich man (unless he is a miser) hesitates to make a great many presents to himself,—books, jewels, horses, clothes, furniture, wines, or whatever the thing may be that he cares most for; and he must cease to do this (we mean of course in its superfluity) before he talks of his inability to make presents to others.

Allow us to add a few maxims for those who make presents, whether on New-Year's-day or birth-day.

If the present is to be very exquisite indeed, and no mortification will be mixed up with the receipt of it, out of pure inability to make an equal one, or from any other cause, the rule has often been laid down. It should be something useful, beautiful, costly, and rare. It is generally an elegance, however, to omit the costliness. The rarity is the great point, because riches itself cannot always command it, and the peculiarity of the compliment is the greater. Rare present to rare person.

If you are rich, it is a good rule in general to make a rich present; that is to say, one equal, or at least not dishonourable to your means; otherwise you set your riches above your friendship and generosity; which is a mean mistake.

Among equals, it is a good rule not to exceed the equality of resources; otherwise there is a chance of giving greater mortification than pleasure, unless to a mean mind; and it does not become a generous one to care for having advantages over a mind like that.

But a rich man may make a present far richer than can be made him in return, provided the receiver be as generous and understanding as he, and knows that there will be no mistake on either side. In this case, an opportunity of giving himself great delight is afforded to the rich man; but he can only have, or bestow it, under those circumstances.

On the other hand, a poor man, if he is generous, and understood to be so, may make the very poorest of presents, and give it an exquisite value; for his heart and his understanding will accompany it; and the very daring to send his straw, will show that he has a spirit above his means, and such as could bestow and cherish the costliest present. But the certainty of his being thus generous, and having this spirit, must be very great. It would be the miserablest and most despicable of all mistakes, and, in all probability, the most self-betraying too, to send a poor present under a shabby pretence.

With no sort of presents must there be pretence. People must not say (and say falsely) that they could get no other, or that they could afford no better; nor must they affect to think better of the present than it is worth; nor, above all, keep asking about it after it is given,—how you like it, whether you find it useful, &c.

It is often better to give no present at all than one beneath your means;—always, should there be a misgiving on the side of the bestower.

One present in the course of a life is generosity from some: from others it is but a sacrifice made to avoid giving more.

To receive a present handsomely and in a right spirit, even when you have none to give in return, is to give one in return.

We must not send presents to strangers (except of a very common and trifling nature, and not without some sort of warrant even then), unless we are sure of our own right and good motives in sending it, and of the right and good motives, too, which they would have

to permit themselves to receive it; otherwise we pay both parties a very ill compliment, and such as no modest and honourable spirit on either side would venture upon. There might, it is true, be a state of society in which such ventures would not be quite so daring; and it is possible, meanwhile, that a very young and enthusiastic nature, in its ignorance of the perplexities that at present beset the world, might here and there hazard it; but probably a good deal of self-love would be mixed up with the proceeding. The only possible exception would be in the case of a great and rare genius, who had a right to make laws to itself, and to suppose that its notice was acquaintance sufficient.

For present-making, then, upon New-Year's Day, the case must stand as it may happen. It is no longer a *sine-gua-non*. People may make them or not, either on this day or birth-days, without, of necessity, proving their generosity or the want of it—always provided they exhibit the present-making capability somehow or other in the course of their lives. But we cannot consent to rank ourselves among those who would let the day pass over without some distinctive mark of old times; especially as we trust that better days are in store for all the world, and will bring the best of old customs round again; and, therefore, one virtue we hold to be incumbent upon all thinking and social people on the 1st of January, and that is the having a Wassail-bowl. We have done something in our time towards restoring the use of this venerable jollity in the metropolis, and have reason to know that we succeeded in many quarters; and we hereby enjoin such of our readers as are not yet acquainted with it, but have sense and good-humour enough to deserve the acquaintance, to set about preparing one forthwith. They may see, in the course of the next article ('The Week'), how it is made; but it is a good-natured bowl, and accommodates itself to the means of all classes, rich and poor. You may have it of the costliest wine, or the humblest malt-liquor (we fancy we see several pleasant faces instantly, over this paper, looking their resolution to have it—some in porcelain and some in common ware); but, in no case must the roasted apples be forgotten; they are the *sine-gua-non* of the Wassail-bowl, as the Wassail-bowl is of the day—and very pleasant they are, provided they are not mixed up too much with the beverage,—balmy, comfortable, and different,—a sort of meat in the drink,—but innocent withal, and reminding you of the orchards. They mix their flavour with the beverage, and the beverage with them, giving a new meaning to the line of the poet:—

"The gentler apple's winy juice;"

For both winy and "gentler" have they become by this process. Our ancestors gave them the affectionate name of *Love's Wine*; for we cannot help thinking (in spite to what is intimated by one of our authorities) that this term applied more particularly to the apples, and not so much to the bowl altogether; though, if it did, it shows how indispensably necessary to it they were considered.

Throw off your reserves, then, dear people, and be merry and wise, with the courts of kings, if you are Tories (for they used to have the Wassail-bowl, as you may see in our 'Week'); with Addison and Steele, if you are Whigs (jovial as well as moral fellows in their time); with the most radical revolutionaries and thoroughgoing reformers, if you are

Radicals; and cry one and all with the poet whom *Shakspeare* pronounced the "wisest," or with his translator who has hit the passage off like a proper was-sailer,—

If pray thee by the Gulls above,
Give me the mighty Bowl I love,
And let me sing, in still delight,
I will, I will be mad to-night.

Moore's *Anacreon*.]

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 31st December, to Tuesday the 5th of January.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AND NEW YEAR'S DAY

NEW-YEAR'S DAY AT A HOUSE IN D—SHIRE. ¶
SIR,—I am one who have formerly read with great delight your essays on Christmas and other holiday-keeping; and the approach of this time-honoured season is beginning to stir up within me many hopes and wishes that you would not let it pass by, without resuming so interesting and inspiring a subject.

[Our correspondent, whose recollections are very flattering to us, will see that we have done what he wished.]

I humbly hope that you may be gratified by the following description of a New-Year's morning which I witnessed at a house in D—shire, where the door has not been barred upon good old customs, and where Old Christmas is still welcomed and supported by a remnant of sincere and affectionate retainers.

I am, sir,
Your constant reader and admirer,
OLD SOCIAL.]

N. B. This pleasing little masque was principally enacted by the children of the family:—

NEW-YEAR'S MORNING AT E—, 1831.

As the clock struck nine in the morning of New-Year's-day, the doors of the drawing-room were thrown open, and the family and friends entered, followed by the household. A most pleasing surprise seized upon all: at the farther end of the apartment appeared a group of allegorical personages. Janus, on a pedestal, with an altar before him smoking with incense; Aurora, on his left, with the "bright morning-star, day's harbinger," and on his right, winged, and bearing a rural crown, stood, smiling in youthful beauty, the Angel of Peace.

Now entered a train of villagers, gaily and tastefully decorated, preceded by a banner, inscribed—

"WE WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW-YEAR."

The baskets of the villagers were filled with gifts, which, elevating as they approached the altar, they offered to Janus, and addressed him in an appropriate hymn, accompanied by music. At the conclusion, Janus, after having been crowned, descended, and hand in hand, with the "Rosy Aurora," was seen to approach, led forward by the Angel of Peace, who, with the beamy smile of benevolence, extended her olive branch as she advanced. Janus, bearing a vase of fragrant and emblematical herbs and flowers, addressed the master of the mansion, as he presented them, in the following lines:—

Fair Venus sends the myrtle bough,
Young Cupid cropped the rose,
That Love and Beauty still may deck
Thy couch of soft repose.

Old Saturn sends his hoary sprig,
Twined with Minerva's age;
So shall thy years with wisdom dwell,
Companion of thy age.

Ceres presents the golden ear,
By summer suns embrowned;
And harvest o'er thy smiling lands,
With plenty shall be crowned.

Gay Bacchus laughing-bared his brow,
Of ivy wreathed with vine,
That high thy generous cup may flow,
With rosy sparkling wine.

Hygea sends her healing balm,
(The richest boon yet giv'n)
That health may sweeten all thy joys,
And bid them taste of Heaven.

The master then received the baskets of New-Year's Gifts. Each was accompanied with a billet, containing the name of the person for whom it was intended, and of the one who presented it; the billet also contained some wish or compliment, poetically expressed, and the gifts were distributed to the guests as directed.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN GERMANY.

(From 'Goethe's Memoirs of Himself'.)

It was in the beginning of the new year—a day on which the general bustle, occasioned by the visits of congratulation, set the whole city in motion. To us children this day always afforded a pleasure long and eagerly wished for at our grandfather's house, where we used to assemble by break of day, to hear a concert performed by all the musicians belonging to the town, the military bands, and all who had any pretensions to handle flute, clarinet, and haut-boy. We were intrusted to distribute new-year's gifts to the people of the ground story: the number of receivers and the crowd of visitors hourly increased. Relations and confidential persons came first; functionaries and people in subordinate situations came next; and even the members of the senate would not fail to pay their respects to their pretor. A select party used to sup in the evening in the dining-room, which was scarcely ever opened again during the remainder of the year. We were particularly delighted, as will easily be believed, with the tarts, biscuits, macaroons, and sweet wines distributed on the occasion. In short, on this anniversary we enjoyed, on a small scale, everything that is usual on the celebration of more pompous festivals.

PASSAGES ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE, AND NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

(From Brand's 'Popular Antiquities'.)

There was an ancient custom, which is yet retained in many places, on New Year's Eve: young women went about with a Wassail bowl of spiced ale, with some sort of verses that were sung by them as they went from door to door. Wassail is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *waes hal*, be in health. "The Wassail Bowl," says Warton, "is Shakespeare's gossip's bowl, in the 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,' Act I. Scene I. The composition was ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples. It was also called *Lamb's Wool*."

It appears from Thomas de la Moore ('Vita Edw. II.') and old Havillan (in 'Architen.' Lib. 2.) that *was-hail* and *drinc-hell* were the usual ancient phrases of quaffing among the English and synonymous with the "Come, here's to you," and "I'll pledge you," of the present day.

It was unnecessary to add, that they accepted little presents on the occasion from the houses at which they stopped to pay this annual congratulation.

The learned Selden, in his 'Table-Talk,' (article 'Pope'), gives a good description of it. "The Pope," says he, "in sending relics to Princes, does as wenches do to their Wassails at New Year's tide; they present you with a cup, and you must drink of a stoney stuff—but the meaning is, you must give them money, ten times more than it is worth."

Verstegan gives the subsequent etymology of Wassail:—"As *was* is our verb of the preter-imperfect tense, or preter-perfect tense, signifying *have been*, so *was*, being the same verb in the imperative mood and now pronounced *wase*, is as much as to say *grow*, or *become*; and *wassail*, by corruption of pronunciation, afterwards came to be *wassail*."—'Restitution of Decayed Intelligence,' edit. London, 1653, 8vo. p. 101.

Ben Jonson personifies it thus: "Enter Wassail like a neat somster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl drest with ribbands and rosemary before her."

In the 'Antiquarian Repertory,' vol. i. p. 283, edit. 1775, is a woodcut of a large oak beam, the ancient support of a chimney-piece, on which is carved a large bowl, with this inscription on one side, "Wassail."

The ingenious remarker on this representation observes, that it is the figure of the old Wassail-Bowl, so much the delight of our hardy ancestors, who on the vigil of the New Year, never failed to assemble round the glowing hearth with their cheerful neighbours, and then, in the play *Wassail-Bowl* (which testified the goodness of their hearts), drowned every former animosity, an example worthy modern imitation."

"As the vulgar," says Browne, "are always very

careful to end the old year well, so they are no less solicitous of making a good beginning of the new one. The old one is ended with a hearty commotation; the new one is opened with the custom of sending presents, which are termed New Year's Gifts, to friends and acquaintances." He resolves both customs into superstitions, as being observed that the succeeding year ought to be prosperous and successful.

The poet Naogeorgus is cited by Hospinian, as telling us, that it was usual in his time for friends to present each other with a New Year's Gift; for the husband to give to his wife; parents to their children; and masters to their servants, &c.; a custom derived to the Christian world from the times of Gentileism. The superstition condemned in this by the ancient fathers, lay in the idea of these gifts being considered as omens of success for the ensuing year. In this sense also, and in this sense alone, could they have answered the benevolent compliments of wishing each other a happy New Year.

Dr Morison tells us, that in Scotland, it was in his time the custom to send New Year's Gifts on New Year's Eve, but that on New Year's Day they wished each other a happy day, and asked New Year's Gifts.

I believe it is still usual in Northumberland for persons to ask for a New Year's Gift.

In the 'Statistical Account of Scotland,' Edinb. 1793, 8vo., vol. vii., p. 488, Parishes of Cross, &c., County of Orkney, New Year's Gifts occur under the titles of "Christmas Presents," and as given to servant-maids by their masters. Ibid, p. 489, we read; "There is a large stone, about nine or ten feet high, and four broad, placed upright in a plain, in the isle of North Ronaldshay; but no tradition is preserved concerning it, whether erected in memory of any signal event, or for the purpose of administering justice, or for religious worship. The writer of this (the parish priest) has seen fifty of the inhabitants assembled there on the first day of the year, and dancing in the moonlight with no other music than their own singing."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LI.—HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS MADAME D'AUBAND.
(From 'Recollections of Seven Years in the Mauritius'.)

CHARLOTTE CHRISTINA SOPHIA DE WOLFFSBUTTEL, wife of Czarovitz Alexis, son of Peter I, was unfortunately an object of aversion to her husband, although beautiful and amiable. In a fit of passion, he gave her one day a blow which caused her to be prematurely confined with a dead child. The Countess of Konnismark, who attended on the princess, being aware that if she recovered she would only be exposed to further acts of violence, determined to declare that she had died. The Czarovitz, to whom this was agreeable news, ordered her immediate interment; couriers were dispatched to inform the Czar of the event, and all the courts of Europe went into mourning. The princess escaped to America with an aged domestic, who passed for her father, and a female attendant. While she was living in privacy in Louisiana, an officer of the name of D'Auband, who had seen her in Russia, recollected her, and made her an offer of his services. Soon after they heard that the Czarovitz was dead, and D'Auband then engaged to conduct the princess back to Russia; but she found herself happier in a private station, and declared her intention of remaining in retirement. The old domestic dying about this time, she was without any protector, and D'Auband, who had been long attached to her, offered her his hand;—she accepted it. Thus she, who had been destined to wear the imperial diadem, became the wife of a lieutenant of infantry.

The princess had no reason to regret her second marriage;—happy in the affection of a man she had wedded from choice, she lived in uninterrupted peace and comfort ten years, without a wish to mingle again in the splendid scenes where she had known only misery; but D'Auband fell into ill health, and his wife, anxious above all things for his recovery, proposed that they should go to France to procure the best medical advice, and to try the effect of a

change of climate. They accordingly embarked for his native land, and soon after he was restored to health. He then solicited an employment in the Isle of France, where he was appointed Major. The princess, however, previous to quitting France, had been recognized by the Marshal de Saxe, who, after having called on her, and heard the story of her adventures, informed his king of the discovery he had made. His Majesty desired his Minister of Marine to write to the Governor of the Mauritius, directing that every mark of distinction should be showered on Monsieur and Madame D'Auband, and that they should always be treated with the highest consideration. These orders, we are told, were punctually obeyed; the princess lived in tranquil happiness in that island until 1747, when her beloved husband died; she then returned to Paris, where she lived to a great age. What a change of fortune did this lady experience! and how exactly the reverse was the change of Madame de Maintenon, who, from the condition of a private individual, a desolate widow, became the first female at the brilliant court of Louis XIV, and, eventually, was elevated to the dignity of Queen, although not publicly acknowledged such! She, who was born in a prison, and whose early years were passed in poverty and obscurity, was afterwards the dispenser of honours and emoluments!—to whom statesmen, generals, authors, applied for places and for pensions! She, too, passed part of her life in a distant colony, but that was before she had known splendour and rank. The Russian princess went into exile, after having experienced the insufficiency of exalted station to confer happiness; the mourning of her days passed amidst the glitter of a court where she was miserable;—peaceful and happy was her decline in the privacy she had chosen. Madame de Maintenon, in all the plenitude of her power, and the magnificence which surrounded her, perhaps had reason to look back with regret on the time when she was the poor but distinguished widow of Scarron; distinguished by her talents, not by her station;—in the evening of her life, she acknowledged that she had never known real happiness, whilst she was supposed to have attained the summit of earthly felicity.

A STILE.

BY MRS. J. HARTWELL

(LATE EMMA LOUISA SARGENT.)

For the London Journal.

"It looks so old,
In truth you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young."

WORDSWORTH.

A STILE. The very word, short and insignificant as it appears, brings before us, with the rapid movement of imagination's wand, one of nature's sweetest scenes. There it stands, in its aged awkwardness, the only way of egress from the narrow pathway. Fields, waving like the restless ocean, rise on every side, crowned with woods, or bounded by the nettley hedges. There stands the cottage of the labourer in the hollow, and there the tiny brook comes gurgling, though stealthily, along; but none of these can be approached until this frail barrier be surmounted. We wonder not, then, at the air of importance which the mouldering, dilapidated stile is apt sometimes to assume.

"There are the fields, the woods, the rivulet, the cottage hearth," it would seem to say, as, leaning forward its aged summit, it appears to render all further progress impracticable; "go to them by some other outlet, or despise not the useful stepping-stone over which you pass." Nor is the request without its reasonable foundation, for it is not the beauty of the stile, nor its convenience, which you have taken so long a walk to contemplate; the ripe meadows around, the rich woods beyond, the bright heavens above, all call forth ejaculations of delight, whilst the stile—the poor, the decayed, the insignificant stile is stepped over in silence, or merely observed, to call forth exclamations against its age, its awkwardness, and its "stu-

pidity." Alas! there are stepping-stones in this world of ours, whose

"Shape is human, and whose soul's immortal."

"But, it may be said, would not open spaces answer the same purpose? For thy convenience, dear reader, perchance they might (though, if thou art a *true* lover of the country, thou couldst not but grieve at the demolishing of so rustic and picturesque a feature in her beauty), yet what would not the owners of the land suffer from the absence of this useful incumbrance? What would prevent strange cattle from invading their pastures, or their own from straying from the meadow to the corn-field or the neighbouring road? At least so thought one of them, who was once a near neighbour of ours. The land he owned was considerable, and all but one small portion of it was left to him undisturbed. Now this small portion, dear reader, lay immediately below our little village; indeed, a path through it led to a few picturesque habitations which stood in its suburbs. About midway between the two stood a stile (methinks I behold it at this moment, so many have been the anxious glances cast towards it as we hastened on to satisfy our impatient hopes), and a stile it was of most formidable pretensions; nay, we even came to the conclusion, when obliged to clamber over its summit, that, of all awkward stiles, it was, assuredly, the most awkward. Now this fact appeared to me universally admitted, for rarely did a morning dawn but an opening had been made beside it, through the adjoining hedge, for the convenience of the passenger, at the expense of him who was its rightful owner. Again to replace the broken and dilapidated barrier became at length impossible. What was to be done? The proprietor of this most unaccommodating accommodation was by no means a man to put up with injury and encroachments upon his property, and it was therefore not long ere a pile of huge stones leant against its massive post; but what was the consequence? morning dawned, and the hedge was surrounded by its former protectors; evening, and all was again secure: once more the sun arose, and once more the barrier was pulled down. Once more the sun descended, and once more the fortification was erected, but to no avail; it seemed as though that luminary itself undermined its foundation, for, with its appearance, there it continually lay prostrate and unavailing, without offering one clue to the offender.

That stile has been the cause of many a laugh of lightness. It was *there* that a young friend of ours, descending the opposite hill one delicious moonlight night, humming one of his fresh-from-London airs, and endeavouring to clear it a bound, dashed into a deep pool of mud which had collected at its foot;—it was *there* that another took refuge from the fancied pursuit of some ladies he imagined following, who, from particular causes, he wished not to meet, to find that it was his own party he was so assiduously avoiding;—it was *there* that the stile-leaper was put to the test;—it was *there* that the most dexterous assistance was necessary to the timid girl who ventured to encounter it;—it was the stile of stiles, yet we all loved it, for to what a prospect did it lead! It was the entrance-gate to nature's own chamber, where she had collected with truest taste something of everything that was beautiful on earth.

I have loved a stile ever since I first saw my venerable and beloved parent spring one, to the shame and astonishment of my then youthful brothers. Well do I remember it. We had all spent the day in that most delightful of employments, nutting, and were returning triumphant, followed by the produce of our exertions, when a stile presented itself before us: "For shame!" exclaimed my father, perceiving my elder brother preparing leisurely to mount it, "For shame! leap it at once." The attempt was made, but in vain; his companion assayed it also, but with as little success. "Stand back," said my father, in his own deep, sonorous voice, and the next moment he was some paces on the other side. My brothers laughed (it was all they could) and scrambled over. "Ah," sighed my father, walking on, "you should have seen me in my young days;" and he smiled from delightful recollections. Since that hour I have

never passed a stile unnoticed, and seldom without thinking of him.

Then, again, how many are the reminiscences of rustic lovers connected with some favourite stile! there have they met; there parted; there sat for hours in conversation, or lingered, bidding a long adieu; there the initials of many a dear name are rudely carved; there many have been joyously, blushing and unexpectedly recognized by their fair owners. There we could believe even declarations of attachment to have been unpremeditatedly made, when the maiden, all smiles and timidity, is ashamed of "giving so much trouble," it comes as a thing of course from the lips of one who fondly loves to declare, with a gentle pressure of the hand he holds, that it would be the greatest happiness of his life to be "so troubled," in protecting her from every danger through *hers*, and then she would spring down at all hazards, forgetful of the danger, and cough and hurry on. Then, too, how delightful, especially to the pent-up Londoner, is a stile, with a book! how convenient the resting-place it offers, and how picturesque the prospect it commands! Stands it upon an eminence, to what advantage is the scenery around beheld whenever your eye turns from the page you are perusing! (How preferable to the view of the narrow foggy street which your study window presents!) Is it in a hollow lane? welcome the shade of the surrounding hills; or midway across a narrow lane, how strong is the sense of retirement which you experience! I cannot say I love your *up-and-down-stair* stiles so often to be found in the vicinity of our metropolis. Accommodating they certainly are; but their formal, *uncountryfied* appearance deteriorates greatly from the beauty of the scene. The more awkward, the more picturesque; and I, for one, would gladly put up with the former for the sake of the latter; and yet I must own, in common with most of my sex, when the moment of trial is at hand, I have inwardly rejoiced at the facility which the steps attached to it offer. I stand not at one *now*, or, perchance, I might alter my opinion.

But I have sometimes seen large masses of stone placed on either side, which are equally convenient and far more romantic in their appearance; indeed, in some parts of the country, such stones compose the barrier itself.

And now, dear reader, adieu! I have said that the stile is oftentimes the witness of farewell scenes, and there shall *ours* take place. Perchance, thou art tired of so long and dull a dissertation; but despise not the subject, I entreat thee, though thou shouldst the handler of it; and if thou art thus weary, sit thee down to rest upon it, whilst I pursue my way. Adieu!

FINE ARTS.

Arboretum Britannicum; or Portraits to a Scale of a Quarter of an Inch to a Foot, of all the Trees which endure the Open Air in Britain of Ten Years' Growth, drawn from existing Trees within Ten Miles of London, with Botanical Specimens of the Flowers and Fruit, or Seeds of each Tree, to a Scale of Two Inches to a Foot, &c. &c.

MR. LOUDON, whose zeal in the cause of domestic and rural economy seems inexhaustible, has projected a work for the promotion of planting, and, with an energy the most spirited, draws from all quarters, far and near, the necessary materials. He has, he says in his prospectus, communicated "in French, German, and Italian," with "all the botanic gardens of Europe; and in English" with "North America, and upwards of a thousand country-seats in Great Britain and Ireland." Energy like this deserves success, and, we should think, commands it too.

The title explains the nature of the work. One of its chief objects is to prove that planting does not necessarily benefit posterity alone, but that the planter himself may look forward to the reasonable satisfaction of enjoying the result of his own labour. This is to be done by showing the extraordinary growth trees may attain, if properly planted, in the space of ten years, the facts all being drawn from easily accessible authorities.

To judge from the specimen plate before us, we should imagine everyone interested in planting would find the 'Arboretum Britannicum' the best of guides in that absorbing pursuit. Here we have the features of the tree in detail, in representations of the fruit and leaves, very clearly and judiciously engraved, while we see the figure the whole tree will cut in a full-length portrait on a smaller scale. Making a fixed scale, too, for all the engravings, perfects the idea of such a work, as thus a just impression may be got of the proportion of the sizes of the various plants.

Mr Loudon was one of the first, if we mistake not, to set the example of making large demands on the resources of the artist to enforce the descriptions in the text; these verbal descriptions must ever be vague and uncertain; a mere portrait of a thing tells us little of its nature or innate properties; if these two are joined, we know all about it at once. The practice is gaining ground considerably.

Prudent Sensibility.—The relations of a Dutch heiress, who had run away with an Englishman, addressed an advertisement to her in the papers, requesting, that if she would not return to her disconsolate parents, she would at least send back the key of the tea-chest, which she had carried away with her.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL articles and letters have been unavoidably delayed for the last two weeks. Among them is a notice of Miss Landon's new novel, 'Francesca Carrara,' a production full of interesting remarks for reflection. Several other interesting books have been received, and will be duly noticed.

We are sorry that the above reason has also forced us to postpone the conclusion of Mr Simpson's Chapter on 'Education' till the new year; but it will very well stand by itself, as a separate article, for new readers; and we have more extracts to make from his book. OLD CRONY's letter on the 'Modern System of Education' shall, if possible, accompany the conclusion of Mr Simpson's Chapter.

LA REVENGE in our next.

UN JEUNE MARIE speedily. And the 'Birth of Poesy,'—the receipt of which we ought to have acknowledged before; but we hoped to have before inserted it.

We are thankful for the honour done us by the inscription of the 'Fall of the Fairies' in the 'Greenock Intelligencer,'—a poem with dainty bits in it.

We have, unfortunately, mislaid the contribution forwarded to us by our friend of the Amici Club; but shall no doubt recover it.

The 'Country Churchyard' would have been inserted, but it waited for the conclusion promised us by the writer.

The remarks 'On Scandal' are very true, but hardly novel enough for publication.

R. F. E. shall be attended to.

We thank J. W. A.; but he is mistaken in thinking that we were desirous of receiving translations already published.

'The Death of the Year' and 'The Song of the Fairies' are creditable to the feeling and fancy of the writers; but we have so many verses sent us of a like merit, that we are often obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of gratifying the authors by their insertion, because we cannot do equal justice to all. With regard to the flattering request made us in one of the letters, circumstances will not at present allow us to insert the whole of it; but if the book in question be sent us, addressed to our Publisher, we will do what we can.

We should be happy to notice the book mentioned by GRONOX H., but have not received it.

Our young friend who writes on the 'Eleusinian Mysteries,' cannot do better than continue his studies, but his remarks have not yet sufficient interest for publication.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7, 1835.

No. 41.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

A STREET PORTRAIT. SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY. RECOLLECTIONS OF A TWELFTH NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS goes out in fine style,—with Twelfth Night. It is a finish worthy of the time. Christmas Day was the morning of the season; New Year's Day the middle of it, or noon; Twelfth Night is the night, brilliant with innumerable planets of twelfth-cakes. The whole island keeps court; nay, all Christendom. All the world are kings and queens. Everybody is somebody else, and learns at once to laugh at, and to tolerate, characters different from his own, by enacting them. Cakes, characters, forsaits, fights, theatres, merry rooms, little holiday faces, and last not least, the painted sugar on the cakes, so bad to eat but so fine to look at, useful because it is perfectly useless except for a sight and a moral,—all conspire to throw a giddy splendour over the last night of the season, and to send it to bed in pomp and colours, like a Prince.

And not the least good thing in Twelfth Night is, that we see it coming for days beforehand, in the cakes that garnish the shops. We are among those who do not like "a surprise," except in dramas. We like to know of the good things intended for us. It adds the pleasure of hope to that of possession. Thus we eat our Twelfth-cake many times in imagination, before it comes. Every pastry-cook's shop we pass, flashes it upon us.

Coming *twelfth-cakes* cast their shadows before;

if shadows they can be called, which shade have none; so full of colour are they, as if Titian had invented them. Even the little ragged boys, who stand at those shops by the hour, admiring the heaven within, and are destined to have none of it, get, perhaps, from imagination alone, a stronger taste of the beatitude, than many a richly-fed palate, which is at the mercy of some particular missing relish,—some touch of spice or citron, or a "leettle more" egg.

We believe we have told a story of one of those urchins before, but it will bear repetition, especially as a strong relish of it has come upon us, and we are tempted to relate it at greater length. There is nothing very wonderful or epigrammatic in it, but it has to do with the beatific visions of the pastry shops. Our hero was one of those equivocal animal-spirits of the streets, who come whistling along, you know not whether thief or errand-boy, sometimes with bundle and sometimes not, in corderoys, a jacket, and a cap or bit of hat, with hair sticking through a hole in it. His vivacity gets him into scrapes in the street, and he is not ultra-studious of civility in his answers. If the man he runs against is not very big, he gives him abuse for abuse at once; if otherwise, he gets at a convenient distance, and then halloo out "Eh, stupid!" or "Can't you see before you?" or

"Go, and get your face washed." This last is a favourite saying of his, out of an instinct referable to his own visage. He sings "Hokee-Pokee" and a "Shiny Night," varied occasionally with an uproarious "Rise, gentle Moon," or "Coming through the Rye." On winter evenings, you may hear him indulging himself, as he goes along, in a singular undulation of yowl;—a sort of gargle,—as if a wolf were practising the rudiments of a shake. This he delights to do more particularly in a crowded thoroughfare, as though determined that his noise should triumph over every other, and show how jolly he is, and how independent of the ties to good behaviour. If the street is a quiet one, and he has a stick in his hand (perhaps a hoop-stick), he accompanies the howl, with a run upon the gamut of the iron rails. He is the nightingale of mud and cold. If he gets on in life, he will be a pot-boy. At present, as we said before, we hardly know what he is; but his mother thinks herself lucky, if he is not transported.

Well; one of these elves of the pavé—perplexers of Lord Mayors, and irritators of the Police,—was standing one evening before a pastry-cook's shop-window, flattening his nose against the glass, and watching the movements of a school-boy who was in the happy agony of selecting the best bun. He had stood there ten minutes before the boy came in, and had made himself acquainted with all the eatables lying before him, and wondered at the slowness, and apparent indifference, of jaws masticating tarts. His interest, great before, is now intense. He follows the new-comer's eye and his hand, hither and thither. His own arm feels like the other's arm. He shifts the expression of his mouth and the shrug of his body, at every perilous approximation which the chooser makes to a second-rate bun. He is like a bowler following the nice inflexions of the bias; for he wishes him nothing but success; the occasion is too great for envy: he feels all the generous sympathy of a knight of old, when he saw another within an ace of winning some glorious prize, and his arm doubtful of the blow.

At length the awful decision is made, and the bun laid hands on.

"Yah! you fool," exclaims the watcher, bursting with all the despair and indignation of knowing boyhood, "you have left the biggest!"

Twelfth-cake and its king and queen are in honour of the crowned heads who are said to have brought presents to Jesus in his cradle—a piece of royal service not necessary to be believed in by good Christians, though very proper to be maintained among the gratuitous decorations with which good and poetical hearts willingly garnish their faith. "The Magi, or Wise Men, are vulgarly called (says a note in 'Brand's Popular Antiquities,' quarto

edition by Ellis, p. 19.) the three kings of Collen (Cologne). The first, named Melchior, an aged man with a long beard, offered gold; the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; the third, Balthaser, a black or moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh." This picture is full of colour, and has often been painted. The word Epiphany (*Επιφάνια*, *superapparitio*, an appearance from above), alludes to the star which is described in the Bible as guiding the Wise Men. In Italy, the word has been corrupted into Beffania, or Beffana, (as in England it used to be called Piffany); and Beffana, in some parts of that country, has come to mean an old fairy, or Mother Bunch, whose figure is carried about the streets, and who rewards or punishes children at night by putting sweetmeats, or stones and dirt, into a stocking hung up for the purpose near the bed's head. The word *Beffa*, taken from this, familiarly means a trick or mockery put upon anyone—to such base uses may come the most splendid terms. Twelfth Day, like the other old festivals of the church of old, has had a link of connexion found for it with Pagan customs, and has been traced to the Saturnalia of the ancients, when people drew lots for imaginary kingdoms. Its observation is still kept up, with more or less ceremony, all over Christendom. In Paris, they enjoy it with their usual vivacity. The king there is chosen, not by drawing a paper as with us, but by the lot of a bean which falls to him, and which is put into the cake; and great ceremony is observed when the king or the queen "drinks;" which once gave rise to a jest, that occasioned the damnation of a play of Voltaire's. The play was performed at this season, and a queen in it having to die by poison, a wag exclaimed with Twelfth Night solemnity, when her Majesty was about to take it, "The queen drinks." The joke was infectious; and the play died, as well as the poor queen.

Many a pleasant Twelfth-Night have we passed in our time; and such future Twelfth-Nights as may remain to us shall be pleasant, God and good-will permitting; for even if care should be round about them, we have no notion of missing these mountain-tops of rest and brightness, on which people may refresh themselves during the stormiest parts of life's voyage. Most assuredly will we look forward to them, and stop there when we arrive, as though we had not to begin buffetting again the next day. No joy or consolation that heaven or earth affords us, will we ungratefully pass by; but prove, by our acceptance and relish of it, that it is what it is said to be, and that we deserve to have it. "The child is father to the man," and a very foolish grown-boy he is, and unworthy of his sire, if he is not man enough to know when to be like him. What! shall he go and

"ulk in a corner, because life is not just what he would have it? Or shall he discover that his dignity will not bear the shaking of holiday merriment, being two fragile and likely to tumble to pieces? Or lastly, shall he take himself for too good and perfect a person to come within the chance of contamination from a little ultra life and Wassail-bowl, and render it necessary to have the famous question thrown at his stately and stupid head—

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

This passage is in *Twelfth-Night*, the last play (but never forgotten) which Shakspeare is understood to have written, and which shows how in his beautiful and universal mind the belief in love, friendship, and joy, and all good things, survived his knowledge of all evil,—affording us an everlasting argument against the conclusions of misers men of the world, and enabling the meanest of us to dare to avow the same faith.

Here is another lecture to false and unseasonable notions of gravity, in the same play,—

"I protest (quoth the affected steward Malvolio) I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' smites."

"O (says the Lady Olivia), you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guileless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets."

This is the play in which are those beautiful passages about music, love, friendship, &c., which have as much of the morning of life in them as any that the great poet ever wrote, and are painted with as easy and wet a pencil:—

"If music be the food of love," &c.

"Away before me to sweet birds of flowers;
Love thoughts lie dead when smothered with flowers."

"She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek," &c.

"I hate ingratitude more in a man
[says the refined and exquisite Viola]
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood."

And again,

"In nature there's no blemish, but the mind
[that is to say, the faults of the mind];
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind."

The play of *Twelfth Night*, with proper good taste, is generally performed, at the theatres, on *Twelfth Night*. There is little or nothing belonging to the occasion in it, except that there are a set of merry-makers who carouse all night, and sing songs enough to "draw three souls out of one weaver." It is evident that Shakspeare was at a loss for a title to his play, for he has called it, '*Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*;' but the nocturnal revels reminded him of the anniversary which, player and humorist as he was, and accustomed, doubtless, to many a good sitting-up, appears to have stood forth prominently among his recollections of the year. So that it is probable he kept up his *Twelfth Night* to the last:—assuredly he kept up his merry and romantic characters, his Sir Tobies and his Violas. And, keeping up his stage faith so well, he must needs have kept up his home faith. He could not have done it otherwise. He would invite his Stratford friends to "king and queen," and, however he might have looked in face, would still have felt young in heart

towards the budding daughters of his visitors, the possible *Vindes* perhaps of some fine story of their own, and not more innocent in "the last recesses of the mind" than himself. But see what Mr Hazlitt has said on this play in the criticism in our present JOURNAL.

We spent a *Twelfth Night* once, which, by common consent of the parties concerned, was afterwards known by the name of the *Twelfth Night*. It was doubted among us, not merely whether ourselves, but whether anybody else, ever had such a *Twelfth Night*;

"For never since created oak,
Met such aspiring fœces, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry,
Which goes to bed betimes."

The evening began with each tea as is worth mention, for we never knew anybody make it like the maker. Dr Johnson would have given in his placidest growl of approbation. Then, with *piano-forte*, violin, and violoncello, came Handel, Corelli, and Mozart. Then followed the drawing for king and queen, in order that the "small infantry" might have their due share of the night, without sitting up too too-late (for a reasonable "too-late" is to be allowed once and away). Then games, of all the received kinds, forgetting no branch of Christmas customs. And very good extempore blank verse was spoken by some of the court (for our characters imitated a court), not unworthy of the wit and dignity of Tom Thumb. Then, came supper, and all characters were soon forgotten but the feasters' own; good and lively souls, and festive all, both male and female,—with a constellation of the brightest eyes that we had ever seen met together. This feat was so striking, that a burst of delighted assent broke forth, when Moore's charming verses were struck up;—

"To ladies' eyes a sound, boys,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse;
For bright eyes so abound, boys,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose."

The bright eyes, the beauty, the good humours, the wine, the wit, the poetry (for we had celebrated wits and poets among us, as well as charming women), fused all hearts together in one unceasing round of fancy and laughter, till *breakfast*,—to which we adjourned in a room full of books, the authors of which might almost have been waked up and embodied, to come among us. Here, with the bright eyes literally as bright as ever at six o'clock in the morning (we all remarked it), we merged one glorious day into another, as a good omen (for it was also fine weather, though in January); and as luck and our good faith would have it, the door was no sooner opened, to let forth the ever-joyous visitors, than the trumpets of a regiment quartered in the neighbourhood struck up into the morning air, seeming to blow forth triumphant approbation, and as if they sounded purely to do us honour, and to say "You are as early and untired as we."

We do not recommend such nights to be "resolved on," much less to be made a system of regular occurrence. They should flow out of the impulse, as this did; for there was no intention of sitting up so late. But so genuine was that night, and so true a recollection of pleasure did it leave upon the minds of all who shared it, that it has helped to stamp a seal of selectness upon the house in which it was passed, and which, for the encouragement of good-fellow-

ship and of humble aspirations towards *tree-planting*, we are here invited to point out; for by the same token the writer of these papers planted some plane-trees within the railway the garden-gate (selecting the plane, in honour of the Genius of Domesticity, to which it was sacred among the Greeks); and anybody who does not disdain to look at a modest monument for the sake of the happy hours that have been spent in it, may know it by those trees, as he passes along the row of houses called *York Buildings*, in the New Road, *Marylebone*. A man may pique himself without vanity, upon having planted a tree; and, humble as our performance has been that way, we confess we are glad of it, and have often looked at the result with pleasure. The reader would smile, perhaps sigh (but a pleasure would or should be at the bottom of his sigh), if he knew what consolation we had experienced in some very trying seasons, merely from seeing those trees growing up, and affording shade and shelter to passengers, as well as a bit of leafiness to the possessor of the house. Every one should plant a tree who can. It is one of the cheapest,* as well as easiest, of all tasks; and, if a man cannot reckon upon enjoying the shade much himself (which is the reason why trees are not planted everywhere), it is surely worth while to bequeath so pleasant and useful a memorial of himself to others. They are green footsteps of our existence, which show that we have not lived in vain.

"Dig a well, plant a tree, write a book, and go to heaven," says the Arabian proverb. We cannot exactly dig a well. The parish authorities would not employ us. Besides, wells are not so much wanted in England as in Arabia, nor books either; otherwise we should be two-thirds on our road to heaven already. But trees are wanted, and ought to be wished for, almost everywhere; especially amidst the hard brick and mortar of towns; so that we may claim at least one-third of the way, having planted more than one tree in our time; and if our books cannot wing our flight much higher (for they never pretended to be anything greater than birds singing among the trees), we have other merits, thank Heaven, than our own to go upon; and shall endeavour to piece out our frail and most imperfect ladder, with all the good things we can love and admire in God's creation.

* Young trees from nursery-grounds are very cheap, and cost less than flowers.

Appearance of Louis the Fifteenth when an Infant.—The King's dress was a little plaited jacket, with hanging sleeves of violet colored cloth. He wore a purple cap of velvet trape, which appeared to be lined with cloth of gold. He had on leading strings which fell behind to the bottom of his robe. But this was only to mark his age, for it was well known that he walked alone and could run swiftly. His Majesty's leading strings, which were in cloth of gold instead of being of the same stuff as his robe, crossed on the shoulders, and I think Madame de Ventadour had decided that leading strings should always appear as an ornament only in the dress of the King. From his cordon blue was suspended the cross of St. Louis with that of the Holy Ghost, and his beautiful brown hair, curling naturally, fell on his shoulders in flowing ringlets. He was strikingly handsome, and you may hear from all who have ever known him that they could not flatter him in his pictures.—*Recollections of the Eighteenth Century.*

HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

NO. IV.

CHRISTMAS, COMING, AND GONE—CAROLLING TABLE-TALK—DAY-DREAMING—ANOTHER 'NOW'—READING IN BED—SOMNUS, MORPHEUS, AND THE MUSES—DANGEROUS SITUATION—READING AT MEALS.

"CHRISTMAS is coming!"—ay, and before this appears in the pages of the LONDON JOURNAL, fingers will have been burnt at snap-dragon, the roast beef will have been eaten, and the plum-pudding will be nearly done, all but an end, "hard as the remainder biscuit after a voyage," which nobody thinks worth eating, and neither the cat nor dog being an epicure in respect of that dish, 'twill lay about the pantry till some shivering beggar receives it as gymnastics for his jaws—and Christmas will have gone. Christmas is always coming, the bustle and hurry of the time, will never give us a moment's leisure to say, "it is here." It is almost as complete an *ignus fatuus* as "to-morrow," which, saith the proverb, never comes. The full twelve days may have passed ere we can soberly settle down, and think of Christmas. Indeed it is not a season favourable at all for thinking; we are too busy in action—either friends with us, or we with friends—extra children at home to be amused, or ourselves to amuse for want of them. It is after Christmas that we begin to think about it—and then—"Christmas is coming." It may be nearly a twelve-month off, but still it is coming, and nearer than the one that has just passed over.

I have, no doubt, but that you, Mr Editor, will have preceded me with far more appropriate, pleasing and happy remarks upon the season, as is your wont. But this morning as I was brushing my hat at my parlour window, in ancient merry Islington, a little old woman, in a dirty straw bonnet and red cloak, with her hand just peeping between the folds, as red with the cold as the cloak itself, and from the hand depending sundry (barring a pun and *tant-d-coutre*, they were wet with the humid atmosphere) broad sheets, and, with a shiver, she emitted sounds from a cracked voice, which reminded me of Milton's line,—

"Schreech'd upon their wretched reeds of scannel straw!"

I, however, recognized the commencing salutation,—

"God save you, merry gentlemen,"

with its tail, "said or sung," to a tune as monotonous as the Devil's Tatoo. Thinks I, this is one of the signs of the times—"Christmas is coming,"—and, thinks I, further, my 'Hints for Table Talk' must be seasonable. Thinks I, again, if a table could talk,—this sturdy old oaken piece of furniture, for instance, with its twisted legs and shining face, mayhap, could tell us of the gastronomic exploits of some of our ancestors, at dinner-times, on Christmas days, for "hundred years or so. I began to think a little—the ditty of the carol-singer at the window, by dint of its monotony and in spite of its harshness, lulled me into a day-dream—the shining face of the table gathered animation—a pair of eyes gradually appeared, twinkling with mirth,—a nose,—and a mouth;—and the mouth opened and spake thus:—"Gently!—gently!—whither so fast?" cries I to myself—"Did you not find fault with this very manner of proceeding, this sham day-dreaming, in your first 'Table Talk?' and do you now presume to make use of the very style you condemned, or at least censured, in the face of such censure? Oh, Consistency! in what obscure corner art thou now to be found?" Myself is quite abashed at this philippic, but still endeavours to justify himself to his companion, I. "The circumstances were so suitable, so tempting, the convenience so snug, and the inclination so treacherous, that I could not resist the temptation. Besides, it is but human nature to 'preach one thing, and practise another.' Moreover, every rule has an exception, and if there is no other loop-hole to escape by, I must declare that there is an exception in the case of Christmas, and shining oaken tables!" "Well, but," says I, "you might have done this thing in a neater manner. A much better idea would have been to have made a misty cloud suffuse the polished wood—that

cloud should gradually disperse, and a venerable old man, clad in ancient garb, should appear; or else, gazing intently on the table, you should have imagined a speck to have appeared on the shining surface, which should advance, becoming larger and larger, till it resolves itself into the form of a pigmy man. Still advancing, it should at last assume the image of the very John Bull of our imagination. You should have made him about to address you, when something should interrupt you, dispel the vision, and you should discover that it was only the reflection of your own image in the glass-like surface of the table." Myself, of course, acknowledges the superiority of I's idea, but asserts that he did not intend to be interrupted at all, until the apparition had delivered a fine flowing oration upon the gastronomic Christmas performances of the various generations of his existence, and have drawn a striking parallel, or rather contrast, between a Christmas now and a like festivity two hundred years ago. But I have forgotten all that I was going to make the *cidolon* say—not a fabric of the vision remains behind—the ideas are spilt as water upon the dry ground, which cannot be gathered up—so I shall leave Christmas in a pet, and not say anything more about it.

Still I will be seasonable. There is one *Now*, Mr Editor, which you forgot to expatiate upon in your nuncupative oration (thanks that it is not your nuncupative will). It is one that very nearly concerns me, and, I have no doubt, many of your readers. It is not one of the pleasures, but one of the uncomfortableables of the season. *Now*, sir (pray do not frown, gentle reader, I am not going to say how dare you do such a thing, or call you to account for leaving undone such another. I have not set in array, like some would-be-benefactor, all the benefits I have conferred, and then say, "Now, young man, how could you be guilty of such ingratitude?" Neither have I just concluded an elaborate train of argument, and about to draw the conclusion with an *ipse dixit*, "Now Sir, since such and such is the case, so and so must be the consequence." *Now* for the *Now*.) *Now* the weather is so cold, that I cannot read in bed with comfort. Instead of keeping my shoulders out, I am half inclined to cover my very head with the blankets. When I read in bed, one end of the curtains must of course be tucked up to admit light, and a draught is sure to come with it; there is sure to be some inlet for the burglarious wind. It either blows under the door, down the chimney, or through some crevice somewhere about the window sash; a room can never be perfectly air-tight; and, moreover, I have an aversion to boarding up the fire-place, because it is very unwholesome. Everybody knows, now-a-days, what would have been a very exclusive piece of knowledge a hundred years ago or so, that, in every mouthful of air we inhale, we consume the oxygen it contains, and reject the nitrogen; now, if a bed-room were air-tight we should soon consume all the oxygen in the air, and our lungs would starve for want of food; thus we see that the oxygen may be called the flesh, and nitrogen the bones of the air. But to return to reading in bed. You thus perceive that, what with the cold, and the wind, and the love for one's lungs, critical reading is out of the question. After various fruitless trials, I have been obliged to give it up, at least for a time, and that not until I got a delightful rheumatism in my right shoulder. I have endeavoured to keep all under the clothes but the hand with which I held the book; but being obliged occasionally to uncover, in some degree, to get freedom to turn over the page, the cold air would come pouring in like a bucket of water, or a blast from a forge-bellows, so this would not do, and with reluctance I have "doused the glim;" and turned to woo the companion gods, Somnus and Morpheus. Had I been an ancient Pagan, a believer in the Roman Polytheism, with Hook's Pantheon for my creed, I might easily have attributed all such difficulties and annoyances to the anger of these deities, jealous that their rights and prerogatives should be encroached upon by any or either of the Muses, their authority contemned in their own dominions, and their influence set at naught within the very walls of their palace. Their

godships, as everyone read in mythological lore knows, are not of a nature to stand tamely by while their rights are trampled on or usurped; and in this case of reading in bed, a jury of celestials would, without doubt, decide in favour of Morpheus and Somnus. Is not the chamber their territories, the couch their palace, and the curtains their fortresses? and is it not an insulting presumption for one who, by entering their dominions, makes himself liable to their established government, and voluntarily surrenders himself to their will, to hold friendship with, and pay court to, rival powers? 'Tis as bad as courting Shela, while your head is "pillowed on your Nora's breast,"—high treason against the downy gods, the due punishment of which would be the deprivation of their favours for a few nights,—a true lover's revenge. I warrant you the fickle swain would not be long under such a ban, without beseeching and imploring for a return of their smiles. Sleep to weary limbs is as soothing and delightful as the love-drawn sighs of a mistress, and the one is as necessary to the life of the man as the other is to the existence of the lover. The Muses do very well to flirt with, but Somnus and Morpheus are the persons to take for better or for worse. I must apologize for this last paragraph; two terrible blunders are committed in it; I have unsexed two gods, and supposed bigamy!

But I have a reserve army of arguments against myself, as to reading in bed. The objections just stated are all flummery in comparison to the one consideration—the danger there is of setting the house on fire. Many times and oft have I received cautions and warnings and admonitions to that effect from persons of all ages, and of both sexes, with whom I have domesticated; and, in nine cases out of ten, they have been accompanied with a prophecy that I would have the house burnt about my ears some night. I have the pleasure of rejoicing that they have all been (as yet) false prophets. I certainly was a little staggered in my obstinacy, and the pertinaciousness of my adherence to an old custom a little softened by a circumstance which happened not long since. I was, according to custom, reading LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL in bed; whether the article I was perusing was particularly soporific—or whether Somnus made unusual efforts to conquer me that night, I know not—but this I know, that the drowsy God succeeded in wooing me to his arms. (What a pity there is not a god of sleep of the softer sex!) When I awoke in the morning, the black ashes of the JOURNAL were lying on the chair before my bed—a blanket and the counterpane a little singed—but no other damage done. I attribute my preservation to the thickness and weight of the counterpane, the non-inflammable nature of wool, to the curtains being tucked up, and to the instantaneous consumption of the open sheet of paper. I at that time determined to give up my favourite indulgence—and kept my determination for a week or so. I then ventured, with a great deal of caution, to read for a few minutes, and gradually returned to my custom, and am now as venturesome as ever.

Metinks I hear some incredulous Mr Burchell announce the annoying monosyllable, "Fudge!" after reading this relation;—nay, Sir Infidel, believe it or disbelieve it as you list; but it is not only founded on fact, but fact, clad in a garment of the thinnest tissue gauze.

Why, then, do I continue such a dangerous practice, it may be asked, and at the same time argue against it? To this, I acknowledge I can give no satisfactory answer. The custom is so deep set, that I can no more sleep without it than a gentleman without his bottle of wine, the bachelor without his glass of grog, or the workman without his pipe and pint. I own that I am in the wrong, and mean to leave off the custom some day. It is not at all uncommon for one to undergo with calmness a danger which he would shudder to see another undergo. So I would advise all to abstain from reading in bed, as a custom fraught with danger; but, for myself, I must lament that now it is so cold that I cannot read in bed with comfort.

Ay, Mr Editor, and not only do I read in bed, but am such a devourer of books that I read at breakfast, at tea, and at supper—I can't manage it at dinner. Dinner is a meal at which you have to work, before you eat—or rather, while you eat; especially when the cutlery is not keen; both hands are requisite in this necessary operations of this carnivorous meal. At breakfast, you can sip your coffee, and eat your toast with the help of one hand only, while the other is left free for the book. With tea and bread and butter, or Sally Lunna, you can do the same. I have become such an adept at the practice, that I never soil a book is the least. The plague-spots of grease, and stamps of buttered fingers never disgrace books of my perusal; at the same time, I never like to lend my books to anyone whom I know to be a reader at meals. It is not to be expected that everybody should be as clever in that respect as your humble servant. I have, moreover, ancient and classical precedent and authority in this case; the Romans had slaves to read aloud to them during meals; but, as slaves cannot exist in our atmosphere of freedom, I am obliged to perform the duty myself.

BOOKWORM.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LII.—GOETHE'S ADVENTURE WITH HIS DANCING-MASTER'S DAUGHTERS.

(From his Autobiography.)

GOETHE is charged with having given too self-complacent an account of the various attachments to him when he was young; and, what is less easy to be excused, with having encouraged, and then broken them up, with a little too much facility, and like a man of the world. His admirers say, on the other hand, that all this only fell within the natural course of events in the life of such a man; and that, whatever weakness may have been mixed with it at the time, it was turned to better account by him ultimately than could have been done by others, and became part of that universality of experience which made him so great a writer. We leave the readers of his Autobiography to judge for themselves, being equally loth to speak lightly of what might have caused much distress to others, and to offend the laurels of a head which grew old in wisdom and renown, not, in all probability, without its sufficient portion of regret, as well as self-reconciliation. In the tragic-comic instance before us, whatever may be the poet's self-complacency in relating the adventure at all, the case does not appear to tell against him as in others; and, where there is a doubt, the charitable conclusion is much oftener the just one, than prejudice is willing to suppose.

"Whilst I employed myself in various studies and researches, I did not neglect the pleasures incident to youth. At Strasburg, every day and hour offers to sight the magnificent monument of the Minster, and to the ear the movements and music of the dance. My father himself had given my sister and me our first lessons in this art. We had learned the grave minuet from him. The solos and pas-de-deux of the French theatre, whilst it was with us at Frankfort, had given me a greater relish for the pleasures of dancing; but from the unfortunate termination of my love affair with Margaret, I had intirely neglected it. This taste revived in me at Strasburg. On Sundays and holidays, joyous troops, met for the purpose of dancing, were to be seen in all directions. There were little balls in all the country-houses, and nothing was talked of but the brilliant routs expected in the winter. I was therefore apprehensive of finding myself out of my element in company, unless I qualified myself to figure as a dancer; and I accordingly took lessons of a master recommended by one of my friends. He was a true French character, cold and polished. He taught

with care, but without pedantry. As I had already had some practice, he was not dissatisfied with me.

He had two daughters who were both pretty, and the elder of whom was not twenty. They were both good dancers. This circumstance greatly facilitated my progress, for the awkwardest scholar in the world must soon have become a passable dancer with such agreeable partners. They were both extremely amiable; they spoke only French. I endeavoured to appear neither awkward nor ridiculous to them, and I had the good fortune to please them. Their father did not seem to have many scholars, and they lived very much alone. They several times asked me to stay and converse after my lesson, which I very readily did. I was much pleased with the younger one; the manners of both were very becoming; the elder, who was at least as handsome as her sister, did not please me so much, although she took more pains to do so. At the hour of my lesson she was always ready to be my partner, and she frequently prolonged the dance. The younger, although she behaved in a friendly manner towards me, kept a greater distance, and her father had to call her to take her sister's place.

One evening, after the dance, I was going to lead the elder to the apartment, but she detained me. "Let us stay here awhile," said she, "my sister, I must own to you, is at this moment engaged with a fortune-teller, who is giving her some intelligence from the cards respecting an absent lover, a youth extremely attached to Emily, and in whom all her hopes are placed. My heart," continued she, "is free; I suppose I shall often see the gift of it despoised." On this subject I paid her some compliments. "You may," said I, "consult the oracle, and then you will know what to expect. I have a mind to consult it likewise: I shall be glad to ascertain the merit of an art in which I have never had much confidence." As soon as she assured me the operation was ended, I led her into the room. We found her sister in good humour, she behaved to me in a more friendly manner than usual. Sure, as she seemed to be, of her absent lover, she thought there was no harm in showing some attentions to her sister's, for in that light she regarded me.

We engaged the fortune-teller, by the promise of a handsome recompense, to tell the elder of the young ladies and me our fortunes also. After all the usual preparations and ceremonies, she shuffled the cards for this beautiful girl; but, having carefully examined them, she stopped short, and refused to explain herself. "I see plainly," said the younger of the girls, who was already partially initiated into the mysteries of this kind of magic, "there is something unpleasant which you hesitate to tell my sister." The other sister turned pale, but, recovering herself, entreated the sibyl to tell her all she had seen in the cards without reserve. The latter, after a deep sigh, told her that she loved, but was not beloved in return; that a third stood between her and her beloved; with several other tales of the same kind. The embarrassment of the poor girl was visible. "Let us see whether a second trial will be more fortunate," said the old woman, again shuffling and cutting the cards, but it was still worse this time. She wished to make a third trial, in the hopes of better success, but the inquisitive fair one could bear it no longer, and burst into a flood of tears. Her beautiful bosom was violently agitated. She turned her back on us and ran into the next room. I knew not what to do; inclination retained me with her sister, compassion urged me to follow the afflicted one. "Console Lucinda," said the former; "go to her." "How can I console her," said I, "without showing her the least signs of attachment? I should be cold and reserved. Is this the moment to be so? Come with me yourself."—"I know not," replied Emily, "whether my presence would be agreeable to her." We were, however, going in to speak to her, but we found the door bolted. In vain we knocked, called, and intreated Lucinda; no answer. "Let us leave her to recover herself," said Emily; "she will see no one." What could I do? I paid the fortune-teller liberally for the harm she had done us, and withdrew.

I durst not return to the two sisters the next day.

On the third day Emily sent to desire me to come to them without fail. I went accordingly. Towards the end of the lesson, Emily appeared: she danced a minuet with me; she never displayed so much grace, and the father declared he had never seen a handsomer couple dancing in his room. After the lesson, the father went out, and I inquired for Lucinda. "She is in bed," said Emily, "but do not be uneasy; when she thinks herself ill, she suffers the less from her afflictions: and whatever she may say, she has no inclination to die, it is only her passion that torments her. Last night she declared to me that she should certainly sink under her grief this time, and desired that, when she should be near her end, the ungrateful man who had gained her heart, for the purpose of ill-treating her, should be brought to her." "I cannot reproach myself with having given her any reason to imagine me in love with her," I exclaimed; "I know one who can very well testify in my favour on this occasion." "I understand you," answered Emily. "It is necessary to come to a resolution to spare us all much vexation. Will you take it ill if I entreat you to give over your lessons? My father says you have now no further occasion for them; and that you know as much as a young man has occasion to know for his amusement." "And is it you, Emily, who bid me banish myself from your presence?" "Yes, but not merely of my own accord. Listen to me: after you left us the day before yesterday, I made the fortune-teller cut the cards for you; the same fortune appeared thrice, and more clearly each time. You were surrounded by friends, by great lords,—in short, by all kinds of happiness and pleasure; you did not want for money; women were at a certain distance from you: my poor sister, in particular, remained afar off. Another was nearer to you, and I will not conceal from you that I think it was myself. After this confession you ought not to take my advice amiss. I have promised my heart and hand to an absent friend, whom I have hitherto loved above all the world. What a situation would be yours, between two sisters, one of whom would torment you with her passion, the other with her reserve; and all this for nothing—for a momentary attachment; for even had we not known who you are, and the hopes you have, the cards would have informed us. Farewell," added she, leading me to the door; "and since it is the last time we shall see each other, accept a mark of friendship which I could not otherwise have given you." At these words she threw her arms round my neck and gave me a kiss in the most tender manner.

At the same instant, a concealed door opened, and her sister in a pretty morning undress, rushed towards us, and exclaimed, "You shall not be the only one to take leave of him." Emily let me go. Lucinda embraced me, and held me closely to her bosom. Her beautiful black hair caressed my face. She remained some time in this situation, and thus I found myself between the two sisters in the distressing predicament that Emily had warned me of. At length Lucinda, quitting her hold of me, fixed her eyes on me with a serious air, then walked up and down the room with hurried steps, and at length threw herself upon a sofa. Emily approached her, but Lucinda pushed her back. Then commenced a scene which I still recollect with pain. It was not a theatrical one,—there was but too much truth in the passion of this young and lively Frenchwoman.

Lucinda overwhelmed her sister with reproaches. "This," said she, "is not the first heart favourably disposed towards me that you have deprived me of. It was the same with that absent friend whom you drew into your snares before my eyes! You have now robbed me of this one, without relinquishing the other. How many more will you take from me? I am frank and artless; people think they know me well, and therefore they neglect me. You are calm and dissembling; they think to find something wonderful in you; but your outward form covers a cold and selfish heart, which only seeks victims."

Emily had seated herself near her sister, she remained silent. Lucinda, growing warmer, entered

into particulars to which it did not become me to listen. Emily endeavoured to pacify her, and made me a sign to retire. But jealousy has the eyes of Argus; and this sign did not escape Lucinda's notice. She arose, came towards me, looked me in the face with a pensive air, and said: "I know you are lost to me. I renounce all pretension to you: but as to you, sister, he shall no more be yours than mine. Saying this, she embraced me again, pressed my face to hers, and repeatedly joined her lips to mine. "And now," she cried, "dread my malediction. Woe on woe, eternal woe to her who shall first press those lips after me! Embrace him now if you dare. I am sure that Heaven has heard me. And you, sir, retire without delay."

I did not wait for a repetition of the command: and I left them with a resolution never more to set foot in a house where I had innocently done so much mischief."

THE WEEK

From the 7th to the 14th of January. With a Retrospect of the Week preceding.

VARIOUS causes have induced us to wish to give something of an Almanac in our present year's JOURNAL, not of the kind more properly so called, but on the side of the ornamental part of utility; and we should be glad of any suggestions that would enable us to improve what is here done. We began a series of Birth-days in our first volume, but were tempted to notice them at too great length for our convenience. In our new mode of handling them, we trust that our endeavours to be brief as well as characteristic, will enable us both to continue to the end and to be more numerous; but the week before us augured a bad beginning, for it supplies us with no birth-days at all!—at least none that we are aware of, worth mention; especially as our main object, in these lists, is to remind people of names that have greatly influenced the world, or for some other reason carry a degree of enthusiasm with them, and incite us to recall them as those of friends and benefactors,—perhaps to toast them as immortals, whose birth-days we still keep. We, therefore, thought it best to violate our usual prospective plan this once, and look back to the week that is past; and we have done this the more willingly, because, in fact, our year will thus be complete; which it otherwise would not, as our first Wednesday in January falls so late as the 7th. We have not, as in the former instance, taken the trouble of calculating the chronological variation occasioned by the change of the Calendar in the year 1752. We leave that to such as may think it necessary. The great point is to have a day of recollection for an eminent name; and there is something in the sound of the old date which has an advantage, if we choose to be content with it. It was the one to which he and his friends were accustomed.

As we propose, in addition to Birth-days, to notice such Holidays or Saints'-days as retain an interest with the lovers of old times and books.

And we have added a monthly Flower-Garden, or notices of such plants as flower in this country in the open air, and could be cultivated by any one of very moderate resources, so as to furnish his homestead with the perpetual presence of sweet odours and colours all the year round. Our list is grounded on that in the 'Household Almanac; as that of our Birth-days is upon the authorities furnished by the 'British Almanac.'

BIRTH-DAYS AND OTHER ANNIVERSARIES.

January 1. Lorenzo de' Medici, 1448, of a rich mercantile family, founder of the Ducal race of Tuscany. A princely man of the world, with a poetical faculty; which would have been greater, had his position been less.

—Edmund Burke, 1790, it is doubtful whether at Cork or Dublin. A writer of great eloquence and intuition, almost as deep as he was universal; but turned from lasting purposes by a passionate love

of present effect, and a jealousy of whatever did not emanate from himself.

2. General Wolfe, 1727, at Westerham, in Kent, the conqueror of Canada, and reputed author of the fine song beginning—

"Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die,
Should we be melancholy, boys?"

The story of his death, which gave rise to West's celebrated picture, has been contradicted. Not so a saying attributed to George the Second, who upon being told that Wolfe was a madman, exclaimed, "I wish he would bite all my other generals."

3. Cicero, 107, Before Christ. The great Roman special pleader—the lawyer of antiquity—the child of the old age of Roman virtue, when words began to be taken for things—the only great man ever made by vanity. Mr Bentham, in his latest work, says, that from his earliest years he was shocked with the "baseness" of Cicero's character (we think those are his words, for we have not the passage at hand to refer to). The censure is harsh, and early judgments are apt to be rash; but it is awkward where they remain the same in old age. Certainly it is impossible not to feel a salutary disgust at the insincerity and worldliness exhibited in much of Cicero's conduct, even as recorded by himself; in his 'Letters,' for instance, where he will recommend an acquaintance in one letter, and abuse him and undo the recommendation in the next. Yet vanity itself often made this insincere man in earnest; and, in spite of his timidity and time-serving, he was sometimes a bold patriot. We confess we cannot like him.

6. Twelfth Day, Old Christmas Day, or the Epiphany. (See our first Article.) It is called Twelfth Day, because of its so dating from Christmas Day.

—Joan of Arc, 1402, at Domremi, near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine; called the Maid of Orleans from her compelling the English to raise the siege of that city,—the first of a series of successes, originating in her belief that she had a divine mission, and ending in her capture by the enemy, and her pitiable death at the stake for a witch. Joan was a genuine enthusiast, of a noble and trusting nature; and her death was a disgrace to all parties,—to the enemy for its revenge, and to her friends for their desertion of a benefactress. A complete history of her appeared not long since in two volumes, with interesting documents which throw the clearest light on her character.

—Pietro Metastasio, 1693, at Rome. The poet of the serious opera,—of a courtly and no very great genius, but fit for his task; a good writer for music, with occasional tenderness and pathos.

7. St Distaff's Day, when the holidays are reckoned to be over, and maids in old times resumed their spinning. But our ancestors went to work again by liberal degrees:—

"Partly work and partly play,
You must on St Distaff's Day,"
says Herrick in one of his poems.

JANUARY GARDEN PLANTS IN FLOWER.

Laurustinus (Viburnum Tinus). We are not sure of the etymologies of these words.

The shrub is well known, with its leaves not very like laurel, and its pretty red and white bunches of flowers. It is not certain, what species of viburnum Virgil means, when he speaks of "inter viburna cupressi;"—the cypresses amidst the viburnas; but the image suggests an agreeable picture of tall trees amidst underwood.

Bearsfoot (Helleborus foetidus, Ill-scented Hellebore; said to be called Hellebore, from two Greek words, implying to catch the breath, or suffocate, in the eating. But the derivation appears very forced).

Green flowers. This plant, "from its green and finely divided leaves," says Mr Loudon's 'Encyclopædia,' "forms a most ornamental evergreen bush for the shrubbery."

Garden Anemone (Anemone hortensis — Garden

Wind-flower, the word Anemone coming from a Greek word signifying the wind. The accent is properly on the *o*, Anemōne, but custom has made the popular pronunciation the right one. Some say the flower is so called, "because it opens only when the wind blows; others, because it grows in situations much exposed to the wind."—*Flora Domestica*.

Colours, red, blue, or white. It may be had in bloom every month, if planted every month. The poets have attributed the colour of the Anemone to the blood of Adonis, and the tears, or nectar, of Venus. Moschus calls upon it to mourn with him for the death of his brother poet, Bion:—

Ανδρα νυν συγγισιν απεινειοιτε κορυμβοις.
Νυν ῥοδα φοιτισσας τα παιδιμα, νυν ανιμωνα.
Νυν υακινθς λαλει τα σα γραμματα, και πλειον αι αι
Λαμβανε σοις πταλοισι' καλος τιθνακι μελικτας.

"Ah now, ye flow'rs, turn your sweet breaths to sighs;

Ye roses now, and ye, anemonies,
Gloom with your reds, as though there were no sun;

And more than ever now, O hyacinth, shew
Your written sorrows;—the sweet singer's dead.

There was a little lawny islet,
By anemone and violet,
Like Mosaic, paven."

Beginning of a fragment by Shelley.

Christmas Rose (Helleborus Niger, Black Hellebore).

Rose-colour, varying in depth. This is the "black hellebore" of Spenser's Garden of Proserpina; in which, amidst the poisonous and sleepy flowers, he put "a silver seat,"—thus intimating the riches and delicacy of the involuntary goddess of the lower regions, who was compelled to recreate herself in such a place, instead of her flowery Sicilian vallies.

There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store;
And trees of bitter gall; and heben* sad;
Dead sleeping poppy; and black hellebore;
Cold coloquintida,† and tetra‡ mad;
Mortall samuitis;§ and cicuta|| bad,
With which th' unjust Athenians made to die
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pour'd out his life and last philosophy
To the fair Critias, his dearest belamy.

"Pour'd out his life and last philosophy." How beautiful, and true!

The Garden of Proserpina this hight:
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arbour goodly over dight,
In which she often used from open heat
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat,—
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispredd, and body great,
Clothed with leaves that none the wood mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

Their fruit was golden apples, glistening bright.

Hence the Golden Apples of the Hesperides, of Atalanta, of Acontius and Cydippe, and the Apple of Discord which Paris presented to Venus, and which brought death upon Troy. This Garden of Proserpine would make a fine, deep-toned subject for a painter.

Yellow Hellebore (Eranthis Hyemalis, Winter Earth-flower); commonly called Winter-Arconite.

Sweet Coltsfoot (Tussilago fragrans, sweet-smelling Tussilage or Cough-plant).

"Best kept in pots," says Mr Loudon in his 'Encyclopædia of Plants,' "because it is apt to run." It is occasionally used as a remedy for coughs.

Snow Drop (Galanthus Nivalis, Snowy Milk-flower).

The word "drop" beautifully expresses its pensile

* Alluding to the marks on the ancient hyacinth (the turk's-cap lily), which sometimes form themselves into shapes like the words ai, ai, and were supposed to utter those exclamations of mourning for the death of Hyacinthus, whom Apollo accidentally slew with a quoit.

† Ebony. ‡ Bitter Gourd. § Deadly nightshade.
§ Supposed Sabine or Savine-tree. || Hemlock.

and overlooking delicacy; and "snow" expresses its colour and season, but not the green with which it is so exquisitely touched. It is curious that so cold-looking, and yet flowery a flower, as delicate as if it was bred in a hot-house, should come at a time, when a more glowing one would seem more welcome. But there is a beauty in similarity, as well as in contrast.

Japan Quince (*Cydonia Japonica*; more commonly known as *Pyrus Japonica*, or *Japan Pear*). Flowers of a rich crimson.

Japan Allspice (*Chimonanthus fragrans*, Sweet-smelling *Winter-flower*). Yellow and red flowers, variegated.

China Rose (*Rosa Indica*, the *Indian Rose*; and *Rosa Semperflorens*, *Ever-flowering Rose*).

The first pink, the second crimson. Of both these species there are roses called monthly; and they appear accordingly in the monthly lists; but in point of fact, is it true that the monthly roses flourish all the year round in the open air?—It is a charming sight to see *China Roses* covering the front of a cottage in winter-time. It looks as if we need have no winter, if we chuse, as far as flowers are concerned; and, in fact, as the reader may see by the above list, it is possible to have both a beautiful and fragrant garden in January, especially if the flowers are cultivated in good lumps of each, and not sparingly. There is a story in *Boccaccio*, of a magician who conjured up a garden in winter-time. His magic consisted in his having a knowledge beyond his time; and magic pleasures, so to speak, await on all who chuse to exercise knowledge after his fashion, and to realize what the progress of information and good taste may suggest.

Even a garden six feet wide is better than none. Let the possessor show his "magic" by making the most of it, and filling it with colour.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[REPRINTED, by leave of the proprietors, from the second edition of the work as intitled; and so to be continued in the *LONDON JOURNAL*, till complete. The present criticism does not stand first in the list; but has been selected, on account of fitness for the season.]

NO. I. TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

This is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakspeare's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasantry. It is, perhaps, too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire, and no spleen. It aims at the ludicrous rather than the ridiculous. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them, and still less bear an ill-will towards them. Shakspeare's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its power of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons, than in leaving a sting behind it. He gives the most amusing exaggeration of the prevailing foibles of his characters, but in a way that they themselves, instead of being offended at, would almost join in to humour; he rather contrives opportunities for them to show themselves off in the happiest lights, than renders them contemptible in the perverse construction of the wit or malice of others. There is a certain stage of society in which people become conscious of their peculiarities and absurdities, affect to disguise what they are, and set up pretensions to what they are not. This gives rise to a corresponding style of comedy, the object of which is to detect the disguises of self-love, and to make reprisals on these preposterous assumptions of vanity, by marking the contrast between the real and the affected character as severely as possible, and denying to those, who would impose on us what they are not, even the merit which they have. This is the comedy of artificial life, of wit and satire, such as we see it in Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, &c. To this succeeds a state of society from which the

same sort of affectation and pretence are banished by a greater knowledge of the world, or by their successful exposure on the stage; and, which, by neutralising the materials of comic character, both natural and artificial, leaves no comedy at all,—but the sentimental. Such is our modern comedy. There is a period in the progress of manners anterior to both these, in which the follies and foibles of individuals are of nature's planting, not the growth of art or study; in which they are, therefore, unconscious of them themselves, or care not who knows them, if they can but have their whim out; and in which, as there is no attempt at inspection, the spectators rather receive pleasure from humouring the inclinations of the persons they laugh at, than wish to give them pain by exposing their absurdity. This may be called the comedy of nature, and it is the comedy which we generally find in Shakspeare. Whether the analysis here given be just or not, the spirit of his comedies is evidently quite distinct from that of the authors above-mentioned, as it is in its essence the same with that of Cervantes, and also very frequently of Moliere, though he was more systematic in his extravagance than Shakspeare. Shakspeare's comedy is of a pastoral and poetical cast. Folly is indigenous to the soil, and shoots out with native, happy, and unchecked luxuriance. Absurdity has every encouragement afforded it; and nonsense has room to flourish in. Nothing is stunted by the churlish, icy hand of indifference or severity. The poet runs riot in a conceit, and idolizes a quibble. His whole object is to turn the meanest or rudest objects to a pleasurable account. The relish which he has of a pun, or of the quaint humour of a low character, does not interfere with the delight with which he describes a beautiful image, or the most refined love. The clown's forced jests do not spoil the sweetness of the character of *Viola*; the same house is big enough to hold *Malvolio*, the *Countess*, *Maria*, *Sir Toby*, and *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*. For instance, nothing can fall much lower than this last character in intellect or morals; yet how are his weaknesses nursed and dandled by *Sir Toby* into something "high fantastical," when, on *Sir Andrew's* recommendation of himself for dancing and fencing, *Sir Toby* answers—"Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust like mistress Moll's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig! What dost thou mean? Is this a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was framed under the star of a galliard!" How *Sir Toby*, *Sir Andrew*, and the *Clown* afterwards chirp over their cups, how they "rouse the night-owl in a catch, able to draw three souls out of one weaver?" What can be better than *Sir Toby's* unanswerable answer to *Malvolio*, "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" In a word, the best turn is given to every thing, instead of the worst. There is a constant confusion of the romantic and enthusiastic, in proportion as the characters are natural and sincere; whereas, in the more artificial state of comedy, every thing gives way to ridicule and indifference, there being nothing left but affectation on one side, and incredulity on the other. Much as we like Shakspeare's comedies, we cannot agree with Dr Johnson that they are better than his tragedies; nor do we like them half so well. If his inclination to comedy sometimes led him to trifle with the seriousness of tragedy, the poetical and impassioned passages are the best parts of his comedies. The great and secret charm of *Twelfth Night* is the character of *Viola*. Much as we like catches and cakes and ale, there is something that we like better. We have a friendship for *Sir Toby*; we patronise *Sir Andrew*; we have an understanding with the *Clown*, a sneaking kindness for *Maria* and her rogueries; we feel a regard for *Malvolio*, and sympathise with his gravity, his smiles, his cross garters, his yellow stockings and imprisonment in the stocks. But there is something that excites in us a stronger feeling than all this—it is *Viola's* confession of her love.

"DUKE. What's her history?

VIOLA. A blank, my Lord, she never told her love: She let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud Prey on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought, And wish a green and yellow melancholy She sat like patience on a monument Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed? We men may say more, swear more, but indeed Our shows are more than will; for still we prove Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA. I am all the daughters of my father's house, And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not."

Shakspeare alone could describe the effect of his own poetry.

"Oh it came o'er the ear like the sweet south That breaths upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odour."

What we so much admire here, is not the image of Patience on a monument, which has been generally quoted, but the lines before and after it. "They give a very echo to the seat where love is throned." How long ago it is since we first learned to repeat them—and still, still they vibrate on the heart, like the sounds which the passing wind draws from the trembling strings of a harp left on some desert shore! There are other passages of not less impassioned sweetness. Such is *Olivia's* address to *Sebastian*, whom she supposes to have already deceived her in a promise of marriage:—

"Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well Now go with me, and with this holy man, Into the chantry by: there before him, And underneath that consecrated roof Plight me the full assurance of your faith, That my most jealous and too-doubtful soul May live at peace."

We have already said something of Shakspeare's songs. One of the most beautiful of them occurs in this play, with a preface of his own to it.

"DUKE. O, fellow, come; the song we had last night. Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain. The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun, And the free maids that weave their thread with bones, Do use to chaunt it: it is silly, 'sooth, And defies with the innocence of love Like the old age."

SONG.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true love never find my grave,
To weep there."

Who after this will say that Shakspeare's genius was only fitted for comedy? Yet, after reading other parts of this play, and particularly the garden-scene, where *Malvolio* picks up the letter, if we were to say that his genius for comedy was less than his genius for tragedy, it would perhaps only prove that our own taste in such matters is more saturnine than mercurial.

"Enter MARIA.

SIR TOBY. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?

MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree: *Malvolio* is coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of

mockery! for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*They hide themselves.* MARIA throws down a letter and exits.]

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TOBY. Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN. O, peace! Contumacious makes a mere turkey-cock of him; how he juts under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight! I could so best the rogue.

SIR TOBY. Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO. To be Count Malvolio;—

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY. Basse, peace!

MALVOLIO. There is example for't; the lady of the Stanchy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW. Fie on him, Jasebel!

FABIAN. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my chair of state,—

SIR TOBY. O for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye.

MALVOLIO. Calling my officers about me in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

SIR TOBY. Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN. O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO. And then to have the humour of state: and after a durance travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby.

SIR TOBY. Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MALVOLIO. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me.

SIR TOBY. Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN. Though our silence be drawn from us with ears, yet peace!

MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

SIR TOBY. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

MALVOLIO. Saying—Cousin Toby, my fortunes have cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech;—

SIR TOBY. What, what?

MALVOLIO. You must amend your drunkenness.

FABIAN. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO. Besides you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight.—

SIR ANDREW. That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO. Ome Sir Andrew—

SIR ANDREW. I know 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

The letter and his comments on it are equally good. If poor Malvolio's treatment afterwards is a little hard, poetical justice is done in the uneasiness which Olivia suffers, on account of her mistaken attachment to Cesario, as her insensibility to the violence of the Duke's passion is atoned for by the discovery of Viola's concealed love of him.

THE AMERICAN LOCUST.

[*Query—Is not this animal the same as the Cicada of the South of Europe,—Acanth's Grasshopper, —the Cicada of the Latins?—En.*]

MR. EDITOR,—America offers few objects of greater curiosity for the entomologist than the insect commonly called "the locust." This insect makes its appearance only once in seventeen years. The inhabitants of the middle States look for it, in its regular periods, of emerging, as naturally as they expect the vicissitudes of the seasons. Some assert that it is always seen, for the first time, on the 25th of May. I cannot vouch for the truth of this observation, since, having witnessed the occurrence but twice, I was so very young on the first occasion as to remember little about it. It was not, however, until the 25th of May 1833, that I had an opportunity of seeing it for the second time in my life. Going into the fields, on that day, I observed the ground everywhere perforated with innumerable little holes, near some of which were lying the shells of locusts which had emerged during the night; other shells were hanging, attached by sharp pointed claws, to the leaves of the surrounding bushes upon which the insects had crawled previously to coming forth. These shells (about the size of a large hornet) are of a semitransparent yellow, very thin, and so nicely adapted to the forms they enclose as to exhibit the development of the minutest fibre. The aperture through which the insect emerges (a straight slit in the back) extends about half the distance between the neck and the extremity of the tail. Its first colour is white; and, when about half protruded, it remains attached to the shell, until the action of the air in drying and strengthening its wings (which in that state resemble slim pieces of thin wet paper) enables it in a short time to burst away. The rising sun soon gives it strength to fly to the nearest tree, where it perches and makes a long, monotonous noise, produced by the vibration of a little membrane under each of its wings. Some of them (but it is not known, with certainty, whether the male or female) are destitute of this harmonious organ, and doomed to remain in total silence. Reasoning from analogy, however, I should hardly suppose this to be the female locust. Neither is it ascertained with certainty whether it ever partakes of any other food than that which may be afforded by the air. It carries under its body a sharp pointed instrument, the extremity of which resembles the point of a spear, by means of which it perforates the bark of fruit trees to deposit its eggs. Its wings are transparent like those of the wasp, although much larger and more fibrous. There is a vulgar superstition that, if the letter P is visible upon the wing, the country will enjoy peace until its next return, but that the letter W is portentous of war. The wings of all that I observed, this year, were inscribed very distinctly with a W. The longest period of its existence is said to be only forty days. The swarms are so numerous that millions of them are every where to be seen, every tree is covered with them, and the whole country is vocal with their long-sounding, monotonous clamour.

If, sir, you may think that the following verses, written shortly before leaving my native country, and addressed to one of these little insects, are not unworthy of insertion in your journal, they are perfectly at your service.

TO A LOCUST.

I.

SWEET little visitor, all hail!—
Whether thy notes with mournful wail
Or fraught with gladness, load the gale,
Still art thou welcome, here;
Thou might'st the septial couch regale,
Or solemnize the bier.

II.

The tuneful age is rare with thee,
Emblem of human minstrelsy!
The age of song we seldom see
E'en amid Reason's sons:
'Twixt bards there's many a century
That intervening runs.

III.

Whole ages fled from Moner's lyre,
Till Virgil wak'd the epic wire:
The Italian 'Three with breath of fire
Emerg'd—then plung'd in night:
Last, Milton, from the angelic choir,
Snatch'd his bold tramp of night.

IV.

Hail, little warbler! once again,
That with a childhood-waking strain,
Singest a song of joy and pain,
Lugubrious and glad,
Evoking memories to the tunin,
So pleasing, yet so sad!

V.

With youth these cheeks were crimson red,
Soft auburn locks adorn'd this head,
These eyes from Heaven's height stars were fed,
When first I heard thy throat;
And manhood's shell I almost shed,
Once more to hear its note.

VI.

But, ah! those sounds the truth recall
With every wild, each mournful fall!
Now, childhood's joys are vanish'd all,
These bright eyes diam'd with care
And darken'd almost to a pall,
That soft and auburn hair.

VII.

Thou sang'st my infant lullaby!
Perchance, when next thou sing'st to me,
These looks may scander, whither be!
Perchance, that dismal slave
May be the only elegy
To mourn my early grave!

W. M. W.

* The little membrane, by means of which the insect produces a sound, is situated very near what we may suppose to be its throat.

FINE ARTS.

Gallery of Portraits. No. XXXII. Charles Knight.

THE new number of the 'Portrait Gallery,' contains portraits of Des Cartes, Spenser, and Hugo Grotius. Grotius looks a proper Dutchman; but with more vivacity in his face than we are apt to allow the composed Hollander. What a singular fate, was his, after an eventful life, to fall a victim to an impudent attempt of Christine of Sweden to keep him in her service, *volens volens*; even sending for him back when he had got away without a passport. It was characteristic of the wilfulness and recklessness which she afterwards so audaciously exhibited. The portrait of Des Cartes is clearly and vigorously engraved; though the shadows are perhaps a little opaque. The hair is excellent; it comes very near to oil painting. The countenance is a singular one; there is a striking expression of thoughtful abstraction about the eyes—he seems to be "looking at nothing," as the saying is—and of bland good-nature about the mouth, which accords with the character which he bore, of an industrious thinker, and a good and amiable man. The portrait of Spenser is a fine specimen of chalk engraving: the eyes—the eyebrows,—the flesh, blending in the hair,—the ear, and its tender shadows,—the laced ruff,—are instances of exquisite delicacy and finish; while the excellent keeping preserved throughout the whole, the justness of the tone of the lights and shades, and the beauty of the expression, leave nothing wanting in point of force and effect. The commonly received portrait of Spenser is from a picture in Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; between that and the present one there is no point of resemblance; they represent two different individuals. There is, we believe, no positive proof of the authenticity of either. The one before us, however, is evidently an actual portrait of some one at least; the other bears no obvious traces of having been taken from any living original; it has nothing in itself to disprove its being an invention.

Curious Fact.—Few of the Latin authors were Romans by birth. The only men of which the capitol can boast, are those of Lucretius, Cæsar, and Varro.—*Dunlop's Roman Literature.*

Both are, therefore, traditional, but internal evidence is in favour of the Kinnoull picture. The face, too, is better suited to the poet. The Cambridge picture is more ideal, and perhaps more accordant with our general notions of the head of a poet, as to a certain picturesque bearing; but this other exhibits more refinement of feeling, more suffering, suitable to the gentle Spenser, the friend of Sidney, the inventor and painter of that lovely world of Faery, the man who struggled with calamity, and died in poverty and despair. In the Earl of Tyrone's rebellion, in 1598, he was plundered and deprived of his estate. No direct or authentic account of the circumstances attending this calamity has come down to us; but among the heads of a conversation between Ben Jonson and Drummond, at Hawthornden, given in the works of the latter, Jonson, after saying that neither Spenser's stanzas pleased him nor his matter, is stated to have given the following appalling description of his misfortune: "That his goods were robbed by the Irish, and his house and a little child burnt; he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in King street, Westminster." Jonson, however, adds a circumstance, the strangeness of which throws suspicion over the former part of the story: "He refused twenty pieces sent him by my Lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them." But whether these particulars be true or not, it is certain that he died in London, ruined, and a victim to despair, according to Camden, in 1596, but, according to Sir James Ware, who wrote the 'Preface to the View of the State of Ireland,' in 1599. Sir James, after having given a high character of his poetry, says, "with a fate peculiar to poets, Spenser lived in a continual struggle with poverty: he was driven away from his house and plundered by the rebels: soon after his return in penury to England, he died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey near Chaucer, at the expense of the Earl of Essex; the poets of the time, who attended his funeral, threw verses into his grave." In order to account for the inaccuracy of the dates on the monument, it is alleged that the inscription had been defaced, perhaps by the puritans in revenge for the descriptions of the Blatant Beast; and that, on its renewal, the carver (the year of his birth being illegible) put ten at a venture, and ninety-six, instead of ninety-eight, or ninety-nine."

(The 'Musical Library,' and other musical subjects, next week.)

CHARLES LAMB.

To the great regret of his friends, and the loss of the lovers of wit and fine writing, Mr Lamb has just died, suddenly. There was a brief but happy mention of him in the 'Times' of Monday, which we regret to say we accidentally missed copying, and cannot, at this moment, recur to. The following cordial notice, from the 'True Sun,' is the only other we have seen up to this present writing, but many others will have appeared by the time it is published.

"It is with a feeling of the deepest pain and sorrow that we have to record the death of this friend and benefactor of humanity. Charles Lamb, the fine-minded and noble-hearted Elia, expired at his house at Edmonton, on the morning of Saturday last. His death was rather sudden, and we greatly fear that it may have been hastened by an accident which he met with a few days before. While taking his customary morning walk on the London road, his foot slipped, and he fell—striking his face against some stones, so as to wound it severely. He was recovering, however, when we heard of him (on Christmas-day), and as full of jest and whim as ever. Mr Lamb sustained a severe shock in the loss of his, perhaps, oldest and dearest friend, Coleridge—to whom he so recently paid the last tribute of mortality—with whom he has so soon been re-united. All love and honour wait upon the memory of the Friends! No man was ever more loved and honoured in life than Charles Lamb; his audience

was fit, though few. His exquisite humour, his refined and subtle thought, his admirable critical powers—the fancy, the feeling, the wit that give a character to his essays quite unique—

'All were but ministers of love,
And fed his sacred flame;'

that love which embraces humanity—the sympathy that encircles the whole family of life. Mr Lamb was, we believe, in his sixty-first year. He has left a memory to which years will but add grace and lustre."

Mr Lamb was a humanist, in the most universal sense of the term. His imagination was not great, and he also wanted sufficient vigour of impulse to render his poetry as good as his prose; but, as a prose-writer, and within the wide circuit of humanity, no man ever took a more complete range than he. He had felt, thought, and suffered so much, that he literally had intolerance for nothing, and never seemed to have it, but when he supposed the sympathies of men, who might have known better, to be imperfect. He was a wit and an observer of the first order, as far as the world around him was concerned, and society in its existing state; for as to anything theoretical or transcendental, no man ever had less care for it, or less power. To take him out of habit and convention, however tolerant he was to those who could speculate beyond them, was to put him into an exhausted receiver, or to send him naked, shivering, and driven to shatters, through the regions of space and time. He was only at his ease in the old arms of humanity; and she loved and comforted him like one of her wisest, though weakest children. His life had experienced great and peculiar sorrows; but he kept up a balance between those and his consolations, by the goodness of his heart, and the ever-willing sociality of his humour; though, now and then, as if he would cram into one moment the spleen of years, he would throw out a startling and morbid subject for reflection, perhaps in no better shape than a pun; for he was a great punster. It was a levity that relieved the gravity of his thoughts, and kept them from falling too heavily earthwards.

Mr Lamb was under the middle-size, and of fragile make; but with a head as fine as if it had been carved on purpose. He had a very weak stomach; and three glasses of wine would put him in as lively a condition as can only be wrought in some men by as many bottles; which subjected him, sometimes, to mistakes on the part of the inconsiderate.

His essays, especially those collected under the signature of ELIA, will take their place among the daintiest productions of English wit-melancholy,—an amiable melancholy being the ground-work of them, and serving to throw out their delicate flowers of wit and character with the greater nicety. Nor will they be liked the less for a sprinkle of old language, which was natural in him by reason of his great love of the old English writers. Shakspeare himself might have read them, and Hamlet have quoted them; for truly was our excellent friend of the genuine line of Yorick; and we cannot help fancying the old skeleton, Death himself, looking kindly on him, and saying, "Come, you see even I have a right to your good word."

Roman Politeness.—Messala was united to Terentia, who had been first married to Cicero, and subsequently to Sallust, the historian. After the death of Messala, she entered, in extreme old age, into a fourth marriage, with a Roman senator, who used to say that he possessed the two greatest curiosities in Rome,—the widow of Cicero, and the chair in which Julius Caesar had been assassinated.—*Dunlop's Roman Literature.*

True Breeding.—Lord Chatham, who was almost as remarkable for his manners as for his eloquence and public spirit, has defined good-breeding "Benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life."—*Sharp's Letters and Essays.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are very sensible of the good-will and approbation of the 'Manchester Times.'

A press of matter connected with the time of the year has delayed our extracts from Mr Simpson's valuable book, but we shall resume them in our next.

It is our intention to resume the subject mentioned by our kind friend *Europos* of Hereford. We hope also he will see his other wishes attended to in some shape or other, as occasion arises. He is right respecting the channel of communication.

We will consider the subject mentioned to us by H. W. H.

We read with great pleasure the letter of our friend T. R., and shall pay our best attention to his communication, of which we can here only acknowledge the receipt.

Perhaps ELLEN will favour us with some further account of the author in question, that we may be able to say more of him if necessary.

Thanks for the approbation and advice of CHRISTOPHER EASEL.

We entertain no contempt for any form of verse, in which clever men can convey their feelings; but the particular one selected by T. T. Jun. would give rise to the necessity of rejecting many of a like sort; and we foresee, from our press of matter, especially that portion of it connected with our older poetry, that we shall be compelled to admit fewer poetical contributions than usual into the LONDON JOURNAL. Indeed, we are already under the necessity of withholding many of those contributions, for similar and other reasons lately mentioned; otherwise we should have been much gratified in showing our sense of the minds and hearts of many of our Correspondents; IOTA for one, and E. N. and W. D., whose letters were very acceptable. We cannot even say any more to the truly womanly letter, dated Dublin, December 23, and containing lines on a deceased friend of the fair writer.

We will see if we cannot do what is desired by Mr F. R., respecting the title-pages to the volumes he speaks of, and let him know in our Notices to Correspondents a week or two hence.

E.'s communications from Croydon were received and duly relished, his letter not the least of them. He will understand why our acknowledgments are not more specific. As to the "astonishing brilliance," it was a license of announcement taken with our own spirits, and the good-humour of the readers; but it is alarming to be reminded of it; and we trust that E., and all other readers, will judge of it by the impulse and not the performance.

JUNIUS DELECTOR, alas! does not know how much the time of a man of letters is taken up, nor what a number of things must take place, besides what he thinks necessary.

Between the printing of a dreadful article, And the first thought of it.

In the rest we hope we may do something to gratify him.

The explanation promised to F. respecting Northumberland House was omitted last week by forgetfulness; and on reflection we think it had better appear in the ensuing number of the Supplement itself; which shall also contain the corrections with which he has favoured us. We thank him for the spirit of his second letter. It will have rendered it unnecessary for us to notice with regret something which pained us in the first.

We must beg J. C. M. to wait till next week.

The communication of a SON OF LABOUR came too late, but we are obliged to him for his letter. The alteration he proposes in the size of the JOURNAL would not be accounted a judicious one by those who are conversant with such publications.

AUNT SELBY, the first opportunity. Also LAURA LATIMER, and the LADY'S Farewells to the False Knyghte.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14, 1835.

No. 42.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE PIANO-FORTE.

HENRY THE FOURTH expressed a patriotic hope to see the time arrive when every man in France should have "a fowl boiling in his pot." The anathemas of an able political writer against music-playing in farmers' houses (very just if his calculation of the effect of it were the only one) do not hinder us from expressing a hope, that the time may arrive, when every family that can earn its subsistence, shall have its Piano-forte. Not to make them "fine and fashionable," or contemptuous of any right thinking; but to help them to the pleasures of true refinement, to reward them for right thinking and right doing, and make them feel how compatible are the homeliest of their duties with an elegant recreation. Just as the fields and homesteads around them are powdered with daisies and roses, and the very cabbages in their gardens can glitter with sunny dew-drops, to those that have eyes beyond their common use.

In Germany they have Piano-fortes in inns and cottages; why should they not have them in England? The only true answer is, because we sea-faring and commercial Saxons, by very reason of our wealth, and of the unequal advance of knowledge in comparison with it, have missed the wiser conclusions, in this respect, of our continental brethren, and been accustomed to the vulgar mistake of identifying all refinement with riches, and, consequently, all the right of being refined with the attainment of them. We fancy that nobody can or will be industrious and condescend to a homely duty, who has a taste for an elegance; and, so fancying, we bring up the nation, at their peril, to have the same opinion, and thus the error is maintained, and all classes suffer for it; the rich, because it renders them but half sensible of the real enjoyment of their accomplishments, and makes them objects of jealousy to the poor; and the poor, because it forces them to work out, with double pain, that progression towards a better state of things, the steps of which would be healed and elevated by such balmy accompaniments. In England, it is taken for an affectation, or some worse sign, if people show an inclination to accomplishments not usually found within their sphere. But the whole evil consists in the accomplishments not being there already, and constituting part of their habits; for in Germany the circumstance is regarded with no such ill-will; nor do the male or female performers who can play on the Piano-forte, or sing to it (and there are millions of such) fancy they have the less duties to perform, or that they are intitled a bit the more to disrespect those duties. On the contrary, they just know so much the better what is good both in the duty and the recreation; for no true thing can co-exist falsely with another that is true; each reflects light and comfort on each. To have one set of feelings harmonized and put in good key, is to enable us to turn others to their best account; and he or she who could go from their music to their duties in a frame of mind the worse for it, would only be the victim of a false opinion, eradicable, and not of a natural feeling improveable. But false refinements are first set up, and then made judges of true ones. A foolish rich man, who can have concerts in his house, identifies his music, not with anything that he really feels or knows about it, but with his power to afford it. He is of opinion with

Hugh Rebeck in the play, when he is asked why music is said to have a "silver sound,"—"Because musicians sound for silver." But if he knew what music really was, he would not care twopence for the show and flare of the thing, any more than he would to have a nightingale painted like a parrot. You may have an Æolian harp in your window that shall cost twenty guineas—you may have another that shall cost little more than a many pence. Will the winds visit the poor one with less love? or the true ear hear it with the less rapture? One of the obstacles in the way of a general love of music, in this country, is the dearness of it, both print and instrument; and this is another effect of the mistakes of wealth. The rich, having monopolized music, have made it costly; and the mistaken spirit of trade encourages the delusion, instead of throwing open the source of comfort to greater numbers. A costly Piano-forte makes a very fine, and, it must be owned, a very pleasing show in a room, if made in good taste; but scarcely a bit of the fineness is necessary to it. A Piano-forte is a harp in a box; and the box might be made of any decent materials, and the harp strung for a comparative nothing to what it is now. If we took a lesson from our cousins in Saxony and Bavaria, the demand for cheap Piano-fortes would soon bring down the price; and instead of quarrelling over their troubles, or muddling them with beer and opium, and rendering themselves alike unfit for patience or action, the poor would "get up" some music in their villages, and pursue their duties, or their claims, with a calmness beneficial to everybody.

We are aware of the political question that might be put to us at these points of our speculation; but we hold it to be answered by the real nature of the case, and, in fact, to have nothing whatever to do with it. We are an unmusical people at present (unless the climate have to do with it), simply because of what has been stated, and not for any reason connected with questions of greater or less freedom. The most musical nations—Greece, Italy, and Germany—have alike been free or enslaved, according as other circumstances happened; not as music was more or less regarded; with this difference, that the more diffused the music, the more happy the peace, or the more "deliberate" the "valour." The greatest among the most active as well as most contemplative of mankind have been lovers of music, often performers of it, and have generally united, in consequence, both action and contemplation. Epaminondas was a flute-player; so was Frederick the Second; and Luther and Milton were organists.

In connexion with music, then, let us hear nothing about politics, either way. It is one of God's goods which we ought to be desirous to see cultivated among us, next after corn, and honesty, and books. The human hand was made to play it, the ear to hear it, the soul to think it something heavenly; and if we do not avail ourselves of it accordingly, we turn

not our hands, ears, and souls to their just account, nor reap half the benefit we might from the very air that sounds it.

A Piano-forte is a most agreeable object. It is a piece of furniture with a soul in it, ready to waken at a touch, and charm us with invisible beauty. Open or shut, it is pleasant to look at; but open, it looks best, smiling at us with its ivory, like the mouth of a sweet singer. The keys of a Piano-forte are, of themselves, an agreeable spectacle,—an elegance not sufficiently prized for their aspect, because they are so common; but well worth regarding even in that respect. The colour of the white keys is not a cold white, or even when at their whitest there is something of a warmth in the idea of ivory. The black furnish sort of Mosaic, and all are smooth and easy to the touch. It is one of the advantages of this instrument to the learner, that there is no discord to go through in getting at a tone. The tone is ready made. The finger touches the key, and there is music at once. Another and greater advantage is, that it contains a whole concert in itself, for you may play with all your fingers, and then every finger performs the part of a separate instrument. True, it will not compare with a real concert,—with the rising winds of an orchestra; but in no single instrument, except the organ, can you have such a combination of sounds; and the organ itself cannot do for you what the Piano-forte does. You can neither get it so cheap, nor will it condescend to play everything for you as the other does. It is a lion which has "no skill in dandling the kid." It is Jupiter, unable to put off his deity when he visits you. The Piano-forte is not incapable of the grandest music, and it performs the light and neat to admiration, and does not omit even the tender. You may accompany with it, almost equally well, the social graces of Mozart, and the pathos of Winter and Paesiello; and, as to a certain miniature brilliance of taste and execution, it has given rise to a music of its own, in the hands of Clementi and others. All those delicate ivory keys which repose in such evenness and quiet, wait only the touch of the master's fingers to become a dancing and singing multitude, and, out of apparent confusion, make accordant loveliness. How pleasant to the uninitiated to see him lay his hand upon them, as if in mere indifference, or at random; and as he dimples the instrument with touches wide and numerous as rain-drops on a summer-sea, play upon the ear the most regular harmonies, and give us, in a twinkling, elaborations, which it would take us years to pick out. We forget that he has gone through the same labour, and think only of the beautiful and mysterious result. He must have a taste, to be sure, which no labour can gift him with, and of this we have a due sense. We wish we had a book by us, written a few years back, intitled 'A Ramble among the Musicians in Germany,' in order that we might quote a passage from it about the extempore playing of Hummel, the celebrated master who was lately in this county; but, if we are not mistaken, it is the hand of the same writer which, in so good a style, between sport and scholarship, plays its musical criticisms every week in the 'Atlas,' for they are the next thing to an instrument themselves; and we recommend our readers to get a sight of that paper as often as they can, in order to cultivate the taste

* " ————— Anon they move
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders: such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd,
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat:
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'swage
With solemn touches troubled thought, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds."—*Paradise Lost*.

of which England at present seems to be so promisingly ambitious. By the way, we know not whether the Italians use the word in the same sense at present; but in an old dictionary in our possession, the keys of musical instruments are called "tasti,"—*tastes*,—a very expressive designation. You do *taste* the Piano-forte the moment you touch it. Anybody can *taste* it; which, as we said before, is not the case with other instruments, the tone in them not being ready made; though a master, of course, may apply the word to any.

"So said,—his hand, sprightly as fire, he flings,
And with a quavering coyness *tastes* the strings."

There are superfine ears that profess not to be able to endure a Piano-forte after a concert; others that always find it to be out of tune; and more who veil their insensibility to music in general, by protesting against "everlasting tinkles," and school-girl affectation or sullenness. It is not a pleasure, certainly, which a man would select, to be obliged to witness affectations of any sort, much less sullenness, or any other absurdity. Such young ladies as are perpetually thinking of their abstract pretensions, and either affectedly trying to sew up their musical skill to them, or resenting, with tears and petty exclamations, that they cannot do it, are not the most sensible and agreeable of all possible charmers. But these terrible calamities may be safely left to the endurance, or non-endurance, of the no less terrible critics, who are so merciless upon them, or pretend to be. The critics and the performers will equally take themselves for prodigious people; and music will do both parties more good than harm in the long run, however their zeal may fall short of their would-be capacity for it. With respect to Piano-fortes not perfectly in tune, it is a curious fact, in the history of sounds, that no instrument is ever perfectly in tune. Even the heavenly charmer, music, being partly of earth as well as of heaven, partakes the common imperfection of things sub-lunary. It is, therefore, possible to have senses too fine for it, if we are to be always sensible of this imperfection; to

"Die of an air in achromatic pain;"

and if we are not to be thus sensible, who is to judge at what nice point of imperfection the disgust is to begin, where no disgust is felt by the general ear? The sound of a trumpet, in Mozart's infancy, is said to have threatened him with convulsions. To such a man, and especially to so great a master, every right of a horror of discord would be conceded, supposing his ear to have grown up as it began; but that it did not do so is manifest from his use of trumpets; while at the same time so fine *beyond* ultra-fineness was his ear, that there is a passage in his works, pronounced impractically discordant by the whole musical world, which nevertheless the critics are agreed that he must have written as it stands.* In other words, Mozart perceived a harmony in discord itself, or what universally appeared to be such,—just as very fine tastes in eating and drinking relish something which is disliked by the common palate; or, as the reading world discovered, not long ago, that Pope, for all his sweetness, was not so musical a versifier as those "crabbed old English poets." The crabs were found to be very apples of the Hesperides. What we would infer from this is, that the same exquisite perception which discerned the sweetness in the sour of that discord, would not have been among the first to despise an imperfection in the tuning of an instrument, nor, though he might wish it away, be rendered insensible by it of that finest part of the good music it performed, which consists in invention, and expression, and grace,—always the flower of music, as of every other art, and to be seen and enjoyed by the very finest ears as well as the humbler ones of good-will, because the soul of a thing is worth more to them than the body of it, and the greater is greater than the less.

Thus much to caution true lovers of music how

* We cannot refer to it in its place; but it was quoted some time since in the 'Atlas.'

they suffer their natural discernment to be warped by platitudes "more nice than wise," and to encourage them, if an instrument pleases the general lovers of music, to try and be pleased with it as much as they can themselves, maugre what technical refiners may say of it, probably out of a jealousy of those whose refinements are of a higher order. All instruments are out of tune, the acoustic philosopher tells us. Well, be it so; provided we are not so much out of tune ourselves as to know it, or to be unable to discern something better in spite of it.

As to those who, notwithstanding their pretended love of music at other times, are so ready to talk of "jingling" and "tinkling," whenever they hear a Piano-forte, or a poor girl at her lesson, they have really no love of music whatsoever, and only proclaim as much to those who understand them. They are among the wiseacres who are always proving their spleen at the expence of their wit.

Piano-fortes will probably be much improved by the next generation. Experiments are daily making with them, sometimes of much promise; and the extension of science on all hands bids fair to improve whatever is connected with mechanism. We are very well content, however, for ourselves, with the instrument as it is; are grateful for it, as a concert in miniature; and admire it as a piece of furniture in all its shapes: only we do not like to see it made a table of, and laden with moveables; nor when it is upright does it seem quite finished without a bust on it; perhaps, because it makes so good a pedestal, and seems to call for one.

Piano-forte (soft and strong) is not a good name for an instrument which is no softer nor stronger than some others. The organ unites the two qualities most; but *organ* (*ὄργανον*, instrumentum, —is if the instrument, by excellence) is the proper word for it, not to be parted with, and of a sound fit for its nobleness. The word *Piano-forte* came up, when the harpsichord and spinet, its predecessors, were made softer. *Harpsichord* (arpichorda,—commonly called in Italian clavicembalo, or keyed cymbal, i. e. a box or hollow, Fr. clavecin) is a sounding, but hardly a good word, meaning a harp with chords—which may be said of any harp. *Spinet*, an older term (spinette, thorns), signifies the quills which used to occupy the place of the modern clothed hammers, and which produced the harsh sound in the old instruments; the quill striking the edge of the strings, like the nicking of a guitar-string by the nail. The spinett was preceded by the *Virginals*, the oldest instrument, we believe, of the kind,—so called, perhaps, from its being chiefly played upon by young women, or because it was used in singing hymns to the Virgin. Spenser has mentioned it in an English *Trimeter-Lambic*; one of those fantastic attempts to introduce the unoriginalities of Latin versification, which the taste of the great poet soon led him to abandon. The line, however, in which the virginals are mentioned, presents a picture not unworthy of him. His apostrophe, at the outset, to his "unhappie verse," contains an involuntary satire:

"Unhappie Verse! the witness of my unhappie state,
Make thyself flutt'ring wings of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my Love whosoever
she be;

Whether lying restless in heavy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerfull boarde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on her heavenlie virginals."

Queen Elizabeth is on record as having played on the virginals. It has been supposed by some that the instrument took its name from her; but it is probably older. The musical instrument mentioned in one of Shakespeare's sonnets is of the same keyed family. What a complete feeling of the *andante*, or going movement (as the Italians call it), is there in the beautiful line which we have marked! and what

a pleasant mixture of tenderness and archness throughout!

"How oft when thou, my music, music play'st
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, that should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait!
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, methy lips to kiss."

Thus we have two out of our great poets, Spenser and Shakespeare, showing us the delight they took in the same species of instrument which we have now, and so bringing themselves near to our Piano-fortes.

"Still virginalling
Upon his palm—"

says the jealous husband in the 'Winter's Tale.' Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, all mention the organ. Chaucer speaks of several instruments, but we cannot trace to him any keyed ones. It is rather surprising that the poets, considering the love of music natural to them, and their frequent mention of the art, have spoken of so few musical instruments—at least as if conversant with them in their houses. Milton was an organ-player, and Gay a flute-player (how like the difference of their genius!). Thomson possessed an Æolian harp, of which he seems to have been very fond. He has addressed an ode to it (from which the verses have been set to music, beginning

"Methinks I hear the full celestial choir");

and has again mentioned the instrument in his 'Castle of Indolence,' a most fit place for it.

All the truest lovers of any one art admire the other arts. Farinelli had several harpsichords, to which he gave the names of painters, according to their respective qualities,—calling one his Raphael, another his Correggio, &c. And the exquisite little painting, by Annibal Carracci, in the British Gallery, of 'Silenus teaching Apollo to play the pany-pipe' (together with a companion picture hanging near it) is said to have formed one of the compartments of the harpsichord belonging to that great painter. This is the natural magnificence of genius, which thinks no ornaments too precious for the objects of its love. We should like to be rich enough to play at imitating these great men, and see how much we could do to aggrandize a Piano-forte. Let us see: It should be of the most precious, aromatic wood; the white keys, ivory (nothing can be better than that); the black, ebony; the legs, sculptured with foliage and Loves and Graces; the panels should all be Titians and Correggios; the most exquisite verses out of the Poets should be carved between them; an arabesque cabinet should stand near it, containing the finest compositions; and Rossini should come from Italy to play them, and Pasta to sing.

¶ Meantime, what signifies all this luxury? The soul of music is at hand, wherever there are keys and strings and loving fingers to touch them; and this soul, which disposes us to fancy the luxury, enables us to do without it. We can enjoy it in vision, without the expense.

We take the liberty of closing this article with two copies of verses, which two eminent living musicians, Messrs Barnett and Novello, have done us the honour to set to music. The verses have been printed before, but many of our readers will not have seen them. We did not think it possible for any words of our own to give us so much pleasure in the repetition, as when we heard her father's composition sung by the pure and most tuneful voice of Miss Clara Novello (Clara is she well named); and the reader may see what is thought of Mr Barnett's powers, by musical judges, in a criticism upon it in a late number of the 'Atlas,' or another in

a new cheap periodical publication, called the 'Englishwoman,' heirress to the graces and good stock of her deceased parents, the 'Ladies' Gazette' and the 'Penny Novelist,' and uniting them both to better advantage :—

THOUGHTS ON HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL MUSIC.

(Set to music by Vincent Novello.)

When lovely sounds about my ears
Like winds in Eden's tree-tops rise,
And make me, though my spirit hears,
For very luxury close my eyes,
Let none but friends be round about,
Who love the smoothing joy like me,
That so the charm be felt throughout,
And all be harmony.

And when we reach the close divine,
Then let the hand of her I love,
Come with its gentle palm on mine,
As soft as snow, or lighting dove;
And let, by stealth, that more than friend
Look sweetness in my opening eyes;
For only so such dreams should end,
Or wake in Paradise.

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANO-FORTE.

(From Barnett's 'Lyrical Illustrations of the Modern Poets.')

Oh friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heav'n-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Out-values thee;
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice:
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear,
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh, since no joy of human mould
Thus waits us still,
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find;
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,—
Thine answer, kind.

SHAKESPEARE AT THE BURIAL OF SPENSER.

THE funeral of the great author of the 'Faerie Queene,' in Westminster Abbey, was attended by his poetical brethren, who threw verses into the grave. In Mr Landon's new and delightful volume, the 'Examination of William Shakespeare' (which ought to be in the hands of every lover of subtle wit and sentiment, that can afford to purchase it), the future still greater poet, then young and unknown, is supposed to be modestly present in the back-ground; and a conceited townsman of his gives the following exquisite account of his promising countryman. He is writing a letter to another Stratford man, who comments upon the narrative in a like vein of self-complacent patronage and dull knowingness.

"Now I speak of poets (writeth Master Jacob Eldridge) you will be in a maze at hearing that our townsman hath written a power of matter for the play-houses. Neither he nor the bookseller think it quite good enough to print; but I do assure you on the faith of a Christian, it is not bad; and there is rare fun in the last thing of his about Venus, where a Jew, one Shiloh, is choused out of his money and his revenge. However, the best critics and the greatest lords find fault, and very justly, in the words.

"Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed

with the same food, hurt with the same weapon, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is?"

Surely this is very unchristianlike. Nay, for supposition sake, suppose it to be true, was it his business to tell the people so? Was it his duty to ring the crier's bell and cry to them, *the sorry Jews are quite as much men as you are*. The impudentest things (excepting some bauderies) that ever came from the stage! The church, luckily, has let him alone for the present, and the Queen winks upon it. The best defence he can make for himself is that it came from the mouth of a Jew, who says many other things as abominable. Master Greene may overrate him; but Master Greene declares that, if William goes on improving and taking his advice, it will be desperate hard work in another seven years to find so many as half-a-dozen chaps equal to him within the liberties. Master Greene and myself took him with us to see the burial of Master Edmund Spenser, in Westminster Abbey, on the 19th of January last. *The halberdmen pushed us back as having no business there*. Master Green told them he belonged to the Queen's company of players. William Shakespeare could have said the same, *but did not*. And I, fearing that Master Greene and he might be halberded back into the crowd, showed the badge of the Earl of Essex. Whereupon did the sergeant ground his halbert, and say unto me,—

"That badge commands admittance every where :—your folk likewise may come in."

Master Greene was red-hot angry, and told me he would bring him before the council.

William smiled, and Master Greene said,

"Why, would not you, if you were in my place?" He replied,

"I am an half inclined to do worse—to bring him before the audience some spare hour."

At the close of the burial-service, all the poets of the age threw their pens into the grave, together with the pieces they had composed in praise or lamentation of the deceased. William Shakespeare was the only poet who abstained from throwing either pen or poem,—at which no one marvelled, he being of low estate, and the others not having yet taken him by the hand. Yet many authors recognised him, not indeed as author, but as player; and one, civiler than the rest, came up unto him triumphantly, his eyes sparkling with glee and satisfaction, and said consolatorily,—

"In due time, my honest friend, you may be admitted to do as much for one of us."

"After such encouragement," replied our townsman, "I am bound in duty to give you the preference, should I indeed be worthy."

This was the only smart thing he uttered all the remainder of the day; during the whole of it he appeared to be half lost, I know not whether in melancholy or in meditation, and soon left us."

Here endeth all that my kinsman Jacob wrote about William Shakespeare, saving and excepting his excuses for having written so much. The rest of his letter was on a matter of wider and mightier import, namely, on the price of Cotteswolde cheese at Evesham fair. And yet, although ingenious men be not among the necessities of life, there is something in them that makes us curious in regard to their goings and doings. It were to be wished that some of them had attempted to be better accountants, and others do appear to have laid aside the copybook full early in the day.

A Wise Man's Revenge.—Lycurgus, when they had abandoned to his revenge him who had put out his eye, took him home, and the punishment he inflicted was sedulous instructions to virtue; after which, the offender being restored to his people, was by them, from a rash and injurious, found become a good, honest, and modest, citizen.—*Du Vair*.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LIII.—A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

(From the Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes.)

A REGIMENT was sent from Burgos against a Guerilla party, under the Marquis of Villa Campo, and ordered to treat the Spaniards with the most rigorous severity, especially the inhabitants of Arguano, a little village near the famous forest of Covelleda, whose deep shades, intersected only by narrow footpaths, were the resort of banditti and Guerillas. A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the celerity with which all our movements were notified to the insurgent chiefs, and the difficulty we experienced in procuring a spy or a guide, while these, when found, proved almost uniformly treacherous. The battalion had to march through a frightful country, climbing rugged rocks, and crossing frozen torrents, always in dread of unforeseen and sudden dangers. They reached the village, but perceived no movement—heard no noise. Some soldiers advanced, but saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command, suspecting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. The troops entered the street, and arrived at a small opening, where some sheaves of wheat and Indian corn, and a quantity of loaves were still smoking on the ground, but consumed to a cinder and swimming in floods of wine, which had streamed from leathern skins that had evidently been purposely broached as the provisions had been burnt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

No sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves, that after all their toils and dangers no refreshment was to be obtained, than they roared with rage—but no vengeance was within reach! All the inhabitants had fled!—fled into that forest where they might defy pursuit.

Suddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages, amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves in hopes of discovering some food or booty; they proceeded from a young woman holding a child, a year old, in her arms, whom the soldiers were dragging before their lieutenant. "Stay, lieutenant," said one of them, "here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one, who is past speaking: question her a little."

She was dressed in the peasant costume of the Soria and Rioja mountains; and was pale, but not trembling.

"Why are you alone here?" asked the lieutenant.

"I staid with my grandmother, who is paralytic, and could not follow the rest to the forest," replied she, haughtily, and as if vexed at being obliged to drop a word in presence of a Frenchman; "I staid to take care of her."

"Why have your neighbours left the village?" The Spaniard's eyes flashed fire; she fixed on the lieutenant a look of strange import, and answered: "You know very well; were they not all to be massacred?"

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders: "But why did you burn the bread and wheat, and empty the wine skins?"

"That you might find nothing; as they could not carry them off, there was no alternative but burning them."

At this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and more welcome than all, several skins of wine, all discovered in a vault, the entrance to which was concealed by the straw the old woman was lying on. The young peasant darted on them a look of infernal vengeance, while the lieutenant, who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute and sinking condition of his troops, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected supply. But the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples, putting him on his guard, he again interrogated the woman.

"Whence come these provisions?"

"They are all the same as those we burnt; we concealed them for our friends."

"Is your husband with yonder brigands?"

"My husband is in heaven!" said she, lifting up her eyes; "he died for the good cause,—that of God and King Ferdinand!"

"Have you any brother amongst them?"

"I have no longer a tie—except my poor child"—and she pressed the infant to her heart:—the poor little creature was thin and sallow, but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.

"Commander," exclaimed one of the soldiers, "pray order divisions of the booty, for we are very hungry, and devilish thirsty."

"One moment, my children; listen," said he, eyeing the young woman with suspicious inquisition; "these provisions are good I hope?"

"How should they be otherwise?" replied the Spaniard, contemptuously,—"they were not for you."

"Well! here's to thy health, then, demonia," said a young sub-lieutenant, opening one of the skins and preparing for a draught, but his more prudent commander still restrained him.

"One moment. Since this wine is good, you will not object to a glass."

"Oh, dear no! as much as you please." And, accepting the mess-glass offered by the lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

"Huzza! Huzza!" shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxication without danger.

"And your child will drink some also," said the lieutenant; "he is so pale, that it will do him good."

The Spaniard had herself drank without hesitation, but in holding the cup to her infant's lips her hand trembled: the motion, however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass. Thereupon the provisions speedily disappeared, and all partook both of food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid—its features contracted—and its mouth, convulsed with agony, gave vent to piteous shrieks. The mother too, though her fortitude suppressed all complaint, could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her sufferings.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the commandant, "thou hast poisoned us!"

"Yes," said she with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground beside her child, already struggling with the death-rattle. "Yes; I have poisoned you. I knew you would fetch the skins from their hiding-place;—was it likely you would leave a dying creature undisturbed on her litter! Yes—yes—you will die, and die in perdition, while I shall go to heaven."

Her last words were scarcely audible, and the soldiers at first did not comprehend the full horror of their situation; but as the poison operated, the Spaniard's declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power could longer restrain them; in vain their commander interposed; they repulsed him, and dragging their expiring victim by the hair to the brink of the torrent, threw her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre strokes. She uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit—which I cannot call otherwise than great and heroic. The commander himself told me he escaped by miracle.

The persuasion that the bed of death would be disturbed in search of booty, was indeed holding us as savages; and such was the impression produced by the man who could command, "Let no sanctuary deter your search." By such means were the populace from the beginning exasperated against us, and especially by the oppressions of General D If the inhabitants of Arguene had not received information that they were to be massacred, they would not have taken the lead in massacre.

Such were the people amongst whom I dwelt. When this tale was related to me, on the eve of my departure from Burgos, I shuddered in contemplating on the murderous war of people against people! I trembled for the first time since my entrance into Spain. I was become timid. Alas! it was not on my own account—but I was again approaching the great crisis of maternity—and amidst what perils, good God! was my child destined to see the light.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. II.—CYMBELINE.

CYMBELINE is one of the most delightful of Shakspeare's historical plays. It may be considered as a dramatic romance, in which the most striking parts of the story are thrown into the form of a dialogue, and the intermediate circumstances are explained by the different speakers, as occasion renders it necessary. The action is less concentrated in consequence; but the interest becomes more aerial and refined, from the principle of perspective introduced into the subject by the imaginary changes of scene, as well as by the length of time it occupies. The reading of this play is like going a journey with some uncertain object at the end of it, and in which the suspense is kept up and heightened by the long intervals between each action. Though the events are scattered over such an extent of surface, and relate to such a variety of characters, yet the links which bind the different interests of the story together are never intirely broken. The most straggling and seemingly casual incidents are contrived in such a manner, as to lead at last to the most complete development of the catastrophe. The ease and conscious unconcern with which this is effected only makes the skill more wonderful. The business of the plot evidently thickens in the last act; the story moves forward with increasing rapidity at every step; its various ramifications are drawn from the most distant points to the same centre; the principal characters are brought together and placed in very critical situations, and the fate of almost every person in the drama is made to depend on the solution of a single circumstance—the answer of Iachimo to the question of Imogen respecting the obtaining of the ring from Posthumus. Dr Johnson is of opinion that Shakspeare was generally inattentive to the winding-up of his plots. We think the contrary is true; and we might cite in proof of this remark not only the present play, but the conclusion of *Lear*, of *Romeo and Juliet*, of *Macbeth*, of *Othello*, even of *Hamlet* and of other plays of less moment, in which the last act is crowded with decisive events brought about by natural and striking means.

The pathos in 'Cymbeline' is not violent or tragical but of the most pleasing and amiable kind. A certain tender gloom overspreads the whole. Posthumus is the ostensible hero of the piece, but its greatest charm is the character of Imogen. Posthumus is only interesting from the interest she takes in him, and she is only interesting herself from her tenderness and constancy to her husband. It is the peculiar characteristic of Shakspeare's heroines, that they seem to exist only in their attachment to others. They are pure abstractions of the affections. We think as little of their persons as they do themselves, because we are let into the secrets of their hearts, which are more important. We are too much interested in their affairs to stop to look at their faces, except by stealth and at intervals. No one ever hit the true perfection of the female character, the sense of weakness leaning on the strength of its affections for support, so well as Shakspeare—no one ever so well painted natural tenderness free from affectation and disguise—no one else ever so well showed how delicacy and timidity, when driven to extremity, grow romantic and extravagant; for the romance of his heroines (in which they abound) is only an excess of the habitual prejudices of their sex, scrupulous of being false to their vows, true to their affection, and taught by the force of feeling when to forego the forms of propriety for the essence of it. His women were, in this respect, exquisite logicians; for there is nothing so logical as passion. They knew their own minds exactly, and only followed up a favourite idea, sworn to with their tongues and which was engraven on their hearts, into its untoward consequences. They were the prettiest set of martyrs and confessors on record.

Cibber, in speaking of the early English stage, accounts for the want of prominence and theatrical display in Shakspeare's female characters, from the circumstance that women, in those days, were

not allowed to play the parts of women, which made it necessary to keep them a good deal in the back ground. Does not this state of manners itself, which prevented them from exhibiting themselves in public, and confined them to the relations and charities of domestic life, afford a truer explanation of the matter? His women are certainly very unlike stage-heroines; the reverse of tragedy queens.

We have almost as great an affection for Imogen as we had for Posthumus; and she deserves it better. Of all Shakspeare's women she is perhaps the most tender and most artless. Her incredulity—the opening scene with Iachimo as to her husband's infidelity—is so much as Desdemona's backwardness to believe Othello's jealousy. Her answer to the most distressing part of the picture is only, "My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain." Her readiness to pardon Iachimo's false imputation, and his designs against herself, is a good lesson to prudes; and may show that where there is a real attachment to virtue, it has no need to bolster itself up with an outrageous or affected antipathy to vice. The scene in which Pisanio gives Imogen his master's letter, accusing her of incontinency, on the treacherous suggestions of Iachimo, is as touching as it is possible for anything to be:—

PISANIO. What cheer, madam?

IMOGEN. False to his bed? What is it to be false, To lie in watch there, and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed, is it?

PISANIO. Alas, good lady!

IMOGEN. I false? Thy conscience witness, Iachimo, Thou didst accuse him of incontinency, Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy, Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion, And for I am richer than 't hang by the walls, I must be right: to pieces with me. Oh, Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming By thy revolt, oh husband! shall be thought Put on for villany: not born where't grows, But worn a bait for ladies.

PISANIO. Good madam, hear me—

IMOGEN. Talk thy tongue weary, speak: I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear, Therein false struck, can take no greater wound, Nor tent to bottom that."

When Pisanio, who had been charged to kill his mistress, puts her in a way to live, she says:—

"Why, good fellow, What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am Dead to my husband?"

Yet when he advises her to disguise herself in boy's clothes, and suggests "a course pretty and full in view, by which she may happily be near the residence of Posthumus," she exclaims,

"Oh, for such means

Though peril to my modesty, not death on't, I would adventure."

And when Pisanio, enlarging on the consequences, tells her she must change,

"Fear and niceness,

The handmaids of all women, or more truly Woman its pretty self, into a waggish courage Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and As quarrellous as the weasel,"

She interrupts him hastily,—

"Nay, be brief;

I see into thy end, and am almost A man already,"

In her journey, thus disguised, to Milford Haven, she loses her guide and her way; and, unbosoming her complaints, says beautifully,—

"My dear lord,

Thou art one of the false ones; now I think on thee, My hunger's gone, but even before, I was At point to sisk for food."

She afterwards finds, as she thinks, the dead body of Posthumus and engages herself as a footboy to serve a Roman officer, when she has done due obsequies to him she calls her former master :—

“ And when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strewed
his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.”

Now this is the very religion of love. She all along relies little on her personal charms, which she fears may have been eclipsed by “some painted jay of Italy;” she relies on her merit, and her merit is in the depth of her love, her truth, and her constancy. Her admiration of her beauty is exerted with as little consciousness as possible on her part. There are two delicious descriptions given of her, one when she is asleep, and one when she is supposed dead. Arviragus thus addresses her :—

“ With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which not to slander
Outsweeten'd not thy breath.”

Iachimo gives another thus, when he steals into her bed-chamber :—

“ Cytheres,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! Fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets. That I might touch—
But kiss, one kiss—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame o' the
taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids
To see the inclosed lights, now canopied
Under the windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct—on her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drop
I' the bottom of a cowslip.”

There is a moral sense in the proud beauty of this last image, a rich surfeit of the fancy,—as that well-known passage beginning, “Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained, and prayed me oft forbearance,” sets a keener edge upon it by the inimitable picture of modesty and self-denial.

The character of Cloten, the conceited booby lord and rejected lover of Imogen, though not very agreeable in itself, and at present obsolete, is drawn with great humour and knowledge of character. The description which Imogen gives of his unwelcome addresses to her—“Whose love-suit has been to me as fearful as a siege”—is enough to warn the most ridiculous lover of his folly. It is remarkable that though Cloten makes so poor a figure in love, he is described as assuming an air of consequence as the queen's son in a council of state, and, with all the absurdity in his person and manner, is not without shrewdness in his observations. So true is it that folly is as often owing to a want of proper sentiment as to a want of understanding. The exclamation of the ancient critic, “Oh, Menander and Nature, which of you copied from the other!” would not be misapplied to Shakspeare.

The other characters in this play are represented with great truth and accuracy; and, as it happens in most of the author's works, there is not only the utmost keeping in each separate character; but in the casting of the different parts, and their relation to one another, there is an affinity and harmony like what we may observe in the gradations of colour in a picture. The striking and powerful contrasts in which Shakspeare abounds could not escape observation: but the use he makes of the principle of analogy to reconcile the greatest diversities of character, and to maintain a continuity of feeling throughout, has not been sufficiently attended to. In ‘Cymbeline,’ for instance, the principal interest arises out of the unalterable fidelity of Imogen to her husband, under the most trying circumstances.

Now the other parts of the picture are filled up with subordinate examples of the same feeling, variously modified by different situations, and applied to the purposes of virtue and vice. The plot is aided by the amorous importunities of Cloten; by the tragical determination of Iachimo to conceal the defeat of his project by a daring imposture; the faithful attachment of Pisanio to his mistress is an affecting accompaniment to the whole; the obstinate adherence to his purpose in Bellarius, who keeps the fate of the princess so long a secret, in resentment for the ungrateful return to his former services; the incorrigible wickedness of the queen, and even the blind uxorious confidence of Cymbeline, are all so many lines of the same story leading to the same point. The effect of this coincidence is rather felt than observed; and as the impression exists unconsciously in the mind of the reader, so it probably arose in the same manner in the mind of the author, not from design, but from the force of natural association, a particular train of feeling suggesting different inflections of the same predominant principle, melting into, and strengthening one another,—like chords in music.

The characters of Bellarius, Guiderien, and Arviragus, and the romantic scenes in which they appear, are a fine relief to the intrigues and artificial refinements of the court from which they are banished. Nothing can surpass the wildness and simplicity of the descriptions of the mountain life they lead. They follow the pursuits of hunters, not of shepherds; and this is in keeping with the spirit of adventure and uncertainty of the rest of the story, and with the scenes in which they are afterwards called on to act. How admirably the youthful fire and impatience to emerge from their obscurity in the young princes is opposed to the cooler calculations and prudent resignation of their more experienced counsellor! How well the disadvantages of knowledge and of ignorance, of solitude and society, are placed against each other!

“GUIDERIUS. Out' of 'your proof you speak: we
poor unfledged
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor
know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life is best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

ARVIRAGUS. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December! How
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.”

The answer of Bellarius to this expostulation is hardly satisfactory; for nothing can be an answer to hope, or the passion of the mind for unknown good, but experience. The Forest of Arden in ‘As You Like It’ can alone compare with the mountain scenes in ‘Cymbeline:’ yet how different the contemplative quiet of the one from the enterprising boldness and precarious subsistence of the other! Shakspeare not only lets us into the minds of his characters, but gives a tone and colour to the scenes he describes from the feelings of their imaginary inhabitants. He, at the same time, presents the utmost propriety of action and passion, and gives all their local accompaniments. If he was equal to the greatest things she was not above attention to the smallest. Thus the gallant sportsmen in ‘Cymbeline’ have to encounter the abrupt declivities of hill and vallies: Touchstone and Audrey jog along a level path. The deer in Cymbeline are only regarded as objects of prey. “The game's a fool,” &c.; with Jacques, they are fine subjects to moralize upon at leisure, “under the shade of melancholy boughs.”

We cannot take leave of this play, which is a favourite with us, without noticing some occasional touches of natural piety and morality. We may allude here to the opening of the scene in which Bellarius instructs the young Princes to pay their orisons to heaven :—

“ See, boys, this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heav'ns; and bows
you
To morning's holy office.
GUIDERIUS. Hail, heaven!
ARVIRAGUS. Hail, heaven!
BELLARIUS. Now for our mountain sport, up to
yon hill.”

What a grace and unaffected spirit of piety breathes in this passage. In like manner, one of the brothers says to the other, when about to perform the funeral rites to Fidele :—

“ Nay, Cadwell, we must lay his head to the East,
My father hath a reason for 't.”

Shakspeare's morality is introduced in the same simple unobtrusive manner. Imogen will not let her companions stay away from the chase to attend her when sick, and gives her reason for it :—

“ Stick to your journal course; the breach of
custom
Is breach of all.”

When the queen attempts to disguise her motives for procuring the poison from Cornelius, by saying she means to try its effects on “creatures not worth hanging,” his answer conveys at once a tacit reproof of her hypocrisy and a useful lesson of humanity—

“ ——— Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your
heart.”

EDUCATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

[Continuation of the Second Chapter of Mr Stimpson's ‘Necessity of Popular Education as a National Object.’]

CONTENTS :—FALSE MORALITY OF CLASSICS.

It is a natural result of the long reign of an institution which it is held a sort of treason to question, that it is ill prepared for its defence when it comes to be put upon it. The treatises professedly defensive of classical literature are few, because, like the popish faith, it has long claimed infallibility, and the need of apologies for it was as little dreamed of as arguments for popery at Rome. When we do meet with that superfluity, as hitherto deemed, a defence of Latin and Greek, or rather a catalogue of their merits which is not expected to be questioned, it is wonderful how feeble we find it. Scarcely an exception exists; even the talent of a Vicesimus Knox is nought here. The advocates of the dead languages uniformly avoid, or at least mistake, the true ground of the controversy. They expatiate on the absolute merits of classical literature, but never dream of comparing it with the education which it excludes. When the question, however, is set on this latter ground, it is capable of great abridgment; for, though we should grant much of absolute value to the actual attainment of classical accomplishment, the experience of centuries has demonstrated that it is of value to so few of those who are forced to pursue it, that the patient repetition of the error from generation to generation,—the unquestioned duty of each oblivious father to enter his son in the classical curriculum, as he was entered by his son's grandfather, in which he is to devote years to what is expected to be faithfully forgotten, *more majorem*, affords a striking proof of the force of an ignorant custom enthralling an imperfectly-educated people. Were the actual value, then, of classical study tenfold what it is, if it be true that ninety-nine in every hundred who engage in it fail, and for centuries have failed, of attaining to that degree of proficiency which is of any value at all, then classical study is not the proper education for ninety-nine in every hundred of those who at present lose their time in the pursuit of it; and, who, as there is no substitute, are left uneducated to all useful practical ends and

purposes. What is therefore wanted, is to abolish the exclusiveness of the dead languages; to allot them their proper place as subjects of study; to render them easily accessible to all who seek them, either as necessary to a learned profession, as a direct gratification of taste, or an elegant accomplishment; and, at the same time, to substitute, in early and general education, objects of study more practically useful, which, from their nature, will be better remembered, and will furnish the substantial power of knowledge and resource for life. All the real benefit society to from the classics will thus be preserved; it being obvious that no benefit accrues in any way whatever, either to the student or the community, from their stated oblivion. When we come to the proposed educational substitute, however, it is hoped it will be admitted that the condition of the non-classical world, will, after all, not be so desolate; and, that, though labouring in another field, or travellers by another road, they will present an aspect of society at least as enlightened, as powerful, and as accomplished, as any to be found within the walls of the most ancient classical foundations. Now all this is true, even on the assumption of greater advantages than can well be conceded to the dead languages; but it is still more worthy of consideration, if it be true that their value is greatly overrated.

What is arrogated for Latin and Greek may be comprised in a few particulars. They afford, it is said, the best possible discipline for the intellectual faculties,—they are, from their perfection, as tongues, the best known subjects of philological exercise;—for the same reason, they are the most perfect instruments of thought with which we are acquainted;—as radical languages, they are the sources of a most extensive and instructive etymology;—they are the depositories of much useful science and sublime philosophy, physical and moral;—they are, finally, *par excellence*, the native tongues of poetry, eloquence, wit, and taste. Generally, I would humbly argue that none of these claims are exclusive, even if granted to their fullest extent. The study of English alone, to say nothing of other modern languages, affords ample scope for intellectual discipline, to the limited extent that language can supply it; our own tongue is a copious and refined instrument of thought, and is capable of a most critical and logical analysis; the Celtic, Saxon, and Scandinavian, have stronger claims on the ground of etymology, yet are never appealed to as necessary to explain their derivatives; and no more need the Latin and Greek. We are richer than Greece and Rome in poetry, oratory, wit, and taste, because we have all theirs transferred, and all our own superadded; and, lastly, our science and philosophy reduce the pretensions of the Latins and Greeks, in this particular, to utter insignificance.

It is no reply to say that all these advantages were originally borrowed from the ancient tongues. This is granted, and gratefully acknowledged; still, if it was borrowed, it is incorporated; the loan is not merely enjoyed, but added to an immense superstructure of capital unknown to the lenders. Into English are transferred and incorporated correct logical grammar,—copious, refined, and exquisitely various expression,—a store of taste, elegance, imagery, pathos, wit, and criticism,—and all the science worth transferring; while the ancient authors themselves are all translated to the complete and undeniable appropriation of everything but certain felicitous turns of expression, the only quality which translation cannot transfer; but, at its best, a luxury, too dearly purchased by exclusive study for one-fourth of a lifetime. It is undeniable, that, as records of ancient civilization, such as it was, and of the institutions, laws, philosophy, and literature of Greece and Rome, they are all transferred into our own language. An unfair use is made, in the controversy, of the fact, that the New Testament is written in Greek; and a sort of charge of impiety is insinuated against those who object to the universal study of the tongue on this account. Now, no one has gone so far as to propose to extinguish Greek as an entity, or to deny that theologians ought to be master of it. But if the Christian message is only to be understood in

Greek, why was it translated into English, and in that language alone read to and by the universal British people, with the perfect sanction of their spiritual guides, themselves masters of the original?

This discussion might be extended far beyond the space which can be allotted to it here. It may be observed, summarily, 1st, It is to mistake, as shall be made to appear in the sequel, the nature and operation of the faculties of the human mind, to talk of cultivating an instrument of thought *previously* to using it in actual thinking. The use of the tool is learned by applying it to the material, and cannot be learned without it; and, moreover, the material must be understood before the tool can be conceived. The faculties require knowledge first, and then expression in language; to reverse the order were a solecism; in a word, thought must precede language; the utmost analytical refinements of language are only so many means of expressing varieties of thought; the language did not create the thought, but the thought demanded the language; so that when a mere philologist is engaged in his analytical task, and is dealing with ideas as well as words, he deceives himself if he thinks that the most refined expressions, the most delicate shades of meaning suggested the ideas; much more if he imagines that they constitute the ideas themselves. How and where ideas are to be obtained by the *right* exercise of the faculties will afterwards be shown; and it is trusted that it will then appear that nature has ordained a better course for this than translating, analysing and parsing a page of Greek; nay, that this last operation itself will be more intelligently and usefully performed by the student, who comes to it with the knowledge stores of an intellectual training more in accordance with nature.

2nd, It will likewise be shown in the sequel, that there are modes of disciplining the mind much more effectual than the most critical philology, which itself will be incalculably aided by that previous better discipline. As languages, Greek and Latin exercise but one faculty,—*viz.* verbal memory; their advocates who argue that they communicate a store of ideas, forget that these are as distinct from the languages themselves, “as is the swimmer from the flood,” and that there are better, because more natural, modes of obtaining them, modes much more entitled to the name of intellectual discipline.

3rd, The etymological argument is losing weight every day. The derivatives in English are made, and most successfully, direct subjects of study, and as easy of comprehension as their roots. As already said, we follow this course with all words of Celtic, Saxon, or Scandinavian origin; it is followed now, with regard to derivatives from Greek and Latin, by every school girl; till all the terms of art and science so derived, are becoming as familiar as such words as *telescope, philosophy, anatomy, panorama, &c.* from the Greek, and *mensuration, rejection, emancipation, auction, &c.* from the Latin.*

4th, No one who knows them, denies the splendour,—imaginative, however, more than moral—of classical poetry and oratory, more than he disallows the claims of painting, music, sculpture, and architecture. It is, however, not too much to condition for the former, as we always do for the latter, that these only whose talents point in the direction of the objects so as to offer a chance of excellence, should devote themselves to them. But we have English poetry.

“We too can sing
With Lycidas, and build the lofty rhyme.”

We have exquisite poetry, besides, from female pens, whose authors never read a Greek or a Latin poet in the original.

5th, It is a matter of surprise to meet with the argument of *science* outside the walls of a very old classical foundation, within which the actual state of the scientific world is unknown. Latin and Greek contained science for the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; but it is surely too much to send the

* Etymological Dictionaries are now in every girl's school. Dr Harrison Black has ably supplied this desiderate.

student of the nineteenth to the ancient authors for science. Everything true and useful in these is to be found, improved upon an hundred-fold, in thousands of English books; while the great proportion that is false and useless is better forgotten. We can study Euclid's relations of extension, Diophantus's relations of number, and Archimedes's demonstration of specific gravity, of the properties of the lever, and of the relations of the sphere, cylinder, and cone,—found by Cicero sculptured on his monumental stone,—without requiring previously to learn Greek. No teacher of chemistry, mechanical philosophy, anatomy, physiology, or medicine, would dream of recommending to his pupils the ancient theorists on these induction-created sciences; if they did so, it would only be as a curious history of error, a subject for antiquarian research.

If for moral science, or ethics, we are told to go to Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Zeno, Epicurus, Cicero, and Seneca, the answer will naturally be—to which of all these? for the metaphysics, morals, and ethics of none of the Greek sages—Cicero and Seneca were scarcely original theorists—agree with those of another. I am well aware that the same difficulty occurs to perplex our choice among modern metaphysicians and moral philosophers,—at least down to the time of Professor Dugald Stewart, who joins in the confession of the Abbé Bonald, that philosophy is yet in expectation: but surely we need not take the trouble to learn Latin and Greek in quest of true philosophy not there to be found, merely that we may read, in the original, ingenious theories founded on false views of human nature, declamatory generalities about virtue and happiness, the practical worthlessness of which was exposed by their lack of practical effects in mitigating the selfishness, injustice, cruelty, and vice, of the people to whom they were taught, or rather before whom they were vainly displayed.

[To be continued.]

THE WEEK.

BIRTH-DAYS.

JANUARY 15, 1622. At Paris, Jean Baptiste Poquelin de Moliere, the greatest of comic dramatists; equally famous for the breadth of his humour, and the force of its foundation in truth. He was the son of an upholsterer. Like all the very greatest geniuses, he was a good-hearted man. It was he that gave a piece of gold by mistake to a beggar; and, upon the man's returning it to him, exclaimed, with a good faith little common to satirists, “Oh virtue! in what a corner hast thou *siched* thyself!”

17, 1706. At Boston, in New England, where his father was a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, Benjamin Franklin, one of the Founders of the American Republic, a philosopher of the most practical order, scientific and moral, but defective in the imaginative part of man's nature, and in the knowledge of its wants. He began life in Philadelphia with a half-penny in his pocket, a roll of bread in his hand, and no lodging; and was seen by his future wife, as she stood at a window, eating his roll, and looking about him. Such a beginning was glorious; but it is a pity he ended with cutting his son off with a shilling, for differing with him in politics.

Same day, 1749. At Asti, in Piedmont, of a noble family, Vittorio Alfieri, the most celebrated tragic dramatist of Italy,—a country remarkable for its deficiency in the drama solely. He had more will than power perhaps to be a great poet, and far too little sympathy for a dramatic one. He beats out his short and stern sentences, like bolts on an anvil. But we should speak of him with hesitation, having never been able to do more than look into his writings. Alfieri was singularly fond of horses; and used to allow himself an additional one, for every new tragedy that he wrote.

18, 1689. At the Chateau of Brede, near Bordeaux, Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu; a lively theoretical legislator, more profound than his wit lets him be taken for by some, and less a

than his constitutional vivacity and freedom from trouble would suffer his natural powers to render him. He was a very amiable man. Some foreign visitors waiting upon him in his old age, found a volume of Ovid's love poems lying open on his table; and he was so hale and agile, that going to show them about his grounds, and coming to a gate which was locked and put them to a stand, he astonished them by laying his hand upon it, and jumping over.

19, 1479. At Thorn in Prussia, Nicholas Copernicus, the restorer of the Pythagorean and existing theory of the universe, which makes the sun the centre of the planetary system. He was son of a merchant, and was in the church. A fear of offending the religious mistakes of his time kept his great work a long time from the press. At length he permitted it to appear, and received a copy of it a few hours before he died.

—1736. At Greenock in Scotland, James Watt, the advancer of the steam-engine to its present important usefulness. He was son of a tradesman, and was bred a mathematical instrument maker.

THE WEATHER, AND THE MOVEMENTS OF NATURE.

Very cold weather takes place this time of year; when it happens otherwise, it generally either rains or blows a gale.

Larks now congregate, and fly to the warm stubble for shelter; and the nut-hatch is heard. The slug makes its appearance, and commences its depredations on garden-plants and green wheat. The thrush, missel-thrush, and hedge-sparrow, begin to sing. The wren also pipes her perennial lay, even among the flakes of snow. The titmouse pulls straw out of the thatch, in search of insects. Linnets congregate, and rooks resort to nest trees; pullets begin to lay; young lambs are dropped.

The house-sparrow chirps; the bat appears; spiders shoot out their webs; and the blackbird whistles. The field-fares, red-wings, skylarks, and titlarks, resort to watered meadows for food, and are in part supported by the gnats which are on the snow, near the water. Ivy berries and the tops of tender turnips afford nourishment to the gaminivorous birds, as the ring-dove, &c. Earth-worms lie out on the ground, and the snail appears.—*Forster's Perennial Calendar.*

WINTER.

It was a winter, such as when birds do die
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
Stiff'd in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
Alas! then for the homeless beggar old!

SHELLEY.

The sword of winter, keen and cold.

CHAUCER.

Poor naked wretches, whosoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this!

[It is King Lear who is speaking.]

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just. * *

[Enter Edgar, disguised as a madman.]

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.
Humph! go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters, and art
thou come to this?

SHAKESPEARE.

Scene in Petruchio's Country-house.

Grumio. Holla! ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis. Who is that calls so coldly?

Grumio. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou
may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no
greater run than my head and neck.

Taming of the Shrews.

Part of a Song in 'Love's Labour Lost.'
When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to-whit, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

* Cool.

SPECULATIONS ON MY GRAND-FATHER;

BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO A GRAVER QUESTION.

In contemplating the life of an individual who existed in a past age, events are so scarce, and matters of moment so sparingly found over its course, that the reviewer can scarcely distinguish whether he has before him the events of a day—a morning sunny, and a stormy noon—or the records of a life of the full term of man's existence. He sees, at one and the same instant, the child sporting in the fields, crowning itself with flowers,—fishing in the brook, or forcing his way through brake and briar after some boyish treasure,—eye looking towards the heaven, but thinking upon earth; and the old man, withered and worn with life and trouble, who has survived equally the ambition of the man and the cravings of the child—with eyes bent on earth, but thoughts turned heavenward; and they are the same individual. No one stage of his life is of more importance than another, who has not signalized it by some effort for the advantage of his species.

This is only a passing observation, perhaps uncalled for,—for fate has denied me ancestors whose deeds might have furnished to their survivor the study of a morning. I presented my promissory note for a grandaunt at the portals of a past generation, and there were no effects! Reader, I pray you note it! for upon this defalcation in my progenitorial annals are founded the very unlettered thoughts which follow.

Some worthy has observed, that he sighed neither for park nor estate, because at any time he could take his recreation in these of others, and fancy them his own, and, moreover, without any of the inconveniences of their being such in fact. Here the philosopher had a manifest advantage over the proprietor, for he could appropriate in this pleasant way every agreeable spot he should chance to encounter; but for the man who owns a park—there is but one park in the world—his own: he has felt the substance of his own broad lands, and his mind consequently refuses to be cajoled by empty fancies into the possession of even a paradise. The philosopher might gladly find the last forever better than the first; but, amidst his admiration, the landholder would always be striking his foot against some "odious comparison," lying, like a tripping-stone, upon his path.

As to the enthusiast no estate, so to me no grand-father descended; and, accordingly, we both have gone up and down the world, picking and choosing, wherever fancy led us. This is no unpleasant prerogative; but men do not stand the examination of their descendants. I have chosen eleven grandsires already—in their several turns they all have given way—I have now a twelfth upon trial.

I have, too, chosen an ancestor by his looks. Standing in a broker's ware-room, or old gallery, the portrait of some respectable-looking gentleman has arrested me as his; and a reverential emotion would steal over his possible descendant. Does he nod at me—or is't a "rat behind the arras?" At other times, the high-backed chair, the antique secrétaire, attracted my curiosity. Of the one I demanded if it had ever supported his beloved form? and of the other, whether it had been the depository of the secrets of him who was now a mystery to me? Who and what was he? A Creole or a Turk—a Nabob, or one of the Society of Friends—an Equivaux or a Yorkshireman—which? Was he a broad-shouldered

"lover, from Brin's green isle," or a "good old English gentleman?"—I am at liberty to choose. Was he a dapper merchant, dwelling behind stained panes in some city causeway, perched eternally at his desk, like his good lady's parrot in its golden cage—or was he a hedger and ditcher, or at times a mower, "singing blythe" over conquered fields of hay—given to resting on his arms, and his uncared-for thoughts occupied alone with the low state of his firkin?—which?

Ex filio discite patres. I have oft imagined him,—the placid, dignified old man! He is walking before me, say down Oxford road, towards the once rural village of St Giles; and he sighs to think how enormous and overgrown London is becoming. His hat is a hat—and not a warming pan in beaver: he evidently covers his head, as he would tile his house,—substantially. His coat, too, is that of a man of weight—with pockets (how unlike their gentle master) capable of any enormity; they are like panniers: he might carry his children to church in them. In his hand he wields, sedately planting it every step with firmness on the ground, an oaken branch of no mean weight. A leg, worthy of the whole frame, supports the well-built fabric; its foot decorated with a goodly buckle. A buckle! the eye follows that crowning glory of a shoe with respect, as it irradiates his firm and steady and modest steps over the path. He might have handed down those shoe-buckles to posterity; he would have done me a kindness by the trifle. They should have been treasured up as a *memento mori*, and, hanging over my boot-rack, acted as a tie upon me,—Lockes upon my understanding,—illustrious persuaders to serious thoughts. Each day I might have buckled-to, afresh, with good resolutions, or set on foot some worthy deed. Over them I would have had a legend, and the legend should have run thus:

"There is nothing left of the man save his buckles."

My grandmother's shoe is in my possession; and such a shoe! from the beauty of its form, it was evidently formed for the family foot; but there is a flauntiness and a gaud in the height of the heel—in its colour—in the sky-blue ribbons—and its silver embroidery in front,—such as I don't altogether approve. Like the Irishman, I tremble for my own identity. I think of the time when these braveries were as the colours hung out by a pretty leg above; and the shoe misses the solemn and controuling faculty of the buckle.

What were my grandsire's tastes and occupations? Was he a student and a reader? or did he pass through life, unknowing of half his powers of sensation and enjoyment?—as if he were the alpha and omega of human kind: as if none had lived before by whom he might profit, or none were to follow, to whom he owed—ay, undoubtedly, owed, some tribute of instruction. Did he never dig a well in the great desert of life—for future wayfarers? Was he a virtuoso, passing his days in his museum? If so, his collection has slid into other hands, and his heart, perhaps, is preserved, and still looked up in the cabinet,—valuable as when beating with life.—His skull perchance grins cheek by jowl with that of a tattooed Indian or "stuffed alligator."—Was he a statesman, seeking the philosopher's stone of modern times, *public approbation*? and did he win it? Was he a musician, his full-swelling march of existence dying away into an echo? Young, did his heart beat with (as he thought) the ambition of a Buonaparte, and did he live to find others, less capable, and no less grasping? Did he ever dream he read his fate in the eyes of a woman, and think his youth eternal, and her charms imperishable, and to be for ever in their spring, like the gardens of the south? Did he ever cease to love something or somebody? I hope not. And finally, did he live to find, notwithstanding the nullity of all his findings, that youth affords time enough for the man to lay up a store of virtue and sweet recollections—as comforting to old age as mother's milk is to the infant?

If my turn should ever come, like the heroes of

antiquity, by the yawning mouth of black Acheron, to seek this mysterious ancestor in the Elysian fields—

Locos lætos et amana vireta—

Glad spots, and balmy places green—

I have a few more questions, one in particular, wherewith to pose him; but this it may be as well to put to others, who are alive and can turn it to account; and, by the Editor's leave, I accordingly propose to do so in the next number of the *LONDON JOURNAL*. It may be thought less wise than cunning to excite the reader's curiosity by this announcement; but whatever may be the style in which I may put it, the question, when it makes its appearance, will be acknowledged by all to be of the greatest moment; and if I cannot talk well for it myself, I shall leave it to talk for me. T. R.

. We have seen the question put by our Correspondent, and do hereby state that it is one extremely to the purpose, and worth everybody's attention, and that he argues it very well too.—ED.

FINE ARTS.

Birmingham and its Vicinity, as a Manufacturing and Commercial District. By W. Hawkes Smith. No. II. Radclyffe and Co. Charles Tilt.

A PARTLY got up account of Birmingham, with many illustrative engravings on steel, of public buildings, and manufactories, and large shops, very neatly executed by the local publishers, forming a sort of novel and attractive advertisement, less objectionable than many now in use. Among them are a very good view of the Bank—an exceedingly handsome building, a view of New Street, and the handsome portico of the Society of Arts. A view of Walsal fronts the number—and an excellent view it is too. Good illustrations are a very necessary part of a topographical work; but on account of the low price at which such works are necessarily sold, and the very inferior way in which wholesale engravers usually execute their work, they are very rare. Birmingham and its vicinity, however, is a work of love; it is published and illustrated by the proprietors; and forms in itself a very creditable testimony of their spirit, as denizens of the place and as tradesmen, and a very proper and sufficient advertisement of their own abilities.

MUSIC.

Songs of the Months; a Musical Garland. Novello, Fox.

THESE songs appeared originally in the 'Monthly Repository,' illustrating each month as it passed: they are now bound up in an octavo volume, equally slender and elegant. There is a pretty passage here and there, but they are overlaid with painful efforts to be original, and an affectation of abstruseness in the harmonies more surprising than pleasing. The authoress would seem to consult her grammar rather than her piano-forte; she has been infected by the mania for seeing her paper adorned with plenty of those fascinating characters that typify the sharps and flats, the privilege of using which is so envied by tyro composers, and does not enough consider how the ear may suffer for her caprices. It is as attractive and engrossing a propensity as that for using hard words, and as little to be depended upon as a test of real learning. Swift's test of a good style in language might be adapted to music—proper notes in proper places. Rule and rationality are no fetters to original genius. Sir Joshua Reynolds has aptly likened them to armour—a defence and aid to the strong, an oppression only to the weak. The fair composer, however, has evidently so competent a knowledge of the art in general, and it is so rare and pleasant a thing to see a lady favouring the public in this way, that we hope another time she will do justice to the better part of her musical faculties, and consult the grace and feeling that she really possesses, instead of the wish to be admired for them.

THE LATE MR IRVING.

[From 'Fraser's Magazine.' It may be as well to add, considering the prevailing tone of this magazine, that the article from which the following passage is taken, is written in sober earnest—we need not add, how well.]

"This man was appointed a Christian Priest: and strove with the whole force that was in him so to be it. To be it: in a time of Tithe Controversy, Encyclopedism, Catholic Rent, Philanthropism, and the Revolution of Three Days! He might have been so many things; not a speaker only, but a doer; the leader of hosts of men. For his head (when the Fog-Babylon had not yet obscured it), was of strong far-searching insight; his very enthusiasm was sanguine, not atrabiliar; he was so loving, full of hope, so simple-hearted, and made all that approached him his. A giant force of activity was in the man; speculation was accident, not nature. Chivalry, adventurous field-life of the old Border (and a far nobler sort) ran in his blood. There was in him a courage dauntless, not pugnacious; hardly fierce, by no possibility ferocious: as of the generous war-horse, gentle in its strength, yet that laughs at the shaking of the spear.—But, above all, be what he might, to be a reality was indispensable for him. In his simple Scottish circle, the highest form of mankind attainable or known was that of Christian; the highest Christian was the Teacher of such. Irving's lot was cast. For the foray-spears were all rusted into earth there; Annan Castle had become a Town-hall; and Prophetic Knox had sent tidings thither: Prophetic Knox—and, alas, Sceptic Hume,—and (as the natural consequence), Diplomatic Dundas. In such mixed incongruous element had the young soul to grow.

"Grow nevertheless he did (with that strong vitality of his); grow and ripen. What the Scottish uncelebrated Irving was they that have only seen the London celebrated (and distorted) one can never know. Bodily and spiritually, perhaps there was not (in that November, 1822) a man more full of genial energetic life in all these Islands.

"By a fatal chance, Fashion cast her eye on him, as on some impersonation of Novel-Cameronianism, some wild product of Nature from the wild mountains; Fashion crowded round him, with her meteor lights, and Bacchic dances; breathed her foul incense on him; intoxicating, poisoning. One may say, it was his own nobleness that forwarded such ruin: the excess of his sociability and sympathy, of his value for the suffrages and sympathies of men. Syren songs, as of a new Moral Reformation (sons of Mammon, and high sons of Belial and Beelzebub, to become sons of God, and the gumflowers of Almack's to be made living roses in a new Eden), sound in the inexperienced ear and heart. Most seductive, most delusive! Fashion went her idle way, to gaze on Egyptian Crocodiles, Iroquois Hunters, or what else there might be; forgot this man—who unhappily could not in his turn forget. The intoxicating poison had been swallowed; no force of natural health could cast it out. Unconsciously, for most part in deep unconsciousness, there was now the impossibility to live neglected; to walk on the quiet paths, where alone it is well with us. Singularity must henceforth succeed Singularity. O foulest Circean draught, thou poison of Popular Applause! madness is in thee, and death; thy end is Bedlam and the Grave. For the last seven years, Irving, forsaken by the world, strove either to recall it, or to forsake it; shut himself up in a lesser world of ideas and persons, and lived isolated there. Neither in this was there health: for this man such isolation was not fit; such ideas, such persons.

"One who knew him well, and may with good cause love him, has said: 'But for Irving, I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with: I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever (after trial enough) found in this world, or now hope to find.'"

FIRST THOUGHTS AND SECOND THOUGHTS.

First thoughts are good, and second thoughts are good;

Those most enrich us, these do best advise.

First thoughts are like first love, and us surprise

With sudden bliss—till second thoughts intrude,

Fraught with wise doubts of much to be eschewed,

Not fit;—where yet the greater danger lies,

Lest while we doubt, the vision from our eyes

Offended pass—thereafter vainly wooed.

First thoughts are mistresses with heat pursued,

And mad devotion;—second thoughts are wives

Oft wed in over-prudence, and a mood

Most passionless.—He wiseliest contrives

Who adds the judgment while the love survives;

For so shall second thoughts, first thoughts include.

E. H. ...

The late Mr Charles Lamb.—We have this week the melancholy office of recording the death of Mr Charles Lamb, the author of 'John Woodvil,' of the 'Essays of Elia,' and of other works both in verse and prose, the most intirely delightful which the age has produced. It is the saddest duty of the kind we have ever been called on to perform; and it is with difficulty we can force on ourselves the persuasion that the event which compels us to it is real. Mr Lamb's genius, pure and delicate as it was, so intimately associated itself with household thoughts, so closely intermingled with the customary enjoyments of daily life, making what was already dear, yet dearer, touching the secret springs of social pleasure with a quickening art, and bringing out so delightfully the latent affinities of familiar things, that our obstinate regard insists on the impossibility of its being taken from us. But it is so! Mr Lamb died on Saturday, the 27th of December, at Edmonton, in the sixty-first year of his age, after an illness of a few days, during which we have the consolation to believe that he suffered but little, and to know that his almost unparalleled sweetness of disposition never, for an instant, failed. When time shall have enabled us to contemplate more steadily than we can do at present, the works which he has left behind him, we shall endeavour to express our own sense of the faculties which produced them—as exquisite in degree, and as remarkable in kind, as those which have appertained to any of the great poets of his time, the greatest of whom were among the warmest admirers and his fastest friends.—*Examiner*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THANKS TO F. G.

The 'Reflector' has long been out of print, and, we believe, can only be met with accidentally.

We are not aware of any version of the tragedy of 'Egmont,' but will inquire, and speak further if we find one.

Our fair friend, ONE OF THE MISS SMITHS, has doubly gratified us by her letter; but we fear that her opinions would by no means be so accordant respecting one picture as the other.

The Editor has just received (Jan. 6) a letter from Paris, in reference to some translations from the writings of M. de B. He will duly consider the wishes expressed in that letter; and he mentions the receipt of it here, in case any unavoidable delay in answering it privately, might lead the fair writer to suppose that it had not come to hand.

If MONTICOLA will favour us with a specimen of the sort of questions and answers which he proposes to institute in our JOURNAL between cultivators of the Fine Arts, we will see what we can do for his project.

We are unable to answer the question of AMICUS and another Correspondent, respecting the Supplements, till next week.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, 1835.

No. 43.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE EVE OF ST AGNES.

THE reader should give us three pearls, instead of three half-pence, for this number of our Journal, for it presents him with the whole of Mr Keats's beautiful poem, entitled as above,—to say nothing of our loving commentary. We promised, some time ago, in giving quotations from Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' to read a small poem occasionally with the reader, after this fashion. Correspondents have more than once reminded us of the promise: we never lost sight of it, and here we redeem it; as we hope we often shall.

To-day is the Eve of St Agnes; and we thought we could not take a better opportunity of increasing the public acquaintance with this exquisite production, which is founded on the popular superstition connected with the day. St Agnes was a Roman virgin, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Dioclesian. Her parents, a few days after her decease, are said to have had a vision of her, surrounded by angels, and attended by a white lamb, which afterwards became sacred to her. In the Catholic church formerly the nuns used to bring a couple of lambs to her altar during mass. The superstition is (for we believe it is still to be found) that by taking certain measures of divination, damsels may get a sight of their future husbands in a dream. The ordinary process seems to have been by fasting. Aubrey (as quoted in 'Brand's Popular Antiquities') mentions another, which is, to take a row of pins, and pull them out one by one, saying a Pater-noster; after which, upon going to bed, the dream is sure to ensue. Brand quotes Ben Jonson:—

"And on sweet St Agnes' night,
Please you with the promis'd sight—
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers."]

But another poet has now taken up the creed in good poetic earnest; and if the superstition should go out in every other respect, in his rich and loving pages it will live for ever.

THE EVE OF ST AGNES.

BY JOHN KEATS.

I.

ST AGNES' EVE—Ah! bitter chill it was;
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen
grass,

And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense, from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer
he saith.

What a complete feeling of winter-time is here, together with an intimation of those Catholic elegancies, of which we are to have more in the poem!

"The owl, with all his feathers, was a-cold."

Could he have selected an image more warm and comfortable in itself, and, therefore, better contradicted by the season? We feel the plump, feathery bird in his nook, shivering in spite of his natural household warmth, and staring out at the strange weather. The hare cringing through the chill grass

is very piteous, and the "silent flock" very patient; and how quiet and gentle, as well as wintery, are all these circumstances, and fit to open a quiet and gentle poem! The breath of the pilgrim, likened to "pious incense," completes them, and is a simile in admirable "keeping," as the painters call it; that is to say, is thoroughly harmonious in itself and with all that is going on. The breath of the pilgrim is visible, so is that of a censer; his object is religious, and so is the use of the censer; the censer, after its fashion, may be said to pray, and its breath, like the pilgrim's, ascends to heaven. Young students of poetry may, in this image alone, see what imagination is, under one of its most poetical forms, and how thoroughly it "tells." There is no part of it unfitting. It is not applicable in one point, and the reverse in another.

II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man,
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead on each side seemed to freeze,
Imprisoned in black purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oratories,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

The germ of this thought, or something like it, is in Dante, where he speaks of the figures that perform the part of sustaining columns in architecture. Keats had read Dante in Mr Carey's translation, for which he had a great respect. He began to read him afterwards in Italian, which language he was mastering with surprising quickness. A friend of ours has a copy of Ariosto, containing admiring marks of his pen. But the same thought may have originally struck one poet as well as another. Perhaps there are few that have not felt something like it in seeing the figures upon tombs. Here, however, for the first time, we believe, in English poetry, is it expressed, and with what feeling and elegance! Most wintery as well as penitential is the word "aching," in "icy hoods and mails;" and most felicitous the introduction of the Catholic idea in the word "purgatorial." The very colour of the rails is made to assume a meaning, and to shadow forth the gloom of the punishment—

"Imprisoned in black purgatorial rails."

III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no; already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he, for his soul's reprieve;
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to
grieve.

"Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor."

This "flattered" is exquisite. A true poet is by nature a metaphysician; far greater in general than metaphysicians professed. He feels instinctively what the others get at by long searching. In this word "flattered" is the whole theory of the secret of tears; which are the tributes, more or less worthy, of self-

pity to self-love. Whenever we shed tears, we take pity on ourselves; and we feel, if we do not consciously say so, that we deserve to have the pity taken. In many cases, the pity is just, and the self-love not to be construed unhandsonely. In many others, it is the reverse; and this is the reason why selfish people are so often found among the tear-shedders, and why they seem even to shed them for others. They imagine themselves in the situation of the others, as indeed the most generous must, before they can sympathize; but the generous console as well as weep. Selfish tears are avaricious of everything but themselves.

"Flatter'd to tears." Yes, the poor old man was moved, by the sweet music, to think that so sweet a thing was intended for his comfort as well as for others. He felt that the mysterious kindness of heaven did not omit even his poor, old, sorry case, in its numerous workings and visitations; and, as he wished to live longer, he began to think that his wish was to be attended to. He began to consider how much he had suffered—how much he had suffered wrongly or mysteriously—and how much better a man he was, with all his sins, than fate seemed to have taken him for. Hence, he found himself deserving of tears and self-pity, and he shed them, and felt soothed by his poor, old, loving self. Not undeservedly either; for he was a pains-taking pilgrim, aged, patient, and humble, and willingly suffered cold and toil, for the sake of something better than he could otherwise deserve; and so the pity is not exclusively on his own side: we pity him too, and would fain see him well out of that cold chapel, gathered into a warmer place than a grave. But it was not to be. We must, therefore, console ourselves with knowing, that this icy endurance of his was the last, and that he soon found himself at the sunny gate of heaven.

IV.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft,
And so it chanced (for many a door was wide
From hurry to and fro) soon up aloft
The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise over
their breasts.

V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairly
The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times de-
clare.

VI.

They told her how, upon St Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight;
And soft adorning from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;

As, supperless to bed they must retire
And couch supine their beauties, fly white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they de-
sire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she headed not at all; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high diadems;
But she saw not; her heart was elsewhere;
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the
year.

VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers, in anger or in sport;
Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn;
Hood-winked with fairy fancy; all amorn,
Save to St Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and im-
plores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze, and worship all unseen,
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such
things have been.

X.

He ventures in; let no buzz'd whisper tell;
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's ferv'rous citadel.
For him those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage. Not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame weak in body and in soul.

XI.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torches' flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand:
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this
place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty
race.

XII.

"Get hence! Get hence! there's dwardah Hilde-
brand,
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
*More tame for his grey hairs—*Alas, me! fit;
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how—"—"Good Saints! not here!
not here!
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy
hier."

XIII.

He followed through a lowly, arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight-room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.

"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"Oh, tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret Sisterhood may see,
When they St Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

The poet does not make his "little moonlight
room" comfortable, observe. The high taste of the
exordium is kept up. All is still wintry. There
is to be no comfort in the poem but what is given by
love. All else may be willingly left to the cold
walls.

XIV.

"St Agnes! Ah! it is St Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be the liege-lord of all elves and fays
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile; I've mickle time to
grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone,
Who heepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectated she sits in chimney nook;
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

He almost shed tears—of sympathy, to think how
his treasure is exposed to the cold—and of delight
and pride to think of her sleeping beauty, and her
love for himself. This passage "asleep in lap of
legends old" is in the highest imaginative taste,
fusing together the tangible and the spiritual, the
real and the fanciful, the remote and the near.
Madeline is asleep in her bed; but she is also asleep
in accordance with the legends of the season; and
therefore the bed becomes *their* lap as well as sleep's.
The poet does not critically think of all this; he
feels it: and thus should other young poets draw
upon the prominent points of their feelings on a
subject, sucking the essence out of them into analo-
gous words, instead of beating about the bush for
thoughts, and, perhaps, getting very clever ones, but
confused—not the best, nor any one better than
another. Such, at least, is the difference between
the truest poetry and the degrees beneath it.

XVI.

Sudden a thought came, like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow; and in his pained heart
Made purple riot; then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start.
"A cruel man, and impious, thou art:
Sweet lady! let her pray, and sleep, and dream,
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go! go!—I deem
Thou canst not, surely, be the same that thou
dost seem."

XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "Oh, may I ne'er find grace,
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian-passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me, by these tears,
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake with horrid shout my foemen's ears,"
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than
wolves and bears."

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?"
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd?" Thus, plaining, doth she
bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe;

XIX.

Which was, to lead him in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride;
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous
debt.

What he means by Merlin's "monstrous debt,"
we cannot say. Merlin, the famous enchanter,
obtained King Uther his interview with the fair Lo-
gornet; but though the son of a devil, and conversant
with the race, we are aware of no debt that he owed
them.

XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;
"All cases and dainties shall be stored there,
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame,
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my ditty head:
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in
prayer
The while: ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

XXI.

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear;
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd,
The dame return'd, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, *silken, hush'd, and chaste,*
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain:
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her
brain.

XXII.

Her fankering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd
and fled."

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin,
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
Nor uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side:
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her
dell.

"Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died,"

is a verse in the taste of Chaucer, full of minute
grace and truth. The smoke of the waxen taper
seems almost as ethereal and fair as the moonlight,
and both suit each other and the heroine. But what
a lovely line is the seventh, about the heart,

"Paining with eloquence her balmy side!"

And the nightingale! how touching the simile! the
heart a "tongueless nightingale," dying in that dell
of the bosom. What thorough sweetness, and per-
fection of lovely imagery! How one delicacy is
heaped upon another! But for a burst of richness,
noiseless, coloured, suddenly enriching the moon-
light, as if a door of heaven were opened, read the
following:—

XXIV.

A casement, high and triple-arch'd, there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with paxes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand herakdries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded 'scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens
and kings.

Could all the pomp and graces of aristocracy,
with Titian's and Raphael's aid to boot, go beyond
the rich religion of this picture, with its "twilight
mints," and its 'scutcheons' "blushing with the blood
of queens?" But we must not stop the reader:—

XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm *gules* on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst;
And on her hair a glory like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint,
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint.

The lovely and innocent creature, thus praying
under the gorgeous painted window, completes the
exceeding and unique beauty of this picture,—one
that will for ever stand by itself in poetry, as an
addition to the stock. It would have struck a glow
on the face of Shakspeare himself. He might have
put Imogen or Ophelia under such a shrine. How
proper, as well as pretty, the heraldic term *gules*,
considering the occasion. Red would not have
been a fiftieth part so good. And with what
elegant luxury he touches the "silver cross" with
"amethyst," and the fair human hands with "rose-
colours," the kin to their carnation! The lover's
growing "faint" is one of the few inequalities which
are to be found in the later productions of this great,
but young and over-sensitive poet. He had, at the
time of writing his poems, the seeds of a mortal
illness in him, and he, doubtless, wrote as he had
felt—for he was also deeply in love; and extreme
sensibility struggled in him with a great under-
standing. But our picture is not finished:—

XXVI.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees
In fancy fair St Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

How true and cordial, the "warmed jewels," and
what matter of fact also, made elegant, in the rustling
downward of the attire; and the mixture of dress and
undress, and dishevelled hair, likened to a "mermaid
in sea-weed!" But the next stanza is perhaps the
most exquisite in the poem.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul, fatigued away,
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal, where swart *Paynims* pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again.

Can the beautiful go beyond this? We never saw
it. And how the imagery rises! Flown like a
thought—Blissfully haven'd—Clasped like a missal in
a land of *Pagans*: that is to say, where Christian
prayer books must not be seen, and are, therefore,
doubly cherished for the danger. And then, although

no thing can surpass the preciousness of this idea, is
the idea of the beautiful, crowning all—

"Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

Thus it is that poetry, in its intense sympathy with
creation, may be said to create anew, rendering its
words almost as tangible as the objects they speak of,
and individually more lasting; the spiritual per-
petuity putting them on a level (not to speak it pro-
fanely) with the fugitive substance.

But we are to have more luxuries still, presently.

XXVIII.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed, himself; then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wild wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet silent stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo! how
fast she slept.

XXIX.

Then, by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim silver twilight,—soft he set
A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is
gone,

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep
In blanched linen, smooth and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fex; and spiced dainties, every one
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

Here is delicate modulation, and super-refined
epicurean nicety!

"Lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,"
make us read the line delicately, and at the tip-end,
as it were, of one's tongue.

XXXI.

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand;
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand,
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth
ache."

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entol'd in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy:"
Close to her ear touching the melody:—
Wherewith disturb'd, she uttered a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured
stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dream-
ingly.

XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was a sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow,
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear;
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and
drear,—
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear;
Oh! leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to
go."

Madeline is half awake, and Porphyro reassures
her with living, kind looks, and an affectionate em-
brace.

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet. Meanwhile the frost wind blows
Like love's alarm, pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window panes: St Agnes' moon hath
set.

XXXVII.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet;
"This is no dream; my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine;
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine,—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
A dove, forlorn and lost, with sick unpruned
wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped, and vermeil-
dyed?
Ah! silver shrine, here will I take my rest,
After so many hours of toil and quest—
A famished pilgrim, saved by miracle,
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel."

With what a pretty wilful conceit the *costume* of
the poem is kept up in the third line about the
shield! The poet knew when to introduce apparent
trifles forbidden to those who are void of real passion,
and who, feeling nothing intensely, can intensify
nothing.

XXXIX.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
Of baggard seeming, but a boon indeed;
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed:—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a homo for
thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,—
In all the house was heard no human sound.

A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door ;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar ;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

This is a slip of the memory, for there were hardly carpets in those days. But the truth of the painting makes amends, as in the unchronological pictures of old masters.

XXI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall ;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side ;
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns :
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide :
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XXII.

And they are gone : ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform ;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

Here endeth the young and divine Poet, but not the delight and gratitude of his readers ; for, as he sings elsewhere—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LIV.—LIVING UNDER GROUND.

FROM 'Memoirs of George and Lady Grissel Baillie, by Lady Murray,'—the tribute of a loving daughter to the memory of loving parents,—a book most honourable to all parties. *Grissel* is *Griselda*, the heroine's name in the beautiful story of Chaucer and Boccaccio, whose patience has become a proverb. It is often found among the British gentry of old times, and therefore must have been frequently inherited and introduced among families who had little pretensions to the virtue ; but, in the present instance, it seems to have illustrated a family quality.

Lady Grissel Baillie (says her daughter) was born at Redbraes Castle, December 25, 1665 ; was married there, September 17, 1692 ; and died at London, December 6, 1746. She was buried close by my father's side, in the monument at Mellerstain, on her birthday, Christmas, 25th of December, in the same manner she had directed my father's funeral, according to his own orders ; near relations, near neighbours, and her own tenants only being present—a day never to be forgot by her family, as it brought her into the world, who was so great a blessing to it, and also hid and buried her from us. She was the eldest of eighteen children my grandmother bore, except two, who died infants. My lady Torphichen, the youngest, is now the only one alive, and sixteen years younger than my mother. She was called after her mother, and, from her infancy, was the darling and comfort of her parents, having early occasion to be trusted and tried by them. In the troubles of King Charles the Second's time, she began her life with many afflicting, terrifying hardships ; though, I have often heard her say, she never thought them any. At the age of twelve, she was sent by her father to their country-house at Edinburgh (a long journey), when my grandfather Baillie was first imprisoned (my grandfathers being early and intimate friends, connected by the same way of thinking in religion and politics), to try if, by her age, she could get admittance into the prison unsuspected, and slip a letter into his hand of advice and information, and bring back what intelligence she could. She succeeded so well in both, that from that time I reckon her hardships began,

from the confidence put in her, and the activity she naturally had, far beyond her age, in executing whatever she was intrusted with.

Soon after that, her father was confined fifteen months in Dumbarton Castle, and was then set at liberty, without ever being told for what he was pent up all that time ; and till he went to Holland, she was the active person that did all, by my grandmother's directions, whom affliction, and care of her little ones, kept at home, being less able to make journeys, and would have been more narrowly watched, and sooner suspected than one of my mother's age.

After persecution began afresh, and my grandfather Baillie again in prison, her father thought it necessary to keep concealed, and soon found he had too good reason for so doing ; parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it ; though not from any fear for his safety whom they imagined at a great distance from home ; for no soul knew where he was but my grandmother and my mother, except one man, a carpenter, called Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house, and lived a mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend, and were not deceived. The frequent examinations and oaths put to servants in order to make discoveries, were so strict, they durst not run the risk of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place, a vault under ground at Polwarth church, a mile from the house ; where he was concealed a month, and had only for light an open slit at one end, through which nobody could see what was below. She went every night, by herself, at midnight, to carry him victuals and drink, and stayed with him as long as she could, to get home before day. In all this time, my grandfather showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind that he continued to possess, till his death, which was at the age of eighty-four ; all which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily, in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She, at that time, had a terror for a church-yard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories ; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers and parties in search of him, which the least noise or motion of a leaf put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church ; the first night she went, his dogs kept up such a barking, as put her in fear of a discovery ; my grandmother sent for the minister next day, and, upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry him, without the servants suspecting ; the only way it was to be done was, by stealing it off her plate, at dinner, into her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this, and other things of a like nature. Her father liked sheep's head ; and while the children were eating their broth, she had concealed most of one in her lap ; when her brother Sandy (the late Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, "Mother, will ye look at Grissel, while we have been eating our broth she has eat up the whole sheep's head !" This occasioned so much mirth among them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share of the next. I need not multiply stories of this kind, of which I know many. His great comfort and constant entertainment (for he had no light to read by), was repeating Buchanan Psalms, which he had by heart, from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day. Two years before he died, which was in the year 1724, I was witness to his desiring my mother to take up that book, which, amongst others, always lay upon his table, and bid her try if he had forgot his Psalms, by naming any one she would have him repeat ; and by casting her eye over it she would know if he were right, though she did not understand it ; and he missed not a word in any place she named to him, and said they had been the

great comfort of his life, by night and day, on all occasions.

He retained his judgment and good-humour to the last. Two or three years before he died, my mother was at Berwick with him, where he then lived ; and many of her relations came there to see her before she went to London. As mirth and good-humour, and particularly dancing, had been always one characteristic of the family, when so many of us were met, being no fewer than fourteen of his grandchildren and children, we had a dance. He was then very weak in his limbs, and could not walk down stairs, but desired to be carried down to the room where we were, to see us ; which he did with great cheerfulness, saying, "Though he could not dance with us, he could yet beat time with his foot ;" which he did, and bid us dance as long as we could ; that it was the best medicine he knew, for, at the same time that it gave exercise to the body, it cheered the mind. At his usual time of going to bed, he was carried up stairs, and we ceased dancing for fear of disturbing him ; but he soon sent to bid us go on, for the noise and music, so far from disturbing that it would lull him to sleep. He had no notion of interrupting the innocent pleasures of others, though his age hindered him to partake of them. His exemplary piety and goodness were no bar to his mirth.

She often said, her natural temper was warm and passionate ; but, from the time I could observe her, there appeared nothing but meekness, calmness, and resignation ; and she often reproved us for the contrary. Our saying "we could not help it," was no satisfying answer to her, who told us, she had been the same, and had conquered it.

Her duty and affection as a wife was unparalleled. I have it by me, writ in a book with her own hand, amongst many other things : "The best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us, died at Oxford (where he went for the education of his grandsons), the 6th of August, 1738, and was sent home to his burying place at Mellerstain."

I have often heard her declare that they never had the shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding, no, not for a moment, and that to the last of his life, she felt the same ardent and tender love and affection for him, and the same desire to please him in the smallest trifle, that she had at their first acquaintance. Indeed, her principal and sole delight was, to watch and attend to everything that could give him pleasure or make him easy. He never went abroad but she went to the window to look after him ; and so she did that very day he fell ill, the last time he was abroad, never taking her eyes from him as long as he was in sight.

TWELFTH NIGHT, LOVE, AND THE TREES.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Enfield, January 12, 1825.

DEAR INDICATOR,—Well do I know the hallowed residence in York buildings, so charmingly alluded to in the close of your article on Twelfth Night. Often have I heard recounted the never-to-be-forgotten festivities of "the Twelfth Night," for I can boast of being nearly related to one of the fortunate members of the party assembled on that renowned occasion. That house once formed the boundary of my "run on a frosty morning," when as a rosy child, I used to roll my hoop daily down Baker street.

Perhaps the claims I have already advanced as intitling me to address you, will form my apology ; but I have yet one more plea in behalf of this trespass on your attention. Your heart-deep sympathy with human nature and its best emotions, encourages me to impart to you (and if you think fit, to your readers) the following simple incident.

Do you know a cluster of fields, dear Indicator, in the neighbourhood of one of our lovely villages (where are there such villages as in beautiful

England?) lying about ten miles to the north of London?

It was a sultry day in July 18—, the sky was one unvaried blue—the hedge-rows (maugre the heat) were bright green—and no noise seemed stirring but the contented hum of myriads of insects. This hush of Nature was not broken by a couple who advanced arm in arm, in mute enjoyment of happy thoughts—they had been married that morning, and were retiring from “populous cities” to this quiet village, the birth-place of the bridegroom. At least the lady stopped, as if to “still her beating mind” by repose.

“When Portia’s exulting heart,” whispered she, “was beating high with the joyous sense of her own recent good deeds, she moralized every object into a magnified source of delight—the ‘little candle’ from her own hall shows like a welcoming star. I know not how it is, but methinks I never saw colour surpassing in vividness the tender green of yonder young oaks.”

“Singular enough,” replied her companion, “that those very trees should have attracted your peculiar notice. Would that the venerable planter of those oaks could witness this moment!—the hope that his spirit does behold and rejoice in his son’s present felicity forms one of the many blessed visions of this day. Several years ago, when I was a little fellow no higher than one of these saplings, it was one of my beloved father’s favourite amusements, during his daily walks in this vicinity, to thrust his walking-stick into the ground, and to drop into the hole thus formed, an acorn, supplied from a canvass bag, which it was the pride of his little companion to be permitted to hold while he stood by and watched the interesting operation. I may say that we have planted some thousands in various walks.”

The touching association, thus added to the lovers’ stock of pleasant feelings, will serve as an illustration of your remarks in the article above alluded to: “Every one should plant a tree who can.” * * * If a man cannot reckon upon enjoying the shade much himself, it is surely worth while to bequeath so pleasant a memorial of himself to others.”

Accept the compliments of the joyous season you have so delightfully treated of lately, and believe me, dear Indicator (for under that title, so long dear to me, allow me still to address you),

Your constant reader and admirer,

FELICIA MARITATA.

* * * We hope the reader does not think us lost to all sense of shame in publishing so flattering a letter as this. All we can say is, that we could not help it; and that he must throw the first stony editorship at us, who could. Besides, it was one of the avowed objects of this Journal to open people’s hearts, and make the community more sensible of one another’s enjoyments. The sweet candour of the signature alone would make the letter worth publishing, setting aside its other merits.

WEEK.

BIRTH-DAYS AND OTHER ANNIVERSARIES.

JANUARY 21. *Eve of St Agnes. — See the First Article.*

—22, 1592. At York House (on the site of the present Buckingham street in the Strand), Francis Bacon, Viscount St Alban’s, &c. The Father of Experimental Philosophy,—the liberator of the hands of knowledge. A great and wise man who would have been still wiser, and incurred no fall, and no shame of ingratitude to a fallen man (Essex) had he possessed heart enough to follow out the doctrines of his Essays, and set the simplicity of a sage above worldly cunning. Yet even in those Essays, admirable as they are, may be discerned the seeds of that mistake, even in the very passage where he seems to denounce it. (See the Essay upon ‘Cunning.’) Lord Bacon died like a proper experimenter, in consequence of his getting out of his carriage to make some observation respecting snow. It was upon Highgate Hill. A cold and fever seized him; he stopped at the house of Lord Southampton, and expired there, after a few days’ illness, on the spot which has since witnessed the death of a philosopher

of a very different description,—one of the most imaginative, and least advantage-seeking,—Mr Coleridge. The house in which Mr Coleridge died, in the “Grove,” was one of a set that was built upon the ground formerly occupied by Sonthampton House.

—1592. At Chanterrier, near Digne, in Provence, Pierre Gassendi, an eminent mathematician and philosopher, reviver of the doctrines of Epicurus, which, however, he reconciled with belief in a divine superintending mind. The morals of Epicurus also he construed after their true fashion, and not in the spirit of the vulgar mistake which has since rendered the word Epicurus synonymous with a studier of the palate. Gassendi was a walker in gardens, and fond of the society of his friends. In his last illness he was bled beyond his strength, and, while sinking away into death, said to his amanuensis, “It is better, by this loss of strength, to sleep quietly in Christ, than to be taken off with more pain by suffocation.”

—1788. In Holles Street, Cavendish Square, George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, a true poet and wit, whose poetry would have been more equal, and whose productions, altogether, of a turn less startling to those who wish to think well and hopefully of all things, had he not had the misfortune to be born in a rank that perplexed his aspirations, and of parents unfitted to develop his character.

24, 1712. Frederick the Second of Prussia, a great soldier and statesman, and mediocre man of letters, who singularly exalted the power and importance of his country in the midst of potent antagonists.

—1732. At Paris, son of a watchmaker, Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, author of the celebrated comedy of ‘Figaro,’ an abridgment of which has been rendered more celebrated by the music of Mozart. He made a large fortune by supplying the American republicans with arms and ammunition, and lost it by speculations in salt and printing. His comedy is one of those productions which are accounted dangerous, from developing the spirit of intrigue and gallantry with more gaiety than objection; and they would be more undeniably so, if the good-humour and self-examination to which they excite did not suggest a spirit of charity and inquiry beyond themselves.

—1749. Charles James Fox, son of the first Lord Holland, an illustrious statesman, whose character is too nearly concerned with these times to be handled in this unpolitical Journal. He was an amiable man, of a wise simplicity of manner, and a cultivator of elegant literature. We saw him, not long before his death, standing in Parliament street, and making two young gentlemen laugh heartily, apparently with some story that he was relating to them.

25, 1627. At Lismore, in Ireland, of a noble family, Robert Boyle, a celebrated chemical philosopher, not so happy in his ethics and moral reasoning. Swift bantered the triviality of his thinking in his famous ‘Meditations on a Broomstick.’ His want of a right Christian discernment in his Christianity may be illustrated (with the reader’s leave) by the following passage from the ‘Indicator’:

“The celebrated Robert Boyle, the chymist, was accounted, in his days, a sort of perfection of a man, especially in all respects intellectual, moral, and religious. This excellent person was in the habit of moralizing upon everything that he did or suffered, such as ‘Upon his manner of giving meat to his dog,’ ‘Upon his horse stumbling in a very fair way,’ ‘Upon his sitting at ease in a coach that went very fast,’ and among other Reflections is one ‘Upon a fish’s struggling after having swallowed the hook.’ It amounts to this; that, at the moment when the fish thinks himself about to be most happy, the hook ‘does so wound and tear his tender gills, and thereby puts him into such restless pain, that no doubt he wishes the hook, bait, and all, were out of his torn jaws again. Thus,’ says he, ‘men who do what they should not, to obtain any sensual desires,’ &c. &c. Not a thought comes over him as to his own part in the business, and what he ought to say of himself for tearing the jaws and gills to indulge his own appetite for excitement. Take also the following:—‘Fifth

Section—Reflection 1. Killing a crow (out of window) in a hog’s trough, and immediately tracing the ensuing reflexion with a pen made of one of his quills. —Long and patiently did I wait for this unlucky crow, wallowing in the sluttish trough (whose sides kept him a great while out of the reach of my gun), and gorging himself with no less greediness than the very swinish proprietaries of the feast, till at length my no less unexpected than fatal shot struck him down, and, turning the scene of his delight into that of his pangs, made him abruptly alter his note, and change his triumphant chant into a dismal and tragical noise. This method is not unusual to divine justice, towards brawny and incorrigible sinners,’ &c. &c. Thus the crow for eating his dinner, is a rascal worthy to be shot by the Honourable Mr Robert Boyle, before the latter sits down to his own; while the said Mr Boyle, instead of contenting himself with being a gentleman in search of amusement at the expence of birds and fish, is a representative of Divine Justice.”

We laugh at this wretched moral pedantry now, and deplore the involuntary hard-heartedness, which such mistakes in religion tended to produce; but in how many respects should it not make us look about ourselves, and see where we fall short of an enlargement of thinking?

—1759. On the banks of the Doon, in Ayrshire, Robert Burns, the poet of the song of Nature. He is so well known, and so particularly talked of at present, in consequence of Mr Cunningham’s edition of his Life and Works, that it is unnecessary to say anything further of him in this place.

27, 1756. At Salzburg, in Germany, Johann Chrysostom Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart, the prince of dramatic musicians; wonderful for the endless variety and undeviating grace of his invention. Yet his wife said of him, that he was a still better dancer than musician! In a soul so full of harmony, kindness towards others was to be looked for; and it was found. When a child, he would go about asking everybody “whether they loved him.” When a great musician, a man in distress accosted him one day in the street, and, as he had no money to give him, he bade him wait a little, while he went into a coffee-house, where he composed a beautiful minuet on the instant, and, sending the poor man with it to a music-seller’s, obtained for him several gold pieces. This is the way that great musicians rise. Their sensibility is their genius.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE’S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. III.—MACBETH.

“The poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”

MACBETH and Lear, Othello and Hamlet, are usually reckoned Shakspeare’s four principal tragedies. Lear stands first for the profound intensity of the passion; Macbeth for the wildness of the imagination and the rapidity of the action; Othello for the progressive interest and powerful alternation of feeling; Hamlet for the refined development of thought and sentiment. If the force of genius shown in each of these works is astonishing, their variety is not less so. They are like different creations of the same mind, not one of which has the slightest reference to the rest. This distinctness and originality is indeed the necessary consequence of truth and nature. Shakspeare’s genius alone appeared to possess the resources of nature. He is “your only tragedy-maker.” His plays have the force of things upon the mind. What he represents is brought home to the bosom, a part of our experience, implanted in the memory, as if we had known the places, persons, and things of which he treats. Macbeth is like a record of a preternatural and tragical event. It has the rugged severity of an old chronicle with all that the imagination of the part

can engraft upon traditional belief. The castle of Macbeth, round which "the air smells wooingly," and where "the temple-haunting martlet builds," has a real subsistence in the mind; the weird sisters meet as in person on the "bleasted heath;" the "air-drawn dagger" moves slowly before our eyes; the "gracious Duncan," the "blood-boltered Banquo," stand before us; all that passes through the mind of Macbeth, without the loss of a tittle, passes through ours. All that could actually take place, and all that is only possible to be conceived, what was said and what what done, the workings of passion, the spells of magic, are brought before us with the same absolute truth and vividness. Shakspeare excelled in the openings of his plays; that of Macbeth is the most striking of any. The wildness of the scenery, the sudden shifting of the situations and characters, the bustle, the expectations excited, are equally extraordinary. From the first entrance of the witches and the description of them when they meet Macbeth—

—"What are these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of th' earth,
And yet are on't?"—

the mind is prepared for all that follows.

This tragedy is alike distinguished for the lofty imagination it displays, and for the tumultuous vehemence of the action; and the one is made the moving principle of the other. The overwhelming pressure of preternatural agency urges on the tide of human passion with redoubled force. Macbeth himself appears driven on by the violence of his fate, like a vessel before a storm; he reels to and fro like a drunken man; he staggers under the weight of his own purposes and the suggestions of others; he stands at bay with his situation; and from the superstitious awe and breathless suspense into which the communications of the Weird Sisters throw him, is hurried on with daring impatience to verify their predictions; and with impious and bloody hand to tear aside the veil which hides the uncertainty of the future. He is not equal to the struggle with fate and conscience. He now "bends up each corporal instrument to the terrible feat;" at other times his heart misgives him, and he is cowed and abashed by his success. "The deed, no less than the attempt, confounds him." His mind is assailed by the stings of remorse, and full of "preternatural sollicitings." His speeches and soliloquies are dark riddles on human life, baffling solution, and entangling him in their labyrinths. In thought he is absent and perplexed, sudden and desperate in act, from a distrust of his own resolution. His blindly rushing forward on the objects of his ambition and revenge, or his recoiling from them, equally betrays the harassed state of his feelings. This part of his character is admirably set off, by being brought in connection with that of Lady Macbeth, whose obdurate strength of will and masculine firmness give her the ascendancy over her husband's faltering virtue. She at once seizes on the opportunity that offers for the accomplishment of all their wished-for greatness, and never flinches from her object till all is over. The magnitude of her resolution almost covers the magnitude of her guilt. She a great bad woman, whom we hate, but whom we fear more than we hate. She does not excite our loathing and abhorrence like Regan and Gonerill. She is only wicked to gain a great end, and is perhaps more distinguished by her commanding presence of mind and inexorable self-will, which do not suffer her to be diverted from a bad purpose, when once formed, by weak and womanly regrets, than by the hardness of her heart or want of natural affections. The impression which her lofty determination of character makes on the mind of Macbeth is well described where he exclaims,

"Bring forth men children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males!"

Nor do the pains she is at to "screw his courage to the sticking-place," the reproach to him, not to be "lost so poorly in himself," the assurance that "a

little water clears them of this deed," show anything but her greater consistency in depravity. Her strong-nerved ambition furnishes ribs of steel to "the sides of his intent;" and she is herself wound up to the execution of her baneful project with the same unshrinking fortitude in crime, that in other circumstances she would probably have shown patience in suffering. The deliberate sacrifice of all other considerations to the gaining "for their future days and nights sole sovereign sway and masterdom," by the murder of Duncan, is gorgeously expressed in her invocation on hearing of "his fatal entrance under her battlements:"—

"Come all you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here:
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering
ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick
night!

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold!"

When she first hears that "Duncan comes there to sleep," she is so overcome by the news, which is beyond her utmost expectations, that she answers the messenger, "Thou'rt mad to say it!" and on receiving her husband's account of the predictions of the Witches, conscious of his instability of purpose, and that her presence is necessary to goad him on to the consummation of his promised greatness, she exclaims—

"Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal."

This swelling exultation and keen spirit of triumph, this uncontrollable eagerness of anticipation, which seems to dilate her form and take possession of all her faculties, this solid, substantial flesh and blood display of passion, exhibit a striking contrast to the cold, abstracted, gratuitous, servile malignity of the Witches, who are equally instrumental in urging Macbeth to his fate for the mere love of mischief, and from a disinterested delight in deformity and cruelty. They are hags of mischief, obscene panders to iniquity, malicious from their impotence of enjoyment, enamoured of destruction, because they are themselves unreal, abortive, half-existences, and who become sublime from their exemption from all human sympathies and contempt for all human affairs, as Lady Macbeth does by the force of passion! Her fault seems to have been an excess of that strong principle of self-interest and family aggrandisement, not amenable to the common feelings of compassion and justice, which is so marked a feature in barbarous nations and times. A passing reflection of this kind, on the resemblance of the sleeping king to her father, alone prevents her from slaying Duncan with her own hand.

To be concluded in our next.

— They say, of Jupiter, that he can of himself dart favourable and propitious bolts, but must have the counsel and assistance of the twelve gods when he would throw those of danger and vengeance. 'Tis a great account, that the greatest of the gods, who, of himself can benefit the whole world, can destroy none without solemn deliberation. The wisdom of Jupiter himself is so wary of mistake, that, when there is a debate of vengeance, he must call a council to stay his arm.—*Du Vair.*

SPECIMENS OF THE WIT, HUMOUR, AND CRITICISM OF CHARLES LAMB.

(To be continued till his Works are gone through.)

BURIAL SOCIETIES.—I was amused the other day with having the following notice thrust into my hands by a man who gives out bills at the corner of Fleet market. Whether he saw any prognostics about me that made him judge such notice seasonable, I cannot say; I might, perhaps, carry in a countenance (naturally not very florid) traces of a fever which had not long left me. Those fellows have a good instinctive way of guessing at the sort of people that are likeliest to pay attention to their papers:—

"BURIAL SOCIETY.

"A favourable opportunity now offers to any person of either sex, who would wish to be buried in a genteel manner, by paying one shilling entrance, and twopence per week for the benefit of the stock. Members to be free in six months. The money to be paid at Mr Middleton's, at the sign of the *First and the Last*, Stonecutter's street, Fleet market. The deceased to be furnished as follows:—A strong elm coffin, covered with superfine black, and finished with two rows all round, close-drove, best japanned nails, and adorned with ornamental drops, a handsome plate of inscription, angel above, and flowers beneath, and four pair of handsome handles with wrought grips; the coffin to be well pitched, lined and ruffled with fine crape; a handsome crape shroud, cap and pillow. For use, a handsome velvet pall, three gentlemen's cloaks, three crape hat-bands, three hoods and scarfs, and six pair of gloves; two porters equipped to attend the funeral, as many to attend the same with bands and gloves; also, the burial fees paid, if not exceeding one guinea."

"Man," says Sir Thomas Brown, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave." Whoever drew up this little advertisement certainly understood this appetite in the species, and has made abundant provision for it.

It really almost induces *tedium vite* upon one to read it. Methinks I could be willing to die, in death to be so attended. The two rows all round, close-drove, best black japanned nails; how feelingly do they invite and almost irresistibly persuade us to come and be fastened down! what aching head can resist the temptation to repose, which the crape shroud, the cap, and the pillow present! what sting is there in death, which the handles with wrought grips are not calculated to pluck away? what victory in the grave, which the drops and the velvet pall do not render at least extremely disputable? But, above all, the pretty emblematic plate, with angel above and the flowers beneath, takes me mightily.

UGLY SUBJECTS.—How ugly a person appears, upon whose reputation some awkward aspersion hangs, and how suddenly his countenance clears up with his character. I remember being persuaded of a man, whom I had conceived an ill opinion of, that he had a very bad set of teeth; which, since I have had better opportunities of being acquainted with his face and facts, I find to have been the very reverse of the truth. That crooked old woman, I once said, speaking of an ancient gentlewoman whose actions did [not square altogether with my notions of the rule of right; the unanimous surprise of the company, before whom I uttered these words, soon convinced me that I confounded mental with bodily obliquity, and that there was nothing tortuous about the old lady but her deeds.

This humour of mankind to deny personal comeliness to those with whose moral attributes they are dissatisfied, is very strongly shown in those advertisements which stare us in the face, from the walls of every street, and, with the tempting bait which they hang forth, stimulate at once cupidity and an abstract love of justice in the breast of every passing peruser; I mean the advertisements offering rewards for the apprehension of absconded culprits, strayed apprentices, bankrupts who have conveyed away their effects, or debtors that have run away from their

hail. I observe that, in exact proportion to the indignity with which the prosecutor, who is commonly the framer of the advertisement, conceives he has been treated, the personal pretensions of the fugitive are denied, and his defects exaggerated.

A fellow whose misdeeds have been directed against the public in general, and in whose delinquency no individual shall feel himself particularly interested, generally meets with fair usage. A coiner or a smuggler shall get off tolerably well. His beauty, if he has any, is not much underrated; his deformities are not much magnified. A run-away apprentice who excites, perhaps, the next least degree of spleen in his prosecutor, generally escapes with a pair of *bandy legs*; if he has taken anything with him in his flight, a *hitch in his gait* is generally *superadded*.

AN APETITE IL-PROVIDED FOR.—You have seen, if you have ever passed your time much in country towns, the kind of suppers which elderly ladies in these places have lying in petto in an adjoining parlour, next to that where they are entertaining their periodically-invited coevals with cards and muffs. The cloth is usually spread some half-hour before the final rubber is decided, whence they adjourn to sup upon what may emphatically be called nothing. A *silver of ham*, purposely contrived to be transparent to show the china-dish through it, neighbouring a *slip of invisible brown*, which abuts upon something they call a *curlet*, as that is bravely supported by an atom of marmalade, flanked in its turn by a grain of potted beef, with a power of such dishing-minims of hospitality, spread in defiance of human nature; or rather with an utter ignorance of what it demands. Being engaged at one of these card-parties, I was obliged to go a little before supper-time (as they facetiously call the point of time in which they are taking these shadowy reflections) and the old lady, with a sort of fear shivering through the smile of courteous hospitality that beamed in her countenance, begged me to step into the next room and take something before I went out in the cold,—a proposal which lay not in my nature to deny. Indignant at the airy prospect I saw before me, I set to, and, in a trice, despatched the whole meal intended for eleven persons,—fish, flesh, fowl, pastry,—to the sprigs of garnishing parsley, and the last fearful custard that quaked upon the board. I need not describe the consternation when, in due time, the dowagers adjourned from their cards. Where was their supper?—and the servant's answer, Mr — had *eat it all*. That freak, however, jested me out of a good three hundred pounds a-year, which I afterwards was informed, for a certainty, the old lady meant to leave me.

SINGULAR RECEPTION OF A CHALLENGE.

THE practice of duelling (like all appeals to the animal instead of the intellectual part of us) appears going out of fashion, and various are the modes by which challenges are evaded or repulsed. It is a delicate point, and requires some address to manage it with credit. Bruce, the traveller, once experienced a singular baulk to his belligerent intentions.

The "Lord of Geesh" (his Abyssinian title) was a tall fellow, both in body and mind, and we may gather from his own narrative, that he was of a domineering disposition. This was natural. He was taller and stronger than is common with men, sanguine, successful in his enterprises, much admired, almost as much (and we believe most unjustly) condemned and ridiculed; he possessed great acuteness, surprising energy, and but little reflection. Such is the very recipe for an overbearing disposition. Look at the portrait of the man,—

"Mr Bruce's stature was six feet four inches; his person was large and well-proportioned, and his strength corresponded with his size and stature. In his youth he possessed much activity, but in the latter part of his life he became corpulent; though, when he chose to exert himself, the effects of time were not perceptible. The colour of his hair was a kind of dark red; his complexion was sanguine; and the

features of his face were elegantly formed. The general tone of his voice was loud, strong, and rather harsh on particular occasions; when dictating to an amanuensis, his articulation was somewhat careless and indistinct. His walk was stately, and his air noble and commanding. He was attentive to his dress, and had a particular art of wearing that of the nations through which he passed in an easy and graceful manner, to which he was indebted for part of his good reception, especially in Abyssinia."

An Italian gentleman, the Marquis di Accoramboni, had married a Scotch lady whom Bruce considered as engaged [to himself]. The Marquis protested he was ignorant of any such engagement, but refused to say so in writing; so Bruce challenged him. The challenge is singular for its length and grandiloquence. The answer to it puzzles conjecture; we cannot guess whether the Italian is afraid, indifferent, or sarcastic. Most probably he had a national regard for his safety, and an equally national sense of the ridiculous; and so his letter is a salvo for himself and a quip upon Bruce. He apologises, and makes his bow with a grimace of exaggerated defence to Bruce's regal bearing. We have retranslated the answer from the Italian, preserving the original idiom as much as possible, to convey a better idea of its spirit and peculiarity:—

THE CHALLENGE.

"SIR,—Not my heart, but the entreaties of my friends, made me offer you the alternative by the Abbé Grant. It was not for such satisfaction, that, sick and covered with wounds, I have traversed so much land and sea to find you.

An innocent man employed in the service of my country—without provocation or injury from me, you have deprived me of my honour, by violating all the most sacred rights before God and man; and you now refuse to commit to writing what you so willingly confess in words. A man of honour and innocence, Marguise, knows no such shifts as these; and it will be well for one of us to-day, if you had been as scrupulous in doing an injury as you are in repairing it.

I am your equal, Marquis, in every respect; and God alone can do me justice for the injury which you have done me. Full of innocence, and with a clear conscience, I commit my revenge to him, and draw my sword against you with confidence, inspired by the reflection of having done my duty, and by a sense of the injustice and violence which I have suffered from you without any reason.

At half-past nine, (French reckoning,) I come to your gate in my carriage; if it does not please you, let your own be ready; and let us go together to determine which is the more easy, to injure a man in his absence, or to defend it when he is present.

THE ANSWER.

SIGNOR CAVALIER,—When the marriage with Mad. M., now my wife, was in treaty, I was never told that there was a preventive promise to your Lordship, otherwise the affair would not have been so concluded.

In regard to your Lordship's person;—on my honour I have in no manner spoken of it, your person not being known to me. So, if I can serve you, command me; and, with the most profound respect, I sign myself,

Your Lordship's
Most humble and obliged servant,
FILIPPO ACCORAMBONI.

Al Signor Janne Bruce.

A Recipe for a Fit of the Gout.—Posidonius discoursing in Pompey's presence was surprised with a violent fit of the gout, which in spite of its importunity he concealed, pursuing his discourse without any look or action to confess it. Pray tell me what new remedies had this philosopher found against its pain? what sea-cloths, what unguents against this gout?—only the knowledge of things, and the resolution of his mind.—*Du Vair*.

CHARLES LAMB.

SUCH of our readers as have seen the following passages in the *Athenaeum*, will pardon, for friendship's sake, our repetition of them in this Journal. We wish that the LONDON JOURNAL should contain whatever has been said, in any quarters, calculated to do honour to our excellent friend, and to increase the desire of the reading public to become acquainted with him.

"We sit down, with unfeigned pain, to put upon record the death of one of our most distinguished friends. Charles Lamb is dead! The fine-hearted Elia—the masterly critic—the quaint, touching, subtle humorist has left us. This time, we sigh to say it, his departure is, indeed, no fiction. He is gone; and with him are gone a world of grave and noble thoughts, innocent jests, delicate fancies. Never again will he 'set the table in a roar'—never again lift us out of the dull common-places of life by his new and pleasant speculations!

"If ever there was a man in whom 'the elements' were delightfully, although strangely mixed—in whom the minor foibles and finer virtues of our nature were bound up together, intimately—inextricably, it was surely he. They were deep-rooted, and twined together, beyond all chance of separation. Yet these foibles were, for the most part, so small, and were grafted so curiously upon a strong, original mind, that we would scarcely have desired them away. They were a sort of fret-work, which let in light, and showed the form and order of his character. 'We knew him, Horatio'—and having known him, it seems idle to say how truly and deeply we deplore his loss. Who, in truth, that had been his intimate, could speak of him but with affection and reverence? His prejudices, which were rather humours than grave opinions,—his weaknesses, which never hurt one human being except himself—may sometimes have been talked of—by strangers. But it was the pride of his friends, that they had opportunities of seeing deeper into his heart, and could feel and avouch for his many virtues. As a man, he was gentle—sincere—benevolent—modest—charitable towards others—beyond most men. In the large sense of the word, he was eminently 'humane.'

"Charles Lamb was born about the year 1774. His family were settled in Lincolnshire, as we learn by his reference to the 'family name' in a pretty sonnet.

'Perhaps some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first, amid the merry mocks,
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.'

"In 1782, being then about eight years of age, he was sent to Christ's Hospital, and remained there till 1789. He has left us his 'Recollections' of this place, in two charming papers. These are evidently works of love; yet, being written with sincerity, as well as regard, they communicate to the reader a veneration for the ancient school. One wishes, whilst reading them, to muse under the 'mouldering cloisters of the old Grey Friars'—to gaze on the large pictures of Lely and Verrio—to hold colloquy with 'the Grecians'; and, above all, these springs up within us a liking—a sympathy (something between pity and admiration) for the poor Blue-coat boy, toiling for college honours, or wandering homeless through the London streets, a result, perhaps, of more moment to the author, than that of upholding the reputation of his favourite school. In his second paper, on this subject, and where he apostrophizes some of his contemporaries, the following passage has just met our eyes—'Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—logician, metaphysician, bard!'—It is thus that he invoked the most famous of his school companions—one whom he always held in close friendship, and who has died—how short a time!—before him.

"It was not long after he quitted Christ's Hospital, we believe, that he obtained the situation of

clerk in the India House. Here he remained for many years—if we are to take him literally, thirty-six years—rising gradually from a small salary to a comfortable yearly stipend; until, in 1825, or thereabouts, he was pensioned off liberally (with 'two thirds of my accustomed salary,' he says) by the Directors.

"The paper in which he has made grateful mention of this, and in which he bids farewell to the 'stately House of Merchants,' and to the partners of his toil—

(Farewell, kind Chairman, Iras, long farewell!) should be hung up in the India House; to remind the merchants of one of their generous deeds; and to tell the young and repining clerk, that a man of rare genius once toiled (as he may do) thirty-six years within those walls.

"During this period, he dwelt in various places; sometimes in London, sometimes in the suburbs. He had (amongst other residences) chambers in the Temple—lodgings in Russell street, Covent Garden (the first floor, over the shop now occupied by Mr Creed the bookseller)—a house at Islington, on the border of the New River—lodgings at Dalston (or Shacklewell)—at Enfield Chase—and, finally, at Edmonton, where he died.

"Mr Lamb had one brother (whom he lost some years ago), and one sister; but he had no other—certainly no other near relations. His brother, Mr John Lamb, of the South-Sea House, was considerably his senior. 'You were figuring in the career of manhood,' he says, addressing his brother,

'When I was yet a little peevish boy.'

"The reader may remember, that it was this brother (otherwise James, Elia) who, upon seeing some Eton boys at play, gave vent to his forebodings in that memorable sentence, 'What a pity to think that these fine ingenious lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous members of Parliament.' His sister, between whom and our friend, there existed a long, deep, and untiring affection—and who is worthy in every respect, to have been the sister of such a man—survives him. They lived together (being both single)—read together—thought together, and crowned the natural tie that linked them to each other, with the truest friendship. He has written down her qualities—some of them at least—in a pleasant essay: she is the *Bridget Elia* of 'Mackery End'; and she is the person, also, to whom one of his early sonnets is addressed, in which he reproaches himself for some little inequality of temper towards her—

'If from my lips some angry accents fell,
Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
'Twas but the error of a sickly mind.'

"'Thou didst ever show' to me (he proceeds) 'kindest affection,

'Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend!'

"Mr Lamb was the author of various works in prose and verse; viz. 'Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets,' 1808; 'The Works of Charles Lamb,' (2 vols.) 1818; 'Elia,' 1823; 'The Last Essays of Elia,' 1833; 'The Adventures of Ulysses,' and 'Tales from Shakspeare,' besides which, he made a second gleaning from the Old English Dramatists, under the name of 'The Garrick Papers' (published in Hone's 'Every-Day Book'); assisted his sister in her beautiful little book, called 'Mrs Leicester's School,' and favoured this Paper with a few of the later efforts, or rather sportings of his pen.*

He died at Edmonton, on the 27th of December, in the sixty-first year of his age. He fell, accidentally, in the road, and having wounded his face considerably, an erysipelas ensued, which put a period to his valuable life."

* He wrote also some verses and theatrical criticisms in the 'Examiner,' and, we believe, in the 'Times.'

FINE ARTS.

Curtis's Botanical Magazine, or Flower-Garden Displayed. Curtis. No. I.—XCV.

THE illustrations are carefully drawn, and give a just notion of the details of their originals; but from a great want of *artistic* effect, it would be very difficult to form a true idea of the general appearance of the plants represented. The colouring is clear and lively, nay, of the kind, it is delicate, but by no means matches the originals;—indeed the whole system of print-colouring is defective; in some cases it is perfectly ridiculous. What can be thought of a picture coloured by as many hands as there are colours in it; where each colour has its own painter, and the picture passes from one to another to receive the tints that are to imitate the harmony, richness, and delicacy of nature. We laugh at the country that produces a horn band composed of monotonous individuals;—a chromatic troop; a force amounting to two octaves, that fire off a melody in line;—a band of sharp shooters practicing in a body; but what are we to think of a troop of artists, brush in hand, laying on to one poor engraving, distributing their colours at word of command, furnishing coats of red or blue, or other colour, like army-clothiers, which must do, fit or no fit. An invention that would supersede the ordinary method of colouring each print by hand would be most welcome; some plan by which colours could be multiplied in their proper places and degrees; like the different tones of an engraving. At present, coloured engravings are in the same predicament that books were formerly; each copy is made by hand, as manuscripts were before the invention of printing.

We have said the system was to blame for this. While it lasts, therefore, we must judge of coloured prints according to their comparative, rather than their intrinsic, merits. The chief use to which they can be put is, to more decidedly enable a reader to identify the original of a verbal description. To this end they must be at least generally correct. Such the plates before us seem to be, due allowance being made for the deficiencies to which we have adverted; and the colours are brighter and cleaner than we commonly get in such publications.

Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims. By Charles Cowden Clarke. Effingham Wilson.

Parterre. Nos. I.—V. Effingham Wilson.

CHAUCER unillustrated by pictures would have been a sad business; and Mr Clarke has too much good taste and *gusto* to have committed so cold-hearted a blunder. So here we have the 'Canterbury Pilgrims,' and their various imaginings shadowed forth in goodly figures by the pleasant hand of Mr Samuel Williams, who handles his wooden blocks with all the love and pride, and skilful practice, as if he were born of a hamadryad, and felt in every grain of the box-wood. A vile scratchiness deforms the neatness of most of the finer wood-cuts now-a-days, which makes us sometimes doubt their superiority over the blunt, rude, heavy-stroked, hard-lined, black-shadowed cuts of old. Freedom from either defect is very rare; but Mr Williams may truly boast, that no cuts of the day are clearer and neater than his, while they have all the vigor and freedom of the old style, with more depth and richness of tone than belongs to either. Mr Williams's defects are, a certain mannerism in the drawing,—a sort of *extra-flow* of line in the limbs,—occasionally a degree of stiffness in the attitudes, and too great a neglect of the expression in the faces; for even in designs as small as his, the expression may be conveyed—though by the slightest touch. Of the pleasing effect, however, that may be produced in wood, Mr Williams's designs in the 'Chaucer,' and the numbers of the 'Parterre,' are excellent specimens; he is less lavish of his lines, more varied in his shadows, his handling is simpler, and he produces a picture in better keeping than we often meet with among engravings of the kind. We have never seen a better bit of *colour* in wood than the black horse upon which Troilus is riding, nor a better effect of perspective than in the figures in the procession of the Pilgrims.

We must not omit to mention in fit terms of praise a very excellent engraving, by Scriven, at the beginning of the 'Canterbury Pilgrims,' of the traditional portrait of Chaucer.

MUSIC.

The Musical Library. No. X. Charles Knight.

THERE is too great a portion of this month's part devoted to that prosaic style of music which has delighted our forefathers of the glee order. The pieces, however, are good of their kind; there is the after dinner duet, 'Could a Man be Secure,' the pretty glee, 'Adieu to the Village Delights,' and a good madrigal, by Giacomo Gastoldi: we cannot, however, perceive any point of connection between the solid, heavy style of the madrigal, and the airy vivacity of Suckling's words; it reminds us of the organist, who scandalised his rector by playing the people out of church to the tune of 'Cherry Ripe.' Haydn's canonet, 'The Wanderer,' is inferior to his others. The bolero, by Piantanida, with a melody for the voice, is a charming, playful bit of frolic, gay and light-hearted; it might be danced and sung by the tutelar fairy of a jessamine bower; we particularly like the pertinacious little runs backwards and forwards on the words 'Candore' and 'Fiore.' The air, by Gluck, 'Non vi Turbate no,' is worthy of its beautiful and heroic subject; it is sung by Alceste, and expresses her happiness in being allowed to die or her husband.

There is a Flower, a Ballad. By W. Bayley. Cooper. Aldridge.

Nor strikingly original, but pleasing, and not difficult. We could have wished that Mr Bayley had been more sparing of his turns; an ornament that cannot be too sparingly used, which ballad-singers seldom require prompting to introduce, from its ease. It is apt to become vulgar in the mouths of ordinary singers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN consequence of our new-year's arrangements, of the increase of original matter, and of the re-publication of Mr Hazlitt's Shakspeare criticisms (now out of print), various estimable Correspondents are requested to pardon us if we are compelled to delay the appearance of promised communications, perhaps, ultimately, to omit some of them. We do it with great unwillingness, and would fain, if we could, publish some extra sheets, on purpose to gratify both them and ourselves: but we mentioned the other day that we foresaw we should have difficulties in doing as we wished in this respect; and obstacles crowd upon us. In future we shall take care how we make promises which it pains us not to keep,—far more, we trust, than those to whom they are made.

Certain of our friends will feel, on various accounts, what exceptions are necessarily to be made in the above announcement,—J. W. D. for one (if he is the same who writes to us about Lord Bacon). His verses were put away in some such very safe place that we cannot find them after long search, and must beg another copy,—which we reckon upon, for reasons which will be obvious to his delicacy. Respecting Bacon, he will see what we have felt ourselves obliged to say in our 'Week,' heartily agreeing, as we do—for the most part, with his letter, and hoping to do what he desires.

The signature to the Sonnet, published in our last week's Journal, should have been E. W., and not E. H.

Our cordial Correspondent, ONE OF THE MILLION, is at liberty to keep the book he speaks of, till he and his friends have quite done with it,—to the year's end, if they please. We owe this to others, being great keepers of books ourselves, as some other Correspondents have too much reason to know: but the volumes are safe with us, as they shall see.

By a mistake, the Supplements were omitted in the index or list of Contents to our first year's volume. The omission will be supplied at the end of the second.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, 1835.

No. 44.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

ICE,—WITH POETS UPON IT.

It is related of an Emperor of Morocco, that some unfortunate traveller having thought to get into his good graces by telling him of the wonders of other countries, and exciting, as he proceeded, more and more incredulity in the imperial mind, finished, as he imagined, his delightful climax of novelties, by telling him, that in his native land, at certain seasons of the year, people could walk and run upon the water; upon which such indignation seized his majesty, that, exclaiming, "Such a liar as this is not fit to live!" he whipped off the poor man's head with his scymitar.

It is a pity that some half dozen captives had not been present, from other northern regions, to give the monarch's perplexity a more salutary turn, by testifying to similar phenomena; as, how you drove your chariot over the water,—how lumps of water came rolling down-hill like rocks; and how you chopped, not only your stone-hard meat, but your stone-hard drink,—holding a pound of water between pincers, and pelting a fellow with a gill of brandy instead of a stone. For such things are in Russia and Tartary; where, furthermore, a man shall have half a yard of water for his beard; throw a liquid up in the air, and catch it a substance; and be employed in building houses made of water, for empresses to sit in and take supper. Catherine the Second had one.

"It was a miracle of rare device,

A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice;"

thus realizing Mr Coleridge's poetical description of the palace of Kubla Khan.

Many a natural phenomenon is as poetical as this, and adjusts itself into as imaginative shapes and lights. Fancy the meeting an island-mountain of green or blue ice, in a sunny sea, moving southwards, and shedding fountains from its sparkling sides! The poet has described the ice-ice,

"Quietly shining to the quiet moon:"

But the ice-ice (so to speak) described itself first to the poet. Water, when it begins to freeze, makes crystals of itself; the snow is all stars or feathers, or takes the shape of flowers upon your window; and the extreme of solemn grandeur as well as of fairy elegance is to be found in the operations of frost. In Switzerland gulfs of petrified billows are formed in whole vallies by the descent of ice from the mountains, its alternate thawing and freezing, and the ministry of the wind. You stand upon a crag, and see before you wastes of icy solitude, looking like an ocean heaven-struck in the midst of its fury, and fixed for ever. Not another sight is to be seen, but the ghastly white mountains that surround it;—not a sound to be heard, but of under-currents of water breaking away, or the thunders of falling ice-crags, or, perhaps, the scream of an eagle. 'Tis as if you

saw the world before heat moved it,—the rough materials of the masonry of creation.

"Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears, still, snowy, and serene—
Its subject-mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heav'n, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert, peopled by the storms, alone."

SHELLEY.

On the other hand, what is more prettily beautiful than the snow above mentioned, or the hoar-frost upon the boughs of a tree, like the locks of Spenser's old man,

("As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead,")

or the spectacle (in the verses quoted below) of a Northern garden,

"Where through the ice the crimson berries glow."

Our winters of late have been very mild; and most desirable is it, for the poor's sake, that they should continue so, if the physical good of the creation will allow it. But when frost and ice come, we must make the best of them; and Nature, in her apparently severest operations, never works without some visible mixture of good, as well as a great deal of beauty (itself a good). Cold weather counteracts worse evils: the very petrification of the water furnishes a new ground for sport and pastime. Then in every street the little boys find a gliding pleasure, and the sheet of ice in the pond or river spreads a joyous floor for skaters. We touched upon this the other day in a "Now;" but now we have the satisfaction of being able to quote some fine verses of Mr Wordsworth's on the subject, which we happened not to have by us at the moment. They are taken from a new edition of Mr Hine's judicious and valuable 'Selections' from that fine poet, just published by Mr Moxon. They are the more interesting, inasmuch as they show Mr Wordsworth to be a skater himself,—no mean reason for his being able to write so vigorously.

"SKATING."

—In the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons:—happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture!—clear and loud
The village clock toll'd six—I wheel'd about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse,
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel,

We hiss'd along the polish'd ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din

Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud.
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron, while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the West
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay,—or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous
through

To cut across the reflex of a star,
Image, that, flying still before me, gleam'd
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning
still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopp'd short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheel'd by me—even as if the earth had roll'd
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watch'd
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea."

Better for great poets to write in this manner, and show Nature's kindness in the midst of what might seem otherwise, than to do as Dante and Milton have done, and add the tortures of frost and ice to the horrors of superstition. Be never their names, however, mentioned without reverence. The progress of things may have required at their hands what we can smile at now as a harmless terror of poetry. With what fine solid lines Milton always "builds" his verse:—

Beyond this flood * a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile, or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk.† The parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by happy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damned
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice.
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infixed, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.‡

* The river of Oblivion.

† "Serbonis" says Hume (not the Historian, but the commentator on Milton), "was a lake of 200 furlongs in length and 1000 in compass, between the ancient mountain Casius and Damietta, a city of Egypt, on one of the more eastern mouths of the Nile. It was surrounded on all sides by hills of loose sand, which, carried into the water by high winds, so thickened the lake, as not to be distinguished from part of the continent, where whole armies have been swallowed up. Read 'Herodotus,' lib. iii., and 'Lucan's Pharsalia,' viii. 539, &c. Todd's edition of 'Milton,' vol. ii. p. 47.

‡ We add another note or two from Mr Todd's 'Milton,' to show what pleasant reading there is in these Variorum

We will take the taste of the bitter-cold barbarity of this passage out of the reader's heart by plunging him into the "warm South," with its good-natured sunshine, where, when he has basked enough in some noon of heat, vine-leaves, and brown laughing faces, so as to make the idea of cold pleasant to him again, and his eye turn wistfully to those snow-topped mountains yonder, cooling the blue burning air, let him refresh his wine with the Bacchus of the Italian poet Redi:—

ICE NECESSARY TO WINE.

Col topazio pigiato in Lamporecchio,
Ch' è famoso Castel per qual Masetto,
A' inghirlandar le tazze or m' apparecchio,
Purchè gelato sia, e sia puretto,
Gelato, quale alla stagione del' gielo
Il più freddo Aquilon fischia pel cielo.
Cantimette, e cantimpre
Scieno in pronto a tutte l' ore
Con forbite bombolette
Ch' esse e strette tra le brime
Delle nevi cristalline.
Son le nevi il quinto elemento
Che compongono il vero bevere:
Ben è folle chi spera ricevere
Senza nevi nel bere un contento:
Venga pur la Vallombrosa
Neve a jess;
Venga pur la ogni bisocca
Neve in chiocca;
E voi, Satiri, lasciate
Tante frottole, e tanti riboboli,
E del ghiaccio mi portate
Della grotta del Monte di Boboli.
Con alti picchi
Dè mazzapicchi
Dirimpetelo,
Sgretolatelò,
Infraagnetelo,
Stritolatelò,
Finchè tutto si possa risolvere
In minuta freddissima polvere,
Che mi renda il ber più fresco
Per rinfresco del palato,
Or ch' io son mortocostato.

Bacco in Toscana.

You know Lamporecchio, the castle renowned
For the gardener so dumb, whose works did
abound;

There's a topaz they make there; pray let it go
round.

! Serve, serve me a dozen,

editions, and to recommend them to more general attention. A great poet cannot be too thoroughly studied:—

"This circumstance of the damned suffering the extremes of heat and cold by turns, seems to be founded upon Job xiv, 10, not as it is in the English translation, but in the vulgar Latin version, which Milton often used, 'Ad nimium calorem transiunt ab aqua nivium'; Let him pass to excessive heat from waters of snow." And so Jerome and other commentators understand it. The same punishments after death are mentioned by Shakspeare, 'Measure for Measure,' act iii. sc. i.—

—'and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.'"

—BISHOP NEWTON.

"This circumstance of the damned's feeling the fierce extremes is also in Dante, 'Inferno,' c. iii. 86.

'I vegno per menarvi all'altra riva
Nelle tenebre eterne, in cable e'n' gielo.'
(I come to lead thee to the other shore
Of the eternal glooms, through heat and ice.)

See also the 'Purgatorio,' c. iii. 31. So, in 'Songs and Sonnets,' by Lord Surrey, and others, 1567, fol. 63,—

'The soules that lacked grace,
Which lie in bitter pain,
Are not in such a place
As foolish folk do fayne:
Tormented all with fire,
And boyle in lead again—
Then cast in frozen pits
To freeze there certain hours.'

And in 'Heywood's Hierarchie of Angels,' 1635, p. 245:—

'And suffer as they sinned, in wrath, in paines
Of frosts, of fires, of furies, whips, and chains.'

In the preceding quotation from 'Surrey's Songs and Sonnets,' there is evidently a sneer at the monks, from whose legendary hell, according to Mr Wharton, the punishment by cold derives its origin.—TODD.

But let it be frozen;

Let it be frozen and finished with ice,
And see that the ice be as virginly nice,
As the colden that whistles from wintry skies.
Coolers and cellarets, crystal with snow,
Should always hold bottles in ready repose.
Snow is good liquor's fifth element;
No compound without it can give content:
For weak is the brain, and I hereby scout it,
That thinks in hot weather to drink without it.
Bring me heaps from the Shady Valley,*:
Bring me heaps
Of all that sleeps
On every village hill and alley.
Hold there, you satyrs,
Your beard-shaking chatters,
And bring me ice duly, and bring it me doubly,
Out of the grotto of Monte di Boboli.
With axes and pickaxes,
Hammers and rammers,
Thump it and hit it me,
Crack it and crash it me,
Hew it and split it me,
Found it and smash it me,
Till the whole mass (for I'm dead-dry, I think)
Turns to a cold, fit to freshen my drink.

Bacchus in Tuscany.

Ice is such a luxury in the South of Europe, and has become also such a necessity, that in some places a dearth of it is considered the next thing to a want of bread. To preach tortures of ice at Naples, would be the counterpart of the mistake of the worthy missionary, who was warned how he said too much of the reverse kind of punishment to the Laplanders. Dante was a native of Florence, where they have winters hard enough; and where, by the way, during its delightful summers, we have eaten, for a few pence, ice-cream enough to fill three of our silver-coasting glasses in England. They bring it you in goblets. The most refreshing beverage we ever drank, was a Florentine lemonade, made with fresh lemons (off the tree), sweetened with capillaire, and floating with ice.

But, if it were not for our subject, we ought to keep these summer reminiscences for next August. We conclude with a proper winter picture, painted by one who has been thought (and is, compared with great ones) a very small poet, (Ambrose Phillips), but who had a vein of truth in all he wrote, which would have obtained him more esteem in an age of poets, than it did in an age of wits. Good-natured Steele, however, discerned his merits; and the poem before us, which Steele inserted in the 'Tatler,' was admired by them all. It was too new in its localities, and too evidently drawn from nature, not to please them; and was, furthermore, addressed to, and patronized by a wit—the Earl of Dorset.

A NORTHERN WINTER.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1766.

From frozen climes, and endless tracks of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring.
Or how so near the Pole attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
Nor birds within the desert region sing.
The ships unmov'd the boisterous winds defy
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day,
The starving wolves along the main sea prow,
And to the moon in icy vallies howl.
For many a shining league, the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:

* Vallombrosa, which an Englishman may call Milton's Vallombrosa. The convent is as old as the time of Ariosto, who celebrates the monks for their hospitality.

These solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet, but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the measur'd snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seemed wrought in glass.
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glass'd o'er, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends;
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bowers, and thro' delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue;
And while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. III.—MACBETH.

(Concluded from last week.)

IN speaking of the character of Lady Macbeth, we ought not to pass over Mrs Siddons's manner of acting that part. We can conceive of nothing grander. It was something above nature. It seemed almost as if a being of a superior order had dropped from a higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine; she was tragedy personified. In coming on in the sleeping-scene, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut. She was like a person bewildered and unconscious of what she did. Her lips moved involuntarily—all her gestures were involuntary and mechanical. She glided on and off the stage like an apparition. To have seen her in that character was an event in every one's life, not to be forgotten.

The dramatic beauty of the character of Duncan, which excites the respect and pity even of his murderers, has been often pointed out. It forms a picture of itself. An instance of the author's power of giving a striking effect to a common reflection, by the manner of introducing it, occurs in a speech of Duncan, complaining of his having been deceived in his opinion of the Thane of Cawdor, at the very moment that he is expressing the most unbounded confidence in the loyalty and services of Macbeth.

"There is no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.
O worthiest cousin, (addressing himself to Macbeth)
The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was great upon me," &c.

Another passage to shew that Shakspeare lost

sight of nothing that could in any way give relief or heightening to his subject, is the conversation which takes place between Banquo and Fleance, immediately before the murder-scene of Duncan.

"*Banquo.* How goes the night, boy?

Fleance. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in hear'n,

Their candles are all out.—

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful Powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose."

In like manner, a fine idea is given of the gloomy coming on of evening, just as Banquo is going to be assassinated.

"Light thickens and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood."

"Now spurn the lated traveller aspace
To gain the timely inn."

Macbeth (generally speaking) is done upon a stronger and more systematic principle of contrast than any other of Shakspeare's plays. It moves upon the verge of an abyss, and is a constant struggle between life and death. The action is desperate, and the re-action is dreadful. It is a huddling together of fierce extremes, a war of opposite natures, which of them shall destroy the other. There is nothing but what has a violent end or violent beginnings. The lights and shades are laid on with a determined hand; the transitions from triumph to despair, from the height of terror to the repose of death, are sudden and startling; every passion brings in its fellow-contrary, and the thoughts pitch and jostle against each other as in the dark. The whole play is an unruly chaos of strange and forbidden things, where the ground rocks under our feet. Shakspeare's genius here took its full swing, and trod upon the farthest bounds of nature and passion. This circumstance will account for the abruptness and violent antitheses of the style, the throes and labour which run through the expression, and from defects will turn them into beauties. "So fair and foul a day I have not seen," &c. "Such welcome and unwelcome news together." "Men's lives are like the flowers in their caps, dying or ere they sicken." "Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it." The scene before the castle gate follows the appearance of the Witches on the heath, and is followed by a midnight murder; Duncan is cut off betimes by treason leagued with witchcraft; and Macduff is ripped untimely from his mother's womb to avenge his death. Macbeth, after the death of Banquo, wishes for his presence in extravagant terms, "To him and all we thirst," and, when his ghost appears, cries out, "Avaunt and quit my sight," and being gone, he is "himself again." Macbeth resolves to get rid of Macduff, that "he may sleep in spite of thunder;" and cheers his wife on the doubtful intelligence of Banquo's taking-off with the encouragement—"Then be thou jocund: ere the bat has flown his cloistered flight; ere to black Hecate's summons the shard-born beetle has rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done—a deed of dreadful note." In Lady Macbeth's speech, "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done 't," there is murder and filial piety together, and in urging him to fulfil his vengeance against the defenceless king, her thoughts spare the blood neither of infants nor old age. The description of the Witches is full of the same contradictory principle; they "rejoice when good kings bleed," they are neither of the earth nor the air, but both; "they should be women, but their beards forbid it:" they take all the pains possible to lead Macbeth on to the height of his ambition, only to betray him in deeper consequence, and after showing him all the pomp of his art, discover their malignant delight in his dis-

appointed hopes, by that bitter taunt, "Why stands Macbeth thus amazedly?" We might multiply such instances everywhere.

The leading features in the character of Macbeth are striking enough, and they form what may be thought at first only a bold, rude, Gothic outline. By comparing it with other characters of the same author, we shall perceive the absolute truth and identity which is observed in the midst of the giddy whirl and rapid career of events. Macbeth in Shakspeare no more loses his identity of character in the fluctuations of fortune or the storm of passion, than Macbeth in himself would have lost the identity of his person. Thus he is as distinct a being from Richard III as it is possible to imagine, though these two characters in common hands, and indeed in the hands of any other poet, would have been a repetition of the same general idea, more or less exaggerated. For both are tyrants, usurpers, murderers, both aspiring and ambitious, both courageous, cruel, treacherous. But Richard is cruel from nature and constitution. Macbeth becomes so from accidental circumstances. Richard is from his birth deformed in body and mind, and naturally incapable of good. Macbeth is full of "the milk of human kindness," is frank, sociable, generous. He is tempted to the commission of guilt by golden opportunities, by the instigations of his wife, and by prophetic warnings. Fate and metaphysical aid conspire against his virtue and his loyalty. Richard, on the contrary, needs no prompter, but wades through a series of crimes to the height of his ambition from the ungovernable violence of his temper and a reckless love of mischief. He is never gay but in the prospect or in the success of his villainies: Macbeth is full of horror at the thoughts of the murder of Duncan, which he is with difficulty prevailed on to commit, and of remorse after its perpetration. Richard has no mixture of common humanity in his composition, no regard to kindred or posterity, he owns no fellowship with others, he is "himself alone." Macbeth is not destitute of feelings of sympathy, is accessible to pity, is even made in some measure the dupe of his uxoriousness, ranks the loss of friends, of the cordial love of his followers, and of his good name, among the causes which have made him weary of life, and regrets that he has ever seized the crown by unjust means, since he cannot transmit it to his posterity—

"For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd my mind—
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings."

In the agitation of his thoughts, he envies those whom he has sent to peace. "Duncan is in his grave; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."—It is true, he becomes more callous as he plunges deeper in guilt, "direness is thus rendered familiar to his slaughterous thoughts," and he in the end anticipates his wife in the boldness and bloodiness of his enterprises, while she, for want of the same stimulus of action, is "troubled with thick-coming fancies that rob her of her rest," goes mad and dies. Macbeth endeavours to escape from reflection on his crimes by repelling their consequences, and banishes remorse for the past by the meditation of future mischief. This is not the principle of Richard's cruelty, which resembles the wanton malice of a fiend as much as the frailty of human passion. Macbeth is goaded on to acts of violence and retaliation by necessity; to Richard, blood is a pastime.—There are other decisive differences inherent in the two characters. Richard may be regarded as a man of the world, a plotting, hardened knave, wholly regardless of everything but his own ends, and the means to secure them—Not so Macbeth.—The superstitions of the age, the rude state of society, the local scenery and customs, all give a wildness and imaginary grandeur to his character. From the strangeness of the events that surround him, he is full of amazement and fear; and stands in doubt between the world of reality and the world of fancy. He sees sights not shown to mortal eye, and hears unearthly music. All is tumult and disorder within and without his mind; his purposes recoil upon himself, are broken and disjointed; he is the double

thrall of his passions and his evil destiny. Richard is not a character either of imagination or pathos, but of pure self-will. There is no conflict of opposite feelings in his breast. The apparitions which he sees only haunt him in his sleep; nor does he live like Macbeth in a waking dream. Macbeth has considerable energy and manliness of character; but then he is "subject to all the skyey influences." He is sure of nothing but the present moment. Richard in the busy turbulence of his projects never loses his self-possession, and makes use of every circumstance that happens as an instrument of his long-reaching designs. In his last extremity can we only regard him as a wild beast taken in the toils: we never intirely lose our concerns for Macbeth; and he calls back all our sympathy by that fine close of thoughtful melancholy,

"My way of life is fallen into the sear,
The yellow leaf; and that which should accom-
pany old age,
As honour, troops of friends, I must not look to
have;
But in their stead, curses not loud but deep,
Mouth-honour, breath, which the poor heart
Would fain deny, and dare not."

We can conceive a common actor to play Richard tolerably well; we can conceive no one to play Macbeth properly, or to look like a man that had encountered the Weird Sisters. All the actors that we have ever seen, appear as if they had encountered them on the boards of Covent Garden or Drury Lane, but not on the heath at Forres, and as if they did not believe what they had seen. The Witches of Macbeth indeed are ridiculous on the modern stage, and we doubt if the Furies of Æschylus would be more respected. The progress of manners and knowledge has an influence on the stage, and will in time perhaps destroy both tragedy and comedy. Filch's picking pockets in the *Beggars' Opera* is not so good a jest as it used to be: by the force of the police and of philosophy, Lillo's murders and the ghosts in *Shakspeare* will become obsolete. At last, there will be nothing left, good nor bad, to be desired or dreaded, on the theatre or in real life. A question has been started with respect to the originality of Shakspeare's Witches, which has been well answered by Mr Lamb in his notes to the 'Specimens of Early Dramatic Poetry.'

"Though some resemblance may be traced between the charms in Macbeth, and the incantations in this play (the *Witch of Middleton*), which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakspeare. His Witches are distinguished from the Witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman, plotting some dire mischief, might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth's he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These Witches can hurt the body; those have power over the soul.—Hecate in Middleton has a son, a low buffoon: the hags of Shakspeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprang, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them.—Except Hecate, they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness. The names, and some of the properties which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The *Weird Sisters* are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creations. Their power too is, in some measure, over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, like a thick scurf o'er life."

THE WEEK.

Our present week is as barren of birth-days, as the last was otherwise. The date assigned to that of Ben Jonson in some of the 'Almanacs,' is a mistake. He was born, not on the 31st of January, but on the 11th of June. So say, at least, all the lives of him that we are acquainted with; some of them adding, that he has said so himself; though we cannot find where. Have the 'Almanacs' got any intelligence later than Chalmers?

As severe weather is to be expected about this time (if we are to have any at all), we take the opportunity of inserting the following pleasant verses which have been sent us by a Reader, and which we like for many reasons: first, because of their own merit; second, because of the Scottish dialect, which is an old favourite of ours, ever since we read 'Allan Ramsay' (we really believe that archness and good sense never go so well together in a song, as when it is written in Scotch); third, because of their seasonable and hearty logic; and fourth, because our Correspondent is candid enough to tell us they have been published before, though in a periodical not likely to have forestalled many of our English readers:—

A NEW POEM,

IN THE SCOTTISH TONGUE,

SHOWING HOW WINTER CALLED ON AN INHABITANT OF EDINBURGH, AND HOW THEY CONVERSED TOGETHER.

THE AUTHORS OF THE 'ODD VOLUME.

I.

Ae night as I sat in the gloaming,
Girning at wife and bairns gaen roaming, }
About the town;
The storm howled on wi' sic a din,
I thought the house and a' within,
Was coming down.

II.

The hail it rattled on the roof,
The blast came down the chimley mouth, }
Wi' hideous roar,
And, in its raving wild career,
Now here, now there, in front and rear,
Dang wide the door.

III.

"Oh! grously Winter! auld dour chiel,
At your dread coming naught I feel
But dool and fear;
Fell mower o' the human race,
I wish I might na see your face,
This hunder year!

IV.

"What brings you here, auld gousty carle,
Making our banes wi' aches to dirl,
Drawing our tears?
In sooth your reign we canna thole,
Sae flee away to your North Pole,
Amang your bears.

V.

"We hear there is an unco clatter,
Ye've frozen every pipe o' water,
A bonny pliakie;
And if we have na soon a thaw,
I would na wonder aye and a'
Would take to whiskey."

VI.

I daunered up to shut the door,
For louder still the storm did roar,
When back I staggered;
As help'd in by a rushing blast,
The open door-way quick he passed,
In Winter swaggered.

VII.

Frae his auld shouthers down did fa'
A mantle o' the driven sna',
Like swan-down tippet,
For perriwig he had a fog,
Set jauntily upon his nob,
And nicely clippet!

VIII.

Lang icicles hung frae his chin,
His een were bleared, his mouth fa'en in,
He looked fu' was;
His nose was red, his cheeks were blue,
His mottled legs o' every hue,
Were bare and blae.

IX.

"Gudeman," said he, "as I gaed past,
Your door was opened by a blast,
Ay gangs beside me,
And, oh! it gives me muckle pain,
To hear my subjects flout my reign,
And canna bide me.

X.

"Ye're just ane o' the senseless pack,
Misca's me sair behint my back,
Black be their fa'!
Sae I've, to vindicate my fame,
And clear frae spot my blemish'd name,
Gien you a ca'."

XI.

Thinks I, I maun the carle fleech,
For weel, gude certie, can he preach,
The cunning body;
Says I, "auld sir, just take a waff
O' that gude fire, we'll hae a laugh
Ower a drap toddy."

XII.

"Gudeman," said he, wi' tone sae snell,
"Think not with such as you I'll mell,
Or drain a tumbler,
Until I've shown baith far and wide,
That ye deserve a weel-pay'd hide,
Ye senseless grumbler.

XIII.

"Wi' friendly hand and tender care,
I send my storms to clear the air,
And raging flood;
To wisest purposes they tend,
And may you find that in the end,
They're for your good.

XIV.

"I mind, alas! the days of old,
When men were hardy, brave, and bold,
Nor feared my rigour,
Who would o' snaw their pillow make,
Nor ever think to grane or quake,
So strong their vigour

XV.

"But now, ye are a feeble race,
There's hardly ane can 'bide my face,
Though happ'd wi' claise;
Ye are unlike these men of might,
Whose arms were powerful in the fight.
Ay! these were days.

XVI.

"I mind me oft how blythe and sweet,
The leddies fear'd na me to meet
On causeway's crown;
Wi' wee made cloaks, and elbows bare,
Silk mittens on their arms sae fair,
And scrimpit gown.

XVII.

"But now the misses look sae gaucy,
As they sail by wi' air sae saucy,
Smoo'd to the nose;
Wi' boas, tippets, cloaks, and muffa,
Lang veils, and nicely crimpit ruffa,
And Shetland hose.

XVIII.

"Poets and lovers make a fraiss
About the Summer's golden days,
And sunny bowers;
And haver about buzzing bees,
And meadows green, and waving trees,
And blushing flowers.

XIX.

"But certie they would look gay queer,
Were Sol to rule through a' the year,
Their skins to roast;
They'd glad exchange their bees, and bowers,
Their shrubs, and plants, and fragrant flowers,
For clinking frost.

XX.

"Suppose, gudeman, I took the gee,
And no set foot ayont the sea,
Whare a' your joys?
Ay, whare would be your skating, curling,
Your sliding, snawba's, and your hurling,
And heartsome plays?

XXI.

"From Arthur's Seat, I oft did watch,
To see the merry curling match;
Aft at their dinners
I've seen the round of beef and greens
Encircled by a band of friends,
Losers and winners.

XXII.

"And whiles, upon the Calton Hill
I lang hae stood, and laughed my fill,
Till shook my shanks,
To see the school-boys at their plays,
And far ower scant my longest days
For a' their pranks."

XXIII.

Auld Winter, brimming wi' vexation,
Was here cut short in his narration,
For sic a din
Got up—a perfect hobbleshew,
For wife and weans, a merry crew,
Came thronging in.

XXIV.

Cauld Winter would nae langer sit.
"Certie," said he, "it's time to fit;
My loudest blast
Is naething to a woman's tongue."
And, saying this, awa' he flung,
And out he past.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LV.—A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN OBSTINATELY RESISTS BEING MADE A KING.

We take this narrative of one of Lucien Bonaparte's throne-refusing encounters with his brother, from the 'Memoirs of Madame d'Abrantes,' who said she had heard corresponding statements of it from two quarters, both in perfect accordance. That such passages, sometime or other, must have taken place between the brothers, is clear enough; and the core of the romance remains unquestionable,—viz. that Lucien did prefer his independence and his poetry to a crown,—with what judgment we have all seen by the event! His romance turned out to be the highest proof of his good sense. His world of books contained, after all, a larger and nobler world than Napoleon could hope to conquer; and there, among his treasures, he is found still ruling his magical domain of fancy and domestic peace, while the soldier is in his narrow grave.

"We were informed one morning that the Emperor had set out at four o'clock on a journey, the object and destination of which were alike impenetrable. Yet Italy was the only direction which he could have taken, and, in fact, the principal, though latent, motive of this journey was a reconciliation with Lucien. The Emperor was at length convinced, or rather he had never doubted, that, of all his brothers, Lucien alone could understand and act in concert with him. But Lucien was far from condescending, and the Emperor, who knew his character, was resolved himself to see and converse with him; the brothers consequently gave each other the meeting at Mantua.

Lucien arrived about nine at night in a travelling carriage with M. Boyer, cousin-german of his first

wife, and the Count de Chatellon, a friend who resided with him.

'Do not put up; I shall probably return to night,' said Lucien, as he alighted to join his brother.

I have heard the particulars of this extraordinary interview from two quarters, both in perfect accordance.

Napoleon was walking in a long gallery with Prince Eugene, Murat, and Marshal Duroc. He advanced to meet his brother, and held out his hand with every appearance of cordiality. Lucien was affected. He had not seen the Emperor since the day of Austerlitz; and, far from being jealous of the resplendent blaze of his brother's glory, as it now passed before his mental vision, his noble heart heaved with tumultuous joy. For some moments he was incapable of speaking. At length having expressed to Napoleon his pleasure in this meeting, the Emperor made a signal, and the rest of the party withdrew.

'Well, Lucien,' said Napoleon; 'what are your projects? Will you at last go hand in hand with me?'

Lucien regarded him with astonishment, for inquiries about his projects addressed to him who never indulged in any, appeared most strange.

'I form no projects,' replied he at length. 'As for going hand in hand with your Majesty, what am I to understand by it?'

An immense map of Europe lay rolled up on a table before them; the Emperor seized it by one hand, and throwing it open with a graceful action, said to Lucien,—

'Choose any kingdom you please, and I pledge you my word, as a brother and an Emperor, to give it you, and to maintain you in it—for I now ride over the head of every king in Europe. Do you understand me?'

He stopped, and looked expressively at Lucien.

'Lucien, you may share with me that sway which I exercise over inferior minds; you have only to pursue the course that I shall open to you, for the establishment and maintenance of my system, the happiest and most magnificent ever conceived by man; but to insure its execution I must be seconded, and I can only be seconded by my own family: of all my brothers, only yourself and Joseph can efficiently serve me. Louis is an obstinate fool, and Jerome a mere child without capacity. My hopes, then, rest chiefly in you; will you realize them?'

'Before this explanation is carried further, I ought to advertise you,' said Lucien, 'that I am not changed; my principles are still the same as in 1799 and 1803. What I was on my curule chair on the 18th Brumaire, I am at this moment beside the Emperor Napoleon. Now, brother, it is for you to consider how you will proceed.'

'You talk absurdly,' said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders. 'New times should give a new direction to the ideas. You have chosen a proper opportunity, truly, to come here and rave of your Utopian republic! You must embrace my system, I tell you; follow my path, and to-morrow I make you the chief of a great people. I acknowledge your wife as my sister. I crown her as well as you. I make you the greatest man in Europe next to myself, and I restore you my intire friendship, my brother;' added he, lowering the emphatic tone in which he had just uttered the preceding sentences, to that soft and caressing accent I have never heard but from his lips, and which makes the heart vibrate to its mellow and powerful chords. This man was altogether seducing. Lucien loved him,—he started as he listened, and grew pale.

'I do not sell myself,' said he, in an agitated voice. 'Hear me, my brother, listen to me; for this is an important hour to both of us. I will never be a prefect. If you give me a kingdom, I must rule it according to my own notions, and, above all, in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be shall have no cause to execrate my name. They shall be happy and respected; not slaves, as the Tuscans and all the Italians are. You yourself cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant, who for a few soft words would sell you

the blood of his children; for a people, after all, is but one large family, whose head will be held responsible by the King of Kings for the welfare of all its members.'

The Emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction.

'Why then, come to me?' said he at last, angrily; 'for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it; at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! Republic! You are no more thinking of that than I am; and besides, what should you desire it for? You are like Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, coolly desiring I would allow him to enter upon kingly duties. Truly nothing more would be wanting than the re-establishment of the papal tribute.'

And shrugging his shoulders, he smiled contemptuously.

'And why not,' said Lucien, 'if it conduced to the national interests? It is an absurdity, I grant; but, if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it.'

A variety of motions rapidly succeeded each other on Napoleon's countenance. He paced the gallery with a hurried step, repeating in an accent that evinced strong internal perturbation, 'Always the same! always the same!' Then turning suddenly to his brother, and stamping on the marble floor, he exclaimed with a thundering voice,—

'But once more, sir, why then did you come to meet me? Why these endless contentions? You ought to obey me as your father, the head of your family; and, by heavens, you shall do as I please.'

Lucien was now growing warm, and all the discretion he had summoned to his aid was beginning to evaporate.

'I am no subject of yours,' cried he, in his turn, 'and if you think to impose your iron yoke upon me, you are mistaken; never will I bow my head to it; and remember—hearken to my words, remember what I once told you at Malmaison.'

A long, alarming, almost sinister silence succeeded this burst of generous indignation. The two brothers faced each other, and were separated only by the table on which lay that Europe, the sport of Napoleon's insatuated ambition. He was very pale, his lips compressed, the almost livid complexion of his cheek revealing the tempest within, and his eyes darting glances of fury at Lucien, whose noble countenance must have shown to great advantage in this stormy interview, which was to decide his future fate; nor his alone, but perhaps that of Europe, for who shall conjecture what might have happened, had this really superior man been king of Spain, of Prussia, or of Poland. The Emperor was the first to break silence; he had mastered his passion, and addressed his brother with calmness:

'You will reflect on what I have told you, Lucien; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable, as to the interests of Europe at least, if not your own. Good bye, and good night to you, my brother.'

He held out his hand. Lucien, whose heart was susceptible to every kindly impression, and whose reflections at that moment were of a nature powerfully to awaken them, took his brother's offered hand, and grasped it affectionately between both of his as he reiterated 'Good bye, and a good night to you, my brother—Adieu.'

'Till to-morrow!' said the Emperor.

Lucien shook his head, and would have spoken, but was unable; then opening the door, he rushed from the apartment, re-ascended the carriage, where his friends awaited him, and immediately quitted Mantua.

The brothers met no more till the hour of Napoleon's adversity.

The scene at Malmaison, to which Lucien alluded in this interview, took place shortly before the empire was proclaimed, when Napoleon's intentions were already known to his family, and disappointed in finding himself deceived in his calculations on making Lucien one of his powerful lieutenants, served to widen the breach which the latter's mar-

riage had produced. Lucien who had hoped to see the happy days of the forum restored, and could now only look for those of Augustus, was vehement in his reproaches; accused the Emperor of being faithless to him, and of violating his word; in short, the discussion ended in an open quarrel.

'You are determined to destroy the republic?' said the enraged Lucien; 'well, assassinate her, then;—mount your throne over her murdered remains and those of her children—but mark well what one of those children predicts: This empire, which you are erecting by force, and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed, thus?' and seizing a screen from the mantel-piece, he crushed it impetuously in his hand, which trembled with rage. Then, as if still more distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch dashed it on the ground, and stamped upon it with the heel of this boot: 'Yes—crushed ground to powder, thus.'

THE CAT BY THE FIRE, AND PICTURES IN ONE'S ROOM.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

MY DEAR MR EDITOR,—As a constant and delighted reader of the LONDON JOURNAL, I can no longer resist the inclination I have hitherto felt to assure you how eagerly expected, and *feastingly* perused by me, are the admirable leading articles of your Journal. Do not think I am insensible to the value of former and more erudite papers, when I declare your 'Cat by the Fire,' and 'Put up a Picture in your Room,' to be the two I love best. The former is a series of pictures itself—pictures of the best and dearest kind, of home, and English home-comforts and enjoyments. You will not lay aside your wonted kindness to laugh at me for an old *Tabby* myself, when I confess that my eyes grew dim while reading your portraits of *Pussy*, for my rug has not now "a cat to it"—my old favourite is dead: he was given to me when *he* was a kitten, and *I* a child as playful. Poor Tom! many a game of romps have we had together, and for many a meat-stealing, and pigeon-killing misdemeanour have I, by tears and entreaties, gained thy pardon! I and my cat were faithful companions for ten years; and now, "I could have better spared some nobler friend." If busily engaged in writing, and neglectful of *Pussy's* gentle hints for notice, he would leap on the table behind my desk, and sit, peeping over the lid, with a look of staid and important gravity worthy of Minerva's owl, until espying a tempting feathered pen among the writing apparatus, after a few preparatory nods and aim-taking, bounce came my unruly companion among my scattered MSS., and with curving paw and frisking tail sent discomfited literature to the right-about. My cat was a sagacious cat, a gentle, docile, affectionate cat, and the finest and handsomest cat in the parish. Oh! a thousand thanks for your 'Cat by the Fire!'

'Put up a Picture in your Room.' Now, my dear Mr Editor, if you could for one moment look into the "sanctum" of your present Correspondent, a glance would prove how perfectly we coincide in opinion on this head. Yet am I no rich picture-collector, with money at the command of every covetous feeling—no resident in an old Baronial mansion, with dozens of courtier-ancestors looking out of their carved frames and elaborate big wigs. No; I am a poor, literature-loving artist, "in a small way," whose (almost) only inducement to the profitable exercise of her own pencil, is the desire to possess transcripts of the glorious works of greater ones; and, in some instances, my own *small* proficiency has served me, when an opportunity offered, of copying in miniature a picture which pleased or interested me. Yet to your admirable remarks on the utility and luxury of "putting up pictures in one's room," do I owe much of the gratification my little studio now yields me. Being a great admirer of the beauty and grace of Lawrence's heads (though my present estimate of him as a great painter falls short of what it was), I have many of his fair creations around me; but, for the most part, they fail of exciting thoughts or feel-

ings beyond themselves, and therefore have little interest for "this present writing." I made a copy of a lovely portrait of Henrietta-Maria, Queen of Charles the First, from the original by Lely. This recalls an eventful era of our history; and as I seldom find myself the worse for such contemplations, I see the advantage of having pictures in my room. Donna Maria of Portugal, after Lawrence, occupies a place corresponding to the fair Henrietta, and as representing the present, may also serve as a useful memorandum. Were I to touch upon politics, "I could a tale unfold" of my triumphant return home one evening lately, with an engraving of "The Durham" in my muff, which, in a few minutes after, accused by a frame of English heart of oak, was placed above a bas-relief of Napoleon on horseback, the gift of a near and valued friend. If I would be ideally delighted, I turn, and gaze on Hamlet—Lawrence's *Kemble-Hamlet*—and, "Alas, poor Yorick!" with all of that superb scene echoes in my ears; and with a graver tone, and thoughtful brow, I exclaim—"To this complexion we must come at last!" Shakespeare again—but how different! I love the wild poetic imaginings of the eccentric Fuseli, and here, in his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' I have his Titania and Bottom, surrounded by a host of merry elves frisking and frolicking and whirling about. Oh "tis a mad sight!" (Did not somebody say this of a cat and valerian?)

Now, over my chiffonier (a pretty name enough for a moveable mahogany cupboard), is an oval frame, divers times regit and "done up" since first tenanted by its now faded occupant, a group of flowers, worked in coloured silks on white satin—the production of my good mamma, when the paragon of little sempstresses at school. What a series of reflections awake here! The schoolmaster had not then gone abroad (nor was he often found at home). The young ladies of that day had no *LONDON JOURNALS*—no 'Penny Magazines'—no 'Lectures on Education,'—though many for cookery and curtsying,—and often has my good mother related to me how, when only seven years old, she walked the *minuet de la cour* with her dancing-master at the annual ball, dressed in a frock covered with her own embroidery. Alas! for the young eyes of that day! But I am almost forgetting my largest picture, and, indeed, the only painting in oil I now possess,—the old family picture of my mamma, a pretty demure-looking damsel of eight, drawing a child's carriage, with one little brother in it, and another pushing behind. The painting is good, and as a memorandum of costume alone it is interesting—but I remember so many oft-told tales of the time when this mighty work was done, that I reverence my old picture. But to enumerate all the inhabitants of my study would occupy a small volume. I count about forty pictures, many in handsome frames, some in plain frames, and a few without frames at all. Flowers, painted from nature by myself, recall the blue skies and bright days of summer, when the bees and butterflies came in at the open window, and, caressingly touching my fair models, seemed to approve the selection I had made. A copy in Indian ink of a beautiful moonlight sea-piece, (from an expensive mezzotint plate,) serves as a slight memory of my favourite scene;

"The restless, vast, illimitable sea."

(Now am I not a famous disciple of your school?) But I have as yet no landscape; and it is my favourite subject in painting, but my own original efforts in that line do not go beyond a sketch of scenes I visit, though I succeed tolerably in etching them afterwards. I contemplate the acquisition of the two superb landscapes just published after Constable—are they not beautiful? And though most humble in the scale of art, yet, to affection, how precious are the resemblances I have succeeded in gaining of friends—some now far, far away—and some, at rest!

Then my sanctum is crammed with *clericalia* of all kinds—casts, stuffed birds and shells, gifts from distant alms, and a modestly-stocked book-

case, containing one treasure worth all the rest—a genuine copy of the first folio Shakespeare, untainted by Malone or his villainous whitewash.

Now, dear Mr Editor, are you satisfied that the writer of this rambling, gossiping "long yarn," is a fit and proper reader of the *LONDON JOURNAL*? In anxious expectation and reliance on the fulfilment of your promise anent being extremely brilliant and entertaining next year, with all the good old English wishing of this festive season, believe me,

Dear Mr Editor,

Your congenial and constant Reader,

LAURA LATIMER.

December 24, 1834.

EDUCATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

[Conclusion of the Second Chapter of Mr Simpson's 'Necessity of Popular Education as a National Object.']

CONTENTS:—FALSE MORALITY OF CLASSICS—BARBARISM OF THE ANCIENTS—SCIENTIFIC STUDIES—SCIENCE OF MAN, PHYSIOLOGICAL, MENTAL, AND MORAL, A BLANK IN EDUCATION.

BUT this is not all that may be said on the head of the morality of the classics; there is another view of this topic deeply affecting the weal of society. Morality is placed by the classical authors upon a false and anything but a Christian basis; and yet they are most strenuously advocated by the clergy, especially in England, as the most appropriate discipline for the youthful mind. This is evidently the result of the habit of not inquiring into the nature and consistency of long-established customs. As part of an education professedly Christian, admiration of the ancient heathens is worked up almost to idolatry in the student: their natural selfishness and injustice, called patriotism, are positively recommended as the noblest objects of imitation; the history of their murderous aggressive wars, rapine, and martial glory, is listened to with delight, and made in mimic essay, the pastime of the play-ground of every grammar-school; the sensuality and profligacy that defiles, sometimes with nameless abomination, the pages of the satirical and other poets, which, countenanced for a moment, would meet with and merit stoning by the populace, nay the immoralities of the mythological pantheon itself, as a subject of study in a Christian country, have all, as stated exercises for our youth, afforded matter of amazement to those who perceive moral distinctions, and are accustomed to observe and think consistently. A different standard of morals, another rule of right and wrong, seems by habit to be applied to those privileged tribes of the ancient world, than is acknowledged, theoretically at least, in regard to the modern; so that sensuality, selfishness, injustice, rapacity, cruelty, and crime, are, in the first, not only passed over as of a different specific gravity from what they count for now-a-days, but are pressed upon the opening faculties as the constituents of moral grandeur and practical virtue! This essential barbarism recoils dreadfully on society: Christianity itself is overborne by a spurious morality imbibed from the ancient authors, and society continues selfish, sensual, and belligerent. It is high time that truth were looked in the face, and the world disabused of this superstition, which has too long survived the popish; when a higher moral education shall have taken the bandage from our eyes, it will cease to raise a shout of wonder and scorn to predicate that, morally viewed, the Greeks and Romans were barbarians from the first to the last hour of their history, and that in their own barbarism they were finally extinguished. It will tend to reconcile the reader to this apparently bold thesis, if it should chance to be new to him, to distinguish between the admitted civilisation, and the essential barbarism of the ancients. These communities passed through many stages of social progress. The human intellect never developed itself more brilliantly. In no age or nation have men of more splendid talents appeared—more gifted statesmen, more lofty orators, more graphic historians, more ingenious philosophers,

more consummate generals, more able lawyers, more sublime poets, more exquisite artists, and, considering the state of physical science, more skillful mechanicians. Their cities were models of architectural grace and symmetry; their ways and aqueducts were stupendous; their temples, their theatres, their palaces, have no parallels in modern times. Elegance and luxury were carried to their very acmé among them. The Roman armies were the most tremendous engines of human power ever produced by human combination. The description given by Josephus, of the army which invaded Judea and destroyed Jerusalem, impresses us with the idea of the art-military improved to its *ne plus ultra* in discipline, tactics, promptitude, and co-operation, as if it had been one complicated, yet simply and irresistibly acting machine of iron and steel. We are accustomed to associate all that is graceful with Greece, and all that is powerful with Rome; we were early told that the world was refined by the one, and prostrated by the other; we were trained from boyhood almost to worship their books, and the very languages in which they are written; we are familiar with venerable institutions and vast endowments in our own island, for the study of these languages alone, while Greek and Roman wisdom, valour, patriotism, and virtue, have been to us as household words. It is time for us to try all this by another standard, and one which, had we been educated on right principles, we would have applied long ago. The barbarism of the ancients may be summed up in a word,—CHRISTIAN MORALITY WAS UNKNOWN IN GREECE AND ROME. Mercy and justice did not form the foundation or the actuating principle of their institutions, their polity, or their private life. The virtue of their republics was mere self-exaltation, called patriotism, which was accompanied with gross injustice and cruelty to all other nations; while a pampered appetite for military glory, and a systematic grasping ambition, produced almost perpetual war for conquest and plunder, with all the horrors and miseries of that worst form of crime. The Roman share in these wars, with a few exceptions of retributive invasions by the more powerful victims of their injustice, was exclusively aggressive. The nation, and every individual of which it was composed, either joined in, or heartily sympathised with, these grand outrages of moral principle. Hence war, bloodshed, pride, ambition, with an insatiable rapacity, formed the basis of the Roman character, actuated their policy, controlled their education, and constituted their very being. This is what is meant by Roman barbarism. It differed from the savage state only in the extended intellect and improved combinations which enlarged its range, and increased its power of evil. Poets sung its atrocities as the summit of human glory,—for there is no greater test of barbarism than blindness to its own features, and the mistake of its crimes for virtues; orators lauded the deeds of blood and rapine, in which sometimes as soldiers they had borne a part, and listening senates hung upon their lips, as they fed to fulness the coarsest appetites of national vanity and selfishness. Historians were ready, in their turn, to record in their imperishable pages, the proud crimes of their countrymen; and philosophers systematised a spurious virtue out of the inferior impulses of human nature. Such was the actual national practice from the days of Romulus to those of Constantine. We do not find that even the sage philosophers themselves condemned, and we are left to suppose they countenanced and witnessed, the savage scenes of the amphitheatre, where Pompey slaughtered 500 lions, and Trajan 11,000 wild beasts, and 5000 gladiators, to glut the Roman delight in blood. Whole days were spent in these theatres by the citizens of all ranks, witnessing the combats of men and beasts with breathless interest, and feasting their eyes with torture and death. The custom continued to debase and brutalize the people for centuries. Certainly, there never existed on earth a more sanguinary race than the admired Romans. This thirst of blood added to gross sensuality, and the corruption which arose out of and ministered to it, the falsehood and dishonesty which characterized public and private life, were barbarism in the midst of all the gorgeous

ness of physical, luxurious, and literary civilization. Morally, the Romans, and not less the Greeks, were uncivilised, and as the course of the selfish faculties which swayed them is downwards, they gradually sank and ultimately perished.

* The talent bestowed on classical pursuits is sometimes such as would master the sciences and extend their range. The prime list of a great grammar-school often presents wonderful productions of difficulty and labour. The efforts at College are still more heroic, and health and life are not seldom sacrificed in making them.

The grammar-school finished about fifteen, the acquisition of useful practical knowledge may even yet be made, though under great disadvantages. But the feast which Nature spreads is especially withheld from the devoted youth—destined to the classical glories of College. Special, laborious, and expensive care is taken to exclude the chance of his picking up even stray knowledge, by engaging him engrossingly in pursuits which lead away from it. When finished at school, he is said to be "prepared for College," and it is the greatest boast of a grammar-school, that its pupils are well fitted for this advancement, and become renowned for bearing away the University honours. Now "College," in the sense alluded to, does not mean the attainment of physical and moral science, the knowledge of Creation as revealed in the works of God; it means more yet of the dead languages, more yet of these standards of science and morality, the Greeks and Romans; it means advancement in the "higher classics;" a greater elevation still above all vulgar studies which are to be of practical use in the attainment of good and the avoidance of evil in after life.* The school keeps an eye upon its former alumni, and glories in their triumphs in the dead languages, in the rank they take at College, the *scholarships*, the fellowships they achieve. Nay, this is not all, the school posterously claims to itself the credit of the whole future fame and fortune of its quondam pupil, the whole fruits of that education which he subsequently gave himself, and which the time he wasted within its walls only postponed; while his Greek and Latin have not only contributed nothing to his advancement, but have been most probably almost entirely forgotten by him. There is no part of this solemn mockery of intellectual cultivation more tantalizing than the fact, that classical honours are borne away by efforts, not in the direct, but the inverse ratio of the value of the attainments rewarded. Ambition performs feats almost incredible; it furnishes an impulse which makes light and pleasurable tasks which, without it, would be an intolerable grievance. The literary performances are often of great merit, and were they not *all*, were they an elegant surplussage to practical wisdom and useful knowledge, they would be so much gained, an additional grace well worth possessing. But when they are all the hard earnings of the noonday and the midnight,—when the same time, talent, and labour, properly directed, would have rewarded the young student with an extent of knowledge, accomplishment, and resource, which few by their own efforts subsequently attain,—we can only account for the dead languages continuing for another day to occupy so long exclusively the seat of education, by reflecting that the men who suffer its continuance were once boys, whom it at one and the same time cheated of sound knowledge, and entrenched in impregnable prejudice.†

* The term *higher classics* recalls a mode of reasoning adopted by scholars to silence the gainsayer on the score of his incompetency. They tell him he is out of his depth when he questions the supremacy of classical literature, it being the privilege of *few* to attain to a knowledge of its exquisite beauties and perfections. The first answer to this is, that there could not be a stronger reason for forthwith abandoning the custom of wasting, on such a pursuit, the time of the *many*; while the second is a challenge to point out any passage in any author, Greek or Latin, which, saying always a certain felicity of expression, may not be given in English, to all the effect it possesses of delighting or improving the thinking or feeling faculties of man.

† As these strictures will very probably be objected to, as referring to grammar-schools as they were, and written in ignorance of the improvements now introduced into them,

If all this shall appear to be strongly stated, if it shall excite, as it will no doubt do, angry feelings, in those attached to the classics by habit and by fame, and angrier still in those linked to them by interest, the writer has two grounds of deprecation: First, he abjures all personal feeling in his strictures on a system of centuries. He knows the talent and the worth of many of his advocates and retainers; to some of them he is closely bound by the ties of friendship and affection. He remembers, with almost filial respect, the venerable men, now no more, who were his kind and sincere instructors; respects the existing generation of classical teachers; and so far is he from wishing to affect their patrimonial status, that he would be the first to compensate them for the loss occasioned to them by the adoption of a system of education more in harmony with the age, and more consistent with the nature and faculties of man.

Secondly, the author claims the shelter from their displeasure of names, which they will certainly join him in venerating. Milton has these words: "Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasant and so unsuccessful. First, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in *one year*"; and that which casts our proficiency so much behind is, our time lost in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities, partly in *preposterous* exaction from the empty wits of children, to compose *theses*, *verses*, and *orations*, which are the acts of ripest judgment." In another place, Milton says, "Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft this world into, yet, if he has not studied the *solid things* in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother-dialect only."

Locke, 'On Education,' says, "Would not a Chinese, who had notice of our way of breeding, be apt to imagine, that all our young gentlemen were designed to be teachers and professors of the dead languages of foreign countries, and not to be men of business in their own?" Again, the same author says (for he reprobates the practice in several passages), "But though the qualifications requisite to trade and commerce, and the business of the world, are seldom or never to be got at grammar-schools, yet thither not only gentlemen send their younger sons intended for trades, but even tradesmen and farmers fail not to send their children, though they have neither intention nor ability to make them scholars. If you ask them why they do this?

it was thought desirable to obtain some of the recent reports and prize lists which are steadily published by the more important of these seminaries, and all that I have seen indicate as yet paramount the old subjects of study and competition. It is worthy of remark, too, that the improvements claimed are neither more nor less than partial introductions of the very useful knowledge now advocated; in other words, partial displacements of Greek and Latin. In the two great seminaries of Edinburgh, the High School and Academy, there is considerable improvement in this way; but both establishments put their scholarship foremost in their appeal to the public. We find prizes for "best Grecian, best Greek prose, best Greek verses, best Latin verses;" and themes written by boys of fourteen, when the faculties are unfit for the subjects, which it would task the powers of the ablest tacticians, politicians, and philosophers to deal with, such as "Was the attack of Saguntum by Hannibal, and the invasion of Italy, justifiable on the reasons which he alleges?"—Which was the ablest general, Cæsar or Hannibal?—On the progress and decline of commercial nations—Whether was *Livy* or *Herodotus* the most correct historian?—On the progress of mankind from barbarism to civilization and refinement.—Whether is aristocracy or democracy ultimately more dangerous to public liberty?—On the manners of the heroic ages," &c. It will astonish a more rationally educated age than our own, that the most enlightened men of the second quarter of the nineteenth century were satisfied with *this* as the fruit of seven years' labours in their sons; well aware, at the same time, from their own experience, that the self-education, which is to fit for active life, has yet to begin after all the prizes for long and laborious scholastic trifling have been awarded, and all the applauses bestowed.

* On saving time, and other matters, see Letter from Mr Cunningham, head master of the Edinburgh Institution for Languages, &c. App. No. IV.

they think it as strange a question as if you should ask them why they go to church? Custom serves for reason, and has, to those that take it for reason, so consecrated this method that it is almost religiously observed by them; and they stick to it as if their children had scarce an orthodox education unless they learned 'Lilly's Grammar.'" A passage follows on the subject of the special oblivion of Greek: "How many are there of a hundred, even amongst scholars themselves, who retain the Greek they carried from school, or ever improve it to a familiar reading and perfect understanding of Greek authors?"

Gibbon observes that "a finished scholar may emerge from the head of Eton or Westminster, in total ignorance of the business and conversation of gentlemen, in the latter end of the eighteenth century."

Adam Smith makes the remark, "That it seldom happens that a man, in any part of his life, derives any convenience or advantage from some of the most laborious and troublesome parts of his education."

Byron, on the authority of his biographer, Moore, was a bad Greek and Latin scholar at Harrow; hated the drudgery they imposed upon him, and acquired his copious, flexible, and splendid style by extensive English reading.

It is necessary to repeat the qualification of the whole argument,—for nothing is more apt to be forgotten by the advocates of classical studies,—that not a word which has been said can be perverted even to mean absolute hostility to Latin and Greek, to the length of banishing them utterly from education as a pursuit. The study of them (but at a more advanced stage of education, and for a moderate time, as advised by Milton) is necessary for the divine—who must add Hebrew,—the lawyer, and the physician. Nay, more, even the higher classics afford an object which will well reward the kind of genius which is fitted for the pursuit. What is contended for, is the rescue of our *idiot* youth from the dead languages,—from the engrossing exclusiveness of that one object, during *all* the period when real knowledge is most naturally and beneficially attainable. It will at once occur to the reader that this qualification is precisely that which is likely to be most unwelcome to the teachers of the dead languages, whose emoluments depend upon the number of their pupils; but this cannot affect the truth of the distinction.

Our scientific studies are unexceptionably provided for at College. In all the branches of natural history, chemistry, and mechanical philosophy, we have the means offered us of the highest attainments. Suppose us to have completely mastered all these branches of physical science, the question remains, What is our access to the science of mind, or, more extensively, the science of Man? To physical man there exist ample means of being introduced; but anatomy and physiology are never dreamed of by any one not destined to the medical profession; the most highly educated gentleman knows as little about his own bodily frame, or its relations to external nature, as the most uninformed of the manual-labour class, and is nearly as ignorant of the conditions of health, though practically, and by habit more than principle, cleaner in his person and dwelling. But it is in the philosophy of mind that our universities present the grand blank.† Yet truth in this science must be arrived at before human affairs can be placed on a sound moral foundation. If it be undeniable, that the true guiding principle of human affairs can only be accordance of human affairs with human faculties, what must not be the extent of the evils which humanity suffers, when yet in ignorance or uncertainty as to the nature of these faculties? Can we wonder at the confusion in speculation and the confusion in action, which prevail around us? Above all, what title have we to expect that education—which is essentially the

* A singularly confirmatory letter from Dr Christison, present professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh, who obtained the highest honours for Greek, both at school and at college, and nevertheless has nearly forgotten that tongue, was lately published in Mr Combe's 'Lectures on Education.'

† Professor Dugald Stewart's confession on this head has been already referred to.

improvement of the human faculties, the guide to their right use, and the guard against that miserable abuse which far and wide embitters life—can be either theoretically or practically understood, when no two philosophers are agreed as to what the faculties are, and few writers on education have thought of appealing to them, or considered it necessary to take them into account at all in their speculations. But this branch of the subject will be treated more at large in the next chapter; the utmost object of this and the preceding will have been attained, if they shall tend to open our eyes not only to the desolate state of seven-eighths of our countrymen for lack of that knowledge which alone will enable them to co-operate in their own elevation, physical, moral, and intellectual, but not less to the imperfections of our own education, our ignorance of that imperfection, and, the natural result, our unfortunate apathy on the important subject.

TABLE TALK.

THE THREE RACANS.

ON the death of Montaigne, his adopted daughter, Mlle. de Gournai, turned her attention to Racan, whom she only knew by his works. The desire of being acquainted with a poet so eminent, and so capable of judging of the merits of others, made her neglect no means of procuring a visit from him; and after some time she succeeded, and the day and hour were appointed. Two of the poet's friends, on being informed of it, seized the opportunity of playing a trick on the lady, and, about an hour previous to the appointed time, one of them appeared at her door, and introduced himself as M. de Racan. Who can do justice to his reception? He talked, and talked, and praised the works she had written, and thanked her for the knowledge they had given him; in short, used all his eloquence to flatter her into the belief that she was a prodigy. After about half an hour's conversation, he made his bow and departed, leaving his hostess very well pleased with M. de Racan. Scarcely had he left the house, when another M. de Racan was announced: and she, conceiving that her late visitor had forgotten something, rose up to receive him the more graciously, when the second friend entered, and made himself known as her appointed visitor. Mlle. de Gournai was astonished; and, after cross examining the pretended poet, informed him of the guest she had just dismissed. The counterfeit Racan of course seemed greatly chagrined at the imposture, and vowed vengeance on the author of it, at the same time convincing the lady that he could be no other than the person he represented, by praising her and her works more outrageously than his predecessor. This second Racan at length quitted her, perfectly satisfied that he was the object of her invitation, and the former one an impostor. The door had scarcely closed upon him, when a third Racan, that is to say the real one, made his appearance, and then the lady lost all patience: "What, more Racans!" she screamed out. She then ordered him to be shown up stairs; and, on his entering her presence, demanded, in the greatest passion, how he dared to insult her so grossly. Racan, who was never very voluble of his tongue, was so astonished at this reception, that he could only answer by stuttering and stammering; and the lady, in the mightiness of her wrath, becoming at once persuaded, by his confusion, that he was an accomplice of her first visitor, took off her slipper, and made such good use of it on the poet's head, that he was glad to make a precipitate retreat.—[A Correspondent has favoured us with this anecdote from the 'Dictionnaire des Portraits Historiques.' A similar story, if our memory does not deceive us, is told of Rousseau,—probably a fact suggested by the former one.]

IMPORTANCE OF COOKERY.

EXPERIENCE has proved that cooking renders food really more nutritious; but to produce all the beneficial effects which it is capable of yielding, skill is required in its exercise. The difference

in the apparent quality of the same kinds of food, when prepared in dissimilar ways, is very striking. It is found, that the richness of a soup depends more upon a proper choice of the ingredients, than upon the quantity of solid nutritious matter employed; much more upon the skill of the preparer in concocting the whole, than upon the amount of money laid out in the purchase of materials; while its nutritive qualities are apparently in proportion to its agreeable flavour; thus affording an example of the old proverb that "whatever pleases the palate, nourishes." Since a very small quantity of solid food, when prepared properly, will satisfy hunger, and support life and health, men employed in the most laborious works may, by the art of cookery, be nourished on a comfortable and varied diet, at a very trifling expence. It is supposed, that by a proper attention to the culinary preparation of food, and to the economy of fuel during the process, the expences for the subsistence of a family, especially that of a labouring man, might be diminished nearly one half.—*Household Year Book.*

THE MISSELTOW.

THE mode of propagation of the 'missetoe' was long a subject of controversy. It was formerly considered to be an excrescence from the tree on which it grew, and consequently produced without seed. In these days, however, we are in no danger of being led astray by the idea that it is a spontaneous production. The fact of its propagation from seed has been long established by conclusive experiments. Seeds inserted in the bark of the white poplar have germinated, and produced the plant: and in some experiments made in a garden at Knaresborough, by Mr Collins, large plants were obtained, upon dwarf apple-trees by rubbing the full ripe berries upon the smooth bark of the shoots. By this process, which may be performed upon the smooth bark of almost any tree, the seeds adhere closely by means of the glutinous pulp in which they are imbedded, and will produce plants the following winter. We are informed by Mr Lees, that he has attempted, without success, to plant the Missetoe on the oak in this country; but he attributes his failure, and probably with justice, to having selected a tree, the bark of which was rugged, for his experiments. Mr Dovaston has lately succeeded in producing it upon the oak, in a neighbouring country, under more favourable circumstances.—*The Analyst.*

—The most insupportable company are those who are witty all day long.—*Seignel.*

FINE ARTS.

Edwards's Botanical Register, or Ornamental Flower-Garden and Shrubbery. Continued by John Lindley, Ph. D. F.R.S., &c. James Ridgway and Sons.

VERY tidily got up, and very cheap. The defects in this publication, as we had occasion to observe in our notice last week of Curtis's Botanical Magazine, are in the 'colouring.' This we must at present put up with. We believe some endeavours are being made by certain spirited wood-engravers, to discover some method of printing colours at one pressing, and that they have realized some substantial promises of perfecting their attempts. If they ultimately succeed, they will find their services in great request.

A History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament and Ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster. By John Britton, and Edward W. Brayley. John Weale. No. I.

A WORK which promises to be of minute and accurate research. The illustrations are elaborate and painstaking. It is perhaps hypercritical to remark that they are somewhat mechanical in the execution,—rather meagre in the effect. We see the bricks and mortar that remain of the Houses of Parliament, the damage they have suffered, but the grandeur of the buildings is hardly done justice to; we miss the expression of desolation, of dreariness and silence, which the glaring and roaring fire leaves behind it.

But after all, the most important point is achieved in the carefulness and accuracy with which the drawings are made; and in these respects there appears to be nothing wanting.

We take this opportunity of noticing another of Mr Brayley's works, called the 'Graphical and Historical Illustrator.' We took in several of the numbers, and tried to complete our set, but were unable. Since the completion of the volume, the work was sent to us, and we regretted extremely to hear that it had been found advisable to discontinue it, for it was a favourite of ours. Our neglect of it has been on our conscience some time. It is a pleasant traveller among the old buildings and legends of England, and deserves the regret of the lovers of literature and romance as well as of the mere antiquary.

MUSIC.

The Honey-suckle, Rondo, for the Piano-forte. By Davison. Aldridge.

'THE Honey-suckle,' addressed to Mrs Honey. Good names both, and very fit for a bowery and flowery composition. It is occasionally pretty, perfectly easy, and lying well for the hands. A pleasant exercise for young performers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret, for the sake of their graceful and genuine feeling, that we cannot insert the 'Lines by an Absent Husband on a Wife's Birth-day.' But if we did, we should have no excuse for the non-insertion of many contributions in verse, equally good and long.

'Hints for Table Talk,' No. V., next week.

Both of the articles of W. H. M. shall be inserted, if we can find room; but we fear his patience is not so abundant as his flow of remark; and matter presses on us so much since the new year, that we know not what to say to a great many Correspondents whom we respect. Even J. M. C. must make the best of this answer, for the present. And R. D., and A. M. P.

The paper of a fair Correspondent on 'Holly' came too late.

The 'Christmas Ball-room Announcements' of our most rhythmical indefatigable friend, Mr Wilson, come somewhat late in the season; but he is in advance with 'Saint Valentine,' and we cannot help hoping that a due attendance will encourage his dance, in honour of that lively saint, in which the letters forming his name are to be developed 'successively by fourteen young ladies.'

J. A. M. next week.

S. H. E. (18 years of age) is in a fair way to become a sound thinker; and will by-and-by be glad that we agree with his modest doubt, as to the public value of his writings at present.

We must again postpone the sequel to 'Speculations of my Grandfather,' till next week.

We thank S. A. B. for his offer, but we know not what to do with the press of matter already in our possession. The book he speaks of is quite worthy its price. This Correspondent says,—"I was much pleased with your article to 'Put up a Picture in your Room,' and would observe, that the lawyer might have a portrait of Shakspeare in his room, as I think, from internal evidence, it cannot be doubted but that he was a lawyer. If you should be inclined to doubt this, I will send you a few extracts from his plays in support of my opinion."—Our Correspondent's opinion has been before maintained, and with much plausibility; at least so far as goes to show that Shakspeare must have had some initiation in a lawyer's office. There was a good article in particular upon it, in an early number (if we are not mistaken) of the 'Law Magazine.'

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4, 1835.

No. 45.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A GENTLEMAN-SAINT.

'BEAUTIES OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.'

LOOKING over the catalogue, the other day, of Mr Cawthorn's excellent circulating library (which has the books it professes to have,—a rare virtue in such establishments) our curiosity was raised by a volume intitled 'Beauties of St. Francis de Sales.' We sent for it, and found we had started so delicious a saint, that we vowed we must make him known to our readers. He is a true god-send, a man of men, a real quintessence of Christian charity and shrewd sense withal (things not only far from incompatible, but thoroughly amalgamable); in short, a man as sensible as Dr Johnson, with all the piety and patience which the Doctor desired to have, all the lowliness and kind fellowship which it would have puzzled him to behold in a prelate, and all the delicacy and true breeding which would have transported him. Like Fenelon, he was a sort of angel of a gentleman, a species of phoenix which, we really must say, the French Church seems to have produced beyond any other. Not that we undervalue the Hookers and Jewels, and other primitive excellences of our own. Deeply do we love and venerate them. But we like to see a human being develop all the humanities of which he is capable, those of outward as well as inward elegance not excepted; not indeed in the inconsistent and foppish shape of a Sir Charles Grandison (who comes hushing upon us with insinuations of equal perfection in dancing and the decalogue, with soft deprecations of our astonishment, and all sorts of equivocal wordly accomplishments, which the author has furnished him with, on purpose to keep his piety safe—swordsmanship, for one) but in whatsoever, being the true spirit of a gentleman, manifests itself outwardly in consequence, shaping the movements of the commonest and most superficial parts of life to the unaffected elegance of the spirit within, and at the same time refusing no fellowship with honesty of any sort, nor ostentatiously claiming it, but feeling and having it, because of its true, natural, honest heart's blood, and a tendency to relish all things in common with us, "passioned as we."

When a man exhibits this nature, as St Francis de Sales did, and exhibits it too in the shape of a mortified saint of the Romish Church, a lone lodger, a celibatory, entering into everybody else's wishes and feelings, but denying himself some of the most precious to a being so constituted, we feel proud for the sake of the capabilities of humanity—proud because we belong to a species which we are utterly unable to illustrate so in our own persons—proud, and happy, and hopeful that if one human being can do so much, thousands, nay all, by like opportunities, and a like loving breeding, may ultimately do, not indeed the same, but enough—enough for themselves, and enough for the like exalted natures, too, who have the luck to live in such times.

Even if such times are not to come, but are merely among the fancies or necessary activities of the human mind, then still we are grateful for the vision by the way, and, above all, for the exquisite real fellowship.

We need not deprecate any ill construction of our use of the term "gentleman saint." In some sort, we do confess, we use it with a delighted smile on our face, astonished to start such a phenomenon in high life; but while the conversational sense of the

word is included, we claim for it, as we have explained, the very largest and truest sense. One of our brave old English dramatists, brave because his humanity misgave him in nothing, dared to call the divinest of beings that have trod the earth—

"The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Here is another (at far distance) of the same heraldry, his shield—

"heart-shaped, and vermeil dyed."

Fenelon was another, but not so active or persuasive as De Sales. St Vincent de Paul, if we mistake not, the founder of the Sisters of Charity, was a fourth. So, we believe, was St Thomas Aquinas. So, perhaps, was Jeremy Taylor, and certainly Berkeley—the latter, the more unquestionably of the two, because he was the more active in doing good, and manifestly did not care twopence for honours and profits, compared with the chance of benefiting his fellow-creatures. At one time, for this purpose, he petitioned to give up his preferences! Swift has a pleasant passage in furtherance of this object, in which he tells the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that Dr Berkeley will be miserable in case he is not allowed to give up some hundreds a year.

We will first give the 'General Biographical Dictionary' account of St Francis de Sales, and follow it with a notice of the book before us.

"St Francis de Sales was born at the Castle of Sales, in the diocese of Geneva, August 21, 1567. He descended from one of the most ancient and noble families of Savoy. Having taken a doctor of law's degree at Padua, he was first advocate at Chambéry, then provost of the church of Geneva at Annecy. Claudius de Granier, his bishop, sent him as a missionary into the valleys of his diocese, to convert the Zuinglians and Calvinists, which he is said to have performed in great numbers, and his sermons were attended with wonderful success. The bishop of Geneva chose him afterwards for his coadjutor, but was obliged to use authority before he could be persuaded to accept the office. Religious affairs called him afterwards into France, where he was universally esteemed; and Cardinal du Perron said, 'There were no heretics whom he could not convince, but M. de Geneva must be employed to convert them.' Henry IV, being informed of his merit, made him considerable offers, in hopes of detaining him in France; but he chose rather to return to Savoy, where he arrived in 1602, and found Bishop Granier had died a few days before. St Francis then undertook the reformation of his diocese, where piety and virtue soon flourished through his zeal: he restored regularity in the monasteries, and instituted the order of the Visitation in 1610, which was confirmed by Paul V, 1618, and of which the Baroness de Chantal, whom he converted by his preaching at Dijon, was the foundress. He also established a congregation of hermits in Chablais, restored ecclesiastical discipline to its ancient vigour, and converted numerous heretics to the faith. At the latter end of 1618, St Francis was obliged to go again to Paris, with the Cardinal de Savoy, to conclude a marriage between the Prince of Piedmont and Christina of France, second daughter of Henry IV. This princess, herself, chose de Sales for her chief almoner; but he would accept the place only

on two conditions; one, that it should not preclude his residing in his diocese; the other, that whenever he did not execute his office, he should not receive the profits of it. These unusual terms the princess was obliged to consent to; and immediately, as if by way of investing him with his office, presented him with a very valuable diamond, saying, "On condition that you will keep it for my sake." To which he replied, "I promise to do so, madam, unless the poor stand in need of it." Returning to Annecy, he continued to visit the sick, relieve those in want, instruct the people, and discharge all the duties of a pious bishop, till 1622, when he died of an apoplexy at Lyons, December 28, aged fifty-six, leaving several religious works, collected in 2 vols. folio. The most known are, the 'Introduction to a Devout Life,' and 'Philo, or a treatise on the Love of God.' Marsoilier has written his life, (2 vols. 12mo,) which was translated into English by Mr Crathorne. He was canonized in 1665. (Moreri.—Dict. Hist.—Butler.)

The writers of this notice do not seem to have been aware, that Camus, Bishop of Bellay, the disciple and friend of St Francis, wrote a large account of him, "the Beauties" which the work before us professes to give the public. This English volume is itself a curiosity. It is printed at Barnet, and emanates most likely from some public-spirited enthusiast of the Roman Catholic persuasion, who has thought, not without reason, to sow a good seed in these strange opinion-conflicting, yet truth-desiring times, when a little genuine Christianity stands a chance of being well received, from whatever quarter it comes. A friend of ours, smitten with love of the book, has applied for a copy at Messrs Longman's, whose name is in the title page; but it is told that they have not one left; so that if the [Barnet] press do not take Christian pity upon the curious, we know not what is to be done for them, apart from the following extracts; which, however, we take to be quite enough to set any handsome mind upon salutary reflections.

Camus, the Boswell of a saint, is himself a curiosity. He was a man of wit and a satirist, and so far (in the latter respect) not very well fitted for ultra Christian aspiration. But he was also an enthusiastic lover of goodness, and of his great seraphical friend; whom he looked up to with all the congregated humilities of a younger age, a real self-knowledge, and an unaffected modesty. He was naturally as hasty in his temperament as St Francis was the reverse; and was always for getting on too fast, and being angry that others would not be Christian enough; and it is quite delightful to see with what sense and good-humour his teacher reproves him, and sets him in the right way; upon which the young bishop begins over-emulating the older one (for they were both prelates together), trying to imitate his staid manners and deliberate style of preaching; and then St Francis reproves him again, joking as well as reasoning, and showing how he was spoiling the style peculiar to himself (Camus), with no possibility of getting at the style of another man,—the result of his habits and particular turn of mind.

But let the reader see for himself what a nature this man had,—what wisdom with simplicity, what undeviating kindness, what shrewd worldly discernment with unworldly feelings, what capital Johnson-

ian good sense, and wit too, and illustration, sometimes as familiar as any table-talk could desire, at others, in the very depth of the heart of sentiment and poetical grace. Observe also what a proper saint he was for every-day, as well as for holidays, and how he could sit down at table and be an ordinary unaffected gentleman among gentlemen, and dine at less elegant tables at home, and say a true honest word, with not a syllable of pretence in it, for your hard-working innkeeper, "publican," and, perhaps, "sinner," as he was.

"Beautiful are the ceremonies of the church!" said a Roman Catholic prelate, when a great wax-candle was brought before him, stuck full of pieces of gold (his perquisite). "Beautiful are the ceremonies of the church!" think we, also, though no Roman Catholic, when we hear the organ roll, and the choir-voiced rising, and see the white wax-candles on the altar, and the dark glowing paintings, full of hopeful or sweet-suffering faces. But most truly beautiful, certainly, must they have been, when they had such a man as this St Francis de Sales ministering at the altar, and making those seraphical visions true, in the shape of an every-day human being. But, to our extracts:—

"In speaking of brotherly correction (says the good Bishop Camus), St Francis gave me a lesson which I have not forgotten. He repeated it often, the better to impress it on my memory. 'That sincerity,' said he, 'which is not charitable, proceeds from a charity which is not sincere.' A worthy saying, worthy of being deeply considered and faithfully remembered.

IT IS BETTER TO REMAIN SILENT THAN SPEAK THE TRUTH ILL-HUMOURDLY, AND SO SPOIL AN EXCELLENT DISH BY COVERING IT WITH BAD SAUCE.

I asked St Francis, if there were no other way by which I might discern from what fountain reproaches flowed. He, whose heart was wrapped up in benevolence, replied, in the true spirit of the great apostle,—'When they are made with mildness—mildness is the sister of love, and inseparable from her. With this idea, St Paul says, She beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. God, who is charity, guides the meek with his counsel, and teaches his ways to the simple. His spirit is not in the hurricane, the foaming cataract, or the tempestuous winds; but in the soft breath of the gentle zephyr. Is mildness come? said the prophet; then are we corrected. I advise you to imitate the good Samaritan, who poured oil and wine into the wounds of the unhappy traveller. You know that in a good salad there should be more oil than vinegar or salt. Be always as mild as you can; a spoonful of honey attracts more flies than a barrel of vinegar. If you must fall into any extreme, let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed, that it resists rigour, and yields to softness. A mild word quenches anger, as water quenches the rage of fire; and by benignity any soil may be rendered fruitful. Truth, uttered with courtesy, is heaping coals of fire on the head; or, rather, throwing roses in the face. How can we resist a foe whose weapons are pearls and diamonds? Some fruits, like nuts, are by nature bitter, but rendered sweet by being candied with sugar; such is reproof, bitter till candied with meekness, and preserved with the fire of charity.'

St Francis always discouraged professions of humility, if they were not very true and very sincere. 'Such professions,' he said, 'are the very cream, the very essence of pride; the real humble man wishes to be, and not to appear so. Humility is timorous, and starts at her shadow; and so delicate, that if she hears her name pronounced, it endangers her existence. He who blames himself, takes a by-road to praise; and, like the rower, turns his back to the place whither he desires to go. He would be irritated if what he said against himself were believed; but from a principle of pride he desires to appear humble.'

I esteemed my friend (resumes excellent Camus) so highly, that all his actions appeared to me perfect. It came into my head that it would be a very good thing to copy his manner of preaching. Do not suppose that I attempted to equal him in the loftiness of

his ideas, in the depth of his arguments, in the strength of his reasonings, in the excellence of his judgment, the mildness of his expressions, the order and just connexion of his periods, or that incomparable sweetness which could soften the hardest heart; no, that was quite beyond my powers. I was like a fly, which, not being able to walk on the polished surface of a mirror, is contented to remain on the frame which surrounds it. I amused myself in copying his gesture, in conforming myself to his slow and quiet manner of pronouncing and moving. My own manner was naturally the very reverse of all this, the metamorphosis was therefore so strange, that I was scarcely to be recognized. I was no longer myself. I contrived to spoil my own original manner, without acquiring the admirable one which I so idly copied.

St Francis heard of this, and one day took an opportunity of saying to me—'Speaking of sermons reminds me of a strange piece of news which has reached my ears. It is reported that you try, in preaching, to adopt the Bishop of Geneva's peculiarities.' I warded off this reproof by saying 'And do you think I have chosen a bad example? What is your opinion of the Bishop of Geneva's preaching?' 'Ha!' said he, 'this grave question attacks reputation. Why, he really does not preach badly; but the fact is, that you are accused of being so bad a mimic, that nothing is to be seen but an unsuccessful attempt, which spoils the Bishop of Bellay, without representing the Bishop of Geneva. So that you ought to do as a bad painter did; he wrote under his picture the name of the objects which they misrepresented.' 'Let them talk,' said I, 'and you will find that, by degrees, the apprentice will become master, and the copies be mistaken for originals.' 'Joking apart,' rejoined my friend, 'you do yourself an injury. Why demolish a well-built edifice to erect one in its stead in which no rules of nature or art are adhered to? and at your age if you once take a wrong bias it will be difficult to set you right again. If natures could be exchanged, gladly would I exchange with you. I do all I can to rouse myself to animation. I try to be less tedious, but the more haste I make the more I impede my course. I have difficulty in finding words, and greater still in pronouncing them. I am as slow as a tortoise. I can neither raise emotion in myself nor in my auditors. All my labour to do so is inefficient. You advance with crowded sail, I make my way with rowing. You fly—I creep. You have mere fire in one finger than I have in my whole body. Your readiness and promptitude are wonderful, your vivacity unequalled, and now people say you weigh each word, count every period, appear languid yourself, and weary your audience. You may well imagine how this well-timed reproof and commendation cured my folly. I returned immediately to my original manner.'

The best fish are nourished in the unpalatable waters of the sea, and the best souls are improved by such opposition as does not extinguish charity.

I asked St Francis what disposition of mind was the best with which to meet death? He coolly replied, 'A charitable disposition.'

'Do not overrate the blessings which God gives to others, and then underrate or despise what are given to yourself. It is the property of a little mind to say, Our neighbour's harvest is always more plentiful than our own, and his flock more prosperous.'

I complained of some great hardships which I had experienced; it was obvious that St Francis agreed in thinking that I had been ill-treated. Finding myself so well seconded, I was triumphant, and exaggerated the justice of my cause in a superfluity of words. To stop the torrent of complaint St Francis said, 'Certainly they are wrong in treating you in this manner. It is beneath them to do so, especially to a man in your condition; but in the whole of the business I see only one thing to your disadvantage.' 'What is that?' 'That you might have been wiser, and remained silent!' This answer came so immediately home to me, that I felt immediately silenced, and found it impossible to make any reply.

[The following was a strange bit of supererogation

in the lively Bishop of Bellay. His candour hardly excuses it. Yet it increases our interest in his friend.]

St Francis practised himself the lessons which he taught to others; and during fourteen years that I was under his direction, and made it my study to remark all his actions, and even his very gestures and words, I never observed in him the slightest affectation of singularity. I will confess one of my contrivances when he visited me in my own house, and remained, as his custom was, a week annually, I contrived to bore holes, by which I saw him when alone, engaged in study, prayer, or reading, meditating, dressing, sitting, walking, or writing, when usually persons are most off their guard; yet I could not trace any difference in attitude or manner: his behaviour was ever as sincere and undisguised as his heart. He had, when alone, the same dignified manners as when in society; when he prayed, you would have imagined that he saw himself surrounded by holy angels; motionless, and with a countenance of humble reverence. I never saw him indulge in any indolent attitude (!) neither crossing his legs, nor resting his head on his hand; at all times he presented the same aspect of mingled gravity and sweetness, which never failed to inspire love and respect. He used to say, that our manners should resemble water, best when clearest, most simple, and without taste. However, though he had no peculiarities of behaviour, it appeared so singular that he should have no singularities, that he struck me therefore as very singular.

'WILLINGLY, NOT BY CONSTRAINT.'

This was my friend's favourite saying, and the secret of his government. He used to say that those who would force the human will, exercise a tyrannical odious to God. He never could bear those haughty persons who would be obeyed, whether willingly or not, they cared not; 'Those,' he said, 'who love to be feared, fear to be loved; they themselves are of all people the most abject; some fear them, but they fear everyone. In the royal gallery of Divine Love there is no force—the rowers are all volunteers.' On this principle he always moulded his commands into the softer form of intreaty. St Peter's words—'Feed the flock of God, not by constraint,' he was very fond of. I complained of the resistance I met with in my parochial visits. 'What a commanding spirit you have!' he replied; 'you want to walk on the wings of the wind, and you let yourself be carried away with zeal. Like an ignis-fatrus, it leads to the edge of precipices. Do you seek to shackle the will of man, when God has seen fit to have it free?'

St Francis did not approve of the saying—'Never rely on a reconciled enemy.' He rather preferred a contrary maxim; and said, 'that a quarrel between friends, when made up, added a new tie to friendship; as experience shows, that the calosity formed round a broken bone makes it stronger than before. Those who are reconciled, often renew their friendship with increased warmth: the offender is on his guard against a relapse, and anxious to atone for past unkindness; and the offended glory in forgiving and forgetting the wrongs that have been done to them. Princes are doubly careful of reconquered towns, and preserve them with more care than those the enemy never gained.'

St Francis had particular delight in contemplating a painting of the Penitent Magdalen at the foot of the Cross; and sometimes called it his manual, and his library. Seeing a copy of this picture at Bellay, 'Oh,' said he, 'what a blessed and advantageous exchange the penitent Mary made; she pours tears on the feet of Christ, and from those feet blood streams to wash away all her sins.' To this thought he added another—'How carefully we should cherish the little virtues which spring up at the foot of the cross, since they are sprinkled with the blood of the son of God.'

'What virtues do you mean?' He replied, 'humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burthen, condescension, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, compassion, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candour; all, in short, of that sort.

They, like unobtrusive violets, love the shade; like them are sustained by dew; and though, like them, they make little show, they shed a sweet odour on all around.

'To obey a ferocious, savage, ill-humoured, thankless master, is to draw clear water from a fountain streaming from the jaws of a brazen lion. As Samson says. It is to find food in the devourer. It is to see God only.' [This is beautiful; and that is a fine bit of poetry about the lion; strength and sweetness meet in it. He is speaking of a master whom it happens to be incumbent on us to obey.]

St Francis highly esteemed those persons who kept inns, and entertained travellers,* provided they were civil and obliging, saying, that no condition in life, he thought, had greater means of serving God and man; for it is a continual exercise of benevolence and mercy, though, like a physician, the fee is paid. [How oddly the following sounds in a Protestant ear, said of a 'Saint Francis!']

One day, after dinner, my friend was amusing us with his entertaining conversation, and the subject of innkeepers being accidentally started, the different persons present very freely gave their opinions on the subject, and one among them declared the whole set to be rogues.

This did not please St Francis; but as it was neither a fit time nor place for reproof, nor was the sarcastic gentleman in a mood to receive it, he turned the discourse by telling the following anecdote:—

'A Spanish pilgrim, little burdened with money, arrived at an inn, where, after having served him very ill, they charged him so much for his bad fare, that he loudly exclaimed at the injustice. However, being the weaker one, he was forced to give way, and be satisfied. He left the inn in anger, and observing that it was facing another inn, and that in the intermediate space a cross had been erected, he soothed his rage by exclaiming, Truly this place is a second Calvary, where the Holy Cross is stationed between two thieves (meaning the two innkeepers). The host of the opposite hotel, without appearing to notice his displeasure, coolly asked what injury he had received from him, which he thus repaid with abuse? Hush, hush, said the pilgrim, my worthy friend, be not offended, you are the good thief; but what say you of your neighbour, who has flayed me alive? This civility,' pursued St Francis, 'soothed the pilgrim's wrath; but we should be careful not to stigmatise whole nations or trades, by terming them rogues, impertinent, &c., for even if we have no individual in view, each individual of the nation or trade is a sufferer by the sarcasm, and cannot like to be so stigmatized.'

To this I must add, that St Francis so highly esteemed innkeepers, that, in travelling, he forbade his servants to dispute about their charges, and ordered them rather to pay than to expostulate; and when told that the bills were unreasonable, and that they asked more than they deserved, he would reply, 'What ought we to reckon in the account for their trouble, care, civility, and frequent disturbances at night? Certainly they cannot be too well paid.' This good-nature of my friend was so well known that the innkeepers were always anxious to present their bills to him rather than to his servants; or else to throw themselves on his liberality, well knowing that he would give more than they could have asked.

POORNESS IN SPIRIT, AND SPIRIT IN POVERTY.

* Of these we have two opposite examples in St Charles Borromeo and St Francis de Sales. St Charles was nephew to the Pope, and very wealthy: he had an income of more than 100,000 crowns besides his considerable patrimony; but, amidst this wealth, he was poor in spirit, he had neither tapestry, plate, nor magnificent furniture:—his table was so frugal, as to be almost austere, and he himself lived chiefly on bread, water, and vegetables. The coffers, which contained his treasures, were the hands of the poor; thus in splendour was he humble.

Our saint had a different spirit: he was rich in his

* The reader is to bear in mind, that these were foreign inns, and in old times, when a tavern-keeper's life was not so easy as it is now.

poverty; of his Bishoprick little remained to him, and his patrimony he let his brothers enjoy. But he never rejected tapestry, plate, nor fine furniture, especially what might adorn the altar, for he loved to adorn the house of God.

THOROUGH LOVE.

We cannot deny that love is, of all mild emotions, the mildest—the very sweetener of bitterness—yet we find it compared to death and the grave; the reason of which is, that nothing is so forcible as gentleness, and nothing so gentle and so amiable as firmness.

'There was a society of holy men,' said St Francis, 'who one day ascended me thus, — Oh, sir, what can we do this year? Last year we failed, and did penance thrice a week; what shall we do now? Must we not do something more, both to testify our gratitude for the blessings we have received during the last year, and also that we may make some progress in the work of God?'

'Very right,' I replied, 'that you should always be advancing; however, your progress will not be made by the methods you propose—of increasing your religious exercises—but by the improved heart and dispositions with which you afford them, trusting in God more and more, and watching yourselves more and more. Last year you fasted three days in each week; if you double the number of fasts this year, every day will be a day of abstinence, and the year following what will you do?—you will be obliged to make weeks of nine days long, or else to fast each day twice over.' [Here follows a strong, and apparently a dangerous meat; yet the essence of sweetness, and even of safety, is in it. But pray ever mark our bold and admirable, as well as amiable, saint.]

'I do not know,' said St Francis, 'how that poor virtue, prudence, has offended me, but I cannot cordially like it—I care for it by necessity, as being the salt and lamp of life. The beauty of simplicity charms me—I would give a hundred serpents for one dove. Both together, they are useful, and scripture enjoins us to unite them; but, as in medical compounds, many drugs must be put together to form a salutary draught, so I would not place any reliance on an equal dose; for the serpent might devour the inoffensive dove. People say, that in a corrupt age like the present, prudence is absolutely requisite to prevent being deceived. I do not blame this maxim, but I believe it is more Christian to let ourselves be devoured, and our goods spoiled, knowing that a better and more lasting inheritance awaits us. A good Christian would rather be robbed than rob others—rather be murdered than murderer—martyred than tyrant;—in a word, it is far better to be good and simple, than shrewd and mischievous.'

'There is a strange inconsistency in the human mind, which leads men to scrutinize with severity the secrets of their fellow-creatures' souls, which it is impossible they should ever clearly discover; while they neglect to examine and probe into the springs of their own conduct, which, if they do not, they certainly ought to know. The first they are forbidden, and the second they are commanded to do.

'This reminds me of a woman remarkable for her waywardness, and constant disobedience to the orders of her husband. She was drowned in a river. On hearing of it, her husband desired that the river should be dragged, in search of the body; he bid his servants go against the current of the stream, observing, *We have no reason to suppose that she should have lost her spirit of contradiction.*'

St Francis gave an excellent rule, which is, that 'if an action may be considered in more lights than one, always to choose the most favourable. If there is no apology to be found, soften the bad impression it makes, by reflecting that the intention might not have been equally blameable; remember that the temptation might have been greater than you are aware of. Throw the odium on ignorance, carelessness, or the infirmity of human nature, to diminish the scandal.'

True devotion consists in performing the duties of life. St Francis was in the habit of blaming an inconsistency very common in persons more than ordinarily devout, who frequently turn their attention to the attainment of virtues of no use to them in their own sphere of action, and neglect the more needful. This inconsistency he attributed to a distaste, which people often experience for the station in which Providence has placed them, and the duties they are obliged to perform. Great laxity of manner creeps into monasteries, when their inmates devote themselves to the practice of virtues fitted for secular life; and errors are not less likely to make their way into private families, who, from a mistaken and ill-judged zeal, introduce among themselves the austerities and religious exercises of their secluded brethren.

Some persons think they pronounce the highest eulogium in saying of a family who ought to perform the active charities of life, 'it is quite a monastery; they live in it like monks or nuns;' not reflecting that it is trying to find figs on thorns, or grapes on brambles.

Not that exercises of piety are not right and good, but then the time, the place, the persons, the situation; in short, all circumstances must be duly considered. Devotion misplaced ceases to be devotion: it resembles a fish out of water, or a tree in a soil not congenial to its nature.

He compared this error of judgment, so unreasonable and injudicious, to those lovers of luxury who feed on strawberries at Christmas, not contented with delicacies in their proper season. Such heated brains require the physician's discipline rather than the cool voice of sober reason.

AN ADMIRABLE RULE IN SELF-CORRECTION FOR MORDED OR VIOLENT CONSCIENCES.

Since the degree of affection which we are commanded by God to feel for our neighbours ought to be measured by the reasonable and Christian love which we bear towards ourselves; since charity, which is benign and patient, obliges us to correct our neighbours for their failings, with great gentleness; it does not appear right to alter that temper in correcting ourselves, or to recover from a fault, with feelings of bitter and intemperate displeasure.

SCALE OF VIRTUES.

1st. St Francis preferred the virtues most frequently called into action—the commonest; and to exercise which, opportunities are oftentimes found.

2ndly. He did not judge of the greatness and supernatural excellence of a virtue by an external demonstration; forasmuch as what appears a mere trifle may proceed from an exalted sentiment of charity and great assisting grace; while, on the contrary, great show may exist where the love of God operates but slightly, though that is the criterion by which we may judge whether or not a good work becomes acceptable to God.

3rdly. He preferred the virtues of more general influence, rather than those more limited in their good effects (the love of God excepted). For example, he preferred prayer as the star which gives light to every other excellence; piety, which sanctifies all our actions to the glory of God; humility, from which we have a lowly opinion of ourselves and our actions; meekness, which yields to the will of others; and patience, which teaches us to suffer all things: rather than magnanimity, munificence, or liberality; because they embrace fewer objects, and their influence is less generally felt on the heart and temper.

4thly. He was often inclined to doubt the use of dazzling qualities, because by their brilliancy they gave an opening to vain glory, the bane of all intrinsic worth.

5thly. He blamed those who never set any value on virtues till they gained the sanction of fashion, (a very bad judge of such merchandize); thus preferring ostensible to spiritual benevolence; fasting, penances, corporeal austerities, to gentleness, modesty, and self-government, which are of infinitely more value.

6thly. He also reproved those who would not seek

to obtain any virtues which were unsuited to their inclinations, to the neglect of what their duties more particularly required, serving God as it pleased themselves, and not in the manner which he commands. So common is their error, that a great number of persons, some very devout, suffer themselves to fall into it.

WE MAY BE VERY REGULAR IN DEVOTION, AND VERY WICKED!

'Do not deceive yourself,' said my friend; 'it is not impossible to be very devout, and yet very wicked.' 'Very hypocritical,' I replied, 'and not sincerely pious.' 'No; I speak of intentional devotion.' This enigma appearing to me inexplicable; I begged he would explain his meaning more clearly. 'Devotion of self and of nature,' he answered, 'is only a morally acquired virtue, and not a heavenly one assisted by grace; otherwise it would be theological, which certainly it is not. It is a quality subordinate to what is termed religion; or, as some say, it is only one of its effects, or fruits, as religion is in itself subordinate to that one of the cardinal virtues called justice, or righteousness.'

'You well know that all moral virtues, and also faith and hope, which are theological, may subsist with sin. They are then without form or life, being deprived of CHARITY, which is their substance, their soul, and on which all their power depends.'

I lamented bitterly to St Francis of the very hard treatment which I had received. 'To any other person,' he said, 'I should apply the unction of consolation, but the consideration of your situation in life, and the sincerity of my affection for you, render any such expression of affection needless. Pity would inflame the wound you have received. I shall, therefore, throw vinegar and salt upon it.' [Is not this affected cruelty, and truly flattering candour, admirable?]

'You said that it required amazing and well-tryed patience to bear such an insult in silence.'

'Certainly, yours cannot be of a very fine temperament, since you complain so loudly.'

'But it is only in your friendly bosom, in the ear of your affection, that I pour out my sorrows. To whom should a child turn for compassion, but to a kind parent?'

'Oh, you babe! Is it fit, do you suppose, for one who occupies a lofty station in the church of Christ, to encourage himself in such childishness? When I was a child, said St Paul, I spake as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. The imperfect articulation, so engaging in an infant, becomes an imperfection, if continued in riper years. Do you wish to be fed with milk and pap, instead of solid food? Have you not teeth to masticate bread, EVEN THE BITTER BREAD OF GRIEF?'

'What! can you delight in bearing on your breast a golden cross, and then let your heart sink beneath the weight of slight affliction, and pour out bitter lamentations?'

WE ARE APT TO GIVE THE NAME OF CALUMNY TO]] UNPLEASANT BUT WHOLESOME TRUTHS.

'Have patience with all things, but chiefly have patience with yourself. Do not lose courage in considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them;—every day begin the task anew. The best method of attaining to Christian perfection is to be aware that you have not yet reached it; but never to be weary of re-commencing. For, in the first place, how can you patiently bear your brother's burden, if you will not bear your own.'

Secondly. How can you reprove anyone with gentleness, when you correct yourself with asperity?'

Thirdly. Whosoever is overcome with a sense of his faults, will not be able to subdue them: correction, to answer a good end, must proceed from a tranquil and thoughtful mind. [He means a mind made tranquil by its own consciousness of good intention, and a mild consideration of what is best.]

Erasmus said, that when he considered the life and doctrines of Socrates, he was inclined to exclaim, "Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis" (Saint Socrates, pray for us); that is to put him in the saintly and Chris-

tian calendar. We do not live under a Catholic dispensation; but, certainly, while reading this book, we have been inclined to exclaim, "Would to God there were but one Christian church, and such men as Saint Francis de Sales were counted saints by everybody. Not to be imitated by them in bye-gone, ascetical customs, much less in opinions that must have perplexed such natures more than any others, but in the ever-living necessities of charity and good faith, and the hope that such a church may come. And it may, and we believe will; for utility itself will find it indispensable,—to say nothing of those indestructible faculties of man, that are necessary to render utility itself beautiful and useful. If earth is to be made smoother, most assuredly the sky cannot be left out of its consideration, nor will appear less lovely; and we never see an old quiet village church among the trees, under a calm heaven,—such as that for instance of Finchley or Hendon,—without feeling secure that such a time will arrive, with 'Beauties' such as those of St Francis de Sales preached in it, and congregations who have really discovered that "God is love."

SLIDING.

THERE'S much philosophy in skating, sliding,

And playing on the ice at what's called *Hocky*—

Rare game. I like to see a blithe young jockey,

Just out of school, o'er ponds triumphant riding;—

He's more than paid, though he should get a biding;

He never thinks of saying "What's o'clock, eh?"

But on he speeds, light-footed as a trochee

In *sede tertiâ* the verse dividing.

What though he sometimes tumbles?—'tis all one;

He makes the best of what were else but gloom,

And chill, and hardship.—Reader, if your doom

In after life with ills be overrun,

That early knowledge may you wise resume,—

Make evils bend, and turn them into fun.

E. W.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LV.—SINGULAR OUTRAGE IN A DUEL.

If our 'Romance of Real Life' this week cannot be said to be equally "short and sweet," it may be allowed, like Sir Toby's challenge, to be "curst and brief." We take it from the 'Bubbles of the Brunens,' the author of which has prefaced it with one of those characteristic remarks, which with an air of somewhat superfluous and morbid nicety of fine sense, end in generally giving us really good wholesome doctrine, and showing a great deal of humanity.

Some of our readers, who write to us *there-arent*, will suppose from the brevity of our Romance this time, that our materials are "drawing to a conclusion;" but we owe it to ourselves and our stores (such as they are) to state, that the case is quite the reverse; that we only put so short a story in the present number, from an anticipation that it will be overflowing with a press of other matter; and that of 'Romances of Real Life' we really see no end. There is really no end to them in life; why should there be in books?

Our author's account of the duel, in which a man stoops to take his nose off the ground, reminds us of the fantastic story in Ariosto, of the magician, who had the privilege of picking up his head again when any one cut it off, and whom we always fancy adjusting it by a tenure of the nose; just as a gentleman, with finger and thumb, elegantly adjusts his cocked-hat. (See Orlando Furioso. Cant. 15. st. 65, &c.) Let us not mention the fine Italian poet, however, without doing justice to that wonderful spirit of verisimilitude, by which he renders his most fantastic stories delightful. The magician has a fatal lock of hair on his head, which if once cut off, puts an end to the resumability of the head. Astolfo, in the course of the fight with him, which takes place on horseback, contrives, after cutting off his head, to get possession of it, and keep it by dint of sight, the headless magician pelting after him in vain. The

knight, not knowing how to discover the lock, scalps the head at once, to save time; *its face suddenly turns pale*, as the scalping passes the fatal point; and Astolfo, looking behind him, sees the pursuing trunk fall to the ground. This is the way in which great poets write what some people think foolish things. The foolish things have finer things in them than such critics would ever dream of.

"It is seldom or never (says our bather at the Brunens) that I pay the slightest attention to dinner conversation, the dishes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, being, in my opinion, so very much better; however, much against my will, I overheard some people talking of a duel, which I will mention, hoping it may tend to show by what disgusting, fiend-like sentiments this practice can be disgraced.

A couple of Germans, having quarrelled about some beautiful lady, met with sabres in their hands to fight a duel. The ugly one, who was of course the most violent of the two, after many attempts to deprive his hated adversary of his life, at last aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, though it missed its object, yet fell upon, and actually cut off, the good-looking man's nose. It had scarcely reached the ground, when its owner feeling that his beauty was gone, instantly threw away his sword, and, with both arms extended, eagerly bent forwards with the intention to pick up his own property and replace it; but the ugly German no sooner observed the intention, than, darting forwards, with the malice of the devil himself, he jumped upon the nose, and, before its master's face, crushed it and ground it to atoms!"

HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

[No. V.]

SHAKING HANDS — CHIROLOGY — THE FRIENDLY SHAKE — THE SHAKE CEREMONIAL — THE SHAKE BOISTEROUS — THE SAILOR'S SQUEEZE — THE SHAKE THEATRICAL — THE ELECTIONEERING SHAKE — THE LOVER'S MANUAL EMBRACE — DIVERS PARTICULARS CONNECTED WITH THE SUBJECT — AN APOLOGY.

As this is our first meeting in the year 1835, I must be excused for the lateness of my compliments, but "better late than never," so "Good New Year to you, Mr Editor! Good New Year to you, gentle Reader!" Now imagine that we have shaken hands in token of mutual good will—forgiveness of whatsoever wrong may have passed, and of forbearance and hope for the future.

Shaking hands is, I think, without exception, one of the most expressive of our social customs. In grasping the hand of your friend, how every finger elaps its fellow—grows warm in the embrace, and seems loth to be parted. The action is strictly mutual—both hands assume exactly the same form; the one has not a firmer hold than the other—but they are twined like a weaver's knot.

There are several distinguishing characteristics of a real, good, hearty, friendly shake of the hand, which distinguish it from the mere matter-of-form, lukewarm apologies for the symbol of friendship. Indeed a very little examination will show that a shake of the hand comes so directly from the heart, that the feelings of one party towards another may be judged by it with a tolerable degree of correctness. Let us then examine into the several characters of hand shakings, and see whether there be not materials for a new theory, perhaps as plausible as Craniology or Physiology, and which we may call *Chirolology*. I have some hopes that it will not be the lowest on the poll as a candidate for a near connection with *Phrenology*.

To commence, then, let us take first—The shake of true friendship. Suppose a sudden and unexpected recognition of a couple of young men, between whom friendship has grown insensibly and gradually, and is therefore the more sincere. They have been playfellows—schoolfellows, and the events of life having separated them for a time, they now meet. They are just at the age when the heart is warmest;—they have seen enough of the selfishness of the world to make amity

valuable, but yet not sufficient to sear their hearts against it. Observe! Simultaneous with the glow of pleasure which suffuses their faces upon recognition, is the raising and extending the hand. They seem to say each one to the other—

"Here's a hand my trusty frier,
An' g'ies a hand o' thine!"

They approach—the hands are locked in the grip of concord, and joy produces, almost involuntarily, a hearty shake. The hands seem loth to part, as loth as the hearts of which they are the representatives. The grasp is gradually loosened; the hands slowly slip out of each other, and, arriving at the tip of the finger, the one lingers a moment ere it lets the other drop. But you will observe that this hearty shake was not such as would be apt to dislocate your shoulder, nor the grasp like the bite of a vice, that forces the blood to, and almost out of, the fingers' ends; true friendship is incapable of giving pain; such an idea would be as absurd as to measure the extent of a man's ability by the number of injuries he had done you.

Secondly, let us consider—The shake ceremonial. By this I mean such a shake as one often would give and receive after the satisfactory arrangement of some business, or after a first introduction to a man whose new acquaintanceship had not excited any interest in you, and with whom you part careless whether you should ever meet again or no; or such as you would bestow upon one who pesters you with professions of friendship which you know to be insincere, but whose proffered hand you cannot in common politeness refuse; or such as you would give a distant relation whom you only know by sight; or at meeting and parting with a fellow club member (either clubs of the West-End, or otherwise); or such as on visiting an old Anti-Malthusian you are obliged to give his spouse, and five grown-up daughters, and four grown-up sons; and indeed in a hundred other instances which it would be tedious to name. It is almost a misnomer to call this shake a *shake*: it merely consists in one party taking the other's hand,—raising it about an inch, or inch and a half,—lowering it again, and then separating; oft-times not even so much as that—merely making a pretence to join hands, and 'tis done with. I have never read Chesterfield, but I should think, from the idea I have of him, that he prohibits shaking hands, except between intimate friends, as too great a freedom with one with whom you are a stranger, and as too great a condescension on your part to one who is almost a stranger to you. As an enemy to all mockery, deceit, or pretence, I must give it as my opinion that only friends should shake hands; such is my practice; a bow of recognition and at parting is my custom with casual acquaintances; but, of course, I never refuse a proffered hand.

Thirdly,—The shake boisterous; a shake which puts you in danger of a dislocated shoulder, and which makes your hand tingle for the next hour or two. These are the shakes of your riotous Toms, Dicks, and Harrys—your college chums, whose delight is in mischief, and whose element is a row. These fellows, after having put you to worse torture than the thumb-screw, if you chance to wince a bit, or make a wry face, exclaim in a most consolatory tone of affected surprise, "What, my dear fellow, have I hurt you? Beg pardon—'twas the warmth of my friendship for you, you know!" Hang such friendship! say I; if you cannot express your friendship in a more friendly way, I had rather be without it; at least without such like proofs of it. As the Dustman said to the Coalheaver who slapped him on the back with a "How are ye, my hearty!"—"If you considers yourself a gemman, behave as siah!" so would I say to Tom, "If you call yourself a friend, act as such." But Tom only does it for "a lark," and that he may amuse himself by looking at you trying to keep a placid countenance whilst he is torturing you. Tom's father thinks him a sad fellow, but says he has a good heart at bottom, and will be steady when he gets older. His trick at

hand-shaking is one he brags of, and I have seen him with a kindred spirit, grasping hands, and trying who could bear the most pain, and who would flinch under the torture first. He, however, sometimes "catches a tartar," and then deservedly gets his knuckles well rubbed for his pains.

This squeezing of hands is, I believe, particularly a sailor's trick; and with them may perhaps be somewhat excusable, as well as many other customs not tolerated in civilized society. They mayhap think they are grasping a marlin-spike; or else want to prove to you how tight they can hand a rope, and their cornuted palms give you forcible evidence of their power. Young Middeys are generally initiated in this practice, by the boatswain, perhaps, or his own compeers, and on his first visit home, on leave of absence, gives his brothers and sisters proofs of his prowess, and laughs heartily when they cry out, "Oh!" at the same time admonishing them to cry out before they are hurt, not afterwards, as it is then useless, and a waste of breath.

Fourthly,—The shake-theatrical. The manual salute which is practised on the stage, I never saw any where else; it is not to be met with in any other scene of the stage of the world than the Thespian. One fellow takes the right hand of another, and embeds it in his own left hand; he then looks at it—holds it out from him for a second—raises his right hand, and brings it down again 'like a sledge hammer on an anvil, and with a slap that resounds like the smack of a drayman's whip,—an energetic shake follows. This somewhat smacks of the pedagogue's saws, and *palmas qui meruit ferat*. This is one of the points in which the gentry of the sock and buskin do not copy nature.

While we are upon shakes that want sincerity—that lack of heartiness, we will consider—The electioneering shake. This is a compound of several characters of shakes; it partakes of the shake condescending, the shake obsequious, the shake friendly, and the boisterous shake. The skilful tactician tempers his shake of hand as well as his language, to the person with whom he has to deal; but any one, with a moderate share of penetration, at once perceives its want of heart, and the total absence of all life from the salutation. The soft, small, tapering-fingered aristocratic hand of the right honourable candidate is buried and almost annihilated in the horn-hard hand of the labourer or artisan; and were it not impelled by interest, would shrink from the touch. The honest elector too, is not altogether proof against the flattery and condescension of the great man, and retains a firmer and a longer hold, and gives a heartier shake on his part, than is altogether palatable to the gentleman who is now the beggar, whose present part to play is the solicitation of a favour. The voter afterwards seems to have a greater respect for his honoured right hand than for its more neglected neighbour; he takes greater care of it; guarding it from injury in his breeches pocket. He holds his head also some few inches higher; speaks to his wife and children in a somewhat more imperious tone for the next half hour. It is sometime, perhaps two or three hours before he can make up his mind to dispel the odour of gentility upon his hand by touching a saw, or a shovel, or a pick-axe, or a loom; and there is a moment's hesitation in grasping the proffered hand of his favourite shopmate upon their next meeting. All these whims, however, are dispelled by the time his vote is registered, and the "Electioneering shake," is remembered by the elector, only when politics are discussed at the club; and by the elected totally forgotten, till the king sends the M.P. to pay another visit to his constituents.

I come now to the consideration of a more agreeable branch of the subject—The lover's shake. Love is the quintessence of friendship; as then it is a pleasure to grasp the hand of a friend in true amity, the delight of the lover's manual embrace must be proportionally fraught with joy. It is a misnomer to call it the "lover's shake," I have more correctly

denominated it a "manual embrace." The pleasure is too delightful to part with it so transiently as a *shake* of the hand implies. When lovers meet alone, their hands are locked together from the moment of meeting to the time of parting. They wander in some shady grove, or by some murmuring stream "hand 'in hand." Milton beautifully, but simply, describes our first parents,—

"So hand in hand they passed—the loveliest pair."

Then, when, after sweet communings, lovers are obliged to part, though but for a time, what a world of affection is evinced in his warm earnest pressure of her hand, and her more gentle, but not less loving return! But I must curb my flowing quill, which is just in a humour to grow eloquent upon the subject. The bounds of propriety must not be overstepped in the length of these heterogeneous observations; a rhapsody on love would be more fitting to commence than to close an article.

A great deal more might be said upon joining hands; the antiquity of the custom; "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished," which takes it back to Bible times; the question also, whether it is preferable to the French custom of kissing? the joining hands at the nuptial ceremony, the blood coming from the heart to the ring finger; the symbol of union among bands of banditti or patriots, the "Hand in Hand Insurance;" and a host of other relative matter, not forgetting the hand of the *Indicator*, (which, by the bye, only offers you one finger to shake.)* As this does not pretend to be a regular dissertation, I shall take the liberty of leaving all that *might* be said upon these branches of the subject, unsaid, at least for the present.

But, says the reader, you have not yet applied all these premises to the proposed system of "Chirology." Gentle reader, oblige me by doing so yourself, each in the manner that may best suit his fancy. Or, inclination permitting, I will perhaps do so on some future occasion.

I have a word to say before I, for a time, lay down my pen. Do not accuse me of presumption or inconsistency in shaking hands with you and the Editor at the commencement of the article, while, at the same time, I say that only intimate friends should thus salute. Remember it was only an *imaginary* shake—a *shake* through faith; believing, as I do, that your hearts feel some regard, some small portion of friendship (provided you are not critics), for your humble servant, a

BOOKWORM.

* No symbol, we beg leave to say, of the *Indicator's* practice. As this "Index" has been alluded to by our Correspondent, and, from its frequent appearance before the public in connection with the writer, has become identified with him in the minds of some readers, we take this opportunity of stating, in reference to questions which have been put accordingly, that we write for no periodical at present, but the LONDON JOURNAL, nor, with the exception of a forthcoming article in the 'New Monthly,' have written for any, ever since it was set up.—ED.

THE WHOLE SUM AND SUBSTANCE OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.

The body is to be preserved in a state of health two ways; by moderate diet and reasonable exercise; for the nature of sublunary things is so gliding, that if we continually repair not what time consumes, by little and little, they waste to nothing; and yet so as the excess render it not drowsy, and indisposed to contemplation; nor the too slender diet weak and languishing; that neither luxury soften it, nor negligence pollute it. Exercise follows nourishment, though they seem to follow and wheel about one another; for we exercise and eat; eat and exercise; the one to prepare us for meat, the other to awake nature, and keep the body's part in motion; and we should so use them, that the body may be the better; and the mind never the worse.—*De Vais.*

THE WEEK.

BIRTH-DAYS.

February 8, 1612. At Strensham, in Worcester-shire, the son of a farmer, Samuel Butler, the most learned and witty of satirical poets, the banterer of the Puritans. Charles the Second used to carry Hudibras about in his pocket, yet had not the spirit to do anything for its author, who lived poor and died so, rich only in a mind teeming with thought and imagery. He had a friend, however, who stood by him in life and death, and who decently buried him. When poor selfish Charles died, pieces of his remains (out from the embalming) were found floating about in kitchen sinks.

— 9, 1700. Daniel Bernouilli, professor of medicine and natural philosophy at Basil, a celebrated mathematician, like his father. His reputation may be estimated by the following anecdote. He fell in, during a journey, with a fellow-traveller, who, being struck with his conversation, asked his name. "I am Daniel Bernouilli," answered he with simplicity. "And I," replied the other, thinking to keep up the joke, "am Sir Isaac Newton."

— 10, 1670. At Bardsey Grange, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, of an ancient family, William Congreve, the wittiest of English dramatists. The Duchess of Marlborough (heiress of the Duke) was so fond of his company, that not being able to endure the sight of his empty chair at table, she had an image made of him in wax, and used to drink to it as if he were alive. This looks well for him; and yet there is an apparent heartlessness in his plays, which makes us unwilling to repeat in other words what we have said of his genius in the 'Supplement' to this Journal, No. 3, Chapter the Fourth.

Same day, 1706. In Broad street, near the Bank, (where his father, afterwards the celebrated Bishop, was rector of St Peter Le Poor) Benjamin Hoadly, author of the comedy of the 'Suspicious Husband.' He was an eminent physician, and a good-natured, benevolent man. His play has been thought as profligate as those of Congreve; but there is an animal spirit in it, and a native under-current of good feeling, very different from the sophistication of Congreve's fine ladies and gentlemen. Congreve writes like a rake upon system; Hoadly, like a wild light-hearted youth from school.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. IV.—HAMLET.

THIS is that Hamlet the Dane, whom we read of in our youth, and whom we seem almost to remember in our after-years; he who made that famous soliloquy on life, who gave the advice to the players, who thought "this goodly frame, the earth, a steril promontory, and this brave o'er-hanging firmament, the air, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours;" whom "man delighted not, nor woman neither;" he who talked with the grave-diggers, and moralized on Yorick's skull; the school-fellow of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern at Wittenberg; the friend of Horatio; the lover of Ophelia; he that was mad and sent to England; the slow avenger of his father's death; who lived at the court of Horwendillus five hundred years before we were born, but all whose thoughts we seem to know as well as we do our own, because we have read them in Shakspeare.

Hamlet is a name: his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' th' sun;" whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before

him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurs which patient merit of the unworthy takes;" he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought, he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock-representation of them—this is the true Hamlet.

We have been so used to this tragedy that we hardly know how to criticise it any more than we should know how to describe our own faces. But we must make such observations as we can. It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him we apply to ourselves, because he applies it so himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a common-place pedant. If 'Lear' shows the greatest depth of passion, 'Hamlet' is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shown more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort, the incidents succeed each other as matters of course, the characters think and speak and act just as they might do, if left intirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and seen something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only "the outward pageants and the signs of grief;" but "we have that within which passes show." We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature: but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage.

The character of Hamlet is itself a pure effusion of genius. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be: but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect, and in the scene where he kills Polonius, and again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical, dallies with his purposes, till the occasion is lost, and always finds some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the King when he is at his prayers, and by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his

own want of resolution, defers his revenge to some more fatal opportunity, when he shall be engaged in some act "that has no relish of salvation in it."

"He kneels and prays,
And now I'll do't, and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd: *that would be seen'd.*
He kill'd my father, and for that
I, his sole son, send him to heaven.
Why this is reward, not revenge.
Up sword, and know thou a more horrid time,
When he is drunk, asleep, or in a rage."

He is the prince of philosophical speculations, and, because he cannot have his revenge perfect, according to the most refined idea his wish can form, he misses it altogether. So he scruples to trust the suggestions of the Ghost, contrives the scene of the play to have surer proof of his uncle's guilt, and then rests satisfied with this confirmation of his suspicions, and the success of his experiment, instead of acting upon it. Yet he is sensible of his own weakness, taxes himself with it, and tries to reason himself out of it.

"How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast; no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unus'd: now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,
And ever three parts coward:—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, this thing's to do;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do it. Examples gross as earth excite me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father killed, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth!"

Still he does nothing; and this very speculation on his own infirmity only affords him another occasion for indulging it. It is not for any want of attachment to his father or abhorrence of his murder that Hamlet is thus dilatory, but it is more to his taste to indulge his imagination in reflecting upon the enormity of the crime and refining on his schemes of vengeance, than to put them into immediate practice. His ruling passion is to think, not to act: and any vague pretence that flatters this propensity instantly diverts him from his previous purposes.

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules: amiable though not faultless. The ethical delineations of "that noble and liberal casuist" (as Shakspeare has been well called) do not exhibit the drab-coloured quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from 'The Whole Duty of Man,' or from 'The Academy of Compliments!' We confess, we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The want of punctilious exactness in his behaviour either partakes of the "license of the time," or else belongs to the

very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When "his father's spirit was in arms," it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on the point. In the harassed state of his mind, he could not have done otherwise than he did. His conduct does not contradict what he says when he sees her funeral,—

"I loved Ophelia! forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum."

Nothing can be more affecting or beautiful than the Queen's apostrophe to Ophelia on throwing flowers into the grave,—

"Sweet to the sweet, farewell."

I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave."

Shakspeare was thoroughly a master of the mixed motives of human character, and he here shows us the Queen, who was so criminal in some respects, not without sensibility and affection in other relations of life. Ophelia is a character almost too exquisitely touching to be dwelt upon. Oh rose of May! oh flower too soon faded! Her love, her madness, her death, are described with the truest touches of tenderness and pathos. It is a character which nobody but Shakspeare could have drawn in the way that he has done, and to the conception of which there is not even the smallest approach, except in some of the old romantic ballads. Her brother, Laertes, is a character we do not like so well: he is too hot and choleric, and somewhat rodomontade. Polonius is a perfect character in its kind; nor is there any foundation for the objections which have been made to the consistency of this part. It is said that he acts very foolishly and talks very sensibly. There is no inconsistency in that. Again, that he talks wisely at one time and foolishly at another; that his advice to Laertes is very sensible, and his advice to the King and Queen on the subject of Hamlet's madness very ridiculous. But he gives the one as a father, and is sincere in it; he gives the other as a mere courtier, a busy-body, and is accordingly officious, garrulous, and impertinent. In short, Shakspeare has been accused of inconsistency in this and other characters, only because he has kept up the distinction which there is in nature, between the understandings and the moral habits of men, between the absurdity of their ideas and the absurdity of their motives. Polonius is not a fool, but he makes himself so. His folly, whether in his actions or speeches, comes under the head of impropriety of intention.

We do not like to see our author's plays acted, and least of all, 'Hamlet.' There is no play that suffers so much in being transferred to the stage. Hamlet himself seems hardly capable of being acted. Mr Kemble unavoidably falls in this character from a want of ease and variety. The character of Hamlet is made up of undulating lines; it has the yielding flexibility of "a wave o' th' sea." Mr Kemble plays it like a man in armour, with a determined inveteracy of purpose, in one undeviating straight line, which is as remote from the natural grace and

refined susceptibility of the character, as the sharp angles and abrupt starts which Mr Kean introduces into the part. Mr Kean's Hamlet is as much too splanetic and rash as Mr Kemble's is too deliberate and formal. His manner is too strong and pointed. He throws a severity, approaching to virulence, into the common observations and answers. There is nothing of this in Hamlet. He is, as it were, wrapped up in his reflections, and only thinks aloud. There should, therefore, be no attempt to impress what he says upon others by a studied exaggeration of emphasis or manner; no talking at his hearers. There should be as much of the gentleman and scholar as possible infused into the part, and as little of the actor. A pensive air of sadness should sit reluctantly upon his brow, but no appearance of fixed and sullen gloom. He is full of weakness and melancholy, but there is no harshness in his nature. He is the most amiable of misanthropes.

SPENSER'S ANGUISH ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILD.

DURING one of the rebellions of the unhappy Irish, the author of the Faerie Queene, who had been secretary to a Lord Lieutenant, resided in a house which was part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond. It was burnt to the ground, and his infant child in it. What effect this must have had upon a man, who, to the natural tenderness of a father, joined all the sensibility of a poet, is here intimated in one of the most affecting dialogues and bursts of passion we ever read. The passage is in the appendix to Mr Landor's beautiful book about Shakspeare. Essex's half-playful kindness, and arch anticipations of the possibilities of ordinary comfort, before he is aware of the real state of the case, admirably prepare for its dreadfulness, when it is disclosed; and the paroxysm of the wretched father is truly awful. His heart seems caught, and made mad, in the fire that consumed his infant.

SPENSER. Interrogate me, my lord, that I may answer each question distinctly, my mind being in utter confusion, at what I have seen and undergone.

Essex. Give me thy account and opinion of these very affairs, as thou leavest them; for I would rather know one part well, than all imperfectly; and the violence of which I have heard within the day surpass belief. Why weepest thou, my gentle Spenser? Have the rebels reached thy house?

SPENSER. They have plundered and utterly destroyed it?

Essex. I grieve for thee, and will see thee righted.

SPENSER. In this they have little harmed me.

Essex. How! I have heard it reported that thy grounds are fertile, and thy mansion large and pleasant.

SPENSER. If river, and lake, and meadow ground, and mountain, could render any place the abode of pleasantness, pleasant was mine, indeed! On the lovely banks of Mullis, I found deep contentment: under the dark alders did I muse and meditate. *Innocent hopes were my gravest cares, and my playfullest fancy was with kindly wishes.* Ah! surely of all cruelties, the worst is to extinguish our kindness. Mine is gone; I love the people and the land no longer. My lord, ask me not about them; I may speak injuriously.

Essex. Think rather, then, of thy happier hours and busier occupations; these likewise may instruct me.

SPENSER. The first seeds I sowed in the garden, ere the old castle was made habitable for my lovely bride, were acorns from Penshurst. I planted a little oak before my mansion at the birth of each child. My sons, I said to myself, shall often play in the shades of them when I am gone; and every year shall they take the measure of their growth, as fondly as I take theirs.

Essex. Well, well; but let not this thought make thee weep so bitterly.

SPENSER. Poison may ooze from beautiful plants; deadly grief from dearest reminiscences. I must grieve; I must weep. It seems the law of God,

and the only one that men are not disposed to controvert. In the performance of this alone do they effectually aid one another.

Essex. Spenser! I wish I had at hand any argument or persuasions of force sufficient to remove thy sorrow: but really I am not in the habit of seeing men grieve at anything, except the loss of favour at court, or of a hawk, or of a buck-hound. *And were I to wear out my condolences to a man of thy discernment in the same round, roll-call phrases we employ with one another upon these occasions, I should be guilty, not of insincerity, but of insolence. True grief hath ever something sacred in it; and when it visiteth a wise man and a brave one, is most holy.* Nay, kiss not my hand; he whom God visiteth, hath God with him. In his presence what am I?

SPENSER. Never so great, my lord, as at this hour, when you see aright who is greater. May He aid your counsels, and preserve your life and glory.

Essex. Where are thy friends? are they with thee?

SPENSER. Ah, where, indeed! Generous, true-hearted Philip, where art thou! whose presence was unto me peace and safety, whose smile was contentment, and whose praise renown. My lord, I cannot but think of him among still heavier losses: he was my earliest friend, and would have taught me wisdom.

Essex. Pastoral poetry, my dear Spenser, doth not require tears and lamentations. Dry thine eyes; rebuild thine house: the queen and council, I venture to promise thee, will make ample amends for every evil thou hast sustained. What! does that inforce thee to wail still louder?

SPENSER. Pardon me, bear with me, most noble heart! I have lost what no council, no queen, no Essex can restore.

Essex. We will see that! There are other swords, and other arms, to wield them, besides a Leicester's and a Raleigh's. Others can crush their enemies, and serve their friends.

SPENSER. O my sweet child! and of many so powerful, many so wise and so beneficent, was there none to save thee? None! none!

Essex. I now perceive that thou now lamentest what almost every father is destined to lament. Happiness must be bought, although the payment must be delayed. Consider the same calamity might have befallen thee here in London. Neither the houses of ambassadors, nor the palaces of kings, nor the altars of God himself, are asylums against death. How do I know but under this very roof there may sleep some latent calamity, that in an instant shall cover with gloom every inmate of the house, and every far dependant?

SPENSER. God avert it!

Essex. Every day, every hour of the year, do hundreds mourn what thou mourest.

SPENSER. Oh no, no, no! Calamities there are around us; calamities there are all over the earth; calamities there are in all seasons; but none in any season, none in any place, like mine.

Essex. So say all fathers; so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vases, on the arms recently quartered over the gateway, on the embayed window, and on the happy pair that happily are toying at it; nevertheless, thou mayest say, that of a certainty the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wailings: and each time this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amidst the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish. Edmund! the things that are too true, pass by us as if they were not true at all; and when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us. Thou and I must go too. Perhaps the next year may blow us away with its fallen leaves.*

SPENSER. For you, my lord, many years (I trust) are waiting; I never shall see those fallen leaves.

* It happened so.

No leaf, no bud will spring upon the earth before I sink into her breast for ever.

ESSEX. Thou, who art wiser than most men, should bear with patience, equanimity, and courage, what is common to all.

SPENSER. Enough! enough! enough! Have all men seen their infants burnt to ashes before their eyes?

ESSEX. Gracious God! Merciful Father! what is this?

SPENSER. Burnt alive! burnt to ashes! burnt to ashes! The flames dart their serpent tongues through the nursery window; I cannot quit thee, my Elisabeth! I cannot lay down our Edmund. Oh these flames! they persecute, they hiss upon my brain, they taunt me with their fierce, foul voices, they carp at me, they wither me, they consume me, throwing back to me a little of life, to roll and suffer in, with their fangs upon me.—Ask me, my lord, the things you wish to know from me—I may answer them—I am now composed again. Command me, my gracious lord! I would yet serve you—soon I shall be unable. You have stooped to raise me up; you have borne with me; you have pitied me, even like one not powerful; you have brought comfort, and will leave it with me; for gratitude is comfort.

Oh! my memory stands all a tip-toe on one point: when it drops from it, then it perishes. Spare me; ask me nothing; let me weep before you in peace—the kindest act of greatness.

ESSEX. I should rather have dared to mount into the midst of the conflagration, than I now dare entreat thee not to weep. The tears that overflow thy heart, my Spenser, will stanch and heal it in their sacred streams, but not without hope in God.

SPENSER. My hope in God is, that I may soon see again what he has taken from me. Amidst the myriads of angels, there is not one so beautiful: and even he, if there be any, who is appointed my guardian, could never love me so. Ah! these are idle thoughts, vain, wandering, distempered dreams. If there were ever guardian angels, he who so wanted one, my helpless boy, would not have left these arms upon my knees.

ESSEX. God help and sustain thee, too gentle Spenser! I never will desert thee. But what am I? Great they have called me! Alas! how powerless, then, and infantile, is greatness in the presence of calamity!

Come, give me thy hand: let us walk up and down the gallery. Bravely done! I will envy no more a Sidney or a Raleigh.

TABLE TALK.

—Malherbe, the French poet, was very free of his speech. The Archbishop of Rouen having desired of him, as a great favour, that he would be present at a sermon which he was to preach, had invited him to dinner. When the cloth was taken away, Malherbe fell fast asleep; and the bishop waking him to carry him to the sermon, he desired to be excused, for that he found he should have "a comfortable nap without it."

POWER OBTAINED BY KINDNESS.

The exercise of positive efficient benevolence towards inferiors, brings with it increase of the power which constitutes superiority. Of two men occupying a position of equality as regards others, the man who contributes most to the happiness of those others, will infallibly become the most influential; will dispose of a greater quantity of service. He will strengthen his position by augmenting the number of his good deeds. Every benefit conferred on others will be prolific to himself. And the benefits conferred on others increase the power of others; and the increase of power in the hands of those willing to do him service, is the increase of his own power. The compound interest brought to effective benevolence by deeds of benevolence, is happily limitless; of the seeds scattered by the husbandry of virtue, few will turn out barren.—*Bentham's Deontology.*

PERSISTENCE IN A FAVOURITE OBJECT.

In conducting one of his geometrical surveys, it is animating to see the fortitude and skill displayed by Delambre, the astronomer. In a letter to Lalande, written in 1797, he thus expresses himself:—"I had about six hours' work, and I could not do it in less than ten days. In the morning I mounted to the signal, which I left at sunset. The nearest inn was that at Sullers, to which it took me three hours to go, and as much to return, and the road was the worst I have met with. At last I resolved to take up my lodging in a neighbouring cow-house; I say neighbouring, because it was only at the distance of an hour's walk. During these ten days I could not take off my clothes; I slept upon hay, and lived on milk and cheese. All this time I could hardly ever get sight of the two objects at once; and during the observations, as well as in the long intervals which they left, I was alternately burned by the sun, frozen by the wind, and drenched by the rain. I passed thus ten or twelve hours every day, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather; but nothing annoyed me so much as the inaction."—*Portrait Gallery.*

ANGER.

That which most tickles us in this passion is the seeming justice of it, and that it appears to excuse itself by the malice of another. We ought not, however, to entertain it; for to commit the correction of an offence to anger, were to punish vice by itself. Reason, which should govern, will admit no such officers as execute at their own license without her authority: to her, violence is improper who will (like nature) do all by the compass. She conceives that such violent motions only proceed from the imbecility of such as have them; who, like children and old men, trip and run when they think to walk.—*Du Vair.*

INTERESTING DEDICATION.

To Thomas Caldecott, of the Middle Temple, Esq., who materially assisted in the completion of the present volume. This 'Treatise on English Versification' is affectionately dedicated by his schoolfellow in Winchester College, and friend of seventy years standing.—The Author, W. C., Oxford, April 5, 1827. —[The Rev. William Crowe, Public Orator of the University. A punster, who was by when this dedication was read out loud, said (but with no want of reverence) that he thought it time for a friend of so long "standing" to take a chair.]

JOSEPH WARTON AND POPE'S COUSIN.

The sex in general were partial to him; and the editor has frequently seen the young, the handsome, and the gay, deserted by the belles, to attract the notice of the Doctor: whilst he was, on his part, thoroughly accessible, and imparted his lively sallies and instructive conversation with the most gallant and appropriate pleasantry. He was a great admirer of beauty; nor was it in his nature to use a rude expression to a female. He had, moreover, a great tenderness and love for children, and fully exemplified the maxim, that wherever there are a uniform tenderness to the female sex, and an indulgent notice of children, there is a warm and feeling heart. His politeness to the ladies, however, was once put to a hard test. He was invited, whilst Master of Winchester, to meet a relative of Pope, who, from her connection with the family, he was taught to believe could furnish him with much valuable and private information. Incited by all that eagerness which so strongly characterized him, he, on his introduction, sat immediately close to the lady, and, by inquiring her consanguinity to Pope, entered at once on the subject, when the following dialogue took place:—"Pray, sir, did you not write a book about my cousin Pope?"—"Yes, madam."—"They tell me 'twas vastly clever. He wrote a great many plays, did not he?"—"I have heard only of one attempt, madam."—"Oh, no, I beg your pardon, that was Mr Shakspeare: I always confound them."—"This was too much even for the Doctor's gallantry: he replied "Certainly, madam;" and, with a bow, changed his seat to the contrary side of the room,

where he sat, to the amusement of a large party, with such a mingled countenance of archness and chagrin, such a struggle between his taste for the ridiculous, and his natural politeness, as could be portrayed but by his speaking and expressive countenance. In a few minutes he quitted the company, but not without taking his leave of the lady in the most polite and unaffected manner.—*Wool's Life of Warton.*

PLEASANT EXPOSTULATION OF GOETHE'S MOTHER WITH HERSELF.

Yesterday, however, I could not bear myself any longer, and so I scolded myself heartily, and said "Shame on thee, old Rätthin (Counsellor), thou hast had happy days enough in the world, and thy Wolfgang to boot; and now, when the evil day comes, thou must e'en take it kindly, and not make these wry faces. What dost thou mean by being so impatient and naughty when it pleases God to lay the cross upon thee? What, then! thou wantest to walk on roses for ever? now when thou art past the time, too—past seventy!" Thus, you see, I talked to myself, and directly after my heart was lighter, and all went better, because I myself was not so naughty and disagreeable.—*Recollections of Goethe.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON JOURNAL, ON HIS MOTTO,

("TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.")

True friend! thou dost indeed assist
Th' inquiring in their souls' distress;
When error wraps them like a mist
In its drear, mazy wilderness,
Then comest thou, with out-stretch'd hands and heart,
The mist is pass'd—and world! how sweet thou art!

Kind friend! thy words do animate
The struggling, when their spirits fail;
Even though equal to our fate,
The mind will sometimes seem to quail,
With low, pale voice thus whispering in our ear,
"How useless are thy efforts! how severe!"

Dear friend! aye thou dost sympathise
With all who tread the common earth;
The poor, rich, ignorant or wise,
Their hopes, their sufferings, their mirth,
All find thy heart an ever-open home:
Ah! never may itself, unshelter'd, roam!

J. S.

Hall, Jan. 7, 1835.

••• Thankful as we are, personally, to the writer of these verses, readers like him (and fortunately we have many) will believe us when we say, that we publish them quite as much for the evidence they afford of the salutary effect of hopeful writing upon good hearts.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'Ugolino' and the 'Iron Mask' shall be turned to account, as D. G. wishes.

R. H. R. (whom we are glad we please) says, in reference to our want of room for more correspondence, that we might employ a smaller type. On the other hand, we have readers (not aged ones either) who complain that our type is too small, and that they cannot read it by candle-light. What are we to do?

An inquiry has been made respecting the 'Reflector.' R. A., of No. 17, Aske's Hospital, Hoxton, says he has a copy of it to dispose of, in excellent condition.

We should like to publish some of the stanzas of 'Thoughts on an Infant's Death,'—indeed all of them, for the sake of the general writing of the author. But the poem has too little of his originality, considering its length.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11, 1835.

No. 46.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

HORATIANA.

BY ROBERTON WEBBE.

[THE Editor of this Journal believes he may say, that in the various periodicals which he has conducted, it has been his good fortune to introduce more talent and genius to the public than any other; he means such as have made out a lasting case with their names, or where they have not yet done so, are in the way to do it, and have had their pretensions admitted by the few who make fame. Not only are the splendid names of SHELLEY and KEATS in his list, but the reader would be surprised if he knew how many eminent ones in learning, in criticism, and in politics, now flourishing, and therefore not abruptly to be mentioned, began their career in the pages of the 'Examiner' and the 'Reflector.' Nor will the 'Tatler' want its names; nor the LONDON JOURNAL. It has ever been his boast that he has been a sort of literary Robin Hood, and got companions to act under him who have beaten him at his own weapons, and he now, in introducing his young friend, Mr Webbe (whose name, for very good reasons, he has prevailed upon him to let be known), takes the liberty with him of saying, that he is a far better scholar than himself, a writer as well as reader of elegant Latin verse; and that he joins to this accomplishment others which, being greater, it might disconcert him too much to predicate thus openly, and when he is about to speak for himself. The Editor, indeed, need not have said anything at all; but liberties of a similar kind are taken with friends at election meetings and dinner parties, in the overflow of party zeal and port wine; and he does not see why the privilege of uttering cordial truths should be denied to moments less equivocal. The indulgence is at all events in agreement with the doctrines inculcated in the LONDON JOURNAL, and he trusts that there is no hearty reader but will feel obliged to him for giving way to it.]

"Οὗτος δὲ ἔως ἰσχυροῦς τὴν φύσιν ἔσχει,
ὥστ' ἐν ἅπασιν τοῖς ἱεραμένοις τελεσιότατος
ἵναι." Isocr. Epist. IV.

PERHAPS there is no one amongst the old poets whom it is so possible to feel a love for as Horace. There is a sociality in wit and pleasantry inadmissible in any other departments of poetry, and when these are joined to a warm feeling of humanity, and a mind furnished at once with everything that is delightful in invention and exquisite in taste, they cause our affections to bound from the writings to the man, and endear him to us personally in a manner which more exalted merits fail to do. But though few have ever more incontestably established a title to the rank of poet than Horace, it is not the bard of "empyrean conceit," it is not the bard "soaring in the high regions of his fancy, with his garland and singing-ropes about him," that we meet with in him. With all his great and varied powers he never evinces that strength of wing that could have sustained him in the more elevated parts of the poetical element. His feelings indeed were warm enough—his polished imagination would have ensured a grace to whatever he had attempted—his judgment would have secured it from all great defects, but he wanted that depth of sentiment and grandeur of conception—the "mens diviniore atque os," &c. (the diviner mind and the large-coming utterance) as he

who penned that admirable definition could hardly have been ignorant, without which there is no *furor*, no epic glory, without which the buskin is but a sorry shoe.

I believe Horace to have been always in love with his art, but it was a divided attachment. We see many a town-bred lover so imposed upon by the allurements of artificial beauty as sometimes to confound adventitious with personal charms, and pay that devotion to his mistress which is due to the man-tua maker. In the same manner Horace, I think, was so much devoted to the outward attractions of the poetical art as sometimes to overlook matter of more vital concern, and to forget that poetry, like his own Pyrrha, "simplex munditiis," is not unfrequently "when unadorned adorned the most." He does not appear to have had any ideas of poetry apart from numbers, and, if so, all that ridicule of classical association and classical influence in which he indulges, must, I think, be considered in some measure as recoiling upon himself, since it would appear from this that he drew his notions of the art, not from his own undirected inquiries concerning it, which would inevitably have led him to a higher conception of its spiritual nature, but rather from a too passive regard to what had been done. His admiration of the manifold excellencies of the living art was so profound, so lively on the other hand his perception of all that belonged to false taste, and he was besides so admirable a practical critic, that he was very naturally withdrawn from a more philosophical view of the nature of poetry, to treat of poetry as it was. It is astonishing with what closeness, and, as I may say, *professional diligence* he has applied himself, in that incomparable monument of common sense the 'Art of Poetry,' to an explanation of all the tools of the trade and their several uses. Never for a moment does he lose sight of the grand business of verse-making. Observe how he introduces Homer to us. "With respect to singing of wars and heroes," says he, "Homer has shown us in *what metre that can be done*." He did not say "Homer has shown us that these are the themes only to be grasped by the very highest reach of genius—that they demand a comprehension and a power which no rules of mine nor of any other critic can define, much less impart—he has shown us with what a more than mortal grandeur such subjects may be invested, and what a godlike majesty of utterance must belong to the man who aspires to succeed to such a throne as his." Horace does not say anything of this sort; but, says he, "Homer has shown us in *what metre that can be done*." Then what an exquisite spirit of affectation there is in all he tells us about the different species of poetical measures in use or out of use. Of the elegiac—meaning to say that it was formerly only used for plaintive subjects but was afterwards adopted for those of a cheerful kind also, he delivers himself thus:—"At first only lamentation was admitted, but subsequently a happier strain prevailed; the wish fulfilled was received into the verse." Then, in the next line, I confess I am doubtful of the exact meaning intended by the word *exiguus* as applied to *elegos*. We find that word not unfrequently employed in a sense of disparagement, but it is by no means to be supposed that Horace meant

* I believe it is always considered justifiable, and it is assuredly very desirable, to depart from the order or even the terms of the original, when the spirit may be more truly preserved by a deviation.

any slight to longs and shorts, his dear Tibullus' chosen measure: neither can he mean "small" in its relative sense, since he cannot intend to speak here with any exception as regards *large elegies*! To suppose that he meant to convey some reference to the comparative humbleness of the subjects usually embraced by that style of poetry, seems to be going too far about for a meaning. I may be wrong, but I can never help fancying there is a sly affectation lurking in the word, as if he used it in a caressing way—a loving diminutive, "little elegies," as we say "little dears." Then let us see what he has to say of his own dearly beloved *iambus*. It is impossible to imagine a more matter-of-fact, business-like, commercial way of writing than that with which he begins his account of the *iambus*. "Syllaba longa brevis," &c. might be a bit picked at hazard out of the Eton Grammar, yet only observe what a whimsical strain of conceit he immediately gets into. He wants to tell you that, whereas formerly the verse consisted of six feet, all of them *iambuses*, it had been common of late to mix *spondees* up with them, except only in the second and fourth feet of the line; a plain piece of information one would think. The latter part of it he delivers in the following fashion:—"Recently however, in order that it (the *iambus*) might be enabled to come upon the ear with more of deliberation and force, it consented in the most handsome and accommodating manner to receive certain stout *spondees* into its paternal charge; not however that it would carry its familiarity with them so far as to yield either the second or fourth seat to them."

Nothing surely so plainly bespeaks that a man is doating on his art, as this same fondling, spoilt-child way of speaking of it—these affectionate personifications!

In treating of the Drama, Horace betrays, no less clearly, how large a share he held in those classical prepossessions which he had so ridiculed in others, always paying the same obsequious and unhesitating devotion to everything emanating from the Greek school; and this without seeming to be aware of it himself—at least, so it appears to me. His first observation on the subject of the drama (I still confine myself to the didactic poem) informs us how admirable a measure the *iambic trimeter* is for walking the stage on all sizes. "Both sock and buskin," he says, "appropriated this foot; it is such a capital one for dialogue, and so good for drowning the noise in the pit,†—besides, it seems as if it was made on purpose to be acted to." The next remark on this subject comes in, I am afraid, for the ambiguous praise of being an unimpeachable truth:—"A comic subject," he observes, "don't love to be set forth in tragic verses!" And then, on a little reconsideration of the matter, he makes this remarkable addition:—

* Or rather on all *threes*, for though six-footed it had properly only three positive accents; whence (Sat. lib. i. 10.) of Pollio who wrote historical plays, "Pollio celebrates the exploits of kings, thrice striking the foot" (*pede ter percussio*).

† A "noise in the pit" does not seem a very close translation of *populares strepitus*, certainly; yet I am inclined to think it tolerably correct, for as that portion of the Roman theatre which answers to our "Pit" was called *popularia*, in contradistinction to *orchestra*—the "Stage boxes," as we should say—*populares* here will not signify, in its usual wide sense, *belonging to the people*, but *belonging to the Pit people* in particular, those occupying the *popularia*.

"Also, the supper of Thyesta (to wit, a *tragic subject*) is very indignant at being related in verses of a comic kind!" It may be observed, that in the exceptions which he makes to this rule—as where he alludes, very properly, to the fact, that the characters in tragedy are often thrown into situations in which the lofty accents of the Tragic Muse are no longer consistent with nature, and ordinary and even commonplace words may be much more suitably and characteristically employed—in these exceptions, while you think he is tending to some original and independent views of his own, he is all the time only reducing to precept the examples of those masters of the drama, whose works and whose passages he has in his eye the whole way through—those "*exemplaria Græca*" which he so eloquently recommends to us all.

After this, and sundry receipts given for making characters—such as Achilles to be impetuous, Medea to be cruel, &c.—he takes occasion to glance at the possibility of original genius; but it is with an evident uneasiness, and a sort of nervous impatience of the prospect he himself has opened. By way of providing against this alarming contingency, he proposes certain rules to be observed by those who "dare to form a new character;" but soon perceiving the unprofitableness of prescribing for such wrongheaded people, he desists from further counsel, leaving them to shift for themselves. He then again exclaims against the dangers of novelty, recommends poaching on other men's grounds, suggests the expediency of turning Homer's 'Iliad' into a five-act piece, and finally delivers the prettiest defence of stealing extant in any language; for what he says amounts to this—that any man may make free with public property (*publica materies*) if he chooses, with impunity, and that it is his own fault if he is found out, for that it is always possible to disguise a theft in such a manner as to elude detection and make the ideas of others pass for one's own; that all that is necessary to this end is, that he should take care to avoid too great a closeness of imitation, not making it a word-for-word business (*non verbum verbo reddere*), which might have an awkward appearance, but concealing the plagiary under some judicious variation or reconstruction; and in this way a second-hand article may be got up to look as good as new!

Perhaps I have got into some cross-grained humour, but I own I can perceive no extraordinary absurdity in that opening line which our critic next cites as so rare a specimen of bathos—

"Of Priam's fortune, and that noble war,
I'll sing," &c.

It appeared that Homer always preferred to open with an appeal to the muse; whereupon Horace, with that unconditional surrender of himself to classic authority, with which he taxes others—and with which others may tax him,—immediately determines that every other mode of beginning a poem must be and shall be, held unlawful and unpardonable. "Sing, Muse, the man" may be a better commencement, but surely no one can say he perceives that mighty difference between the two examples which Horace pretends to find.

Most of his rules relating to dramatic composition display the same tone of mind, the same rooted adherence to custom and precedent. Every play is to consist of precisely five acts "neither more nor less" (*neve minor neve sit productior*);—only three people or, at the utmost, four are to be engaged in conversation on the stage at one time;—the chorus is just to say so much and no more, to a certain effect and no other, &c., in short "whatever was, was right," whatever had been, was to be;—for all these rules and regulations, what are they but a mere enumeration of the actual principles of the Greek plays?

I used to wonder why Horace spoke always so sneeringly of Plautus, a writer of most uncommon merit, and who is surely to be ranked immeasurably higher than his successor, Terence, whether we consider the claims of originality—which is only to say genius—or of wit. But it happened, unfortunately, that his Latin was a century and a half old in Horace's time, and exhibited on its surface that incrustation of time, which, though in the eyes of the more

genuine connoisseur it might seem only the gladdening bee's wing of a good old vintage, was to the spoliated crisis of 'Tibur' a worthless rust. Here at least he was not swayed by the witching influence of time, nor by the force of opinion. The plays of Plautus were in especial good esteem in the Augustan age, and it is well known that they maintained their footing on the stage with undiminished honour to a very much later period. No one can suspect Horace of quarrelling with Plautus on the score of indelicacy. We are not informed that he himself ever became a very eminent convert to modesty. His unfavourable opinion of Plautus, then, confessedly rests on no other ground than his style. We may take the style, as well as the matter, of Plautus and of Nævius to have had much about the same relation to the style and matter of the Augustan age that Ben Jonson's and Shakespeare's have to those of the present day. The style rough, quaint, and in part obsolete; the matter frequently coarse, sometimes gross—a comparison from which, of course, the question of merit or genius is altogether excluded. As to indelicacy, we have only to go as far back as to our own Congreve to be satisfied that, in that respect at least, the English stage has undergone, within a century, a much greater reformation than the Roman stage could boast of in the whole period from the time of Plautus to that of Horace. The allusion made to the comic poet in the *Arte Poetica* affords, I think, no bad illustration of the general strain of Horace's critical reflections.* "But your ancestors," he says, "praised the versification of Plautus as well as his wit; indeed, they used to admire both one and the other with a readiness quite unaccountable, not to say ridiculous—at least, if you or I know anything about the matter, if we can distinguish wit from buffoonery, or know how to *prove proper verses with our fingers* and our ears!" Now, really, Mr Horace, pardon me, but really this smells of the shop!—"on our fingers!" I presume you are facetious, but still—"on our fingers!" The secrets, Sir—pray respect the secrets of the trade. What! are we to have our ceremonies exposed to the public gaze, our sacred rites revealed, our cherished institutions laid bare to the profane eyes of the vulgar? Sir, you touch us nearly—we fear you never heard of vested interests; let me say, such unseasonable blabbing is in the highest degree unconstitutional and dangerous, and such as might, for aught I know, bring into contempt the very fabric of our *poetocracy*!

What makes it so strange that Horace should stigmatise the style of Plautus in this unqualified manner is, that he raises no such outcry against others of the old school whose language was, at least, as far removed from the polished standard of the Augustan age. In his critical doctrines, Horace generally appears to do little more than echo the opinions current amongst well-educated people; therein, however, as in many other features, strongly resembling our own Twickenham bard, who, seldom originating much himself, was yet able to give such a lustre and beauty to objects of ordinary contemplation, and to exhibit them in a light so novel and brilliant as rather seemed a new creation than an adoption. Yet surely the admirers of Plautus formed no sect or schism in the literary world at any period. Not to insist on the many strong and indisputable evidences we have of the admiration in which his writings were held, it may be observed, that it was to his style especially that that admiration was directed. It was said by Varro, that if the *Muses spoke Latin* it would be the Latin of Plautus; yet Horace could not make it go "on his fingers!" Besides this general slight, he seems to insinuate elsewhere (2 lib. 1 epist.) that Plautus only wrote for money—such, at least, is the meaning to be gathered from the text;

* Since writing this article I have fallen in with the following spirited passage from Camerarius, the learned German, (*Dissert. de Comæd. Plauti*) quoted in 'Dunlop's History of Roman Literature.' It refers to this very criticism of Horace. "Immo illi proavi merito, et recte ac sapienter Plautum laudant et admirati fuerunt, tuque (sc. Horat.) ad Græcitate, omnia, quasi regulam, poemata gentis tue exigens, immerito, et perperam, atque inoportunè censas."

but it must be owned that a considerable obscurity pervades the passage in question—a fault with which, as his biographer, Suetonius, has justly remarked, he is in general by no means chargeable (*quo vitio minime tenebatur*); and, taking all things into account, it is impossible not to suspect that this passage has suffered damage or mutilation in some stage of its journey down to posterity, probably over the dangerous cross-roads of transcription.* If not, then we must understand the following animadversion as applying as well to Plautus as to the person of whom it is more immediately spoken. "All he thought about was, how to fill his pocket; and whether his piece succeeded, or whether it was damned, it was all one to him, when that object was secured!" This is very shocking, if true, as they say. However, I have no heart to quarrel with the old fellow for anything he says in the above-cited epistle, in consideration of the admirable, and no doubt richly-merited, castigation he administers to the play-going idiots of his time; a time at which, it would appear, that common sense and common understanding were as religiously abjured by the theatrical public as they are in England at this moment; indeed, with the slightest imaginable change in the wording, there is not a line of what he says on the subject that might not just as well have been written yesterday; there could not be a more natural series of reflections for any newspaper critique on our present exhibitions. In "*Sape etiam audacem, &c.*" I discover a decided allusion to Sheridan Knowles; who, with all his confidence and courage, both as an author and actor, was obliged to retreat from the major theatres at last, no longer caring to share the stage with devils and rascals. Then what a slap at the dress circle is that "*Verum equitis quoque, &c.*"—and how lamentably true!

[This article will be concluded in one more paper.]

* The three lines following "*Adspice, Plautus*" are surely intended in a favourable sense, both to Plautus and Dorsennus; and if we then substitute *Non tamen adstricto percurrat* in the place of "*Quam non adstricto percurrat*," should we not obtain a general sense much more conformable to the natural course of reasoning, than by attempting to make the whole six lines convey a continuous censure?

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[No. V.—TEMPEST.]

THERE can be little doubt that Shakespeare was the most universal genius that ever lived. "Either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene indivisible or poem unlimited, he is the only man. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light for him." He has not only the same absolute command over our laughter and our tears, all the resources of passion, of wit, of thought, of observation, but he has the most unbounded range of fanciful invention, whether terrible or playful, the same insight into the world of imagination that he has into the world of reality: and over all there presides the same truth of character and nature, and the same spirit of humanity. His ideal beings are as true and natural as his real characters; that is, as consistent with themselves, or if we suppose such beings to exist at all, they could not act, speak, or feel otherwise than as he makes them. He has invented for them a language, manners, and sentiments of their own, from the tremendous imprecations of the Witches in 'Macbeth,' when they do "a deed without a name," to the sylph-like expressions of Ariel, who "does his spiriting gently;" the mischievous tricks and gossiping of Robin Goodfellow, or the uncouth gabbling and emphatic gesticulations of Caliban in this play.

The 'Tempest' is one of the most original and perfect of Shakspeare's productions, and he has shown in it all the variety of his powers. It is full of grace and grandeur. The human and imaginary characters, the dramatic and the grotesque, are blended together with the greatest art, and without any appearance of it. Though he has here given "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," yet that part which is only the fantastic creation of his mind, has the same palpable texture, and coheres "seemingly" with the rest. As the preternatural part has the air of reality, and almost haunts the imagination with a sense of truth, the real characters and events partake of the wildness of a dream. The stately magician, Prospero, driven from his dukedom, but around whom (so potent is his art) airy spirits throng numberless to do his bidding; his daughter Miranda ("worthy of that name") to whom all the power of his art points, and who seems the goddess of the isle; the princely Ferdinand cast by fate upon the haven of his happiness in this idol of his love; the delicate Ariel; the savage Caliban, half brute, half demon; the drunken ship's crew—all are connected parts of the story, and can hardly be spared from the place they fill. Even the local scenery is of a piece and character with the subject. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out of the sea; the airy music, the tempest-tost vessel, the turbulent waves, all have the effect of the landscape back-ground of some fine picture. Shakspeare's pencil is (to use an allusion of his own) "like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in." Everything in him, though it partakes of "the liberty of wit," is also subjected to "the law" of the understanding. For instance, even the drunken sailors, who are made reeling-ripe, share, in the disorder of their minds and bodies, in the tumult of the elements, and seem on shore to be as much at the mercy of chance as they were before at the mercy of the winds and waves. These fellows with their seawit are the least to our taste of any part of the play: but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the comparison.

The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakspeare's characters, whose deformity whether of body or mind is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakspeare has described the brutal mind of Caliban in contact with the pure and original forms of nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted uncontrolled, uncouth and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom. It is "of the earth, earthy." It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learnt from others, contrary to, or without an intire conformity of natural power and disposition; as fashion is the common-place affectation of what is elegant and refined without any feeling of the essence of it. Schlegel, the admirable German critic on Shakspeare, observes that Caliban is a poetical character, and "always speaks in blank verse." He first comes in thus:—

"CALIBAN. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both: a south-west blow on ye,
And blister ye all o'er!

PROSPERO. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me;
would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light and how the less
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
fertile:

Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king; and here you styme
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island."

And again, he promises Trinculo his services thus, if he will free him from his drudgery.

"I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee
berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
I prythee let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I wish my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts:
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset: I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds; and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock."

In conducting Stephano and Trinculo to Prospero's cell, Caliban shows the superiority of natural capacity over greater knowledge and greater folly; and, in a former scene, when Ariel frightens them with his music, Caliban to encourage them accounts for it in the eloquent poetry of the senses,—

"Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Would make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me: when I wak'd
I cried to dream again."

[This is not more beautiful than it is true. The poet here shows us the savage with the simplicity of a child, and makes the strange monster amiable. Shakspeare had to paint the human animal rude and without choice in its pleasures, but not without the sense of pleasure or some germ of the affections. Master Barnardine in 'Measure for Measure,' the savage of civilized life, is an admirable philosophical counterpart to Caliban.]

Shakspeare has, as it were by design, drawn off from Caliban the elements of whatever is ethereal and refined, to compound them in the unearthly mould of Ariel. Nothing was ever more finely conceived than this contrast between the material and the spiritual, the gross and delicate. Ariel is imaginary power, the swiftness of thought personified. When told to make good speed by Prospero, he says, "I drink the air before me." This is something like Puck's boast on a similar occasion, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." But Ariel differs from Puck in having a fellow feeling in the interests of those he is employed about. How exquisite is the following dialogue between him and Prospero!—

"ARIEL. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO. Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion'd as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?"

It has been observed that there is a peculiar charm in the songs introduced in Shakspeare, which, without conveying any distinct images, seem to recall all the feelings connected with them, like snatches of

half-forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals. There is this effect produced by Ariel's songs, which (as we are told) seem to sound in the air, and as if the person playing them were invisible. We shall give one instance out of many of this general power.

"Enter FERDINAND; and ARIEL invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curt'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist;)
Foot it fealty here and there;
And sweet sprites the burden bear.

[Burden dispersedly.

Hark, hark! bowgh-wowgh: the watch-dogs
Bowgh-wowgh. [bark,

ARIEL. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chancicleer
Cry cock-a-doodle-doo.

FERDINAND. Where should this music be? in air
or earth

It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank
Weeping against the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.—
No, it begins again.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell—
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong bell.
[Burden ding-dong.

FERDINAND. The ditty does remember my
drown'd father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me."

The courtship between Ferdinand and Miranda is one of the chief beauties of this play. It is the very purity of love. The pretended interference of Prospero with it heightens its interest, and is in character with the magician, whose sense of preternatural power makes him arbitrary, tetchy, and impatient of opposition.

The 'Tempest' is a finer play than the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which has sometimes been compared with it; but it is not so fine a poem. There are a greater number of beautiful passages in the latter. Two of the most striking in the 'Tempest' are spoken by Prospero. The one is that admirable one when the vision which he has conjured up disappears, beginning "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces," &c., which have been so often quoted, that every school-boy knows it by heart; the other is that which Prospero makes in abjuring his art,—

"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the ear'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontary
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic

I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heav'nly music, which ev'n now I do,
(To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for) I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book."

We must not forget to mention among other things in this play, that Shakspeare has anticipated nearly all the arguments on the Utopian schemes of modern philosophy.

"GONZALO. Had I the plantation of this isle,
my lord—

ANTONIO. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

SEBASTIAN. Or docks or mallows.

GONZALO. And were the king on't, what would I do?

SEBASTIAN. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

GONZALO. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty.

SEBASTIAN. And yet he would be king on't.

ANTONIO. The latter end of his commonwealth
forgets the beginning.

GONZALO. All things in common nature should
produce

Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance
To feed my innocent people!

SEBASTIAN. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO. None, man; [all idle; whores and
knaves.

GONZALO. I would with such perfection govern,
sir,

T' excel the golden age.

SEBASTIAN. Save his majesty!"

LIVELY GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS IN PORTUGAL.

(From the 'Sketches' of Captain Alexander.)

A PROPER VALET.

I WAITED a considerable time at the Duke de Terceira's (the distinguished Villa Flor), to present a letter from Admiral Sartorius. His excellency was out riding; and while sitting in an ante-room, a sleek-looking English groom put his head in at the door, in order to be spoken to. He was the beau ideal of the domestic of a captain of the guards; one of the smooth-haired, long-vested, well-fed fellows, with little of work, and plenty of sauce for everyone but their own master. I asked him why he left London?

"Why, sir, since the Reform Bill, town has got very dull; my last master got into the Bench, and the nobility have all gone abroad; so I came over here to the duke."

There was a loud talking and laughing of servants in an adjoining apartment, with a clatter of knives and forks, and a little girl ran into the room. "That's the daughter of the lady's maid," said the groom. "She's looked on as one of the family;—very different with us at home, sir."

I inquired how he liked his place.

"Oh! they use me very well, sir; I'm just the same as the duke,—same dishes, separate tables, and so on; but if they don't treat me as they ought to do, I'll leave the establishment and set up for myself."

"As what?"

"As a veterinary surgeon, sir; I know something of the business, and they are d—d ignorant about horses in Portugal, sir."

THE LATE DON PEDRO.

An officer of the English squadron told me that when these lines for the defence of Lisbon were first commenced, he walked out one day to see them; and on looking about he came upon two Portuguese officers, one of whom had three stripes of lace on the cuff of his surtout. He was immediately sharply accosted by the striped gentleman, and asked, (in French) "What he was about there?" The Englishman replied, "that curiosity had prompted him to see what was going on."

"Have you permission from the commandant?"

"None."

"Well, you can't remain here."

"That's very strange. In the time of Miguel I might have expected this; but now I thought an English uniform was sufficient passport."

"Well, well! what do you think of the lines?"

"Why, I am no great judge of these matters; but as far as I can understand the nature of the defences, they seem to be very well contrived."

On this the interrogator moved on, and his companion (apparently an aide-de-camp) addressed the Englishman, and said, "Do you know whom you have been talking to?"

"No."

"Why that is his Imperial Majesty."

"Well, I am sorry I did not know it was Don Pedro, for I fear I spoke rather bluntly to him."

Accordingly, he approached his Majesty, and made an apology; on which Don Pedro frankly cried out, "Oh! never mind apologies; go where you like, you're an Englishman; I'm glad to see you," and shook hands.

ADMIRAL NAPIER.

Viscount Cape St Vincent, the gallant Napier, having arrived from his successful expedition to the North (when Camilla, Valença, Viana, &c. had fallen into his hands), I waited on his Excellency, having an introduction to him from his distinguished cousin, the Right Honourable Sir Alexander Johnstone.

I went to the naval arsenal, opposite to which is the curious stone pillar, where the nobles used to be executed; and in the principal room, the walls of which were covered with tapestry, representing marine subjects, I found clerks busy at long tables, and on looking out at a window, I saw shipwrights and other workmen busily engaged about a line-of-battle ship, and a corvette on the stocks. There was no sleeping over the work here; and there was evidently some master-spirit which kept all hands in active employ.

I was shown into a room where sat the admiral: His excellency is five feet in height, spare made, with black hair and whiskers, straight nose, and sallow complexion; his age about fifty. He was dressed in a blue surtout and trowsers, white vest, socks and shoes, and had a frank off-hand and decided air about him.

The Minister of Marine (Marjochi) came in—a tall, respectable-looking gentleman. The admiral immediately attacked the minister, to give me information about Africa; to see if in his bureau there were any documents which could be of use to me. The minister promised, in a day or two, to supply me with what was requisite.

The admiral kept me for a considerable time with him, talking occasionally and getting through a great deal of business; he seemed to be as ready with the pen as with his sword.

The admiral sometimes made a triumphal entry to a place, seated on an ass or mule, cocked hat athwart ships, and cutlass by his side. At one of the towns of the Algarve, where the Mayor and corporation came off to pay him homage, and had prepared a laurel crown for his excellency, he impatiently called out, whilst waiting in the cabin to receive them, "Come, bear a hand with the ceremony."

Talking of small fry,—improvement has taken place in the education of children; schools on the Lancasterian principle are now common, as also

schools for infants. The government is giving much attention to education, and it is to be hoped much good will be done.

THE WEEK.

BIRTH-DAYS AND OTHER ANNIVERSARIES.

FEBRUARY 11, 1657. At Rouen, Bernard Le Boirer de Fontenelle, son of an advocate of parliament, and nephew of Corneille; a man of universal literature, chiefly known to posterity as a popularizer of astronomy, and one who by a temperament at once lively and tranquil succeeded in preserving a naturally delicate constitution to the age of nearly a hundred, with no other infirmity than a little deafness. His equable temper subjected him to a charge of want of feeling; and a ludicrous story has been told of his having a friend come to dine with him, who expired as the meal was preparing; upon which Fontenelle, who in consideration of his friend's taste had ordered some fish to be fried partly in butter and partly in oil, jumped up, and called out to the cook, "The whole with oil! The whole with oil." Madame d'Abrantes, on the authority of a personal friend of Fontenelle's, treats this story as a jealous fabrication; and most probably it was nothing better. It is not like the conduct of a man, one of whose maxims was, that "we ought to be sparing of superfluities to ourselves, in order to be able to supply necessities to others;" and whose whole character had the general reputation of corresponding with his professions.

Same day, 1732. In the parish of Washington, in Virginia, of an ancient family of Cheshire, George Washington, one of the founders, and First President, of the United States;—one of those rare characters for prudence in the smallest things, and success in the greatest, which keeps a man's fame with posterity suspended between doubt and admiration,—between doubt whether his success was not mainly owing to negative qualities and to the circumstances which rendered them of sovereign benefit, and admiration of the vigor, perseverance, and public disinterestedness with which he secured and ennobled it. The greatest suspicion of Washington's want of genius arises from the dry formality of his manners, and the minute and steward-like attention he paid to the smallest details throughout his life, public and private. His claim to grandeur of reputation consists in his public virtue, rather than his talents as a soldier, which however suitable to the exigency, are thought not to have been severely put to the test by the generals sent against him. The most awkward thing in his disfavour as a man of a very enlarged mind and an abstract lover of liberty, is his retention of his black slaves on his estate, and his inability, or disdain, to say a word in defence of it, when he was asked the reason. But in this also he might have sacrificed his real feelings to notions of existing necessity, and for the better security of liberty to all hereafter. Yet the positive contempt with which the majority of his countrymen regard their black fellow-creatures to this day, is not an argument in favour of that hypothesis. We must add, that it is the greatest blot upon their character, and quite unworthy the advances they have made in so many other respects.

— 14. St Valentine's Day. See an admirable article upon it, in our extracts this week from Mr Lamb. We rejoice to see that the day is still noticed in the new and improved almanacs. Such anniversaries must not be abolished, any more than youth and love itself. Besides, what would become of our school-friend and playmate, the "little god of love," Cupid himself, if he were to go out of the "Valentines" with their bleeding hearts, all stuck through with arrows? for he is now to be found nowhere else. The very French poets have cut him.

— 15, 1674. At Dijon, where his father was chief registrar of the Chamber of Accounts, Prosper Jolyot de Crebillon, one of the four celebrated French tragic writers,—Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, being the others. We cannot speak of his writings from knowledge; but their severe subjects, and the manner in which he handled them, procured him the title of the

French *Æschylus*. He was a man of a high and independent spirit, and therefore a piece of playful flattery came with the more grace from him. When he went in his old age to thank the king's mistress, Madame de Pompadour, for a pension she had procured him, he was introduced into her bed-room (a French custom), and was in the act of kissing her hand, when the monarch came in (Louis XV). "Alas, madame!" exclaimed the venerable poet, "the King has surprised us; I am undone." Louis was diverted with this sally, and ever afterwards befriended him. Crebillon died at the age of eighty-eight.

— 16, 1497. At Bretten upon the Rhine, Philip Melancthon, the most amiable of the Lutheran reformers. His real name was Schwartzerd (Black Earth), which, agreeably to a custom of German literati in those times, he translated into Greek,—Melancthon having the same meaning in that language. His father was an armourer. His mother, being old at the time of the Reformation, and having timid doubts of the propriety of quitting the ancient faith, the son, with true Christian liberality, advised her to retain it.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LVIII. HONEST ULTRA-DEVOTION.

NICHOLAS FERRAR, the son of a London merchant, at the conclusion of the sixteenth century (says the 'Lounger'), inherited from his mother a delicate constitution, but a vigorous mind, and eagerly devoted his early life to literary occupation. Religious books being first put into his hand made an impression on his mind, which never was removed, and when only six years old, he was able to repeat by heart a considerable portion of the 'Old and New Testaments,' the 'English Chronicle,' and Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.' At the age of eight he was placed under the tuition of a worthy clergyman, near Newbury in Berkshire, whose discipline was so successful, or the aptness of his scholar so great, that, being considered as qualified for an University, he was sent, when thirteen years old, to Clare Hall in Cambridge, where Dr Linsell, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, became his tutor. To use the words of Mr Ferrar's right reverend biographer (for he was not only instructed, but his life has been written by a bishop), it was soon observed that Ferrar's candle was the first lighted, and the last extinguished in that college. This sedentary drudgery was not likely so improve a tender habit, and being under the necessity of applying for medical advice, his physician recommended travelling, in the hope of calling off for a time his unceasing application to books. The Princess Elizabeth, one of the daughters of King James the First, who had married the Count Palatine, being at that moment on her way to Germany, Mr Ferrar was permitted to join the suite of her highness, and accompanied them part of the way. They landed in Holland, and after accompanying his countrymen to the borders of Germany, as he proposed going considerably to the north of the Palatinate, he took his leave; visiting Munster, Hanover, and Cassel, leaving no place till all that was to be seen or heard had been explored. At Leipsic, finding his health better, he remained several months, again applied to his books, and, to qualify himself for making further progress as well as profit in travelling, improved himself in the modern languages.

He now resolved to see Italy, not indeed by the direct road, but visiting such places as were likely to gratify his curiosity, or afford opportunities of improving his mind, and adding to his knowledge. He continued a few days at Dresden, and made a considerable deviation for the purpose of visiting Prague, Ratisbon, Augsborg, Munich, Saltabourg, Inspruck, and Trent. At that period, Europe was under considerable dread of that awful scourge, the plague, and Mr Ferrar was obliged near the Italian frontier to undergo the precautionary secession, something similar to quarantine. It was at the time, that season of the year, when the Christian church enjoins for a certain period fasting and prayer, as a salutary and impressive memorial of the patience,

trials, and forbearance of Jesus Christ. Our pious traveller passed the greater part of the forty days during Lent in abstinence and devout meditation, on a mountain almost covered with rosemary and wild thyme, descending regularly every evening to make a moderate meal on fish. This temporary solitude first gave Mr Ferrar a relish for mental abstraction and contemplative devotion, imparted a peculiar tincture to his faith, his conduct, and his manners, and ultimately decided the singular manner in which he passed the after-part of his life. These impressions were also further confirmed by his narrowly escaping a sudden and violent death; this mercy he never forgot, but indelibly fixed it on his mind by an anniversary practice of fasting, prayer, and thanksgiving.

Having sufficiently guarded against the dangers of pestilential affection to himself, or communicating it to others, a precaution in many respects troublesome, tedious, and vexatious, but against which no man ought to object, Mr Ferrar passed on to the once renowned, but decayed University of Padua. He here attended a course of medical lectures, which qualified him to be useful afterwards to his country neighbours. After a stay of four months, he quitted Padua precipitately, terrified by real or imaginary dangers, from certain Jesuits, who, with the Pope, the devil, and the pretender, were once the bugbears, the *raw-head* and *bloody-boxes* of England, and probably not without reason.

He repaired without delay to Rome, and, after seeing whatever was worthy of notice in the ecclesiastical metropolis or its environs, made a retrograde movement to the mercantile sea-port of Leghorn, and in a few days, embarking in a felucca, crossed that part of the Mediterranean which is called the Sea of Genoa, and landed at Marseilles. After remaining in that city three weeks, he re-embarked in an English vessel for the Spanish port of St Sebastian. Being disappointed in his expectation of a pecuniary remittance at this place, he walked to Madrid, where he heard that his mother, now a widow, was involved in trouble. In the eagerness of filial affection, he took the earliest opportunity of sailing for England; and, after a five years' absence from his native country, landed at Dover with a constitution considerably amended, and large additions of information, learning, and science.

Mr Ferrar could not restrain the pious gratitude and patriotic rapture he felt. The instant he jumped on shore, he fell on his knees on the beach, returned thanks to the Almighty for that protecting providence which had sheltered him from perils by land and perils by sea, and then kissed his native soil. By the established goodness of his character, and a large share of natural sagacity, he was enabled to extricate his family from their difficulties, which had been produced or augmented by a litigious attorney. In 1624 he was chosen a member of the House of Commons, and in this capacity took an active part against the treasurer, Sir Lionel Cranfield, who, from the humble station of a Custom-house officer, had by his fiscal projects so ingratiated himself with King James, that he gave him a lord treasurer's staff, and created him a peer of the realm. Sir Lionel had been accused by his enemies, I know not how justly, of corruptly conniving at certain injurious monopolies. But Mr Ferrar, in Parliament or on his travels, in his closet or the world, never lost sight of what appears to have been, at a very early period, the favourite wish and purpose of his heart—religious retirement, and the devoting himself wholly to God—forgetting, as too many of his predecessors in the same path have done, that those exertions should seem to be most pleasing to the Creator which imitate his attributes and are productive of social utility. In this plan of retirement he was powerfully aided by his mother, who felt and indulged similar propensities, and being possessed of the house and manor of Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, had apt means in her hands of putting into execution this favourite purpose.

As the first step Mr Ferrar procured himself to be ordained by Dr Laud; then taking leave of

London, and finally adjusting every affair likely to require his presence in the metropolis, he prepared to depart with his mother, his elder brother, his sister, her husband, a Mr Colet, and their fifteen children, of whom six sons and three daughters were married. This religious colony, consisting, with the servants, of upwards of forty persons, quitted London, and by easy journeys repaired to Little Gidding.

The house, which had for many years been in the occupation of a farmer, they found in a ruinous and neglected state—the garden a wilderness—pigs had been kept in a pleasure house, and the church was converted into a barn. Provoked at what he considered as profane misapplication, Mr Ferrar would not sleep till he saw the house of God cleared of its contents, and actually performed divine service in it by candle-light before the family retired to rest. It was afterwards completely repaired within and without.

To make a large roomy mansion, which had been so long left to decay, a fit habitation for a large and respectable family, was a work of time, labour, and expence; even to subside them required some skill, effort, and contrivance. For this purpose the land, which in those days produced an annual rent of five hundred pounds, was kept in hand, and agricultural superintendence was assigned to such individuals of the family as were qualified for the task by knowledge, health, age, and inclination. Timber in the meantime was cut down, and other necessary materials procured, capacious barns, &c. were erected, and the whole of the premises completely repaired; additional household stuff was purchased, and a sufficient stock of fuel and other stores laid in. But no occupation was permitted to interfere with the purpose of Mr Ferrar's retirement. The whole family were expected to attend public worship, every morning, Mr Ferrar officiating himself, and, to prevent this duty interfering with those of the house and farm, the house rose at five during the winter, and at four o'clock in summer time. Part of the house was appropriated to the purposes of a school, to which masters were assigned, and here the children of the family, and those of the neighbourhood who would conform to rule, were taught to read and write, grammar and arithmetic, and the duties and principles of religion. Occasional amusement was not prohibited them; little prizes being sometimes given to those who excelled in learning; also to those who could run, jump, swim, and drive an arrow nearest to the mark.

The young women of the house were clothed alike in black stuff; and such time as was not employed in church or domestic duty, was dedicated to the infirm, aged, and diseased; for which purpose medicines and all conveniences for dispensing them were at hand, Mr Ferrar being qualified to give advice and directions in administering the medicines employed. The female part of the family employed themselves at the proper season in distilling cordial waters and working carpets and cushions for the church and parlours. As a hint to such as sometimes visited Little Gidding, the following inscription was placed in the hall at which everyone entered:—"He, who by gentle reproof and kind remonstrance strives to make us better, is welcome; but he who goeth about so disturb us in that which ought to be the chief business of every Christian, is a burthen while he stays, and his own conscience shall witness against him when he departs."

On another conspicuous pannel appeared these words:—"He, who is willing to be a cheerful participator with us in that which is good, confirms us in the same, and acts as a friend, but he who bitterly censures us when absent, and makes a show of approbation when in our presence, incurs the double guilt of flattery and slander, and violates the bond of Christian charity."

The laws of hospitality were not forgotten by Mrs Ferrar or her son, many of the nobility, clergy, and other travellers, calling on them; King Charles I, on his march to the north, visited them, and the Bishop of Lincoln was sometimes their guest.

Watching, a very ancient discipline in the Christ-

ian church, if not contemporary with its rise, was looked upon by Mr Ferrar as an indispensable part of his religious duty. To this end, he had different oratories for the sexes, in which, from nine till past twelve, he and others took their turns of repeating psalms, passages of scripture, and occasionally singing to the organ, which was set in a low stop, that notice might not be excited, nor the house disturbed. There, for many years, lived this singular character, and in his last moments, elevated by hope or deranged by debility, he insisted on having had celestial communication.

By his relations he was called *scrupitic*, and accounted little less than a saint: by a late writer he is termed an useless enthusiast, and Little Gidding, an *Armenian Nunnery*; the Papists said he was a Puritan, and the Puritans abused him as a Papist. To make Mr Ferrar's example the rule of life would be absurd, though it were to be wished, that among the majority of persons of his rank and condition, so much could be found of that piety pleasing to God, and so little of that depravity which brings misery and degradation to man. In another point of view, Mr Ferrar was to be praised; although he practised ceremonies, &c., which some may consider as absolutely enjoined by the Christian faith, he did not regard them in the light of what have been called, by the old controversialists, *works of supererogation*; which might authorise or wipe away practical transgression; he did not one jot relax in his endeavour to be what he was, a man pure in morals and of strict integrity, a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a kind neighbour, and an honest man. Happy would it be for the world, if all, who like him have fasted and prayed, would imitate the correctness of his life, and still happier, if those who set at nought all ritual observance, would prove by a discharge of their social duties that human virtue stands in need of no aid from revelation to stimulate us by hope and fear to salutary exertion.

MUSIC.

The Musical Magazine. No. I. F. de Perquet and Cooper; Simpkin and Marshall.

We are glad to welcome a periodical devoted to the interests of music, which appears likely to last, and be of service to the art. Periodicals dedicated to either of the fine arts have too commonly originated among such persons as, being scarcely successful in their own profession, have endeavoured to eke out their resources with a precarious and ill-judged inroad upon the field of literature, and, having proved unequal to the task they have been educated to perform, imagine they can succeed better in a more difficult labour, for which they are fitted neither by their original taste, their education, nor their habits. Such being the case, jealousy on the one side produces a tendency to decry the powers of those who have attained the envied point of fame and prosperity, and sympathy, on the other, creates a false estimate of the claims of brothers in adversity; while a spirit of truckling to the prejudices and whims of patron *dilettanti*, flattering their little dabbling efforts in art, completes the shabbiness of the parasitical fortune-hunting intruder in the republic of letters. Instead of being devoted to the interests of the art, periodicals have been rather devoted to the interests of a *clique* among its professors, appealing to a body of men too small, too insignificant and impoverished, to support even the expenses of the publication. The public will never take an interest in the complaints and difficulties of men who accuse it of injustice; neglected worth gains nothing by publishing its own degradation, and expatiating upon its own value. Public approbation and public support are not to be obtained for the asking; they must be bought at an equivalent. If the public, that huge creature, do not see its own interest, the feeble voice of a neglected servant will be long repeated—long echoed by other single voices, till it grow into a clamour, before the world will hear it; a longer while than a man's life endures. As well might a flower wither-

ing in the shade call out to the sun to turn its broad face upon it. But how often is real power crushed in its abiding place, dying alone? There is no ground for supposing that it is often. How many men overrate their own abilities, and fancy rather that the world is a deaf one that will not hear, not that their own voices are feeble, and their matter not worth attending to? Are there not many—are not most of those who so perpetually weary us with complaints of injury and neglect composed of such individuals? and are such men, so feeble, so prejudiced, so mistaken in themselves and others, to be the arbiters of successful rivals, or the champions of their art? Who would trust a rejected suitor for a character of his mistress's husband? Unsuccessful pretenders, too, are generally tiresome. We seldom sympathise with them; if we do there is no pleasure in the sympathy, and we shuffle it away as fast as we can, pained with the pain, annoyed by the bad temper.

Such have been the periodicals in the service of the arts,—such the causes of their failure. That there are many professors of music, and many amateurs who would be glad of a vehicle for information and intelligence cannot be denied; but the professors could not relish the invidious complaints of their discontented brothers, nor the public interest themselves in their private bickerings. A work, therefore, by keeping the interests of the art chiefly in view, in which those of the public and the professors are included, would not be obnoxious to the dangers which have proved so generally fatal to its predecessors. We hope that the 'Musical Magazine' will prove itself of a healthy constitution; it has begun most auspiciously. We have a second edition of the first number before us, and that first number is copious, various, amusing, liberal, and cheap. The critical portion of the work appears accurate and impartial. We take the article on Neukomm to be a very fair estimate of his abilities. The highly interesting and edifying account of the disinterested and enthusiastic M. Kaupert, extracted from the 'Evangelical Magazine,' we reserve to make further comment on in a future number. The subject is too highly interesting to be slightly passed over. There is some original music, too, a ballad by Lee, and a waltz by Beethoven. The subject of the ballad is a little meagre, but it is prettily treated; and the latter part is very pleasing. Beethoven's waltz is beautifully flowing, and rich in the harmony.

The 'Musical Magazine,' however, should keep itself above suspicion. There is a passage at page 16, under the head of 'Musical Chit-Chat,' which might be taken equivocally. The criticisms on the press, in a subsequent paragraph, would have been better omitted, or more explicitly worded. General accusations are not always just to individuals; and the magazine itself extracts one of its best paragraphs from a newspaper, the 'Atlas.' The following anecdote will amuse our readers: it is not the only one to be found in the columns of the 'Musical Magazine.'

"MUSIC WON THE CAUSE."

Anseume, a gentleman of very limited income, hired a small house at Bagnolet, and invited his friends once or twice a week to come and amuse themselves there. On these occasions, each brought some provisions: one wine, another cold meat, another patties, another game. It unluckily happened that Anseume, as absent in mind as straitened in his finances, had forgotten, for a whole year, to pay his rent. The landlord made a descent upon him precisely on the day that his friends Collé, Panard, Piron, Gillet, the painter Watteau, the musician Degueville, and other epicures, had assembled there. These gentlemen, according to custom, had brought plenty of provender, but no money; and the landlord imperiously demanded his rent of two hundred crowns. What was to be done, in order to assist their friend? They immediately set about cooking the meat and poultry; they levied contributions on the fruit and vegetables of the gardens; Watteau drew a beautiful and inviting sign, and Degueville borrowed a violin of the parish beadle; in short, they

got up a *cabaret* and a *fête champêtre*. The appearance of these new cooks, who served their customers in habits of embroidered velvet, with swords by their sides, had a curious effect, and greatly diverted the company, which was so numerous, that the receipts amounted to five hundred crowns. Anseume paid his landlord, and his distress was converted into joy and gladness. But now a question arose that was discussed with no small earnestness and interest. To which of his guests was the host most indebted? Those who played the parts of cooks declared that without their labours there would have been nothing for the public to eat. Watteau laid no little stress on the invitation held out by his sign; and Degueville insisted that, without his music, the people's attention would not have been drawn to the sign; and that, even if they had noticed it, and come in, there would have been no mirth and spirit, little eaten, and that little scantily and reluctantly paid for. The dispute began to grow warm, when Degueville seized the violin, played them all into good humour, and was at length allowed to be the victor."—P. 13.

ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

HAIL to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipt infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, yoleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all forspent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the heart,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the head-quarters and metropolis of god Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, "Madam, my liver and fortune are intirely at your disposal;" or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a knock at the door. It "gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the welcome in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that an-

nounced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "That is not the post, I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!—delightful eternal common-places, which "having been will always be;" which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Lovers all,
A madrigal,

or some such device, not over abundant in sense— young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly— something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in *Areadia*.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlour window in C—s street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself to work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and besure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as beseeemed,—a work in short of magic. Iris dipt the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice—(O, ignoble trust!)—of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by and by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine and his true church.

GOOD QUOTATION ABOUT "FACTS."

There are more *false facts*, than false theories current in the world.—*Alexander's Sketches in Portugal*.

SPECULATIVE AND ASSIMILATING GOSSIP.

FREQUENTLY as my brother and myself sit over the fire, with our feet on the fender, and a meerschaum pending from our lips, we get *gossiping* upon various subjects, mystifying ourselves with wild German questions, and racking our brains to discover the undiscoverable. One of our favourite questions—one which has afforded our wits many an hour of delightful torture, and which, from its nature, is capable of affording us many more—is the perpetual motion. Oh, the innumerable and brilliant theories we have built, like the card palaces of our childhood! but only to be destroyed by some unconsidered meddling law of nature, as they were by the spherical limestone missile of some young urchin. Yet even as then we could not but admire the precision of his destructive aim, so could we not withhold our admiration of that beautiful and immutable law, which had fallen upon the apparently solid structure of our theory, when it had risen to a height producing extacy, and crushed it and our hopes together. Then would we quit the subject, mentally vowing never more to have anything to do with the slippery rascal; but it was only to return to it again at a future period with renewed vigour.

Another subject of our choice was the squaring of the circle, which possessed the same advantages as the perpetual motion, that of being, from its difficulty, an inexhaustible source of speculation. What trigonometrical constructions have been raised with geometrical precision! How the sine of every conceivable angle has been multiplied into tangent, secant, and radius! How the rectangles, under tangent and co-tangent, sine and co-sine, have been divided and multiplied by every imaginable segment of radius! How long lines of decimals have, as it were, "stretched out to the crack of doom," conveying an idea of the infinitely little! With what perseverance did X always maintain his incognito! We could never discover that he was related to anyone. He generally went by the name of the Unknown, and was rather a burly fellow, being frequently called X square. We sometimes thought that he was equal to A * * * and B * * *; but this impression we were obliged to discard, as we had frequently found him mixed up with a set of W.'s and C. A. D. S.

I could mention many other curious questions upon which we speculated. One other I remember was the following. Suppose a hole bored through the diameter of the earth, and let a body, the ends of which shall be of different density, be dropped into it. It is understood that the hole is of sufficient width to allow the body to change its position in its progress. The questions we took delight in arguing were,—Would the body acquire sufficient impetus to overcome the attraction of the earth, and find an exit at the other end; and if so, in what direction would it make its exit, the denser or the less dense end foremost? And when and where would it finally rest? A knotty point and a curious.

Sometimes we would endeavour to arrive at the solution of a difficulty, by experiment; when most woful disasters would occasionally occur, particularly when it related to some question in chemistry.

These wilder investigations we would occasionally lay aside, and take up those to which we could find a more satisfactory conclusion. Or we would hunt down some poor, almost obsolete word, until we made him confess his original meaning and derivation. One of our latest subjects of conversation was the analogy between drawing and writing. And we drew parallels between the two.

The brilliant paintings of the old masters, replete with vigour and life, convey to the eye all the pith of the painter's imagination of the subject which he delineated. So do the works of the old esteemed writers, in the clearness of their thoughts and the purity of their diction, convey at once to the understanding those impressions which they felt and were desirous of leaving behind them. Then there are the more modern paintings, rich in colouring, faithful in delineation, and true to life, but generally to the life of the present day; fertile in imaginative

historical design. These may be compared to the modern writings, full of vivid descriptions of modern manners and sentiment, and abounding in fiction and historical details.

These are general resemblances; there are others more particular, such as the firm unflinching style of old heraldic drawings, how closely do they resemble the quaint, stiff, antiquated manner of the old heralds; such, for instance, as Guillim. Again, look at the phraseology of medical works, and compare it with anatomical illustrations; how ghastly and horrible; how nervous does the reading of the one and the sight of the other make one. The outline drawings of such a master-hand and imagination as is possessed by Retsch, tell a tale as well as words. His illustrations of Goethe's 'Faust' are known and admired by everyone, as also his illustrations of some of Shakspeare's plays. But one of his last, his illustrations of Schiller's song of the 'Bell,' requires no words. Were it placed before an improvisatore, he would sing it with perhaps little variation from the original song. It produces upon one the same effect as reading Schiller's own song, or La Motte Fouqué's 'Undine.' A smile hangs upon the lips; and one finds all the better feelings of our nature growing strong within one. Could the business of the world be carried on, with the tale or the drawings ever present in the remembrances of mankind, it would doubtless be a better and a happier world.

Some of our present writers resemble individual, or a class of, painters. Theodore Hook is like the old Dutch painters. Their merit lies in the faithfulness with which they depict the minutiae of life. As Hook describes every object a room contains, and allows no personages of his story to present themselves without a minute and full account of their appearance and toilet, so do the Dutch painters enter into all those little details, with which it is so delightful to meet, and which give so much truth to their paintings. Their fraus are never without pin-cushions, nor their pin-cushions without pins.

Bulwer's writings are sometimes like the hasty bold sketch of a Sir J. Reynolds or T. Lawrence.

H. B. is the illustrator on stone of the 'Don Juan' of Byron.

That incorrigible punster, T. Hood, should ride in a sociable with George Cruikshank.

The advertisement style of writing, the Rowland's Macassar Oil, Pearl Cream, and Anti-Corrosive Oriental Pearl Dentifrice, I think, we may liken to that style of wood-cut which is seen pasted upon the walls about town soon after Christmas, and is supposed to represent the principal scene in the Pantomime.

These resemblances, if such they appear to the reader, might by increased in number; but that I now leave to himself, should he feel so disposed.

J. A. M.

POOR BLIND MAN.

THE heart bath eyes,—and the poor man who looks
On man or the world but with the bodily eye,
Shall feel no beauty in the summer sky,
Nor hear sweet Syrinx in the reedy brooks,
Nor see in the grey forest's glimmering nooks
Ideal beauty passing stately by—
To him the truth of fiction is a lie,
And prose without a purpose Poet's books—
Then let the consecrating heart be mine,
Mother of beauty, and love, and bright-eyed Hope,
And Faith triumphant—the Kaleidoscope,
(And joyous Faith, the bard's Kaleidoscope)
Whose revelations haply are divine.
When my life dorkling to the west shall slope,
Oh, may its light illumine my decline.

J. C. *

* This signature should have been appended to the sonnet a few weeks ago in the LONDON JOURNAL, intitled 'Three Pleasancies.'—Ed.

FINE ARTS.

Queen Esther, after Guercino. Drawn on stone, with a Steel Pen, by Miss Augusta Cole. C. Tilt.

GUERCINO is seldom vigorous, either in design or execution; but in all he has put forth, there is a grace, and an amiable beauty, more generally and thoroughly intelligible than sublimer things, which will always be dear to such as have eyes to see, and heart to feel its sweetness. In spite of an obliquity of vision (whence his appellation Guercino, squinting), he was handsome and elegant in person, with a most agreeable expression of countenance; he looks like a gentleman, and a kind and intelligent man. The character of his pictures is accordant with that of his appearance.

The design before us, which we suppose is copied from a drawing, is as deficient as any in strength, but replete with sweetness. Ahasuerus is the blandest of kings and husbands. The bold and flowing execution of the copy is a surprising contrast to the petty stiffness and hardness of the materials in which it is worked.

INTERCOURSE WITH STRANGERS.

[We have much pleasure in inserting the following letter of a Correspondent, who puts forward his sound, tabular philosophy, in right recommendatory taste between smile and earnest. Verily the icy surface of English manners beginneth to thaw under the influence of this our sunny Journal, and to disclose the riches they contain.]

2nd February 1835.

DEAR SIR,—I have a sort of ambition to scrawl a few lines to you (whether you insert them in your Journal or not, I am indifferent), just to wish you success, and to say how much I admire your delightful publication; and to crave your attention to what I consider falls particularly within your province of reprobation, as a spreader of universal brotherhood.

Every one must have observed the suspicion and reserve with which we look upon strangers, and how very jealous we are of their advances. I cannot but conceive this to be a very unfortunate feature in our society, and one which increasing enlightenment ought to, and will, remedy. A little more liberality would be the means of extending good fellowship, and perhaps of bringing together intimately parties who might derive the highest advantage (intellectually at least) by a knowledge of each other. I have known myself, and have frequently heard of, close friendship originating in a casual conversation between the acts at a theatre, or in a stage-coach—where parties have separated mutually pleased with each other—have met again—had their former good opinion confirmed—and become friends. I might relate two striking occurrences of this sort amongst my own acquaintance, but presume almost every one must have had a similar experience. Do you not think, Mr Editor, that when people—strangers to each other—chance to come in contact, each should endeavour to recommend himself to the other, if only for the sake of passing a pleasant half hour? How numerous are the neutral topics of general conversation, without venturing upon politics or other controversial matters. The fair sex are unfortunately, by the usages of society, precluded from commencing a conversation with strangers; but no polite “lord of the creation” would dream of reducing them to this dilemma. I have some recollection of your making mention of this subject sometime ago—I think with reference to Mrs Somerville—and know that at the time I cordially agreed with you. And I am convinced, my dear Mr Editor, your heart (as mine) feels a yearning towards an intelligent, good natured-looking lady, whether she be, as the song saith, “fair, or brown as a berry,” and that you long to talk with her, and hear her remarks and opinions. And from the social and humane style of your writing I am equally certain that you would not frown upon a salutation from a decent-looking specimen of the rougher sex, such as “Pleasant weather, sir,” &c. &c. I cannot help thinking that you already do a great deal towards abolishing this most unnecessary frigidity, for after

reading one of your delightful and heart-enlarging articles, and noticing, as I do every week, the benignant assurance of your motto, that you “sympathise with all,” I look round me with a vast deal of benevolence for my fellow-creatures. A few days ago, for instance, I was taking my chop at a dining-house in the city—(“my custom always in the afternoon!”) and had just run through one of your Journals, when I observed a gentleman opposite me looking about him in rather a perplexed manner, as if in want of something. Now, under ordinary circumstances, my John Bullism would probably have taken no further notice of what a stranger might be doing or requiring, but just then I was “brimful of kindness,” and, to the great astonishment of the party in question, and those present generally, I bounced up with “Shall I have the pleasure of handing you the mustard, sir?” Now this “mordant” article happened to be the precise object of the gentleman’s anxiety, and he therefore thanked me with “You are very polite, sir,” and since—

Mr Editor! this is a serious subject: ponder on it. Reader! go thou and do likewise!

Salve et Vale!

Thine,

Cris.

RELUGAS.*

Art thou a dreamer of the noontide hour,
Who shap’st out piles fantastically proud
As the wind fashions from the shifting cloud?
Is not this scene above thy fancy’s power?
Calm beauty here hath built herself a bower—
The traveller who doth not linger here
Lacks all the finer sympathies—the tear
Of sensibility is not his dower—
Oh, sweet Relugas! beautiful thou art,
What though thou liest as a deserted nest
Thy image haunts, shall ever haunt my breast,
Even to the tender gushing of the heart;
Ere thy dear image from my soul depart
Be mine the place of everlasting rest.

J. C.

* A seat of Sir T. Dick Lauder, in Morayshire, and now “wasting its sweetness on the desert air.”

TABLE TALK.

GENERAL BENEVOLENCE NO ARGUMENT AGAINST PARTICULAR, BUT THE REVERSE.

To the diffusive spirit of benevolence it has been commonly objected, that it weakens the ties of friendly and family relations, and gives less of enjoyment to the many than it takes from the few. But why should it? Is it found by experience that the really philanthropic man is the man most wanting in domestic affections? Are the tone and temper which constitute benevolence likely to find no fit exercise among those who are habitually in contact with them? Or must not the social principle be essentially strong and influential, when it enables its possessor to act upon the wide field of public happiness? In general, so far from neglecting the enjoyments of those immediately dependent on him, the true lover of his race brings into the circle of their enjoyments the re-action of the beneficent influences, which he exercises on the vaster scale; his contributions to the happiness of mankind are so much in addition to the happiness he creates in his own social sphere. Let no man apprehend for himself or others, that he can produce too much good, or remove too much evil. It is not on the side of expansive benevolence that his mistakes are likely to be made. Let him do all the good he can, and wherever he can, he will never do too much for his own happiness, or the happiness of others.—*Bentham’s Deontology.*

POLITE WRITING, AND FINE-LADY BENIGNITY!

My aunt admitted into the abbey none but her own relations, and my only companions were the two sisters of the Duc d’Haricourt, one of whom married the Comte de Clery Créqy, and the other became a nun at Caen; the eldest, Mademoiselle de

Beuvron was a pretty and elegant person, to whom I fear her husband had done injustice by having her imprisoned by a ‘lettre de cachet.’ The younger, whom they called Mademoiselle de Chatelleret, was not nearly as good or as elegant as her sister. When I heard, some time afterwards, that she had died in all the glory of holiness, I felt surprised, and I did not ask for any of her relics. There were besides, at the convent, a bevy of the demoiselles d’Hontelot, who were always dressed alike in serge of the sabbie colour, (and who always placed themselves, like the pipes of an organ, according to their size and age; but as they were brought up there from charity, and were very proud and especially silly, they were rarely admitted into Madame’s little circle, and I had no intimacy with them. Mademoiselle de Chatelleret used to call them the works of Mother Gigogne in seven volumes; and the Abbess learned that they regularly passed two or three hours a day counting their red spots.—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Créqy.*

ARITHMETIC OF DEDICATIONS.

An author of the name of Rangouze having printed a collection of letters without page or number, the binder gave the precedence according to his direction, so that every one to whom he presented his book, finding the letters to him taking place of all the others, could not but richly acknowledge such a distinction. His letters were justly called “golden,” as he boasted that, one with another, they brought him nearly thirty pistoles each. For a thorough subtlety at dedication, however, commend us to an Italian physician, who dedicated every book of his commentary on Hippocrates to as many different persons, and the table of contents likewise!

HOW TO GROW RICH BY GIVING.

It may be laid down as a general principle, that a man becomes rich in his own stock of pleasures, in proportion to the amount he distributes to others. His opulence will be the offspring of his generosity. Every time he creates to himself a pleasure by the communication of a pleasure, or the suppression of a pain, he increases the sum of his own happiness, directly, speedily, surely. Every time he renders a service to another, he augments the amount of his own happiness, indirectly, remotely, slowly; but in both cases his well-being will be added to by his benevolence.—*Bentham’s Deontology.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE kindly and eloquent notice of the LONDON JOURNAL in a new paper, the ‘Dover Chronicle,’ is one of those that have touched us most nearly. The writer particularly gratifies us by quoting the passages which pleased us most in the writing.

The suggestion of ONE OF OUR WARMEST WELL-WISHERS shall be considered, as in duty bound.

Had the writer of the letter from Stockton, signed J. B., known all the circumstances that preceded and followed the publication of the work he speaks of, and all which the author has said of it, in the course of subsequent writings (to say nothing of that more attentive perusal which he confesses has not been given to its pages), it is trusted that he would have seen reason for qualifying the conclusions which he has come to, and which the author candidly regrets he ever hazarded in any generous mind, however provoked by misrepresentation.

QUÆSTOR, JUN. is informed, that the first volume of the LONDON JOURNAL does contain the Supplements.

We should gladly have inserted the lines on ‘Love, Wine, and Song,’ but for reasons lately given are unwilling to be thought to do injustice to numerous similar contributions of equal merit.

Due attention will be paid to the remarks of a fair correspondent on ‘Voices,’ and the pamphlet sent us by our namesake; and to the letter, written in pencil, on the state of music in England.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18, 1835.

No. 47.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A QUESTION TO MEN OF BUSINESS, IS YOUR "SUCCESS SUCCESSFUL?"

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE INTEREST OF PARENTS
IN THEIR CHILDREN'S EDUCATION.

(BEING THE SEQUEL OF 'SPECULATIONS ON MY
GRANDFATHER'.)

THERE are certain important objects towards which men, in coming into life, are all supposed to aim, or towards which their attention is to be directed; on the one side, virtue and talents, by which the esteem and respect of society are to be gained; and, on the other, a certain competency and station in life which are to insure their holder ease and reasonable distinction. But the former of these acquirements, capacity and virtue, as a general rule, we may state to be unattainable by any person if neglected in youth, and left to his own bias; and, that the latter objects are as certainly to be attained by personal exertions alone, if the foundation of honour and capacity has been timely laid. In other words, a man may make his own fortunes, but he cannot himself form the individual capable of achieving them with honour.

Reason, therefore, points out to us the course which their feelings and natural affection would lead men to pursue, the course which is the most simple and pleasant in performance, and the correct and only true one. And what is that course? That, leaving future exaltation in life to their own exertions, men should devote themselves to the healthy, physical, and moral training of their children; or, consider that exaltation rather as a secondary consideration, than as the primary object (for there lies the evil), as life, in most cases, affords time for the effecting of both. And where the former object only is attained, a young person, whose faculties, mental, and corporeal, are fully developed by the care which demands, at least, the superintendence of a parent, if left at that moment unprovided and unfriended in the world, is better endowed than the slighted boy to whom a father has left the produce of years of toil—years devoted to the pursuit of riches, and the neglect of the education and preparation of his heir. In fact, this parent is like a decocter of medicinal poisons, who, keeping his son in ignorance of his art, leaves at his death, the key of his laboratory in the hands of the unpractised youth. He enters—tastes of everything, and dies.

It may here be objected to me, that I am arguing against fancied evils—that parents divide, at the very least, their time between the *training* and the *enriching* of their children. I shall be happy if every body, upon strict examination, find this to be the real state of the case. But I deny that it is so; and examination, or mere observation, will prove to all that my assertion is nearest the truth. The higher classes, of course, are not implicated in these observations. Where neglect does exist among them, it bears a deeper taint than that of the merchant or tradesman; for the latter have the excuse that they are labouring in what appears to them to be the likeliest mode of ensuring the happiness of their children—a worldly provision; but the former have no excuse, save that pleasure and selfish enjoyment have an eloquence deeper and more persuasive in their ears than the voice of natural duty.

Putting aside, then, all classes, except those which

are stationary and established in certain spots—as men of business, men holding clerkships, and others similarly situated—we shall find that very many of these, from one reason or another, decline the personal superintendence of their children's education. Many are sent away to distant schools, for months at a time, and a few (more fortunate!) to public schools in the parent's vicinity. Pleased with this last step in improvement, men who have the sense to go so far are contented, and sit down well satisfied, for their children are under their own eye. Good. But does that eye really watch them? Is it upon their every act—does it read their hearts, and study their thoughts? If the eye of the parent does not act thus, it is to little avail that the child is within its reach. On the contrary, there is great danger in a *watch*, when that watch sleepeth.

I repeat, does *the eye* act thus? "No, how can it? 'Business must be attended to.' I have every confidence in Dr—, or in Professor—. The boy has trifling faults, but really I have no time to conquer them. Time will abate them."

This is the answer I get. Ask another after his son, and the reply is, "Oh! he is going on very well I dare say by this time; he was a terrible dunce, to be sure, but [one has no time to look after these things, you know. I have not seen him for these three months. By the way, I have been working night and day for the last month, and shall lay by for him a few more odd hundreds. Let his master furnish his head—his mother look after his health, *I'll* look to the lining of his purse." There is the evil; and, between the three, the chances are that, thirty years after, the proceeds will be a diseased and impoverished fool.

"But, granting men in general the will, have they power or capacity to educate or rather to superintend the education of their children?" Perhaps not in the details. But let them do their best; the world will afford another generation after them, and their sons, so educated, will carry on the holy work in their turn. And besides, a very great deal comes with love and ardent determination. Granting that they employ other heads than their own, constant attention will teach them to detect what is wrong, and to distinguish whether it springs from the master or from the scholar. Men are shrewd enough in judging of the capabilities of one another in business, and of the degree of credit which they may give to a stranger—there is nothing about those who trade in education which renders them invulnerable to like scrutiny. Common sense is often better than apprenticeship. If a man cannot judge, "of his own knowledge," of the extent of that of another, who may perhaps know more, and yet not enough, there are others more capable, in whose judgment and honour he can confide. If left ignorant, and thrown intirely on his own resources, he can judge by effects: if he cannot *prove* the master's Latinity or Atticism, he can, at least, discover how much the pupil profits; he can always judge of the sentiments and mode of thinking and acting of the instructor by their fruits in the instructed, and these latter are the important points, after all. "These things demand much of a man's time!" I know it—it is for that time that I contend. "But his attention is due to other matters." There is no other matter so important, after a man has provided for the physical wants of his family.

The life of an individual was devoted to the training and education of Emile. This is extravagant; but it is but one of the extreme points to which men have flown, and Rousseau's proposal was certainly the least preposterous, and the most amiable. He would thus have men spend their time intirely on the well-bringing up of their offspring (none but a parent could follow up his idea), whereas men have chosen to depute the task intirely to others.

It may very possibly be said, that the kind of parental devotion here argued for, is out of the way and romantic, and that no man in his senses, who had the business of life to attend to, could entertain it for a moment. But what does the business of life prove to be, if contemplated *in toto*—his position as a member of society, and the finite nature of man, considered? Is it merely the advancement of a man's self, or the introduction, on his part, of beings fitted to take up the ideas, and to carry on the work of the father? He who has the noblest ends in view for the benefit of society, need not repine when called upon to leave them, if he can leave behind him a son capable of prosecuting his good work. The world is doubly his debtor. It benefits by *his* works, and, moreover, he has perpetuated his virtues and his talents—(*genius* is not the question.) But it is a sorrowful consideration, which I think will prove true, that most of us *feel* that the good which is not done in our time—good that is not done by us, might as well not be done at all. So much for our philanthropy. This is, however, a principle which any man would blush to acknowledge; therefore I am not bound to give it any consideration; but repeat—that men, taught by experience their own defects and failings towards the world, should take care that he who is to succeed them shall be prepared to act his part better; or, on the other hand, that men whose abilities have rendered them a blessing in their generation, should labour that their immediate descendant fall not short in the same noble course.

Looking at the question quite on the worldly side, it will prove that where talent and good principles have been cultivated, a fortune of their own beginning, fostered by their own industry, has reached a greater height than when commenced under what are termed "happier auspices." There is nothing like *beginning well*; and a man who begins the world only with spirit, the growth of a good education, with loving friends—ever the proceeds of a good education, and the industry generated as much by good education as by necessity, is the man who begins well. There can be no doubt as to what is here included in the term *good education*:—a thorough education in goodness, and sound training, mental and corporeal.

Let us imagine a half-educated and not very young man, toiling night and day for a sum which he destines for a beloved child. Meanwhile, he is careful, as the world goes, as to his bringing up. It would be a painful task to catechize him on his aim and end, for his own replies must put his illusion to flight. It is his wish to leave a competency behind, or rather, as is more often the case, riches—swelled to the utmost extent his length of life shall admit. He is a man of sense: let me ask him, whether he respects others by reason of their possessions, farther than as buyers and employers? No. Riches, then,

do not even purchase the respect of these whom respect is anything but a name, or a courteous term for flattery. Let me ask him, whether his thousands in cash shield him from as many racking cares and anxieties, to which he was not subject when a younger man? No; on the contrary, he almost suspects that his cares have gathered with his wealth. In short, did he ever discover that gold could purchase either love, health, youth, or peace of mind? No—no—no: he will tell you that he is no fool! I must suppose, however, for his own consistency's sake, that he has discovered a mart; and in that case for the love of heaven let him purchase those inestimable treasures himself, and lay them up for his heir; for the chances are, that the latter will forget them, and expend his wealth in commodities of a very different character.

"It is necessary, he will next say, that he should guard against accidents: how does he know that his boy will ever be able to toil for himself?" A very just precaution, truly. And while we are upon accidents, he would do better still to guard against the possibility of that child's not being fit for anything in case of the accident of his losing all his easily-gained fortune. This is a kind of accident which falls out every day. "But men in business bring their children up in business, and they are consequently not left to the mercy of chance." Unfortunately, in cases like the one which I am supposing, business has been rendered a matter of indifference to the youth; he considers it a wearisome and unworthy employment, and takes the first opportunity to retire from it, as a blot on the escutcheon that he contemplates.

"It is his wish," he says, "that his son should make his way into good society, and be the equal of his company in after-life." But if it is intended to commence and to proceed by the introduction which wealth affords to all, how mistaken are the means! for a man cannot live for ever upon an introduction,—not even of such a powerful friend. His own qualifications will be brought to the test. Again, much depends on my objector's ideas as to what constitutes equality in society, even where birth is overlooked. What will render his son the equal of the best company? Is it that he shall be able to vie with any other person in doing credit to the cutting-out talents of a tailor; or, in the super-fineness of his broad-cloth? or shall he be on a par with his neighbour in the splendour of his equipage, or the livery of his servants? If his friend dine off plate, that he shall be able to produce his silver service also, only more splendid? If another build a wing to his house, he can immediately add two to his mansion? Are these his ideas of being on an equality with the world? The proofs of the emptiness of ambition like this are almost too common to need repetition. For having taken a decided step in advance of the individual who only boasts his plain service, he will begin to discover with disgust that his silver is eclipsed by another's gold. Having built his two wings, he finds that mansion, wings, and all, is but a sorry hut, in comparison with the palace of some neighbouring Cressus.

Having thus taken much thought for his son, and left him the produce of his toil, that "no man may look down upon him," and left him nothing else; the latter may chance to discover, if gifted with common sense, that to form one of a circle, not more than his equals in age and natural talents, and listen while others discourse on subjects of which he is totally ignorant, is to be below his company.

From want of reading, experience, habit, and observation, to be unable to yield information on any of the many topics incident to conversation, is to be below his company.

To visit the workshop of the industrious in manufactures, and, having eyes, see not to any purpose of comprehension or instruction, is to be there below his company.

Disqualified by want of ability, to have no "voice in the commonwealth," is to be below the mark in society.

These failures he will speedily discover himself; and there are many other defaults in his title to equality, which the world will speedily discover for him. Among many worse, I name one: If, when the world is struggling all but unanimously towards the same noble end, the amelioration of the mental existence of man, he, from ignorance, or motives of self-interest, shall be the one to choke up the wholesome current; then surely will he be below the company of his fellow men.

I have noticed, in a minor way, that a man, even in privacy, seated with book in hand alone, where he could least dread a competitor, may still find himself below his company. He is not prepared for his author; and the slightest approach to erudition or poetic feeling in what he is reading throws him out. That is rather degrading, where opportunities have been lost!

Thus I have endeavoured to prove the futility of all attempts for the future welfare of our sons, which are not based on a thorough training in good principles and education. Much might be said on the miseries parents ensure for themselves, when they erect a golden calf as the object of the love and aspiration of their children; in so doing, they fly from the right point in two ways—they misapply their time, as has been shown, and they throw temptation in the way of those who are the least prepared to encounter it. How much, how very much, of family dissension, the most hateful of hatreds, takes its rise from this source! But this is a picture that every man can best colour for himself.

It would be agreeable to enlarge, as a relief to the scene, on the happiness felt by those who take right views, and act accordingly, of their duties towards their families. But the thing has been done so often, and so well, that the reader's recollection will be the best authority I can refer to on the subject. Two names I must be allowed to cite anon. But these is yet another subject.

It may appear to some, that too much stress is here laid upon the influence of reading, or upon the inaptitude of a man for study. Such persons would not think so, if that love had ever touched them—if they had ever been indebted to study for one burst of enthusiasm—for one consoling or forgetful hour—for having weaned them from one weakness, or acted as a counter-allurement to one vice. If I say that pure and refined tastes are the best guardians a man can invoke around his child, I shall provoke the charge of saying what everybody knows; but, surely, they are in contradiction with themselves who, knowing this, also care not to see their children studious. Gibbon declared that he would not exchange his love of reading for the treasures of the Indies: and we are not to suppose that it was because he was indebted to his studies for the materials of his great work, that he so loved his books. They had been his friends from youth. His 'History' is worth the ransom of imperial Rome, but I doubt whether the philosopher would not have sacrificed that—or rather an equal fame, to his love of mental acquirement. Happily the pursuits were the same.

"Les premiers jours du printemps ont moins de grâce que la vertu naissante d'un jeune homme." The first days of spring have less of beauty than the growing virtues of a young man. These are the words of one of the most truth-telling and unfeigned of writers—Rochefoucauld. I leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from his observations, and proceed to quote some beautiful lines from a right-thinking native poet, bearing on the same subject:—

"The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
And the swart seaman, sailing far below,
Not undelighted watch the morning ray
Purpling the orient—till it breaks away,
And burns and blazes into glorious day;
But happier still is he who bends to trace
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face;
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,
The thoughts and passions stirring into life;

The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,
The giant waking from his tenfold trance,
Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,
And all is light within the trembling frame!
What then a Father's feelings? Joy, and fear
In turn prevail; joy meet; and through the year
Temp'ring the ardent, urging night and day
Men who shrink back or wander from the way,
Praising each highly,—from a wish to raise
Their merits to the level of his praise,
Onward in their observing sight he moves,
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves!
Their sacred presence who shall dare profane?
Who, when He slumbers, hope to fix a stain?
He lives a model, in his life to show,
That, when he dies and through the world they go,
Some men may pause and say, when some admire,
"They are his sons, and worthy of their sire!"
—ROBERT.

T. R.

CHARLES LAMB.

[THIS interesting tribute to the memory of its excellent subject, now, we believe, first given intire in a periodical work, is from the pen of the "Bookseller of the Poets," Mr Moxon,—himself (and with no disparagement either in the antithesis) a Poet among Booksellers;—a rare title, and very encouraging for his literary brethren.]

WITHIN a few months of each other we have lost two remarkable men—Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lamb. They were schoolfellows, read together, first published together, and were undivided even in Death! When we last saw the latter—and recollection—he said he was ever thinking of his friend. He is now with him and for ever! It is of Charles Lamb only that we wish to speak.

No man was ever more sincerely regretted, or will be longer remembered, by his friends. Happily we see the brighter after our sorrows; and the object of our grief, in a short time, becomes a star that we can gaze at with pleasure. Fair, fair shall be the flowers that spring over thy tomb, dear, gentle Elia! sweet shall be the song—sweet as thine own—that shall lure the wanderer to the spot where thy urn receives the tears of the stranger. Thither my feet shall repair in spring time and in harvest; thither will I lead thy votaries, and there shall they drink of the lucid waters that well from the memory of thy gentle life, thou kindest of human creatures!

Perchance, Reader, it was not thy good fortune to know our inimitable friend. Thou hast not been with him in his walks; and to walk with him was to converse with the immortal dead,—with Chaucer and with Sidney,—with Spenser and with Shakespeare,—with Buxton and with Sir Thomas Brown,—with Fuller and with Jeremy Taylor,—and with Milton, and these elder dramatists, who were to him a first love, and, as such, cherished through life. Thou hast not been his guest; nor sat among his books—goodly folios in quaint bindings—in rooms scantily furnished, but rich in the gifts of genius, walls hung round with Raphaels and Da Vincis, with Poussins and Titians, and the works of the incomparable Hogarth! Thou wert not a visitor in the temple, nor an evening listener to choice—hardly choice where all were good—passages from Milton, over the finest of which the worshipping spirit of the reader always wept; but his tears were those of admiration, drops that blotted out, as it were, ages of neglect! On his old favourites his eyes rested even in death! Sacred to the owner will be the volume he last bent over, with its page folded down—so ever let it remain—on thy life, all-accomplished Sidney! From thyself, if aught earthly in heaven be permitted, perchance he may learn thy story, and there walk side by side with those whom in idea he lived with while on earth. Nor hast thou seen him a solitary, wandering among the cloisters of Christ's Hospital—nor in the Quadrangles at Oxford, nor at Twickenham, where he often spent his holidays—red-letter days as he called them—nor at Hampton Court, which he preferred—so truly

English was his mind—to Versailles; nor in the India House, where he was loved for his goodness of heart, and for his jokes and his puns—he was a punster, and a good one;—nor in his ramblings in the neighbourhood of Cheshunt, and Southgate, and Ware, and Tottenham High Cross, and on the banks of the Lea, thinking of Walton and his plain-mindedness! nor latterly at Waltham, nor at Winchmore, nor in the green lanes about Enfield, where, on a summer's evening, he would walk with his amiable sister, his almost inseparable companion of forty years.

As, Reader, thou hast not seen the living Elia—would that thou hadst, for thou wouldst ever have remembered his sweet smile, and the gentleness of his heart—turn to his books, there thou mayst imagine him, kinder than he was thou canst not; and he will yet guide thee to old haunts and to familiar faces, which thou wilt hereafter think of with delight. He will conduct thee to the Old South-Sea House—once his own—and to Oxford, where thou wilt meet with George Dyer (George is worthy thy knowing), or he will sit with thee the old year out, and quote the old poets, and that beautiful line in his friend's ode—

“I saw the skirts of the departing year;”

or he will introduce thee to Mrs Battle, who, next to her devotions, loved a game at whist; or he will pleasantly shake his cap and bells with thee on the first of April; or accompany thee to a Quakers' Meeting; or describe to thee the Old and the New Schoolmaster; or tell a delightful story—no fiction—of Valentine's Eve, or take thee with him, Bridget Elia by his side—thou wilt love Bridget—on a visit to his relations,

“Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire;”

or he will discourse to thee on modern gallantry, or point out to thee the old Benchers of the Inner Temple; or describe to thee his first visit to Old Drury, and introduce thee to his old favourites—now forgotten; or thou shalt hear him—for he loved those whom none loved—speak in the purest strain of humanity in praise of chimney-sweepers, “innocent blacknesses,” as he calls them, and of beggars, and lament the decay of the latter; or he will rouse thy fancy, and make thy mouth water with his savoury dissertation on roast pig (many were the porklings that graced his table, kind presents from admiring and unknown correspondents); or take thee with him in the old Margate Hoy to the seaside, or introduce thee to his friend Captain Jackson; or discourse to thee of himself—the convalescent and the superannuated man; or on old china, or on old books—on the latter with what relish! or of Barbara S. (Miss Kelly), or of Alice (his first love), or of Bridget Elia (his sister), or tell thee the sweet story of Rosamund Gray. Let these, reader, if thou art a lover of thy Kind and of the beautiful, have a by-place in thy mind; they will not only please thy imagination, but enlarge thy heart, its sphere of action, and its humane capabilities. They will lead thee to new sources of delight—springs fresh as the waters of Horeb; and thou wilt become acquainted with men famous in their generation. Occasionally, if thou art a reader of modern books only, thou mayest imagine him quaint, but thou wilt find him free from conceits, and always natural. Others may have affected the language of an older age, but with him it was no adoption.

He always spoke as he wrote, and did both as he felt; and his Letters—they were unpremeditated—are in the style of his other writings; they are in many respects equal, in some superior, to his Essays; for the bloom, the freshness of the author's mind, is still upon them. In his humour there is much to touch the heart and to reflect upon; it is of a serious cast, somewhat like that of Cervantes. In the jokes which he would throw out, the offspring of the moment, there was often more philosophy than in the premeditated sayings of other men. He was an admirable critic, and was always willing to exercise the art he so much excelled in for the fame of others. We have seen him almost blind with poring over the

endless and illegible manuscripts that were submitted to him. On these occasions, how he would long to find out something good, something that he could speak kindly of; for to give another pain (as he writes in a letter now before us) was to give himself greater! He lived in the past, yet no man ever had a larger share of sympathy for those around him. He loved his friends, and showed it substantially by numberless tokens, and was as sincerely loved in return. He had, like other men, his failings; but they were such, that he was loved rather for them than in spite of them. Enemies he had none. For upwards of forty years he devoted his life to the happiness of his sister, for whom he had a most affectionate regard, and for whose comfort he would gladly have laid down his own life; and she, not less devoted, for him would have sacrificed her own. He preferred—we use his own words—even her occasional wanderings to the sense and sanity of the world.

Their minds were congenial, so were their lives, and they beautifully walked together—theirs was a blended existence—to the hour of his dissolution. His charities, for his humble means, surpassed those of most men. He had for some years upon his bounty three pensioners! Generous and noble must have been the heart of him that, out of his slender income, could allow his old schoolmistress thirty pounds per annum! What self-denial! What folios this sum would have purchased for him! Well we remember the veneration with which we used to look upon the old lady—for she remembered Galsmith! He had once lent her his poems to read. We often lament that he did not give them to her; but the author of the ‘Vicar of Wakefield’ was poor.

Kind surely must have been the disposition of him who sought out the nurse that attended the last moments of Coleridge, (whom living he adored and dead thus honoured,) that on her head he might pour out the overflowings of the irresistible goodness of his nature. He gave her five pounds; but this we did not learn from himself! These were but trifles; yet of each was the life of this the most amiable of men made up.

His tastes, in many respects, were most singular. He preferred Wardour street and Seven Dials to fields that were Elysian. The disappearance of the old clock from St Dunstan's Church drew tears from him; nor could he ever pass without emotion the place where Exeter Change once stood. The removal had uphealed a reality in Gay. The passer-by, he said, no longer saw “the combs dangle in his face.” This almost broke his heart. He had no taste for flowers or green fields; he preferred the high road. The Garden of Eden, he used to say, must have been a dull place. He had a strong aversion to roast beef and to fowls, and to any wines but port or sherry. Tripe and cow-beef were to him delicacies—rare dainties!

All his books were without portraits; nor did he ever preserve, with two exceptions, a single letter. He had a humorous method of testing the friendship of his visitors; it was, whether in their walks they would taste the tap of mine host at the Horse-Shoe, or at the Rose and Crown, or at the Rising Sun! But a member of the Temperance Society, on these occasions, could not have been more abstemious. A single glass would suffice. We have seen ladies enter with him—the fastidious Barbara S.; and great poets—the author of the ‘Excursion’ himself! He was no politician, though, in his youth, he once assisted to draw through the streets Charles James Fox! Nor was he a man of business. He could not pick up a trunk, nor tie up a parcel. Yet he was methodical, punctual in his appointments, and an excellent pay-master. A debt haunted him! He could not live in another person's bank! He wished to leave a friend a small sum of money; but “to have done with the thing,” as he said, gave it him before-hand! If an acquaintance dropped in of an evening before supper, he would instantly, without saying a word, put on his hat, and go and order an extra supply of porter. He has done this for us a hundred times! Relics and keepsakes had no charm

for him! A traveller once brought him some scorns from an ilex that grew over the tomb of Virgil. He threw them at the hackney-coachmen as they passed by his window! And there is a story, that he once sent to an artist of his acquaintance for a whole series of the British Admirals; but for what publication we never heard!

But we are wandering from our object, which was simply to record, that, of all the men we ever knew, Charles Lamb was, in every respect, the most original, and had the kindest heart.

E. M.

January 27th, 1835.

THE WEEK.

BIRTH DAYS.

FEBRUARY 18, 1677. At Paris, son of the illustrious Cassini, the founder of a family of astronomers, Giacomo Cassini, an enricher of the science with many valuable discoveries. His death was of that unexpected sort, for a man of a long and peaceful life, which looks like a mockery of human calculations. He died of a fall, at the age of eighty.

—19, 1564. At Pisa, or Florence, son of a noble Florentine, who was a scientific man also, and an accomplished musician, Galileo Galilei, the great precursor of Newton, and the greatest discoverer in mechanical geometry since the time of Archimedes. He rendered the discovery of the telescope applicable to astronomical purposes, brought geometry to the aid of the doctrine of motion, invented the pendulum, discovered the gravity of the air, the satellites of Jupiter, the inequalities of the surface of the moon, and established the Copernican and Pythagorean system of the universe, by proving that the earth moved round the sun. For this last discovery he was persecuted by the Jesuits, who, forgetting their own professions of being teachers, and idly subjecting the grandeur of the character of Scripture to literal interpretations of some of its texts, brought him under the tyranny of the Inquisition, by whom he was kept in qualified imprisonment for the remaining few years of his life, latterly at his own house. He was also sentenced to repeat the Seven Penitential Psalms every week for the space of three years; and it was suspected, from the state of his hands, that he had been put to the torture, and sworn not to reveal it. The writer of the present paragraph saw one of the fingers of these hands preserved under a glass case in the middle of the Laurentian library at Florence, pointing to heaven, and now almost an object of worship with the descendants of those by whom he was persecuted. It was during his confinement at his house that he was visited, among other celebrated travellers, by Milton; who describes him as suffering imprisonment “for thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Dominican friars.” The great poet's allusion to him in ‘Paradise Lost’ is well known: but it is as difficult not to quote it, as for a musician to see an organ open, and not touch the keys.

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superiour bend
Was moving towards the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolá,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

Galileo, besides being a profound natural philosopher, was a general amateur of the fine arts, a musician, and a man of wit. He played beautifully on the lute; delighted in architecture, in painting, and in husbandry; had a taste for design; was the author of several facetious poems (gathered into the Italian collections); was a capital companion, full of sense and pleasantry; and, as might be expected from such a combination of the solid and airy, was an enthusiastic lover of Ariosto, and took his part in the famous critical dispute respecting the merits of that fine poet and those of the more artificial Tasso. His stature was small, but his aspect venerable.

Same day, 1732. At Trinity College, Cambridge,

under the roof of his maternal grandfather, Dr Bentley (the famous scholar), Richard Cumberland, the comic dramatist, son and grandson of a bishop. His comedies verge upon the sentimental and the ideal (Goldsmith calls them "Tragedy giving a rout"); but there is occasionally more force and vivacity than would be expected from a certain air of authority and pretension; and his 'West Indian,' which led the way to the romantic generosity of the young gentlemen in modern comedies, has some of the good-natured animal spirits of Hoadley. Mr Cumberland, among others not so good, wrote also a pleasant novel called 'Henry.' His poetry is unworthy the rest of his reputation. We remember seeing him, in his latter years, going along the street. His appearance was highly respectable and gentlemanly, with an earnest countenance. The portrait in his 'Memoirs' must have been very like him, at the time it was painted.

— 20, 1694. At Paris, the son of a notary, Marie Francis Arouet de Voltaire, the most universal genius of the French nation. In the several departments of literature which he adorned, with the exception of that of wit and raillery, he was surpassed by many individuals; and in no one respect, perhaps, were his acuties of the very highest order, except as a detector of absurdity—and even in that respect his discrimination was not perfect, too often confounding the local and relative with the universal. In short, his philosophy was in no respect as deep as he and his friends supposed it. Yet, as a dramatist, he generally ranks as inferior only to Corneille and Racine; as an historian, his rank lies betwixt the two extremes of his idolators and his enemies, and has no mean place after all; he was one of the readiest and most elegant artificial poets, and writers of *vers de société*, that have appeared; he made his countrymen popularly acquainted with the progress of science and natural philosophy, especially the Newtonian; and, above all, he was a great puller down of superstition, and hastened those reformation in religion and government which will end in building up a far better system than he could anticipate, crowned with Christian aspirations of which he knew nothing, though he was a better Christian in some respects than he thought himself, being a very humane and public-spirited man—albeit irritable and vain-glorious. There was so little real poetry in him of a high order, which demands a thorough depth and sincerity of nature, that he wrote a scandalous poem on the subject of Joan of Arc, whom, as a great man, superior to the prejudices of all times, he ought to have held in reverence. This extraordinary individual—with a frame originally so weak that it was feared he would have died soon after his birth, and with a person always meagre and apparently fragile, but great animal spirits—lived to be upwards of eighty-five years of age, and is thought at last to have hastened his death by drinking too much coffee in order to keep himself on the alert for a new publication. He was the sayer of some of the most exquisite *bon-mots* on record, from among which we hastily give the first that comes to mind as a specimen. He was praising Haller, the German, to somebody, and the other saying that Haller by no means thought so well of him—"Ah," returned the ready old wit, "perhaps we are both of us mistaken." Perhaps Voltaire may be briefly and not unjustly characterized as the only man who ever obtained a place in the list of the great names of the earth by an aggregation of secondary abilities. He was the god of cleverness.

Same day, 1716. At Hereford, where his father, an officer in the army, was on a recruiting party, David Garrick, the most universal stage genius that has appeared in England. His family was of French origin, the grandfather, a merchant, having fled from the neighbouring country at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. It is, therefore, perhaps to French blood that we owe his excellence in the comic part of his genius: the tragic part England will claim for itself. We need not repeat here what has been said of him so often, and is still daily being said, in memoirs and stage-criticism. We doubt not, both from tradition, and from the

very objections made to his style by contemporaries who are noticed in the latest accounts of him, that he deserves almost all that has been said of him as a true actor, both in tragedy and comedy, and a restorer of nature to the stage; though we take leave to doubt, from what is known of his own nature and its predominant qualities, which were more lively than profound, that he was upon the whole inferior both in tragic depth, and in exquisiteness of poetical recitation (where the lines required it) to our late lamented Kean. Their very faces go to show the difference. They both had remarkably fine eyes, but the look of Garrick (you may see it in Reynolds's portrait) was the more sparkling; Kean's the more earnest and the more internal. Cumberland, in his autobiography, gives a lively specimen of Garrick's good-nature and love of admiration (a very pardonable thing in a player, especially one so flattered). The great actor was invited to a dinner party, where they missed him when the dinner came on table. On looking out of window, he was observed transporting a negro-boy by imitating a turkey-cock! whose airs, and gobbles, and sudden rushes, he so gave to the life, that the boy cried out in an ecstasy—"Do it again, Massa Garrick; do it again!" And Garrick did it again.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

ORIGIN OF MALLETT'S 'EDWIN AND EMMA.'

THIS touching ballad, the author of which had a genuine faculty for that sort of writing, far superior to what he probably thought his superior compositions, has been somewhat neutralized in its effect by its trite repetition from the pages of Enfield's 'Speaker;' though to complain of such results from those publications would be doing them great injustice—since you cannot at once make a good thing common, and yet expect it to retain, among its other beneficial consequences, a perpetual novelty. But grown people, when their attention is freshly excited, may read well-known productions with a new relish; and, in this hope, we have repeated the ballad, as well as the true story on which it is founded. Mallett's account of the heroine's death is not so affecting as the real circumstance—her suddenly screaming out, at hearing the death-bell of her lover, "that her heart was burst"—but it is not wanting in pathos, especially the first line; and there is a vein of natural elegance throughout the poem.

Could any of our friends oblige us with a copy of Mickle's ballad of "Cumnor Hall?" It is not to be found in the ordinary editions of his poems.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE CURATE OF BOWES, IN YORKSHIRE, TO MR COPPERTHWAIT, AT MARRICK.

"As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time. I have, therefore, been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows:—

"The family name of the young man was Wrightson; of the young maiden, Railton. They were both much of the same age—that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth there was no disparity: but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his fortune acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably. But, as 'amor vincit omnia,' his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter, Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt; for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, 'that blood was nothing without groats.'

"The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove Tuesday, and died the Sunday seven-night after.

"On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But

her daughter Hannah lay at his back, to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

"At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

"The then curate of Bowes* inserted it in his register, that 'they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.'

"I am, dear Sir,
Yours, &c."

EDWIN AND EMMA.

Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.—*Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.*

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourished fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now }
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she filled each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder owned,
Yet knew not she was fair;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught—
Was quickly, too, revealed;
For neither bosom lodged a wish
That virtue keeps concealed.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister—who, like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd—
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmoved:
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walked and wept.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stanemore, which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout.—*Camb. Brit.*

Oft too on Stanmore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner strayed.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now with late remorse,
Hang o'er his dying bed,
And weary heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past! he cried—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love.

She came; his cold hand softly touched,
And bathed with many a tear:
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

New homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she passed
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reached with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone, she cried; and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. VI.—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

This is a very noble play. Though not in the first class of Shakspeare's productions, it stands next to them, and is, we think, the finest of his historical plays, that is, of those in which he made poetry the organ of history, and assumed a certain tone of character and sentiment, in conformity to known facts, instead of trusting to his observations of a general nature, or to the unlimited indulgence of his own fancy. What he has added to the history, is upon a par with it. His genius was, as it were, a match for history as well as nature, and could grapple at will with either. This play is full of that pervading comprehensive power by which the poet could always make himself master of time and circumstances. It presents a fine picture of Roman pride and Eastern magnificence: and in the struggle between the two, the empire of the world seems suspended, "like the swan's-down feather,

"That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines."

The characters breathe, move, and live. Shakspeare does not stand reasoning on what his characters would do or say, but at once becomes them, and speaks and acts for them. He does not present us with groups of stage-puppets or poetical machines making set speeches on human life, and acting from a calculation of ostensible motives, but he brings

living men and women on the scene, who speak and act from real feelings, according to the ebb and flow of passion, without the least tincture of the pedantry of logic or rhetoric. Nothing is made out by inference and analogy, by climax and antithesis, but everything takes place just as it would have done in reality, according to the occasion.—The character of Cleopatra is a master-piece. What an extreme contrast it affords to Imogen! One would think it almost impossible for the same person to have drawn both. She is voluptuous, ostentatious, conscious, boastful of her charms, haughty, tyrannical, fickle. The luxurious pomp and gorgeous extravagance of the Egyptian queen are displayed in all their force and lustre, as well as the irregular grandeur of the soul of Mark Antony. Take only the first four lines that they speak as an example of the regal style of love-making.

"CLEOPATRA. If it be love, indeed, tell me how much?"

ANTONY. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

"CLEOPATRA. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd."

ANTONY. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth."

The rich and poetical description of her person, beginning—

"The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick"—

seems to prepare the way for, and almost to justify the subsequent infatuation of Antony when, in the sea-fight at Actium, he leaves the battle, and "like a doating mallard" follows her flying sails.

Few things in Shakspeare (and we know of nothing in any other author like them) have more of that local truth of imagination and character than the passage in which Cleopatra is represented conjecturing what were the employments of Antony in his absence. "He's speaking now, or murmuring—*Where's my serpent of old Nile?*" Or again, when she says to Antony, after the defeat at Actium, and his summoning up resolution to risk another fight—"It is my birth-day; I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra." Perhaps the finest burst of all is Antony's rage after his final defeat, when he comes in and surprises the messenger of Caesar kissing her hand—

"To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with,
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts."

It is no wonder that he orders him to be whipped; but his low condition is not the true reason: there is another feeling which lies deeper, though Antony's pride would not let him show it, except by his rage; he suspects the fellow to be Caesar's proxy.

Cleopatra's whole character is the triumph of the voluptuous, of the love of pleasure and the power of giving it, over every other consideration. Octavia is a dull foil to her, and Fulvia a shrew and shrill-tongued. What a picture do those lines give of her—

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom steal
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies."

What a spirit and fire in her conversation with Antony's messenger who brings her the unwelcome news of his marriage with Octavia! How all the pride of beauty and of high rank breaks out in her promised reward to him—

"There's gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss!"

She had great and unpardonable faults, but the beauty of her death almost redeems them. She learns from the depth of despair the strength of her affections. She keeps her queen-like state in the last disgrace, and her sense of the pleasurable in the

last moments of her life. She tastes a luxury in death. After applying the asp, she says with fondness—

"Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.
Oh, Antony!"

It is worth while to observe that Shakspeare has contrasted the extreme magnificence of the descriptions in this play with pictures of extreme suffering and physical horror, not less striking—partly perhaps to excuse the effeminacy of Mark Antony, to whom they are related as having happened, but more to preserve a certain balance of feeling in the mind. Caesar says, hearing of his conduct at the court of Cleopatra,—

"Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wert beaten from Mutina, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou did'st drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then
did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge,
Yes, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps,
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this,
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek,
So much as lank'd not."

The passage after Antony's defeat by Augustus where he is made to say—

"Yes, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended"—

is one of those fine retrospections which show us the winding and eventful march of human life. The jealous attention which has been paid to the unities both of time and place has taken away the principle of perspective in the drama, and all the interest which objects derive from distance, from contrast, from privation, from change of fortune, from long-cherished passion; and contracts our view of life from a strange and romantic dream, long, obscure, and infinite, into a smartly contested, three hours' inaugural disputation on its merits by the different candidates for theatrical applause.

The latter scenes of 'Antony and Cleopatra' are full of the changes of accident and passion. Success and defeat follow one another with startling rapidity. Fortune sits upon her wheel more blind and giddy than usual. This precarious state and the approaching dissolution of his greatness are strikingly displayed in the dialogue between Antony and Eros:

"ANTONY. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?"

EROS. Ay, noble lord.

ANTONY. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,

A vapour sometime, like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen
these signs.

They are black vespers' pageants.

EROS. Ay, my lord.

ANTONY. That which is now a horse, even with
a thought

The rack dissimms, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

EROS. It does, my lord.

ANTONY. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body," &c.

This is, without doubt, one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakspeare. The splendour of the imagery,

bright solitary star of your lives—ye mild and happy pair—which shewed you in the light of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise would reach you through it. *Demus et saluamur.*

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang certainly, with other notes than to the Orphean lyre. He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suit of official rooms in Threadneedle street, which without anything very substantial appended to them were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them (I know not who is the occupier of them now), resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—chorus singers—first and second violoncellos—double basses—and clarionets—who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He ate like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas that were purely ornamental were vanished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted;—the whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividends warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which perhaps differed from the balance of last year in the sum of 25*l.* 6*d.*) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of things (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South-Sea hopes were young—(he was indeed equal to the wielding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days): but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity—(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—something which, in reference to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you: it is mere temperament; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, "greatly find quarrel in a straw," when some supposed honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life; or leaned against the rails of a balcony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a precipice; or let off a gun; or went upon a water-party; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it: neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the author of the 'South-Sea House'?

who never enteredst thy office in a morning, or quittedst it in mid-day—(what didst thou in an office?)—without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican not three days ago; and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days! thy topics are staid by the "new-born gauds" of the time—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers and in Chronicles, upon Chatham, and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies,—and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond,—and such small politics.

A little less facetious and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling, rattle-headed Plumer. He was descended,—not in a right line, reader, (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend) from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly, old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive Parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second's days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's 'Life of Cave.' Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumour. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.—

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, child-like, pastoral M—, a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly, M—, the unapproachable churchwarden of Bishopsgate. He knew not what he did when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter;—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.—

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private: already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;—else could I omit that strange creature, Woollett, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations?* and still stranger, imimitable, solemn Hapworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen— with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!—

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while?—peradventure the very names which I have summoned up before thee are fantastic—insubstantial—like Henry Pimpernel, and Old John Naps of Greece:—

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

Some time before St John's decease he was so enfeebled with old age as to be obliged to be carried into the different churches; and being unable to deliver any long discourse, his custom was to say on these occasions, "My dear children, love one another." On being asked why he told them only one thing, he answered, "Nothing else is needed."—*Our Lord's Love of the Father.*

FINE ARTS.

A Review of the Lives and Works of some of the most Eminent Painters, with Remarks on the Opinions and Statements of former writers. By G. J. Nieuwenhuys. Hooper, 1835.

MR NIEUWENHUYTS has prefixed a title-page to his work, that rather misleads one as to its real nature: it would lead us to imagine the book to be a work of biographical criticism: it is, however, more properly a sort of *antiquary-rationnel* of the pictures which have, at one time or another, been in the possession of Mr Nieuwenhuys, enriched with such biographical scraps and anecdotes as he has met with in the course of his very extensive business as a picture-dealer,—at least, such is what we gather from the book itself. Mr Nieuwenhuys's criticism is chiefly composed of all the standard opinions and truisms current in the profession; not that we imagine him to be deficient in genuine taste; but his feeling and knowledge in the art would appear to be greater than his power of expressing or analysing it. The critical portion of the work therefore is deficient both in novelty and in that mastery over the theoretical as well as the practical, which is requisite in a critic.

He writes, however, with a true love of his subject; he describes all the pictures he mentions—he has collected all he can about them,—and about the painters; and appears to have the same sort of interest in pictures, that a schoolmaster has in his boys; he lives by them and in them, he talks of them, has them about him; and, even after they have left him, appears to keep his eye upon them, wherever they go, with an affectionate solicitude for their safety, and a pride in their fame.

The descriptions which abound in the work are pleasing from the beauty of the subjects, and the gusto with which they are written; the anecdotes scattered over it, are many of them new, exceedingly pleasant, and told in a straightforward, gossiping sort of style, the very best the author could have adopted. Mr Nieuwenhuys should have written it all in this way, and made it a memoir of his adventures as a dealer in pictures; he should have told us all about them—the places he found them in, the people who possessed them, their condition, and more about the prices they have fetched at different times.

At the beginning of the book is a fragmentary memoir of Rembrandt, the materials for which the author was at some pains to pick up at Amsterdam. We would extract a list of Rembrandt's efforts, which were seized when he was insolvent, but it is too long for our columns. The fact at the work is one of the articles set down. Rembrandt however did not die in poverty, though he appears never to have been rich. We shall conclude with one or two extracts—specimens of the anecdotes—sprinkled over the work.

"With regard to the date of Rembrandt's birth, we have no other authority than that of Houbraken, who mentions that the year 1606, which was particularly fertile in excellent artists, gave birth also to Rembrandt Van Ryn on the 15th of December, in the neighbourhood of Leyden. He was the only child of Herman Gerritsen Van Ryn and Neukje Willems Van Zwieterbroek, who possessed the cow-mill which was situated between Leyerderp and Kowkerk. From this humble habitation rose one of the greatest men which the genius of the art ever nursed. His parents observing his early inclinations for study, did not neglect the cultivation of his mind, and for that purpose they resolved to send him to the Latin school at Leyden, in order to bring him up to a learned profession; but his predominant taste for painting caused them to alter their views, and place him with Jacob Iraksen Van Zwanenburg, who instructed him in the rudiments of his art during three years that he remained with him. From this period Houbraken is in doubt who was his principal master, for he informs us that he passed six months with P. Lastman at Amsterdam. * * * His remarkable progress, however, attracted the attention of many amateurs, for he was assured by Houbraken that, about that period, he sold one of his pictures to a gentleman at the Hague for one hundred guilders,

which was a tolerably large price at that time. He was so satisfied with the remuneration, that he resolved not to return home on foot—the mode of travelling by which he had reached the Hague—but departed in the diligence, elated with joy at being able to announce the good news to his parents. Fearing to lose his money, he would not descend from the vehicle when the passengers stopped on the road to take refreshments, but remained alone in the coach, when the horses, being left free, took fright and ran away to Leyden, and on his alighting at the inn where the animals were accustomed to stop daily, everyone was astonished that young Rembrandt, travelling without a coachman, had arrived in safety. Declining to give any explanation of what had happened, he left the coach and hastened to his father's habitation, which was situated at a short distance from the city."—P. 5.

"Rubens, being constantly occupied throughout the day, sought the recreation of a walk almost every evening; during this absence, his scholars never omitted the opportunity of viewing the progress he had made in the course of the day, which the old servant of Rubens, named Valveken, enabled them to do, with the understanding of his receiving some emolument from the young men for the permission: this was annually given. By these means they had the advantage of studying the way in which their master prepared his works and his manner of finishing them. On one occasion, the young artists were so eager to view the progress of a picture, that, in pressing forward for closer examination, they pushed Diepenbreck against the painting, when part of the arm and the face, which Rubens had just finished, were unfortunately much injured. The greatest consternation seized them, and, dreading the displeasure of their master, John Van Hoeck, with admirable presence of mind, said, "My dear comrade, there is not a moment to be lost; by some means we must endeavour to repair this unlucky accident; we have still three hours left; the most able among us must take the palette, and strive to do his best. For my part, I vote that Van Dyck undertake it; for he is the only one likely to succeed. This was instantly and unanimously approved of. Van Dyck, the only one diffident of his own success, took the pencil with fear and hesitation, but restored the injured parts so imitatively that several writers state even Rubens, on seeing his picture the following day, observed, in the presence of some of his pupils, "This arm and face (alluding to those repainted by Van Dyck) are not the worst part of my performance yesterday." The anecdote may be true; but that Rubens should have taken Van Dyck's work for his own appears to me a matter of doubt. I am more inclined to believe that, having received information of the circumstance, and admiring the talent displayed by Van Dyck, he took this delicate method of complimenting his gifted scholar."—P. 108.

"Van Dyck having determined on visiting England, resolved to take Haarlem in his way, that he might introduce him to Hals, and prevail upon him, if possible, to accompany him on his voyage. Having arrived at Haarlem, and found the dwelling of the painter, he learnt he was at the tavern, and despatched a message there to inform him that a person was waiting to have his portrait taken. On this, Hals immediately returned home, when Van Dyck observed that he was a stranger remaining but a short time in the city, and could not spare more than a couple of hours to sit for his picture. "That will be quite enough," answered Hals, and taking the first canvass that came in his way, began his task with such spirit, that before the time agreed on had elapsed, he requested the stranger to see how he had proceeded with his work. The sitter experienced great satisfaction, and was astonished in how short a period he had produced so exact a likeness. "In truth," continued he, "painting appears to me a very easy matter—I have a strong desire to try if I can take your portrait; do me the favour of taking my place." Hals, surprised, sat down, without well comprehending his meaning; he soon discovered, however, that the stranger was not a novice in the use of the palette,

and in anxious expectation awaited the completion of the performance. On viewing it he was overcome with joy; "You are Van Dyck," cried he, embracing him, "for he alone is capable of painting thus;" and the two artists formed a friendship under the singular circumstance above related; but Van Dyck was unable to prevail on the painter to follow him to England, Hals declaring he was too happy among his friends at Haarlem to quit them; that ambition had no charms to repay him for their loss; and that he desired no other lot than what it had been his fortune to enjoy there."—P. 108.

MARY.

I watched thy fairy form in infancy
Expand in beauty 'neath a mother's eye;
I dreamed not then that thou couldst ever be
Aught but a child to me.

I mind, of old, in the long summer day,
I loved to see thee at thy childish play:
A spell of deeper yet of gentler power
Came with a future hour.

I watched the bud unfolding, day by day,
Unconsciously, till it became the flower;
I knew, then, thou wert altered; and I knew
That I was altered too.

I loved thee! ere I knew it, friendship grew
A name too cold—a holier radiance threw
Its influence o'er the altar of my heart
Love only could impart.

I loved thee!—long concealed within my breast,
(Like miser's gold, disturbing all his rest)
The secret lay—'twas whispered only when
I knew I was beloved again.

Glasgow.

ALFRED.

TABLE TALK.

THE "DEAR INVALID," AFFECTIONS OF AN OLD
WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

My aunt had made a party to go and visit Madame du Deffaud with Madame de Bourbon Buset, and they expected to find her unhappy, as Monsieur de Pont de Verle was dying, and he had been for twelve or fifteen years in her good graces. After the first compliments were over, Madame de Bourbon Buset, who always acted the part of a woman of great feelings, asked her after the dear invalid. "Ah, heavens! I was thinking of that," said the old marquise directly, "but I have only one footman here at present, and I was going to send one of my women to inquire after him."—"Madame, it rains in torrents," replied the other, "and I beg you will let her go in my carriage."—"Ah! you are too good. I thank you," replied the marquise, with a delighted air of courtesy. "Annette," she said, to a femme-de-chambre, who answered the bell, "go and inquire after our poor invalid. The Comtesse de Bourbon Buset will allow you to go in her carriage on account of the rain. You will tell her servants this, and, of course, you will not allow either of her footmen to take the trouble of going with you. I am very grateful, and much affected by your kind interest in my favourite," she added; "he is very amiable, clever, lively, tender, and affectionate. You doubtless know it was Madame de Châtelet who procured him for me." The two friends looked at each other, and did not dare to reply to such ill-timed words and confidence. The carriage returns. "Well, how did you find him?"—"As well, madame, as possible."—"Did he eat to-day?"—"He wished to amuse himself by biting an old shoe, but Monsieur de Lyonnais would not allow it."—"What an odd fancy for an invalid," said my aunt. "Does he walk now?" replied the marquise. "Ah, that I cannot say, madame, for he was rolled round; but I saw to-day that he knew me, for he wagged his tail?"—"Monsieur de Pont de Verle!" said her visitors. "No, no, it is my little dog I am speaking of; but," added she, addressing her servant in a harsh and cross tone, "you must not forget to send and inquire after

the Chevalier de Pont de Verle."—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Créquy*.—[It is to be recollected, however, that Madame du Deffaud was an object of envy for her wit, and her powers of conversation; and these jokes, however good, may have been inventions.]

A HOUSE FULL OF NOBLESSE.

My father ordered me some jam and bread, and then we set off from the Hotel de Breteuil, which was, and is still, opposite to the garden of the Tuilleries, a situation that seemed to me so enchanting, that I screamed with joy, which made them say that I was as natural as possible. This pretty house is composed, as you know, but of seven or eight rooms on each story, but all these rooms are decorated and gilded with the greatest richness, and this is the way the apartments were distributed between the Breteuils. The Marquise de Breteuil Sainte Croix occupied the same ground floor, of which she had reserved two or three rooms for her mother the Marechale de Thomonde, who was maid of honour to the Queen of England (James the Second's wife) and elder sister of the Marechale de Berwick. The mother and daughter had a magnificent lodging in the new castle at Saint Germain's, and the one she gave them at the Hotel de Breteuil was only as a resting place at Paris. My aunt, the Baronne de Breteuil Preilly, lived in the first story of her hotel with her husband, whose library had usurped three rooms. The second was occupied only by the Dowager Comtesse de Breteuil Charmaux, my other aunt, who was the elder sister of the baronne, and one of the Fronlays by birth, as well as her sister and me. She would not share her beautiful apartments with anyone, and always thought that the Breteuils did not do enough for her. The third story was inhabited by the Commandeur de Breteuil Chanteclér, who gave a lodging to the Bishop de Rennes (Messire Auguste de Breteuil Conty) whenever this one thought to have business at Paris, which did not fail to happen often. My aunt's five children occupied the fourth story, and my cousin Emily, who was afterwards the Marquise de Châtelet (Voltaire's friend), was obliged to give me up her apartment, which looked on the Tuilleries. They changed hers into three little rooms, which looked upon the rue Dauphine, and this (*en passant* be it said) she never forgave me.—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Créquy*.—[Emily's non-forgiveness of her cousin may have been a figment of the marchioness's brain. People of an ill-regulated temper, or breeding, are continually mistaking the fancies of their own egotism for facts, to another person's disadvantage.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. on 'Education' will have been read, before this notice appears in print; and the result shall be known next week.

¶ The same of the article intitled 'How are we to get happily married?'

A notice of the pencilled article on 'Music' we keep for some remarks, which we propose to write on that subject in the course of a week or two.

—The letter of G. H. L. has highly gratified us: but he forgets that we were enumerating specimens of clerical excellence alone, and not laical.

¶ The manuscripts of our estimable and most considerate friend G. F. will have been forwarded as he desires, with many thanks and much real penitence.

.. ALFRED the first opportunity."

The Editor feels great interest in the biography that has been sent him, translated from the German, and intitled 'Heinrich Stilling'; and next week hopes to give the result of its perusal.

We will see if we cannot "get up" an article on our old friends the 'Gypsies,' agreeably to the wishes of J. S.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25, 1835.

No. 48.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE WEEK.

BIRTH-DAYS AND OTHER ANNIVERSARIES.

CHARACTERS OF HANDEL—MONTAIGNE—MARTIAL
(with a banter upon him)—SHROVE TUESDAY, AND
ITS PANCAKES—WALLER—DAVENANT—OTWAY.

FEBRUARY 24 (accidentally omitted last week), 1684. At Halle, in Saxony, George Frederick Handel, the Jupiter of music; not the less warranting that title, from including in his genius the most affecting tenderness as well as the most overpowering grandeur: for the father of gods and men was not only a thunderer, but a love-maker. Handel was the son of a physician; and, like Mozart, began composing for the public in his childhood. He was the grandest composer that is known to have existed, wielding, as it were, the choirs of heaven and earth together; and as Mozart said of him, "striking you, whenever he pleased, with a thunderbolt." His Hallelujahs open the heavens. He utters the word "Wonderful," as if all their trumpets spoke together. And then, when he comes to earth, to make love amidst nymphs and shepherds (for the beauties of all religions found room in his breast), his strains drop milk and honey, and his love is the youthfulness of the Golden Age. We see his Acis and Galatea, in their very songs, looking one another in the face in all the truth and mutual homage of the tenderest passion; and poor jealous Polyphemus stands in the background, blackening the scene with his gigantic despair. Christian meekness and suffering attain their last degree of pathos in 'He shall feed his flock,' and 'He was despised and rejected.' We see the blush on the smitten cheek mingling with the hair. Handel had a large, heavy person, and was occasionally vehement in his manners. He eat and drank too much (probably out of a false notion of supporting his excitement), and thus occasionally did harm to mind as well as body. But he was pious, generous, independent, and, like all great geniuses, a most thorough lover of his art, making no compromises with its demands and its dignity for the sake of petty conveniences. There is occasionally to be found a quaintness and stiffness in his style, owing to the fashion of the day; and he had not at his command the instrumentation of the present times, which no man would have turned to more overwhelming account; but what is sweet in his compositions, is sweeter in no other; and what is great, is greater than in any.

—28. 1533. At the chateau of Montaigne, in Perigord, of a noble family, Michel de Montaigne, the father of modern essay-writing, and one of the most original of thinkers. His father, to help him to an equable turn of mind, used to have him waked during his infancy with a flute. He was a philosopher of the material order, and as far sighted perhaps that way as any man that ever lived, having the temperament between jovial and melancholy, which is so favourable for seeing fair play to human nature; and his good-heartedness rendered him an enthusiastic friend, and a believer in the goodness of others, notwithstanding his insight into folly, and his living in a coarse and licentious age, of the freedoms of which he partook. But for want of something more imaginative and spiritual in his genius, his perceptions stopped short of the very first points, critical and philosophical. He knew little of the capabilities of

the mind, out of the pale of its more manifest influences from the body; his taste in poetry was logical, not poetical; and he ventured upon openly despising romances ('Amadis de Gaul,' &c.) which was hardly in keeping with the modest wisdom of his motto, *Que sais-je?* (What do I know?) Montaigne, who loved his father's memory, always rode out in a cloak which had belonged to him, and would say of it, that he seemed to feel "wrapped up in his father" (*il me semble m'envelopper de lui*). Some writers have sneered at this saying, and at the deductions drawn from it respecting the amount of his filial affection; but the truth is, it does him as much honour as anything he ever said, for depth of feeling as well as vivacity of expression.

March 1, 30. At Bilbilis, in Celtiberia (Bubiera, in the modern Arragon), Marcus Valerius Martialis, the most profuse of epigrammatists, some of them (as he says himself) good, many poor enough, and many very bad. His best epigrams of the biting order are not to be compared with those of Catullus in delicacy of style or satire; but some have become favourites with posterity, as in that instance, translated (among others) by Sir John Harrington:—

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

His very best epigrams, in our opinion, are some of his grave ones,—those which answer to the original meaning of the word *epigram*,—an *inscription*. We here give a translation of one from the 'Indicator.' It is a "favourable specimen" of the best part of his nature, and furnishes a relief to such of his readers as stumble upon the loathsome indecencies permitted by the license of his age.

EPITAPH ON EROTION.

Hic festinata requiescit Erotion umbra,
Crimine qui fati sexta peremit hyema.
Quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,
Manibus exiguus annua justa dato.
Sic Lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite, solus
Flebilis in terra ait lapis iste tua.

Underneath this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion,
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipp'd away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou mayst be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone.

As to some inconceivably pointless and twaddling epigrams, written by Martial, such as would appear to have been concocted by the dullest of old gentlemen and diners-out, and overseemingly carried about in his pocket, they have been admirably bantered by our friend, Mr Egerton Webbe, in the following imitations; which, however, have this drawback, that being good jokes upon bad ones, they cannot possibly convey the same impression. Mr Webbe has not forgotten the solemn turn of the heads—'De Flavio'—'De Eodem'—'Ad Antonium de Lepido'—&c. nor

the ingenious art with which the epigrammatist contrives to have a reason asked him, for what he is bent upon explaining. We think these imitations so good, that liking to enjoy good things in company, we have not only been reading them (like the supposed old gentleman) to everybody at hand, but have been fancying ourselves present with all the friends whom we have been in the habit of relishing such passages with; and we venture to add, that Blackwood's editor, the best anthologist living, will like them. The scholarly reader need not be reminded, that the lines must be read with due deliberation, and as if in solid foretaste of their pungency.

CONCERNING JONES.

Jones eats his lettuces undressed;
D'you ask the reason? 'tis confessed,—
That is the way Jones likes them best.

TO SMITH—CONCERNING THOMSON.

Smith, Thomson puts no claret on his board;
D'you ask the reason?—Thomson can't afford.

TO GIBBS—CONCERNING HIS POEMS.

You ask me if I think your poems good;
If I could praise your poems, Gibbs,—I would.

CONCERNING THE SAME.

Gibbs says his poems a sensation make;—
But Gibbs, perhaps, is under a mistake.

TO THOMSON—CONCERNING DIXON AND JACKSON.

How Dixon can with Jackson bear,
You ask me, Thomson, to declare;—
Thomson, Dixon's Jackson's heir.

This last line, with its three successive patronymies, is exquisite.

—3. Shrove Tuesday. Easter Even. Called in some places, Pancake Tuesday. Shrove-tide is Shrive or Shrift tide; that is, the time of Confession, sins being specially confessed at this season in the Romish church. As the Carnival was also at this time, our jovial Protestant ancestors retained the jollity, when they had given up the confession, and pancake-eating is a remnant of it.

Not to eat pancakes on a Shrove Tuesday is a sort of irreligion: even though, like confession, it may go against some stomachs of a criminal weakness, especially in these sedentary times. Delicate pancakes, not too thin, tossed up by a proper hand (for they ought to be literally tossed in the pan, otherwise part of the old charm is wanting), brought up hot and hot, rolled up on one's plate, slightly touched with an acid, and cut across in that state, lump by lump, are to our taste the finest possible eating, of the paste or pudding order. We think we could dine, the whole year round (supposing the gods would provide us with such goods at all seasons) upon a pancake for our pudding, a bird for the meat, and old port for the drink. But what matters this epicureanism to our sedentary faculties? We thrive better on water than wine; cannot eat a bird with the right pleasure, unless sure that it was handsomely killed; and would fain, with beloved Shelley, see all the world eating vegetables, and getting as harmless and strong, as horses do on their hay-diet. There would be enough mortal necessity remaining, to strengthen our thoughts and hinder us from growing effeminate. The barbarous custom of throwing at cocks on this day, has gone out, thanks to the progress of knowledge; yet

which was a tolerably large price at that time. He was so satisfied with the remuneration, that he resolved not to return home on foot—the mode of travelling by which he had reached the Hague—but departed in the diligence, elated with joy at being able to announce the good news to his parents. Fearing to lose his money, he would not descend from the vehicle when the passengers stopped on the road to take refreshments, but remained alone in the coach, when the horses, being left free, took fright and ran away to Leyden, and on his alighting at the inn where the animals were accustomed to stop daily, everyone was astonished that young Rembrandt, travelling without a coachman, had arrived in safety. Declining to give any explanation of what had happened, he left the coach and hastened to his father's habitation, which was situated at a short distance from the city."—P. 5.

"Rubens, being constantly occupied throughout the day, sought the recreation of a walk almost every evening; during this absence, his scholars never omitted the opportunity of viewing the progress he had made in the course of the day, which the old servant of Rubens, named Valveken, enabled them to do, with the understanding of his receiving some emolument from the young men for the permission: this was annually given. By these means they had the advantage of studying the way in which their master prepared his works and his manner of finishing them. On one occasion, the young artists were so eager to view the progress of a picture, that, in pressing forward for closer examination, they pushed Diepenbreck against the painting, when part of the arm and the face, which Rubens had just finished, were unfortunately much injured. The greatest consternation seized them, and, dreading the displeasure of their master, John Van Hoeck, with admirable presence of mind, said, "My dear comrade, there is not a moment to be lost; by some means we must endeavour to repair this unlucky accident; we have still three hours left; the most able among us must take the palette, and strive to do his best. For my part, I vote that Van Dyck undertake it; for he is the only one likely to succeed. This was instantly and unanimously approved of. Van Dyck, the only one diffident of his own success, took the pencil with fear and hesitation, but restored the injured parts so imitatively that several writers state even Rubens, on seeing his picture the following day, observed, in the presence of some of his pupils, "This arm and face (alluding to those repainted by Van Dyck) are not the worst part of my performance yesterday." The anecdote may be true; but that Rubens should have taken Van Dyck's work for his own appears to me a matter of doubt. I am more inclined to believe that, having received information of the circumstance, and admiring the talent displayed by Van Dyck, he took this delicate method of complimenting his gifted scholar."—P. 103.

"Van Dyck having determined on visiting England, resolved to take Haarlem in his way, that he might introduce him to Hals, and prevail upon him, if possible, to accompany him on his voyage. Having arrived at Haarlem, and found the dwelling of the painter, he learnt he was at the tavern, and despatched a message there to inform him that a person was waiting to have his portrait taken. On this, Hals immediately returned home, when Van Dyck observed that he was a stranger remaining but a short time in the city, and could not spare more than a couple of hours to sit for his picture. "That will be quite enough," answered Hals, and taking the first canvass that came in his way, began his task with such spirit, that before the time agreed on had elapsed, he requested the stranger to see how he had proceeded with his work. The sitter experienced great satisfaction, and was astonished in how short a period he had produced so exact a likeness. "In truth," continued he, "painting appears to me a very easy matter—I have a strong desire to try if I can take your portrait; do me the favour of taking my place." Hals, surprised, sat down, without well comprehending his meaning; he soon discovered, however, that the stranger was not a novice in the use of the palette,

and in anxious expectation awaited the completion of the performance. On viewing it he was overcome with joy; "You are Van Dyck," cried he, embracing him, "for he alone is capable of painting thus;" and the two artists formed a friendship under the singular circumstances above related; but Van Dyck was unable to prevail on the painter to follow him to England, Hals declaring he was too happy among his friends at Haarlem to quit them; that ambition had no charms to repay him for their loss; and that he desired no other lot than what it had been his fortune to enjoy there."—P. 103.

MARY.

I watched thy fairy form in infancy
Expand in beauty 'neath a mother's eye;
I dreamed not then that thou couldst ever be
Aught but a child to me.

I mind, of old, in the long summer day,
I loved to see thee at thy childish play:
A spell of deeper yet of gentler power
Came with a future hour.

I watched the bud unfolding, day by day,
Unconsciously, till it became the flower;
I knew, then, thou wert altered; and I knew
That I was altered too.

I loved thee! ere I knew it, friendship grew
A name too cold—a holier radiance threw
Its influence o'er the altar of my heart
Love only could impart.

I loved thee!—long concealed within my breast,
(Like miser's gold, disturbing all his rest)
The secret lay—'twas whispered only when
I knew I was beloved again.

Glasgow.

ALFRED.

TABLE TALK.

THE "DEAR INVALID." AFFECTIONS OF AN OLD
WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

My aunt had made a party to go and visit Madame du Deffaud with Madame de Bourbon Busset, and they expected to find her unhappy, as Monsieur de Pont de Verle was dying, and he had been for twelve or fifteen years in her good graces. After the first compliments were over, Madame de Bourbon Busset, who always acted the part of a woman of great feelings, asked her after the dear invalid. "Ah, heavens! I was thinking of that," said the old marquise directly, "but I have only one footman here at present, and I was going to send one of my women to inquire after him."—"Madame, it rains in torrents," replied the other, "and I beg you will let her go in my carriage."—"Ah! you are too good. I thank you," replied the marquise, with a delighted air of courtesy. "Annette," she said, to a femme-de-chambre, who answered the bell, "go and inquire after our poor invalid. The Comtesse de Bourbon Busset will allow you to go in her carriage on account of the rain. You will tell her servants this, and, of course, you will not allow either of her footmen to take the trouble of going with you."—"I am very grateful, and much affected by your kind interest in my favourite," she added; "he is very amiable, clever, lively, tender, and affectionate. You doubtless know it was Madame de Châtelet who procured him for me." The two friends looked at each other, and did not dare to reply to such ill-timed words and confidence. The carriage returns. "Well, how did you find him?"—"As well, madame, as possible."—"Did he eat to-day?"—"He wished to amuse himself by biting an old shoe, but Monsieur de Lyonnais would not allow it."—"What an odd fancy for an invalid," said my aunt. "Does he walk now?" replied the marquise. "Ah, that I cannot say, madame, for he was rolled round; but I saw to-day that he knew me, for he wagged his tail?"—"Monsieur de Pont de Verle!" said her visitors. "No, no, it is my little dog I am speaking of; but," added she, addressing her servant in a harsh and cross tone, "you must not forget to send and inquire after

the Chevalier de Pont de Verle."—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Créquy*.—[It is to be recollected, however, that Madame du Deffaud was an object of envy for her wit, and her powers of conversation; and these jokes, however good, may have been inventions.]

A HOUSE FULL OF NOBLESSE.

My father ordered me some jam and bread, and then we set off from the Hotel de Breteuil, which was, and is still, opposite to the garden of the Tuilleries, a situation that seemed to me so enchanting, that I screamed with joy, which made them say that I was as natural as possible. This pretty house is composed, as you know, but of seven or eight rooms on each story, but all these rooms are decorated and gilded with the greatest richness, and this is the way the apartments were distributed between the Breteuils. The Marquise de Breteuil Sainte Croix occupied the same ground floor, of which she had reserved two or three rooms for her mother the Marechale de Thomonde, who was maid of honour to the Queen of England (James the Second's wife) and elder sister of the Marechale de Berwick. The mother and daughter had a magnificent lodging in the new castle at Saint Germain's, and the one she gave them at the Hotel de Breteuil was only as a resting place at Paris. My aunt, the Baronne de Breteuille Preilly, lived in the first story of her hotel with her husband, whose library had usurped three rooms. The second was occupied only by the Dowager Comtesse de Breteuil Charmeaux, my other aunt, who was the elder sister of the baronne, and one of the Fronlays by birth, as well as her sister and me. She would not share her beautiful apartments with anyone, and always thought that the Breteuils did not do enough for her. The third story was inhabited by the Commandeur de Breteuil Chantecler, who gave a lodging to the Bishop de Rennes (Messire Auguste de Breteuil Conty) whenever this one thought to have business at Paris, which did not fail to happen often. My aunt's five children occupied the fourth story, and my cousin Emily, who was afterwards the Marquise de Châtelet (Voltaire's friend), was obliged to give me up her apartment, which looked on the Tuilleries. They changed hers into three little rooms, which looked upon the rue Dauphine, and this (*en passant* be it said) she never forgave me.—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Créquy*.—[Emily's non-forgiveness of her cousin may have been a figment of the marchioness's brain. People of an ill-regulated temper, or breeding, are continually mistaking the fancies of their own egotism for facts, to another person's disadvantage.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. on 'Education' will have been read, before this notice appears in print; and the result shall be known next week.

¶ The same of the article intitled 'How are we to get happily married?'

A notice of the pencilled article on 'Music' we keep for some remarks, which we propose to write on that subject in the course of a week or two.

—The letter of G. H. L. has highly gratified us: but he forgets that we were enumerating specimens of clerical excellence alone, and not laical.

* The manuscripts of our estimable and most considerate friend G. F. will have been forwarded as he desires, with many thanks and much real penitence.

.. ALFRED the first opportunity.

The Editor feels great interest in the biography that has been sent him, translated from the German, and intitled 'Heinrich Stilling;' and next week hopes to give the result of its perusal.

We will see if we cannot "get up" an article on our old friends the 'Gypsies,' agreeably to the wishes of J. S.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25, 1835.

No. 48.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE WEEK.

BIRTH-DAYS AND OTHER ANNIVERSARIES.

CHARACTERS OF HANDEL—MONTAIGNE—MARTIAL
(with a banter upon him)—SHROVE TUESDAY, AND
ITS PANCAKES—WALLER—DAVENANT—OTWAY.

FEBRUARY 24 (accidentally omitted last week), 1684. At Halle, in Saxony, George Frederick Handel, the Jupiter of music; not the less warranting that title, from including in his genius the most affecting tenderness as well as the most overpowering grandeur: for the father of gods and men was not only a thunderer, but a love-maker. Handel was the son of a physician; and, like Mozart, began composing for the public in his childhood. He was the grandest composer that is known to have existed, wielding, as it were, the choirs of heaven and earth together; and as Mozart said of him, "striking you, whenever he pleased, with a thunderbolt." His Hallelujahs open the heavens. He utters the word "Wonderful," as if all their trumpets spoke together. And then, when he comes to earth, to make love amidst nymphs and shepherds (for the beauties of all religions found room in his breast), his strains drop milk and honey, and his love is the youthfulness of the Golden Age. We see his Acis and Galatea, in their very songs, looking one another in the face in all the truth and mutual homage of the tenderest passion; and poor jealous Polyphemus stands in the background, blackening the scene with his gigantic despair. Christian meekness and suffering attain their last degree of pathos in 'He shall feed his flock,' and 'He was despised and rejected.' We see the blush on the smitten cheek mingling with the hair. Handel had a large, heavy person, and was occasionally vehement in his manners. He eat and drank too much (probably out of a false notion of supporting his excitement), and thus occasionally did harm to mind as well as body. But he was pious, generous, independent, and, like all great geniuses, a most thorough lover of his art, making no compromises with its demands and its dignity for the sake of petty conveniences. There is occasionally to be found a quaintness and stiffness in his style, owing to the fashion of the day; and he had not at his command the instrumentation of the present times, which no man would have turned to more overwhelming account; but what is sweet in his compositions, is sweeter in no other; and what is great, is greater than in any.

—28. 1533. At the chateau of Montaigne, in Perigord, of a noble family, Michel de Montaigne, the father of modern essay-writing, and one of the most original of thinkers. His father, to help him to an equable turn of mind, used to have him waked during his infancy with a flute. He was a philosopher of the material order, and as far sighted perhaps that way as any man that ever lived, having the temperament between jovial and melancholy, which is so favourable for seeing fair play to human nature; and his good-heartedness rendered him an enthusiastic friend, and a believer in the goodness of others, notwithstanding his insight into folly, and his living in a coarse and licentious age, of the freedoms of which he partook. But for want of something more imaginative and spiritual in his genius, his perceptions stopped short of the very first points, critical and philosophical. He knew little of the capabilities of

the mind, out of the pale of its more manifest influences from the body; his taste in poetry was logical, not poetical; and he ventured upon openly despising romances ('Amadis de Gaul,' &c.) which was hardly in keeping with the modest wisdom of his motto, *Que sçais-je?* (What do I know?) Montaigne, who loved his father's memory, always rode out in a cloak which had belonged to him, and would say of it, that he seemed to feel "wrapped up in his father" (*il me semble m'envelopper de lui*). Some writers have sneered at this saying, and at the deductions drawn from it respecting the amount of his filial affection; but the truth is, it does him as much honour as anything he ever said, for depth of feeling as well as vivacity of expression.

March 1, 30. At Bilbilis, in Celtiberia (Bubiera, in the modern Arragon), Marcus Valerius Martialis, the most profuse of epigrammatists, some of them (as he says himself) good, many poor enough, and many very bad. His best epigrams of the biting order are not to be compared with those of Catullus in delicacy of style or satire; but some have become favourites with posterity, as in that instance, translated (among others) by Sir John Harrington:—

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

His very best epigrams, in our opinion, are some of his grave ones,—those which answer to the original meaning of the word *epigram*,—an *inscription*. We here give a translation of one from the 'Indicator.' It is a "favourable specimen" of the best part of his nature, and furnishes a relief to such of his readers as stumble upon the loathsome indecencies permitted by the license of his age.

EPITAPH ON EROTION.

Hic festinata requiescit Erotion umbra,
Crimine qui fati sexta peremit byema.
Quinquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,
Manibus exiguis annua justa dato.
Sic Lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite, solus
Flebilis in terra sit lapis iste tua.

Underneath this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion,
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipp'd away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou mayst be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone.

As to some inconceivably pointless and twaddling epigrams, written by Martial, such as would appear to have been concocted by the dullest of old gentlemen and diners-out, and overseen by some sure that it was handsomely killed; and would with beloved Shelley, see all the world eating and getting as harmless and strong, as their hay-diet. There would be enough of vitality remaining, to strengthen our thoughts from growing effeminate. The barbarism of throwing at cocks on this day, has the program of knowledge; yet

the ingenious art with which the epigrammatist contrives to have a reason asked him, for what he is bent upon explaining. We think these imitations so good, that liking to enjoy good things in company, we have not only been reading them (like the supposed old gentleman) to everybody at hand, but have been fancying ourselves present with all the friends whom we have been in the habit of relishing such passages with; and we venture to add, that Blackwood's editor, the best anthologist living, will like them. The scholarly reader need not be reminded, that the lines must be read with due deliberation, and as if in solid foretaste of their pungency.

CONCERNING JONES.

Jones eats his lettuces undressed;
D'you ask the reason? 'tis confessed,—
That is the way Jones likes them best.

TO SMITH—CONCERNING THOMSON.

Smith, Thomson puts no claret on his board;
D'you ask the reason?—Thomson can't afford.

TO GIBBS—CONCERNING HIS POEMS.

You ask me if I think your poems good;
If I could praise your poems, Gibbs,—I would.

CONCERNING THE SAME.

Gibbs says his poems a sensation make;—
But Gibbs, perhaps, is under a mistake.

TO THOMSON—CONCERNING DIXON AND JACKSON.

How Dixon can with Jackson bear,
You ask me, Thomson, to declare;—
Thomson, Dixon's Jackson's heir.

This last line, with its three successive patronymies, is exquisite.

—3. Shrove Tuesday. Easter Even. Called in some places, Pancake Tuesday. Shrove-tide is Shrive or Shrift tide; that is, the time of Confession, sins being specially confessed at this season in the Romish church. As the Carnival was also at this time, our jovial Protestant ancestors retained the jollity, when they had given up the confession, and pancake-eating is a remnant of it.

Not to eat pancakes on a Shrove Tuesday is a sort of irreligion: even though, like confession, it may go against some stomachs of a criminal weakness, especially in these sedentary times. Delicate pancakes, not too thin, tossed up by a proper hand (for they ought to be literally tossed in the pan, otherwise part of the old charm is wanting), brought up hot and hot, rolled up on one's plate, slightly touched with an acid, and cut across in that state, lump by lump, are to our taste the finest possible eating, of the paste or pudding order. We think we could dine, the whole year round (supposing the gods would provide us with such goods at all seasons) upon a pancake for our pudding, a bird for the meat, and old port for the drink. But what matters this epicureanism to our sedentary faculties? We thrive better on water than wine; cannot eat a bird with the right pleasure, and are sure that it was handsomely killed; and would with beloved Shelley, see all the world eating and getting as harmless and strong, as their hay-diet. There would be enough of vitality remaining, to strengthen our thoughts from growing effeminate. The barbarism of throwing at cocks on this day, has the program of knowledge; yet

do not even purchase the respect of those whom respect is anything but a name, or a courteous term for flattery. Let me ask him, whether his thousands in cash shield him from as many racking cares and anxieties, to which he was not subject when a younger man? No; on the contrary, he almost suspects that his cares have gathered with his wealth. In short, did he ever discover that gold could purchase either love, health, youth, or peace of mind? No—no—he will tell you that he is no fool! I must suppose, however, for his own consistency's sake, that he has discovered a mart; and in that case for the love of heaven let him purchase those inestimable treasures himself, and lay them up for his heir; for the chances are, that the latter will forget them, and expend his wealth in commodities of a very different character.

"It is necessary, he will next say, that he should guard against accidents: how does he know that his boy will ever be able to toil for himself?" A very just precaution, truly. And while we are upon accidents, he would do better still to guard against the possibility of that child's not being fit for anything in case of the accident of his losing all his easily-gained fortune. This is a kind of accident which falls out every day. "But men in business bring their children up in business, and they are consequently not left to the mercy of chance." Unfortunately, in cases like the one which I am supposing, business has been rendered a matter of indifference to the youth; he considers it a wearisome and unworthy employment, and takes the first opportunity to retire from it, as a blot on the escutcheon that he contemplates.

"It is his wish," he says, "that his son should make his way into good society, and be the equal of his company in after-life." But if it is intended to commence and to proceed by the introduction which wealth affords to all, how mistaken are the means! for a man cannot live for ever upon an introduction,—not even of such a powerful friend. His own qualifications will be brought to the test. Again, much depends on my objector's ideas as to what constitutes equality in society, even where birth is overlooked. What will render his son the equal of the best company? Is it that he shall be able to vie with any other person in doing credit to the cutting-out talents of a tailor; or, in the super-fineness of his broad-cloth? or shall he be on a par with his neighbour in the splendour of his equipage, or the livery of his servants? If his friend dine off plate, that he shall be able to produce his silver service also, only more splendid? If another build a wing to his house, he can immediately add two to his mansion? Are these his ideas of being on an equality with the world? The proofs of the emptiness of ambition like this are almost too common to need repetition. For having taken a decided step in advance of the individual who only boasts his plain service, he will begin to discover with disgust that his silver is eclipsed by another's gold. Having built his two wings, he finds that mansion, wings, and all, is but a sorry hut, in comparison with the palace of some neighbouring Croesus.

Having thus taken much thought for his son, and left him the produce of his toil, that "no man may look down upon him," and left him nothing else; the latter may chance to discover, if gifted with common sense, that to form one of a circle, not more than his equals in age and natural talents, and listen while others discourse on subjects of which he is totally ignorant, is to be below his company.

From want of reading, experience, habit, and observation, to be unable to yield information on any of the many topics incident to conversation, is to be below his company.

To visit the workshop of the industrious in manufactures, and, having eyes, see not to any purpose of comprehension or instruction, is to be there below his company.

Disqualified by want of ability, to have no "voice in the commonwealth," is to be below the mark in society.

These failures he will speedily discover himself; and there are many other defaults in his title to equality, which the world will speedily discover for him. Among many worse, I name one: If, when the world is struggling all but unanimously towards the same noble end, the amelioration of the mental existence of man, *as, from ignorance, or motives of self-interest, shall be the one to choke up the wholesome current; then surely will he be below the company of his fellow men.*

I have noticed, in a minor way, that a man, even in privacy, seated with book in hand alone, where he could least dread a competitor, may still find himself below his company. He is not prepared for his author; and the slightest approach to erudition or poetic feeling in what he is reading throws him out. That is rather degrading, where opportunities have been lost!

Thus I have endeavoured to prove the futility of all attempts for the future welfare of our sons, which are not based on a thorough training in good principles and education. Much might be said on the miseries parents ensure for themselves, when they erect a golden calf as the object of the love and aspiration of their children; in so doing, they fly from the right point in two ways—they misapply their time, as has been shown, and they throw temptation in the way of those who are the least prepared to encounter it. How much, how very much, of family dissension, the most hateful of hatreds, takes its rise from this source! But this is a picture that every man can best colour for himself.

It would be agreeable to enlarge, as a relief to the scene, on the happiness felt by those who take right views, and act accordingly, of their duties towards their families. But the thing has been done so often, and so well, that the reader's recollection will be the best authority I can refer to on the subject. Two names I must be allowed to cite anon. But these is yet another subject.

It may appear to some, that too much stress is here laid upon the influence of reading, or upon the inaptitude of a man for study. Such persons would not think so, if that love had ever touched them—if they had ever been indebted to study for one burst of enthusiasm—for one consoling or forgetful hour—for having weaned them from one weakness, or acted as a counter-allurement to one vice. If I say that pure and refined tastes are the best guardians a man can invoke around his child, I shall provoke the charge of saying what everybody knows; but, surely, they are in contradiction with themselves who, *knowing this*, also care not to see their children studious. Gibbon declared that he would not exchange his love of reading for the treasures of the Indies: and we are not to suppose that it was because he was indebted to his studies for the materials of his great work, that he so loved his books. They had been his friends from youth. His 'History' is worth the ransom of imperial Rome, but I doubt whether the philosopher would not have sacrificed that—or rather an equal fame, to his love of mental acquirement. Happily the pursuits were the same.

"Les premiers jours du printemps ont moins de grâce que la vertu naissante d'un jeune homme." The first days of spring have less of beauty than the growing virtues of a young man. These are the words of one of the most truth-telling and unfeigned of writers—Rochefoucauld. I leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from his observations, and proceed to quote some beautiful lines from a right-thinking native poet, bearing on the same subject:—

"The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
And the swart seaman, sailing far below,
Not undelighted watch the morning ray
Purple the orient—till it breaks away,
And burns and blazes into glorious day;
But happier still is he who bends to trace
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face;
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,
The thoughts and passions stirring into life;

The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,
The giant waking from his tenfold trance,
Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,
And all is light within the trembling frame!
What then a Father's feelings? Joy and fear
In turn prevail; joy must; and through the year
Tempering the ardent, *winging night and day*
Men who shrink back or wander from the way,
Praising each highly,—from a wish to raise
Their merits to the level of his praise,
Onward in their observing sight he moves,
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves!
Their sacred presence who shall dare profane?
Who, when He slumbers, hope to fix a stain?
He lives a model, in his life to show,
That, when he dies and through the world they go,
Some men may pause and say, when some admire,
'They are his sons, and worthy of their sire!'

—ROGER.

T. R.

CHARLES LAMB.

[This interesting tribute to the memory of its excellent subject, now, we believe, first given intire in a periodical work, is from the pen of the "Bookseller of the Poets," Mr Moxon,—himself (and with no disparagement either in the antithesis) a Poet among Booksellers;—a rare title, and very encouraging for his literary brethren.]

WITHIN a few months of each other we have lost two remarkable men—Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lamb. They were schoolfellows, read together, first published together, and were undivided even in Death! When we last saw the latter—and recollection!—he said he was ever thinking of his friend. He is now with him and for ever! It is of Charles Lamb only that we wish to speak.

No man was ever more sincerely regretted, or will be longer remembered, by his friends. Happily we see the brighter after our sorrows; and the object of our grief, in a short time, becomes a star that we can gaze at with pleasure. Fair, fair shall be the flowers that spring over thy tomb, dear, gentle Elia! sweet shall be the song—sweet as thine own—that shall hush the wanderer to the spot where thy urn receives the tears of the stranger. Thither my feet shall repair in spring time and in harvest; thither will I lead thy votaries, and there shall they drink of the lucid waters that well from the memory of thy gentle life, thou kindest of human creatures!

Peregrine, Reader, it was not thy good fortune to know our inimitable friend. Thou hast not been with him in his walks; and to walk with him was to converse with the immortal dead,—with Chaucer and with Sidney,—with Spenser and with Shakespeare,—with Burton and with Sir Thomas Brown,—with Fuller and with Jeremy Taylor,—and with Milton, and these elder dramatists, who were to him a first love, and, as such, cherished through life. Thou hast not been his guest; nor sat among his books—goodly felices in quaint bindings—in rooms scantily furnished, but rich in the gifts of genius, walls hung round with Raphael and Da Vinci, with Poussin and Titian, and the works of the incomparable Hogarth! Thou wert not a visitor in the temple, nor an evening listener to choice—hardly choice where all were good—passages from Milton, over the finest of which the worshipping spirit of the reader always wept; but his tears were those of admiration, drops that blotted out, as it were, ages of neglect! On his old favourites his eyes rested even in death! Sacred to the owner will be the volume he last bent over, with its page folded down—so ever let it remain—on thy life, accomplished Sidney! From thyself, if aught earthly in heaven be permitted, perchance he may learn thy story, and there walk side by side with those whom in idea he lived with while on earth. Nor hast thou seen him a solitary, wandering among the cloisters of Christ's Hospital—nor in the Quadrangles at Oxford, nor at Twickenham, where he often spent his holidays—red-letter days as he called them—nor at Hampton Court, which he preferred—so truly

English was his mind—to *Vivantes*; nor in the India House, where he was loved for his goodness of heart, and for his jokes and his puns—he was a punster, and a good one;—nor in his ramblings in the neighbourhood of Cheshunt, and Southgate, and Ware, and Tottenham High Cross, and on the banks of the Lea, thinking of Walton and his plain-mindedness! nor latterly at Waltham, nor at Winchmore, nor in the green lanes about Enfield, where, on a summer's evening, he would walk with his amiable sister, his almost inseparable companion of forty years.

As, Reader, thou hast met seen the living Elia—would that thou hadst, for thou wouldst ever have remembered his sweet smile, and the gentleness of his heart—turn to his books, there thou mayst imagine him, kinder than he was thou canst not; and he will yet guide thee to old haunts and to familiar faces, which thou wilt hereafter think of with delight. He will conduct thee to the Old South-Sea House—once his own—and to Oxford, where thou wilt meet with George Dyer (George is worthy thy knowing), or he will sit with thee the old year out, and quote the old poets, and that beautiful line in his friend's ode—

“I saw the skirts of the departing year;”

or he will introduce thee to Mrs Battle, who, next to her devotions, loved a game at whist; or he will pleasantly shake his cap and bells with thee on the first of April; or accompany thee to a Quakers' Meeting; or describe to thee the Old and the New Schoolmaster; or tell a delightful story—no fiction—of Valentine's Eve, or take thee with him, Bridget Elia by his side—thou wilt love Bridget—on a visit to his relations,

“Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire;”

or he will discourse to thee on modern gallantry, or point out to thee the old Benchers of the Inner Temple; or describe to thee his first visit to Old Drury, and introduce thee to his old favourites—now forgotten; or thou shalt hear him—for he loved those whom none loved—speak in the purest strain of humanity in praise of chimney-sweepers, “innocent blackness,” as he calls them, and of beggars, and lament the decay of the latter; or he will rouse thy fancy, and make thy mouth water with his savoury dissertation on roast pig (many were the porklings that graced his table, kind presents from admiring and unknown correspondents); or take thee with him in the old Margate Hoy to the seaside, or introduce thee to his friend Captain Jackson; or discourse to thee of himself—the convalescent and the superannuated man; or on old china, or on old books—on the latter with what relish! or of Barbara S. (Miss Kelly), or of Alice (his first love), or of Bridget Elia (his sister), or tell thee the sweet story of *Rosamund Gray*. Let these, reader, if thou art a lover of thy Kind and of the beautiful, have a by-place in thy mind; they will not only please thy imagination, but enlarge thy heart, its sphere of action, and its humane capabilities. They will lead thee to new sources of delight—springs fresh as the waters of Horeb; and thou wilt become acquainted with men famous in their generation. Occasionally, if thou art a reader of modern books only, thou mayest imagine him quaint, but thou wilt find him free from conceits, and always natural. Others may have affected the language of an older age, but with him it was no adoption.

He always spoke as he wrote, and did both as he felt; and his Letters—they were unpremeditated—are in the style of his other writings; they are in many respects equal, in some superior, to his Essays; for the bloom, the freshness of the author's mind, is still upon them. In his humour there is much to touch the heart and to reflect upon; it is of a serious cast, somewhat like that of Cervantes. In the jokes which he would throw out, the offspring of the moment, there was often more philosophy than in the premeditated sayings of other men. He was an admirable critic, and was always willing to exercise the art he so much excelled in for the fame of others. We have seen him almost blind with poring over the

endless and illegible manuscripts that were submitted to him. On these occasions, how he would long to find out something good, something that he could speak kindly of; for to give another pain (as he writes in a letter now before us) was to give himself greater! He lived in the past, yet no man ever had a larger share of sympathy for those around him. He loved his friends, and showed it substantially by numberless tokens, and was as sincerely loved in return. He had, like other men, his failings; but they were such, that he was loved rather for them than in spite of them. Enemies he had none. For upwards of forty years he devoted his life to the happiness of his sister, for whom he had a most affectionate regard, and for whose comfort he would gladly have laid down his own life; and she, not less devoted, for him would have sacrificed her own. He preferred—we use his own words—even her occasional wanderings to the sense and sanity of the world.

Their minds were congenial, so were their lives, and they beautifully walked together—their was a blended existence—to the hour of his dissolution. His charities, for his humble means, surpassed those of most men. He had for some years upon his bounty three pensioners! Generous and noble must have been the heart of him that, out of his slender income, could allow his old schoolmistress thirty pounds per annum! What self-denial! What folios this sum would have purchased for him! Well we remember the veneration with which we used to look upon the old lady—for she remembered Galdsmith! He had once lent her his poems to read. We often lament that he did not give them to her; but the author of the ‘*Vicar of Wakefield*’ was poor.

Kind surely must have been the disposition of him who sought out the nurse that attended the last moments of Coleridge, (whom living he adored and dead thus honoured,) that on her head he might pour out the overflowings of the irresistible goodness of his nature. He gave her five pounds; but this we did not learn from himself! These were but trifles; yet of such was the life of this the most amiable of men made up.

His tastes, in many respects, were most singular. He preferred Wardour street and Seven Dials to fields that were Elysian. The disappearance of the old clock from St Dunstan's Church drew tears from him; nor could he ever pass without emotion the place where *Exeter Change* once stood. The removal had spoiled a reality in Gay. The passer-by, he said, no longer saw “the combs dangle in his face.” This almost broke his heart. He had no taste for flowers or green fields; he preferred the high road. The Garden of Eden, he used to say, must have been a dull place. He had a strong aversion to roast beef and to fowls, and to any wines but port or sherry. Tripe and cow-beef were to him delicacies—rare dainties!

All his books were without portraits; nor did he ever preserve, with two exceptions, a single letter. He had a humorous method of testing the friendship of his visitors; it was, whether in their walks they would taste the tap of mine host at the Horse-Shoe, or at the Rose and Crown, or at the Rising Sun! But a member of the Temperance Society, on these occasions, could not have been more abstemious. A single glass would suffice. We have seen ladies enter with him—the fastidious Barbara S.; and great poets—the author of the ‘*Excursion*’ himself! He was no politician, though, in his youth, he once assisted to draw through the streets Charles James Fox! Nor was he a man of business. He could not pick up a trunk, nor tie up a parcel. Yet he was methodical, punctual in his appointments, and an excellent pay-master. A debt haunted him! He could not live in another person's bank! He wished to leave a friend a small sum of money; but “to have done with the thing,” as he said, gave it him before-hand! If an acquaintance dropped in of an evening before supper, he would instantly, without saying a word, put on his hat, and go and order an extra supply of port. He has done this for us a hundred times! Relics and keepsakes had no charm

for him! A traveller once brought him some scorns from an ilex that grew over the tomb of Virgil. He threw them at the hackney-coachman as they passed by his window! And there is a story, that he once sat to an artist of his acquaintance for a whole series of the British Admirals; but for what publication we never heard!

But we are wandering from our object, which was simply to record, that, of all the men we ever knew, Charles Lamb was, in every respect, the most original, and had the kindest heart.

E. M.

January 27th, 1835.

THE WEEK.

NINTH DAYS.

FEBRUARY 18, 1677. At Paris, son of the illustrious Cassini, the founder of a family of astronomers, Giacomo Cassini, an enricher of the science with many valuable discoveries. His death was of that unexpected sort, for a man of a long and peaceful life, which looks like a mockery of human calculations. He died of a fall, at the age of eighty.

— 19, 1564. At Pisa, or Florence, son of a noble Florentine, who was a scientific man also, and an accomplished musician, Galileo Galilei, the great precursor of Newton, and the greatest discoverer in mechanical geometry since the time of Archimedes. He rendered the discovery of the telescope applicable to astronomical purposes, brought geometry to the aid of the doctrine of motion, invented the pendulum, discovered the gravity of the air, the satellites of Jupiter, the inequalities of the surface of the moon, and established the Copernican and Pythagorean system of the universe, by proving that the earth moved round the sun. For this last discovery he was persecuted by the Jesuits, who, forgetting their own professions of being teachers, and idly subjecting the grandeur of the character of Scripture to literal interpretations of some of its texts, brought him under the tyranny of the Inquisition, by whom he was kept in qualified imprisonment for the remaining few years of his life, latterly at his own house. He was also sentenced to repeat the Seven Penitential Psalms every week for the space of three years; and it was suspected, from the state of his hands, that he had been put to the torture, and sworn not to reveal it. The writer of the present paragraph saw one of the fingers of these hands preserved under a glass case in the middle of the Laurentian library at Florence, pointing to heaven, and now almost an object of worship with the descendants of those by whom he was persecuted. It was during his confinement at his house that he was visited, among other celebrated travellers, by Milton; who describes him as suffering imprisonment “for thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Dominican friars.” The great poet's allusion to him in ‘*Paradise Lost*’ is well known; but it is as difficult not to quote it, as for a musician to see an organ open, and not touch the keys.

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superiour fiend
Was moving towards the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

Galileo, besides being a profound natural philosopher, was a general amateur of the fine arts, a musician, and a man of wit. He played beautifully on the lute; delighted in architecture, in painting, and in husbandry; had a taste for design; was the author of several facetious poems (gathered into the Italian collections); was a capital companion, full of ease and pleasantry; and, as might be expected from such a combination of the solid and airy, was an enthusiastic lover of Ariosto, and took his part in the famous critical dispute respecting the merits of that fine poet and those of the more artificial Tasso. His stature was small, but his aspect venerable.

Same day, 1792. At Trinity College, Cambridge,

under the roof of his maternal grandfather, Dr Bentley (the famous scholar), Richard Cumberland, the comic dramatist, son and grandson of a bishop. His comedies verge upon the sentimental and the ideal (Goldsmith calls them "Tragedy giving a rout"); but there is occasionally more force and vivacity than would be expected from a certain air of authority and pretension; and his 'West Indian,' which led the way to the romantic generosity of the young gentlemen in modern comedies, has some of the good-natured animal spirits of Hoedley. Mr Cumberland, among others not so good, wrote also a pleasant novel called 'Henry.' His poetry is unworthy the rest of his reputation. We remember seeing him, in his latter years, going along the street. His appearance was highly respectable and gentlemanly, with an earnest countenance. The portrait in his 'Memoirs' must have been very like him, at the time it was painted.

— 20, 1694. At Paris, the son of a notary, Marie Francis Arouet de Voltaire, the most universal genius of the French nation. In the several departments of literature which he adorned, with the exception of that of wit and raillery, he was surpassed by many individuals; and in no one respect, perhaps, were his acuties of the very highest order, except as a detector of absurdity—and even in that respect his discrimination was not perfect, too often confounding the local and relative with the universal. In short, his philosophy was in no respect as deep as he and his friends supposed it. Yet, as a dramatist, he generally ranks as inferior only to Corneille and Racine; as an historian, his rank lies betwixt the two extremes of his idolators and his enemies, and has no mean place after all; he was one of the readiest and most elegant artificial poets, and writers of *vers de société*, that have appeared; he made his countrymen popularly acquainted with the progress of science and natural philosophy, especially the Newtonian; and, above all, he was a great puller down of superstition, and hastened those reformations in religion and government which will end in building up a far better system than he could anticipate, crowned with Christian aspirations of which he knew nothing, though he was a better Christian in some respects than he thought himself, being a very humane and public-spirited man—albeit irritable and vain-glorious. There was so little real poetry in him of a high order, which demands a thorough depth and sincerity of nature, that he wrote a scandalous poem on the subject of Joan of Arc, whom, as a great man, superior to the prejudices of all times, he ought to have held in reverence. This extraordinary individual—with a frame originally so weak that it was feared he would have died soon after his birth, and with a person always meagre and apparently fragile, but great animal spirits—lived to be upwards of eighty-five years of age, and is thought at last to have hastened his death by drinking too much coffee in order to keep himself on the alert for a new publication. He was the sayer of some of the most exquisite *bon-mots* on record, from among which we hastily give the first that comes to mind as a specimen. He was praising Haller, the German, to somebody, and the other saying that Haller by no means thought so well of him—"Ah," returned the ready old wit, "perhaps we are both of us mistaken." Perhaps Voltaire may be briefly and not unjustly characterized as the only man who ever obtained a place in the list of the great names of the earth by an aggregation of secondary abilities. He was the god of cleverness.

Same day, 1716. At Hereford, where his father, an officer in the army, was on a recruiting party, David Garrick, the most universal stage genius that has appeared in England. His family was of French origin, the grandfather, a merchant, having fled from the neighbouring country at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. It is, therefore, perhaps to French blood that we owe his excellence in the comic part of his genius: the tragic part England will claim for itself. We need not repeat here what has been said of him so often, and is still daily being said, in memoirs and stage-criticism. We doubt not, both from tradition, and from the

very objections made to his style by contemporaries who are noticed in the latest accounts of him, that he deserves almost all that has been said of him as a true actor, both in tragedy and comedy, and a restorer of nature to the stage; though we take leave to doubt, from what is known of his own nature and its predominant qualities, which were more lively than profound, that he was upon the whole inferior both in tragic depth, and in exquisiteness of poetical recitation (where the lines required it) to our late lamented Kean. Their very faces go to show the difference. They both had remarkably fine eyes, but the look of Garrick (you may see it in Reynolds's portrait) was the more sparkling; Kean's the more earnest and the more internal. Cumberland, in his autobiography, gives a lively specimen of Garrick's good-nature and love of admiration (a very pardonable thing in a player, especially one so flattered). The great actor was invited to a dinner party, where they missed him when the dinner came on table. On looking out of window, he was observed transporting a negro-boy by imitating a turkey-cock! whose airs, and gobbles, and sudden rushes, he so gave to the life, that the boy cried out in an ecstasy—"Do it again, Massa Garrick; do it again!" And Garrick did it again.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

ORIGIN OF MALLET'S 'EDWIN AND EMMA.'

THIS touching ballad, the author of which had a genuine faculty for that sort of writing, far superior to what he probably thought his superior compositions, has been somewhat neutralized in its effect by its trite repetition from the pages of Enfield's 'Speaker;' though to complain of such results from those publications would be doing them great injustice—since you cannot at once make a good thing common, and yet expect it to retain, among its other beneficial consequences, a perpetual novelty. But grown people, when their attention is freshly excited, may read well-known productions with a new relish; and, in this hope, we have repeated the ballad, as well as the true story on which it is founded. Mallet's account of the heroine's death is not so affecting as the real circumstance—her suddenly screaming out, at hearing the death-bell of her lover, "that her heart was burst"—but it is not wanting in pathos, especially the first line; and there is a vein of natural elegance throughout the poem.

Could any of our friends oblige us with a copy of Mickle's ballad of "Cumnor Hall?" It is not to be found in the ordinary editions of his poems.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE CURATE OF BOWES, IN YORKSHIRE, TO MR COPPERTHWAITE, AT MARRICK.

• • • "As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time. I have, therefore, been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows:—

"The family name of the young man was Wrightson; of the young maiden, Railton. They were both much of the same age—that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth there was no disparity: but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his fortune acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably. But, as 'amor vincit omnia,' his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter, Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt; for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, 'that blood was nothing without groats.'

"The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove Tuesday, and died the Sunday seven-night after.

"On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But

her daughter Hannah lay at his back, to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

"At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

"The then curate of Bowes* inserted it in his register, that 'they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.'

"I am, dear Sir,
Yours, &c."

EDWIN AND EMMA.

Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain;
The splinters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.—*Shakspeare's Twelfth Night.*

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourished fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now }
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she filled each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder owned,
Yet knew not she was fair;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught—
Was quickly, too, revealed;
For neither bosom lodged a wish
That virtue keeps concealed.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister—who, like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd—
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmoved:
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walked and wept.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stanemore, which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout.—*Camb. Brit.*

Of too on Stanmore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner strayed.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercoat:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now with late remorse,
Hang o'er his dying bed,
And weary heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past! he cried—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love.

She came; his cold hand softly touched,
And bathed with many a tear:
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

New homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she passed
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reached with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone, she cried; and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. VI.—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

This is a very noble play. Though not in the first class of Shakspeare's productions, it stands next to them, and is, we think, the finest of his historical plays, that is, of those in which he made poetry the organ of history, and assumed a certain tone of character and sentiment, in conformity to known facts, instead of trusting to his observations of a general nature, or to the unlimited indulgence of his own fancy. What he has added to the history, is upon a par with it. His genius was, as it were, a match for history as well as nature, and could grapple at will with either. This play is full of that pervading comprehensive power by which the poet could always make himself master of time and circumstances. It presents a fine picture of Roman pride and Eastern magnificence: and in the struggle between the two, the empire of the world seems suspended, "like the swan's-down feather,

"That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines."

The characters breathe, move, and live. Shakspeare does not stand reasoning on what his characters would do or say, but at once *becomes* them, and speaks and acts for them. He does not present us with groups of stage-puppets or poetical machines making set speeches on human life, and acting from a calculation of ostensible motives, but he brings

living men and women on the scene, who speak and act from real feelings, according to the ebbs and flows of passion, without the least tincture of the pedantry of logic or rhetoric. Nothing is made out by inference and analogy, by climax and antithesis, but everything takes place just as it would have done in reality, according to the occasion.—The character of Cleopatra is a master-piece. What an extreme contrast it affords to Imogen! One would think it almost impossible for the same person to have drawn both. She is voluptuous, ostentatious, conscious, boastful of her charms, haughty, tyrannical, fickle. The luxurious pomp and gorgeous extravagance of the Egyptian queen are displayed in all their force and lustre, as well as the irregular grandeur of the soul of Mark Antony. Take only the first four lines that they speak as an example of the regal style of love-making.

"CLEOPATRA. If it be love, indeed, tell me how much?"

ANTONY. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

"CLEOPATRA. I'll set a bourn how far to be lov'd.

ANTONY. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth."

The rich and poetical description of her person, beginning—

"The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick"—

seems to prepare the way for, and almost to justify the subsequent infatuation of Antony when, in the sea-fight at Actium, he leaves the battle, and "like a doating mallard" follows her flying sails.

Few things in Shakspeare (and we know of nothing in any other author like them) have more of that local truth of imagination and character than the passage in which Cleopatra is represented conjecturing what were the employments of Antony in his absence. "He's speaking now, or murmuring—*Where's my serpent of old Nile?*" Or again, when she says to Antony, after the defeat at Actium, and his summoning up resolution to risk another fight—"It is my birth-day; I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra." Perhaps the finest burst of all is Antony's rage after his final defeat, when he comes in and surprises the messenger of Cæsar kissing her hand—

"To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with,
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts."

It is no wonder that he orders him to be whipped; but his low condition is not the true reason: there is another feeling which lies deeper, though Antony's pride would not let him show it, except by his rage; he suspects the fellow to be Cæsar's proxy.

Cleopatra's whole character is the triumph of the voluptuous, of the love of pleasure and the power of giving it, over every other consideration. Octavia is a dull foil to her, and Fulvia a shrew and shrill-tongued. What a picture do those lines give of her—

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom steal
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies."

What a spirit and fire in her conversation with Antony's messenger who brings her the unwelcome news of his marriage with Octavia! How all the pride of beauty and of high rank breaks out in her promised reward to him—

"There's gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss!"

She had great and unpardonable faults, but the beauty of her death almost redeems them. She learns from the depth of despair the strength of her affections. She keeps her queen-like state in the last disgrace, and her sense of the pleasurable in the

last moments of her life. She tastes a luxury in death. After applying the asp, she says with fondness—

"Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.
Oh, Antony!"

It is worth while to observe that Shakspeare has contrasted the extreme magnificence of the descriptions in this play with pictures of extreme suffering and physical horror, not less striking—partly perhaps to excuse the effeminacy of Mark Antony, to whom they are related as having happened, but more to preserve a certain balance of feeling in the mind. Cæsar says, hearing of his conduct at the court of Cleopatra,—

"Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wert beaten from Mutina, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou did'st drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beast would cough at. Thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge,
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps,
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this,
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek,
So much as lank'd not."

The passage after Antony's defeat by Augustus where he is made to say—

"Yes, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended"—

is one of those fine retrospections which show us the winding and eventful march of human life. The jealous attention which has been paid to the unities both of time and place has taken away the principle of perspective in the drama, and all the interest which objects derive from distance, from contrast, from privation, from change of fortune, from long-cherished passion; and contracts our view of life from a strange and romantic dream, long, obscure, and infinite, into a smartly contested, three hours' inaugural disputation on its merits by the different candidates for theatrical applause.

The latter scenes of 'Antony and Cleopatra' are full of the changes of accident and passion. Success and defeat follow one another with startling rapidity. Fortune sits upon her wheel more blind and giddy than usual. This precarious state and the approaching dissolution of his greatness are strikingly displayed in the dialogue between Antony and Eros:

"ANTONY. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.

ANTONY. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,

A vapour sometime, like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen
these signs.

They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

ANTONY. That which is now a horse, even with
a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

ANTONY. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body," &c.

This is, without doubt, one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakspeare. The splendour of the imagery,

The semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind, are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness. It is finer than Cleopatra's passionate lamentation over his fallen grandeur, because it is more dim, unstable, unsubstantial. Antony's headstrong presumption and insatuated determination to fight by sea instead of land, meet a merited punishment; and the extravagance of his resolutions, increasing with the despatch of his circumstances, is well commented upon by Cleopatra.

"I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike."

The repentance of Enobarbus after his treachery to his master is the most affecting part of the play. He cannot recover from the blow which Antony's generosity gives him, and he dies broken-hearted "a master-leaver and a fugitive."

Shakspeare's genius has spread over the whole play a richness like the overflowing of the Nile.

THE LADY'S FAREWELL TO THE FALSE KNIGHT.

Farewelle, Syr Knyghte, but thynke not sorrowe
For thy false vowe, wille dwelle wyth mee,
For ere the dawninge of to-morrowe,
Wille banishe ev'rye thoughte of thee.

Lette others walke in broken vowe,
And shunne delighe to bouthe despaise,
I deeme suche fickle thynges as thou,
Not worthe the sheddynge of a teare.

I wille not weepe in londeys towne,
Tilke twine freche flourrets in mie hayre,
And hastene forth to lighted bowre,
And bee the varie gayest there.

My voyce the foremoste in the songe
When mynstrelle straynes the sowle entranse,
My foote the lighteste in the thronge,
That defilie tryppe in merrie daunce.

For there be knyghtes as brave as thou,
As gallaundie in masque who shyne,
And manie a harte I weene whose vowe,
Wille prove at leaste as true as thine.

I thanke thee, too, for, by mie trothe,
Two lemons have I learned from thee—
The value of a lover's othe,
The lengthe of Love's eternitie!

M.

SPECIMENS OF WIT, HUMOUR, AND ORIGINALITY OF CHARLES LAMB.

No. II.

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

READERS, in thy passage from the Bank, where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself), to the 'Flower Pot,' to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left, where Threadneedle street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals, ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters, and pillars, with few or no traces of goets-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balcutha's.*

This was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests; the throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain; and here some forms of business are still kept, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartment in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a

* Tumbled by the walls of Balcutha, and they were despoiled.

few struggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee-rooms, with venerable faces of bandies, deer-keepers—dissectors, seated in firm, on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting many silver inkstands long since dry;—the ebon waistcoat hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors of Queen Anne and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty;—large charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams;—and soundings of the Bay of Panama!—The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, where substances might defy any, short of the last, conflagration;—with vast ranges of collarage-undersell, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, as "unsunned heap," for Mammon to have selected his solitary heart withal,—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BURL.

Such is the South-Sea House. At least, such it was forty years ago, when I knew it,—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The modes, that were then battering upon its obsolete ledges and day-books, have rusted from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superincumbent of dirt!) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne's reign; or, with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous hoax, whose extent the petty speculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy, contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's superhuman plot.

Peace to the names of the BURL! silence and desolation are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce;—amid the fret and fever of speculation,—with the Bank and the 'Change and the India House about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their poor neighbour out of business,—to the idle and merely contemplative,—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet,—a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past:—the shades of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring; but thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves, with their old fantastic flourishes, and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfluity of cyphers, with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some better library—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had everything on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as anything from Heracleum. The pounce boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—and an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a serious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humorists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a 'gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him, making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared everyone about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to imagine himself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-house, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his *forte*, his glorified hour! How would he chirp and expand over a muffin! How would he dilate into secret history! His countryman, Pennant himself, in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theatres, churches, streets, gone to decay—where Rosamond's Pond stood—the Mulberry-gardens—and the Conduit in Cheap—with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of 'Noon,'—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country, from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hag-lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials?

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster-hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its voice was noble blood. She traced her descent by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood,—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day,—to the illustrious, but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought—the sentiment—the

bright solitary star of your lives—ye mild and happy pair—which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise would reach you through it. *Deus et salu-*

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang certainly, with other notes than to the Orphean lyre. He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suit of official rooms in Threadneedle street, which without anything very substantial appended to them were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them (I know not who is the occupier of them now), resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—obovous singers—first and second violoncellos—double basses—and clarionets—who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He sate like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas that were purely ornamental were vanished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted;—the whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividends warrants. The stocking of the annual balance in the company's books (which perhaps differed from the balance of last year in the sum of 25*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of things (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South-Sea hopes were young—(he was indeed equal to the winking of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days): but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity—(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reference to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you: it is more temperant; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, "greatly find quarrel in a straw," when some supposed honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life; or leaned against the rails of a balcony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a precipice; or let off a gun; or went upon a water-party; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it: neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the author of the "South-Sea House?"

who never enteredst thy office in a morning, or quittedst it in mid-day—(what didst thou in an office?)—without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican not three days ago; and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days! thy topics are staled by the "new-born gauds" of the time—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers and in Chronicles, upon Chatham, and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies,—and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond,—and such small politics.

A little less facetious and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling, rattle-headed Plumer. He was descended,—not in a right line, reader, (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend) from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly, old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive Parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second's days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's "Life of Cave." Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumour. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.—

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, child-like, pastoral M—, a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which preclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly, M—, the unapproachable churchwarden of Bishops-gate. He knew not what he did when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter;—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.—

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private: already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;—else could I omit that strange creature, Woollett, who existed in trying the question, and brought *litigations*? and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hapworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen—with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!—

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while?—peradventure the very names which I have summoned up before thee are fantastic—insubstantial—like Henry Pimpernel, and Old John Naps of Greece:—

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

Some time before St John's decease he was so enfeebled with old age as to be obliged to be carried into the different churches; and being unable to deliver any long discourse, his custom was to say on these occasions, "My dear children, love one another." On being asked why he told them only one thing, he answered, "Nothing else is needed."—*Christ's Love of his Fathers.*

PINE ARTS.

A Review of the Lives and Works of some of the most Eminent Painters, with Remarks on the Opinions and Statements of former writers. By C. J. Nieuwenhuys. Hooper. 1835.

MR NIEUWENHUYTS has prefixed a title-page to his work, that rather misleads one as to its real nature: it would lead us to imagine the book to be a work of biographical criticism: it is, however, more properly a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the pictures which have, at one time or another, been in the possession of Mr Nieuwenhuys, enriched with such biographical scraps and anecdotes as he has met with in the course of his very extensive business as a picture-dealer,—at least, such is what we gather from the book itself. Mr Nieuwenhuys's criticism is chiefly composed of all the standard opinions and truisms current in the profession; not that we imagine him to be deficient in genuine taste; but his feeling and knowledge in the art would appear to be greater than his power of expressing or analysing it. The critical portion of the work therefore is deficient both in novelty and in that mastery over the theoretical as well as the practical, which is requisite in a critic.

He writes, however, with a true love of his subject; he describes all the pictures he mentions,—he has collected all he can about them,—and about the painters; and appears to have the same sort of interest in pictures, that a schoolmaster has in his boys; he lives by them and in them, he talks of them, has them about him; and, even after they have left him, appears to keep his eye upon them, wherever they go, with an affectionate solicitude for their safety, and a pride in their fame.

The descriptions which abound in the work are pleasing from the beauty of the subjects, and the gusto with which they are written; the anecdotes scattered over it, are many of them new, exceedingly pleasant, and told in a straightforward, unassuming style, the very best the author could have adopted. Mr Nieuwenhuys should have written it all in this way, and made it a memoir of his adventures as a dealer in pictures; he should have told us all about them—the places he found them in, the people who possessed them, their condition, and more about the prices they have fetched at different times.

At the beginning of the book is a fragmentary memoir of Rembrandt, the materials for which the author was at some pains to pick up at Amsterdam. We would extract a list of Rembrandt's effusions, which were raised when he was insolvent, but it is too long for our columns. The list at the end is one of the articles set down. Rembrandt however did not die in poverty, though he appears never to have been rich. We shall conclude with one or two extracts—specimens of the anecdotes—sprinkled over the work.

"With regard to the date of Rembrandt's birth, we have no other authority than that of Houbraken, who mentions that the year 1606, which was particularly fertile in excellent artists, gave birth also to Rembrandt Van Ryn on the 15th of December, in the neighbourhood of Leyden. He was the only child of Herman Gerritzen Van Ryn and Neeltje Willems Van Zwieterbroek, who possessed the saw-mill which was situated between Leyerderp and Kowkerk. From this humble habitation rose one of the greatest men which the genius of the art ever nursed. His parents observing his early inclinations for study, did not neglect the cultivation of his mind, and for that purpose they resolved to send him to the Latin school at Leyden, in order to bring him up to a learned profession; but his predominant taste for painting caused them to alter their views, and place him with Jacob Irazken Van Zwamenburg, who instructed him in the rudiments of his art during three years that he remained with him. From this period Houbraken is in doubt who was his principal master, for he informs us that he passed six months with P. Lastman at Amsterdam. . . . His remarkable progress, however, attracted the attention of many amateurs, for he was assured by Houbraken that, about that period, he sold one of his pictures to a gentleman at the Hague for one hundred guilders.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25, 1835.

No. 48.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE WEEK.

BIRTH-DAYS AND OTHER ANNIVERSARIES.

CHARACTERS OF HANDEL—MONTAIGNE—MARTIAL
(with a banter upon him)—SHROVE TUESDAY, AND
ITS PANCAKES—WALLER—DAVENANT—OTWAY.

FEBRUARY 24 (accidentally omitted last week), 1684. At Halle, in Saxony, George Frederick Handel, the Jupiter of music; not the less warranting that title, from including in his genius the most affecting tenderness as well as the most overpowering grandeur: for the father of gods and men was not only a thunderer, but a love-maker. Handel was the son of a physician; and, like Mozart, began composing for the public in his childhood. He was the grandest composer that is known to have existed, wielding, as it were, the choirs of heaven and earth together; and as Mozart said of him, "striking you, whenever he pleased, with a thunderbolt." His Hallelujahs open the heavens. He utters the word "Wonderful," as if all their trumpets spoke together. And then, when he comes to earth, to make love amidst nymphs and shepherds (for the beauties of all religions found room in his breast), his strains drop milk and honey, and his love is the youthfulness of the Golden Age. We see his Acis and Galatea, in their very songs, looking one another in the face in all the truth and mutual homage of the tenderest passion; and poor jealous Polyphemus stands in the background, jealous the scene with his gigantic despair. Christian meekness and suffering attain their last degree of pathos in 'He shall feed his flock,' and 'He was despised and rejected.' We see the blush on the smitten cheek mingling with the hair. Handel had a large, heavy person, and was occasionally vehement in his manners. He eat and drank too much (probably out of a false notion of supporting his excitement), and thus occasionally did harm to mind as well as body. But he was pious, generous, independent, and, like all great geniuses, a most thorough lover of his art, making no compromises with its demands and its dignity for the sake of petty conveniences. There is occasionally to be found a quaintness and stiffness in his style, owing to the fashion of the day; and he had not at his command the instrumentation of the present times, which no man would have turned to more overwhelming account; but what is sweet in his compositions, is sweeter in no other; and what is great, is greater than in any.

—28. 1533. At the chateau of Montaigne, in Perigord, of a noble family, Michel de Montaigne, the father of modern essay-writing, and one of the most original of thinkers. His father, to help him to an equable turn of mind, used to have him waked during his infancy with a flute. He was a philosopher of the material order, and as far sighted perhaps that way as any man that ever lived, having the temperament between jovial and melancholy, which is so favourable for seeing fair play to human nature; and his good-heartedness rendered him an enthusiastic friend, and a believer in the goodness of others, notwithstanding his insight into folly, and his living in a coarse and licentious age, of the freedoms of which he partook. But for want of something more imaginative and spiritual in his genius, his perceptions stopped short of the very first points, critical and philosophical. He knew little of the capabilities of

the mind, out of the pale of its more manifest influences from the body; his taste in poetry was logical, not poetical; and he ventured upon openly despising romances ('Amadis de Gaul,' &c.) which was hardly in keeping with the modest wisdom of his motto, *Que sçais-je?* (What do I know?) Montaigne, who loved his father's memory, always rode out in a cloak which had belonged to him, and would say of it, that he seemed to feel "wrapped up in his father" (*il me semble m'envelopper de lui*). Some writers have sneered at this saying, and at the deductions drawn from it respecting the amount of his filial affection; but the truth is, it does him as much honour as anything he ever said, for depth of feeling as well as vivacity of expression.

March 1, 30. At Bilbilis, in Celtiberia (Bubiera, in the modern Arragon), Marcus Valerius Martialis, the most profuse of epigrammatists, some of them (as he says himself) good, many poor enough, and many very bad. His best epigrams of the biting order are not to be compared with those of Catullus in delicacy of style or satire; but some have become favourites with posterity, as in that instance, translated (among others) by Sir John Harrington:—

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

His very best epigrams, in our opinion, are some of his grave ones,—those which answer to the original meaning of the word *epigram*,—an *inscription*. We here give a translation of one from the 'Indicator.' It is a "favourable specimen" of the best part of his nature, and furnishes a relief to such of his readers as stumble upon the loathsome indecencies permitted by the license of his age.

EPITAPH ON EROTION.

Hic festinata quiescit Erotion umbra,
Crimine qui fati sexta peremit hyems.
Quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,
Manibus exiguus annua justa dato.
Sic Lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite, solus
Flebilis in terra sit lapis iste tua.

Underneath this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion,
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipp'd away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou mayst be,
That haast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone.

As to some inconceivably pointless and twaddling epigrams, written by Martial, such as would appear to have been concocted by the dullest of old gentlemen and diners-out, and overseemingly carried about in his pocket, they have been admirably bantered by our friend, Mr Egerton Webbe, in the following imitations; which, however, have this drawback, that being good jokes upon bad ones, they cannot possibly convey the same impression. Mr Webbe has not forgotten the solemn turn of the heads—'De Flavio'—'De Eodem'—'Ad Antonium de Lepido'—&c. nor

the ingenious art with which the epigrammatist contrives to have a reason asked him, for what he is bent upon explaining. We think these imitations so good, that liking to enjoy good things in company, we have not only been reading them (like the supposed old gentleman) to everybody at hand, but have been fancying ourselves present with all the friends whom we have been in the habit of relishing such passages with; and we venture to add, that Blackwood's editor, the best anthologist living, will like them. The scholarly reader need not be reminded, that the lines must be read with due deliberation, and as if in solid foretaste of their pungency.

CONCERNING JONES.

Jones eats his lettuces undressed;
D'you ask the reason? 'tis confessed,—
That is the way Jones likes them best.

TO SMITH—CONCERNING THOMSON.

Smith, Thomson puts no claret on his board;
D'you ask the reason?—Thomson can't afford.

TO GIBBS—CONCERNING HIS POEMS.

You ask me if I think your poems good;
If I could praise your poems, Gibbs,—I would.

CONCERNING THE SAME.

Gibbs says his poems a sensation make;—
But Gibbs, perhaps, is under a mistake.

TO THOMSON—CONCERNING DIXON AND JACKSON.

How Dixon can with Jackson bear,
You ask me, Thomson, to declare;—
Thomson, Dixon's Jackson's heir.
This last line, with its three successive patronymics, is exquisite.

—3. Shrove Tuesday. Easter Even. Called in some places, Pancake Tuesday. Shrove-tide is Shrive or Shrift tide; that is, the time of Confession, sins being specially confessed at this season in the Romish church. As the Carnival was also at this time, our jovial Protestant ancestors retained the jollity, when they had given up the confession, and pancake-eating is a remnant of it.

Not to eat pancakes on a Shrove Tuesday is a sort of irreligion: even though, like confession, it may go against some stomachs of a criminal weakness, especially in these sedentary times. Delicate pancakes, not too thin, tossed up by a proper hand (for they ought to be literally tossed in the pan, otherwise part of the old charm is wanting), brought up hot and hot, rolled up on one's plate, slightly touched with an acid, and cut across in that state, lump by lump, are to our taste the finest possible eating, of the paste or pudding order. We think we could dine, the whole year round (supposing the gods would provide us with such goods at all seasons) upon a pancake for our pudding, a bird for the meat, and old port for the drink. But what matters this epicureanism to our sedentary faculties? We thrive better on water than wine; cannot eat a bird with the right pleasure, unless sure that it was handsomely killed; and would fain, with beloved Shelley, see all the world eating vegetables, and getting as harmless and strong, as horses do on their hay-diet. There would be enough mortal necessity remaining, to strengthen our thoughts and hinder us from growing effeminate. The barbarous custom of throwing at cocks on this day, has gone out, thanks to the progress of knowledge; yet

just subeided—but to be serious, then—Horace! “with all thy faults I love thee still.” Though thou art—first of all—a most dirty-minded individual, inasmuch that

“Through needles’ eyes it easier for a camel is
To pass, than certain cantos into families,”—

though thou art, next of all, a most consummate coxcomb, and [didst sometimes write with such a spirit of affectation and conceit, that I only wonder some people were not tempted to toss the little man in a blanket to recall him to his senses,—though, thirdly, the organ of intolerance and prejudice was somewhat freely developed on thy little scone,—and though, lastly, thou didst oftentimes labour under many strange fancies and follies of thine own brewing,—yet, take thee for all in all, thou art a jewel, a gem; faithful as a friend, wise and judicious as an adviser, and, as a companion, indubitably the most delightful, affable, and fascinating in the world.

I am conscious of having amused myself here rather unscrupulously at the poet’s expense, and that, like persons “on the other side of the house,” I have been speaking all on one side of the question, and that the most favourable; so true it is, as our philosophical author himself observes—

“Such is the nature of the human mind,
That what provokes our ridicule, we find
We learn more soon, more gladly recollect,
Than all that claims our praise or our respect.”

How gladly, if time and space permitted, would I atone for my impertinence, how cheerfully—not recant, but—compensate, by dwelling with the same attention and much more delight, upon the merits, charms and excellencies, general and peculiar, of the great lyricist. “Annihilate both space and time, ye Gods, and make two lovers happy,” was the speech of some gentle Damon once, about full moon; so say I, for nothing could make me happier than to be able, at this very moment, to present a full and particular account, critical and analytical, of “the beauties” of Horace, as an appropriate set-off against this undutiful article. But alas! neither the pages of this Magazine, I apprehend, nor—gentle reader—your obliging patience is infinite, wherefore I must bring my speculations to a close.

As a lyrical poet, Horace is unequalled for the elegance of his sentiments and expressions, the peculiar refinement of his language, and the polished ease and exquisite harmony of his numbers. As a satirist he displays an observation of human nature which without being profound or very philosophical, is replete with truth and justice; at the same time that he exhibits himself as a man of wit and a humourist, he never ceases to inculcate the love of virtue and the contempt of vice, and this, not unfrequently, in language so admirable, that we can neither question the sincerity of his sentiments, nor refuse to acknowledge, that in the power of expressing them with force and eloquence, he has few superiors. As a critic, Horace is acute, knowing, full of good sense, full of judgment, overflowing with the love of his art, and most comfortably at home; but he neither displays much originality nor much depth of feeling. I believe him never to have experienced a grand emotion; never to have known a lofty passion. He had no natural pathos or sublimity; if a stray gleam flickers here or there, it emanates from a borrowed, not a native light. Hence his partial view of poetry, a view bounded by the horizon of authority, and seen through the mist of artificial restriction; hence his inability to clear from his eyes the fleshly film of this material world; hence his inordinate observance of the outward and perishable frame-work of poetry, and his want of capacity or desire to investigate its hidden principles; hence it is that he preferred playing in the sunshine, on the pleasant banks of the stream, rather than worship the solemn scenery at its fount.

With respect to the ode above-mentioned it is a very remarkable one; for although I think the description I have given of its infamous spirit is not at all

“Disce enim cecidisse, meminitque libentis illud
Quod quis decideret, quàm quod probat et venerat.”

overdrawn, yet it will be observed, it joins nothing of a comic sort to the rest of its features; so that we have the full scope of its inhuman meaning staring us in the face, without a single flower of wit or humour to conceal its nakedness. We generally find such a subject dressed up in the light strains of satire and railery, or—even more appropriately—in the broad colours of burlesque, that however great the ill-will may be, it may at least be saved from the disgrace of barbarity; but here we have nothing of the kind, all appears to be downright and serious; like a man who takes up the gloves, as if in play, and then hits with all his might. It is written likewise with his usual elegance of language, rather elaborately, and with every grace and ornament of poetry to enhance its effect; this I think still more demonstrative of the unchristian spirit which dictated it, since it proves that he bestowed time and care upon it, and therefore wrote, not from the impulse of passion, but from the deliberation of enmity and *malice prepense*. Such is the original—let me intreat the reader to overlook the faults of the translation.

EPODON LIBER.

ODE X. IN MÆVIUM PORTAM.

See from the port the luckless vessel glide,
That bears the wretched Mævius from our shores;
Oh! with thy fiercest blasts lashing the tide
On every side,
Remember South wind! sharply to invest,
Disperse the cables, East wind! and the oars,
Blow, North wind! join thy fury to the rest;
Such fury as the plains attest,
With many a riven oak bespread.
And when his stormy head—
The terror of our ships—
Orion dips,
Then may no friendlier star arise to save,
Nor win the soul a moment from despair,
But still the front of death be there.
Seas not less dreadful rave,
Than opened once an universal grave,
When the incensed Minerva, thunder-armed,
On Ajax and his impious crew
Dealt vengeance due.
Oh, then my Mævius I turn to you;
Your trembling lips apart and sore alarmed,
Methinks I see you then pale shivering stand:
Yea, while the rest undaunted still essay
To keep the wrathful element at bay,
Shriek loudly with dishonourable fear.
And when your shattered bark no more can stay
The boar’s Ionian’s rage, you all unmann’d
With clamorous prayers assail the Thunderer’s ear,
Who turns his ear away!
Oh! that we soon may hear
Your bones lie rotting on some foreign strand,
Within the searching raven’s ken;
Then to the tempest’s praise,
A temple will I raise;
The goat, the lamb—what sacrifice too dear
When Gods accord such happiness to men?—
Shall reek upon the altar then.*

* ODE X. &c.

*Malâ soluta navis exit alite
Fœrens olentem Mævium.
Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
Auster, memento fluctibus.
Niger rudentes Eûrus, inverso mari,
Fractaque remos differat.
Insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
Frangit tremantes ilices.
Nec sidus atrâ nocte amicum appareat,
Quâ tristis Orion cadit:
Quietere nec feratur æquore,
Quàm Gravâ victorâ manus,
Cum Pallas uato vertit iram ab illo
In impiam Ajacis ratem.
O quantus instat navitis sudor tuis,
Tibique pallor luteus,
Et illa non virilis ejulatio,
Precor et aversum ad Jovem:
Ionis udo cœni remugiens sinus
Noto carinam rapet!
Opima quod si præda curvo litore
Porrecta mergos juveris,
Libidinosus immolabitur caper,
Et ægra tempestatibus.*

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. VII.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

JULIUS CÆSAR was one of three principal plays by different authors, pitched upon by the celebrated Earl of Halifax to be brought out in a splendid manner by subscription, in the year 1707. The other two were the ‘King and No King’ of Fletcher, and Dryden’s ‘Maiden Queen.’ There perhaps might be political reasons for this selection; as far as regards our author. Otherwise, Shakespeare’s ‘Julius Cæsar’ is not equal, as a whole, to either of his other plays taken from the Roman history. It is inferior in interest to ‘Coriolanus,’ and both in interest and power to ‘Antony and Cleopatra.’ It however abounds in admirable and affecting passages, and is remarkable for the profound knowledge of character, in which Shakespeare could scarcely fail. If there is any exception to this remark, it is in the hero of the piece himself. We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Cæsar, nor do we think it answers to the portrait given of him in his Commentaries. He makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far the fault of the character might be the fault of the plot.

The spirit with which the poet has entered at once into the manners of the common people, and the jealousies and heart-burnings of the different factions, is shown in the first scene, when Flavius and Marullus, tribunes of the people, and some citizens of Rome, appear upon the stage.

“FLAVIUS. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?”

COBBLER. Truly, sir, *all* that I live by is the awl: I meddle with no tradesman’s matters, nor woman’s matters, but *withal*, I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them.

FLAVIUS. But wherefore art not in thy shop to day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and rejoice in his triumph.”

Fit to this specimen of quaint low humour immediately follows that unexpected and animated burst of indignant eloquence, put into the mouth of one of the angry tribunes.

“MARULLUS. Wherefore rejoice! What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive-bonds his chariot-wheels?
Oh you heard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out an holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey’s blood?
Begone—
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude.”

The well-known dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, in which the latter breaks the design of the conspiracy to the former, and partly gains him over to it, is a noble piece of high-minded declamation. Cassius’s insisting on the pretended effeminacy of Cæsar’s character, and his description of their swimming across the Tiber together, “once upon a raw and gusty day,” are among the finest strokes in it. But perhaps the whole is not equal to the short

sion of his soul; whilst, with all his boasts of superior wisdom, he poured forth on every occasion of envy, contradiction, or irritation, a torrent of foul invective; and always in a greater proportion, if the person he attacked appeared to excel him in person, fortune, morals, or understanding.

Having proved himself grossly deficient in every Christian requisite, and disguising, under the philosophic garb, an overbearing spirit as well as a depraved heart; after repeated but ineffectual admonitions to amend, he was expelled from the Christian church.

Again thrown loose on society, he travelled on foot into Egypt, and having, by vicious or preposterous conduct, closed every avenue to fair fame, he assumed the character of a cynic, he affected the dress and manners of Diogenes, inflicted on himself corporal chastisement, and insisted that, to a philosopher, all words and all actions, as long as they did not violate moral justice, or diminish the great mass of public happiness, were equally indifferent.

He neglected or despised the decencies of dress, language, and gesture; performing publicly, without shame, actions, which prejudice and propriety, in civilized societies, have covered with a thick veil.

Such conduct was neither imitated nor approved in a country warmly attached to ritual observance, and which has been called the mother of superstition. The disappointed cynic was driven with ignominy from the banks of the Nile, and, repairing to Rome, soothed his chagrin and gratified his pride, that pride which, in the human heart, puts on such a variety of forms, by loading with abuse the customs, &c. of the country, which tolerated his insolence.

He attacked that excellent emperor and man, Titus Antoninus, who proved that he was the true philosopher by listening with patience to his impudent haranguer; and if any of the charges against him were true, by amending his conduct.

A prefect of the city, whose temper was very irritable, drove our unfortunate declaimer from the capitol; and, after passing through several cities of Greece unnoticed or despised, he fixed his abode at Athens, where he attracted the notice of A. Gellius, who has recorded several of their conversations.

One of his favourite topics was to inveigh against what he called the folly of wrapping up the names of things, the harmless propensities of nature, in refined phrase and delicate expression; he would perhaps have agreed with a certain writer that there was an increase of sin, since bad women were called women of pleasure, and the crime of adultery softened in the modish denomination of *crim. con.*

More vain in his particular way than any man alive, he grossly attacked the public spirit of Herodes Atticus, a citizen, who, diffusing his wealth in laudable exertion, and ornamenting his country by magnificent structures, reflected credit on the magnificence of a private man; many of the comforts and even luxuries of life within the reach of the poorest individual.

The territory on which the Olympic games were exhibited has been for ages a burning sand, the death of many a candidate from dust and heat; a spot rendered classical by poets, and affording a land-mark to the chronologist and historian, was scantily supplied with water; a reproach to the avarice, the poverty, or the taste of the Greeks.

The quick-sighted zeal of Herodes provided for the defect; he conducted, at a vast expense of money, a copious stream, supplied from distant springs by an aqueduct, which, uniting magnificence with utility, was the wonder and ornament of his country.

A work, which it was difficult to speak or even think of without praise, which excited general approbation, was considered by Peregrinus as a good opportunity to exert his talent at satire and abuse.

He attacked Herodes as vain-glorious and ostentatious, in thus lavishing his wealth on an un-

dertaking which only helped to make the combatants effeminate: he asserted that it was more useful to the state, though a few lives were lost, to harden them by exposure to heat and thirst, than to suffer the defenders of their country to enjoy the indulgencies of coolness and shade.

After much declamation in favour of self-denial, it was observed that, on the next celebration of the games, he was foremost in the crowd which pressed forward to enjoy the stream.

The office of a censurer of mankind, whatever his motives, is not of a kind to conciliate affection, but the inconsistencies of Peregrinus made him contemptible; a circumstance highly mortifying to a man hunting after popularity, and ambitious of posthumous fame.

Rendered desperate by disappointment, he resolved, on the fervour of false philosophy, to astonish the world, and build his reputation on what he judged an imperishable basis, by putting an end to his existence on a funeral pile.

Being questioned as to the end he had in view, he said, that he meant to hold forth to the world an impressive example; to teach men to despise death, and to bear pain with firmness and composure.

It was in vain he was told that a fear of death was implanted in our bosoms for the wisest purposes, and that it was everyone's first duty to perform the offices of society in that post in which Providence had placed him.

"If he imagines," said Lucian, on hearing of his design, "that there is anything so very heroic in committing himself to the flames, I can furnish him with a long list of fools and madmen who have excelled in this his favourite exit."

"In the blaze of a fierce fire, as suffocation is immediate, sensation ceases on the spot; but on any occasions which rouses their zeal or animates their devotion, the Indian Brahmins literally roast themselves by slow fires, voluntarily exposing themselves to the agonies of death for several hours."

"If his passion arises merely from being tired of life, he need only return to his own country, where, as a parricide and an adulterer, he will instantly receive the reward of his crimes."

With all his firmness, the cynic appears to have dreaded the fate to which he had devoted himself. He was not without hopes that by the interference of his associates his proposed death would be prevented.

But general expectation being roused, his absolute and positive refusal to undergo that which he had offered, besides lowering him in the esteem of his followers, his failure would have exposed him to the risk of being torn to pieces by the populace, who, on such occasions, are not disposed to submit quietly to an impostor, who sports with their feelings and insults their credulity.

Finding he could expect nothing from their humanity, he appealed to their superstition; spoke of celestial communication, &c., which forbade the execution of his purpose; but he had gone too far to retreat, and finding that he had no alternative, but the death he had chosen, or a more shocking one, he prepared the pile with his own hands.

On the day appointed, and during the vast concourse of the Olympic games, he appeared with a train of attendants, addressed the people, and asserted that the evils he had suffered, and the pains he had endured, were sufficient testimonies of his attachment to philosophy without the present proof.

He then spoke on the vanity of life, and the glory of devoting ourselves to death for the benefit of others, but was interrupted by the shouts of his friends, who exclaimed that such a man ought to live for the sake of his country, for the instruction and edification of mankind. These words were instantly overpowered by the voices of a very considerable majority, who insisted that a non-performance of that which he had promised was unworthy of the character he had assumed, that a philosopher ought to set an example of consistency and faith.

"Conduct him to the pile!" re-echoing on every side, filled our philosopher with terror and dismay.

Convinced that nothing but death, in the manner he had proposed, would satisfy the merciless multitude, in a tremor, produced by agitation of body and mind, he sunk on the ground: repeated faintings, succeeded by a fever, made it necessary to postpone the business.

A physician, who was sent for to administer relief, informed him, that if he was so anxiously bent upon death, he might save himself the trouble and ceremony of publicly inflicting it on himself, for that the fever, if unsubdued, would soon release him from his cares.

Peregrinus, not relishing the proposal, told his medical friend, that merely to die in his bed was not the thing he wanted; that so common a mode of going out of the world, unnoticed and unapplauded, had neither the charm of novelty, nor the attraction of popular admiration.

After a struggle of several weeks, between his fears, his disease, and his pride, the fever left him, and he positively fixed the time and place at which he would execute his purpose.

On the 16th July, A.D. 165, and in the 236th Olymp., such was the formal style in which it was announced, he ascended for the last time a pile, which he had constructed with his own hands. Three miles from Olympia, on the evening of a serene day, and the moon shining with a silver light, Peregrinus presented himself to the public eye, with a long train of followers, and others, whom curiosity or admiration had attracted. Laying aside his mantle, his wallet and his staff, he set fire to the fabric he had formed of fir and other materials; then scattering incense around him, and turning his face to the south, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Genii of my ancestors, open your arms to receive me!" and, leaping into the flames, was soon reduced to ashes.

Thus terminated the career of a man who may be said to have rendered himself extraordinary by his crimes, and the manner of his death.

HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

No. VI.

BEFORE BREAKFAST—THE BREAKFAST TABLE—A SKETCH
—COFFEE-CUP CHAT—COFFEE-DRINKING—TOO HOT
—GETTING AN APPETITE—ARABIAN NIGHTS—DIALOGUE CONDEMNED—APPEAL.

By some mistake or other I got up a little sooner than usual the other morning. When I entered my parlour the room had a clean but cold look which half inclines to make you shiver, like the sun in a clear wintry day. The hearth was unsullied with ashes, and the coals in the grate, though blazing, were black and square. The fire was yet in its infancy, and the flames and smoke gambolled in the chimney like childhood. Betty was just in the act of unfolding the damask table-cloth. With a scientific sweep it was outspread in the air, and descended on to the table as gently as a flake of snow. Nature's own hand gave grace to the drapery at the corners, and the edge of every fold formed an illustration of Hogarth's line of beauty.

It was necessary to my comfort that I should employ myself until breakfast was ready, bearing in mind the thousand times repeated lines of Watts' 'Busy Bee'—

"For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

Which is somewhat contradicted by an old saying—"that it is better to do mischief than be idle." I was not in a humour to read, and it was against my grain to sit looking at my fingers. Pens, ink, and paper were lying invitingly on the side table, but to write before breakfast was out of the question, so I began to act the limner, and sketch the scene before me—the breakfast table. The table, covered with the cloth, was the first thing, then as the cups and saucers, bread, butter, eggs, egg cups, plates, and all the necessary et cetera were placed upon it by Betty, I placed them on paper with pen and ink. You see the sketch on the opposite page, dear Mr Editor, and could the reader see

coffee, a cup of which the Vizir's daughter held in her hand.

THEO. Ha! ha! ha! All artists do not attend very closely to appropriateness of custom and costume.

JENTAC. Coffee seems to be so connected in my mind with Arabia, that I cannot divest myself of the idea.

THEO. Wine, sherbet was their coffee, cakes and fruit their bread and butter, and dates their eggs.

Thus far had I proceeded, when I suggested to myself, that, in writing in such a strain, I was likely to have nothing more than "my labour for my pains." That it was too thick and muddy for any one to wade through. That it was "flat and unprofitable," and so "weary," or rather "wearisome," as to require all the animating powers of the subject—coffee—to arouse the reader. The time is gone by when "amusing and instructive dialogues" would be tolerated. It would require a first-rate pen, and a thousand times more wit than you possess, good myself, to render the thing bearable. Besides, the breakfast-table is not the place for such conversation. The pair who would sit down for an hour at a time, and propose, as in the dialogue, would deserve nothing less than to be made President and Vice of a Temperance Society (and no disparagement to that, either). Moreover, the buffoonery respecting the "hot coffee" is very miserable. Such nonsense is only tolerated in 'Blackwood.' The original is poor, and detracts greatly from the merits of those inimitable colloquies, and every copy must be shocking.*

Thus did I condemn what myself had written; and there followed a wavering of mind whether the flames should consume it or not. I did not like the idea of so much clean paper being sullied to no purpose, and so the decision was, to refer to the London Journalist for judgment, who will perhaps consider the matter worth putting to a jury of readers.

So here you have it, Mr Editor, with prologue and epilogue. Is the verdict to be "guilty" or "not guilty"? whether from judge or jury, I bow to the decision.

BOOKWORM.

* We are not acquainted with all the dialogue of this sort in 'Blackwood'; but with respect to what we have seen of it, we must differ with our friend BOOKWORM. The animal spirits are genuine, and these are half the secret in all "admirable fooling." The rest must consist of subtle intimations of thought; and there is no want of those.—ED.

MORE POETS ON THE ICE.

[We have the greater pleasure in giving insertion to the following communication of one of our fair Readers, inasmuch as it speaks of Mr Heraud's 'Judgment of the Flood,' a poem which it has been upon our conscience not to have quoted sooner.]

DEAR SIR,—It is with much pleasure that I perused, in No. 44, your article, 'Ice with Poets upon it.' Nothing can be more delightful than those same poets whom you have exhibited so gracefully cutting figures on the ice. Shelley, Wordsworth, Milton, Redi, and Phillips play their parts with equal honour to their original skill and your critical taste. You, of course, are not unaware of the fine use which Cowper has made of the subject in 'The Task,' since you have mentioned the fancy of Catherine the Second: the quotation was, however, too trite for such pages as yours, which rightly affect the choice and the *recherché*. But, as a lover of German literature, I cannot let the occasion pass without alluding to the beautiful descriptions connected with skating in some odes of Klopstock.

The 'Odes' of Klopstock, says a writer in the 'Foreign Review,'—written for relaxation during the composition of 'The Messiah'—exhibit the writer as a man, a poet, a lover, a friend, a husband, a patriot, and a Christian. Neither has he been ashamed to register his favourite amusements. In the exercise of skating and horse-riding he much delighted, nor has he left them uncelebrated.

The following is a translation of one of his 'Odes' on the former theme. It is intitled

THE ICE-COURSE.

Too oft is in eternal night
The great name of inventors tomb'd;
What they, inquisitive,
Discover'd, we enjoy;
But them doth honour guarden too?

Who nam'd to thee the daring man
Who first on mast uplifted sail?
Ah! passed not away
E'en the renown of him
Who for the very feet found wings?

And shall he not immortal be,
Who found for us both health and joys—
Which ne'er the horse bestow'd,
Courageous in the course—
Which e'en the dance possesses not?

And shall my name immortal be?
I to the slipping steel invent
Its cunning dance. Along
It flies with lighter swing,
In circles fairer to behold.

Thou knowest each alluring sound
Of music, therefore to the dance
Give melody. Both moon
And forest hear the sound,
When hasty flight its horn commands.

Oh youth! who know'st to animate
The water-cothurn, and more swift
Dancest. Leave to the town
Its chimney. Come with me
Where beckons thee the crystal's plain.

How it in vapours shrouds its light!
How softly winter's coming day
Illumes the lake! Like stars
The shining rime o'erstrew'd
The night above the crystal's plain.

How still about us the white field!
How sounds by the young frost the path!
Far thy cothurn's sound
Betrays thee unto me,
When, fleet one, from the sight thou hast'at!

Have we not for the feast enough
Of bread?—of joyful wine? The air
Of winter, for the meal,
Sharpens the appetite;
Wings on the feet still more—still more!

Turn thee unto the left. I will
Me to the right half-circling turn.
Take thou the swing as thou
May'st see me take it. So!
And now fly swiftly past me—fly!

Thus we the serpentine career
Upon the long shore soaring go.
Be not too artful. That
Position I love not,
Nor Preisler would it imitate.

Whereto art listening from the shore?
Unskilful skaters yonder sound—
Over the ice not yet
The hoof and load have passed,
Nor yet the nets gone under it.

At other times, thy ear marks all—
Hear how the death-tone plains upon
The flood! How sounds it now
Thus differently!—How
Sounds it when miles down gapes the frost!

Backward!—Let not the glittering path
Seduce thee from the shore to go;
For where it hides yon deep,
Haply, the waters stream—
Haply, the fountains bubble up.

Death streams out from the wave unheard!
Death rushes from the secret fount!
Tho' lightly as this leaf
Thou glidest thither. Ah!
Youth, thou may'st sink and perish yet!

The literal fidelity with which this translation seems to be executed (to say nothing of the peculiarities of Klopstock's lyrical compositions) gives the above a quaint turn of expression, which, however, will not be displeasing to the Reader, who will take the trouble to understand the ode, and imagine himself in the situation of the skaters described in it.

Another piece of Klopstock's, called 'The Art of Tialf'—a giant who is said to have invented the art of skating (according to the Scandinavian mythology) is of still more intricate structure. It has, nevertheless, been highly praised by Madame de Stael, and well deserves her eulogy. In the December number (1881) of 'Fraser's Magazine' a translation of this ode is given, but it is too long for quotation, and I am afraid, would with difficulty be rendered intelligible. It is composed in a kind of dialogue between three bards, and is distinguished by much life and character. The heroine of the lyric drama is conveyed in a sledge down the ice-torrent surrounded with skaters, and listening to a youth behind, who joyously impels forward the car, in which she reposes. "The youth the maiden loves, and she loves him, they celebrate to-day their nuptial-day."

The translations of these very difficult pieces, I have been told, were executed by Mr Heraud, the author of those two singularly extraordinary poems—'The Judgment of the Flood,' and 'The Descent into Hell,' to whose pen we are also indebted for the two articles in the 'Foreign Review,' and 'Fraser's Magazine,' in which they occur. Neither has he forgotten the subject itself in his own poetry. There is an allusion in 'The Judgment of the Flood' to that infernal ice described by Milton, in the passage quoted by you from 'The Paradise Lost.' The allusion occurs in Mr Heraud's description of 'Dudael'; it is as follows:—

"The Sarzar sped

His ice-bolts through the wide waste wilderness,
And, from his black surcharged cloud aloft,
Made desolation yet more desolate
With cold, whereto the cold within the land
Of Hades, or the frozen tracts of Hell
Were comparable only; so intense,
Extreme, and bitter; and it smote all things,
And in the heart of all things mortal burn'd;
Tree, bole and branches, with the writhen bolt
Of winter blasted, leafless, barkless, sapless,
Base and of life devoid; and herb and weed
Wither'd; and in their headlong torrent floods
Congeal'd, and stiffen'd to a stony sheet.
The wild steed stood aghast, whom rein had ne'er
Check'd, now by more than human vigour cur'd,
And in the human veins the vigorous blood
Was shackled, and the rivers of the heart
Were as a seal'd fountain, and the veins
Parch'd became brittle like to glass, and broke,
Or harden'd into marble. Over them
The ice-wind wrought its work; but on the
ground
They clasp'd the bosom of maternal earth,
Unconscious, and the spirit's misery
Had made the flesh insensible to change."

Take also the following scene from 'The Descent into Hell':—

"Hell slowly unfolds her adamant door—
Hell hath her gates unfolded. Lo! as it were
A mausoleum wide as chaos, or

The Ninth of Space, an infinite Sepulchre,
Yet wall'd about; the Ward of Death and Sin
Not silent; sleep with Hope, is alien here.

Lo! shadowy thrones and phantoms there-within
Inaugurate, crown'd strangely. Spectres vast
As of blue ice compact, and making din

As shadowy, phantom sounds, their voice a blast
Heard o'er the polar wild's vacuity,
That goes unquestion'd on, lost and aghast,

Seeking for ought to guide its voyage by,
One barren stamp, a solitary stone,
Half-shriek—half-whistle, and finds no reply.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1835.

No. 49.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

[THE Editor having been busy with a new poem which he is about to publish, intitled 'Captain Sword and Captain Pen,' takes the liberty of substituting for his usual leading article the following remarks under the above title, which he wrote some time ago for the 'Weekly True Sun,' and which the proprietors of that paper (with the liberality that characterises them in all their dealings) have kindly permitted him to reprint. They appeared when the newspaper in question was young, and had nothing of its present sale; so that they will be new to by far the greater part of our readers. The rest will have the kindness to put up with the repetition for the sake of their old acquaintance, the author.]

It is astonishing what a deal of good stuff, of some sort or another, inherent or associated, there is in every possible thing that can be talked of; and how it will look forth out of the dulllest windows of common-place, if sympathy do but knock at the door.

There is that house for instance, this very Sunday, No. 4 Ballycroft row, in the Smithy; did you ever see such a house, so dull, so drearily insipid, so very rainy-bad-Sunday like? old, yet not so old as to be venerable; poor, yet not enough so to be pitied; the bricks black; the place no thoroughfare; no chance of a hackney-coach going by; the maid-servant has just left the window, yawning. But now, see who is turning the corner, and comes up the row. Some eminent man, perhaps? Not he. He is eminent for nothing, except among five or six fellow-apprentices, for being the best hand among them at turning a button. But look how he eyes, all the way, the house we have been speaking of—see how he bounds up the steps—with what a face, now cast down the area, and now raised to the upper windows, he gives his humble yet impressive knock—and lo! now look at the maid-servant's face, as she darts her head out of the window, and instantly draws it back again, radiant with delight. It is Tom Hicks, who has come up from Birmingham a week before she expected him. The door is opened almost as soon as the face is seen; and now is there love and joy in that house, and consequently a grace in the street, and it looks quite a different place, at least in the eyes of the loving and the wise.

This is our secret for making the dulllest street in the metropolis, nay the squalidest and worst, put forth some flower of pleasantness (for the seeds of good find strange corners to grow in, could people but cultivate them): and if our secret is not productive to everybody, it is no fault of ours: nay, for that matter, it is none of theirs; but we pity them, and have reason to think ourselves richer. We happened to be walking through some such forlorn-looking street with the late Mr Hazlitt, when we told him we had a charm against the melancholy of such places; and on his asking what it was, and being informed, he acknowledged, with a look between pleasure and sorrow, that it was a true one. The secret came home to him; but he could have understood, though he had not felt it. Fancy two lovers, living in the same street, either of whom thinks it a delight to exist in the same spot, and is happy for the morning if one look is given through the window-pane. It puts your thoughts in possession of the highest and most celestial pleasure on earth. No "milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale" is necessary to it,

though it is a very fitting accompaniment. The dulllest street, the dulllest room upon earth, is sufficient, and becomes a spot radiant beyond the dreams of princes. Think of George the Fourth in the midst of all the splendour of Windsor Castle, and then of this poor maid-servant, with her health, her youth, and her love, looking in the eyes of the man she is fond of, and hardly able to speak for gratitude and joy. We grant that there is no comparison, in one sense, between the two individuals, the poor old King, with his efforts at being fine and happy, and the poor young girl, with her black worsted stockings and leaping bosom, as happy as her heart can make her. But the contrast may serve to remind us that we may attribute happiness wrongly in fine places, and miss it erroneously in common ones. Windsor Castle is sufficient beauty to itself, and has poetical memories; but in the commonest street we see there may be the richest real joy.

Love is not peculiar to London on Sundays: they have it even in Edinburgh, notwithstanding what a fair charmer in 'Tait's Magazine' tells us, with such a staid countenance, of the beatitudes of self-reflection into which her countrymen retire on that day. Otherwise, out of love alone, we might render our dull-looking metropolitan Sabbath the brightest day in the week. And so it is, and in Edinburgh too, and all the Sabbath-day world over; for though, seriously speaking, we do not deny the existence of the tranquil and solitary contemplations just alluded to, yet assuredly they are as nothing compared to the thoughts connected with every-day matters; and love, fortunately, is an every-day matter, as well as money. Our Sunday streets look dull enough, Heaven knows, especially in the more trading parts of the metropolis. At the west end of the town, in Marylebone, and the squares, it looks no duller than it does on other days; and taking the spirit of the thing, there is no real Sunday among the rich. Their going to church is a lounge and a show; their meals are the same as at other times; their evenings the same; there is no difference in the look of their houses outside. But in the city, the Strand, &c., the shutting-up of the shops gives an extreme aspect of dullness and melancholy to the streets. Those windows, full of gaiety, and colour, and bustle, being shut, the eyes of the houses seem put out. The clean clothes and comparatively staid demeanour of the passengers make no amends for the loss; for with the exception of special friends and visitors, lovers in particular, it is well understood in London that Sunday is really a dull day to most people. They have outlived the opinions which gave it an interest of a peculiar sort, and their notions of religion have become either too utilitarian or too cheerful to admire the old fashion of the day any longer. Rest, with insipidity, is its character in the morning, newspaper reading excepted: church is reckoned dull, perhaps attended out of mere habit "and for the sake of example," or avoided from day to day, till non-attendance becomes another habit: dinner under any circumstances is looked to with eagerness as the great relief; the day then brightens up with the help of an extra dish, pudding, or friend; and the visits of friends help to make the evening as lively as it well can be without the charm of business and money-taking. Should there be no visitors, the case is generally helpless. The man and wife yawn, or are quiet, or dispute; a little bit of book is read, till

the reader complains of "weak eyes," or says that it is unaccountable how sleepy reading makes him, considering he is so "fond" of it; bibs are pulled up about the gentleman's chin, and gowns admired by their fair wearers; and the patients lounge towards the window, to wonder whether it is fine, or is clearing up, or to look at the rain-drops, or see what Mrs Smith is doing over the way. The young gentlemen or ladies look at the Bible, or the calendar, or the army-list, or the last magazine, or their trinkets, and wonder whether Richard will come; and the little children are told not to sing.

But the lovers!

These, however, we shall keep till the last, agreeably to the demands of climax.

But, stay a moment.—

So tender, or rather, according to Mr Bentham's philosophy, so "extra-regarding prudent," and so "felicity-maximising," is our heart, that we fear we may have been thought a little hard, by those whom we have described as uniting a sleepiness over their books with a profession of astonishment at their tendency, considering they are "so fond of books." But mistake us not, dear non-readers who happen to be reading us, or who read a newspaper though you read little else. Nothing would we ever willingly say to the useless mortification of anybody, much less of those who love anything whatsoever, especially a newspaper; and all the fault we find with you is, for thinking it necessary to vindicate your reputation for sense and sympathy on one particular score, when you might do it to better advantage by regretting the want of the very fondness you lay claim to. For in claiming to be fond of books, when you are not, you show yourselves unaware of the self-knowledge which books help us to obtain; whereas, if you boldly and candidly expressed your regret at not being fond of them, you would show that you had an understanding so far superior to the very want of books, and far greater than that of the mechanical scholar, who knows the words in them, and nothing else. You would show that you knew what you wanted, and were aware of the pleasures that you missed: and perhaps it would turn out, on inquiry, that you had only been indifferent to books in the gross, because you had not met with the sort of reading suitable to your turn of mind. Now, we are not bound to like books unsuitable to us, any more than a poet is bound to like law-books, or a lawyer the study of Arabic, or a musician any books but his own feelings; nor is anyone, more than the musician, bound to like books at all, provided he loves the things which books teach us to love, and is for sowing harmony and advancement around him, in tones of good-humour and encouragement, to the kindly dance of our planet.

One of the pleasantest sights on a Sunday morning in the metropolis—to us, of course, particularly so—but justly also to all well-disposed and thinking Christians—is the numerous shops exhibiting weekly papers for sale—the placards of our hebdomadal brethren, blue, yellow, and white, vociferous with large types, and calling the passenger's attention to Parliamentary investigations, monstrous convictions, horrible murders, noble philanthropies, and the humanities of books, theatres, and the fine arts. Justly did the divine heart, who suffered his disciples to pluck the ears of corn, and would have the sheep extricated from the ditch on a Sabbath, refuse to

I suppose, upheld him. The cause was this, as I discovered, when he checked with a smile the gratulations I was offering him on his supposed gains:—He had been struggling, he said, for years to keep his footing in England, but the struggle went against him. It was not that it was toilsome— toil he did not fear; but the fight was not fair,—the labour was not clean. This concert he had given as a last trial—'And you succeeded?' I cried. 'The room was full—but it was with free admissions,' he quietly replied. You may believe, sir, I wished myself anywhere else than where I was, sitting opposite the man whom I felt that I had been a party in injuring; though no such thought, I do believe, entered his mind. He continued, 'I am now on the eve of departure for another country—where, an inward voice tells me, better fortune will be my mead.' And it was true: everything was preparing for removal. Those walls, witnesses of so much happiness—happiness which evidently had had its source alone in the riches of the heart and mind of their master—walls, which had resounded with so much that was kind, hospitable, brilliant, and harmonious,—were now being despoiled of their tasteful decorations; and everything threatened that the man whose kind heart and great genius had hallowed the spot, was now dreaming of other lands."

"By Jove! that was well danced!" cried George Eldridge, as, springing from his seat, he ran off to compliment the object of his admiration.

The old gentleman smiled to find he had been storying to unlistening ears. It was not the first time.

W. R.

*. We doubt whether the complaint of our respected Correspondent is in this instance well founded. Music is a luxury, not a necessity: at least it is so thought; it goes, at all events, upon the principle of attraction, and if it cannot attract money out of pockets, as well as a cheaper attention, we know not that a moral ground of complaint lies against the non-payers. The desideratum is to refine their tastes; and this consummation, indeed, such remonstrances as the present may help to bring about, by showing how worthy of all acknowledgment the labours of the accomplished are held to be by liberal minds. We confess we have never thought the readiness to accept, or to beg, orders, a very handsome or considerate thing on the part of people who can afford to pay for them. We should be ashamed, for instance, to avail ourselves of orders furnished by a good actor or musician in no very flourishing circumstances, and then go and lay out the value of them in tarts, or a trinket, or any other superfluity.

AMBIGUOUS PROPHETS.

Thomas Learmouth, otherwise called the *Rhymer*, a native of Ercheldoune in the Merse, is reported to have lived during the reign of Alexander III. He was famous for his predictions of future events. On the day of Alexander's death, the Earl of March asked him, whether anything extraordinary would happen next day? "To-morrow," answered Thomas, "will be heard the most vehement wind that was ever known in Scotland." When the news of the King's death arrived, "that," said Thomas, "was the wind of which I spake." Fordun relates this story as a proof of his prophetic spirit. There is still a better story related of Apollonius Tyaneus by *Philostratus*, *Lib. iv. c. 43*. An eclipse happened at Rome in the days of the Emperor Nero, at the same time there was a violent thunder storm! Apollonius, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "ἔσται τι μέγα καὶ ἐκ ἔσται;" i. e. "something great or extraordinary will come to pass, and will not." No one could understand the sense of this enigma; however, it was soon explained; for a goblet in the hands of Nero was struck with lightning, and yet he himself escaped unhurt. This, according to the admirers of Apollonius, was the remarkable thing which was to happen and not to happen.—*Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland*

THE WEEK.

NINTH-DAYS AND OTHER ANNIVERSARIES.

MARCH 4. Ash-Wednesday, the first day of Lent,—a season so called from the Saxon *Lenten* or *Lengthen-tide*; that is the lengthening of day-light. The observance of abstinence at this season is a memorial of the fasting of Jesus. It is little retained except among Catholics, and it is very much qualified with them. Brand quotes an amusing clause concerning it from one of the Roman Casuists; namely, that "beggars which are ready to affamish for want, may eat what they can get."

Ash-Wednesday is so called from the custom formerly prevailing of blessing ashes on this day, and signing the people's foreheads with them at church, in token of the "dust and ashes" nature of man. The ashes were those of the palm-branches consecrated on Palm-Sunday.

Ash-Wednesday is no longer anything with us but a name; and Lent means little but a season in which people eat too much fish and egg-sauce, and go to the theatres in black to hear oratorios.

Same day, 1650 (according to Chalmers:—Gorton says, 1652). At Worcester, the son of an attorney, John Lord Somers, a celebrated lawyer and statesman, one of the leaders of the Revolution of 1688, and a man of great taste in literature,—the patron of Addison and Steele, and promoter of the fame of Milton. He appears to have been a genuine lover of freedom; but to have shown, in advancing its interests, something of the superfluous subtlety of a legal breeding, which subjected him, among other charges, to that of currying too much favour with the King (William III), for the sake of maintaining the Whigs in power. An unfavourable view of this conduct would trace it to an aristocratical leaven in his own nature; a favourable one, to his ulterior considerations of what was best for all. His taste in literature would argue for the latter conclusion. Of the former, an anecdote of him in his youth might be regarded by some as a prognostic. As it is an amusing one, and shows his father in a light of homely joviality, we here repeat it. The name of the landlord gives it an additional zest in these days, though the old gentleman would have hazarded no such brusquerie to its present bearer. It is curious, by the way, that the name of Cobbett is always found in connexion with Anti-Toryism. It was that of one of the Republican colonels in Cromwell's time.—Old Mr Somers (the biographers tell us) used to frequent the taverns in London, and in his way from Worcester was wont to leave his horse at the George at Acton, where he often made mention of the hopeful son he had at the Temple. Cobbett, who kept the inn, hearing him enlarge so much in praise of his son, to compliment the old gentleman, cried, "Why wont you let us see him, sir?" The father, to oblige his merry landlord, desired the young gentleman to accompany him so far on his way home; and being come to the George, took his landlord aside, and said "I have brought him, Cobbett, but you must not talk to him as you do to me; he will not suffer such fellows as you in his company."

—6, 1474. At Arezzo, in Tuscany, of a noble family, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, whom the lovers of energy in its visible aspect think the greatest artist that ever lived. Ariosto (in not one of his happiest compliments) punning upon his name, calls him

Michel, più che mortal, Angiol divino,—

Michael, the more than man, Angel divine;

and pursuing the allusion, it may be said that there is much of the same difference between him and Raphael, as there is between their namesakes, the warlike archangel Michael, in 'Paradise Lost,' and Raphael, "the affable archangel." But we must own it appears to us, that Raphael, by a little exaggeration, could have done all that Michael Angelo did; whereas Michael Angelo could not have composed himself into the tranquil perfection of Raphael. Raphael's Gods and Sybils are as truly grand as those of Buonarroti; while the latter, out of an in-

stinct of inferiority in intellectual and moral grandeur, could not help eking out the power of his with something of a convulsive strength,—an ostentation of muscles and attitudes. His Jupiter was a Mars intellectualized. Raphael's was always Jupiter himself, needing nothing more, and including the strength of beauty with that of majesty; as true moral grandeur does in nature. Michael Angelo was great in sculpture as well as painting, and was the chief builder of the magnificent church of St Peter. He also wrote a number of sonnets, partaking of the austere character of his genius. He was short in stature, but of energetic and venerable aspect; though Torrigiano, the sculptor, in a fit of passion, when they were at school together, broke the bridge of his nose with a blow of his little violent fist, and left it flattened for life; as may be seen in the busts of him.

Same day, 1482. At Florence, of a noble family, Francesco Guicciardini, an excellent statesman and historian, diffuse in his narratives, but sagacious, and a lover of truth. We regret we can only speak of him from the judgments of others, never having read his history. Like most of the great men of Italy, he also wrote verses.

TO THE FALSE ONE.

"—— Their perfume gone,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind."

Take backe thy gyfte—'tis deare no more
Sith false have prov'd the wordes I trusted,
Dimme are its gemmes, soe bryghte before,
Each lynke by Treach'rie's breathe is rusted.

Firme are those lynkes of purest golde
(Too firme to bee a trifer's tokenne)
Stille with unshakenne strengthe they holde—
They are not—like thy false vowe—brokenne!

Thou should'st have given a rosie chaine
Of budde that fade as ev'ning closes,
And even thenne too welles I weane,
Thy hearte had chang'd, before thy roses.

Thenne as each perfumed leafe and flowre
Of its fraile linkes had dropt awaye,
I might have counted houre by houre
The progrease of thy love's decaye.

M. S. R.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LX.—A HUMAN WILD BEAST APPARENTLY TAMED.

[From a curious piece of German autobiography just published, intitled 'Heinrich Stilling.' The author was a friend of Goethe's. We do not take for granted, as he does, the thorough conversion of the unhappy, and most probably wretchedly educated, subject of the present story; but the man, like other human beings, has a germ of goodness in him, and the contrast of his poor wife's patience and kindness is affecting.]

During supper, in the evening, Glöckner related a very remarkable tale regarding his brother-in-law, Freymuth, which was to the following effect:—Madame Freymuth was Glöckner's wife's sister, and of one mind with her concerning religion; the two sisters therefore came frequently together, with other friends, on the Sunday afternoon; they then recapitulated the morning's sermon, read in the bible, and sang hymns. Freymuth could not bear this at all; he was an arch enemy to such things, yet, notwithstanding, he went diligently to church and sacrament, but that was all; horrible oaths, drinking, gaming, licentious conversation, and fighting, were his most gratifying amusements, in which he passed his time, after his business was finished. When he came home in the evening, and found his wife reading the bible, or some other edifying book, he began to swear in a dreadful manner, and to say to her, "Thou canting pietistic D—, knowest thou not, that I will not have thee read?" He then seized her by the hair, dragged her about upon the ground, and beat her, till the

blood gushed from her nose and mouth; however, she did not say a word, but when he left off, she embraced his knees, and besought him with many tears, to be converted and change his course of life; he then kicked her away from him with his feet, and said, "That I will not, thou wretch! I will be no hypocrite, like thee." He treated her in the same manner, when he knew that she had been in company with other pious people. In this way he had acted ever since his wife had been of different sentiments to himself. But now, only within the last few days, Freymuth had become intirely changed, and that in the following manner:—

Freymuth took his departure for the fair at Frankfort. During this time, his wife was intirely at liberty to live as she pleased; she not only went to visit other friends, but also occasionally invited a considerable number of them to her house; this she did, also, last Easter fair. Once, when many of them were assembled in Freymuth's house, on a Sunday evening, and were reading, praying, and singing together, it pleased the mob not to suffer this; they came, and, first of all, broke all the windows within their reach, and, as the house door was fastened, they burst it open with a strong pole. The company in the parlour were alarmed and terrified, and everyone sought to hide himself, as well as he could. Madame Freymuth alone remained, and, on hearing the house door broken open, she stepped out with a light in her hand. Several of the mob had already burst in, whom she met in the hall. She smiled at the people, and said, good humouredly, "Neighbours! what is it you want?" immediately they were as though they had received a beating; they looked at each other, were ashamed, and went quietly home again. The next morning Madame Freymuth sent for the glazier and carpenter, in order to restore everything to its proper state; this was done, and scarcely was all finished, when her husband returned from the fair.

He immediately observed the new windows, and therefore asked his wife how that had happened? She told him the pure truth circumstantially, and concealed nothing from him, but sighed, at the same time, in her mind, to God for assistance; for she believed nothing else but that she would be dreadfully beaten. Freymuth, however, did not think of that, but was mad at the outrage of the mob. His intention was to take cruel revenge upon the villains, as he called them; he, therefore, commanded his wife, with threats, to tell him who they were that had committed the outrage, for she had seen and recognized them.

"Yes, dear husband!" said she, "I will tell thee; but I know a still greater sinner than they all together; for there was one who, for the very same reason, beat me most dreadfully."

Freymuth did not understand this as it was meant; he flew into a passion, beat upon his breast, and roared out, "May the D— fetch him and thee too, if thou dost not this moment tell me who it was."—"Yes," answered Madame Freymuth, "I will tell thee; revenge thyself upon him as much as thou wilt; *thou art the man that did it*, and art, therefore, worse than the people who only broke the windows." Freymuth was mute, and as if struck by lightning; he was silent awhile; at length he began, "God in heaven, thou art in the right! I have certainly been a real villain! I am wishing to revenge myself on people who are better than I! Yes, wife! I am the most wicked wretch upon earth! He jumped up, ran up stairs to his bed-room, lay there three days and three nights, flat upon the ground, ate nothing, and only occasionally took something to drink. His wife kept him company as much as she could, and helped him in prayer, that he might obtain favour with God, through the Redeemer.

On the morning of the fourth day, he rose with his mind at ease, praised God, and said, "I am now assured that my grievous sins are forgiven me!" From that moment he has been quite another man, as humble as he was proud before,

as meek as he had been previously wrathful and daring, and as heartily pious as he had before been impious.

This man would have been a subject for my friend, Lavater. The expression of his countenance was the maddest and wildest in the world; it needed only a single passion, for instance, anger, to be excited, and the animal spirits required only to extend every muscle of his face, and he would have appeared raging mad. But now he is like a lion turned into a lamb. Peace and serenity are impressed upon every muscle of his countenance, and this gives him an aspect as pious as it was previously brutal.

FOOD.

[The following article, translated from a local work on 'Boulogne sur Mer,' applies particularly to the edible productions of that place; but it bears a general interest; for who is not interested in eating and drinking? And the French are considered to have advanced a step before us in the chymical analysis of nutritive substances.]

The animal productions that serve the purpose of nutrition are the muscles, membranes, and all the tissues of the ox, the sheep, the pig, the hare, the rabbit, poultry, wild fowl, and a great variety of fish; both sea and fresh-water fish; together with shell-fish and crustacea. In each of these substances reside certain principles which concur with remarkable energy in the formation of chyle, and the quick reparation of all the powers:—these are *gelatine*, *fibrine*, *albumine*, and *osmazome*; but these nutritive principles do not always exist in the same proportions. They vary according to the age and species of the animal. *Gelatine* abounds in young animals; in adult animals, *fibrine* predominates. *Albumine* is found, more or less, in all. *Osmazome* is scarcely present at all, in the calf and pullet; but in the ox, and other full-grown animals, it is very abundant. It is to this substance that broth owes its colour, its aromatic odour, and agreeable flavour.

In examining their mode of action on the animal economy, it will not be difficult to distinguish the cases in which one or the other of these substances should be perferably employed.

Gelatine is obtained by a decoction in water of all the soft parts of animals; but particularly the skin, the tendons, membranes, and glands. The bones, also, being pulverised, furnish a great quantity. It does not digest as easily as is commonly believed. This mistaken notion causes it to be lavished on the convalescent, and generally on those whose failing strength is the result of a bad state of the organs of digestion. It is very nourishing, but too relaxing. When it does digest, it speedily produces an *embonpoint*, the character of which is, the paleness and softness of the flesh. *Gelatine* is never strictly proper, unless all the animal functions are in a healthy state, and in cases where a meagre state of body is not the result of any derangement of the stomach. For temperaments in which the white fluids predominate, its relaxing properties should be corrected by aromatics or some other stimulant, such as wine, spices, &c.—the mode of action is then totally different, and it becomes essentially tonic and strengthening.

Fibrine constitutes more particularly the flesh of animals; it is generally easy of digestion. It furnishes a large proportion of chyle, and leaves little or no residuum; it enriches the constitution by increasing the size and strength of all the tissues, quickens the sensibility, and gives energy and activity to all the functions. But to obtain these results, it is necessary that the *fibrine* should be united with *osmazome*; otherwise, its effects will be nearly the same as those of all the white parts of animals.

Albumine, of which the white of an egg is wholly formed, and the greater part of the yolk, is coagulated and hardened by heat to a degree that resists all efforts of digestion. Its nutritive properties, analogous to those of milk, are not to be relied on, unless when it is employed in a half-liquid state, whe-

ther alone, or combined with other animal substances,—then it is easily digested and assimilated.

Osmazome is obtained by the washing in cold water of any brown flesh: an extract is made of it, which is not nutritive, but which acts on the vital (*propriétés*) properties in a manner eminently stimulating, it penetrates the whole system of circulation excites the power of assimilation, and determines the chyloferous vessels to appropriate to themselves a greater proportion of the nutritious principles. Now, it will be readily conceived that the flesh of adult animals, containing at once *fibrine* and *gelatine*, the properties of which are advantageously modified by *osmazome*, would be the food best adapted for lymphatic constitutions, where there is a disposition to scrophula, and in all cases where the organs require stimulus; but, for the same reasons, it should be taken very moderately by those who are inclined to plethora, to active hæmorrhages, or other acute affections. It would be particularly injurious to nervous temperaments, and wherever there is any irritation of the organs of sensibility, unless tempered by a mixture of vegetable food.

What we have said of the flesh of animals applies equally well to poultry. Domestic fowl have white flesh, similar in its effects to that of young quadrupeds; whereas wild fowl and game in general have brown flesh, more resembling that of adult quadrupeds.

Fish do not, like birds and quadrupeds, contain the principle which stimulates the digestion; they contain, however, a large proportion of nutriment, the absorption of which is more or less easy in different individuals. There are, indeed, persons who can only eat particular kinds of fish; and others to whom it is altogether injurious, and in whom it excites an ardent thirst. The immediate action of fish on the animal economy, is not direct, like that manifestly produced by any aliment in which *osmazome* predominates; neither are the fluids and solids renewed, as by *gelatine* or *fibrine*; but in a manner much more calm. To this property, may, in a great measure, be referred the constitution of our seamen; it is also to the mild and tranquil digestion of this food that we may attribute the uniformity of their actions and habits.

Some authors have written that fish produce obstinate cutaneous affections, ulcers, adynamic fevers, and scurvy. We think that there has not been sufficient distinction made here between the salt and smoked fish, and the fresh. Sharp seasonings may affect the skin and the vital fluids; we have often observed these effects; but scorbutic diseases, and cutaneous affections, in general, are extremely rare among our seamen; whence we conclude that fish is a wholesome food, proper in all cases not requiring a stimulating diet.

The most common shell-fish in Boulogne, used as food, are oysters, *les peignes*, and muscles. Oysters are easy of digestion, and may agree with weak stomachs; but they are rather relaxing. Robust persons eat considerable quantities of them without inconvenience, their relaxing properties tending to correct the effects of too nourishing a diet. *Les peignes*, analogous to oysters in texture, are far from being as easy of digestion; and, though boiled with aromatics and other provocations, are proper only for persons of very strong digestion. In all other cases, they are not only improper (*contraire*) but positively injurious.

Muscles, from their abundance on the rocks bathed by the sea on the coast of Boulogne furnish a common article of food, and are a most important resource for the poor. Mucous as oysters, they act in the same manner on the animal economy; but they are justly mistrusted, because it sometimes happens that they produce serious indigestions, attended with violent pains in the head and stomach, difficulty of breathing, puffing of the face, and a red, sharp, and stinging eruption over the whole body; momentary coryza, and sometimes convulsions. It is remarkable that these effects do not depend upon the quantity eaten. For example: several persons will make a plentiful repast on muscles, and not be at all incommoded; one of the party will eat but two or three, and, a short time after, will experience the effects we

have described; on another occasion, perhaps, all the party will be affected, more or less, in a similar manner. What can we conclude from this irregularity, but that muscles have sometimes poisonous properties, dependant upon the state of their fluids, the nature of the substances on which they feed, or the degree of purity of the waters in which they live? There may also be some predisposition of the stomach, favourable to the action of these properties. But the observation of a long course of years has demonstrated, that the muscles taken on the rocks of Equihen, which are uncovered only in very low tides, are rarely unwholesome; whereas those taken nearer to the coast are by no means so wholesome. This shows that their poisonous properties depend partly upon the causes we have assigned. It seems, however, that the brown tubercle in the centre, vulgarly called the tongue, is the most common cause of indigestion—for those persons who are careful to remove this are not incommoded. It is observed, also, that if the muscle be moistened in vinegar, before it is eaten, its ill qualities are neutralized. It is important, then, always to observe this rule, if one would avoid accidents, always accompanied with pain, anxiety, &c. &c.

The crustacea are not rare in the country; but they eat only the crab, the lobster, and the shrimp. They are difficult of digestion, especially the two first. Though they all form a solid and very nourishing food, they ought not to be used without aromatics and spices sufficiently stimulating to prevent indigestion; even then, they are only fit for strong and vigorous stomachs.

The lobster is liable to affections which sometimes render it unwholesome. Its ill properties reside especially in a red substance called the coral, which is neither more nor less than the eggs, still very small, and placed in the interior of the body. On the 1st of September 1824, five persons suffered from indigestion, followed by prostration of strength, hicough, violent colics, faintings, and other symptoms of the most alarming nature—in consequence of eating of a lobster, with the flesh of which was mixed the coral, cut in small pieces. An evident proof that it was the coral that caused the evil was, that a sixth person, who was of the party, having had the precaution to put aside the morsels of that part which had fallen to his share, suffered no inconvenience whatever. As it has not been ascertained at what precise period the lobster becomes unwholesome, and it is impossible exactly to describe any characters by which that state may be recognized, it is advisable habitually to reject the coral.

VEGETABLE FOOD.

The various vegetables used as food, differ as well in their action on the animal economy, as in the quantity of nutriment they contain. As our limits will not allow us to examine each severally, we shall separate them into sections, comprehending all the analogies.

The Farinaceous. Of these vegetables, wheat is undoubtedly the one most generally employed. The abundance of gluten and nutritious matter that enter into its composition, render it preferable for the making of bread; it digests with the greatest facility, and furnishes a large portion of chyle. The exclusive use of this kind of food, however, occasions a superabundance of blood. Great bread-eaters have the vascular system full; the pulse, though strong, remarkably slow; and in general, a tendency to plethora. Their muscles become more strong and robust, but they have not the quickness of movement, and the elasticity of persons who live upon more stimulating food. The functions of the mind also have less activity, and the sensibility seems blunted. This state of apparent calmness always conceals the elements of inflammatory maladies, intense in proportion to the more or less superabundance of the sanguine fluid. Such a diet is improper, therefore, for persons of a strong and stout constitution, or persons subject to hæmorrhage, to the impulsion of blood to the head, &c., but it would be useful in cases of great nervous irritability, when the hæmatose is

viciated, as in scurvy; or where debility and poverty of blood announce a deficiency of the nourishing juices.

Farinaceous vegetables are valuable aliments, gentle in their action; and a mixture of them with animal productions, is, in some sort, the complement of the nourishment of man: but their quantity should be proportioned to the constitution, and to the predispositions which, according to sex or age, determine the liability to different affections.

Bread made of pure wheat is the best and the lightest; all its principles are almost intirely absorbed. That in which other flour is introduced—such as barley, rye, oats, or the fecula of potato, is not only more compact, but also slower of digestion. The former suits best for sedentary or inactive persons, because their digestive powers have less energy; but the second is best for the working classes. It makes them less sensible of the imperious calls of hunger, during the hours devoted to labour. Hot bread is always heavier than stale; and in all cases, crust digests more readily than crumb, because the latter, being much softer, requires little mastication; while the former, being more masticated, absorbs more saliva, and demands less effort on the part of the stomach. Long mastication is absolutely necessary to an easy digestion. Too little attention is paid to this fact, and to this omission many evils are attributable. It cannot be too earnestly recommended to weak and delicate persons to divide and temper their food in the mouth, as completely as possible, before it is entrusted to the stomach.

The Leguminous. In the number of aliments of this kind, it is necessary to comprehend the roots of certain vegetables, their leaves, their stalks, their seeds, and even their flowers. These parts contain different degrees of nutriment, and ought to be gathered at the most favourable period of vegetation. Thus, carrots, lettuces, asparagus, gourds, peas, cauliflowers, &c. are used only when the roots, leaves, stalks, seeds, &c. respectively, abound with sap; and each contains the nourishing and peculiar juices destined to the full growth of the vegetable. In fine, if the stalks were fully developed, the roots would become dry and woody, the leaves hard and cortaceous; they would no longer be susceptible of digestion, and would even cease to be nutritious.

Two parts necessarily exist in vegetables: the one contains all that is alimentary—it is the mucilaginous extract; the other is the vegetable fibre, which will not digest, and is constantly rejected. Now, it may be said, that the more mucilage any vegetable substance may contain, and the less of the fibrous part, the more it is susceptible of assimilation. The leguminous are by no means so nutritious as the farinaceous vegetables; and produce but a small proportion of chyle.

The effects of a constant diet of this kind are not difficult to distinguish: the stomach, wearied by the sweet moist mucilage of leguminous substances, furnishes to the assimilative agents but little nutrition, and peculiarly relaxing; thus, the contractibility of the heart is weakened, the skin loses its colour, and the vital properties of all the tissues become singularly relaxed; the blood itself becomes more liquid; and a full and swollen appearance often announces the want of energy of the acquired constitution. Such diet, then, is contra-indicated for persons of weak and feeble habit, and especially for those in whom the white fluids predominate. Neither are they proper for persons whose organs of locomotion have need of vigour and activity; nor those in whom an habitual state of indolence betrays the languor of the functions, and the *inimence* of a leuco-phlegmatic and weak habit of body; but, on the contrary, a vegetable diet may be employed to great advantage, where the thickening of the blood disposes to an inflammatory state. This regimen is no less proper when it is desirable to temper nervous susceptibility.

Unless in such cases as we have mentioned, leguminous vegetables, mingled with different kinds of meat, compose the best and most wholesome diet, because this mixture of the two is more strengthening than vegetables alone, and less stimulating than an

intirely animal diet. According to these principles, the more or less proportion of either should be determined by the constitution of the individual.

Fruits are not generally considered as food, but rather as accessories *en raison* of the quantity of saccharine, acidulous, or oily matter they may contain; the mucilage with which these principles are united, however, gives them nutritive properties more or less decided.

The sweet fruits used in Boulogne are apricots, plums, and the dried fruits, as figs, raisins, &c. The sugar makes them particularly desirable—it is of easy digestion; its assimilation is almost complete. Persons who use a great quantity soon become *em-bon-point*, and even plethoric; but at the same time it seems that they are slower in their movements, and deficient in activity, which always depends on the elasticity of the muscles. The sensibility also is somewhat diminished, and the brain appears to act with more calmness and tranquillity. But when the sugar contained in the fruit presents itself in the form of a mass of sweet mucus, then its mode of action differs, and this new substance becomes relaxing, occasions flatulence, &c. and all the organs are weakened. These effects are especially remarkable in delicate persons, and persons of weak digestion.

Sweet fruits are a great resource for convalescents, and in all cases where it is desirable to increase nutrition; but then two conditions are necessary:—the first, that these fruits should contain as little mucus as possible; the other, that the stomach be strong enough to overcome their laxative influence. In such cases this nourishment, judiciously mingled with substances slightly stimulant, will give strength to the constitution; but it will be readily conceived that it must be injurious whenever there is the least predisposition to plethora or inflammation.

The most common of the acid fruits are gooseberries, currants, cherries, strawberries, apples, pears, peaches, raspberries, mulberries, oranges, and lemons. Though the acetic, citric, malic, and moric acids contained in these fruits is always mingled with a considerable quantity of sugary mucus, they are not nutritious, but rather exercise their influence in exciting the appetite, and favouring the digestion of other substances eaten at the same time. It is necessary, however, that they be eaten in moderation, otherwise they will occasion serious disorders. One of the most sensible effects of acid fruits is their action on the circulation. The pulse beats slower; the animal heat is modified in a remarkable manner. The cellular tissue is clogged, and this explains why the frequent use of acids often brings on a state of leanness; but a moderate use of them, especially when the weather is very warm, gives to the whole frame a sensation of refreshing coolness that is very useful.

The oily fruits gathered in this country are nuts and walnuts; but almonds and cocoa-nuts also are used. Alone, they are hard of digestion, and although the oil they contain, united with the vegetable pulp, affords a sufficiency of nutriment, it is necessary to their digestion that they should be masticated until every particle be completely crushed. If not thus carefully divided, the stomach is wearied with vain efforts to digest them. These fruits are never better assimilated than when fresh, and intirely triturated with the salivary juices, and never more unwholesome than when they are stale, and their oily particles have begun to lose their purity. Oily fruits are in general softening, and their action on the several systems of organs tend to moderate their functions. Thus, persons who make great use of them are stout without being strong; their sensibility is in some sort dulled, and the understanding dormant.

THEOPHILOSOPHY.

He that thinks best of man, thinks most worthily of God. Man, savage man,—and of civilised man the more ignorant and besotted classes, like the devils, believe and tremble; not so he who keeps ever in his view the high destinies of humanity; he, whatever be his creed, believes and loves.—*Outline of a system of Education.*

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. VIII.—THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

BOTTOM the Weaver is a character that has not had justice done him. He is the most romantic of mechanics. And what a list of companions he has!—Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joiner, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, Starveling the Tailor; and then, again, what a group of fairy attendants, Puck, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed! It has been observed that Shakespeare's characters are constructed upon deep physiological principles; and there is something in this play which looks very like it. Bottom the Weaver, who takes the lead of

"This crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,"

follows a sedentary trade, and he is accordingly represented as conceited, serious, and fantastical. He is ready to undertake anything and everything, as if it was as much a matter of course as the motion of his loom and shuttle. He is for playing the tyrant, the lover, the lady, the lion. "He will roar that it shall do any man's heart good to hear him;" and this being objected to as improper, he still has a resource in his good opinion of himself, and "will roar you an 'twere any nightingale." Snug the Joiner is the moral man of the piece, who proceeds by measurement and discretion in all things. You see him with his rule and compasses in his hand. "Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study."—"You may do it extempore," says Quince, "for it is nothing but roaring." Starveling the Tailor keeps the peace, and objects to the lion and the drawn sword. "I believe we must leave the killing out when all's done." Starveling, however, does not start the objections himself, but seconds them when made by others, as if he had not spirit to express his fears without encouragement. It is too much to suppose all this intentional: but it very luckily falls out so. Nature includes all that is implied in the most subtle analytical distinctions; and the same distinctions will be found in Shakespeare. Bottom, who is not only chief actor, but stage-manager for the occasion, has a device to obviate the danger of frightening the ladies: "Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and for better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the Weaver: this will put them out of fear." Bottom seems to have understood the subject of dramatic illusion at least as well as any modern essayist. If our holiday mechanic rules the roast among his fellows, he is no less at home in his new character of an ass, "with amiable cheeks, and fair large ears." He instinctively acquires a most learned taste, and grows fastidious in the choice of dried peas and bottled hay. He is quite familiar with his new attendants, and assigns them their parts with all due gravity. "Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur, get your weapon in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thistle, and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag." What an exact knowledge is here shown of natural history!

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, is the leader of the fairy band. He is the Ariel of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; and yet as unlike as can be to the Ariel in 'The Tempest.' No other poet could have made two such different characters out of the same fanciful materials and situations. Ariel is a minister of retribution, who is touched with a sense of pity at the woes he inflicts. Puck is a mad-cap sprite, full of wantonness and mischief, who laughs at those whom he misleads—"Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Ariel cleaves the air, and executes his mission with the zeal of a winged messenger; Puck is borne along on his fairy errand like the light and glittering gossamer before the breeze. He is, indeed, a most epicurean little gentleman, dealing in quaint devices, and faring in dainty delights. Prospero and his world of spirits are a set of moralists; but with Obe-

ron and his fairies we are launched at once into the empire of the butterflies. How beautifully is this race of beings contrasted with the men and women actors in the scene, by a single epithet which Titania gives to the latter, "the human mortals!" It is astonishing that Shakespeare should be considered, not only by foreigners, but by many of our own critics, as a gloomy and heavy writer, who painted nothing but "gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire." His subtlety exceeds that of all other dramatic writers, inasmuch that a celebrated person of the present day said that he regarded him rather as a metaphysician than a poet. His delicacy and sportive gaiety are infinite. In the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' alone, we should imagine, there is more sweetness and beauty of description than in the whole range of French poetry put together. What we mean is this, that we will produce out of that single play ten passages, to which we do not think any ten passages in the works of the French poets can be opposed, displaying equal fancy and imagery. Shall we mention the remonstrance of Helena to Hermia, or Titania's description of her fairy train, or her disputes with Oberon about the Indian boy, or Puck's account of himself and his employments, or the Fairy Queen's exhortation to the elves to pay due attendance upon her favourite, Bottom; or Hippolyta's description of a chase, or Theseus's answer? The two last are as heroic and spirited as the others are full of luscious tenderness. The reading of this play is like wandering in a grove by moonlight: the descriptions breathe a sweetness like odours thrown from beds of flowers.

Titania's exhortation to the fairies to wait upon Bottom, which is remarkable for a certain cloying sweetness in the repetition of the rhymes, is as follows:—

"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes,
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies."

The sounds of the lute and the trumpet are not more distinct than the poetry of the foregoing passage, and of the conversation between Theseus and Hippolyta.

"THESEUS. Go, one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation if perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, go,
Despatch I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction."

HIPPOLYTA. I was with Hercules and Cadmus
once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd, like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear."

Even Titian never made a hunting-piece of a *gusto* so fresh and lusty, and so near the first ages of the world as this.

It had been suggested to us, that the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' would do admirably to get up as a Christmas after-piece; and our prompter proposed that Mr Kean should play the part of Bottom, as worthy of his great talents. He might, in the discharge of his duty, offer to play the lady like any of our actresses that he pleased, the lover or the tyrant like any of our actors that he pleased, and the lion like "the most fearful wild-fowl living." The carpenter, the tailor, and joiner, it was thought, would hit the galleries. The young ladies in love would interest the side-boxes; and Robin Goodfellow and his companions excite a lively fellow-feeling in the children from school. There would be two courts, an empire within an empire, the Athenian and the Fairy King and Queen, with their attendants, and with all their finery. What an opportunity for processions, for the sound of trumpets and glittering of spears! What a fluttering of urchins' painted wings; what a delightful profusion of gauze clouds and airy spirits floating on them!

Alas, the experiment has been tried, and has failed; not through the fault of Mr Kean, who did not play the part of Bottom, nor of Mr Liston, who did, and who played it well, but from the nature of things. The 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' when acted, is converted from a delightful fiction into a dull pantomime. All that is finest in the play is lost in the representation. The spectacle was grand; but the spirit was evaporated, the genius was fled.—Poetry and the stage do not agree well together. The attempt to reconcile them in this instance fails not only of effect, but of decorum. The ideal can have no place upon the stage, which is a picture without perspective: everything there is in the foreground. That which was merely an airy shape, a dream, a passing thought, immediately becomes an unmanageable reality. Where all is left to the imagination (as is the case in reading) every circumstance, near or remote, has an equal chance of being kept in mind, and tells according to the mixed impression of all that has been suggested. But the imagination cannot sufficiently qualify the actual impressions of the senses. Any offence given to the eye is not to be got rid of by explanation. Thus Bottom's head in the play is a fantastic illusion, produced by magic spells: on the stage, it is an ass's head, and nothing more; certainly a very strange costume for a gentleman to appear in. Fancy cannot be embodied any more than a simile can be painted; and it is as idle to attempt it as to personate *wall* or *moonshine*. Fairies are not incredible, but fairies six feet high are so. Monsters are not shocking, if they are seen at a proper distance. When ghosts appear at mid-day, when apparitions stalk along Cheapside, then may the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' be represented without injury at Covent-garden or at Drury-lane. The boards of a theatre and the regions of fancy are not the same thing.

A SAMPLE OF

THE SPELLING OF THE LADIES IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

[From the 'Memoirs of Dr Basire.' The letter was written to him during his exile in the royal cause, by his wife, a lady of a good family, and an excellent woman. Our extract is followed by a passage or two from her other letters.]

From Eglescliff, Feb. 10. 1661.

"MY DEAREST—I have received yowrs from Missina, dated the last of November, which is all I have received, sens S. Morkes day. I have and shall praise God for his gracious providens over you, in delivering you from the Pope and fryars envie. I pray God to prosper you stil in the good successe of your ministry, and to continue your prudence and care of yourself. I am sorry for your deare friend deth. Thoue you are not plesed to nam him, yet I thinke I know him—Ser John Gudrike brother. He told me his brother was dide of a pluresy as he was in his voyage for Englon. He axed me for you, and desired me to remember him to you. I saw him as I was retorning from bringing my Lady

Blaxton in hear going to see Ser William her husband, which is a presoner at *Moretake* casel neare Coventry. My lady now is at London, waiting if she can get him relest, and for the present is pat of with good words. Our dotter Mary is at hom with me, she is (I praise God) a relegos child, and serveable to me. Mr Hums hath tout her to rit. My lady had a great love and care of her. I found her all her close and paid Mr Broune for teching her on the verginalls. I shall have a care of all the rest as much as in me lais. I ret to my frend Busby according to your desire about Isache, but never had ansar from him. I very much desire if it ples God to settel you at Rome, that he may com to you. I do think he will be a gret comfort to you, and loves rising earlly to go to coul. When I tel him I have had letter from you, he axes if you have send for him.

"I most kindly thanke you for your deare, loving, and most constand care of me, and I do earnestly desire to arove myself what you thinke me in your cherrittabl good thots of me. All your delit is wall heare, and I shall pray and long to heare of your prospering in your besnes and good settelment agine; my vnkle ret to me that the marchands had agroced to *leon* (lay on) every one so much for you to agment your stipend. I shall just now rit to my Lady Blaxton, and let her know you are wall. Mrs Man and Mrs Garnett, the Dauensons, and Dr Clarke are wall. My Lady Gercon, I think, is ded, for when I saw her, there was no hops of lif. My Lady Hutten was wall, and remembers her to you. Oure good frend, Mrs Hungton, and her husband, are both ded, and Mr John Killinggoul. All the res of our neighbours and our neighbours are as yet wall. My deare respetes and seruies to your good frend Mr Tindal.

"Yours as much as euer in the Lord,
"No more, thene euer,
"F. B. (Frances Basire.)

"I praise God for all your contentedness to bare your crosses, for that is the way to make them easie and lite to you, to consedeer from hom they com, and how gustly wee deserue them, and how nesserary they are for vs, and how they cannot be auoided in this lif.

"My dearest, I shall not faill to looke thos plases in the criptur, and pray for you as becometh your obedent wife and serunt in the Lord,

"F. B."

In another letter she says—"I prais God I am very wall, and I cro fat."

In another:—"I want whit wain (white wine) to make pouthers in; heare is non to be got that is god."

And again:—"Dr Clarke and Dr Nealer liue of some *temberall* mens thy hauc, (live on some temporal means) but do not prech."

Female education was strangely neglected in this humble particular, up to a late period. Nor, indeed, did gentlemen perhaps spell with uniform correctness till the middle of the last century. We think we recollect instances, even in the autographs of Pope. There is a letter to him from his venerable mother, preserved in some of his editions, almost as full of involuntary comedy as the above.

CARDINAL VIRTUES OF WIT.

Cardinal du Bellay was so extravagantly fond of the works of Rabelais, that being once desired to ask a person of learning to stay dinner, "Has he read the book?" quoth he. The answer was, "No; he is of a serious cast." "Then let him dine with the servants," replied the Cardinal. As if there could be no merit without reading that facetious performance.

A REMARK WHICH WE BELIEVE TO BE WELL-FOUNDED.

If a man keeps always perfectly sober, with an even temper, and no display of wealth, he may pass unscathed almost everywhere.—*Alexander's Sketches in Portugal.*

SNOW-DROPS.

A LOVELY sisterhood of nuns ye seem,
White-hooded, in your cloister of the snow;
A sweet society, charmed to forego
Delights, whose Eden is the summer beam,
Sports of the field, and hauntings of the stream.
The lark will sing in heaven—the violet blow—
The cuckoo shout—its star the primrose show,
When ye are fled, like music, or a dream.
Sad am I for you, sweet ones! you must never
Wave your white beauty 'mid the summer bloom:
In life, death's sanctity must you endeavour—
A sad content—irrevocable doom!
Nature has fixed your fate—one cold for ever—
Winter your convent, and the snow your tomb.

R. H.

. This Correspondent (whose sonnet affords genuine proof that he has a right relish of the poetry he speaks of, and whose 'Gipsy King' we should be glad to see) has gratified us with a letter containing the following passage:—

Thousands of your Readers have had, if they are at all like us, a deep gratification—Keats's 'Eve of St Agnes' is beautiful—this we felt before, and now feel doubly, accompanied with your comment and interpretation. 'Isabella' is also a delightful poem—some of its lines are like solid bars of gold, once read they are read again, and never forgotten. But the same may be said of much of Keats's poetry. Of all our modern great poets he has been the least read and appreciated. As far as my experience in poetry goes, and the enjoyment of it, he takes his place with the highest—or why do passages from his poems come into the mind in the divine company of Shakspeare's and Milton's? I never read him without thinking of 'Comus' and 'The Midsummer Night's Dream.' What a chaste antique witchery there is in the 'Eve of St Agnes'!—what pathos in 'Isabella'!—and what a compass of mind and power in 'Hyperion'!—to use his own words,—"Might half-slumbering on his own right arm." You will, it is to be hoped, give and comment on 'Isabella,' and, surely, too, 'Comus.'

MUSIC.

Musical Library. No. XI. Charles Knight.

AN 'Andante and Variations' by Haydn, among the instrumental pieces, is one of the loveliest movements we ever heard; and very easy to play too; it is, therefore, to the taste, and within the power of everyone who can make the slightest use of his finger-tips. Clementi's pianoforte piece is a useful study for youthful practitioners, and very pleasing. Handel's overtures we cannot think suitable to one pair of hands, if to the pianoforte at all; much less to the very simple style of arrangement adopted in the 'Musical Library.' The vocal portion this time is not so good as it is wont to be. The madrigal is dull and tedious. The duet, from 'Lodoviska,' is pretty. The charming ballad of 'Sally in our Alley,' however, is worth a whole bookful of the rest; a most charming, simple, expressive composition it is. It is among the very best of inventions, original, true, and belongs, not to this or that style of music, so much as to our very nature. The composer learnt not the melody in the grammar, nor did he calculate it by any process of algebra or acoustic science; but he found it in his own heart, and gave it us as he found it. We could have wished that it had had a better accompaniment. It is true that the air being played in the accompaniment makes it all the easier to sing; but it very much deteriorates from the effect of which it is capable; and if a modern accompaniment be employed, it would have been as well to have made it as good as modern improvements in arrangement could have enabled it to be. It might, nay, it ought, to have been quite as simple; but the voice being unvaryingly in unison with the pianoforte, through the whole piece, has a very unpleasant sameness of effect.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE IN CHILD-BED OF TWINS.

BY LORD HAILES.

[Sir David Dalrymple, Scotch lord of session, the excellent writer of the 'Annals of Scotland.' His friend Lord Woodhouselee says truly of the following lines, that it would not be easy to produce from the works of any modern Latin poet (he might have added, or ancient,) a more delicate, tender effusion, or an idyllion of greater classical purity. It is a pity that the editor of 'Blackwood,' or of the 'Times,' or Mr Landor, or some other accomplished scholar, does not make a selection of these classical amenities, and give us them in a volume with notes and translations. Our friend Mr Webbe should do it. We are sure that men of genius, of all parties, would hail it with encouragement and delight.]

Vidi, gemellos, et superbiui parens,
Fausti decus puerperi;
At mox sub uno flebilis vidi parens
Condi gemellos oespice.

Tu, dulcis uxor! ut mihi sol occidit,
Radiante dejectus polo!
Obscura vitam nunc ego per avia
Heu, solus, ac dubius feror!

AN ATTEMPT TO TRANSLATE THE ABOVE.

I saw them, twins, a parent proud,
The blossoms of a happy bed:
A little while, a parent bow'd,
I saw them, through my tears, both dead.

But when thou left'st me too, sweet wife!
Oh! darkness smote me at noon-day.
Now through a lone and silent life
I stagger, nor can see my way.

L. H.

DESTRUCTION OF A SHIP AND ITS CREW BY A WHALE.

Not boats only, but sometimes even ships are destroyed by these powerful creatures.

It is a well-authenticated fact, that an American whale ship, the *Essex*, was destroyed in the South Pacific Ocean by an enormous Sperm Whale. While the greater part of the crew were away in the boats killing whales, the few people remaining on board saw an enormous whale come up close to the ship, and, when very near, he appeared to sink down for the purpose of avoiding the vessel, and in doing so, he struck his body against some part of the keel, which was broken off by the force of the blow, and floated to the surface; the whale was then observed to rise a short distance from the ship, and to come with, apparently, great fury towards it, striking one of the bows with his head, with amazing force, and completely "staving it in." The ship, of course, immediately filled and fell over on her side, in which dreadful position the poor fellows in the boats saw their only home, and distant from the nearest land many hundred miles; on returning to the wreck, they found the few who had been left on board, hastily congregated in a remaining whale-boat, into which they had scarcely time to take refuge before the vessel capsized—they with difficulty obtained a scanty supply of provisions from the wreck, their only support on the long and dreary passage before them, to the coast of Peru, to which they endeavoured to make the best of their way.

One boat was fortunately picked up by a vessel not far from the coast; in it were the only survivors of the unfortunate crew, three in number—the remainder having miserably perished under unheard-of suffering and privations. These three men were in a state of stupefaction, allowing their boat to drift about where the winds and waves listed. One of these survivors was the master: by kind and careful attention on the part of their deliverers, they were eventually rescued from the jaws of death, to relate the melancholy tale.—[From a very interesting and comprehensive little account, just published, of the *Sperm Whale, its Fishery, &c.* Effingham Wilson, pp. 58.]

A GENTLEMAN WITH A WIFE IN EVERY TOWN.

[FROM the second volume of the 'Hindoos' (just published),—a volume still more amusing than the first, and giving the most extraordinary pictures of Hindostan, which (with admirable things in it) may be called, in many respects, the very hot-bed of absurdity.]

THERE exists in Bengal a particular tribe of Brahmins, who conduct their marriages in a manner different from that which prevails among other members of the same caste. The history of this tribe is as follows. Formerly, there existed in Bengal but one order of Brahmins, called Satsati, all of whom were equal in honour. There was, consequently, no powerful rivalry to stimulate to exertion, whether in virtue or learning, and the whole caste insensibly sank into sloth and ignorance. For some time this state of things continued undisturbed. But at length a prince arose, who, incensed at their indolence and incapacity, and wishing to offer up, by pious and skilful hands, a sacrifice, which he designed to solemnize for obtaining rain, invited from a neighbouring state five Brahmins of learning and virtue capable of conducting the ceremony in a becoming manner. Their performance satisfied the monarch, who, as a reward, gave them grants of land; and from these five men, nearly all the Brahmins, now in Bengal, are supposed to be descended. Nearly the same thing, however, happened to their posterity as had happened to the Satsatis: ignorance, the vice which most easily besets mankind, intent, for the most part, on vulgar acquisitions, again crept in, and a second reform became necessary. Ballalsena, therefore, King of Bengal, observing among the Brahmins a great lukewarmness in the performance of their religious duties, determined to divide them into three orders, distinguishing one as a peculiar order of merit, to intitle a man to enter which the following qualifications were required: to observe the duties of the caste, to be meek and learned, of good report, to possess a disposition to visit the holy places, to be devout, not to desire gifts from the impure, to delight in an ascetic life, and to be liberal and beneficent. Those in whom these nine qualities were found, he denominated *Kulinas*; those who possessed some, but were wanting in other qualities, were called *Srotriyas*; while those, in whom none of these signs of superiority could be discovered, were termed *Vansajas*.

The distinctions thus created, and which still continue to be observed with great tenacity, have given rise to the greatest enormities. A Kulina may lawfully give his son in marriage to the daughter of a Srotriya, or even to a Vansaja; but, in the second case, on condition that his family, if the practice be continued, shall sink to the level of a Vansaja. This danger, however, he generally confronts with great readiness for a certain consideration; and the Srotriyas and Vansajas, vehemently ambitious of forming connexions with the privileged class, consent to expend enormous sums of money to obtain Kulina husbands for their daughters. For this reason, the male youth of this class are generally engaged as soon as born to women of the inferior tribes. But the contriver of the rules, by which these people regulate their conduct, neglected to provide for the daughters of Kulinas, who are forbidden to marry out of their class, and, unless very wealthy, can find no husbands in it. They therefore remain unmarried. Polygamy, itself an evil, is frequently resorted to as a remedy to the inconvenience resulting from this arrangement. The Kulina Brahmin, solicited and courted on all sides, marries a number of wives, some from his own class, to gratify his friends, others from among the inferior classes, through considerations of interest, to enrich himself, or to provide for himself a home in various parts of the country, where he may be lodged and entertained without expense during his peregrinations from one place of pilgrimage to another. The women of his own class he commonly leaves at the houses of their friends; of the others he generally takes one to his own house, when he happens to

possess one. But very frequently all his worldly possessions consist only of a shred of cloth and his Brahminical string, by the magic influence of which, however, he sometimes possesses a harem of a hundred and twenty ladies scattered over Bengal, each of whom is proud to call him husband, and looks forward to his distant and uncertain visit as to a season of rejoicing and jubilee. Numbers convert these kinds of marriages into a profitable speculation, and possess no other means of living. At each new marriage large presents are made them, which are renewed whenever they visit their wives. Thus a Kulina, having married into fifty or a hundred families, passes from house to house, where he is received with distinction, sumptuously entertained, and loaded at his departure with presents, in the hope of tempting him soon to return. In some cases the husband never sees the wife after the nuptials; in others he visits her once, perhaps, in three or four years. A Kulina of respectable circumstances never lives with the wife, who remains at the house of her parents; he sees her occasionally, as a friend rather than as a husband, and he dreads to have children by her, lest he should thereby sink in honour. In fact, to obviate this evil, they never acknowledge the children born in the houses of their fathers-in-law.

The prevalence of these preposterous customs is the cause of innumerable evils: the married women, neglected by their husbands, and still more their hosts of unmarried sisters, frequently indulge in every kind of debauchery and vice; while their husbands have lately been found, to a most extraordinary extent, among the most daring robbers and banditti.

FEUDAL AMUSEMENTS.

Henry de Lancaster, commander of the English forces, invited the Knight of Liddesdale to combat with him in the lists at Berwick. In the first course the Knight of Liddesdale was wounded by the breaking of his own spear. This accident having interrupted the sport, Henry Lancaster requested Alexander Ramsay to bring twenty gentlemen with him to encounter an equal number of English. The request was complied with; and the sports continued for three days. Two of the English combatants were killed on the field; nor was the loss of their antagonists less considerable. The point of a spear pierced the brain of William de Ramsay. After having been shrievd he expired in his armour. John Hay, an eminent person among the Scots, received a mortal wound. At this juncture, Patrick Graham happened to arrive from abroad. An English knight challenged him. "Brother," said Graham, *pleasantly*, "prepare for death, and confess yourself, and then you shall sup in Paradise." *And so it fell out*, says Fordun. He appears not to have felt any horror at a scene, where brave men, without either national animosity, or personal cause of offence, lavished their lives in savage amusement.—*Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to thank five of our Readers for supplying us with copies of the ballad of 'Cumnor Hall.' One of them expresses a wish to have some remarks upon it; but upon further acquaintance it turns out to be hardly worth the compliment. The story, too, is apocryphal. It is by no means certain that Leicester killed his wife; and Mr Sharon Turner, in his 'History of England,' has given reasons for supposing, that if the Countess did die of a fall down stairs, it was probably owing to accident,—a catastrophe of the sort being by no means uncommon. We have unfortunately mislaid the paragraph we had copied from Mr Turner; but, if we remember rightly, he says, that he himself had known three instances of such a death. It is well-known, that Bruce the traveller, after all his hair-breadth escapes in distant regions, died of a fall down stairs in his own house, while showing some visitors out of it. The closing stanzas

of the ballad are not without merit, and the first is so beautiful, that it makes one impatient of the mediocrity of the rest. The picture it presents has the true ballad freshness and simplicity,—the truth told in simple words. "Regent," perhaps, is not so well; but the rest is as fresh as the "summer night:"

"The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

We recollected this stanza: we had been repeating it, like a tune, for a week past, till the communications of our friends came to hand; and then were obliged to comfort ourselves for the breaking of the spell, by thinking how kind and prompt they had been in sending us so many copies within three days after the appearance of our request.

We received the amazing anagram of our friend T. T., and have not yet recovered of the perplexity into which it has thrown us as to whether our Readers would derive as amusing an astonishment from it as ourselves.

The 'History of the Streets of London,' contained in the Supplements, will have a copious index to it when concluded.

We have no recollection of seeing the Latin version mentioned by GODFREY GRAFTON. His 'Prayer' does great credit to his nature, but wants a little more vigour in some of the lines. The following passage in his letter is of a kind which particularly gratifies us:—

"I do not believe there is a man on earth, even among the worst of those whom the every-day, and particularly 'decorous world shuns as 'blackguards,' who has not in his heart of hearts some redeeming quality; and I do firmly believe that of all the publications which issue from the press throughout Great Britain, none is more calculated to cherish and draw out that kind of latent goodness than yours; and this I consider one of its greatest claims to attention; yes, even a claim superior far to its literary merit, though I am sure I shall not be accused of underrating the latter."

G. W. cannot do better than cultivate his taste for poetry, provided it be only the ornament of his leisure, and interfere with no duty of certainty. Even the greatest poets, when they begin life, have no right to reckon upon their genius alone; especially as it sometimes happens, that the greater the genius, the less likely is it to be so generally understood by its contemporaries, as to be of worldly advantage to its possessor. The great poet, therefore, must often work like other men for a subsistence, and be content (as he well may) with his enjoyment of his beautiful fancies and his prospect of fame. And the lesser must be glad that he too has a perception of the beauties of nature, wherewith to solace himself after his necessary tasks.

The corrections kindly furnished us by F. will be made in the way he mentions. They have been accidentally delayed, too late even for their appearance in the next number of the Supplement; but will certainly be found in the one following.

The 'Triumph of Cholera' is by no means destitute of merit; but it is too long for the LONDON JOURNAL.

We thank G. for his letter: but he is mistaken in identifying the occasional weakness of temperament he alludes to in the excellent individual in question, with the habit of the other. And the exclusiveness he speaks of, was as inclusive a thing as possible; and repelled (as indeed he guesses) nobody who had a hearty regard for any thing. That was the only qualification.

We have not room for the approbation given of us at such kind length by PHILOLOGUS; but it is duly valued. So also the letter of E. L.—s.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1835.

No. 50.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

PROCLAMATION EXTRAORDINARY!

THE QUEEN-BEE DEPOSED!

NATURE, Regina.

To Our Right Trusty and Well-Beloved Samuel Bagster, Junior, Dr Edward Bevan, Captain Thomas Brown, William and Samuel Curtis, Dr John Evans, Edward Jesse, William Kirby, John Claudius Loudon, James Rennie, William Spence, N. A. Vigors, and all and singular our bee-masters, entomologists, gardeners, naturalists, poets, and others whom it may concern, GREETING:

WHEREAS, by our singular good ordination, from time immemorial, our beloved and industrious little households, called Bees, purveyors to us of honey and wax, and singers of us to sleep by the side of our flowery brooks, have been, and are, and shall continue to be, till we think fit to ordain otherwise, the issue, male and female, lawfully begotten; of one sole Mother and Matriarch, falsely called QUEEN, who ruleth, like other mothers of households, intirely in right of her motherhood, and solely because she is the parent of all and singular the males, females, drones, workers, fighters, victuallers, sentinels, and all other denominations of bee whatsoever, separate or inclusive, and not because she resembleth in any respect the human Sovereign known by the name of Queen—

AND WHEREAS the said human Sovereign could by no parity of right or reason, except in the sense yeleft metaphorical, be styled Mother or Matriarch of the innumerable separate households, composing Kingdoms or Queendoms; but on the contrary would be justly and highly scandalised at the slightest intimation purporting that she was, in like and veritable manner, the actual mother and parent of all and singular her Majesty's foot-soldiers, horse-men, vestry-men, noblemen, bishops, members of parliament, corn-factors, hosiers, dyers, boot-makers, &c. &c. to the great confusion of terms and ideas, and detriment of her crown and dignity—

AND WHEREAS, furthermore, the state or condition of Motherhood, or Matriarchship, hath its own rights, dignities, and sovereign powers, as We who are both Queen and Mother well know, and standeth in no need of honours otherwise derived—

AND WHEREAS, most especially and lastly, it is of importance to all classes and denominations of creatures, to the furtherance of truth, and the operations of right reason, and beneficence, that the terms and ideas herein above-mentioned should be kept distinct and well apprehended, each in its proper confine and limitation, to the due glory of Me its originator (for in Me art originateth), and to the comfort and security of all things—

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE,

That from this present Wednesday the Eleventh of March, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-five, and henceforward through all time to come, in all books, poems, treatises, references, discourses, casual mention, and all and every mention whatsoever, the said Mother or Matriarch of the Bee-household, yeleft the Hive, do cease and discontinue to be styled and intitled Queen, and be denominated, and revered solely under the denomination of Mother or Matriarch as aforesaid; upon pain of our singular displeasure as the Mother

of Mothers, and Queen of all Things, of the contempt of the scientific, and the indignation of the lovers of common sense.

Given at our Court of the Winds, or Flower-Trumpeters, this eleventh day of the month of March, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-five, and in the Never-to-be-calculated Year of our Reign.

NATURE, R.

By Command,

EPHEMERIS LONDINENSIS.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

[Second Paper.]

HARD is it, thou coming kindness, and hard thou already-existing knowledge, and kindness too, of Christian philanthropists and philosophers, not to feel a wish to take the cane out of the hands of the beadle yonder, who is tyrannizing over barrow-women and little boys, and lay it about his own hat. In the name of God, what sort of Christianity would the law have, if it is not to be Christian?—if it is not to prefer "spirit" to "letter?" There are some men, according to whose notions it would appear as if heaven itself ought to shut up shop on Sundays, and afford us no light and sunshine. We verily believe, that they think the angels go to church on that day, and put on clean wings, and that St Paul preaches a sermon.

See now—here comes a little fellow whom they would suppress, clean as a pink, far happier than a prince, a sort of little angel himself, making allowance for the pug-nose; but innocence and happiness are in his face, and before him (not to speak it profanely) is the beatific vision of the piece of hot mutton, which he is carrying home from the baker's, and devouring with his eyes. He is an honest boy, for his mother has trusted him with carrying the meat and the baked potatoes; and it is the only bit of meat which he or she, or his father, can get to eat all the week round; and his little sisters are to have some of it, for they have all been good, and helped to earn it; and so here is a whole, good, hard-working, honest family, whom the religious eaters of hot meat every day would prevent from having their bit on Sundays, because why? Because it would do the poor souls any harm? No; but because it would do their rich dictators the harm of seeing their own pragmatical will and pleasure opposed, humours, the very result perhaps of their own stuffing and indigestion.

A Sunday evening in London, with its musical and other social meetings, such as cannot take place between men in business during the rest of the week, has parties enough to render it much livelier than it appears. But the lovers—the lovers are the thing. With them we begin, and with them we conclude; for what so good to begin or to end with as love? We loved as early as we can recollect; we love now; and our death will be a loving one, let it be coloured otherwise as it may.

When we speak of lovers on a Sunday evening, we mean, of course, lovers who cannot well visit on any other day in the week; and whose meetings,

therefore, are rendered as intense as they can be by the infrequency. What signify the circumstances that may have hindered them? Let them be button-making, or bread-making, or a clerkship, or servitude, or any other chance or condition of life, what care we, provided the love be genuine, and the pleasure truly felt? Burns was a ploughman, Allan Ramsay a hair-dresser, Gay at one time a mercer, Richardson a printer, Dodsley a footman. Do we suppose that the authors of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' 'Black-Eyed Susan,' and the finest love-songs in the world, did not make as cordial and exquisite lovers as the best-bred gentlemen about town, and that their mistresses and they did not worship each other with a vivacity and a passion infinite?

Our Sunday lover, then, is an apprentice or a clerk, and his mistress is a tradesman's daughter, and they meet only on Sundays and Sunday evenings, counting every minute till the time arrives, listening to every knock, trying to look calm when the other joins the family party; for they seldom see one another alone even then. But now they are at least in the same room, and happiness is with them. They see and hear each other; they see the little manoeuvres to get a nearer seat; at length they sit close together. The parents are not displeased, and let things take their course. This is, perhaps, the happiest time of courtship—when lovers feel secure of one another's affections, and only have just sufficient doubt of other security to make everything seem dependent on themselves and the result of their own will and choice. By degrees, as the family divide in their talk, they are suffered to talk exclusively together. Every word is precious; every question the most indifferent has a meaning: it is sufficient for one to say, "I like this," or "I like that," and the other thinks it a charming observation—a proof of fine sense, or feeling, or taste, or, above all, of love; for the eyes, or the quivering lips, or the panting bosom, speak with it, and the whole intercourse, whether speaking or silent, is one of intense acquiescence and delight. A gentleman comes up and gallantly addresses some smiling remark to the lady; the lover, if he is not quite sure of her mind, begins to be jealous. The gentleman moves off, and a remark at his expense prostrates the lover's soul with gratitude. The lady leaves the room to put a child to bed, or speak to a sister, or look after the supper, and darkness falls upon the place. She returns, and her footsteps, her face, her frock, her sweet countenance, is thrice blessed, and brings happiness back again. She resumes her chair, with a soft "thank ye," as he elaborately, and for no need whatsoever, puts it in its best position for being resumed; and never, he thinks, did soul, breath, and bosom, go so sweetly together as in the utterance of that simple phrase. For her part, she has, secretly, hardly any bounds to her gratitude; and it is lucky that they are both excellent good people, otherwise the very virtues of one or other of them might be their destruction. (Ah! they will think of this in after-times, and not look with severe countenances on the victims of the less honourable.) At length they sit looking over some pictures together, or a book, which they are as far from reading as if they did not see. They turn over the leaves, however, with a

charming hypocrisy, and even carry their eyes along the lines; their cheeks touch—his hand meets hers by favour of the table-cloth or the handkerchief! Its pressure is returned; you might hear their hearts beat, if you could listen.

Oh! welcome, war; welcome, sorrow; welcome, folly, mistake, perverseness, disease, death, disappointment, all the ills of life, and the astonishments of man's state! Those moments, nay, the recollections of them, are worth the whole payment. Our children will love, as we have loved, and so cannot be wholly miserable. To love, even if not beloved, is to have the sweetest of faiths, and riches finless, whilst nothing can take from us but our own unworthiness. And once to have loved truly, is to know how to love everything which unlovingness has not had a hand in altering—all beauties of nature and of mind, all truth of heart, all trees, flowers, smiles, hopes, and good beliefs; all dear decays of person, fading towards a two-fold grave, all trusts in heaven, all faiths in the capabilities of loving man. Love is a perpetual proof that something good and earnest and eternal is meant us; such a bribe and foretaste of bliss being given us to keep us in the lists of time and progression; and when the world has realised what love urges it to obtain, perhaps death will cease; and all the souls which love has created, crowd back at its summons to inhabit their perfected world.

Truly, we have finished our Sunday evening with a rapt and organ-like note. Let the reader fancy he has heard an organ indeed. Its voice is not unapt for the production of such thoughts, in those who can rightly listen to its consummate majesty and warbling modulations.

[Something yet remains to be said of 'Sunday in the Suburbs'.]

"PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH."

One of our fair Readers, not aware that we had designated special attention to this new work by Dr. Southwood Smith, has kindly forwarded it to us, with the following letter and notice; the former of which we publish in accordance with the love we bear to all genuine questions, especially in a womanly shape, and to the readiness which they evince for waiving their self-love in behalf of more general considerations. We are also willing to let the world see what a compliment she pays us, in likening our public spirit to that of the author. The book (as might be supposed from a lady's true writing about it) is unexceptionable in every conventional respect, as well as admirable in the rest.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

SIR,—I have just enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of reading the book I send to you. I am a woman, and having long and deeply felt the want of such knowledge as it imparts, and knowing how general the want is, I long to make public the out-pouring of my own mind on having at last found the means of satisfying it. I think I perceive in you a kindred spirit to that which has animated the author, and I therefore send what I have written to you. I wish that you should make whatever use you please of it, and even if you can make none at all, I think you will, perhaps, thank me for calling your attention to the work, if it should have escaped your notice.

I am, Sir, with many thanks for the pleasure I so often receive in reading the LONDON JOURNAL,

Respectfully yours,
S. Y.

Philosophy is the science of principles, and principles are, or ought to be, the basis of institutions; and the guide of reform whenever institutions become inadequate or corrupt. A mind accustomed to the investigation of principles, and to the application of them to practical purposes, is sometimes painfully impressed by the narrowness and inadequacy of proposed measures of reform, in which their advocates seem disposed, finally and contentedly, to rest; and still more painfully affected by the opposite and jarring opinions, that prevail, for example, on educa-

tion; on various political and social institutions; on the condition of woman; nay, even on the very object and end of the entire apparatus of society. These opposite and jarring opinions have their origin in the gross ignorance that prevails of that human nature, which all this apparatus is constructed for the purpose of influencing. The great majority of men know absolutely nothing, even of the frame-work of their bodies; could ignorance be more than ignorant, one might say they are in a state of still greater darkness relative to the operations of their minds; while, as to women, there is scarcely one who would not think there is a degree of impropriety in their so much as thinking of such subjects; and yet many of these persons are really anxious for their own improvement, and sincerely desirous to promote the welfare of their fellow-beings.

In this state of things, in this condition of darkness on the one hand, and of opposite and conflicting opinion on the other, the work before us seems to come like the "still small voice" that followed the whirlwind and the storm, when the prophet was seeking for God. It calls us back to Nature, and tells us about Humanity. It is truly an exposition. It presents no theories; it advances no doctrines; it opens to us facts; it details phenomena, and invites us to come and see, and seeing, to use our understandings and form our conclusions. It is true philosophy. If completed, as it is begun (for there is but one volume yet published), it must be an extensive work; but, when completed, the date of its publication will form an epoch in human existence. Sooner or later it must influence human minds, and its author must rank among the foremost of the benefactors of humanity.

The scope of the work is well expressed in the title—"The Philosophy of Health; or an Exposition of the Physical and Mental Constitution of Man, with a view to the promotion of Human Longevity and Happiness;" and the connexion and order of its subjects is thus stated in the introduction:—"The object of the present work is to give a brief and plain account of the structure and functions of the body chiefly with reference to health and disease. This is intended to be introductory to an account of the constitution of the mind, chiefly with reference to the development and direction of its powers. There is a natural connexion between these subjects, and an advantage in studying them in their natural order. Structure must be known before function can be understood; hence the science of physiology is based on that of anatomy. The mind is dependent on the body; hence an acquaintance with the physiology of the body should precede the study of the physiology of the mind. The constitution of the mind must be understood before its powers and affections can be properly developed and directed; hence a knowledge of the physiology of the mind is essential to a sound view of education and morals."

How much such a work is needed, they best know, whose knowledge of human nature is most profound; but to write it required a rare union of qualities—the anatomist, the physiologist, the physician, the intellectual and the moral philosopher combined. Of Dr Southwood Smith's qualification for the great task he has undertaken, a judgment may be formed from that part of it which he has accomplished. The volume before us is evidently the result of long and careful investigation. The arrangement of the matter is such, that subject after subject is introduced gradually and naturally, though extremely condensed; the descriptive part is full and complete; the style is remarkable for clearness and simplicity; it seems as if no useless word had been permitted to remain; yet the beauty and variety of the ideas conveyed by it give it the character of the highest kind of eloquence. Considered as a popular work, it will be found perfectly intelligible to all who study it; and from it the child might be instructed how it is made. "In the expository portion of the work," Dr Smith continues in the introduction, "I have not been anxious to obtain from the employment of technical terms, when a decidedly useful purpose was to be obtained by the introduction of

them; but I have been very careful to use no such term without assigning the exact meaning of it. A technical term unexplained is a dark spot on the field of knowledge; explained, it is a clear and steady light." This is the true way to deal with technical terms.

It is extremely difficult to make extracts from a work like this. The volume contains a general view of life, as existing in the vegetable and in the animal; the distinctive characters of the vegetable or organic, and the animal or sentient life, and the combination of the two lives in the animal; the definition of structure and function; the progress of structure and its increasing complexity, as the scale ascends from the vegetable to the animal, and from the lowest animal up to man; with a beautifully philosophical view of the cause of this increasing complexity, which is given "not arbitrarily, but from absolute necessity," and because "the number, the superiority, the relation, the range, and the energy of the functions performed by the higher being, require it. An account of the progressive advancement of life and of death follows. These subjects occupy the two first chapters. The third is devoted to an exposition of the conclusions deducible from the facts which have been detailed; they are important, grand, and cheering. That the end of organisation and of life is the promotion of happiness; that pleasure is the direct, the ordinary, and the gratuitous result of the action of all the organs, and that the higher the organised structure the greater is the enjoyment to which it is subservient; that pleasure flows from the exercise of every faculty, and the higher the faculty the greater the pleasure. That pain, though occasionally the result, is always the accidental, never the ordinary result, and that it is self-destructive, while the tendency of pleasure is to its own increase and perpetuity. The fourth chapter illustrates the bearing of these facts on the duration of human life, and shows both from physiology and from statistics that its term is capable of being lengthened; that it has already been lengthened considerably; that longevity is a good, since it is only the best portion of human life which can be lengthened, namely, the period of maturity, all the others, infancy, childhood, adolescence, decay, being fixed within narrow limits, while that of maturity varies greatly at present, according to different circumstances, and there is no reason why, at any fixed period, it should end.

The remaining three chapters give a general view of the structure of the entire body, and a particular description of one of its functions—the circulation. This part of the work is written with great care and precision, and by the aid of a large number of diagrams the subjects are made so clear that no one who studies them with attention can fail to understand them, nor, understanding, to be deeply impressed by the detail of mechanism so exquisite, of contrivances so wonderful, of means adapted to ends in a mode far surpassing human skill, of a mysterious power at work which human skill cannot approach—the principle of life generating power instead of merely collecting it; and carrying on operations of which the results only can be appreciated, the mode in which they are accomplished being beyond the power of human intelligence to perceive. From this part of the work it is impossible to make extracts; it is a treatise complete in itself, which requires to be read in connexion and with care. It is from the third chapter, in which the conclusions to be deduced from the general view of human existence are laid down, that they can best be taken, and even from them, no adequate idea can be formed of the work. Portions read separately may seem like theory; read in connexion they come with the force of demonstration; but the attempt must be made.

We have been taught, step by step, that the vegetable or organic life builds up, and exists for the purpose of building up the animal life. "What then is the object of the animal life?" This object, whatever it be, must be the ultimate end of organisation, and of all the actions of which it is the seat and the instrument.

"Two functions, sensation and voluntary motion,

are combined in the animal life. Of these two functions, the latter is subservient to the former: voluntary motion is the servant of sensation, and exists only to obey its commands.

"Is sensation, then, the ultimate object of organization? Simple sensation cannot be an ultimate object, because it is invariably attended with an ultimate result; for sensation is either pleasurable or painful. Every sensation terminates in a pleasure or a pain. Pleasure or pain, the last event in the series, must then be the final end.

"Is the production of pain the ultimate object of organization? That cannot be, for the production of pain is the indirect, not the direct,—the extraordinary, not the ordinary, result of the actions of life. It follows that pleasure must be the ultimate object, for there is no other of which it is possible to conceive. The end of organic existence is animal existence; the end of animal existence is sentient existence; the end of sentient existence is pleasurable existence; the end of life, therefore, is enjoyment. Life commences with the organic processes; to the organic are superadded the animal; the animal processes terminate in sensation; sensation ends in enjoyment: it follows that enjoyment is the final end. Now this every organ is constructed; to this every action of every organ is subservient; in this every action ultimately terminates."—P. 78.

The proof is made out from every one of the faculties, beginning with the lowest, the first springs of organisation and of life, and going on to the moral faculty, the crown and the glory of man. It is difficult to know where to choose; the exposition of each is so beautiful; but omitting the pleasures to be derived from the use of the senses, the pleasure of the eye in seeing, the ear in hearing, the pleasure arising from the use of the intellectual faculties, and the still higher pleasures arising from the use of the moral faculties, we shall extract, as being less obvious than likely to occur to minds in general, the passage illustrative of the mode in which pleasure is attached to the exercise of the organic organs; that which shows the heightening of the pleasures of sense by the addition of the intellectual faculties; and that which relates to the harmonious junction of the selfish and sympathetic parts of man's nature.

A little explanation is necessary before extracting the passages illustrative of the modes in which pleasure is attached to the action of the organic organs. The action of these organs is unattended with consciousness; we do not know, for example, when the blood is propelled onwards by the heart, or when it flows through the vessels to supply the body. A distinct set of nerves, called the sympathetic, which are destitute of sensation, preside over their action; but, by a special provision, each sentient nerve, before going to supply the animal organs to which it is destined, sends off two branches which mingle with the sympathetic nerves. "What is the result? That organic organs are rendered sentient; that organic processes, in their own nature insensible, become capable of affecting consciousness. What follows? What is the consciousness excited? Not a consciousness of the organic process. Of that we still remain wholly insensible. Not simple sensation. The result uniformly produced, as long as the state of the system is that of health, is pleasurable consciousness. The heart sends out to the organs its vital current. Each organ abstracting from the stream the particles it needs, converts them into the peculiar fluid or solid it is its office to form. The stomach, from the arterial streamlets circulating through it, secretes gastric juice; the liver, from the venous streamlets circulating through it, secretes bile. When these digestive organs have duly prepared their respective fluids, they employ them in the elaboration of the aliment. We are not conscious of this elaboration, though it goes on within us every moment; but is consciousness not affected by the process? Most materially. Why? Because sentient mingle with organic nerves; because the sentient nerves are impressed by the actions of the organic organs. And how impressed? As long as the actions of the organic organs are sound, that is, as long as their processes are duly performed,

the impression communicated to the sentient nerves is in its nature agreeable; is, in fact, the pleasurable consciousness which constitutes the feeling of health. The state of health is nothing but the result of the due performance of the organic organs: it follows, that the feeling of health, the feeling which is ranked by everyone among the most pleasurable of existence, is the result of the action of organs of whose direct operations we are unconscious. But the pleasurable consciousness thus indirectly excited, is really the consequence of a special provision, established for the express purpose of producing pleasure. Processes, in their own nature insensible, are rendered sentient expressly for this purpose, that, over and above the special object they serve, they may afford enjoyment. In this case, the production of pleasure is not only altogether gratuitous, not only communicated for its own sake, not only rested in as an ultimate object, but it is made to commence at the very confines of life; it is interwoven with the thread of existence; it is secured in and by the actions that build up and that support the very framework, the material instrument of our being."

"But if the communication of sensibility to processes in their own nature incapable of exciting feeling, for the purpose of converting them into sources of pleasurable consciousness, indicate an express provision for the production of enjoyment, that provision is no less exemplified in the point at which this super-added sensibility is made to cease.

"Some of the consequences of a direct communication of consciousness to an organic process have been already adverted to. Had the eye, besides transmitting rays of light to the optic nerve, been rendered sensible of the insensate passage of each ray through its substance, the impressions excited by luminous bodies, which is indispensable to vision, the ultimate object of the instrument, if not wholly lost, must necessarily have become obscure, in direct proportion to the acuteness of this sensibility. The hand of the musician could scarcely have created its varied and rapid movements upon his instrument, had his mind been occupied at one and the same instant with the process of muscular contraction in the finger, and the idea of music in the brain. Had the communication of such a two-fold consciousness been possible, in no respect would it have been beneficial, in many it would have been highly pernicious; and the least of evils resulting from it would have been, that the inferior would have interrupted the superior faculty, and the means deteriorated the end. But in some cases the evil would have been of a much more serious nature. Had we been rendered sensible of the flow of the vital current through the engine that propels it; aware the distensions of the delicate valves that direct the current ever present to our view; by some inward feeling were we reminded, minute by minute, of the progress of the aliment through the digestive apparatus; and were the mysterious operations of the organic nerves palpable to sight, the terror of the maniac, who conceived that his body was composed of unannealed glass, would be the ordinary feeling of life. Every movement would be a matter of anxious deliberation; and the approach of every body to our own would fill us with dismay. But adjusted as our consciousness actually is, invariably the point at which the organic process begins, is that at which sensation ends. Had sensation been extended beyond this point it would have been productive of pain: at this point it uniformly stops. Nevertheless, by the indirect connexion of sensation with the organic processes, a vast amount of pleasure might be created: a special apparatus is constructed for the express purpose of establishing the communication. There is thus the two-fold proof, the positive and the negative, the evidence arising as well from what they do as from what they abstain from doing, that the organic processes are, and are intended to be, sources of enjoyment."—P. 88.

[This notice to be concluded next week.]

THE WEEK.

BIRTH-DAYS.

TASSO—BARKLEY.

March 11, 1544. At Sorrento, in the Bay of Naples, of a noble family, Torquato Tasso, author of *Jerusalem Delivered*. A grave, majestic, and true, but inferior however to Ariosto, and far inferior to Dante, because he too often wrote like a poet of books, instead of drawing upon his own primitive feelings; and indulged in pretty turns of words, even in his epic poem. He was a man of a noble but somewhat morbid nature, too sensitive to the dignity of his vocation; which ultimately embroiled him with the court he served, and, in conjunction with unworthy treatment, disturbed his wits. Tasso has been abundantly made use of by Spenser and Milton. The life of him by Dr Black of Edinburgh deserves a place in all poetical libraries. He was of a striking presence, tall and well made, with a large head, deep blue eyes, piercing in their regard, and had a clear, solemn voice, and a deliberate utterance.

— 12, 1684. In the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, in Ireland, son of an English gentleman, who was collector of Belfast, — George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, an illustrious metaphysician and philanthropist, who put the world upon examining that extraordinary Platonic puzzle of the non-existence of matter; substance, he said, being nothing but an idea existing in the mind, and upheld thereby by the constant exercise of the will of God; — a very pious and sublime proposition, and susceptible of disproof by the human faculties; though, on the other hand, the amount of those faculties appears to render all final conclusions on such subjects impossible. One of his most ingenious and perplexing arguments, next to that of inducing every sensation to a perception of the infinite, without which certainly its existence would be the same as non-existence, was, that Nature never took two means of doing anything when she could do it by one; and that, therefore, it would therefore be superfluous in her to create both the perception and the thing perceived. The perception, he said, was the thing perceived. And, if you asked him how things always remained in the places in which you left them, or were raised and found elsewhere by others, &c. &c., the truest reply was really, that the Divine Being so willed it; an argument which has more in it than appears at first sight; because, reason about the question as we may, the first counter-mystery, remains a mystery as ever, and God might evidently will it to be what Berkeley says, as well as something more accordant with ordinary opinion. On the other hand, it would seem, that God might consent, with the ordinary opinion to bewitch it in and with the most unaffected reverence for Berkeley (who was one of his divines' earthly patrons, and had a right to "sweeten" in his notions), was one of the class of thinkers (if we may lay claim to the appellation at all) who take the common sense of these matters for proofs of them; and believe in the distinction between matter and spirit, as God has impressed it in the common mind. Berkeley was one of the most amiable and disinterested of men, giving up time, money, and favour for the good of his fellow-creatures, and taking an early part in that diffusion of knowledge, which the junction of Christianity with modern philosophy has at length made characteristic of civilisation. Those of his eminent friends, the wits and philosophers of the day (for he was beloved by all parties) who ventured to banter his metaphysics, reviled him all the while, and almost adored him. Pope said, he had "every virtue under heaven;" and Arbuthnot declared, that till he had seen Berkeley, "he did not think so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much endurance, and so much humility, had been the portion of any but angels." When he began life, he wrote in the *Guardian*, and is said to have had "a guinea and a dinner" from Steele for every paper he contributed; a vulgar mistake, surely, meaning that whenever his young friend thought his paper, he was asked to stay dinner as a matter of course, or of reciprocal pleasure; for Steele

was not the man to mete out his payments in that fashion. "Besides giving up other emoluments, Berkeley had such a dislike of non-residence, that, when he wished to retire into a life of scholarship, he petitioned to be allowed to give up his bishoprick, valued at 1,400*l*. a-year; a request which so astonished and delighted George the Second, that he declared he should "die a bishop in spite of himself."—This great and good man was handsome, "with a countenance full of meaning and kindness," and of a temperament between sanguine and melancholy, strong in muscle, but what we should call delicate in the nerves. He had a happy death, expiring suddenly at the tea-table without a groan, while reclining on a sofa.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LII.—THE MURDERER WHO WAS NO MURDERER.

[The closing paragraph of this story (which is quoted from the 'Theory of Presumptive Proof,' in 'Cecil's Sixty Curious Narratives'), winds it up with a singular increase of dramatic interest,—if we may use terms of the stage in speaking of such frightful realities. It reminds us, though dissimilar in other respects, of an account we have read somewhere of a lady who dreamt that her maid-servant was coming into her room to kill her, and who, rising in her bed in the agitation of waking, beheld the woman actually entering the door for that purpose. Imagine the appalled situation of both parties!]

JONATHAN BRADFORD kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford, in the year 1736. He bore an unexceptionable character. Mr Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's; he there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and, in conversation, unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers,—the gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen, being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being repeated, he softly awaked his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing as of one dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans; and, the door being ajar, saw a light in the room; they entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation, on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him, with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt! The gentlemen soon discovered the person was a stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer: he assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and was but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but, nevertheless, with such an apparent indication of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression, on writing out his mittimus, "Mr Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole county. Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again, in every company. In the midst of all this predetermination came on the assizes at Oxford; Bradford was brought to trial, he

pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen; they testified to the finding Mr Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; that knife, and the hand which held it, bloody; that, on their entering the room, he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man, and that, a few moments preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before the gentlemen: he had heard a noise; he suspected some villany transacting; he struck a light; he snatched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrible scene.

This defence, however, could be considered but as weak, contrasted with several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong. There was little need left of comment, from the judge in summing up the evidence. No room appeared for extenuation! And the jury brought in the prisoner guilty, even without going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were those assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by Mr Hayes's footman; who, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and escaped to his own room; which could have been, from the very circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford) on a bed of sickness; it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

It is much to be wished that this account could close here; but it cannot. Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was, nevertheless, the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr Hayes had declared at supper, as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement!—he could not believe his senses!—and in turning back the bed-clothes, to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and the knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY ROBERTON WEBER.

"Nos probabilis multa habemus, quæ sequi facile, affirmare vix possumus."—Cic. (Acad. Lib. ii. Edit. prim.)

THE string that inclines the kite to the wind, limits its ascent; the water that floats the ship, surrounds it with a resisting power. Language is at once our liberator and our enslaver; our liberator from brute ignorance, our enslaver in the chains of conventionalism. It presents us with the only continuous medium of communication, yet invests it with such circumstances of form and manner as shackle the operations of the mind, and leave the subtleties of thought to be delivered in imperfect hints and half-disclosures. None of our faculties are illimitable, but many of our faculties have very different degrees of extension, and there can be no question that while the imagination ranges over a kingdom only bounded by the circle of experience, speech is confined to a much narrower province.

It is difficult to imagine a system of language of greater scope and capacity than that which prevails in the world at this day; it is also difficult to conceive that any possible innovations or refinements that might be engrafted on that system, such as it is, could materially extend its compass; in reasoning,

therefore, on this subject, we may fairly take it for granted, that what with the living tongues, and the dead tongues, and "all the tongues that Babel cleft this world into," mankind has already witnessed the full development of the powers of language. But who will be so rash as to say that the mind of man has run its course? In a savage state, when the thoughts of men are limited to the mere objects of their appetite; or in a state of first society, where the mind, though of another growth, is still conversant with none but objects of familiar contemplation, the resources of language are abundantly sufficient for all the purposes of communication; but in a highly civilized age, when bodily labour has ceased to be the inheritance of all, and many are thrown on meditation as their portion—when men begin to examine themselves more curiously, and to regard with attention the wondrous operations of their minds,—then begins the perplexity of language: then involutions, perversions, forced applications, contradictions, anomalies, thicken fast, and confess the original weakness that engenders them. Language is a garment that the mind outgrows; in the infancy of the human intellect, it covers and nurtures it, and gives it warmth, but, in the end, becomes a close and binding shroud that puts a mortal weight on all our aspirations, and from which we endeavour in vain to deliver ourselves. Is this too much to say—shades of Aristotle, Plato, Hartley, Locke? In your state of heavenly knowledge, declare—what evil hand withheld you from the perfect sight of the truth for which you toiled? Why did you do so much, yet do no more? Is it not that phraseology enveloped you like a fog, confounded your operations, and obscured your view? Does not the road to truth lie straight before us; while the labyrinth of words winds round and round, for ever returning to the same point, so that we make much ado but no way, and either become blinded and overwhelmed amidst an "inevitable error," or, at the best, escape to no better credit than to have ended where we begun? I do not, however, forget that there are other imperfections in our condition, other and more formidable obstructions besetting the paths of philosophical inquiry; nor indeed can I think it doubtful, that there exists in morals, as in physics, a gravitating principle, which must continue to all eternity to bring down, on the head of the projector, the Sisyphus stone of metaphysical speculation. But how much of this discomfiture, we may ask, rests with language? "These words," says Horne Tooke of his particples and adjectives in disguise, "these words, not understood as such, have caused a metaphysical jargon, and a false morality;" and so far he was unquestionably in the right; but he adds—"which can only be dissipated by etymology;" and here I confess I think him wrong—if, at least, he means that etymology is in itself a sufficient antidote against false morals, and that truth and virtue need only to be sought in the roots of words. Etymology, indeed, might ferret Sophistry out of some of her old holes, but she would only take refuge in new quarters where he could not reach her: though Horne Tooke reduces her allowance to a noun and a verb, she can extract from these quite enough of the spirit of falsehood to maintain herself in a flourishing condition. I think with Horne Tooke that an abuse of language is an abuse of reason, but I also think (a position on which I propose to argue hereafter) that language is—even in its healthiest and soundest state, and under every conceivable advantage, whether of ability in the writer or capability in the reader—an instrument naturally defective and full of flaws. At present, I only propose to consider some of the most obvious of these, and to show that if our ideas are liable to error, the vehicle of those ideas is still more commonly at fault. A man more frequently outrages the truth in speech than in thought; he more frequently talks than thinks wrongly. To be convinced of this, we have only to fasten on any ordinary remark that may be elicited in conversation, and compare the thing expressed with the thing intended; in nine cases out of ten it will be found that the latter is just, while the for-

mer is absurd. I do not here allude to certain conventional hyperboles and familiar idioms well understood, respecting which it might very properly be answered that particular instances of perversion can afford no ground for a general argument. But I refer to the character of our ordinary expressions, even when we seek to convey some obvious meaning in the clearest manner;—habit blinds us to half the absurdities we utter. Were I to indulge myself in copious illustrations, I should exhaust the Reader's patience before I exhausted my list of examples; a few, however, will be sufficient, and will lead to the apprehension of others.

What shall we say to a "dry humour"—"a false verdict"—"a forgery of gold"—"an infamous notoriety"—"accustomed insolence"—"a sedentary course"—"a weekly journal"—"critical judgment"—"necessity of giving way,"—or to such expressions as "to lay down the law"—"an occasion arose" (and in the Latin, if I mistake not, "orta est occasio,")—"it rose up accidentally"—"he raised an impression"—"the subject was not submitted"—"his pains were the cause of his indolence,"—or such tautologies as "a substantial understanding"—"a falling ruin"—"a common vulgarity"—"a despotic master"—"a hospitable host"—"a habit that he had"—"vivere vitam"—"dare donum," &c.

Some of these, it is true, are such as a fastidious writer would not employ; but others are sanctioned by the example of all authors, and form part of the current coin of language. Here, then, is a choice dish of mixed metaphors, obscure figures, and palpable nonsense! And from this confusion—what page of what book is free? what five minutes of what conversation? If contradictions and anomalies of this kind were merely the result of a slovenly style of speech—an effect for which not language itself, but only the guardians of language had to answer, then the question might take another shape; but the truth seems to be, that the innumerable corruptions with which language is overlaid are no fortuitous blemishes induced by peculiar causes, but natural imposthumes on the surface of a body originally weak—a sort of cutaneous disorder—hereditary and incurable. So much so, that if we could conceive a people intirely composed of scholars and linguists going and settling themselves in some distant island, and carrying along with them a perfect pattern of a language which it was their sole care to preserve from contamination and decay, we might nevertheless safely predict that before many centuries had passed over the heads of this conservative colony, their treasure would no more resemble its original self, than the whiteness of the unsullied snow on the peak of Mont Blanc resembles the colour of a Cheapside thaw.—Nations may rise, and fall, and rise again; the character of a people may degenerate, and regenerate; we pass from liberty to licentiousness, from licentiousness to weakness, from weakness to slavery, from slavery to want, from want to rebellion, and so back again to liberty. But when language has once lost its primitive simplicity, which is pretty soon, it never recovers itself, it has no principle of resiliency in it as man has, and it continues to the end of the chapter to go along on a sort of hobby-horse of shifts and expedients.†

That a certain limited number of primitive words should beget the whole vocabulary, is all very well; no one will question their undoubted right to any extent of family they may choose to have. As all

* That is to say a dry moisture—a false truth—an iron-working of gold—an infamous famousness—accustomed unaccustomedness—a sitting run—a weekly daily—judging judgment—unyieldingness of yielding (if I am right in deriving necessitas from *ne* negative and *cedo* or *cesso*)—to lay down the laid-down—a falling arose—it rose up falling—ly—he raised a pressing-in (and a pressing in is a pressing down)—that which was thrown under was not sent under—his pains were the cause of his absence from pain—an understanding understanding—a falling falling—a common commonness, &c.

† What Horace says of words—that like the leaves of the trees they fall, but presently "flourish again with a new birth," is very true, but does not disprove what I have said; all he means by the simile is, that certain words go out of fashion, and by and by come in again; but this is no "new birth" for language—no return to first principles.

our ideas turn—with more or less consciousness on our part—on some few general sensations, so it is natural that words, the interpreters of those ideas, should in like manner spring from a few simple roots. But that these should gradually bid adieu to all the family ties—cut their relations—and enter into foreign service, running a race to the utter confusion of common sense, and the infinite botheration of their patient historians the philologists, does seem a little hard.

Let us consider for a moment that class of words which Horne Tooke says "compose the bulk of every language," and let us enjoy their perplexity a little. "Those," he says, "which are derived from the Latin, French, and Italian, are easily recognised;" but he does not say that they are as easily reconciled to propriety. His business lay with the Saxon part of English, and he did not concern himself with these anomalous features to which I am adverting. Had he done so, he would no doubt, in his usual perspicuous manner, have rendered an account of them as nearly approaching to satisfaction as it is possible; nevertheless he could not have proved that obscurity was not a grievous evil, merely because he was able to grope his way through it. But, first of all, here are a few of the *patriarchs*; prithee, Reader, treat them with respect, they are all venerable old gentlemen, and nowise responsible for the vagaries of their offspring.

Agro—capió—cado—cedo—duco—do—eo—*γινωσκω*—jacio—loquor—levo—*λεγω*—mitto—hendo—premo—sum—sequor—solvo—sentio—sto—tego—teneo—voco—video—*φίρω*.

Of the innumerable derivative words flowing from these sources, the greatest portion are compounds, formed by the addition of various prepositions, which generally *do* import, and always *ought* to import, some qualification of meaning. But these derivatives not only supply qualifications of the original meaning, but furnish a multitude of figurative expressions for the service of the imagination and the reason. Now these figurative expressions generally *do* consort, and always *ought* to consort, with the association of ideas;—wherin lies the metaphysical part of language. If these two points of conformity had always been duly adhered to, so as to preserve unity and consistency throughout, which is impossible, language at this day would have been a comparatively simple machine, and have ailed nowhere, save only in those fundamental respects—which I propose to notice hereafter. But will anyone affirm that such is the case? Is the composition of words, whether in the languages of modern times, or in those from which they proceed, always such as the understanding most readily embraces? Assuredly not. Take the word *mitto* to send (though I think it more frequently should be rendered to *put* especially in composition—a sense which the French seem to have preserved in their verb *mettre*). Because *mitto* has this signification, it is easy to recognise the propriety of such a word as *e-mit*, to send out (*e* from or out) applied to a matter of fact, or the word *dis-miss*, as figuratively used when we say "he dismissed the subject from his mind," i. e. he sent the subject away from his mind. But what are we to make of *ad-mit*? which, if we translate it literally, to send to, does not seem very well to justify our present employment of it. If you and your family have been standing for an hour at the door of the pit in Drury lane till you are half crushed, I fancy when it is at length opened you are not at that moment intent upon being sent to any place, but simply desire to be let in. To admit, therefore, instead of being used in the sense of "to suffer to enter," Johnson's definition, would be a much better word to mean "to send a man about his business"—in short "not to suffer to enter." Yet the Latin *admitto* hardly exhibits more traces of its radical meaning than does its English relative. It is possible, I know, to give some account of this, but no apology can reconcile us to such prevaricating words—such conundrums. In the same way it may no doubt be explained by what process of torture *πισχυομαι* comes to mean *I promise*, or how *promitto* arrives at the same destination, or *πιττεινω* *I permit*, or how some words (and these not a few)

should mean in one language precisely the reverse of what they mean in another; why for example, *elevated* with us should mean *raised up*, while *elevatus* in the Latin means *debased*, why *resolute* should mean *firm or determined* while *resolutus* means *relaxed*—and by consequence *feeble* and *undetermined*.* All this may be explained—but so may the Chinese puzzles or the Egyptian hieroglyphics. We don't want language for a plaything to provoke our ingenuity, but for a steady and faithful friend to assist us in many a grave inquiry after truth. It is no satisfaction to know *how* words have been misappropriated, if misappropriated they are. If a man loses his hat and wig in a crowd, it is no consolation to him to be told that a thief picked them up and ran away with them. Nor does the original propriety of a word afford any redress for the absurdity of a subsequent application. John Long, in all probability, is a very short man; what does it make in favour of John Long, that some remote progenitor had inches to justify his cognomen? Again, if the connection of certain verbs with certain prepositions to imply a certain sense, were a matter of unquestionable fitness in one language, we should suppose that the analogy would hold good as regards any other; it would be equally true of all, if true of one. But if this were the case we should find all parallel words in corresponding situations. *Προσισημι* and *προστο*, *προσισημι* and *προσuum*, *consto* and *withstand*, *supervenio* and *overcome*, *ὑποστρεφω* and *subverto*, *ἐπικαθήμεαι* and *supersede*, *ὑποστασις* substantia and understanding—would only be various in sound, but would agree in expressing the same thing; whereas these words, we know, take all manner of different forms. We should not find *suspicio*, as well as its counterpart *ὑφοραω*, signifying indifferently to *mistrust*, or to *honour*; we should not be able, with impunity, to exchange *withdraw* for *retract*—*overturn* for *subvert* (*under-turn*)—*overthrow* for *subject* (*under-throw*)—*supposition* and *hypothesis* (a putting under) for *surmise* (a putting over), &c. &c.

What does all this prove?—original error—subsequent perversion? Neither. But it proves this; that the *image* or *figure* that has reconciled such words to the understanding in any case, is so slight, so flimsy, so precarious, so easily exchangeable for any other image or figure, that no method or analogy can be maintained. It proves that the association of our ideas is of a nature for ever to forbid uniformity or universality in any system of language; that it is as impossible for there to be one diction in the world, as for there to be one mind, that each individual language is, and must remain, full of inconsistencies and incoherencies, whilst between one language and another there can be no more assimilation than between the manners, dispositions, and opinions of the people who use them.†

[To be continued.]

* The *in* intensive, and the *in* privative, and the *in* redundant, of the Latin, are productive of many inconveniences in that language, which we have partly copied. Thus *infractus* either means *very much broken*, or *not at all broken*. *Habitable* and *inhabitable* with us mean the same thing; but the Latin *habitabilis* answers to our *inhabitable*, while *in-habitabilis* answers to our *un-inhabitable*. *Inquisitus* means either *investigated*, or *not investigated*; *infractus* either *bridled*, or *unbridled*. The same ambiguity belongs to the Greek *ἔπι*; *λυπη* means grief, *ἐπιλυπη* with *great* grief; *μειδω* means to laugh, but *ἐπιμειδω* means to laugh *slightly*;—but this diminutive sense seems to be very rare. To *improve* is now used to mean—*more than* to prove—to make better, but in old English we find it used negatively—not to prove or approve—to *disapprove*. Valuable and invaluable, estimable and inestimable, appreciable and inappreciable, one and the other are used to *affirm* value, but though in the latter words the *in* has the effect of an intensive, it is not here through affirmation, but through negation; we mean by *valuable* that which can be valued, because it has value; by *invaluable* we mean that which can *not* be valued, because its value is beyond calculation.

† Peculiarities, by the way, on which the phraseology of every country greatly depends. Gibbon, in a note on the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' suggests the idea of a work which would indeed be a valuable acquisition to our national literature; the object of which should be, to trace the character of different nations from their language—a scientific process. Horne Tooke was philologist enough but not philosopher enough for the task. Locke was philosopher, but not philologist enough. Yet Locke would

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. IX.—OTHELLO.

It has been said that tragedy purifies the affections by terror and pity. That is, it substitutes imaginary sympathy for mere selfishness. It gives us a high and permanent interest, beyond ourselves, in humanity as such. It raises the great, the remote, and the possible to an equality with the real, the little and the near. It makes man a partaker with his kind. It subdues and softens the stubbornness of his will. It teaches him that there are and have been others like himself, by showing him, as in a glass what they have felt, thought, and done. It opens the chambers of the human heart. It leaves nothing indifferent to us that can affect our common nature. It excites our sensibility by exhibiting the passions wound up to the utmost pitch by the power of imagination or the temptation of circumstances; and corrects their fatal excesses in ourselves by pointing to the greater extent of sufferings and of crimes to which they have led others. Tragedy creates a balance of the affections. It makes us thoughtful spectators in the lists of life. It is the refiner of the species; a discipline of humanity. The habitual study of poetry and works of imagination is one chief part of a well-grounded education. A taste for liberal art is necessary to complete the character of a gentleman. Science alone is hard and mechanical. It exercises the understanding upon things out of themselves, while it leaves the affections unemployed, or engrossed with our own immediate narrow interests.—'Othello' furnishes an illustration of these remarks. It excites our sympathy in an extraordinary degree. The moral it conveys has a closer application to the concerns of human life than that of any other of Shakspeare's plays. "It comes directly home to the bosoms and business of men." The pathos in 'Lear' is indeed more dreadful and overpowering; but it is less natural, and less of every day's occurrence. We have not the same degree of sympathy with the passions described in 'Macbeth.' The interest in 'Hamlet' is more remote and reflex. That of 'Othello' is at once equally profound and affecting.

The picturesque contrasts of character in this play are almost as remarkable as the depth of the passion. The Moor Othello, the gentle Desdemona, the villain Iago, the good-natured Cassio, the fool Roderigo, present a range and variety of character as striking and palpable as that produced by the opposition of costume in a picture. Their distinguishing qualities stand out to the mind's eye, so that even when we are not thinking of their actions or sentiments, the idea of their persons is still as present to us as ever. These characters and the images they stamp upon the mind are the farthest asunder possible; the distance between them is immense: yet the compass of knowledge and invention which the poet has shown in embodying these extreme creations of his genius is only greater than the truth and felicity with which he has identified each character with itself, or blended their different qualities together in the same story. What a contrast the character of Othello forms to that of Iago: at the same time, the force of conception with which these two figures are opposed to each other is rendered still more intense by the complete consistency with which the traits of each character are brought out in a state of the highest finishing. The making one black and the other white, the one unprincipled, the other unfortunate in the extreme, would have answered the common purposes of effect, and satisfied the ambition of an ordinary painter of character. Shakspeare has laboured the finer shades of difference in both with as much care

have been the man—or Locke-cum-Tooke—or Tooke-cum-Locke. Why do our dictionaries refer *Via* (force) to the Greek *βία*, and not its evident fellow, *Via*? Would it not be a good commentary on Roman violence, showing that they ever made their way by force, that *via* and *vis* were, with them, one and the same thing (*βία*)—nay that their whole life *vita* (*βίωσις*) was but one season of barbarity and brute coarseness?

and skill as if he had had to depend on the execution alone for the success of his design. On the other hand, Desdemona and Emilia are not meant to be opposed with anything like strong contrast to each other. Both are, to outward appearance, characters of common life, not more distinguished than women usually are, by difference of rank and situation. The difference of their thoughts and sentiments is however laid as open, their minds are separated from each other by signs as plain and as little to be mistaken as the complexions of their husbands.

The movement of the passion in Othello is exceedingly different from that of Macbeth. In Macbeth there is a violent struggle between opposite feelings, between ambition and the stings of conscience, almost from first to last: in Othello, the doubtful conflict between contrary passions, though dreadful, continues only for a short time, and the chief interest is excited by the alternate ascendancy of different passions, the intire and unforseen change from the fondest love and most unbounded confidence to the tortures of jealousy and the madness of hatred. The revenge of Othello, after it has once taken thorough possession of his mind, never quits it, but grows stronger and stronger at every moment of its delay. The nature of the Moor is noble, confiding, tender, and generous; but his blood is of the most inflammable kind; and being once roused by a sense of his wrongs, he is stopped by no considerations of remorse or pity till he has given a loose to all the dictates of his rage and his despair. It is in working his noble nature up to this extremity through rapid but gradual transitions, in raising passion to its height from the smallest beginnings and in spite of all obstacles, in painting the existing conflict between love and hatred, tenderness and resentment, jealousy and remorse, in unfolding the strength and the weaknesses of our nature, in uniting sublimity of thought with the anguish of the keenest woe, in putting in motion the various impulses that agitate this mortal being, and at last blending them in that noble tide of deep and sustained passion, impetuous but majestic, that "flows on to the Propontic, and knows no ebb," that Shakspeare has shown the mastery of his genius and of his power over the human heart. The third act of 'Othello' is his masterpiece, not of knowledge or passion separately, but of the two combined, of the knowledge of character with the expression of passion, of consummate art in the keeping up of appearances with the profound workings of nature, and the convulsive movements of uncontrollable agony, of the power of inflicting torture and of suffering it. Not only is the tumult of passion heaved up from the very bottom of the soul, but every the slightest undulation of feeling is seen on the surface, as it arises from the impulses of imagination or the different probabilities maliciously suggested by Iago. The progressive preparation for the catastrophe is wonderfully managed, from the Moor's first gallant recital of the story of his love, of "the spells and witchcraft he had used," from his unlooked-for and romantic success, the fond satisfaction with which he dotes on his own happiness, the unreserved tenderness of Desdemona and her innocent importunities in favour of Cassio, irritating the suspicions instilled into her husband's mind by the perfidy of Iago, and rankling there to poison, till he loses all command of himself, and his rage can only be appeased by blood. She is introduced, just before Iago begins to put his scheme in practice, pleading for Cassio with all the thoughtless gaiety of friendship and winning confidence in the love of Othello,—

"What! Michael Cassio?

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispassioningly,
Hath taken your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in?—Why this is not a boon:
'Tis as I should intreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your person. Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise, and fearful to be granted."

Othello's confidence, at first only staggered by broken hints and insinuations, renounces itself at sight of Desdemona; and he exclaims,—

"If she be false, O then Heav'n mocks itself:
I'll not believe it."

But presently after, on brooding over his suspicions by himself, and yielding to his apprehensions of the worst, his smothered jealousy breaks out into open fury, and he returns to demand satisfaction of Iago like a wild beast stung with the envenomed shaft of the hunters. "Look where he comes," &c. In this state of exasperation and violence, after the "first paroxysms of his grief and tenderness have had their vent in that passionate apostrophe, "I felt not Cassio's kisses on her lips," Iago by false aspersions, and by presenting the most revolting images to his mind, easily turns the storm of passion from himself against Desdemona, and works him up into a trembling agony of doubt and fear, in which he abandons all his love and hopes in a breath,—

"Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago,
All my fond love thus do I blow to Heav'n. 'Tis gone.

Arise blank vengeance from the hollow hell;
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell bosom with thy fraught;
For 'tis of aspics' tongues."

From this time, his raging thoughts "never look back, ne'er ebb to humble love," till his revenge is sure of its object, the painful regrets and involuntary recollections of past circumstances which cross his mind amidst the dim trances of passion, aggravating the sense of his wrongs, but not shaking his purpose. Once indeed, where Iago shows him Cassio with the handkerchief in his hand, and making sport (as he thinks) of his misfortunes, the intolerable bitterness of his feelings, the extreme sense of shame, makes him fall to praising her accomplishments and relapse into a momentary fit of weakness, "Yet, oh, the pity of it; Iago, the pity of it!" This returning fondness however only serves, as it is managed by Iago, to whet his revenge, and set his heart more against her. In his conversations with Desdemona, the persuasion of her guilt and the immediate proofs of her duplicity seem to irritate his resentment and aversion to her; but in the scene immediately preceding her death, the recollection of his love returns upon him in all its tenderness and force; and after her death, he all at once forgets his wrongs in the sudden and irreparable sense of his loss,—

"My wife! My wife! What wife? I have no wife.
Oh, insupportable! Oh, heavy hour!"

"This happens before he is assured of her innocence; but afterwards his remorse is as dreadful as his revenge has been, and yields only to fixed and death-like despair. His farewell speech, before he kills himself, in which he conveys his reasons to the senate for the murder of his wife, is equal to the first speech in which he gave them an account of his courtship of her, and "his whole course of love." Such an ending was alone worthy of such a commencement. If anything could add to the force of our sympathy with Othello, or compassion for his fate, it would be the frankness and generosity of his nature, which so little deserve it. When Iago first begins to practise upon his unsuspecting friendship, he answers—

"'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, there are most virtuous.
'Nor from my own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes and chose me."

This character is beautifully (and with affecting simplicity) confirmed by what Desdemona herself says

* See the passage beginning, "It is impossible you should see this, were they as prime as goats," &c.

of him to Æmelia after she has lost the handkerchief, the first pledge of his love to her,—

"Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness,
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

ÆMILIA. Is he not jealous?

DESDEMONA. Who, he? I think the sun where
he was born

Drew all such humours from him."

In a short speech of Æmelia's, there occurs one of those side-intimations of the fluctuations of passion which we seldom meet with but in Shakspeare. After Othello has resolved upon the death of his wife, and bids her dismiss her attendant for the night, she answers—

"I will, my Lord.

ÆMILIA. How goes it now? *He looks gentler than he did.*"

Shakspeare has here put into half a line what some authors would have spun out into ten set speeches.

The character of Desdemona herself is inimitable both in itself, and as it contrasts with Othello's groundless jealousy, and with the foul conspiracy of which she is the innocent victim. Her beauty and external graces are only indirectly glanced at; we see "her visage in her mind;" her character everywhere predominates over her person.

"A maiden never bold:
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at itself."

There is one fine compliment paid to her by Cassio, who exclaims triumphantly when she comes ashore as Cyprus after the storm—

"Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine Desdemona."

In general, as is the case with most of Shakspeare's females, we lose sight of her personal charms in her attachment and devotedness to her husband. "She is subdued even to the very quality of her lord;" and to Othello's "honours and his valiant parts her soul and fortunes consecrates." The lady protests so much herself, and she is as good as her word. The truth of conception, with which timidity and boldness are united in the same character, is marvellous. The extravagance of her resolutions, the pertinacity of her affections, may be said to arise out of the gentleness of her nature. They imply an unreserved reliance on the purity of her own intentions, an intire surrender of her fears to her love, a knitting of herself (heart and soul) to the fate of another. Bating the commencement of her passion, which is a little fantastical and headstrong (though even that may perhaps be consistently accounted for from her inability to resist a rising inclination*) her whole character consists in having no will of her own, no prompter but her obedience. Her romantic turn is only a consequence of the domestic and practical part of her disposition; and instead of following Othello to the wars, she would gladly have "remained at home a moth of peace," if her husband could have staid with her. Her resignation and angelic sweetness of temper do not desert her at the last. The scenes in which she laments and tries to account for Othello's estrangement from her are exquisitely beautiful. After he has struck her, and called her names, she says,—

"Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel;
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them on any other form;

* "Iago. Ay, too gentle.

OTHELLO. Nay, that's certain."

Or that I do not, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly devorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forewear me. Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love."

IAGO. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour;

The business of the state does him offence.

DESDEMONA. If 'twere no other!"—

The scene which follows with Æmelia and the song of the 'Willow,' are equally beautiful, and show the author's extreme power of varying the expression of passion, in all its moods and in all circumstances.

"ÆMILIA. Would you had never seen him.

DESDEMONA. So would not I: my love doth not approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,
Have grace and favour in them," &c.

Not the unjust suspicions of Othello, not Iago's treachery, place Desdemona in a more amiable or interesting light than the casual conversation (half earnest, half jest) between her and Æmelia, on the common behaviour of women to their husbands. This dialogue takes place just before the last fatal scene. If Othello had overheard it, it would have prevented the whole catastrophe; but then it would have spoiled the play.

The character of Iago is one of the supererogations of Shakspeare's genius. Some persons, more nice than wise, have thought this whole character unnatural, because his villany it *without a sufficient motive*. Shakspeare, who was as good a philosopher as he was a poet, thought otherwise. He knew that the love of power, which is another name for the love of mischief, is natural to man. He would know this as well or better than if it had been demonstrated to him by a logical diagram, merely from seeing children paddle in the dirt or kill flies for sport. Iago in fact belongs to a class of characters, common to Shakspeare, and at the same time peculiar to him; whose heads are as acute and active as their hearts are hard and callous. Iago is to be sure an extreme instance of the kind; that is to say, of diseased intellectual activity, with an almost perfect indifference to moral good or evil, or rather with a decided preference of the latter, because it falls more readily in with his favourite propensity, gives greater zest to his thoughts and scope to his actions. He is quite or nearly as indifferent to his own fate as to that of others; he runs all risks for a trifling and doubtful advantage; and is himself the dupe and victim of his ruling passion—an insatiable craving after action of the most difficult and dangerous kind. "Our ancient" is a philosopher, who fancies that a lie that kills has more point in it than an alliteration or an antithesis; who thinks a fatal experiment on the peace of a family a better thing than watching the palpitations in the heart of a flea in a microscope; who plots the ruin of his friends as an exercise for his ingenuity, and stabs men in the dark to prevent *canst*. His gaiety, such as it is, arises from the success of his treachery; his ease from the torture he has inflicted on others. He is an amateur of tragedy in real life; and instead of employing his invention on imaginary characters, or long-forgotten incidents, he takes the bolder and more desperate course of getting up his plot at home, casts the principal parts among his nearest friends and connections, and rehearses it in downright earnest, with steady nerves and unabated resolution. We will just give an illustration or two.

One of his most characteristic speeches is that immediately after the marriage of Othello,—

"RODERIGO. What a full fortune does the thick lips owe;

If he can carry her thus!"

IAGO. Call up her father:

Hence him (*Othello*), make after him, poison his delight,

Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinmen;
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,

Plague him with flies: Tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on it,
As it may lose some colour."

In the next passage, his imagination runs riot in the mischief he is plotting, and breaks out into the wildness and impetuosity of real enthusiasm:—

"RODERIGO. Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.

IAGO. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities."

One of his most favourite topics, on which he is rich indeed, and in descending on which his spleen serves him for a Muse, is the disproportionate match between Desdemona and the Moor. This is a clue to the character of the lady which he is by no means ready to part with. It is brought forward in the first scene, and he returns to it, when, in answer to his insinuations against Desdemona, Roderigo says,—

"I cannot believe that in her—she's full of most blest conditions.

IAGO. Bless'd fig's end! The wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest, she would never have married the Moor."

And again with still more spirit and fatal effect afterwards, when he turns this very suggestion arising in Othello's own breast to her prejudice:—

"OTHELLO. And yet how nature erring from itself—

IAGO. Ay, there's the point;—as, to be bold with you,

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree, &c."

* This is probing to the quick. Iago here turns the character of poor Desdemona, as it were, inside out. It is certain that nothing but the genius of Shakspeare could have preserved the intire interest and delicacy of the part, and have even drawn an additional elegance and dignity from the peculiar circumstances in which she is placed.—The habitual licentiousness of Iago's conversation is not to be traced to the pleasure he takes in gross and lascivious images, but to his desire of finding out the worst side of everything, and proving himself an over-match for appearances. He has none of "the milk of human kindness" in his composition. His imagination rejects everything that has not a strong infusion of the most unpalatable ingredients; his mind digests only poisons. Virtue or goodness or whatever has the least "relish of salvation in it," is to his depraved appetite, sickly and insipid: and he even resents the good opinion entertained of his own integrity, as if it were an affront east on the masculine sense and spirit of his character. Thus, at the meeting between Othello and Desdemona, he exclaims—"Oh, you are well tuned now: but I'll set down the pegs that make this music, *as honest as I am*"—his character of *bon-homme* not sitting at all easily upon him. In the scenes where he tries to work Othello to his purpose, he is proportionably guarded, insidious, dark, and deliberate. We believe nothing ever came up to the profound dissimulation and dexterous artifice of the well-known dialogue in the third act, where he first enters upon the execution of his design:—

"IAGO. My noble lord.

OTHELLO. What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO. Did Michael Cassio,

When you woo'd my lady, know of your love?

OTHELLO. He did from first to last.

Why dost thou ask?

IAGO. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.

OTHELLO. Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

OTHELLO. O yes, and went between us, very oft—

IAGO. Indeed?

OTHELLO. Indeed? Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou ought of that?

Is he not honest?

IAGO. Honest, my lord?

OTHELLO. Honest? Ay, honest.

IAGO. My lord, for aught I know.

OTHELLO. What do'st thou think?

IAGO. Think, my lord!

OTHELLO. Think, my lord! Alas, thou echo'st me, As if there was some monster in thy thought, Too hideous to be shown."

The stops and breaks, the deep workings of treachery under the mask of love and honesty, the anxious watchfulness, the cool earnestness, and if we may so say, the passion of hypocrisy marked in every line, receive their last finishing in that inconceivable burst of pretended indignation at Othello's doubts of his sincerity.

"O grace! O Heaven forgive me!

Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense?

God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,"

That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice!

O monstrous world! take note, take note, O world!

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence!

I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence."

If Iago is detestable enough when he has business on his hands and all his engines at work, he is still worse when he has nothing to do, and we only see into the hollowness of his heart. His indifference when Othello falls into a swoon is perfectly diabolical.

"IAGO. How is it, General? Have you not hurt your head?

OTHELLO. Do'st thou mock me?

IAGO. I mock you not, by Heaven," &c.

The part indeed would hardly be tolerated, even as a foil to the virtue and generosity of the other characters in the play, but for its indefatigable industry and inexhaustible resources, which divert the attention of the spectator (as well as his own) from the end he has in view to the means by which it must be accomplished. — Edmund the Bastard in 'Lear' is something of the same character, placed in less prominent circumstances. Zanga is a vulgar caricature of it.

TABLE TALK.

TRUE REMARK ON "CONCEITS" IN POETRY AND ON THE IMAGINATIVENESS OF PASSION.

Petrarch's Italian poetry, written either to please his lady or to relieve the overflowing of his heart, bears in every line the stamp of warm and genuine, though of refined and chivalric passion. It has been criticised as too imaginative, and defaced by conceits: of the latter there are few, confined to a small portion of the sonnets. They will not be admired now, yet, perhaps, they are not those of the poems which came least spontaneously from the heart. Those have experienced little of the effects of passion, of love, grief, or terror, who do not know that conceits often spring naturally from such. Shakspeare knew this, and he seldom describes the outbursts of passion unaccompanied by fanciful imagery, which borders on conceit. Still more false is the notion that passion is not, in its essence, highly imaginative. Hard and dry critics, who neither feel themselves nor sympathise in the feeling of others, alone can have made this accusation; these people, whose inactive and colourless fancy naturally suggests no new combination nor fresh tint of beauty, suppose that it is a cold exercise of the mind when—

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

As they with difficulty arrive at comprehending poetic creations, they believe that they were produced by dint of hard labour and deep study. The truth is the opposite of this. To the imaginative, fanciful imagery and thoughts, whose expression seems steeped in the hue of dawn, are natural and unforced; when the mind of such is calm, their conceptions re-

semble those of other men; but when excited by passion, when love, or patriotism, or the influence of nature kindles the soul, it becomes natural, nay, imperative to them to embody their thoughts, and to give "a local habitation and a name" to the emotions that possess them. The remarks of critics on the overflowings of poetic minds remind one of the traveller who expressed such wonder when on landing at Calais he heard little children talk French.—*Lives of Eminent Italians*. (Vol. lxiii of 'Dr Lardner's Cyclopædia'.)

WRITINGS OF CHARLES LAMB.

We have been highly gratified in seeing the following announcement in the current number of the 'New Monthly,' by the writer of the 'Confessions of Shakspeare':—"I may, perhaps, be allowed this opportunity of stating, that an edition of such of the late Mr Charles Lamb's writings as can be recovered by his executors, with a large selection from his correspondence, is now preparing under the superintendence of Mr Serjeant Talfourd, and will be accompanied by a notice from that learned and accomplished gentleman, of the life and genius of his deceased friend."—We are not aware of any man living, who, from the united circumstance of long acquaintance with Mr Lamb, and thorough subtlety of criticism, is so well qualified to do justice to him as Mr Talfourd.

SOLDIERS AND DRINKING.

It is the mode at present in use, of serving out the rations for the day all at one time; the allowance of meat and vegetables, being cooked in the course of the forenoon, is, at twelve o'clock, together with the bread, served out to each room or mess. The men being hearty and possessed of good appetites, perhaps just relieved off guard, or returned from drill or fatigue duty of some kind, frequently demolish the day's allowance, with the exception of the bread, at one meal. It might be inferred from this that they had not a sufficiency of food, but it is not so; as far as quantity is concerned the allowance is amply sufficient. But the rough and unpolished soldier should not be expected to possess more influence over his appetite than the wealthy glutton, who, devouring twice the quantity necessary for the nourishment of the body, is continually a prey to indigestion and disease. In four or five hours after this meal the man's appetite returns; nothing being left but the plain bread, the public-house is resorted to, (in some measure as a matter of necessity,) for something to relish it. Once there, the probability is, that the inducements he there finds to prolong his stay are found to be irresistible, and the natural consequences, drunkenness and disgrace, too often follow. This evil might be in a great measure removed by making some alteration in the nature of the rations, which at present are intirely of a solid nature, nothing liquid being served out. If the officers were to encourage the formation of messes for making coffee or cocoa in the barrack-rooms on a certain hour, say five o'clock in the evening, by way of supper, the necessity of resorting to the canteen for "something to drink" would be removed, and the habits of good-fellowship among the men increased. Proposals for the introduction of "tea-slops" may excite expressions of ridicule from some persons, but let it be recollected that cocoa and tea have, for the last ten years, formed part of the provisions issued in the naval service; where their usefulness, in preference to the extra pint of grog formerly issued, is fully proved by the concurring testimony of many eminent naval officers. Besides, there can be no doubt but that these liquors equally answer the purposes of drink, are exhilarating, and far less injurious than either spirits or malt liquor.—[From a 'sensible and humane pamphlet just published, intitled 'Remarks on Military Flogging, its Causes and Effects,' &c.—Steill. Pp. 23.]

LUDICROUS SPECULATION.

A looking-glass is a matter of great wonder to magpies. We once saw one placed on the ground, where two were hopping about. One of them came up to it, stared at it in apparent wonder, hopped off to the other, and then both returned and spent at least ten minutes in nodding, chattering, and hopping about the glass.—*Faculties of Birds*.

MUSIC.

[*Musical Library*. No. XII. Charles Knight.

'Aia, with Variations.' Mozart. A very beautiful instrumental piece; but has not a slow movement been omitted at the end? Surely Mozart's music requires no curtailment. There are some fine passages in the fragment in Martini's trio; but they are disjointed, and few in proportion to the number of staves they are distributed over. In the *adagio* from Woelfl's sonata, we can discern neither subject, object, nor connexion of any kind. It appears to us, under correction, a bit of solemn nonsense. Haydn's canzonet, 'Piercing Eyes!' is very graceful and sweet. 'La Marmotte,' by Beethoven, is very pretty; so is Rossini's canzonet. Lord Mornington's madrigal is not very striking, but the effects are very pleasing. The song, 'Where'er you walk,' from Handel's 'Semele,' is a most majestic strain of enamoured compliment, more majestic than enamoured. Horsley's MS. glee is by no means calculated to increase his high repute as a composer.

FINE ARTS.

Gallery of Portraits. No. XXXIV. Charles Knight.

THE inauspicious countenance of Clarendon heads the triumvirate this month. It is a most unpleasant face, sceptical and cross-looking, with an air of ill-tempered surprise and petty-haughtiness; he looks as though he were resenting some impertinent and unexpected interruption on the part of an inferior. Reynolds has a more contented and humane cast of countenance. It is pleasant to have a portrait of a man like Reynolds, by himself, necessarily, too, in the very act of painting. There may be seen the peculiar expression, which is the habitual one of a painter at work, a look of pleased and fixed scrutiny; for painters are by profession an observant race, they seek their mind's food on all sides, and never find a scarcity of it; therefore they are also a contented race. The exceptions to this rule are in cases of disappointed ambition,—a feeling Reynolds does not appear to have suffered much. It may be remarked that the present portrait of Reynolds is a reverse, painted with a single looking-glass, as may be seen by his front being turned to the sinister side of the picture; if he had turned over his right shoulder, the body would front the other way, as any may see, who makes the experiment.—The right hand too holds the mahl-stick, the left is employed in painting. By employing a second glass, and reversing the reflection in the first, the error may be corrected. Swift's face is more in character with some good-natured anecdotes that are told of him, than with his cutting satire or his suffering life. The engravings are well executed; but the first and last are rather tame in the effect. The portrait of Reynolds is a very fair representation of his style of painting, with the exception of his peculiar style of handling.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor must beg the indulgence of his Correspondents till next week. While now writing, his attention is demanded by the publication of the Poem alluded to last Wednesday, intitled 'Captain Sword and Captain Pen,' which will most probably be out by the time this notice appears. The poem is partly political; and so far nothing further will be said of it in the LONDON JOURNAL; which the Editor is determined to keep sequestered and serene from all sound of trouble and controversy, however conscientiously excited. Of other points in it, however, something will be said in a future number; and meantime he avails himself of this opportunity of letting the public know that such a Poem is to be had.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1835.

No. 51.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FEW MINUTES' EDITORIAL TALK WITH THE READER—
ELISIONS IN VERSE—FLOWERS IN A LETTER—QUEST-
ION RESPECTING THE AMERICAN LOCUST ANSWERED
—RECONCILEMENT TO TOWN—LETTER FROM MR
HERAUD, ETC.

Our pile of correspondence has so increased upon us by the omission of a week's answers, that we must notice it this time at the head of the paper, and turn the notice into an "Article." The letters, as they lie heaped before us, remind us of the "conspiracy of the papers" written in the days of the Regent, by the author of the 'Two-penny Post Bag,' who records the horror of that illustrious personage at the sight, and his dread lest they were "growing upon him" at a rate too formidable to overcome—

"As if they said, 'our grand design is
To suffocate his Royal Highness.'"

The suffocation, however, in the present instance (were we important enough to have the honour of a death so royal), would be of a far pleasanter sort, resembling rather the death of a former illustrious personage, the prince who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey,—intoxicating with sweets, leaving us "dead drunk" with honey like a bee, giving us a death of our own choice (if we could choose to die at all when so pleased): for never have we received a more encouraging or flattering stock of letters than at this moment; and the one which we shall notice first, has actually brought flowers in it,—a lump of blossoms from a garden in Wales—scenting the air here in London, and almost making us fancy that the words of the fair writer would become audible, bringing us a voice to match the fragrance—

"— Ambrosial odours, o'er the cheek
Celestial warmth suffusing."—GENIE.

They now lie before us, fragrant still, though they have been plucked for weeks. We wish we could put the odour into the LONDON JOURNAL. Their colours combine yellow and brown, like the bee's; and, assuredly, if a bee were to come into our room, he would find them out, and plunge into them, and look of a piece with their beauty.

But before we proceed, we must say something of our JOURNAL and its new-year commencements. We promised at the beginning of the year to have some *Lives* and *Travels* in it, and have been fearing that the Readers would resent the non-performance of the promise; but they have been true LONDON JOURNAL Readers, good-natured; and, instead of doing so, have said nothing but kind things, and expressed satisfaction with what is laid before them. And we must say for ourselves that, although we have not kept our word in those particulars, we have more than kept it in the general conduct of our undertaking, having written a great deal more than we proposed on our setting out, and feeling certain that we shall continue to do so, though we have learnt, once for all, the imprudence of making specific promises—of which we here accordingly take our leave with a delighted penitence, now and for ever, feeling ourselves able to do our best when least restricted, and happy to discover that our Readers do not care what subjects the paper treats of, provided there is sincerity in the treatment,

and good humour. So, off, Restriction! and welcome! the universe, and the coming summer, and all pleasant subjects at will, and loads of good-humoured letters, the writers of which bind us to them for ever by letting us do what we like.

But we must explain a little farther, for we have neither been idle nor acting out of caprice. Our 'Romances of Real Life' do not fail us, and we verily believe never will, as long as the Reader chooses to have them—and they are popular. The 'Week' also, from its nature, is sure of its supply, and will be continued throughout its twelve-month; and for a 'First Article' subjects being *ad libitum*, are of course never wanting. But when we came to look about us for 'Lives,' we found we could not reckon upon a supply always good enough, and though good extracts from 'Travels' are more to be depended on, and we hope to have them still, though not systematically, we discovered that Readers in general like a greater variety, an admixture of shorter pieces than the new arrangements of the JOURNAL would have permitted, especially comprising as they do, the valuable Shakspeare criticisms of Mr Hazlitt: and our Correspondents also perplexed us with the length as well as goodness of many of their communications, and new books came in, and miscellaneousness of all sorts abounded; so that we fairly did not know what to do with our proposed plan. Instead of the 'Lives,' therefore, we have enlarged the very brief summaries of character which we intended to give in our 'Week,' and keeping up what was already approved of, we have let the rest of the JOURNAL take its course, like our old friend the Butterfly in the poet, promising nothing except that we will taste every sweet that we can come nigh, and bring a bit of colour and joy into every homestead that chooses to welcome us.

And so once more to set out again, with gladsome wings, the happier from just having been doing our duty in a graver shape,—a soldier in the ranks of 'Captain Pen.' Blessed be thy transforming power, O imagination! that thus beatest Ovid all to pieces, and canst metamorphose *ourselves*, and to whatsoever shape we please,—provided only we have faith, and a hearty wish for it. By thee this instant, our rainy windows are changed into open ones, the clouds into sunshine, March into May, and nothing remains of ourselves, but the soul of us, in its Greek shape,—the *Psyche*, or Butterfly aforesaid,—who quivering his wings like the finger-tips of some happy musician, when he is touching two notes at once, in the shake of a joyous symphony (like that of *Gia san ritorno*, for instance) rises in the rapture of his anticipations, and issues forth to the blue air, drunk with the scent of gardens.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight,
Over the fields in his franke lustinesse:
And all the champaine o'er he soared light,
And all the country wide he did possesse,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows greene,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unsene,
Ne the ranke grassie fennes delights untride.

But none of these however sweet they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause to abide;
His choicfull sense with every change doth flit.
No common things may please a wavering wit.

We beg leave, however, to disclaim the application of these last four lines; for though we like to "flit," we like also to "abide;" being of a right greedy disposition in matters of luxury, and loving to retain all the goods we have, whatsoever addition we make to the stock. Neither do we like to have any luxury cut short, not even the syllable O; for which reason we have here restored it from the hasty and incapable profanations of the commentators, who took it away from before the word *abide*—

"Mote please his fancy, or him cause *l'abide*"—
a vile elision—endangering the right reading of the verse, even if intended only as a hint to read rapidly, and not to change the two words into one. Ever while you live, dear Reader, eschew all such perils, and let your ears be aware of the full measures of sweet poetry:—

"Mote please his fancy, and him cause *to abide*."
to *abide*, with swift distinctness if you will, and *bide* with the greater force in consequence; but never allow a commentator or school-boy critic, proud of his knowing that there are ten syllables in a heroic line, to pretend that two short syllables are not the same as one, and to be written at their full length accordingly. Hear the Italians sing their beautiful words, and mark the melodious relish with which they distinguish every syllable they utter, even while fusing their sweetness together. The Italian heroic measure is the same as ours, only with double instead of single rhyme; yet they have far more vowels than we, not one of which (except in certain conventional and colloquial instances, or when the poet himself chooses) they cut off, sliding them beautifully into one another with articulate smoothness. We have occasionally an instance in our own language, as in that line of Milton's *allegro*:—

"To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade."

Now, upon the principle of writing *l'abide*, for *to abide*, the *y* might be cut off here at the word *many*; or the *and* should be written 'ad in that divine verse in 'Paradise Lost'—speaking of the powers of music to—

"chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear and sorrow, and pain."

But who would endure this? We may take, if we please, no more time in uttering *sorrow and*, than if it were written *sorrow'ad*; but who would lose the two beautiful sounds of the *o* and *a*? According to these cutters and maimers (violators of the Ellenborough Act) *piano* in a verse should be written *pao*, and *fori*, *fori*. Here is a lovely line of Ariosto, in which Alcina, the magician, is described attracting the fishes to her out of the water:—

"Con semplici parole e puri incanti."
(With simple sayings and enchantments pure.)

The Italians pronounce both the *ee's* in this line, and both the *ii's*, and make the verse the sweeter and richer. The two *ee's* may not be thought the happiest instance of this custom, but they go very sweetly

nevertheless; and the sound of the two *is's* may be represented, in English by writing them *poor's* in, instead of *poor's* as a commentator would cut it; or it may be shown in another version of the line:—

"With simple words and easy enchantments pure."

Who would like to read *cas'* for *easy* in this line, or think the melody improved by it?

We have taken up too much space, we fear, in explaining this matter; but the subject beguiled us, and we have assumed, with an insolence common to periodical editorship, that the Reader is to let us do as we please.

Now then to do very much as we please, and lay before him the letter of our fair Correspondent from Wales, who gives a variety of pleasant information.

"No one reads with greater delight the LONDON JOURNAL, or is more grateful for the instruction she receives from it, than she of the verdant valley in 'Fultima Cambria.' When one 'Monthly part' is duly conned, she counts the days till the next arrives. The first vol. is complete, and in nothing wanting save—may she with great humility suggest to the Editor, that an Index would tend much to economize the time and patience of its admirers? The Editor's poetical wand has conjured up a January's garden worthy of Boccaccio's magician; but the mildness of our northern winters has not only tempted several of our usually migratory birds to remain in their summer quarters, but also has blessed us with a greater variety of flowers than is to be found in the 'Household Almanac,' which probably took its list from the recorded produce of some 'olden days' January flowers; for now 'the pale primrose' and ranunculus unfold most sweetly their petals to our slanting sun, though with less luxuriance of bloom than to its stronger rays. The aconite, or wolf's-bane, opened rejectingly its yellow buds, as soon as 'the sweet south' breathed on 'the frost-bound soil;' all these, of course, will flourish in the February's garden; but there is one of the botanist's *monsters* that blossoms when snow is on the ground, all unmindful of it, to the end of February, or later still—it is the winter *double* violet: its colour is a very pale lilac.

"But a still more precious plant, that blossoms in the open air, without requiring attention, is the *Calycanthus Precox*: some of its flowers shall be herewith enclosed, though in their withered state they can give but a faint notion of the humbly coloured blossom's singularly fragrant scent when freshly plucked. Its first buds opened at the close of November, when the leaves were still clustering thick upon the shrub; since that time, every tiny twig, every branch, has been 'clothed with flowers that none the wood mote see;' and in this beautiful (or rather, more odorous than beautiful) state it will remain till March wanes, or April dawns.

"The writer takes this opportunity of answering the question that heads the article in No. 41.—The American Locust—which interesting insect is not the same as the noisy, chirping, nay, often stunning, Cigala of the south, which she has many a time chased in Italy: it differs little from our northern grasshopper in size and appearance, but she cannot believe that the noise it makes is produced by the friction of the wings together, as is the case with the more musical sounding tones of ours.

"The real Egyptian locust of the Scriptures is still to be found in Malta; and the writer understands that in Arabia it abounds. In Malta she kept one for some time: it measured above two inches long, was in form a common grasshopper, but of a brilliant green, with wings long enough to be able to take a flight of from one to two hundred yards, and thickly covered with black *cabalistical* characters. It would devour the leafy parts of a lettuce leaf in about ten minutes, or less time."

The next letter is from another fair Correspondent, and is one of those which stand in our first class of welcome communications, because they tell us of good positively effected, and objections reconciled. We take this opportunity of observing, that when we preach the doctrine of making the best of things, and fetching out all which they can yield, far is it from

our intention to oppose any great public good, or any advancement of individual right. Singular indeed would be such a contradiction of half the spirit of our life. What we recommend is, not the desertion of any just claim, public or private, but that we should take along with us every possible cheerfulness and goodwill, both as a means of prosecuting our claim the better, and as a noble resource always, including a heart-home to retreat upon in case of the worst. There are helpers in a spirit of cheerful sanguineness as well as of spleen; and though we would not undervalue the latter in case of necessity, far less be ungrateful to what its worthies have done for us, we think the former stand the better chance of being more just and persuasive, and of putting an end to the constant re-actions of anger and violence. But to the letter of our fair friend.

January 29.

"As I know, dear sir, you are pleased to hear of any good arising through your instrumentality, I must tell you your papers have been the means of reconciling both me and my sister to town. We are lovers of the country: it was there we first drew our breath, were nurtured, and have spent the greater part of the years we have numbered: and although it is a sweet constraint which binds us to this city, it being the present abode of those we most fondly love, yet our hearts yearned for their native haunts, with their silence and solitude. Nay more, we determined to find no beauty in anything external which London could yield. We despised a small garden, because it was not a large one; thought a flower in a window a mockery of the love of rural life; and would scarcely take a walk in the suburbs, because the fields boasted not the picturesque beauty of those we had left, where 'Nature seemed to sit alone.' But your papers, dear sir, have taught us otherwise, and made us resolve to content ourselves with the sources of gratification we possess, without sighing for those beyond our reach."

Socius is informed, that we had not forgotten Aunt Sazar; though one part of her letter conspired with circumstances to delay it; for the good lady, in her dislike of the squirrel's teeth, forgot that the poor free-born prisoner had a right to object to his cage; and we, on the other hand, do not like to object to a lady, and bandy arguments with her. The story of the key (not "lost," but carried away in another's pocket) was as true, as that Socius is hereby told so. The Editor does not deal in figments of that sort.

"How are we to get happily married?" shall appear the first opportunity.

We are sorry that F.'s correction of the erratum did not reach us till our last number had gone to press. For the word "tomb" in his letter respecting 'Edwin and Emma,' the reader will be good enough to take his pen, and substitute "turf."

The following letter which we have had the honour of receiving from the author of the 'Judgment of the Flood,' shows him in a light so considerate towards the "poor devils" of the press, and also furnishes so useful an example of the attention which is paid to the construction and harmony of their verses, by poets who have a right respect for the art, that we cannot help availing ourselves of the permission given us at the close of it. It will help to excuse our long critical dissertation on *to* and *abide*:—

1st of March 1835.

28 Burton street, Burton Crescent.

MY DEAR SIR,

As by an engagement with my Newsman it is not until Sunday Morning that I receive your JOURNALS, which I peruse with pleasure, and preserve with anxiety, I was not aware until the present moment of the station which you had given me, both as translator and author, among your 'Poets on Ice.' I have now to thank you much and sincerely for the honour, and your motive in according it.

Will you permit me to mention, that either your fair Correspondent has mis-copied the extracts given from my two poems, or your printer has mistaken her manuscript? As here and there these errata make nonsense of the passage, you will probably per-

mit me to furnish you with the means of correcting them.

The 3rd line of the 8th stanza of 'The Ice Course' should run—"Far thy Cothurnus' sound." This is but a trifle.

F. In the description of "Dudael," 12th line should begin—"Bare and of life devoid,"—not "Base," &c.; 19th line should have been printed, "Went as a sealed fountain,"—not "seal'd fountain." The *ed* should be sounded, else the rhythm were imperfect. In the 20th line you have "broke," instead of "brake." You who know how much euphony depends on the skilful alliteration of the vowel sounds, will forgive me mentioning an apparent trifle like this. Its importance may be felt, however, by examining the structure of two or three consecutive lines—*e. g.*—

the vigorous blood,

Was shackled, and the rivers of the heart

Were on a sealed fountain, and the veins
Perch'd became brittle like to glass, and brake,
Or hardened into marble."

Most of these corrections respect *sound*—those in the next quotation, extracted from the 'Descent into Hell,' regard *sense*. In the 9th line for "compact," read "compact." In the 14th line for "barren stamp" read "barren stamp." In the 28th line a semicolon destroys the grammar of the verse; the passage should run—

"and, all dusk as the sad night,

The regal pall hangs the broad shoulder o'er,

Frozen in gorgeous folds, and moveless quite."

In a preceding line the printer's devil has spelt "glazing" *glazing*—Poor devil! he has to bear much blame—this, however, will not break his back. "Aught" also he has changed to "ought." As to this, he may plead difference of opinion.

You are at perfect liberty to do what you like with this letter. And believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN A. HERAUD.

The communications with which we have been favoured by W. D. C. shall appear in the SUPPLEMENT.

Our friend ALFRED is too long this time, and hardly so good as before.

We have to thank several more Correspondents for 'Cumnor Hall.' It is pleasant to see a ballad making so melodious a stir, and giving occasion to so many people to show their good nature. The name of Mr W. of Doncaster, particularly pleased us,—an old acquaintance, if we mistake not.

We must positively be immodest, and print the following passage from the letter of our friend J. W. D. "The JOURNAL," quoth the cordial pen of this gentleman, "seems to many friends and myself to increase in interest and beauty: I earnestly hope that its success bears some proportion to its merits. We intend to celebrate its approaching anniversary, in, I trust, its own spirit, and wish it a long life and a merry. Pray read some more poems with us, after the fashion of that delightful reading of 'the Eve of St Agnes,' many of the beauties of which were then, to me at least, disclosed for the first time." We do not wonder that our Correspondent thinks the JOURNAL increased in interest and beauty, seeing that it has become more miscellaneous, and has to boast of such articles as those of Mr Hazlitt, Mr Webbe, &c. By the way, also, talking of 'Lives,' we give this week an excellent 'Life of Pythagoras,' by Mr Godwin, from his book on the 'Necromancers.' But pieces of biography by men of genius are rare things to get at.

The 'Snow-drop' next week. By the way, will the proprietor of the 'Englishman' allow us to ask why it is not sent to our office regularly? The price, to be sure, is nothing; but we do not find it so easy to secure a regular service of it, where we live, as he may imagine. The same question to our old and respected friend 'Tait.' It is hard that he should not be one to join the unpolitical meeting of good wills in this JOURNAL, when influential editors, of other parties, are not averse from acknowledging the claims of our neutral ground. The great Tory

'Blackwood,' the jovial Tory 'Fraser,' the conservative 'New Monthly,' and the radio-philosophical 'Repository,' all come to us; why should we miss the great Scottish radical?

This question reminds us that we have not received the 'Dublin University' this time. Also, that we have received a new monthly periodical, 'The Agricultural and Industrial Magazine' (of which more by and by); another called the 'Literary Union' (ditto); and the first two monthly parts of a new weekly provincial (Lancaster), intitled 'The Companion,' which is a very clever and promising publication, of the LONDON JOURNAL order, though in an octavo shape, and might as well have done us the honour of asking us to stand godfather to it; for the 'Companion,' be it known to 'time-honoured Lancaster,' is a name of our own. There is some good criticism in these opening numbers, upon Charles Lamb.

We should be glad to hear from P. F. on any other subject; the one he has chosen not being admissible into these our most ultra-considerate columns.

'Luna by Day,' from the German of Richter would be gladly inserted; but we fear the uninitiated would misconstrue its spirit.

S. W. H. complains truly that one of the greatest obstacles to the advancement of the doctrines advocated by our Correspondent T. R., in his question to "Men of Business," is the fancy which too many of them entertain, that trade, and a love of literature, are incompatible. This fancy helps to produce the very error they deprecate, by leading young lovers of books to take them at their word; and so the dispute is exasperated on both sides. They should recollect, that many a thriving tradesman and merchant has been a lover of books and an author. Doddsley, the bookseller, was one; Richardson, the printer, another; Glover, the banker, a third; Voltaire, for all his wit and vivacity, knew how to put his money out to account as well as the shrewdest of city speculators; and the author of 'Robinson Crusoe' was author also of the 'Complete English Tradesman.'

J. B. extremely gratified us, not only by the copy of the publication which accompanied his letter, but by showing us how much intelligence and public feeling are to be looked for in the quarter whose character he helps to elevate.

We doubt whether our Readers in general are yet quite bookish enough to relish the communication with which OLD CRONY has favoured us, intitled a 'A New Old Book.'

We take in good part (as well we may) the brusque but flattering advice of our anonymous friend, who will not stop to get ink to write to us, but venteth himself in pencil. But he will have discovered in the meanwhile that we have not been idle; and we are to discover, we suppose, for our part, that the quotation at the top of his letter was meant to apply to us. If so, it is the first time we were aware of it, nor will matter of fact allow us to acknowledge the likeness.

A. B. protests, on account of his eye-sight, against the alteration in our type proposed by R. H. R. As to the change which he is good enough to propose himself, it stirreth much pleasing vision in our mind's eye, but also much formidable necessity for reflection.

W. H. gratifies us by finding that "repulse" was too strong a word. Not only, he may be certain, was no such thing intended by either party, but if either had had the least suspicion that any manifestation of another sort was desirable, nothing would have been pleasanter than to act accordingly. As to the taunts of those days against "money-dealers," they were idle and unreflecting, and originated solely with the writer; who, though teaching others, required, in that respect, and perhaps a great many more, to be taught himself. W. H. highly pleases us by what he tells us of the good the LONDON JOURNAL does him.

M. N. is informed that the *Sensationalists* are bound up at present with the volumes, but as there will be a separate index to them by-and-by, they can

well be kept distinct, and ultimately bound up by themselves. Thomson was not omitted among the "ice-poets" for want of love; as M. N. may see by turning to a review of his 'Castle of Indolence,' in No. 9. But we thought his 'Seasons' too well known to render a quotation necessary. The passage respecting Booth, and Cato's wig, is in 'Pope's Imitations of Horace,'—the one addressed to Augustus.

The first part of the above answer to J. W. who is thanked for his good opinion of the articles he alludes to; but it is doubtful whether they could be divested of the spirit at least of all political allusion, as to appear with propriety in the JOURNAL.

The article of our friend G. H. L. (from whom we are always happy to hear) is too long, and not quite of a nature for our JOURNAL. We must give the same answer to the Gentleman who writes on 'Monitorial Teaching,' and to the author of 'Prospects of a Law Student,' who has a spirit; however, of which we should be glad to see more.

Will J. H. inform us of the particular nature of what he wishes?

T. R. was not alluded to by the Correspondent in question. His communication shall be read forthwith. We had unfortunately mislaid it.

The 'Calathumpian' is told in proper gossiping style; but those practical jokes are hardly good for example, however they may be occasionally deserved.

We must make use of the welcome criticism in the 'Bristol Mercury' for the exordium of a similar conscience-smitten review of our own!

Whatever communications addressed to us, now remain unnoticed at the end of the present inordinate article, have either not come to hand, or consist of that sort of conventional merit which baffles selection.

SUNDAY IN THE SUBURBS;

BEING MORE LAST WORDS ON 'SUNDAY IN LONDON,' WITH A DIGRESSION ON THE NAME OF SMITH.

IN writing our articles on this subject, we have been so taken up, first with the dull look of the Sunday streets, and afterwards with the lovers who make their walls lively on the hidden side, that we fairly overlooked a feature in our Metropolitan Sabbath, eminently sabbatical; to wit, the suburbs and their holiday-makers. What a thing to forget! What a thing to forget, even if it concerned only Smith in his new hat and boots. Why, he has been thinking of them all the week; and how could we, who sympathise with all the Smith-ism and boots in existence, forget them? The latter did not bring home his hat till last night, the boot-maker his boots till this morning. How did not Smith (and he is a shrewd fellow too, and reads us,) pounce upon the hat-box, undo its clinging pasteboard lid, whisk off the silver paper, delicately develop the dear beaver, and put it on before the glass! The truth must be owned;—he ate in it half supper-time. Never was such a neat fit. All Aldersgate, and the City-road, and the New-road, and Camden and Kentish-towns, glided already before him, as he went along in it,—hatted in thought. He could have gone to sleep in it,—if it would not have spoiled his nap, and its own.

Then his boots!—Look at him.—There he goes—up Somers-town. Who would suspect, from the ease and superiority of his countenance, that he had not had his boots above two hours,—that he had been a good fourth part of the time labouring and fetching the blood up in his face with pulling them on with his boot-hooks,—and that at this moment they horribly pinch him! But he has a small foot—has Jack Smith; and he would squeeze, jam, and damn it into a thimble, rather than acknowledge it to be a bit larger than it seems.

Do not think very ill of him, especially you that pinch a little less. Jack has sympathies; and as long as the admiration of the community runs towards little feet and well-polished boots, he cannot dispense, in those quarters, with the esteem of his fellow-men. As the sympathies enlarge, Jack's boots will grow wider; and we venture to prophesy that

at forty he will care little for little feet, and much for his corns and the public good. We are the more bold in this anticipation, from certain reminiscences we have of boots of our own. We shall not enter into details, for fear of compromising the dignity of literature; but the good-natured may think of them what they please. *Nam ignoro mali* (said Dido), *misericordia succurrere disco*: that is, having known what it was to wear shoes too small herself, she should never measure, for her part, the capabilities of a woman's head, by the prettiness of her slippers.

Napoleon was proud of a little foot; and Caesar, in his youth, was a dandy. So go on, Smith, and bear your tortures like a man; especially towards one o'clock, when it will be hot and dusty.

Smith does not carry a cane with a twist at the top of it for a handle. That is for an inferior grade of holiday-maker, who pokes about the suburbs, gaping at the new buildings, or treats his fellow-servant to a trip to White Conduit-house, and an orange by the way—always too sour. Smith has a stick or a whangsee; or, if he rides, a switch. He is not a good rider; and we must say it is his own fault, for he rides only on Sundays, and will not scrape acquaintance with the ostler on other days of the week. You may know him on horseback by the brisk forlornness of his steed, the inclined plane of his body, the extreme outwardness or inwardness of his toes, and an expression of face betwixt ardour, fear, and indifference. He is the most without a footman of any man in the world; that is to say, he has the most excessive desire to be taken for a man who ought to have one; and, therefore, the space of road behind him pursues him, as it were, with the reproach of its emptiness.

A word, by the way, as to our use of the generic name 'Smith.' A Correspondent wrote to us the other day, intimating that it would be a good-natured thing if we refrained in future from designating classes of men by the name of 'Tomkins.' We knew not whether he was a Tomkins himself, or whether he only felt for some friend of that name, or for the whole body of the Tomkinases; all we know is, that he has taken the word out of our mouth for ever. How many paragraphs he may have ruined by it, we cannot say; but the truth is, he has us on our weak side. We can resist no appeal to our good-nature made by a good-natured man. Besides, we like him for the seriousness and good faith with which he took the matter to heart, and for the niceness of his sympathy. Adieu, then, name of Tomkins! Even Jenkins we shall hardly venture upon in future. But let nobody interfere in behalf of Smith; for Smith does not want it. Smith is too universal, even a John Smith could not regard the use of his name as personal; for John Smith, as far as his name is concerned, has no personality. He is a class, a huge body; he has a good bit of the Directory to himself. You may see for pages together (if our memory does not deceive us), John Smith, John Smith, John Smith, or rather,

Smith, John,
Smith, John,
Smith, John,
Smith, John,
Smith, John,
Smith, John,
Smith, John,

and so on, with everlasting Smith-Johnism, like a set of palisades or iron rails; almost as if you could make them clink as you go, with drawing something along them. The repetition is dazzling. The monotony bristles with sameness. It is a *chocrou-de-Smith*. John Smith, in short, is so public and multitudinous a personage, that we do not hesitate to say we know an excellent individual of that name, whose regard we venture thus openly to boast of, without earing to run any danger of offending his modesty; for nobody will know whom we mean. An Italian poet says he hates his name of John, because if anybody calls him by it in the street, twenty people look out of window. Now let anybody call "John Smith!" and half Holborn will cry out "Well!"

As to other and famous Smiths, they are too strongly marked out by their fame; sometimes by

their Christian names; and partly, indeed, by the uncommon lustre they attain by their very commonness, to make us at all squeamish in helping ourselves to their generic appellation at ordinary times. Who will ever think of confounding Smith, in the abstract, with Adam Smith, or Sir Sidney Smith, or the Reverend Sydney Smith, or James and Horace Smith, or Dr Southwood Smith, or any other concretion of wit, bravery, or philosophy?

By this time, following, as we talk, our friend Jack up the road, we arrived at the first suburb tea-gardens, which he, for his part, passes with disdain; not our friend, John Smith, be it observed, for his philosophy is as universal as his name; but Jack Smith, our friend of the new hat and boots. And yet he will be a philosopher, too, by-and-by; and his boots shall help him to philosophise; but all in good time. Meanwhile, we who are old enough to consult our inclination in preference to our grandeur, turn into the tea-gardens, where there is no tea going forward, and not much garden; but worlds of beer, and tobacco-pipes, and alcoves; and in a corner behind some palings there is (we fear) a sound of skittles. May no clergyman hear it, who is twisting his thumbs, or listening to the ring of his wine-glasses. How hot the people look! how unpinned the goodly old dames! how tired, yet untired, the children! and how each alcove opens upon you as you pass, with its talk, smoke, beer and bad paint! Then what a feast to their eyes is the grass-plot! Truly, without well knowing it, do they sit down almost as much to the enjoyment of that green table of Nature's in the midst of them, as to their tobacco and "half-and-half." It is something which they do not see all the rest of the week; the first bit of grass, of any size, which they come to from home; and here they stop and are content. For our parts, we wish they would go further, as Smith does, and get fairly out in the fields; but they will do that, as they get freer, and wiser, and more comfortable, and learn to know and love what the wild-flowers have to say—to them. At present how should they be able to hear those small angelical voices, when their ears are ringing with stocking-frames and crying children, and they are but too happy in their tired-heartedness to get to the first bit of holiday ground they can reach?

"We come away, and mingle with the crowds returning home, among whom we recognise our friend of the twisted cane, and his lass; who looks the reddest, proudest, and most assured of maid-servants, and sometimes "snubs" him a little, out loud, to show her power; though she loves every blink of his eye. Yonder is a multitude collected round a Methodist preacher, whom they think far "behind his age," extremely ignorant of yesterday's unstamped, but "well-meaning," a "poor mistaken fellow, sir;" and they will not have him hustled by the police. Lord X should hear what they say. It might put an idea in his head.

The gas-lights begin to shine; the tide of the crowd grows thinner; chapel-windows are lit up; maid-servants stand in door-ways; married couples carry their children, or dispute about them; and children, not carried, cry for spite, and jumble their souls out.

As for Smith, he is in some friend's room, very comfortable, with his brandy and water beside him, his coloured handkerchief on his knee, and his boots intermittent.*

* Intermit—"To grow mild between the fits or paroxysms."—JOHNSON.

LOVE AND EGOTISM.

Egotism works on others for its own—love, for those other's sake. Egotism demands, love in its very deeds finds, its reward. Love embraces all things, and finds them in the one—God. Egotism sees all things for, and in all creation sees but, one thing—self. Love, in short, is power; and egotism, fear, weakness.—*Outline of a National System of Education* (a book worthy the attention of the reflecting).

HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

No. VII.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS—MERCANTILE REMINISCENCES—CITY GATHERING—THE EVERY-DAY WALK—THE REGULAR OLD GENTLEMAN—THE REGULAR STAGE—OMNIBUS—HORSEMAN—CAB—CARRIAGE—FAMILIAR FACES—SHOPS—HOUSE TO LET—DOOR WASHING—CROSSING SWEEPERS—STY-SORES—THE HOUSE IN CHANCERY.

It is truly said that the most barren and monotonous object may be clothed with associations which will make it a source of pleasure. The city clerk in his counting-house glances over the row of account-books big with the transactions of the firm for perhaps the last half century, adorned and dated with every "Anno Domini" since 17—, and their regularity fatigues his eye, and he would fain find relief in a strange face, or at the window, but it is dimmed, or grained, and impenetrable to the visual organs. But the merchant himself looks with far different feelings upon these folios. As he reads the thousand, the hundreds, the tens, and the units of each year, he is reminded of some profitable speculation, or unfortunate loss; some great bankruptcy, or time of panic; some season when the stocks were very high, or another in which they were equally low; from transactions he is led to the persons connected with them, and so on through an interminable maze of life and circumstance. He feels anew the joy upon his first lucrative speculation, and the grief upon the first serious loss experienced by his firm; and bounding from hill to hill in his land of memory, scans the rise and progress of his "house" to its present standing in the city. All these thoughts may pass in a mind of very mediocre capacity; it is but an exercise of the faculty of memory, of which all are possessed in a greater or less degree.

From the time when the rising sun throws its rays upon the cross and dome of the majestic cathedral of St Paul, to the bustling hour of mid-day, there is a constant influx of human life from the suburbs to the centre of the city; the population of the district there gathers to a focus. As the sun again is on the wane, the rays of human life diverge to all the country adjacent, within the compass, perhaps, of the "Map of ten miles round London." The greater part of these persons are pedestrians—some take an omnibus, some the regular stage, some are in gigs, some on horseback, and a few in their own carriages; hackney cabs are never used, unless an individual has conversed himself in consequence of a previous night's carousal, and then endeavours to redeem the time by the help of four extra feet.

I have now in my eye those persons who tread and re-tread the same path, day after day, month after month and year after year—and to whom everything on the way is as familiar as the alphabet. I will suppose myself to be one of the pedestrians; that my residence is between two and three miles of the Exchange, near which is my office of business; that my way is a well-frequented road; that I am punctual to my time in setting out; and that I have gone in the morning to the city, and returned from thence in the evening every day, Sundays excepted, for a dozen years or so; and, moreover, that having found the nearest way between the two points, by sundry experimental journeys at first, I have always kept to that one road. One would be apt to say, that the monotony of such a course was fatiguing, and its familiarity wearisome.

Beloved Lector, it is not so. The same road, trodden every day at the same hour a thousand times, will, on the thousand and first time, be found interesting and entertaining.

In the first place, rising from the table after breakfast, you walk to the window to see what tone of countenance the weather bears. At that moment you see a precise old gentleman, rather stout, walking with a regular pace, which neither betokens hurry nor loitering; if there is the least chance of rain, he carries an umbrella under his arm—if fine weather, a stick of rather knotty wood, with a head like a vulture's beak, worn white and smooth by constant use. You have become so accustomed to his figure pass-

ing the window, that his appearance excites as little emotion as the opposite houses. Yet, if it be your desire, you may make him a "peg whereon to hang a tail" of observations and reflections. Remark the day he wears some new garment; if it be a dirty morning, does he not pick his steps with greater nicety? Does he wear a more thoughtful or a more gay countenance than usual? Speculate in your mind as to what may have been its cause.

When you get into the road, the accustomed omnibus passes with the same, or nearly the same, passengers; but this vehicle is not so favourable for observation as the regular stage—the driver of which you may almost claim acquaintance with. A constant passenger occupies the half of the coach-box, who considers he has an acknowledged right to the seat, and would be as greatly surprised at anyone taking possession of it, as at a stranger entering his house unbidden. Should you be caught by a sudden shower, you perhaps take the stage or omnibus. Upon entering it, you are almost looked upon as an intruder, not being a regular passenger.

Every regular equestrian you recognise as he passes you on the road. There is one or two worth remarking. The old gentleman on a short thick-set bay cob, with a footman at a respectful distance—generally at a walking pace, but occasionally it quickens into a gentle amble. Should you, by any chance, be five minutes or so later than usual, you will meet the servant returning, leading his master's steed by the bridle, and he no doubt traverses the same road again in the evening to bring the old gentleman back. The rich merchant in his carriage, the stock-broker in his cabriolet, with a dapper foot-boy standing on a board six inches square, behind. You meet the same faces, morning after morning; and anything remarkable about any of these stranger acquaintances your eye catches at once. The impression which these faces leave upon your mind is very indecisive, altogether local, and you know them only at the usual place of passing on the road; should you meet one of them in company, or in an out-of-the-way quarter, you are quite puzzled to think where you have seen the face before. You feel confident that you have seen it; but whether as an old acquaintance, a stage-coach companion, or how else, you cannot determine. You are annoyed, too, lest you should, unintentionally, have cut an old irony, or been guilty of a breach of good manners, or good feeling. Oftimes you cannot unravel the mystery till you again meet him at the accustomed spot on the daily peregrination. May not the same perplexity have occupied his mind with regard to yourself, which is likewise at the same moment explained?

You may further take notice of the different shops which are open, or opening, as you pass, how the display of goods in the windows varies with the season, taste, or fashion; or as some particular holiday or festival comes round that affects the trade, how every appropriate article is blanded forth to tempt a purchaser. A newly opened shop is a red-letter observation—you watch the rise and progress, or decline and fall of the successful or unsuccessful tradesman on your route, as if you had an interest in the concern. On the first appearance of a bill in a window—"This house to let," you naturally give it a more particularly inquiring look, to ascertain the motive for removal, or to see the commencement of the packing-up operations. As quarter-day approaches you are sure to observe some indications of a bustle—like the hum of the bees in the hive before they swarm—and on the day itself, at a good distance, you catch sight of the half-loaded waggon,—chairs, tables, stools, and other articles of furniture lying about the pavement before the door, interspersed with straw, ropes, and rush matting. Having seen the departure of a tenant, you cast your eye on the house every morning to see if it be let, of which you have token by the removal of the bill. The new tenant also undergoes your scrutiny, and for a few mornings you give them a passing glance, to see if they appear comfortable in their new abode, and what kind of people they are.

There are also certain regular servant-maids, which

you take note of, on their knees (not at their devotions, but) "washing the door," as they say, but properly, the pavement before the door. By the by, I may mention that an Esculapian friend of mine informed me, that a large portion of the inmates of the Metropolitan hospitals were servants with ulcerated knees, which had been caused by continually kneeling on stones and boards, to wash and scrub them. Is there no remedy, or rather preventive, for this?

At the dirtiest crossing on your road, you usually give the sweeper a few halfpence on dirty days, and he or she is most likely a character. These mendicants, with "characters," always come best off. A common-place beggar, I should think, seldom gets much, at least in comparison with one who has a "character." Crossing-sweepers perplex one's eleemosynary faculties: one cannot bestow largess upon them all, and it is difficult to say who is the most deserving. I moreover feel as if I had no right to walk upon the swept part, unless I give something, and am sometimes inclined rather to walk in the mud. Although the sweeper depends on the casual bounty of passers by, and has no legal right to a toll—the trouble he bestows in keeping a passage clean appears to give him a shadow of a moral right, and I have an idea of trespass when I avail myself of the convenience without paying the price.

In the course of your daily route, there is sure to be some pimple on the fair face of nature, some blotch on the countenance of art, which acts as a continual eye-sore to you. Some wrong spelt name in a sign board—something out of the perpendicular—some two lines not parallel, which ought to be so—some building with wings, which are not equal—or else some awkwardly divided name and trade over a double shop front (such as "Cheese—Fish—Monger"—"Green—White—Grocer"—"Carpenter and Merry—Undertaker.") But the greatest of all eye-sores is a "house in chancery"—There it stands, dull, dirty, and dilapidated; the windows broken and the stones which have been thrown at them resting on the sills—the foundation rotten, and the roof broken in—it stands like a corpse among the living.

I have but touched upon what has occurred to me as most likely to be observable in every walk, as there are, of course, particular things peculiar to every locality, and remarkable to each individual.

BOOKWORK.

Our correspondent has written to us to correct two errors of the press in his last communication. *Parriti* should be *Parritch*; and *Cælestes ambo*, *Cælebes ambo* (Bachelors both, not Cælestials). The latter mistake was the Editor's, who could not see through a certain blot which happened to be upon the word, and thought that the designation might possibly refer to some jovial membership of a club, or some such thing, in which people take high-flying appellations from the exaltation of their animal spirits.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. X.—TIMON OF ATHENS.

'TIMON OF ATHENS' always appeared to us to be written with as intense a feeling of his subject as any one play of Shakspeare. It is one of the few in which he seems to be in earnest throughout, never to trifle nor go out of his way. He does not relax in his efforts, nor lose sight of the unity of his design. It is the only play of our author in which spleen is the predominant feeling of the mind. It is as much a satire as a play: and contains some of the finest pieces of invective possible to be conceived, both in the snarling, captious answers of the cynic Apemantus, and in the impassioned and more terrible imprecations of Timon. The latter remind the classical reader of the force and swelling impetuosity of the moral declamations in 'Juvenal,' while the former have all the keenness and caustic severity of the old stoic philosophers. The soul of Diogenes appears to have been seated on the lips of Apemantus. The churlish profession of misanthropy in the cynic is contrasted

with the profound feeling of it in Timon, and also with the soldier-like and determined resentment of Alcibiades against his countrymen, who have banished him, though this forms only an incidental episode in the tragedy.

The fable consists of a single event;—of the transition from the highest pomp and profusion of artificial refinement to the most abject state of savage life, and privation of all social intercourse. The change is as rapid as it is complete; nor is the description of the rich and generous Timon, banqueting in gilded palaces, pampered by every luxury, prodigal of his hospitality, courted by crowds of flatterers, poets, painters, lords, ladies, who—

"Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear;
And through him drink the free air"—

more striking than that of the sudden falling off of his friends and fortune, and his naked exposure in a wild forest digging roots from the earth for his sustenance, with a lofty spirit of self-denial, and bitter scorn of the world, which raise him higher in our esteem than the dazzling gloss of prosperity could do. He grudges himself the means of life, and is only busy in preparing his grave. How forcibly is the difference between what he was, and what he is described in Apemantus's taunting questions, when he comes to reproach him with the change in his way of life!—

"What, think'st thou,
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold
brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoussed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature, bid them flatter thee."

The manners are everywhere preserved with distinct truth. The poet and painter are very skilfully played off against one another, both affecting great attention to the other, and each taken up with his own vanity, and the superiority of his own art. Shakspeare has put into the mouth of the former a very lively description of the genius of poetry and of his own in particular:—

"A thing slipt idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which issues
From whence 'tis nourish'd. The fire i' th' flint
Shows not till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes itself—and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes."

The hollow friendship and shuffling evasions of the Athenian lords, their smooth professions and pitiful ingratitude, are very satisfactorily exposed, as well as the different disguises to which the meanness of self-love resorts in such cases to hide a want of generosity and good faith. The lurking selfishness of Apemantus does not pass undetected amidst the grossness of his sarcasms and his contempt for the pretensions of others. Even the two courtezans who accompany Alcibiades to the cave of Timon are very characteristically sketched; and the thieves who come to visit him are also "true men" in their way.—An exception to this general picture of selfish depravity is found in the old and honest steward, Flavius, to whom Timon pays a full tribute of tenderness. Shakspeare was unwilling to draw a picture "all over ugly with hypocrisy." He owed this character to the good-natured solicitations of his Muse. His mind was well said by Ben Jonson to be the "sphere of humanity."

The moral sententiousness of this play equals that of Lord Bacon's 'Treatise on the Wisdom of the Ancients,' and is indeed seasoned with greater variety. Every topic of contempt or indignation is here exhausted; but while the sordid licentiousness of Apemantus, which turns everything to gall and

bitterness, shows only the natural virulence of his temper and antipathy to good or evil alike, Timon does not utter an imprecation without betraying the extravagant workings of disappointed passion, of love altered to hate. Apemantus sees nothing good in any object, and exaggerates whatever is disgusting: Timon is tormented with the perpetual contrast between things and appearances, between the fresh, tempting outside and the rottenness within, and invokes mischiefs on the heads of mankind proportioned to the sense of his wrongs and of their treacheries. He impatiently cries out, when he finds the gold,—

"This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th' April day again."

One of his most dreadful imprecations is that which occurs immediately on his leaving Athens:—

"Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience, fail in children; slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads. To general filth
Convert o' th' instant green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants,
steal:
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed:
Thy mistress is i' th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
And with it beat his brains out! Fear and piety,
Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instructions, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, bse vances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries;
And let confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty,
Creep in the minds and manners of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy: breath, infect breath,
That their society (as their friendship) may
Be merely poison!"

Timon is here just as ideal in his passion for ill as he had before been in his belief of good. Apemantus was satisfied with the mischief existing in the world, and with his own ill-nature. One of the most decisive intimations of Timon's morbid jealousy of appearances is in his answer to Apemantus, who asks him,—

"What things in the world can'st thou nearest
compare with thy flatterers?
TIMON. Women nearest: but men, men are the
things themselves."

Apemantus, it is said, "loved few things better than to abhor himself." This is not the case with Timon, who neither loves to abhor himself nor others. All his vehement misanthropy is forced, uphill work. From the slippery turns of fortune, from the turmoils of passion and adversity, he wishes to sink into the quiet of the grave. On that subject his thoughts are intent, on that he finds time and place to grow romantic. He digs his own grave by the sea-shore, contrives his funeral ceremonies amidst the pomp and desolation, and builds his mausoleum of the elements:—

"Come not to me again; but say to Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a-day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.—Thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle."

And again, Alcibiades, after reading his epitaph, says of him—

"These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrest in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets,
which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave"—

thus making the winds his funeral dirge, his mourner the murmuring ocean; and seeking in the everlasting solemnities of nature oblivion of the transitory splendour of his life-time.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

[Our present story from the 'Lounger' (a very striking one) is preceded by some remarks of his, singularly characteristic of the man, who, with a great deal of hearty good in him; had much that was vehement and suspicious; of a piece with the anxious stubbornness with which he kept himself concealed from the public. Perhaps, he feared some such fate as, he here intimates, is sometimes caused by a favourite "housekeeper."]

LEIL—A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF RECOVERY FROM THE GRAVE, RECORDED AND AUTHENTICATED BY SEVERAL HISTORIANS.

It is mentioned here in order to stimulate the friends of persons whose animation has been suspended by drowning, suffocation, and other accidents; and to encourage them not to relax in their efforts of recovery, however hopeless appearances may be. I also mean this article as a salutary check on persons of another description: the residuary legatees, second cousins, favourite house-keepers, and religious intimates of wealthy bachelors, rich widows, and childless, or childish, old men. I would wish them not to be too hasty in laying them out, and to pay some little regard to decency and decorum before they send for the undertaker, screw up the coffin, and rummage for the will.

A spark of life, not yet wholly extinguished, may be roused into a flame, by their abominable hypocrisy, and their avaricious hopes be ultimately defeated by a new devisee.

But, waiving further preliminary comment, and to come at once to the fact, the circumstance in question took place in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Elizabeth of England, and Charles the IXth of France, at the period when the intrepid female who filled the English throne felt it her duty, or her interest, to interfere in the wars of the league, and actually sent an army of 6,000 men, under the command of the Earl of Warwick, who took possession of Dieppe and Havre-de-Grace, but was too late to prevent the city of Rouen being taken by assault by the Duke of Guise and his party.

It was at this siege, and in defending Fort St Catherine, that Francis de St Civile, a young man of good family in Normandy, but somewhat tainted with the new opinions, leading on the company he commanded, received a musket shot, which, entering his right cheek, and passing obliquely downwards, was buried in his neck.

A considerable effusion of blood took place, he fell motionless on the ground, and soon after, being considered as dead, was stripped, and with another corpse committed to the earth.

A faithful old servant of his family's impatiently waited his return, and, on being told what had happened, was anxious to see the body of his beloved master; and, with a superstition, in this instance amiable, to give it Christian burial.

In the eagerness of zeal and love, he procured several soldiers of M. de St Civile's company to

attend him with torches to the spot where the captain was buried. The day was already closed when he received the melancholy intelligence, and a solemn stillness reigned over a spot so lately the scene of carnage and confusion.

They opened many graves in vain, and as they were fearful of exciting the attention and drawing upon themselves the fire of the besiegers, were preparing to return, without having accomplished their purpose, when the domestic's attention was attracted by some bright body on the ground, which, reflecting the blaze of the torch, sparkled in his eye.

Turning back to examine the cause, he saw, uncovered, a hand and arm of some corpse already buried; on closer inspection, and gazing with eager looks, he found that the glittering object was a diamond ring on one of the fingers; this he instantly recognized, having formerly brought it to his master, as a token of love from the mistress of the young soldier's heart.

The body was disinterred without delay, and the valet, bearing it in his arms, returned to his quarters. He could not help remarking, as he carried this honourable burthen, that it was still warm; stopping a moment to look at that face which had smiled on him a thousand times; he perceived something like a faint breath issuing from the mouth. This circumstance created new hopes; and the instant he reached home, placing the body in a warm bed, and calling in medical aid, the wounded man gradually recovered.

The first object De St Civile opened his eyes on, was the fond, the faithful servant, who had attended him from his entrance into life and had now snatched him from an untimely grave.

He remained for several weeks in a languid state; and the city was in the meantime taken by storm. The besiegers being exasperated against the family of the wounded captain, for the active part they had taken, with that more than savage animosity with which civil wars are carried on; threw the sick man from the window.

Fortunately for M. de St Civile there was a large dung-hill underneath, on which he fell without injury; here, in the noise and confusion of a military assault, he lay for several days unnoticed by the enemy, was occasionally supplied with a little nourishment, and at last conveyed by night, through the kind care of his original deliverer, to a farmhouse, a few miles from the city; at this place, with good nursing, he at length recovered; and was personally known to Monsieur de Thou, to whom I am obliged for a good part of this short, but interesting, narrative.

THE LIFE OF PYTHAGORAS.

BY WILLIAM GODWIN.

[THE name of Pythagoras, partly owing to its antiquity, and partly to the mysticism attached to it, sounds at this time of day almost like a thing of fable, and of no importance to "men's business and bosoms." But a little reflection, and the treatment of it, as here given, by a man of genius, soon show us otherwise. The founder of the Platonic philosophy, who was also a mathematical discoverer, and influences the commonest movements of science as well as imagination to this day, here stands before us, as real a man as ever existed, and, like so many others, at once a great and a weak man, a teacher of truth and a user of falsehood, and thereby an injurer of his truth and of his fame. The moral is obvious and affecting.—The Life is taken from Mr Godwin's lately published work upon Necromancers.]

THE name of Pythagoras is one of the most remarkable in the records of the human species; and his character is well worthy of the minutest investigation. By this name we are brought at once within the limits of history properly so called. He lived in the time of Darius and Cyrus Hystaspes, of Croesus, of Pisistratus, of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, and Amasis, King of Egypt. Many hypotheses have been laid down respecting the precise period of his birth and death; but as it is not to our purpose to

enter into any lengthened discussions of that sort, we will adopt at once the statement that appears to be the most probable, which is that of Lloyd, who fixes his birth about the year before Christ 566, and his death about the year 506.

Pythagoras was a man of the most various accomplishments, and appears to have penetrated, in different directions, into the depths of human knowledge. He sought wisdom in its retreats of faintest promise, in Egypt and other distant countries. In this investigation he employed the earlier period of his life, probably till he was about forty, and devoted the remainder to such modes of proceeding, as appeared to him the most likely to secure the advantage of what he had acquired to a late posterity.

He founded a school, and delivered his acquisitions by oral communication to a numerous body of followers. He divided his pupils into two classes, the one neophytes, to whom were explained only the most obvious and general truths; the others, who were admitted into the intire confidence of the master. These last he caused to throw their property into a common stock, and to live together in the same place of resort. He appears to have spent the latter part of his life in that part of Italy called Magna Græcia, so denominated, in some degree, from the numerous colonies of Græcians by whom it was planted, and partly, perhaps, from the memory of the illustrious things which Pythagoras achieved there. He is said to have spread the seeds of political liberty in Crotona, Sybaris, Metapontum, and Rhegium, and from thence in Sicily to Tauromenium, Catania, Agrigento, and Himera. Charondas and Zaleucus, themselves famous legislators, derived the rudiments of their political wisdom from the instructions of Pythagoras.

But this marvellous man, in some way, whether from the knowledge he received, or from his own proper instructions, has secured to his species benefits of a more permanent nature, and which shall outlive the revolutions of ages, and the instability of political institutions. He was a profound geometrician. The two theorems, that the internal angles of every right-angle triangle are equal to two right-angles, and that the square of the hypotenuse of every right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, are ascribed to him. In memory of the latter of these discoveries, he is said to have offered a public sacrifice to the Gods; and the theorem is still known by the name of the Pythagorean theorem. He ascertained, from the length of the Olympic course, which was understood to have measured six hundred of Hercules's feet, the precise stature of that hero. Lastly, Pythagoras is the first person who is known to have taught the spherical figure of the earth, and that we have antipodes; and he propagated the doctrine that the earth is a planet, and that the sun is the centre round which the earth and the other planets move, now known by the name of the Copernican system.

To inculcate a pure and simple mode of subsistence was also an object of pursuit of Pythagoras. He taught a total abstinence from everything having had the property of animal life. It has been affirmed, as we have seen, that Orpheus, before him, taught the same thing. But the claim of Orpheus to this distinction is ambiguous, while the theories and dogmas of the Samian sage, as he has frequently been styled, were more methodically digested, and produced more lasting and unequivocal effects. He taught temperance in all its branches; and a resolute subjection of the appetites of the body to contemplation and the exercises of the mind; and, by the unremitted discipline and authority he exerted over his followers, he caused his lessons to be constantly observed. There was, therefore, an edifying and an exemplary simplicity that prevailed, as far as the influence of Pythagoras extended, that won golden opinions to his adherents at all times that they appeared, and in all places.

One revolution that Pythagoras worked, was that; whereas, immediately before, those who are most conspicuous among the Greeks, as instructors of mankind in understanding and virtue, styled themselves

sophists, professors of wisdom, this illustrious man desired to be known only by the appellation of a philosopher, a lover of wisdom. The sophists had previously brought their denomination into discredit and reproach by the arrogance of their pretensions, and the impudic way in which they attempted to lay down the law to the world.

The modesty of this appellation, however, did not altogether suit with the deep designs of Pythagoras, the ascendancy he resolved to acquire, and the secular subjection in which he deemed it necessary to hold those who placed themselves under his instruction. This wonderful man set out with making himself a model of the passive and unscrupulous docility, which he afterwards required from others. He did not begin to teach till he was forty-eight years of age, and from eighteen to that period he studied in foreign countries, with the resolution to submit to all his teachers enjoined, and to make himself master of their least communicated and most secret wisdom. In Egypt, in particular, we are told that, although he brought a letter of recommendation from Polykrates, his native sovereign, to Amasis, king of that country, who fully concurred with the views of the writer, the priests, jealous of admitting a foreigner into their secrets, baffled him as long as they could, referring him from one college to another, and prescribing to him the most rigorous preparatives, not excluding the rite of circumcision. But Pythagoras endured and underwent everything, till at length their unwillingness was conquered, and his perseverance received its suitable reward.

When in the end Pythagoras thought himself fully qualified for the task he had all along had in view, he was no less strict in prescribing ample preliminaries to his own scholars. At the time that a pupil was proposed to him, the master, we are told, examined him with multiplied questions; as to his principles, his habits, and intentions, observed minutely his voice and manner of speaking, his walk and his gestures, the lines of his countenance, and the expression and management of his eye, and when he was satisfied with these, then, and not till then, admitted him as a probationer. It is to be supposed that all this must have been personal. As soon, however, as this was over, the master was withdrawn from the sight of the pupil; and a novitiate of three and five, in all eight years, was prescribed to the scholar, during which time he was only to hear his instructor from behind a curtain, and the strictest silence was enjoined him through the whole period. As the instructions Pythagoras received in Egypt and the East admitted of no dispute, so in his turn, he required an unreserved submission from those who heard him: *αυτος εφη*, "the master has said it," was deemed a sufficient solution to all doubt and uncertainty.

To give the greater authority and effect to his communications, Pythagoras hid himself, during the day at least, from the great body of his pupils, and was only seen by them at night. Indeed there is no reason to suppose that anyone was admitted into his intire familiarity. When he came forth, he appeared in a long garment of the purest white, with a flowing beard, and a garland upon his head. He is said to have been of the finest symmetrical form, with a majestic carriage, and a grave and awful countenance. He suffered his followers to believe that he was one of the gods, the Hyperborean Apollo; and is said to have told Abaris, that he assumed the human form that he might the better invite men to an easiness of approach, and a confidence in him. What, however, seems to have been agreed in by all his biographers is, that he professed to have already in different ages appeared in the likeness of a man; first, as Æthalides, the son of Mercury; and when his father expressed himself as ready to invest him with any gift short of immortality, he prayed that, as the human soul is destined successively to dwell in various forms, he might have the privilege in each to remember his former state of being, which was granted him. From Æthalides he became Euphorbus, who slew Patroclus at the siege of Troy. He then appeared as Hermodimus, then Pyrrhus, a fisherman

of Delos, and, finally, Pythagoras. He said that a period of time was interposed between each transmigration, during which he visited the seat of departed souls; and he professed to relate a part of the wonders he had seen. He is said to have eaten sparingly and in secret, and in all respects to have given himself out for being not subject to the ordinary laws of nature.

Pythagoras, therefore, pretended to miraculous endowments. Happening to be on the sea shore when certain fishermen drew to the land an enormous number of fishes, he desired them to allow him to dispose of the capture, which they consented to do, provided he would name the precise number they had caught. He did so, and required that they should throw their prize into the sea again, at the same time paying them the value of the fish. He tamed a Daunian bear by whispering in his ear, and prevailed on him henceforth to refrain from the flesh of animals, and to feed on vegetables. By the same means he induced an ox not to eat beans, which was a diet especially prohibited by Pythagoras; and he called down an eagle from his flight, causing him to sit on his hand, and submit to be stroked down by the philosopher. In Greece, when he passed the river Nessus, in Macedon, the stream was heard to salute with the words, "Hail, Pythagoras!" When Abaris addressed him as one of the heavenly host, he took the stranger aside, and convinced him that he was under no mistake, by exhibiting to him his thigh of gold; or, according to another account, he used the same sort of evidence at a certain time, to convince his pupils of his celestial descent. He is said to have been seen on the same day at Metapontum in Italy, and at Tauromium in Sicily, though these places are divided by the sea, so that it was conceived that it would cost several days to pass from one to the other. In one instance, he absented himself from his associates in Italy for a whole year; and when he appeared again, related that he had passed that time in the infernal regions, describing likewise the marvellous things he had seen. Diogenes Laertius, speaking of this circumstance, affirms however, that he remained during this period in a cave, where his mother conveyed to him intelligence and necessities, and that, when he came once more into light and air, he appeared so emaciated and colourless, that he might well be believed to have come out of Hades.

The close of the life of Pythagoras was, according to every statement, in the midst of misfortune and violence. Some particulars are related by Iamblichus, which, though he is not an authority beyond all exception, are so characteristic as seems to insinuate them to the being transcribed. This author is more circumstantial than any other in stating the elaborate steps by which the pupils of Pythagoras came to be finally admitted into the full confidence of the master. He says that they passed three years, in the first place, in a state of probation, carefully watched by their seniors, and exposed to their occasional taunts and ironies, by way of experiment to ascertain whether they were of a temper sufficiently philosophical and firm. At the expiration of that period, they were admitted to a novitiate in which they were bound to uninterrupted silence, and heard the lectures of the master, while he was himself concealed from their view by a curtain. They were then received to initiation, and required to deliver over their property to the common stock. They were admitted to intercourse with the master. They were invited to a participation of the most obscure theories and the abstrusest problems. If, however, in this stage of their progress, they were discovered to be too weak of intellectual penetration, or any other fundamental objections were established against them, they were expelled the community; the double of the property they had contributed to the common stock was paid down to them; a headstone and a monument inscribed with their names were set up in the place of meeting of the community; they were considered as dead; and if afterwards they met by chance any of those who were

of the privileged few, they were treated by them as intirely strangers.

Cylon, the richest man, or, as he is in one place styled, the prince of Crotona, had manifested the greatest partiality to Pythagoras. He was, at the same time, a man of rude, impatient, and boisterous character. He, together with Pericles of Thurium, submitted to all the severities of the Pythagorean school. They passed the three years of probation, and the five years of silence. They were received into the familiarity of the master. They were then initiated, and delivered all their wealth into the common stock. They were, however, ultimately pronounced deficient in intellectual power, or for some other reason were not judged worthy to continue among the confidential pupils of Pythagoras. They were expelled. The double of the property they had contributed was paid back to them. A monument was set up in memory of what they had been, and they were pronounced dead to the school.

It will easily be conceived in what temper Cylon sustained this degradation. Of Pericles we hear nothing further. But Cylon, from feelings of the deepest reverence and awe for Pythagoras, which he cherished for years, was filled, even to bursting, with inextinguishable hatred and revenge. The unparalleled merits, the venerable age of the master whom he had so long followed, had no power to controul his violence. His paramount influence in the city insured him the command of a great body of followers. [He excited them to a frame of turbulence and riot. He represented to them how intolerable was the despotism of this pretended philosopher. They surrounded the school in which the pupils were accustomed to assemble, and set it on fire. Forty persons perished in the flames. According to some accounts, Pythagoras was absent at the time: according to others, he and two of his pupils escaped. He retired from Crotona to Metapontum. But the hostility which had broken out in the former city followed him there. He took refuge in the Temple of the Muses. But he was held so closely besieged that no provisions could be conveyed to him; and he finally perished with hunger, after, according to Laertius, forty days abstinence.]

It is difficult to imagine anything more instructive, and more pregnant with matter for salutary reflection, than the contrast presented to us by the character and system of action of Pythagoras on the one hand, and those of the great inquirers of the two last centuries, Bacon, Newton, and Locke, on the other. Pythagoras probably does not yield to any one of these in the evidences of truly intellectual greatness. In his school, in the followers he trained resembling himself, and in the salutary effects he produced on the institutions of the various republics of Magna Græcia and Sicily, he must be allowed greatly to have excelled them. His discoveries of various propositions in geometry, of the earth as a planet, and of the solar system as now universally recognised, clearly stamp him a genius of the highest order.

Yet this man, thus enlightened and philosophical, established his system of proceeding upon narrow and exclusive principles, and conducted it by methods of artifice, quackery, and delusion. One of his leading maxims was, that the great and fundamental truth, to the establishment of which he devoted himself, were studiously to be concealed from the vulgar, and only to be imparted to a select few, and after years of the severest novitiate and trial. He learned his earliest lessons of wisdom in Egypt, after this method, and he conformed through life to the example which had thus been delivered to him. The severe examination that he made of the candidates previously to their being admitted into his school, and the years of silence that were then prescribed to them, testify this. He instructed them by symbols, obscure and enigmatical propositions, which they were first to exercise their ingenuity to expound. The authority and dogmatical assertions of the master were to remain unquestioned; and the pupils were to fashion themselves to obsequious and implicit submission, and were the furthest in the world from

being encouraged to the independent exercise of their own understandings. There was nothing that Pythagoras was more fixed to discountenance, than the communication of the truths upon which he placed the highest value to the uninitiated. It is not probable, therefore, that he wrote anything: all was communicated orally, by such gradations, and with such discretion, as he might think fit to adopt and exercise.

Delusion and falsehood were main features of his instruction. With what respect, therefore, can we consider, and to what manliness worthy of his high character and endowments can we impute, his discourses delivered from behind a curtain, his hiding himself during the day, and only appearing by night in a garb assumed for the purpose of exciting awe and veneration? What shall we say to the story of his various transmigrations? At first sight it appears in the light of the most audacious and unblushing imposition. And, if we are to yield so far as to admit that by a high-wrought enthusiasm, by a long train of maceration and visionary reveries, he succeeded in imposing on himself, this, though in a different way, would scarcely less detract from the high stage of eminence upon which the nobler parts of his character would induce us to place him.

Such were some of the main causes that have made his efforts perishable, and the lustre which should have attended his genius in a great degree transitory and fugitive. He was probably much under the influence of a contemptible jealousy, and must be considered as desirous that none of his contemporaries or followers should eclipse their master. All was eracular and dogmatic in the school of Pythagoras. He prized, and justly prized, the greatness of his attainments and discoveries, and had no conception that anything could go beyond them. He did not encourage, nay, he resolutely opposed, all true independence of mind, and that undaunted spirit of enterprise, which is the atmosphere in which the sublimest thoughts are most naturally generated. He therefore did not throw open the gates of science and wisdom, and invite every comer; but, on the contrary, narrowed the entrance, and carefully reduced the number of aspirants. He thought not of the most likely methods to give strength, and permanence, and an extensive sphere to the progress of the human mind. For these reasons he wrote nothing; but consigned all to the frail and uncertain custody of tradition. And distant posterity has amply revenged itself upon the narrowness of his policy; and the name of Pythagoras, which would otherwise have been ranked with the first luminaries of mankind, and consigned to everlasting gratitude, has, in consequence of a few radical and fatal mistakes, been often loaded with obloquy, and the hero who bore it been indiscriminately classed among the votaries of imposture and artifice.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the British Institution.

THE show of pictures at Pall Mall is not remarkable this season for the number of its good or its bad ones; there is a shoal of pictures of most respectable mediocrity. Among the figure-pieces [we want some word not so magniloquent as "historical," to express the telling a story by means of figures]—there are some of the most execrable disfigurements that can be placed upon a gallery-wall. Of them, enough said. Among the landscapes there are very many that are pleasing transcripts of nature's beauties, and as such are pleasant to look upon, and worth a rich man's money, to adorn her rooms withal; but those that exhibit any peculiarity of skill or taste on the part of the painter were few. To note each of the five hundred pictures that cover the walls of the British Institution were impossible, nor can we, in fairness, comment on any few out of the legion of talented propriety we have mentioned; we must therefore confine our observations to the most remarkable. First, in genius and power, then, let us render homage due to Edwin Landseer. There is the active vigour in every part—there the weight

of strength—there the solemn majesty of the noble beast—all now resigned to the deepest slumber. The study was made from a dead animal, and whether it be fancy or not we cannot say, but we think we can recognize the look of death. The noble brute was killed by an accident, and its owner took him immediately to Edwin Landseer, who, like an old heathen god, though life is fled for ever, has given the dog an immortal existence by turning him into a picture. The activity, the strength, the grandeur of that form will not pass away and be forgotten, but there for ages will they stay, and many will be the eyes that will wonder at the creature, and at the painter who has immortalized him. The colour of the picture is solemn and subdued, in keeping with the deep repose of the subject. The handling is bold and masterly. It is less elaborately finished than most of Landseer's pictures. It is the size of life; half its grandeur would otherwise have been lost. The 'Retriever' is one of his astonishing fac-similes. It is a dog of the spaniel breed, bringing a wounded duck from among some rushes. How true the mild, pleased, tail-wagging expression of the dog's face; how helpless the duck, and how true to the motion of being carried is the action of the neck and legs. Did you ever, Reader, carry a duck, for if you have you will immediately recognise that peculiar bend of the neck. The bird is most beautifully coloured.

To be continued next week.

Houses of Parliament and Palatial Edifices of Westminster. By John Britton and Edward W. Brayley. No. III.

We objected to the engravings in No. I, that they wanted, to complete them, a certain degree of pictorial effect; such is the case with some in the part before us: No. II. we have not seen. The staircase in the Painted Chamber, however, proves that Mr Billings is not incapable of a better style; the *light-and-shade* is broader and the parts are in better keeping; and so the grandeur of the building is done more justice to.

A History of British Fishes. By Wm. Yarrell, F.L.S. Illustrated by Wood-cuts of all the Species, and numerous Vignettes. John Van Voarst. Part I.

THESE cuts are of the very best order of execution, delicate and soft, highly finished, yet broad. As instances of delicacy and tender touch, we will point out the Perch,—and the Smooth Serranus, each part is well defined, and yet the tints blend most naturally and gently into one another. The action and expression, withal, are excellent, witness the Sapphirine Garnard, curving gently on one side, with all the fluent ease of the lively fish in its native element. Or all the students this island has fostered, none has made such use of his apprenticeship, none has so completely learned his craft, none is so worthy of the title a "Master," as Edwin Landseer. Everything worked by his hand is not an attempt successful, it is an intention fulfilled. His brushes own despotic sway,—and are the slaves of his merest wish; difficulty is to him a forgotten evil. The 'Sleeping Blood Hound is magnificent;—broad, solid, real, in effect;—grand in strength, and the expression of power in repose.

TABLE TALK.

PRECIOUS ABUSE.

In 1656 the French and the English encountered in the vineyards of Maupertuis, not far from Poitiers (19th September). The event of that day is well known. Great carnage was made of the Scots. Lord Douglas, after having been wounded, was forced off the field by his surviving companions. Archibald Douglas, a warrior eminent in our history, fell into the power of the enemy; but, by the extraordinary presence of mind of Sir William Ramsay of Colluthy, he was concealed, and escaped unknown. The story, as related by Fordun, is curious. It shall be translated, as nearly as possible, in his own manner: Archibald Douglas having been made prisoner along with the rest, appeared in more sumptuous armour

than the other Scottish prisoners, and therefore he was supposed by the English to be some great lord. Late in the evening after the battle, when the English were about to strip off their armour, Sir William Ramsay of Colluthy happening to be present, fixed his eyes on Archibald Douglas, and, affecting to be in a violent passion, cried out, "You cursed, damnable murderer, how comes it in the name of mischief (*ex-parte diaboli*), that you are thus proudly decked out in your master's armour? Come hither and pull off my boots. Douglas approached tremblingly, kneeled down, and pulled off one of the boots: Ramsay taking up the boot, beat Douglas with it. The English bystanders, imagining him out of his senses, interposed, and rescued Douglas. They said that the person whom he had beaten was certainly of great rank, and a lord. "What! he a lord," cried Ramsay, "He is a scullion, and a base knave, and, as I suppose, has killed his master. Go, you villain to the field, search for the body of my cousin, your master, and when you have found it, come back, that, at least, I may give him a decent burial." Then he ransomed the feigned serving man for forty shillings, and, having buffeted him smartly, he cried, "Get you gone; fly." Douglas bore all this patiently, carried on the deceit, and was soon beyond the reach of his enemies. This story, as to some of its circumstances, may not seem altogether probable; yet, in the main, it has the appearance of truth. Had I been at liberty to vary the narrative, I would have made Ramsay suspect, that the feigned serving man had stript his master after he had been slain, or mortally wounded. This Archibald was the natural son of the renowned Sir James Douglas, slain by the Saracens in Granada. —*Annals of Scotland.*

IMPRESSION OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

M. Marville has given the following curious details on this subject. Doubting, he tells us, the truth of those who say it is natural for us to love music, especially the sound of instruments, and that beasts themselves are touched with it, being one day in the country he made his observations, while a man was playing on a conch shell (*trompe marine*), upon a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and some barn-door fowls in a yard under the window on which he was leaning. He did not perceive that the cat was in the least affected, and he even judged by her air that she would have given all the musical instruments in the world for a mouse, for she slept all the while unmoved in the sun; the horse stopped short from time to time at the window, raising his head up now and then as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the players; and the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles very peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing awhile went forward; some little birds which were in an aviary, and others on trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock, minding his hens, and the hens solely employed in scrapping in a neighbouring dunghill, did not show in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the music. —*Faculties of Birds.*

THE WEEK.

SINCE writing our first article we find that we have come sooner than we looked for to a point in the almanac, which throws us into a dilemma; for we noticed last year (up to a certain number of weeks) the birth-days of eminent men now commencing, and as a repetition of them is out of the question, so we are loth to vary our remarks for the mere sake of doing so, and thus losing the freshness of a first impression. We shall see by next week what is to be done.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1835.

No. 52.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THREE NEW BOOKS.

FRANCESCA CARRARA.—'CHANCES AND CHANGES,'
AND 'THE RICHES OF CHAUCER.'

SWIFT advises a servant, when his master is going to find fault with him, to anticipate him by some ground of complaint, real or imaginary, of his own. This resource will not do for us gentry of the LONDON JOURNAL, who are all of us, whether masters or servants, inheritors of higher notions from books, and do not condescend to the excuses of those days. But it is a fine thing, when a man is obliged to make an excuse, and is at a loss for one equally consistent with the delicacies of all parties, to find a gentleman coming up, and making an excuse to him! Golden is the opportunity for showing oneself grateful and generous, and thereby hinting to the remaining party how proper it will be to accept the excuse we are about to make, and what honour they will do themselves by it.

Now thus writeth of us the most cordial and knowing 'Bristol Mercury,' on the appearance of our first volume,—and thus, with that admission of our merits to becoming in a modern editor, do we repeat what he writeth:—

"Among the greatest miseries of an editor may be reckoned the wish to accomplish some particular object which he is continually obliged to postpone, and then, by and by, like the thoughtless debtor who suffers a trifling amount to remain unpaid, he is astounded at the magnitude of the debt which has accumulated. In some such a position do we feel ourselves with our Readers. Week after week, since the publication of the LONDON JOURNAL, has it beguiled for us many a weary hour, and often, by its happy philosophy, have the harassing cares, which have dogged our steps all day, been fairly driven from the field, when we have been able at last to take up a good position for doing battle, snugly entrenched in our easy chair and slippers, our coffee and toast before us, and armed with an unread number of this JOURNAL. And week after week have we intended to direct our Readers to the source of so much pleasure; and lo! a goodly-sized volume has made its appearance, with its many pleasant reminiscences, to reproach us with our selfishness and neglect."

Now "week after week, since the publication" of 'Francesca Carrara'—

—"week after week, since the publication" of 'Chances and Changes'—]

—"week after week, since the publication" of 'The Riches of Chaucer'—

have they interfused their respective relishes amidst the amenities of our tea-table and the large luxury of our easy chair and slippers; and week after week have we intended to direct our Readers to the sources of so much pleasure, when lo! three volumes together here make their appearance to reproach us with scarcely yet having noticed one. Here are 'The Riches of Chaucer,' a very treasure and casket of all precious things to make our tea-table rich,—'Chances and Changes' as sweet and domestic, as a lady to make tea for us,—and 'Francesca Carrara' (how shall we say it?) as thorough a peppered devil of wilfulness and calamity as ever fair hand served up to vary our dulcitudes withal,—and to none of them have we yet returned thanks for their sweetness or pungency.

The truth is, we cannot get rid of a vile propensity we have for putting off notices of the things we wish

to notice most, for the purpose (as we think) of doing them the better justice; whereas the best justice is to notice them at once, briefly as we may be able, and not to stand committing their chances of sale (helped by the mere fact of notice) with the imaginary importance of our "long say." And the worst of it is, that we do this to the authors whose books have given us the greatest personal regard for them,—another vile trick of the egotism of 'approbation; as if the prodigious honour we do' to people in liking them, gave us a right to ill-use them, and to take liberties more trying than pleasant.

However, Miss Landon's book, with her fame and popularity, will have disposed of itself, long before anything is said by us on the subject. Our superfluous self-references, we fear (if she sees them), will only dispose her to add another chapter to the "vanities of all things." The 'Six Weeks on the Loire,' also, will have procured, we trust, a full though quieter passage along the public stream, for the fair authoress of 'Chances and Changes.' Mr Clarke has the greatest right to complain of us, because poetry, especially old poetry, does not make its way to public perusal, like novels. But to say the truth, we have yet another reason for the delay; and this is, that we have a quarrel to pick with all these three authors; and in one instance, it involves a renunciation of an error on our own part, which completes the hardship of this accumulated perplexity.

Mr Clarke, who has a genuine love for his author, struck with disgust at the gross notion which has prevailed in this country almost ever since Chaucer wrote, that he is little else but a writer of humorous and licentious tales, has gone to the extreme of giving us as much as possible of his gravity, and as little as possible of his levity; whereas, though it is out of the question to think of publishing much of what is rejected, he might have retained exquisite passages of drollery perfectly unexceptionable, and sunk a good deal of what is merely prosing and superfluous. We have also to express a doubt, whether Chaucer's versification is so invariably regular in its construction as Mr Clarke supposes; a doubt which [we] express with the less willingness, because we have done something in our day towards spreading the contrary notion. But we must own, it now appears to us, that although the divine old bard, generally speaking, is as correct in his prosody as he is instinctively melodious, his lines are now and then short, or superfluous, of a syllable or so, and his time marked only by quantity. We are the more inclined to this opinion, from some remarkable instances that have come before us of a like tendency in other good ears, even now living, when the demands of prosody are so much better understood. Here is a sample in Chaucer, from the very first page that we have opened at random,—

"The hand was known that the letter wrote,
And all the venom of this cursed deed,
But in what wise certainly I not:—"

that is, "know not." Now on these two syllables, "what wise," the voice lingers by reason of their natural emphasis, and thus makes the two serve the purpose of three; for in this verse there is a syllable wanting. Mr Clarke, however, has made a present to the reading world, which they ought to seize with joy. He has put an end to the old bugbear of "difficulty," by modernizing the spelling of Chaucer,

without hurting the spirit of his poetry; and if it is to be regretted that he has put too gratuitous a faith in the far too gratuitous conclusions of Mr Godwin's otherwise valuable life of the poet, his fault in that respect, as in others, is still a fault of faith, and leaves him a character for *bonhomie*, not unbecoming a recommender of childlike and loving genius. The world is now twice indebted to Mr Clarke on the side of poetry: for he was one of the first teachers, and main encouragers, of the young genius of Mr Keats, of whom he has here recorded an interesting anecdote, accompanied by a sonnet which will be highly welcome to our poetical readers:—

"The poem of 'The Flower and the Leaf' was especially favoured by the young poet, John Keats. The author may perhaps be pardoned for making a short digression upon the present occasion, to record an anecdote in corroboration of the pleasure testified by that vivid intellect upon his first perusal of the composition. It happened at the period when Keats was about publishing his first little volume of poems (in the year 1817). He was then living in the second floor of a house in the Poultry, at the corner of the court leading to the Queen's Arms Tavern—that corner nearest to Bow Church. The author had called upon him here, and finding his young friend engaged, took possession of a sofa, and commenced reading from his then pocket-companion, Chaucer's 'Flower and the Leaf.' The fatigue of a long walk, however, prevailed over the fascination of the verses, and he fell asleep. Upon awaking, the book was still at his side; but the Reader may conceive the author's delight, upon finding the following elegant sonnet written in his book, at the close of the poem. During my sleep, Keats had read it for the first time; and, knowing that it would gratify me, had subjoined a testimony to its merit, that might have delighted Chaucer himself."

"SONNET UPON READING THE 'FLOWER AND THE LEAF.'"

This pleasant tale is like a little copse
The honied lines so freshly interlace
To keep the reader in so sweet a place;
So that he here, and there full-hearted stops;
And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops
Come cool and suddenly against his face:
And by the wand'ring melody may trace
Which way the tender-legged linnet hops.
Oh, what a charm hath white simplicity!
What mighty power hath this gentle story!—
I, that for ever feel athirst for glory,
Could at this moment be content to lie
Meekly upon the grass, as those whose sobbings
Were heard of none beside the mournful robin's."
February, 1817."

With Miss Landon our quarrel is far worse, and quite horrible, seeing it is with a lady; but why does she, whose poetry can live at will in such charming places of fancy, and floweriness, and lovingness, write a novel which is one continued, wilful wail over the "miseries of human life," making the very worst of what is bad, and refusing to make as much as she could, and even as the circumstances demand, of what is consolatory and prosperous? She has positively, after making all her loving people as anxious and unhappy as possible throughout the book, taken her hero and heroine the instant they are married, and

when they might have sat comfortably down by their fireside, and sent them to sea in a storm, for no reason whatsoever but to drown them, and say "You shan't be happy, though you might." Now there really are happy brides in the world; all the people, who are married at St George's or St Mildred's, do not look about them for a ship in a storm to die in; and why should Miss Landon, therefore, have deprived us of this bit of sugar after our physic, and lumped such a very particular misery among her general calamities? *Cui bono?* The "Miseries of Human Life" are an old story, and are so apt to be overdone, that a modern wit has made a farce of them instead of a tragedy. We are not for denying their existence, but for doing our best to diminish them, and see fair play to those innumerable sources of pleasure which, in the riches of our spleen, and in our power to dispense with all pleasures, provided we do not see things go just as we like, we are so apt to look upon as nothing. The world is surely quite enough alive to what is unhappy in it, as far as regards the old grounds of unhappiness; at least no preaching up of despair will render them so to better purpose; and we do not see how the only comfort left them in such sermons, to wit, the superiority of the world to come, is much recommended by a system of lamentation and rebuke, so little complimentary to the creator of both. Might we suggest, then, to Miss Landon, that she is going farther than she intends, and perhaps adding to the discomfort she deplures, by encouraging a saturnine turn of mind in her readers? We have always heard, and we believe, that her heart is equal to her staid, and that in private she is one of the most generous and disinterested of women; and why should she not be as generous in her books, and endeavour to increase that sense of pleasure which she admits to be small, rather than diminish it? Let her think of this, and do justice to the gifts heaven has bestowed on her, and not pretend there are no roses because there are thorns. Let her make us all love her so much, that our very gratitude shall force her to be cheerful whether she will or no.

As to the fair authoress of 'Chances and Changes,' who is one of the most acquiescent of human beings, and delights in drawing comfort out of the severest trials, we have less scruple in quarrelling with her, seeing she can turn everything to such good account; but why, in thinking us worthy of a quotation, must she needs select a passage which we regret to have written, and which originated in young and petulant want of proper reverence for a poet (Mr Wordsworth) to whom we afterwards made the *amende honorable*? And she reprobates it, too, as if we had not done so ourselves!—nay, as if we had not been one of the greatest trumpeters of his muse (then needing such servant-harbingers); so much so, that a late noble rival of his used to rank it among our offences, and merrily charge us with having given the town the wrong poetical faith. This is hard, though she does not mean it, and though she says everything in such a soft, good-natured voice, as in truth aggravates the hardship, and makes us sorrier that she has mistaken us. However, we have here supplied her with golden reason for doing us justice at some future opportunity, and mending her quotation, which she will do in the most acceptable manner by giving one on the same poet, to be found in another edition of the same verses, or even in the same edition; for we hailed him as the Prince of living Poets even then.

We beg pardon of the Reader for this personal digression; but there are sore points on which authors find it difficult not to speak when they can; and editorship furnisheth alarming facilities that way.

This novel, 'Chances and Changes,' is remarkable for its relish of domestic happiness, for a cheerful piety, and for an admirably drawn character of a man of the world, who tires out the affections of the heroine. The authoress, with true sense and right feeling, makes her marry another man, and become happy with him; for real love is real love, whether "first," or "second;" and though first love be accompanied with a novelty which seldom loses its after-effect in the imagination, and is often mistaken for

something deeper, second love not seldom finds out that it ought to have been first, and that the first was no love at all.

'PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.'

[Concluded.]

"There is one effect resulting from the operation of the intellectual faculties on the senses that deserves particular attention. The higher faculties elevate the subordinate in such a manner as to make them altogether new endowments. In illustration of this, it will suffice to notice the change wrought as if in the very nature of sensation, the moment it becomes combined with an intellectual operation, as exemplified in the difference between the intellectual conception of beauty, and the mere perception of sense. The grouping of the hills that bound that magnificent valley, which I behold at this moment spread out before my view; the shadow of the trees at the base of some of them, stretching its deep and varied outline up the sides of others; the glancing light now brightening a hundred different hues of green on the broad meadows, and now dancing on the upland fallows; the ever-moving, ever-changing clouds; the sweet air; the song of birds; the still more touching music which the breeze awakens in the scarcely trembling branches of those pine trees,—the elements of which this scene is composed, the mere objects of sense, the sun, the sky, the air, the hills, the woods, and the sounds poured out from them, impress the senses of the animals that graze in the midst of them; but on their senses they fall dull and without effect, exciting no perception of their loveliness, and giving no taste of the pleasures they are capable of affording. Nor even in the human being, whose intellectual faculties have been uncultivated, do they awaken either emotions or ideas. The clown sees them, hears them, feels them, no more than the herds he tends: yet in him whose mind has been cultivated and unfolded, how numerous and varied the impressions, how manifold the combinations, how exquisite the pleasure produced by objects such as these!"—Ch. iii, p. 87.

"But there are pleasures of another class, pleasures having no relation whatever to a person's own sensation or happiness, pleasures springing from the perception of the enjoyment of others. The sight of pleasure not its own affects the human heart, provided its state of feeling be natural and sound, just as it would be affected were it its own. Not more real is the pleasure arising from the gratification of appetite, the exercise of sense, and the operation of intellect, than that arising from the consciousness that another sentient being is happy. Pleasures of this class are called sympathetic, in contradistinction to those of the former class, which are termed selfish.

There are then two principles in continual operation in the human being, the selfish and the sympathetic. The selfish is productive of pleasure of a certain kind; the sympathetic is productive of another kind. The selfish is primary and essential; the sympathetic, arising out of the selfish, is superadded to it. And so, precisely, what the animal life is to the organic, the sympathetic principle is to the selfish; and just what the organic life gains by its union with the animal, the mental constitution gains by the addition of the sympathetic to the selfish affection. The analogy between the combination in both cases is in every respect complete. As the organic life produces and sustains the animal, so the sympathetic principle is produced and sustained by the selfish. As the organic life is conservative of the entire organization of the body, so the selfish principle is conservative of the entire being. As the animal life is superadded to the organic, extending, exalting, and perfecting it, so the sympathetic principle is superadded to the selfish, equally extending, exalting, and perfecting it. The animal life is nobler than the organic, whence the organic is subservient to the animal; but there is not only no opposition, hostility, or antagonism between them, but the strictest possible connexion, dependence, and subservience.

The sympathetic principle is nobler than the selfish, whence the selfish is subservient to the sympathetic; but there is not only no opposition, hostility, or antagonism between them, but the strictest possible connexion, dependence, and subservience. Whatever is conducive to the perfection of the organic, is equally conducive to the perfection of the animal life; and whatever is conducive to the attainment of the true end of the selfish, is equally conducive to the attainment of the true end of the sympathetic principle. The perfection of the animal life cannot be promoted at the expense of the organic, nor that of the organic at the expense of the animal; neither can the ultimate end of the selfish principle be secured by the sacrifice of the sympathetic, nor that of the sympathetic by the sacrifice of the selfish. Any attempt to exalt the animal life beyond what is compatible with the healthy state of the organic, instead of accomplishing that end, only produces bodily disease. Any attempt to extend the selfish principle beyond what is compatible with the perfection of the sympathetic, or the sympathetic beyond what is compatible with the perfection of the selfish, instead of accomplishing the end in view, only produces mental disease. Opposing and jarring actions, antagonizing and mutually destructive powers, are combined in no other work of nature; and it would be wonderful indeed, were the only instance of it found in man, the noblest of her works, and in the mind of man, the noblest part of her noblest work."—Ch. iii, p. 90.

"Deeply then," Dr Smith goes on, "are laid the fountains of happiness in the constitution of human nature. They spring from the depths of man's physical organization; and from the wider range of his mental constitution they flow in streams magnificent and glorious. It is conceivable that, from the first to the last moment of his existence, every human being might drink of them to the full extent of his capacity. Why does he not? The answer will be found in that to the following question. What must happen, before this be possible? The attainment of clear and just conceptions, on subjects in relation to which the knowledge hitherto acquired by the most enlightened man is imperfect. Physical nature, every department of it, at least, which is capable of influencing human existence, and human sensation; human nature, both the physical and the mental part of it; institutions so adapted to that nature as to be capable of securing to every individual, and to the whole community, the maximum of happiness with the minimum of suffering—this must be known."—Lib. iii, p. 102.

"When will this be known? How long is man to wander in the dark, and having eyes, to see not? Our extracts shall be concluded with the exhortation that Dr Smith gives to one portion of the human race; that portion which is most in need of it, and which, could it be roused to a sense of what is wanting, would soon alter the condition of humanity.

"The bodily organization, and the mental powers of the child, depend mainly on the management of the infant; and the intellectual and moral aptitudes and qualities of the man have their origin in the predominant states of sensation, at a period far earlier in the history of the human race than is commonly imagined. The period of infancy is divided by physiologists into two epochs; the first, commencing from birth, extends to the seventh month; the second, commencing from the seventh month, extends to the end of the second year, at which time the period of infancy ceases, and that of childhood begins. The first epoch of infancy is remarkable for the rapidity of the development of the organs of the body: the processes of growth are in extreme activity; the formative predominates over the sentient life, the chief object of the action of the former being to prepare the apparatus of the latter. The second epoch of infancy is remarkable for the development of the perceptive powers. The physical organization of the brain, which still advances with rapidity, is now capable of a greater energy, and a wider range of function. Sensation

becomes more exact and varied; the intellectual faculties are in almost constant operation; speech commences, the sign, and to a certain extent, the cause of the growing strength of the mental powers; the capacity of voluntary locomotion is acquired, while passion, emotion, and affection come into play with such constancy and energy, as to exert over the whole economy of the new veritable and plastic creature a prodigious influence for good or evil. If it be, indeed, possible to make correct moral perception, feeling, and conduct, a part of human nature—as much a part of it as any sensation or propensity—if this be possible for every individual of the human race, without exception, to an extent which would render *all* more eminently and consistently virtuous than *any* are at present (and of the possibility of this, the conviction is the strongest in the acutest minds which have studied this subject the most profoundly), preparation for the accomplishment of this object must be commenced at this epoch. But if preparation for this object be really commenced, it implies on the part of those who engage in the undertaking, some degree of knowledge—knowledge of the physical and mental constitution of the individual to be influenced—knowledge of the mode in which circumstances must be so modified in adaptation to the nature of the individual being, as to produce upon it, with uniformity and certainty, a given result. The theory of human society, according to its present institutions, supposes that this knowledge is possessed by the mother; and it supposes, further, that this adaptation will actually take place in the domestic circle through her agency. Hence the presumed advantage of having the eye of the mother always upon the child; hence the apprehension of evil so general, I had almost said instinctive, whenever it is proposed to take the infant, for the purpose of systematic physical and mental discipline, from beyond the sphere of maternal influence. But society, which thus presumes that the mother will possess the power and the disposition to do this, what expedients has it devised to endow her with the former, and to secure the formation of the latter? I appeal to every woman whose eye may rest on these pages—I ask of you, what has ever been done for you to enable you to understand the physical and mental constitution of that human nature, the care of which is imposed upon you? In what part of the course of your education was instruction of this kind introduced? Over how large a portion of your education did it extend? Who were your teachers? What have you profited by their lessons? What progress have you made in the acquisition of the requisite information? Were you at this moment to undertake the guidance of a new-born infant to health, knowledge, goodness, and happiness, how would you set about the task? How would you regulate the influence of external agents upon its delicate, tender, and highly irritable organs, in such a manner as to obtain from them healthful stimulation, and avoid destructive excitement? What natural and moral objects would you select as the best adapted to exercise and develop its opening faculties? What feelings would you check, and what cherish? How would you excite aims? How would you supply motives? How would you avail yourself of pleasure as a final end, or as a means to some further end? And how would you deal with the no less formidable instrument of pain? What is the measure of your own physical, intellectual, and moral state, as specially fitting you for this office? What is the measure of your own self-control, without a large portion of which no human being ever yet exerted over the infant mind any considerable influence for good? There is no philosopher, however profound his knowledge—no instructor, however varied and extended his experience, who would not enter upon this task with an apprehension proportioned to his knowledge and experience; but knowledge, which men acquire only after years of study—habits, which are generated in men only, as the result of long-continued discipline, are expected to come to you spontaneously, to be born with you, to require on

your part no culture, and to need no sustaining influence.”—Introduction, p. 5.

And now we have but one request to make of the author. Beautiful and instructive as this volume is, it is introductory to matter which must be still more interesting. We have learned enough from it to know how much we want to learn, and we trust he will soon publish another. The power of communicating knowledge such as this, is a talent that must not “lodge with him useless,” a talent that should make him count every day for lost, in which he has not done something towards the completion of his work.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LXIII.—THE FAMOUS STORY OF THE FAMILIES OF CALAS AND SIEVEN.

[In repeating a story of Catholic bigotry and cruelty, it is hardly necessary, in these times, to deprecate its application to the existing members of the Catholic faith. They partake of the general Christian amelioration of the age, and would be ashamed to do as their predecessors did. Bigotry, it is true, will still break out into overt acts of absurdity here and there, Protestant as well as Catholic; but, generally speaking, at least among all decently educated people (and it is not the fault of the uneducated that they remain so), it has outgrown its mistakes, and no longer confounds the exasperations of self-will with the ordinance of God. The following narrative is the ‘Lounger’s,’ and is coloured with the peculiarities of a by-gone generation and of his own character.]

JOHN CALAS was a reputable tradesman, or, as he was called in France, a merchant of the city of Thoulouse, in the eighteenth century. Himself, his wife, and five sons, had been born and educated in the Protestant religion, but Lewis, the second of his children, only a few months before the present narrative commences, renouncing the tenets he had professed, embraced the Catholic faith. It was supposed that the young man had been persuaded to this change by an old female servant, who had lived many years in the family, and by whom he had been originally nursed. His parents lamented this apostasy, but being remarkable for affection towards their offspring, it was not observed to diminish the kindness of their behaviour either to Lewis or the old domestic, as they were convinced, however erroneous the proceeding, that it originated from amiable motives and a benevolent mind. Their eldest son, Anthony, had been bred to the law, but found that his dissenting from the established religion of his country was an insuperable bar to his being admitted to practice. The disappointment was observed to have a strong effect on his mind and health; he became melancholy, peevish, and solitary, procured and perused many reprehensible books, and often repeated passages from them in defence of suicide.

In this state of things, Anthony received an accidental visit from an old schoolfellow, the son of Mr Lavoisse, an *avocat*, or, as we should term it, an attorney, of Thoulouse. Young Lavoisse having been absent for several weeks at Bourdeaux, on his return found that his father had been for several days at a little villa to which he occasionally retired, eight miles from the city. Having endeavoured to procure a horse at several places, without effect, as he was coming out of the stable-yard of one of the persons to whom he had applied, he met Anthony and his father, who congratulated him on his arrival, and hearing that none of his family were at home, invited him to pass his evening at their house, to which he agreed. Mrs Calas received Lavoisse, as the friend of her son, with great cordiality, and after sitting in conversation about half an hour, Anthony, being the general market-man of the family, was sent to purchase some cheese; soon after, Lavoisse went again to the keeper of a lively stable to see if any of his horses were returned, and to bespeak one for his use in the morning.

They both came back in a short time, and at seven

o'clock sat down to supper in a room up one pair of stairs; the company consisting of Calas, his wife, Anthony, Peter, one of his brothers, and Mr Lavoisse. Before the meal was concluded, Anthony, without any apparent reason, rose from table in an evident state of mental perturbation: this, as it was a circumstance that had often occurred since his indisposition, was not noticed; he passed into the kitchen, which was on the same floor, and being asked by the servant if he was cold, said to her, “Quite the contrary, I am in a burning heat;” he soon after went down stairs.

It ought to have been observed that the whole of the ground floor was occupied by the shop and a warehouse behind it, which were separated by folding doors. The party whom Anthony had quitted continued conversing till half-past nine, when Lavoisse took his leave, and Peter, who, fatigued by his attendance in the shop, had fallen asleep, was roused to attend him with a lantern. It is easier to conceive than describe their horror and astonishment on reaching the foot of the stairs; the first object that presented itself was the unhappy Anthony, stripped to his shirt, and hanging from a bar which he had laid across the top of the folding-doors, having half-opened them for that purpose. Their exclamation brought Mr Calas down stairs, who, the moment he saw what had taken place, rushed forward and raised the body in his arms, moved the rope by which it was suspended, and the bar fell down; for the two young men were so affected that they stood immovable as statues, and lost all presence of mind. The unhappy father, in an agony of grief, laid his son on the ground, and immediately sent Peter for Mr Lamoire, a surgeon in the neighbourhood, observing to him, “Let us, if we can, prevent this dishonourable accident being known; you need not say how your brother’s death took place.”

Lavoisse in the meantime ran up stairs, to prevent, if possible, Mrs Calas from knowing what had happened, but hearing the groans and outcries of her husband, and the old servant, it could not be prevented, and the presence of this unhappy mother added to the afflicting scene. The surgeon was not at home, but his pupil, Mr Grosse, immediately came; on examination he found that Anthony was quite dead, and when he removed his neckcloth, observing a dark mark made by the cord, immediately said he had been strangled. A crowd of people, attracted by curiosity and the cries of the family, had collected round the door, and hearing the surgeon’s words, immediately formed an opinion that the deceased was on the point of becoming a Catholic, and that his family, as Protestants, had strangled Anthony, to prevent his abjuring their communion.

The majority of the inhabitants of France being at that time violently prejudiced against the Calvinists, and more particularly the inhabitants of Thoulouse, who, for several years celebrated the massacre of St Bartholomew by anniversary processions, this vague suspicion was eagerly circulated, and with many absurd aggravations, pronounced an undeniable fact; a furious mob assembled, and to prevent Calas and his family from being torn to pieces, it was thought necessary to send for the intendant of the police and his assistants.

These peace-officers, instead of quieting the people, and entering into cool examination of facts, precipitately sided in opinion with the multitude, and the whole family, together with Lavoisse, was committed to prison, under circumstances of universal hatred and indignation.

The Franciscans and White Penitents, two religious societies, at that time, in Thoulouse, maliciously inflamed the public irritation, and promulgated the report that Anthony, who had never given the least indication of a change in his opinions, was the next day to have become one of their fraternity; that he was strangled in order to prevent it, and that Lavoisse, on this and the other similar occasions, was generally executioner among the Calvinists. The corpse was publicly interred in St Stephen, accompanied by a long and pompous pro-

cession, a solemn service and funeral dirge; a tomb was raised to his memory in a conspicuous part of that church, and a real human skeleton was exhibited on the monument, holding in one hand a paper on which was written *ANJURATION OF HERESY*, and in the other a branch of the palm-tree as an emblem of martyrdom. In such a state of the public mind it was not probable that the affair would experience an impartial examination. The *Capitou*, one David, an ignorant but fierce bigot, insisted on the impossibility of a person's suspending himself across the folding-doors, and said that it was a common practice with Protestant "parents" to hang such of their children as wished to change their religion; the worthy magistrate, forgetting at the moment, or resolving not to remember, that Lewis Calas, another of the unfortunate prisoner's children, had actually become a Catholic, and so far from incurring the resentment of his father, had been lately settled by him in an advantageous business, and that the person who had been the chief instrument of his conversion was at that moment an inmate in the family, and treated with the most unremitting kindness. Le Borda, the presiding Judge, who knew and ought to have acted better, warmly espoused the popular opinion; he repeatedly inquired "if Anthony Calas had been seen to kneel at his father's feet before he strangled him?" but receiving no satisfactory answer, observed that the cries of the murdered martyr were heard at distant parts of the city; he added that "it was necessary to make an example of John Calas, for the edification of true believers, and the propagation of sound faith, as heretics had been of late more than usually bold and incorrigible."

I relate with concern, that in the eighteenth century, in a Christian country, and during the reign of a most Christian King, this unfortunate man, seventy years of age, and irreproachable in life, who was remarkable for parental affection, and had brought up a numerous family in credit and repute, was declared guilty of murdering his own child, a crime which collateral and other circumstances proved he had never committed, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel. This innocent prisoner in a few days was led forth to punishment, in a state of mind which excited general admiration.

Two honest Dominicans, Bourges and Caldegnes, who attended him, declared, that they not only thought him innocent of the crime, but an uncommon example of Christian patience, fortitude, charity, and forbearance; they could not help remarking, that in his prayers he intreated the Almighty to pardon the errors of his enemies. These worthy fathers united in wishing that their last hours might be like his.

Calas endured the torture with unabated firmness, declaring the innocence of himself and family to the last; his son Peter was banished for life; the other persons, with a glaring inconsistency—for if one was guilty, all must have been so—were set at liberty.

This melancholy and disgraceful transaction, which took place in the year 1761, naturally attracted the notice and consideration of all well-disposed, humane, and liberal persons, particularly of Mr Voltaire, the advocate of toleration; who, like other advocates, was ultimately carried further in his reforming career than he originally expected or designed. But in rescuing the family of Calas from obloquy and disgrace, he was commended by all parties. His applications to men in power were so effectual, that the judicial proceedings were sent to Paris, and revised; Calas, and the whole of the family were declared innocent; the sentence was annulled, the Attorney-General of the province was directed to prosecute the infamous *Capitou*, David, and every possible satisfaction was made to the widow, Mr Lavoisier, and the survivors. But although everything that could be done was done, all could not call up from the grave the mangled corpse of the unhappy father, who, at the moment he was suffering unutterable distress of mind for a suicide child, was loaded with disgrace and chains, and committed to a loathsome dungeon, accused, tried, and condemned, as the executioner of his own offspring, suffered a

cruel death, and finally was insulted on the scaffold in his last agonies by the cruel David. "Wretch!" said this infernal monster, to the poor old man, while in a state of torture, "wretch! confess your crime. Behold the faggots which are to consume your body to ashes!"

The melancholy impressions made by this article would have been somewhat alleviated, had it been in the Editor's power to relate with truth, that the vile *Capitou*, a Franciscan, and two or three of the *White Penitents* had been hanged.

Where and when have I seen, and by what artist, a painting in which a group of persons are exhibited as contemplating a picture of the tragedy which forms the subject of my present article, and exemplifying its effect on different tempers and dispositions?

The man of violent passions, with fury in his countenance, and an extended arm, is pouring forth execrations against the remorseless bigots; another gentleman of exquisite sensibility is silently wiping the tear from his cheek; a connoisseur seems to be admiring the painter's performance, without being apparently affected by the subject of it; and a jolly fellow, who appears to have understood and practised the pleasures of the table, sits unbusied before the picture, buried in fat, indolence, and stupidity.

Various have been the efforts of human wisdom to correct the excesses of intolerant superstition; in many instances, these efforts have been successful, but like a race-horse pushing for the goal, they have often been carried further than was intended.

The zealous, and perhaps at first, and before his passions are inflamed, the well-meaning Catholic, who would punish a man's body for the salvation of his soul, ultimately degenerates into the most cruel and bloody of all tyrannies—a tyranny over the mind. On the contrary, the liberal-minded man of feeling and philanthropy, unless guided by prudence and expediency, becomes a latitudinarian, and a sceptic, and would ultimately introduce the most irrational and unfeeling of all despotisms.

The following letter addressed to Mr Voltaire from the late Empress of Russia, during his spirited conduct in favour of the family of Calas, must have highly gratified that ingenious Frenchman:—

"SIR,—The brightness of the Northern star is a mere *Aurora Borealis*; but the private man, who is an advocate for the rights of nature, and a defender of oppressed innocence, will immortalize his name. You have attacked the great enemies of true religion and science; fanaticism, ignorance, and chicane: may your victory be complete.

"You desire some small relief for the family: I should be better pleased if my inclosed bill of exchange could pass unknown; nay, if you think my name, unharmonious as it is, may be of use to the cause, I leave it to your discretion.

"CATHERINE."

It is a melancholy truth, that while this disgraceful tragedy was performing, another instance of superstitious intolerance, and like this, ending in the death of two innocent persons, was exhibited in the same province, at Castres, little more than forty miles from Thoulouse.

Adjoining to that city, on a little farm which they owned and occupied themselves, lived the family of Sirven, consisting of the farmer, his wife, and three daughters, one of whom was married and pregnant; her husband by his employment being called to a distant province. Although of the Protestant religion, the youngest of his single daughters had been taken by force from her father's home, put into a convent, and told that she must conform to the Catholic faith, which was the only true religion. Finding the poor girl naturally attached to the tenets in which she had been educated, her instructors told her that it was the high road to hell, and insisting that it was necessary to punish the body to save the soul, they taught her their better catechism, whipt her severely, and shut her up in a solitary cell. In a few weeks, in consequence of their persevering in

• We think there is an engraving of it in Lavater, and that the original is by a French artist.—ED.

what they called wholesome discipline, the poor creature lost her senses, and, escaping from her keepers, threw herself headlong into a well. It was immediately insisted on by the Catholics, and passed current, that her own family had destroyed her, it being an established rule with Protestants to murder everyone who is suspected of any inclination to the Catholic faith. The populace was inflamed, Sirven did not dare to make his appearance, and having heard of the transaction at Thoulouse, was anxious to avoid similar treatment, as his house had been twice attacked. Expecting to be torn to pieces, he took an opportunity when his infuriated enemies were retired to rest from their persecutions, to leave his house with his family. At the dead of night, on foot, in the severity of winter, and with a deep snow on the ground, they fled from their savage neighbours, and took the road to Switzerland, though scarcely knowing whither to go. To add to Sirven's afflictions, his daughter was delivered of a dead child during the journey, evidently killed by the over fatigue and horrors of its parent; urged forward by their remorseless hunters, the frantic mother could not be persuaded that her child was dead, and travelled on, closely embracing the clay-cold infant in her arms.

It is not easy to describe the exasperated fury of the zealots at Castres, when they found their intended victims had escaped; they reproached each other with not having kept a guard during the night; to prove what they wished to do, the whole family were burnt in effigy; a process was issued against Sirven, his goods seized, his property confiscated, and the memory of an industrious, harmless, and much injured family, loaded with infamy and reproach.

The fugitives, travelling by night, and concealing themselves in the day time, fortunately escaped the tigers, but did not consider themselves as safe till they reached Switzerland. In another respect they were not less fortunate; the benevolent friend and advocate of the family of Calas heard of Sirven's misfortunes, and powerfully interfered in their favour, but was shocked on being told that their cause should be reheard, and that possibly they might be pardoned; a virtuous, decent, innocent family reduced to beggary and ruin, with two individuals of it murdered, for so in fact it was, is told it may be pardoned. But the active benevolence of Voltaire did not rest satisfied with this answer, which seemed to be adding injury to insult. Mr De Beaumont, who nobly and successfully defended the Calas family, also strongly interested himself, and tardy justice ultimately took place.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XI.—CORIOLANUS.

SHAKESPEARE has in this play shown himself well versed in history and state-affairs. 'Coriolanus' is a store-house of political common-places. Any one who studies it may save himself the trouble of reading 'Burke's Reflections,' or 'Paine's Rights of Man,' or the Debates in both Houses of Parliament since the French Revolution or our own. The arguments for and against aristocracy or democracy, on the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, power and the abuse of it, peace and war, are here very ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher. Shakespeare himself seems to have had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin; and to have spared no occasion of baiting the rabble. What he says of them is very true: what he says of their betters is also very true, though he dwells less upon it. The cause of the people is indeed but little calculated as a subject for poetry: it admits of rhetoric, which goes into argument and explanation, but it presents no immediate or distinct images to the mind, "no jutting frieze, buttress, or coigne of vantage."

or poetry "to make its pendent bed and procreate cradle in." The language of poetry naturally falls in with the language of power. The imagination is an exaggerating and exclusive faculty: it takes from one thing to add to another: it accumulates circumstances together to give the greatest possible effect to a favourite object. The understanding is a dividing and measuring faculty: it judges of things, not according to their immediate impression on the mind, but according to their relations to one another. The one is a monopolizing faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of present excitement by inequality and disproportion; the other is a distributive faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of ultimate good, by justice and proportion. The one is an aristocratical, the other a republican faculty. The principle of poetry is a very anti-levelling principle. It aims at effect, it exists by contrast. It admits of no medium. It is everything by excess. It rises above the ordinary standard of sufferings and crimes. It presents a dazzling appearance. It shows its head turretted, crowned and crested. Its front is gilt and blood-stained. Before it "it carries noise, and behind it tears." It has its altars and its victims, sacrifices, human sacrifices. Kings, priests, nobles, are its train-bearers, tyrants and slaves its executioners.—"Carnage is its daughter."—Poetry is right-royal.* It puts the individual for the species, the one above the infinite many, might before right. A lion hunting a flock of sheep or a herd of wild asses is a more poetical object than they; and we even take part with the lordly beast, because our vanity or some other feeling makes us disposed to place ourselves in the situation of the strongest party. So we feel some concern for the poor citizens of Rome when they meet together to compare their wants and grievances, till Coriolanus comes in and with blows and big words drives this set of "poor rats," this rascal scum, to their homes and beggary before him. There is nothing heroic in a multitude of miserable rogues not wishing to be starved, or complaining that they are like to be so: but when a single man comes forward to brave their cries and to make them submit to the last indignities, from mere pride and self-will, our admiration of his prowess is immediately converted into contempt for their pusillanimity. The insolence of power is stronger than the plea of necessity. The tame submission to usurped authority or even the natural resistance to it has nothing to excite or flatter the imagination: it is the assumption of a right to insult or oppress others that carries an imposing air of superiority with it. We had rather be the oppressor than the oppressed. The love of power in ourselves and the admiration of it in others are both natural to man: the one makes him a tyrant, the other a slave. Wrong dressed out in pride, pomp, and circumstance has more attraction than abstract right.—Coriolanus complains of the fickleness of the people: yet the instant he cannot gratify his pride and obstinacy at their expense, he turns his arms against his country. If his country was not worth defending, why did he build his pride on its defence? He is a conqueror and a hero; he conquers other countries, and makes this a plea for enslaving his own; and when he is prevented from doing so, he leagues with its enemies to destroy his country. He rates the people "as if he were a God to punish, and not a man of their infirmity." He scoffs at one of their tribunes for maintaining their rights and franchises: "Mark you his absolute *shall*?" not marking his own absolute *will* to take everything from them, his impatience of the slightest opposition to his own pretensions being in proportion to their arrogance and absurdity. If the great and powerful had the beneficence and wisdom of Gods, then all this would have been well: if with a greater knowledge of what is good for the people they had as great a care for their interest as they

have themselves, if they were seated above the world, sympathising with the welfare, but not feeling the passions of men, receiving neither good nor hurt from them, but bestowing their benefits as free gifts on them, they might then rule over them like another Providence. But this is not the case. Coriolanus is unwilling that the senate should show their "cares" for the people, lest their "cares" should be construed into "fears," to the subversion of all due authority; and he is no sooner disappointed in his schemes to deprive the people not only of the cares of the state, but of all power to redress themselves, than Volumnia is made madly to exclaim,—

"Now the red pestilence strikes all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish."

This is but natural: it is but natural for a mother to have more regard for her son than for a whole city; but then the city should be left to take some care of itself. The care of the state cannot, we here see, be safely entrusted to maternal affection, or to the domestic charities of high life. The great have private feelings of their own, to which the interests of humanity and justice must courtesy. Their interests are so far from being the same as those of the community, that they are in direct and necessary opposition to them; their power is at the expense of our weakness; their riches of our poverty; their pride of our degradation; their splendour of our wretchedness; their tyranny of our servitude. If they had the superior knowledge ascribed to them (which they have not) it would only render them so much more formidable; and from Gods would convert them into Devils. The whole dramatic moral of 'Coriolanus' is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor; therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves; therefore they ought to be beaten. They work hard; therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden. They are ignorant; therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food, or clothing, or rest, that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable. This is the logic of the imagination and the passions, which seeks to aggrandise what excites admiration and to heap contempt on misery, to raise power into tyranny, and to make tyranny absolute; to thrust down that which is low still lower, and to make wretches desperate; to exalt magistrates into kings, kings into gods; to degrade subjects to the rank of slaves, and slaves to the condition of brutes. The history of mankind is a romance, a mask, a tragedy, constructed upon the principles of *poetical justice*; it is a noble or royal hunt, in which what is sport to the few is death to the many, and in which the spectators halloo and encourage the strong to set upon the weak, and cry havoc in the chase, though they do not share in the spoil. We may depend upon it that what men delight to read in books, they will put in practice in reality.

One of the most natural traits in this play is the difference of the interest taken in the success of Coriolanus by his wife and mother. The one is only anxious for his honour; the other is fearful for his life:—

"VOLUMNIA. Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum:

I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair:
Methinks I see him stamp thus—and call thus—
Come on, ye cowards; ye were got in fear
Though you were born in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire.

VIRGILIA. His bloody brow! Oh Jupiter, no blood!

VOLUMNIA. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man

Than gilt his trophy. The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending."

When she hears the trumpets that proclaim her

son's return, she says in the true spirit of a Roman matron,—

"These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie,
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die."

Coriolanus himself is a complete character: his love of reputation, his contempt of popular opinion, his pride and modesty are consequences of each other. His pride consists in the inflexible sternness of his will: his love of glory is a determined desire to bear down all opposition, and to extort the admiration both of friends and foes. His contempt for popular favour, his unwillingness to hear his own praises, spring from the same source. He cannot contradict the praises that are bestowed upon him; therefore he is impatient at hearing them. He would enforce the good opinion of others by his actions, but does not want their acknowledgments in words.

"Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me."

His magnanimity is of the same kind. He admires in an enemy that courage which he honours in himself: he places himself on the hearth of Aufidius with the same confidence that he would have met him in the field, and feels that by putting himself in his power, he takes from him all temptation for using it against him.

In the title-page of 'Coriolanus,' it is said at the bottom of the *Dramatis Personæ*, "The whole history exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches copied from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch." It will be interesting to our readers to see how far this is the case. Two of the principal scenes, those between Coriolanus and Aufidius and between Coriolanus and his mother, are thus given in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, 1579. The first is as follows:—

"It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney-hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Marcius unmuffled himself, and after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto himself, If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity discover myself to be that I am. 'I am Caius Marcius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volscs generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit nor recompence of the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this only surname: a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me; for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to put myself in hazard: but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any heart to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies

* In the name of the many free spirits among the Greek poets,—in the name of the independent men and great poets, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Chaucer, Milton, and many of a later day, whose memories we will not make blush by prematurely naming them with the others, we protest against this doctrine. It is an effusion of eloquent spleen; and that is all.—Ed.

have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the Volsces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help, nor pleasure thee.' Tullus hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and taking him by the hand, he said unto him: 'Stand up, O Marcius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us, thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volscs' hands.' So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, talking with him of no other matter at that present: but within few days after, they fell to consultation together in what sort they should begin their wars."

The meeting between Coriolanus and his mother is also nearly the same as in the play.

"Now was Marcius set then in the chair of state, with all the honours of a general, and when he had spied the women coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant: but afterwards knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancour. But overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but coming down in haste he went to meet them, and first kissed his mother, and embraced her a pretty while, then his wife and little children. And nature so wrought with him, that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift-running stream. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother Volumnia would begin to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the council of the Volscs to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort: 'If we held our peace, my son, and determined not to speak, the state of our poor bodies, and present sight of our raiment, would easily betray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living, we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all others to behold, spiteful fortune had made most fearful to us: making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country: so as that which is only comfort to all others in their adversity and misery, to pay unto the Gods, and to call to them for aid, is the only thing which plungeth us into most deep perplexity. For we cannot, alas, together pray, both for victory to our country, and for safety of thy life also: but a world of grievous curses, yea more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forego one of the two: either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my lifetime do make an end of this war. For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties, than to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them, and of his natural country. For if it were so, that my request tended to save thy country in destroying the Volscs, I must confess,

thou wouldst hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroy thy natural country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawful, so were it not just and less honourable to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth, to make a good delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety, both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volscs. For it shall appear, that having victory in their hands, they have of special favour granted us singular graces, peace and safety, albeit themselves have no less part of both than we. Of which good, if so it came to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it fail, and fall out contrary, thyself alone deservedly shalt carry the shameful reproach and burthen of either party. So, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this notwithstanding is most certain, that if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee.' Marcius gave good ear unto his mother's words, without interrupting her speech at all, and after she had said what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she began again to speak unto him, and said: 'My son, why dost thou not answer me? Dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother's request in so weighty a cause? Dost thou take it honourable for a nobleman, to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not in like case think it an honest nobleman's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself; who so universally, showest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them, in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy. And therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?' And with these words herself, his wife and children fell down upon their knees before him: Marcius seeing that, could refrain no longer, but went straight and lifted her up, crying out, 'Oh mother, what have you done to me?' And holding her hard by the right hand, 'Oh mother,' said he, 'you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son: for I see myself vanquished by you alone.' These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome, for so they did request him; and so remaining in the camp that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched homeward unto the Volscs' country again."

Shakspeare has, in giving a dramatic form to this passage, adhered very closely and properly to the text. He did not think it necessary to improve upon the truth of nature. Several of the scenes in 'Julius Cæsar,' particularly Portia's appeal to the confidence of her husband by showing him the wound she had given herself, and the appearance of the ghost of Cæsar to Brutus, are, in like manner, taken from the history.

SECRETS OF COMFORT.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet, the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an under-growth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharp's Essays.*

SPECIMENS OF WIT, HUMOUR, AND CRITICISM OF CHARLES LAMB.

No. III.

BLAKESMOOR IN H—SHIRE.

I do not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy: and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern occupance, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain glory, on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonising the place and the occasion. But would'st thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church: think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprised that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to—an antiquity.

I was astonished at the indistinction of everything. Where had stood the great gates? What bounded the court-yard? Whereabout did the out-houses commence? a few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacious.

Death does not shrink up his human victim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

Had I seen these brick-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plucking of every pannel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit and read Cowley, with the grass-plat before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp, that ever haunted it about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns; or a pannel of the yellow room.

Why, every plank and pannel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bed-rooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colours vividder than his descriptions. Acteon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

Then, that haunted room—in which old Mrs Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the day-time, with a passion of fear; and a sneaking curiosity, terror-tainted, to hold communion with the past.—*How shall they build it up again?*

It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendour of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furniture was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battle-axes and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks in the nursery, which told that children had once played there—but I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere.

"The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though there lay—I shamed to say how few rods distant from the mansion—half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake, such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my carelessness not to pass its strict and proper precincts, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the *Lacus Incognitus* of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects—and those at no great distance from the house—I was told of such—what were they to me, being out of the boundaries of my Eden?—So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer the fences of my chosen prison; and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of those excluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with that garden-loving poet—

"Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines;
Curl me about, ye gadding vines;
And oh so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place;
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your sliken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through."

I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug firesides—the low-built roof—parlours ten feet by ten—frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home—these were the condition of my birth—the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not sorry to have had glances of something beyond; and to have taken, if but a peep, in childhood, at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors; and the coatless antiquary in his unemblazoned cell, revolving the long line of a Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree, at those sounding names may warm himself into as gay a vanity as those who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ideal merely, and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea? Is it trenchant to their swords? can it be hacked off as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?

What, else, were the families of the great to us? what pleasure should we take in their tedious genealogies, or their capitulatory brass monuments? What to us the uninterrupted current of their bloods, if our own did not answer within us to a cognate and correspondent elevation?

Or wherefore, else, O tattered and diminished 'Scutecheon that hung upon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs, *BLAKESMOOR*! have I in childhood so oft stood poring upon thy mystic characters—thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetic 'Resurgam'—till, every dreg of peasantry purging off, I received into myself Very Gentility? Thou wert first in my morning eyes; and of nights hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee.

This is the only true gentry by adoption; the veritable change of blood, and not, as empirics have fabled, by transfusion.

"Who it was by dying that had earned the splendid trophy, I know not, I inquired not; but its fading rage, and colours cobweb-stained, told that its subject was of two centuries back.

And what if my ancestor at that date was some *Dametas*—feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of *Lincoln*—did I in less earnest vindicate to myself the family trappings of this once proud *Egon*?—repaying by a backward triumph the insults he might possibly have heaped in his life-time upon my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumption so to speculate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to complain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer tribe; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I could pick up to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true descendant of those old *W*—s; and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places.

Mine was that gallery of good old family portraits, which, as I have gone over, giving them in fancy my own family name, one—and then another—would seem to smile, reaching forward from the canvass, to recognise the new relationship; while the rest looked grave, as it seemed, at the vacancy in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That Beauty with the cool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb—that hung next the great bay window—with the bright yellow *H*—shire hair and eye of watchet hue—so like my Alice!—I am persuaded she was a true *Elia*—*Mildred Elia*, I take it.

Mine too, *BLAKESMOOR*, was thy noble *Marble Hall*, with its mosaic pavements, and its Twelve *Cæsars*—stately busts in marble—ranged round of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of *Nero*, I remember, had most of my wonder; but the mild *Galba* had my love. There they stood in the coldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Mine, too, thy lofty *Justice Hall*, with its one chair of authority, high-backed and wickered, once the terror of luckless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden—so common since, that bats have roosted in it.

Mine too,—whose else—thy costly fruit-garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ampler pleasure-garden, rising backwards from the house in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speck here and there, saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering; the verdant quarters backward still; and stretching still beyond, in old formality, the fiery wilderness, the haunt of the squirrel, and the day-long murmuring woodpigeon, with that antique image in the centre, God or Goddess I wist not; but child of *Atheas* or old *Rome* paid never a sincerer worship to *Pan* or to *Sylvanus* in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

Was it for this, that I kissed my childish hands too fervently in your idol worship, walks and windings of *BLAKESMOOR*! for this, or what sin of mine, has the plough passed over your pleasant places? I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revived.

FINE ARTS.

British Institution.

(Continued from last week.)

'*The Lute Player*' (52), by *Etty*, is in that artist's most peculiar style; there is a certain vigour of colour, and a solidness about it; but it is strange and unnatural in the tint, and the physical predominates over the intellectual in all parts. Plenty is there of flesh, a look of life is in the limbs, an expression in the faces; but the flesh is coarse, the limbs are burly, even in the young girls, and the expression is sensual. *Etty* has a *gusto* in the physical part of his art, genuine, such as it is; but his relish

for the corporeal, is not leavened by sentiment; not even the sentiment belonging to a refined perception of the physical. The '*Nymph and Young Fawn dancing*' (200), is a better specimen of what he can do; the action of the *Nymph* might have been better; it is rather sprawling and ungainly; the colouring is very rich and powerful. The boy *fawn* is admirable, burly and glowing, with a sort of grave and ferocious jollity in his eye. We cannot admire Mr. Briggs's '*Romeo and Juliet*' (65); the *Romeo* is attitudinizing to display the sculpture-like classicality of his legs, which look like stone, white, hard, and lifeless, while he coyly holds *Juliet's* hand between his finger and thumb, like an opera dancer. *Juliet* is better; but she is an English, and not an Italian girl, in Mr. Briggs's picture; and there is a want of southern colour and passion in her bridal face. On the other hand, the friar has all the energy of a captain leading his men to the charge. Leaving these points of expression out of the question, the picture is a good one; for the drawing is unexceptional, and the colouring in a very fair proportion. '*Una entering the cottage of Corceca*' (80), by *Hilton*, we like much. The fair *Una* is most beautiful, and the purity and feminine dignity of the poet's creation most happily made apparent in the visible likeness wrought by the painter. There is, however, we think, scarcely enough evidence of weariness. The ghastly terror in the old mother, and the lubberly dread of the clownish girl, are excellent. The colour is effective and harmonious; *Una* still makes a sunshine in that shady place. '*Old Buildings on the Darn*' (96) *D. Roberts*, is a fine piece of reality; the light and colour are bright and happy. *Hancock* is not very fortunate in his large picture '*Warriors of former days*' (504); but a little picture of his '*The Grave*' (264), with a female and a faithful dog mourning over it, is very touchingly designed; the moon rising behind the tomb-stone, the quiet attitude of the dog, the mysterious shade that envelopes the female, and seems to make itself a part of her mourning weeds, are all in the truest feeling of harmony of expression. Mr. Howard's '*Hesperides*' is a poor affair; it is a bevy of pretty girls, standing or sitting about trees with golden apples. This said, we have told the best of the picture. It is too common a mistake to confound the merits of a picture with the merits belonging to its subject; and Mr. Howard falls into this mistake. He chooses a poetical subject, and thinks he produces a poetical picture; that he is poetical *ex officio*, as it were. The pictures are prettily coloured, and his subjects are chosen for their beauty; but he seldom manages to put much meaning into his designs.

THE WEEK.

For the Birth-days of Eminent men, as long as they do not appear in our present numbers, we must refer the Reader to last year's volume. As soon as the list there is terminated, we shall resume it. In the meantime we present our Readers with a Series of Personal Portraits of such men; the first of which we take from Mr. Clarke's Memoir of the Father of English Poetry.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

CHAUCEER.

The person of Chaucer was of middle stature, in advanced years inclining to corpulency. In his journey with the Pilgrims to Canterbury, mine host of the Tabard takes occasion to jest with him upon this point;—comparing both their persons, he says—

"Now, ware you, sir, and let this man have place;
He in the waist is shaped as well as I,
This were a poppet in armes to embrace," &c.

His face was full and smooth, betokening regular good health, and a serene and cheerful frame of mind. His complexion was fair, verging towards paleness; his hair was of a dusky yellow, short and thin; that of his beard grew, or rather perhaps it was fashioned into a forked shape, and its colour was wheaten. He had an expansive and marble-like forehead, fair and unwrinkled; his eyes constantly tended towards the

ground,—a habit he has likewise given occasion in the host to notice :—

"What man art thou (quoth he),
That lookest as thou wouldst find a hare;
For ever on the ground I see thee stare?"

The general expression of his countenance combined a mixture of animation, of lurking, good-natured satire, of unruffled serenity, sweetness, and close thought. As in the above passages from his great poem we are let into a lively portrait of some of his personal peculiarities, so in the 'Testament of Love' as perfect an idea of his actions and manner in conversation are further displayed; so that one may almost fancy oneself in the prison with him, listening to his discourses on philosophy. "The downcast look (says Urry), the strict attention, the labouring thought, the hand waving for silence, the manner of address in speaking, the smooth familiar way of arguing, the respectful way of starting his objections, and, in short, every expression in that dispute, figures a lively image of him in the mind of the reader."

His features, as in most instances of sincere and transparent natures, were an index of his temper, and this comprised a mixture of the lively, grave, and modest. Yet was the gaiety of his disposition more prominent in his writings than in his general demeanour, which, it may be said, was repressed by his modesty. This bashfulness it was which gave occasion to the Countess of Pembroke often to banter him; declaring, that this absence was preferable to his conversation, since the latter was nought, on account of his reserve and distant respect; whereas, when he was away from her, the chance was, he might be preparing some composition to afford her delight. His behaviour with the pilgrims is uniformly in keeping with this habit of silence and seclusion. He scarcely appears in person, and when called upon for his tale, endeavours to avoid the task by singing a ballad; the host, however, protesting against this departure from the general compact, his own story (or rather discourse) is one of the least interesting in the whole series.

During his relaxations from the duties of public business, he continually retired to his study. Reading, indeed, was his chief delight, as appears, by his own confession, in the introduction to his 'Dream,' and to the 'Legend of Good Women.' He preferred it to every amusement, with the exception of a morning walk in May-tide. He lived almost exclusively in his own world of meditation, never interfering, as he says of himself, in the concerns of others. He was temperate and regular in his diet; he "arose with the lark, and lay down with the lamb;" hence the marvellous truth and freshness of his early morning pictures.

PETRARCH AND BOCCACCIO.

[THE following interesting passages, relative to these illustrious friends, are taken from the book mentioned in our last,—the 'Lives of Eminent Italians,'—the new volume of Dr Lardner's series. In characterizing the prominent geniuses of literature, Petrarch, for his long and passionate devotion to one object, may be styled the *Lover*; as Boccaccio, for his book of stories, and his earnest, hearty way of telling them, may be called the *Story-Teller*. There are few things more delightful to contemplate than the friendships of such extraordinary men; and the present writer of their lives has judiciously shown them in that connexion as much as possible.]

PETRARCH AND YOUNG BOCCACCIO.

THE future author of the 'Decameron,' was present when Petrarch was examined by Robert King of Naples, previous to his coronation (as a poet) in the capitol. King Robert was a philosopher, a physician, and an astrologer, but hitherto he had despised poetry being only acquainted with some Sicilian rhymes, and a few of the compositions of the Troubadours. Petrarch, discovering the ignorance of his royal patron, took an opportunity, at the conclusion of his

examination (for the Laureatehip) to deliver an oration in praise of poetry, setting forth its magical beauty and its beneficent influence over the minds and manners of men; and so exalted his art, that the King said, in Boccaccio's hearing, that he had never before suspected that the foolish rind of verse inclosed matter so lofty and sublime; and declared that now, in his old age, he would learn to appreciate and understand it, asking Petrarch, as an honour which he coveted, to dedicate his poem of 'Africa' to him. From this time the lover of Laura became the magnus Apollo of the more youthful Boccaccio; he named him his guide and preceptor, and became, in process of time, his most intimate friend.

BOCCACCIO'S COPY OF 'DANTE,' WRITTEN OUT BY HIMSELF FOR A GIFT TO PETRARCH.

This celebrated manuscript belongs to the Vatican Library. The epistle (written by the donor) is addressed to "Francis Petrarch, illustrious and only poet;" and is subscribed "The Giovanni da Certaldo." The manuscript is illuminated, and the arms of Petrarch, consisting of a gold bar in an azure field, with a star, adorn the head of each canto. There are a few notes of emendation, and the whole is written in a clear and beautiful hand. [Lovers of books will delight in reading of this gorgeous and fond "getting up", of a manuscript, for the purpose of making a present of it; and what sort of present! a Dante written out by a Boccaccio, to give to a Petrarch! The arms and the illuminations too, turn the book into a painting.]

BOCCACCIO, PETRARCH, AND CHAUCER.

It is a singular circumstance that one of the last acts of Petrarch was, to read the 'Decameron.' Notwithstanding his intimate friendship with the author during twenty years, Boccaccio's modesty prevented his speaking of the work, and it fell into Petrarch's hands by chance. "I have not had time," he writes to his friend, "to read the whole, so that I am not a fair judge; but it has pleased me exceedingly. Its great freedom is sufficiently excused by the age at which you wrote it, the lightness of the subject, and of the readers for whom it was destined. With many gay and laughable things are mingled many that are serious and pious. I have read principally at the beginning and end. Your description of the state of your country during the plague, appears to me very true and very pathetic. The tale at the conclusion made so lively an impression on me, that I committed it to memory, that I might sometimes relate it to my friends."

This is the story of Griselda. Petrarch translated it into Latin for the sake of those who did not understand Italian, and often read it and had it read to him. He relates, that frequently the friends who read it, broke off, interrupted by tears. Among others to whom he communicated his favourite tales, was our English poet, Chaucer, who, in his prologue to the story of Griselda, says that he

"Learned it at Padowe of a worthy clerke,
Francis Petrarch."

Chaucer had been sent ambassador to Genoa, just at this time.

PETRARCH'S INVITATION TO BOCCACCIO TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM.

Reflect whether you cannot, as I have long wished pass the remainder of your days with me. As to your debt to me, I do not know of it, nor understand this foolish scruple of conscience. You owe me nothing except love; nor that, since each day you pay me; except, indeed, that receiving continually from me, you still continue to owe. You complain of poverty, I will not bring forward the usual consolation, nor allege the examples of illustrious men, for you know them already. I applaud you for having preferred poverty combined with independence to the riches and slavery that were offered you; but I do not praise you for refusing the solicitations of a friend. I am not able to enrich you; if I were, I should use neither words nor pen, but speak to you in deeds. But what is sufficient for one is enough for two; one house may surely suffice for those who have but one heart. Your disinclination to come injures me, and it is more injurious if you doubt my

sincerity." [In the same beautiful and sincere spirit Shelley wrote to Keats, to come and live with him in Italy; and the latter, himself a most generous man, would have ultimately joined him, had he lived. If it is wondered how such men write so finely, behold the secret! Their feelings are as real as they are rare.]

TO MY SOLITARY SNOW-DROP.

PALE maiden-flower, my rugged garden's gem!
Emblem of patient hope—safe innocence,
Drooping thy fair head o'er the fragile stem!
In yielding weakness—thy most sure defence;
Amidst mild airs—beneath illusive skies,
Promise of the young year! thou hadst thy birth
And thy first days were gentle. But there rise
Fierce winds, and kingly storms sweep o'er the
earth:
They shake thee, but cannot subdue; thy port!
Is brave as meek: and still thy snowy crest
(Whence gains its thin green stem such fixed support?)
Sheds soft light o'er thy mother's gladdened breast.
Oh, let me win whilst thus I gaze on thee,
Some glimpse of peace, truth and simplicity.

J. W. D.

DIET AND MEDICINE.]

Variety of medicines is the daughter of ignorance; and it is not more true, that many dishes have caused many diseases, than this is true, that many medicines have caused few cures.—Bacon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE signature to the note sent with the remarks on Dr Smith's 'Philosophy of Health' should have been P. Y. not S. Y. The fair writer will accept our thanks for the kind expressions in her last communication.

We have faith in F. O. W. and he must have faith in us, and think the best of it, when we say that we cannot have the pleasure (at present) of availing ourselves of his kind offer. With regard to the question he asks us respecting poetry or not poetry, it is one of a sort to which we do not like to give abrupt answers. The samples might or might not be the best; and the answers might repress proper confidence or excite expectations too great in degree. There is a look of something not common in the lines sent us. The problem alluded to was proposed, we conceive, in jest.

The 'Lines for an Album' have merit; but the theology on which they turn might appear uncharitable to an age which proposes to teach rather than to condemn.

Will H. C. (Deptford) favour us with the grounds of his dissent?

The approbation of IGNOTUS is very gratifying to us.

We made no objection, as our Correspondent J. G. supposes, in remarking that his Joshua's portrait by himself is a reverse, as seen in a mirror. We merely drew attention to the fact, that the painter's appearance, in propria persona, is a reverse of the portrait; and thus far, that the positive amount of resemblance is lessened. J. G. thinks the reversal a beauty. He observes, that it says as plainly as if the words were labelled on the picture, "This is the portrait of a painter, painted by himself." It does so; but would not the handling and style have been sufficient testimonies of his Joshua's autograph? When the ancient artist, calling at a friend's house, "wrote his name at Co," it consisted of a line drawn by a sweep of his brush. Nobody would have mistaken the hand of Sir Joshua, whether left or right.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1835.

No. 53.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

SPRING,

THIS morning as we sat at breakfast, thinking of our present article, with our eyes fixed on a set of the British Poets, which stand us in stead of a prospect, there came by the window, from a child's voice, a cry of "Wall-flowers." There had just been a shower; sunshine had followed it; and the rain, the sun, the boy's voice, and the flowers, came all so prettily together upon the subject we were thinking of, that in taking one of his roots, we could not help fancying we had received a present from Nature herself,—with a penny for the bearer. There were thirty lumps of buds on this penny root; their beauty was yet to come; but the promise was there,—the new life,—the Spring,—and the rain-drops were on them, as if the sweet goddess had dipped her hand in some fountain, and sprinkled them for us by way of message; as who should say, "April and I are coming."

What a beautiful word is *Spring*! At least one fancies so, knowing the meaning of it, and being used to identify it with so many pleasant things. An Italian might find it harsh; and object to the *Sp* and the terminating consonant; but if he were a proper Italian, a man of fancy, the worthy countryman of Petrarch and Ariosto, we would convince him that the word was an excellent good word, crammed as full of beauty as a bud,—and that *S* had the whistling of the brooks in it, *p* and *r* the force and roughness of whatsoever is animated and picturesque, *ing* the singing of the birds, and the whole word the suddenness and salience of all that is lively, sprouting, and new—Spring, Spring-time, a Spring-green, a Spring of water—to Spring—Springal, a word for a young man, in old (that is, ever new) English poetry, which with many other words has gone out, because the youthfulness of our hearts has gone out,—to come back with better times, and the nine-hundredth number of the LONDON JOURNAL.

If our Italian, being very unlike an Italian, ill-natured and not open to pleasant conviction, should still object to our word, we would grow uncourteous in turn, and swear it was a better word than his *Prima-vera*,—which is what he calls Spring—*Prima-vera*, that is to say, the first *Vera*, or *Ver* of the Latins, the *Veer* (*Bog* Ionice) or *Ear* of the Greeks; and what that means, nobody very well knows. But why *Prima-Vera*? and what is *Seconda*, or second *Vera*? The word is too long and lazy, as well as obscure, compared with our brisk little, potent, obvious, and leaping *Spring*,—full of all fountains, buds, birds, sweet-briars, and sunbeams.

"Leaping, like wanton kids in pleasant spring."

says the poet, speaking of the "wood-born people" that flocked about fair *Serena*. How much better the word *spring* suits here with the word *leaping*, than if it had been *prima-vera*! How much more sudden

and starting, like the boundings of the kids! *Prima-vera* is a beautiful word; let us not gainsay it; but it is more suitable to the maturity, than to the very *springing* of *spring*, as its first syllable would pretend. So long and comparatively languid a word ought to belong to that side of the season which is next to summer. *Ver*, the Latin word, is better,—or rather Greek word; for as we have shown before, it comes from the Greek,—like almost every good thing in Latin. It is a pity one does not know what it means; for the Greeks had "good meanings" (as Sir Hugh Evans would say); and their *Ver*, *Veer*, or *Ear*, we may be sure, meant something pleasant,—possibly the rising of the sap; or something connected with the new air; or with love; for etymologists, with their happy facilities, might bring it from the roots of such words. Ben Jonson has made a beautiful name of its adjective (*Earinos*, vernal) for the heroine of his 'Sad Shepherd,'—

"Earine,"

Who had her very being, and her name,
With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring;
Born with the primrose and the violet,
Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled,
And Venus led the Graces out to dance;
And all the flowers and sweets in Nature's lap
Leap'd out."

The lightest thoughts have their roots in gravity, and the most fugitive colours of the world are set off by the mighty back-ground of eternity. One of the greatest pleasures of so light and airy a thing as the vernal season arises from the consciousness that the world is young again; that the spring has come round, that we shall not all cease, and be no world. Nature has begun again, and not begun for nothing. One fancies somehow that she could not have the heart to put a stop to us in April or May. She may pluck away a poor little life here and there; nay, many blossoms of youth,—but not all,—not the whole garden of life. She prunes, but does not destroy. If she did,—if she were in the mind to have done with us,—to look upon us as an experiment not worth going on with, as a set of ungenial and obstinate compounds which refused to co-operate in her sweet designs, and could not be made to answer in the working,—depend upon it she would take pity on our incapability and bad humours, and conveniently quash us in some dismal, sullen winter's day, just at the natural dying of the year, most likely in November; for Christmas is a sort of Spring itself, a winter-flowering. We care nothing for arguments about storms, earthquakes, or other apparently unseasonable interruptions of our pleasures:—we imitate, in that respect, the magnanimous indifference, or what appears such, of the Great Mother herself, knowing that she means us the best in the *gross*;—and also

that we may all get our remedies for these evils in time, if we co-operate as before said. People in South America for instance, may learn from experience, and *build* so as to make a comparative nothing of those rockings of the ground. It is of the *gross* itself that we speak; and sure we are, that with an eye to *that*, Nature does not feel as Pope ventures to say she does, or sees "with equal eye"—

"Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

He may have flattered himself that he should think it a fine thing for his little poetship to sit upon a star, and look grand in his own eyes, from an eye so very dispassionate; but Nature, who is the author of passion, and joy, and sorrow, does not look upon animate and inanimate, depend upon it, with the same want of sympathy. "A world" full of loves, and hopes, and endeavours, and of her own life and loveliness, is a far greater thing in her eyes, rest assured, than a "bubble;" and, *a fortiori*, many worlds, or a "system," far greater than the "atom" talked of with so much complacency by this divine little whipper-snapper. *Ergo*, the moment the kind mother gives promise of a renewed year with these her green and budding signals, be certain she is not going to falsify them; and that being sure of April, we are sure as far as November. As to our existence any further, that, we conceive, depends somewhat upon how we behave ourselves; and therefore we would exhort everybody to do their best for the earth, and all that is upon it, in order that it and they may be thought worth continuance.

What! shall we be put into a beautiful garden, and turn up our noses at it, and call it a "vale of tears," and all sorts of bad names (helping thereby to make it so), and yet confidently reckon that Nature will never shut it up, and have done with it, or set about forming a better stock of inhabitants? Recollect, we beseech you, dear "Lord Worldly Wiseman," and you, "Sir Having," and my lady "Greedy," that there is reason for supposing that man was not always an inhabitant of this very fashionable world, and somewhat larger globe; and that perhaps the resident before him was only of an inferior species to ourselves (odd as you may think it), who could not be brought to know what a beautiful place he lived in, and so had another chance given him in a different shape. Good heavens! If there were none but mere ladies and gentlemen, and city-men, and soldiers, upon earth, and no poets, readers, and milk-maids to remind us that there was such a thing as Nature, we really should begin to tremble for Almack's and Change Alley about the 20th of next October!

HOW ARE WE TO GET HAPPILY MARRIED?

THIS is really a very interesting question. A truce then for the next five minutes to politics; let the Whigs and the Tories worry each other as much as they please, but let us, taking no heed to the state of Parliament, think a little about our domestic affairs.

Since everybody marries—or may marry—I had almost said, ought to marry, it is surely worth considering what the necessary conditions may be for obtaining that which, I take it for granted, everyone promises himself in marrying, namely, an increased degree of comfort and happiness. I may be told that it is not only quite idle, but that it smacks a little of presumption, to pretend to instruct people in the road to felicity; that everyone judges pretty correctly in what relates to himself, and therefore may be safely left to work out his own happiness, after his own manner. I have only to say, that I disclaim all ideas of teaching; I only wish to rouse attention to the importance of a subject that nearly concerns the well-being of every member of the great human family.

However knowing people may be in every-day and worldly matters, I am not disposed to admit that they are so clever in the management of this affair of matrimony, as is commonly imagined. Every person, male or female, has the power of determining for himself the two material and preliminary questions:—firstly, whether he will be married or not? secondly (if the first be answered affirmatively), to whom will he be married?

Having this power, then, if people knew what was good for them, there would be no unhappy marriages; but there are unhappy marriages: therefore they do not know what is good for them. Not only are there some unhappy marriages, but there are unfortunately a great many—in short, it is no use blinking the question, there is scarcely one in a hundred that is otherwise. Matrons, with a large family of daughters to establish, may bristle up, and look feline at such an insinuation, and their husbands loudly and fiercely deny it. This is but natural; they have got into a scrape, and would fain have companions in misfortune.

I hope no one suspects me of a design to treat this subject with levity. If anything I may have dropt has given rise to this impression, I am sorry for it—the intention is farthest from my thoughts. It is too sad a subject to be discussed for the sake of amusement; if one jests upon it, he but acts like the child who grins to conceal the fact that he is weeping.

But to resume. This cat-and-dog like state of things,—this universal misery, is owing, in many cases, not to the error of judgment, which we shall presently have to consider, but to not judging at all. I heard, the other day, of a man, in a humble walk of life, who married a woman for no other earthly reason (according to his own admission) than because she had a pretty foot and ankle!—she was, otherwise, both physically and morally deformed.

I knew a young lady, who was led to the altar from a boarding-school, and who confessed, that she became a wife in order that she might be at liberty to lie in bed as long as she pleased in the morning, and have buttered toast for breakfast! People of the world would laugh no doubt at the idea of being actuated by motives so whimsically absurd. But let us see if they act a whit more wisely themselves. It cannot be denied that some of them marry exclusively for wealth. This is to fall into the mistake of the man who, finding that an apple-pie was improved by the addition of a quince, caused a pie to be made intirely of quinces. Others are attracted by personal beauty. This is no better. Voyagers tell us that, though, when first they near the shores of India, their senses are intoxicated by the delicious odours of the flowers with which the land is covered; yet, in a short time, they not only regard this fragrance with indifference, but cease altogether to perceive it.

It may be said, that all this is nothing to the purpose; that these are people who do not exercise their reasoning faculties, and have no business to expect to be happy.

It may be so. There are others, certainly, who, despising alike beauty, and silver, and gold, know that there is something else more necessary to happiness in the married state, and take great pains to obtain it; but, as these pains are so often taken in vain, we must suppose that the efforts are applied in a wrong direction.

The fact is one of every day observation, that there are many very amiable people, endowed apparently with every requisite for making themselves and others happy, but who, nevertheless, being inconsiderately joined together, are not so. They are assigned, but not happy. They do not make a display of their wretchedness, like the beggar who exposes his ulcer to excite the pity of the crowd; on the contrary, they keep a strict watch over themselves, lest the fatal secret should escape—but it is not—it cannot be hidden. Of course they never quarrel—they have too much good sense—too much proper pride; besides, it would not be worth while! In spite of all their evenness of temper and mental discipline, there is still some unaccountable jar, and dissonance in their social being—like certain musical instruments, which most betray the imperfection of their construction, when the chords are perfectly in tune. Reflecting upon this, is it not fair to conclude that some fundamental error has crept into all the calculations of reason upon this subject, and vitiated the whole process? It is; and this error lies, I firmly believe, in the prevailing notion that, in a partner for life, we should require, before all things, a similarity of tastes, habits, and disposition. This I take to be the fatal mistake, and so long as it is persisted in, I see no end to the evil. My belief is, that the continuation of a perfectly good understanding between husband and wife—an understanding that will bear the wear and tear of the world—depends upon their being distinguished from each other by the possession of opposite qualities—upon their being as unlike each other as possible.

The common opinion referred to may have arisen from observing that a similarity of tastes, habits, and dispositions (whether good or bad) is apt to draw young people of different sexes together, and give birth to love, or something resembling it; and there is said to be sympathy between them. But this love has no stamina, no quality of endurance; and as to the sympathy, the less we have to do with it, perhaps, the better.

I do not attach much value to proverbial sayings and saws, otherwise it would not be difficult to adduce a good many that appear to bear me out; such, for example, as, "Love matches are seldom happy ones;" and "In marrying, it is best to begin with a little aversion," &c. I only mention these here to show that I am urging no new-fangled theory—the principle is known, but disregarded.

To make myself better understood, I will relate an old nursery tale:—

It chanced, that once upon a time, a small stream that crossed a public road, became so swollen by continued rains as to assume almost the appearance of a river; and so, as it was no longer possible to step across it as heretofore, loose stones were placed so as to form a sort of cause-way from side to side. The first travellers who approached after these things had happened, were two who were both lame alike, and who had joined company somewhere on the road, and agreed to travel together. Well, when they got to the edge of the water-course, they endeavoured to cross by the stepping stones, but this they found to be no easy matter; being both lame, each had enough to do to take care of himself, and could lend no help to the other. The result was that they both fell into the water, and were obliged to wade to the opposite side, where they continued their journey, grumbling at the stream and at each other. The next who attempted the passage, were two travellers who were both blind, and who met with a similar mishap. Just as these last were scrambling out of the water, there came up two others of a more promising appearance: they were both young, strong, and full of spirits, and you would have supposed that so trifling an impediment in their way, as the brook, would have been

easily surmounted; but they shared no better fate than their predecessors. Too self-subsistent—too independent of each other—each confided in his own strength and dexterity, and scorned to receive while he thought it unnecessary to offer assistance. Thus, rushing together upon the narrow and uneven path, they jostled violently on the way, and were, like the others, precipitated into the stream. The story goes on to say, that the next who came up, and who were the first who succeeded in reaching the opposite side without accident, were two way-farers who had travelled a long way very cheerfully together. One was tall, strong, and active, but quite blind; the other was, on the contrary, of a diminutive and feeble frame, but his eyes were piercing as the falcon's.

They advanced without hesitation to pass the stream; for they knew that, though neither singly could accomplish the task, yet, together, and confiding in each other, no harm could come to them; the blind one relying upon his bright-eyed companion to point out the best places, whereupon he might set his feet, and the weak-one feeling quite sure that his strong friend would never, for his own sake, release the firm grasp with which he hugged him to his side.

The drift and moral of this story will, from what has been already said, be sufficiently obvious. We are most of us, indeed, feeble or dim-sighted creatures, not formed to stand alone, or buffet along the rugged path of life without some friendly shoulder to lean on—some arm to cling to. We must select, then, a companion by whose side to toil—always bearing in mind, at the same time, that as it is impossible, so is it quite unnecessary, that our fellow pilgrim should be altogether free from infirmity and error. All that is necessary is, that he should not be obnoxious to the same infirmities, errors, and prejudices as ourselves—that he should so far form a contrast to ourselves, as to be strong, precisely in those points where we are weak, and weak where we are strong; in order that a want and a consciousness of mutual support and assistance, be constantly present to both.

F. C. M.

* * * Our correspondent has started an interesting but perplexing subject for reflection; and will not wonder if we think he has failed, like others, in cutting the Gordian knot. The fable he has told, alas! will hardly enable the morally and intellectually infirm to discover, much less to acknowledge their respective deficiencies. The question between the conflicting parties will still be, which is the lame or the blind, and which has the greater need of the other's assistance.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LXIV.—WILLIAM AND CATHERINE SHAW.

[We take this edifying sample of Circumstantial Evidence from the 'Sixty Curious Narratives' (before-mentioned), the compiler of which quotes it from the 'Theory of Presumptive Proof.' Presumptive proof is really a very presumptuous personage, and his circumstantial evidence frequently deserves to have a halter brought round its own neck. People circumstantially found guilty ought, we think, at the very worst, to undergo only a circumstantial hanging. A gallows should be peraded round them; the executioner should make a circuitous pretence of turning them off; and the bystanders should exclaim, "There you are, not positively hung—but you are circumstantially;—you may presume that you are dead;—the proof of your being so is not direct; but strong symptoms of an execution are round about you;—you may say that you have been in very hanging circumstances."

We take poor William Shaw to have been no very pleasant father; and his unfortunate daughter (perhaps in consequence of a violent bringing-up) was furious and vindictive. But their characters must have been known;—a surgeon should have been able to distinguish between a throat cut by the deceased's own hand, and by that of another person; and the groans and exclamations of a highly probable suicide ought not to have been construed into evidence

of murder, not even with a shirt spotted with blood, especially as the spots turn out to have been owing to what the man said. But the simpletons kill him, and then wave a flag over his grave, by way of canceling his innocence! There is something in this action ludicrously of a piece with the rest of the folly; though the instinct was a good one, and the poor people must have been very sorry. We believe there will be no great haste to hang any more criminals upon circumstantial evidence, after the publication of works of this kind, and the fate of the unfortunate Eliza Fenning.]

WILLIAM SHAW (says our authority) was an upholsterer at Edinburgh, in the year 1721. He had a daughter, Catherine Shaw, who lived with him. She encouraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweller, to whom William Shaw declared the most susceptible objections, alleging him to be a profligate young man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house; but the daughter continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on the discovery, kept her strictly confined.

William Shaw had, for some time, pressed his daughter to receive the addresses of a son of Alexander Robertson, a friend and neighbour; and one evening, being very urgent with her thereon, she presumptuously refused, declaring she preferred death to being young Robertson's wife. The father grew enraged, and the daughter more positive; so that the most passionate expressions arose on both sides, and the words, *barbarity*, *cruelty*, and *death*, were frequently pronounced by the daughter! At length he left her, locking the door after him.

The greatest part of the buildings at Edinburgh are formed on the plan of the chambers in our firms of court; so that many families inhabit rooms on the same floor, having all one common staircase. William Shaw dwelt in one of these, and a single partition only divided his apartment from that of James Morrison, a watch-case maker. This man had distinctly overheard the conversation and quarrel between Catherine Shaw and her father, but was particularly struck with the repetition of the above words, the having pronounced them loudly and emphatically! For some little time after the father was gone out, all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed, he ran to some of his neighbours under the same roof. These, entering Morrison's room, and listening attentively, not only heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catherine Shaw, two or three times, faintly exclaim—"Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death!" Struck with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; they knocked—no answer was given. The knocking was still repeated—still no answer. Suspicions had before arisen against the father; they were now confirmed: a constable was procured, an entrance forced; Catherine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal knife by her side! She was alive, but speechless; but, on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, was just able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and expired.

Just at the critical moment, William Shaw returns and enters the room. All eyes are on him! He sees his neighbours and a constable in his apartment, and seems much disordered thereat; but, at the sight of his daughter he turns pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise, and the succeeding horror, leave little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders; and even that little is done away on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and, upon the depositions of all the parties, committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when, in his defence, he acknowledged the having confined his daughter to prevent her intercourse with Lawson; that he had frequently insisted on her marrying Robertson; and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was found murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed: but he averred, that he left his daughter unharmed and untouched; and that the blood found

upon his shirt was there in consequence of his having bled himself some days before, and the bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury, when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's expressions, of "barbarity, cruelty, death," and of "cruel father, thou art the cause of my death,"—together with that apparently affirmative motion with her head, and of the blood so seemingly providentially discovered on the father's shirt. On these several concurring circumstances, was William Shaw found guilty, was executed, and was hanged in chains, at Leith Walk, in November 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guiltless? No, not one! notwithstanding his latest words at the gallows were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder." But in August 1722, as a man, who had become the possessor of the late William Shaw's apartments, was rummaging by chance in the chamber where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally perceived a paper fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which, on opening, contained the following:—"Barbarous Father, your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which is become a burthen to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world; for sure no benevolent Being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this! My death I lay to your charge: when you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy—CATHERINE SHAW."

This letter being shown, the hand-writing was recognized and avowed to be Catherine Shaw's by many of her relations and friends. It became the public talk; and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its authenticity, they ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet, and given to his family for interment; and, as the only reparation to his memory and the honour of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colours to be waved over his grave, in token of his innocence.

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY ROBERTON WHESE.

NO II.

I do not think that anything I have advanced, or mean to advance, on the subject of language, will give umbrage either to the philologist or to the poet. With the former I agree in loving his study, though little qualified to estimate its beauties, or do justice to its importance. With the latter, I share his gratitude towards the eloquent "interpreter," the great organ of the reason and the imagination, without which we were little distinguishable from the beasts of the field; with which we are what we are, and may be what we would. But I think we are too apt to transfer to the account of language praises that belong of right to the understanding only, and to conceive, when some remote and exquisite object is brought suddenly, and as if by miracle, into the focus of our perception by nothing more than a single stroke of the poetic wand, that the magic is in the language, and not in ourselves; and then, on the other hand, we deal with it too much as with a favorite; and because it is our perpetual companion and helpmate, and flatters us with its ready services, we are blind to, or reluctantly admit, its manifold offences and inextinguishable defects.

In my last chapter I considered a few of these of the more obvious kind, and I propose to push those considerations somewhat further hereafter. But, in the meantime, perhaps a few observations on the origin of language will not be unacceptable to the Reader. I will therefore beg him to consider me here (to compare great things with small) as working after the manner of the epic poets, who, at first setting out, rush into the middle of things, but pre-

sently take occasion to relate some circumstances of a previous date, proper for the Reader to know, though not equally suitable for an exordium.

Little can be gathered concerning the origin of language; and, fortunately, the question is not one of much practical importance, though a curious subject for conjecture. The favorite theory, that words at first were imitative sounds, suggested by the nature and properties of their objects, is plausible; but, except in a very limited sense, I venture to think not well founded. That a rushing stream should receive a name significant of the quality of its sound, or that the voices of birds and other animals, as well as the noise of winds, of the sea, of thunder, &c., should give rise to words imitative of their different tones and modulations, it is not difficult to suppose. But your naked savage has something else to do than to invoke nightingales and soliloquise on waterfalls; he has to cut his daily faggot from a tree that says nothing—to prepare his meal on some "silent stone." Let us, indeed, make every reasonable allowance for analogy and the association of ideas; let us grant it possible that some of the nice metaphysical relations existing between sound and sight—sound and touch, &c., may have been seized upon by the mind, and turned to account in language, even in the earliest stage (though Professor Porson tells us that our first fathers were plain men who "called a spade a spade"); still, allowing all this, can we suppose that the whole of inanimate nature was christened after this manner?—that the most hidden and subtle properties of things, in this way, became their title to a name, among savages? But, it may be said, there are few substantive things which do not produce some kind of sounds when put into motion. This is true, but to proceed on this ground, we must needs assume that such evidences in every case preceded the nomenclature. But would the tree be sure to receive its appellation in a high wind? would there be no allusion to the stone before it was heard whizzing through the air? would the faggots remain anonymous till they crackled in the fire?

If I cannot agree with the assertors of an imitative origin, neither can I assent to the opinion of those who save themselves a world of difficulty, while, at the same time, they throw an air of sanctity over their cause, by making language a matter of divine revelation. And I dissent, not merely because there is no authority for such an opinion, that I am aware of, in the Mosaic history, nor because the following verse in Genesis (chap. ii. v. 19) would seem pretty plainly to announce the contrary—

"And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof"—

but I dissent, partly for the reason already urged by those who have combated on the same side, viz. that if language had been a direct gift from God, it would have been a perfect instrument, or one at least of much greater perfection than it is or ever has been (to which may be added, that it would have been most perfect in its beginning, and would rather have lost than gained power as it descended from its first possessors, whereas the reverse is the fact), and partly, because I do not see the *dignus viadis* modus. For is there not a much simpler account of the origin of language, nearer home? Observe a little baby at the age when it first begins to be sensible that it has a tongue. How it delights to rattle out a succession of easy syllables, without any other object or meaning than its own amusement. It talks to its coral, it talks to its cradle, every new object excites it to talk. Do we not see in this an evidence of a strong natural instinct? If this were merely an act of imitation consequent upon hearing the voices of grown people, it would be accompanied with other acts of imitation provoked in a similar manner. But this chattering, and this articulation of syllables, takes place long before the development of any regular power of observation. Now the instinct of the child is so soon adulterated, so soon lost and huddled up

with the movements of experience and the effects of example, that we can, as it were, only snatch a transient and imperfect glimpse of Nature as she here momentarily appears to us. And yet this glimpse, I think, is sufficient to set our doubts at rest on one or two points. It may satisfy us, perhaps,—

1st. That we are sent into the world with the seeds of this faculty within us, and that it is as much a part of our instinct to use the tongue and the voice in those articulations and inflexions that have their accomplishment in speech, as it is to apply the hands, the arms, the legs, &c. to the several uses for which they are designed by Providence.

2d. That there is a propensity to accompany every new discovery, by which I mean the first sight of every new object, with some exclamation.

3rd. That this exclamation is not imitative, except in a rare and very limited sense.

4th. That it is for the most part purely capricious and accidental, admitting of no critical inquiry, except as concerns the superior facility of utterance of certain syllables or sounds.

5th. That the syllable or sound thus uttered becomes a name for the object which called it forth.

As regards the first of these propositions (to which this chapter will be confined), it may be objected by the upholders of the divine origin, that if the use of the tongue in speech were as much a matter of instinct as the application of the other members to their respective purposes, the same degree of efficiency would be exhibited in the result; but that whereas man in a savage state attains in a single life-time to the perfect command of his limbs, his efforts at language are forlorn and hopeless to the last degree, and never advance beyond that condition (say they) until a new direction is given to them by intercourse with civilized nations. This objection, I conceive, can give us no embarrassment. If the fact of speech having no development among savage tribes corresponding to that of their other faculties, be a proof in favour of the theory of divine interposition, the same might be urged with respect to the understanding itself—which I think was never done. But if it is not disputed that Time is the sufficient ripener of the human mind, why should there be a question as to its power to bring the faculty of speech to the same maturity through the same degrees? As to the perfection of the physical powers amongst barbarians—while still no more than "*mutum et turpe pecus*"—it argues nothing but this, that Nature in giving to man his full quota of bodily strength in that condition of his being, has provided him, as her custom is, with the thing most necessary to him;—the luxury of language she reserves for a fitter season. There is no evidence to prove—and vastly improbable it is—that a savage experiences any trouble or perplexity through poverty of speech, or, as we say, is ever "at a loss for a word." We may rest assured that that little which he desires to communicate, between cries and gestures, he communicates readily enough. But the extension of language is coequal with the extension of the understanding, and as soon as the mind begins to quicken with perception and to seek more earnestly the pleasures of sympathy, it is not long in improving its old resources or devising new expedients. Necessity is not the only mother of invention—Desire operates hardly less powerfully in creating the means of its own gratification; and when our necessities are provided for, our desires usurp their place.

With respect to the assertion, that language makes no progress amongst a people until intercourse with civilized communities gives it the necessary impulse, it seems to be a pure assumption, and to an assumption one can only oppose a doubt. Strongly do I doubt the correctness of the assumption. Yet is this point not hastily to be dismissed, as well because it has been a good deal insisted upon, as because, if it could be substantiated, I confess I think it would needs overturn the theory here contended for. The doctrine then, as far as I understand, is, that language, and the arts, and whatever makes up the sum of human knowledge, has been derived to us from the East, whence issuing it has gradually spread itself over the world. Accordingly, endeavours have been

made to trace all languages to one common source; the connection between the Hebrew, the Phœnician, the Pelasgian, and the Greek, has been studiously laboured; it has been asserted that the Latin was in its origin no more than Æolic Greek, while the modern European languages are only branches from the Latin. If all these relations were clearly made out, instead of being in a great measure open to dispute, the fact would not prove that, in evidence of which it is adduced. For with respect to any one of these derived languages, it is not surely denied that there must have pre-existed some species of oral communication, however imperfect that may have been; the acquired language, then, in any case, must have been a graft—not a plant—and must have superseded its rude predecessor by virtue only of its superior capacity, and by its being ready-made to hand, and not because the latter had no power of cultivation or improvement in *se*. The only kind of evidence, as it seems to me, on which it would be possible to ground a substantial argument against the human origin of language, would be to show that all barbarians when first discovered were literally "*mutum et turpe pecus*;" but if their possession of any aboriginal form of speech whatsoever, any indigenous words, however few be admitted, I cannot but think it a virtual admission of the whole argument—

"Cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi."

For if mankind have wit enough without direction to possess themselves of the first elements of language, what, in the name of reason, is to prevent them from acquiring the remainder in the same manner? We who say we are civilized, and who count the arts of navigation and of war amongst our accomplishments, transport ourselves to some newly discovered region, where, having reduced the natives to subjection, we give them arts and letters in exchange for liberty, and then say—and they are taught to believe us—that they ought to be vastly obliged to us, for, that if it had not been for the lucky accident of our finding them out and murdering the greater part of their naked fathers, they could never have tasted the blessings of knowledge; and their language, as well as their manners, must inevitably have remained in *statu quo* to doomsday. What a superfluous piece of insolence is this! And this has been the trick played on the conquered by the conquerors ever since the flood! If savage tribes exhibit—and they do exhibit—degrees of difference in their condition, if they are found—not equally—but more or less removed from the point of civilization, it must be accepted as proof sufficient of an indefinite power of advancement; and the same of language. To admit the existence of the *primum mobile*, and question the power of progression, is to deny that the greater includes the less, and to overturn the first principles of ratiocination. That any country in a state of high civilization would be discovered by the explorers of new worlds, was not to be expected. One of the first results of that condition of a country is *emigration*; as ripe fruits shed their seeds, so a ripe country, by a natural effort, shoots off its superabundant population, whence infant states—as from the seed new fruit. If a distant nation had been rising and progressing *pari passu* with ourselves, not only would their motives to colonization have become the same, but curiosity and the spirit of enterprise would, as with us, long since have spread them over the globe, and they would have found us, if we did not find them. The gradual procession of knowledge and humanity out of Holy Land, which history teaches us,—this "march of mind" from East to West,—may very well consist with these opinions. Because it may have pleased God to provide a certain course, if I may say so, for the education of the world, and to ordain that one community shall instruct another till all be perfected in knowledge, we are not therefore warranted in saying—as it has been so confidently said—that no society of men have the power of attaining to that perfection of themselves. The facts are against those who say it: they cannot persuade history to support so absurd a position. Not that history records such a phenomenon as that above imagined

(for many reasons besides those alleged,) but that she presents us with examples innumerable of a natural state of society so far possessed of our own materials of civilization, that it would be the *ne plus ultra* of drivelling vanity to suppose that we were any otherwise important to them, than as useful *forcing* instruments to hasten and facilitate the intellectual season.

I defer to the next chapter some concluding observations on this first head.

SPECIMENS OF WIT, HUMOUR, AND CRITICISM OF CHARLES LAMB.

No. IV.

MRS BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

[HERE followeth, gentle Reader, the immortal record of Mrs Battle and her whist; a game which the author (as thou wilt see) wished that he could play for ever; and accordingly in the deathless pages of his wit, for ever will be play it.—Ed.]

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game." This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God) who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamblers, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary who has slipt a wrong card to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them as I do from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sate bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that *Hearts* was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of the game; or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, "Cards were cards;" and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who in his excess of candour declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favourite author: his 'Rape of the Lock' her favourite work. She once did me the favour to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, *tradrille*. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr Bowles: but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem.

The former, she said, was showy and spacious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which the constancy of whist abhors;—the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter gave him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aces;—the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone;—above all the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist;—all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solid* game: that was her word. It was a long meal, not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Indian states, depicted by Machiavel; perpetually changing postures and connexions; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath; but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the *mob* in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flashes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up:—that anyone should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and colour, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things.—Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say of a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colours, when the marks of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?—

“But the eye, my dear madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out. You yourself have a pretty collection of paintings—but confess to me whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to that you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the ‘hoary majesty of spades’—Pam in all his glory!—

“All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab paste-board, the game might go on very well pictureless. But the beauty of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal board, a drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to Nature’s), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and tourneys in! Exchange those

delicately-turned ivory markers (work of Chinese artist unconscious of their symbol, or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors’ money) or chalk and a slate!”

The old lady, with a smile confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favourite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage-board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never bring her mouth heartily to pronounce, “go”—or “that’s a go.” She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five dollar stake) because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring “two for his heels.” There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savoured (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport; when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators it is not much bettered. No looker on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play. Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in *tradrille*.—But in square games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to to every species—though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—by-stander witnesses it, but because your partner sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game.—By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue—and here again admire the subtlety of her conclusion!—chance is nothing but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending? Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—

and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize?—Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots who were taken with a lucky hit, under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man’s wit,—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another’s; like a mock engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless.—She could not conceive a game wanting the sprightly infusion of chance,—the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of castles and knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were intirely misplaced and senseless. Their hard head-contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil and dry slate, she used to say, were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we are as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious games of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.—

With great deference to the old lady’s judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life, when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Elia.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a tooth-ache, or a sprained ancle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*.—

I grant it is not the highest style of man—I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologise.—

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible.—I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her)—(dare I tell thee, how foolish I am?)—I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over: and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

IMPORTANCE OF INDIVIDUALS TO ONE ANOTHER.

Widely separated as they may be, there is no case where the influence possessed by any individual, however mean, over any other individual, however mighty, is really null, and unworthy of all regard. The mouse in the fable, releasing the lion from bondage, is an exemplification of the possible dependence of the strong upon the weak.—*Bentham’s Deontology*.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

DANTE.

[From 'Lives of Eminent Italians.'—This summary account of the great Italian is one of the best fitted to give a popular and true idea of him, that we have seen.]

DANTE'S poem is certainly neither the greatest nor the best in the world; but it is, perhaps, the most extraordinary one which resolute intellect ever planned, or persevering talents successfully executed. It stands alone; and must be read and judged according to rules and immunities adapted to its peculiar structure, plot, and purpose, formed upon principles affording scope to the exercise of the highest powers, with little regard to precedent. If these principles, then, have intrinsic excellence, and the work be found uniformly consistent with them, fulfilling to the utmost the aims of the author, the 'Divina Commedia' must be allowed to stand among the proudest trophies of original genius, challenging, encountering, and overcoming unparalleled difficulties. Though the fields of action, or rather of vision, are nominally Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise,—the Paradise, Purgatory, and Hell of Dante, with all their terrors, and splendours, and preternatural fictions, are but representations of scenes transacted on earth, and characters that lived antecedently or contemporaneously with himself. Though altogether out of the world, the whole is of the world. Men and women seem fixed in eternal torments, passing through purifying flames, or exalted to celestial beatitude; yet in all these situations they are what they were; and it is their former history, more than their present happiness, hope, or despair, which constitutes, through a hundred cantos, the interest awakened and kept up by the successive exhibition of more than a thousand individuals, actors and sufferers. Of every one of these something terrible or touching is intimated or told briefly at the utmost, but frequently by mere hints of narrative, or gleams of allusion, which excite curiosity in the breast of the reader, who is surprised at the poet's forbearance, when, in the notes of commentators, he finds complex, strange and fearful circumstances, on which a modern versifier or novelist would extend pages, treated here as ordinary events on which it would be impertinent to dwell. These, in the author's own age, were generally understood; the bulk of the materials being gathered up during a period of restlessness and confusion among the republican states of Italy.

Hence, though the first appearance of the 'Divina Commedia,' in any intelligible edition, is repulsive from the multitude of notes, and the text is not seldom difficult and dark with the oracular words, yet will the toil and patience of any reader be well repaid, who perseveringly proceeds but a little way, quietly referring, as occasion may require, from the obscurity of the original to the illustrations below; for when he returns from the latter to the former (as though his own eye had been refreshed with new light, the darkness having been in it, and not in the verse), what was colourless as a cloud is radiant with beauty, and what before was undefined in form, becomes exquisitely precise and symmetrical from comprehending in so small a compass so vast a variety of thought, feeling, or fact. Dante, in this respect, must be studied as an author in a dead language by a learner, or rather as one who employs a living language on forgotten themes; then will his style grow easier and clearer as the reader grows more and more acquainted with his subject, his manner, and his materials. For whatever be the corruption of the text (which, perhaps, has never been sufficiently collated) the remoteness of the allusions, of our countrymen's want of that previous knowledge of almost everything treated upon which best prepares the mind for the perception and highest enjoyment of poetical beauty and poetical pleasure, Dante will be found, in reality, one of the most clear, minute, and accurate writers in sentiment, as he is one of the most perfectly natural and graphic painters to the life of persons, characters, and actions. His draughts

have the freedom of etchings, and the sharpness of proof impressions. His poem is well worth all the pains which the most indolent reader may take to master it.

Boccaccio, the earliest of his biographers, though not the most authentic, says, that in person Dante was of middle stature; that he stooped a little from the shoulders, and was remarkable for his firm and graceful gait. He always dressed in a manner peculiarly becoming his rank and years. His visage was long, with an aquiline nose, and eyes rather full than small, his cheek-bones large, and his upper-lip projecting beyond the under; his complexion was dark; his beard and hair black, thick and curled; and his countenance exhibited a confirmed expression of melancholy and thoughtfulness. Hence, one day, at Verona, as he passed a gateway, where several ladies were seated, one of them exclaimed, "There goes the man who can take a walk to hell, and back again, whenever he pleases, and bring us news of everything that is doing there." On which another, with equal sagacity, added, "That must be true; for don't you see how his beard is frizzled, and his face browned, with the heat and the smoke below." The words, whether spoken in sport or silliness, were overheard by the poet, who, as the fair slanderers meant no malice, was quite willing that they should please themselves with their own fancies. Towards the opening of the 'Purgatorio' there is an allusion to the soil which his face had contracted on his journey with Virgil through the nether world:—

"High Morn had triumph'd o'er the glimmering dawn

Which fled before her, so that I discern'd
The tremble of the ocean from afar:
We walk'd along the solitary plain,
Like men retracing their erratic steps,
Who think all lost till they regain the path.
Arriving where the dew-drops with the sun
Contented, and lay thick beneath the shade,
Both hands my master delicately spread
Upon the grass: aware of his intent,
I turn'd to him my tearful countenance,
And thence he wiped away the dusky hue
With which the infernal air had sullied it."

In his studies, Dante was so eager, earnest, and indefatigable, that his wife and family often complained of his unsocial habits. Boccaccio mentions, that once when he was at Sienna, having unexpectedly found at a shop-window a book which he had not seen, but had long coveted, he placed himself on a bench before the door, at nine o'clock in the morning, and never lifted up his eyes till vespers, when he had run through the whole contents with such intense application, as to have totally disregarded the festivities of processions and music which had been passing through the streets the greater part of the day; and when questioned about what had happened in his presence, he denied having had any knowledge of anything but what he was reading. As might be expected from his other habits, he rarely spoke, except when personally addressed, or strongly moved, and then his words were few, well chosen, weighty, and expressed in tones of voice accommodated to the subject. Yet, when it was required, his eloquence broke forth with spontaneous felicity, splendour, and exuberance of diction, imagery, and thought.

Dante delighted in music. The most natural and touching incident in his 'Purgatorio' is the interview between himself and his friend Casella, an eminent singer in his day, who must, notwithstanding, have been forgotten within his century, but for the extraordinary good fortune which had befallen him, to be celebrated by two of the greatest poets of their respective countries (Dante and Milton), from whose pages his name cannot soon perish.

Choosing to excel in all the elegancies of life, as well as in gentlemanly exercises and intellectual

* L' alba vinceva l' ora mattutina
Che fuggia 'nnanzi, sì che di lontano
Conobbi il tremolar della marina.
Noi andavam per lo sfolgo piano
Cem' uom, che torna alla smarrita strada
Che 'ndina ad essa li pare ire in vano.

powers, Dante attached himself to painting not less than to music, and practised it with the pencil (not indeed so triumphantly as with the pen, his picture poetry being unrivalled), with sufficient facility and grace to make it a favourite amusement in private; and none can believe that he could amuse himself with what was worthless. His four celebrated contemporaries, Cimabue, Giotto, and Giotto, are all honourably mentioned by him in the eleventh Canto of the 'Purgatorio.'

There is an interesting allusion to the employment which he loved in the 'Vita Nuova':—"On the day that completed the year after this lady (Beatrice) had been received among the denizens of eternal life, while I was sitting alone, and recalling her form to my remembrance, I drew an angel on a certain tablet," &c. It may be incidentally observed, that Dante's angels are often painted with unsurpassable beauty, as well as inexhaustible variety of delineation throughout his poems, especially in Canto ix of the 'Inferno,' and Cantos ii, viii, xii, xv, xviii, xxiv of the 'Purgatorio.' Take six lines of one of these portraits; though the inimitable original must consume the unequal version:—

"A noi venia la creatura bella,
Bianco vestita, e ne la faccia quale
Par, tremolando, mattutina stella:
Le braccia aperte, e indi aprese l' ale;
Disse; Venite; qui son presso i gradi,
E agevolmente omai si sale."

DELL' *PURGATORIO*, Canto XII.

"That being came, all beautiful, to meet us,
Clad in white raiment, and the morning star
Appear'd to tremble in his countenance;
His arms he spread, and then he spread his wings
And cried, 'Come on, the steps are near at hand,
And here the ascent is easy.'"

Leonardo Aretino, who had seen Dante's handwriting, mentions, with no small commendation, that the letters were long, slender, and exceedingly distinct,—the characteristics of what is called in ornamental writing a fine Italian hand. The circumstance may seem small, but it is not insignificant as a finishing stroke in the portraiture of one who, though he was the first poet unquestionably, and not the least philosopher, was also one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his age.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XII.—*TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*.

THIS is one of the most loose and desultory of our author's plays: it rambles on just as it happens, but it overtakes, together with some indifferent matter, a prodigious number of fine things in its way. Troilus himself is no character: he is merely a common lover: but Cressida and her uncle Pandarus are hit off with proverbial truth. By the speeches given to the leaders of the Grecian host, Nestor, Ulysses, Agamemnon, Achilles, Shakspeare seems to have known them as well as if he had been a spy sent by the Trojans into the enemy's camp—to say nothing of their being very lofty examples of didactic eloquence. The following is a very stately and spirited declamation:—

"ULYSSES. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence, enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye

Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But, when the
planets,
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents! what mutinies!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high designs)
The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
(But by degree) stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son would strike his father dead:
Force would be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar Justice resides)
Would lose their names, and so would Justice too,
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite (an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power)
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking:
And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdained
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation;
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength."

It cannot be said of Shakspeare, as was said of some
one, that he was "without o'erflowing full." He
was full even to o'erflowing. He gave heaped mea-
sure, running over. This was his greatest fault.
He was only in danger "of losing distinction in his
thoughts" (to borrow his own expression)

"As doth a battle when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying."

There is another passage, the speech of Ulysses to
Achilles, showing him the thankless nature of popu-
larity, which has a still greater depth of moral obser-
vation and richness of illustration than the former.
It is long, but worth the quoting. The sometimes
giving an intire extract from the unacted plays
of our author may with one class of readers have
almost the use of restoring a lost passage; and may
serve to convince another class of critics, that the
poet's genius was not confined to the production of
stage effect by preternatural means:—

"ULYSSES. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion;
A great-sid'd monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past,
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soon as done: Perseverance, dear mylord,
Keeps Honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For Honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path,
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,

And leave you blindness;—
Or, like a gullant horse fall'n in first rank,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in
present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the corner: the Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. O, let not vir-
tue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past,
The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went out on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And ease thy reputation in thy tent."

The throng of images in the above lines is prodi-
gious; and though they sometimes jostle against
one another, they everywhere raise and carry on the
feeling, which is metaphysically true and profound.
The debates between the Trojan chiefs on the res-
toring of Helen are full of knowledge of human
motives and character. Troilus enters well into the
philosophy of war when he says in answer to some-
thing that falls from Hector,—

"Why there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we were affected,
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds."

The character of Hector, in the few slight indica-
tions which appear of it, is made very amiable. His
death is sublime, and shows in a striking light the
mixture of barbarity and heroism of the age. The
threats of Achilles are fatal; they carry their own
means of execution with them:—

"Come here about me, you my Myrmidons,
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceeding eye."

He then finds Hector and slays him, as if he had
been hunting down a wild beast. There is some-
thing revolting as well as terrific in the ferocious
coolness with which he singles out his prey: nor
does the splendour of the achievement reconcile us
to the cruelty of the means.

The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are very
amusing and instructive. The disinterested willing-
ness of Pandarus to serve his friend in an affair
which lies next his heart is immediately brought
forward. "Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had
I a sister were a grace, or a daughter were a goddess,
he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris!
Paris is dirt to him, and I warrant Helen, to change,
would give money to boot." This is the language
he addresses to his niece: nor is she much behind-
hand in coming into the plot. Her head is as light
and fluttering as her heart. "It is the prettiest
villain; she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en
sparrow." Both characters are originals, and quite
different from what they are in Chaucer. In Chaucer,
Cressida is represented as a grave, sober, considerate
personage (a widow—he cannot tell her age, nor
whether she has children or no) who has an alter-
nate eye to her character, her interest, and her plea-
sure: Shakspeare's Cressida is a giddy girl, an un-

practised jilt, who falls in love with Troilus, as she
afterwards deserts him, from mere levity and
thoughtlessness of temper. She may be wooed
and won to anything, and from anything, at a
moment's warning: the other knows very well
what she would be at, and sticks to it, and
is more governed by substantial reasons than by
caprice or vanity. Pandarus again, in Chaucer's
story, is a friendly sort of go-between, tolerably busy,
officious, and forward in bringing matters to bear:
but in Shakspeare he has "a stamp exclusive and
professional:" he wears the badge of his trade; he
is a regular knight of the game. The difference
of the manner in which the subject is treated arises
perhaps less from intention, than from the different
genius of the two poets. There is no double entendre
in the characters of Chaucer: they are either quite
serious or quite comic. In Shakspeare the ludicrous
and ironical are constantly blended with the stately
and the impassioned. We see Chaucer's characters
as they saw themselves, not as they appeared to
others or might have appeared to the poet. He is
as deeply implicated in the affairs of his personages
as they could be themselves. He had to go a long
journey with each of them, and became a kind of
necessary confidant. There is little relief, or light
and shade in his pictures. The conscious smile is
not seen lurking under the brow of grief or impa-
tience. Everything with him is intense and impa-
tience—a working out of what went before.—
Shakspeare never committed himself to his charac-
ters. He trifled, laughed, or wept with them as he
chose. He has no prejudices for or against them;
and it seems a matter of perfect indifference whether
he shall be in jest or earnest. According to him
"the web of our lives is of a mingled yarn, good and
ill together." His genius was dramatic, as Chaucer's
was historical. He saw both sides of a question,
the different views taken of it according to the dif-
ferent interests of the parties concerned, and he was
at once an actor and spectator in the scene. If any-
thing, he is too various and flexible; too full of
transitions, of glancing lights, of salient points. If
Chaucer followed up his subject too doggedly, per-
haps Shakspeare was too volatile and heedless. The
Muse's wing too often lifted him off his feet. He
made infinite excursions to the right and left.

"He hath done
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck in every spite of cunning
Bad him win all."

Chaucer attended chiefly to the real and natural,
that is, to the involuntary and inevitable impressions
on the mind in given circumstances: Shakspeare
exhibited also the possible and the fantastical,—not
only what things are in themselves, but whatever
they might seem to be, their different reflections,
their endless combinations. He lent his fancy, wit,
invention, to others, and borrowed their feelings in
return. Chaucer excelled in the force of habitual
sentiment; Shakspeare added to it every variety of
passion, every suggestion of thought or accident.
Chaucer described external objects with the eye of
a painter, or he might be said to have embodied
them with the hand of a sculptor, every part is so
thoroughly made out, and tangible:—Shakspeare's
imagination threw over them a lustre

"Prouder than when blue Iris bends."

Everything in Chaucer has a downright reality.
A simile or a sentiment is as if it were given in upon
evidence. In Shakspeare the commonest matter-of-
fact has a romantic grace about it; or seems to float
with the breath of imagination in a freer element.
No one could have more depth of feeling or observa-
tion than Chaucer, but he wanted resources of inven-
tion to lay open the stores of nature or the human
heart with the same radiant light, that Shakspeare
has done. However fine or profound the thought,
we know what was coming, whereas the effect of
reading Shakspeare is "like the eye of vassalage
encountering majesty." Chaucer's mind was con-

secutive, rather than discursive. He arrived at truth through a certain process; Shakespeare saw everything by intuition. Chaucer had great variety of power, but he could do only one thing at once. He set himself to work on a particular subject. His ideas were kept separate, labelled, ticketed and parcelled out in a set form, in pews and compartments by themselves. They did not play into one another's hands. They did not re-act upon one another, as the blower's breath moulds the yielding glass. There is something hard and dry in them. What is the most wonderful thing in Shakespeare's faculties is their excessive sociability, and how they gossiped and compared notes together.

We must conclude this criticism; and we will do it with a quotation or two. One of the most beautiful passages in Chaucer's tale is the description of Cresseide's first avowal of her love:—

"And as the new abashed nightingale,
That stineth first when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any herde's tale,
Or in the hedges any wight stirring,
And, after, sicker doth her voice outting;
Right so Cresseide, when that her dread stent,
Opened her heart, and told him her intent."

See also the two next stanzas, and particularly that divine one beginning

"Her armes small, her back both straight and
soft," &c.

Compare this with the following speech of Troilus to Cressida in the play.

"O, that I thought it could be in a woman;
And if it can, I will presume in you,
To feed for aye her lamp and flame of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties out-ward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays.
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! But alas,
I am as true as Truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of Truth."

These passages may not seem very characteristic at first sight, though we think they are so. We will give two, that cannot be mistaken. Patroclus says to Achilles,—

"Rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air."

Troilus, addressing the God of Day on the approach of the morning that parts him from Cressida, says with much scorn,—

"What! proffer'st thou thy light here for to sell?
Go, sell it them that smallé selés grave."

If nobody but Shakespeare could have written the former, nobody but Chaucer would have thought of the latter.—Chaucer was the most literal of poets, as Richardson was of prose-writers.

We have much pleasure in inserting the following literary notice which has been sent us. In the press, 'Corn Law Rhymes.' The third volume of the works of Ebenezer Elliott will appear in the ensuing month. Amongst its contents will be found some of the earliest productions of this talented writer, without any political allusions,—productions which were almost unheeded at the time of their publication.—Southey alone addressing him to this effect: "There is power in the least serious of these tales, but the higher you pitch your tone the better you succeed. Thirty years ago they would have made your reputation; thirty years hence the world will wonder that they did not do so."

FINE ARTS.

Wanderings through North Wales, by Thomas Roscoe, embellished with highly finished Engravings, by Wm. Radcliffe, from Drawings made expressly for this work, by Cattermole, Cox, and Creswick. Part I. London. Tilt; Simpkin and Marshall.

MR RADCLIFFE'S engravings in the Part before us are a little hard, with a degree of coarseness and flatness in the fore-ground; but they are distinct, and not unpleasant in the effect. 'Caunant Mawr,' after Creswick, is a striking scene. 'Langollen Valley' is a lovely scene, and makes one think directly of its 'Maid' and her 'contented' Shepherd. Cattermole's 'Death of Llewellyn' is spirited; but not very carefully drawn.

Poems, with Illustrations, by Louisa Anne Twamley. London. Tilt.

MISS TWAMLEY urges that the illustrations to her poems are her first attempt at etching on copper; she need scarcely have done so, for they are executed with much feeling and talent, and bear no signs of incapacity or immaturity. They consist of landscapes and flower-pieces. Of the landscapes, we prefer Tintern Abbey, which we never saw look better on paper; more venerable or picturesque; and a friend, who has visited the veritable edifice, praises it for its fidelity. The flower-piece immediately following it is still better in point of execution; it is drawn with great freedom and feeling, and the blending and variety of the tints is very happily caught. Something will be said of the poetry in another number.

TO F. M. W.

WITH A QUARTO EDITION OF LADY RACHEL RUSSELL'S LETTERS.

ON more than Russell in thy fortitude,
And in thy love too, capable of more,
— Say, either may we bless or must deplore
The lot which makes thy evil and our good.
For, Lady, had the silken lap of ease
Nursed the charms thy friends so doat upon,
Then hadst thou not from adverse fortune won
The triumph which a chastened heart decrees,
For hadst thou known the subtle bands that knit
Into one web meek feeling and high thought,
Making the soul a holy garment, wrought
With nicest art, magnificently fit—
Then unto us thy love had only brought
The grace of manners and the charm of wit.

T. F. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE enlarged copy of Mr Landor's ode will appear in our next. Its insertion has been delayed by a provoking accident, which has conspired, we fear, with another hindrance, to make us seem very unaccountable and thankless in the eyes of the fair Correspondent by whom it was forwarded. But we have been hoping, day by day, to be able to beg her acceptance of a little volume, which would have accompanied our letter of explanation; and in case this volume does not appear before the present Number of our JOURNAL, we hereby mention the circumstance that she may see we are not quite so absurd as she might otherwise reasonably imagine.

We shall be glad to hear again from H. F.

We cordially thank the gentleman who has written to us so kindly about the LONDON JOURNAL, and whose letter inclosed some of the poems of Sir Richard Fanshawe, &c. He will see that we are not forgetful.

The MS. sent us by Mr J. will be attended to at our very first leisure.

We are much mistaken if we have not inserted some article written by J. M. C. Will he favour us with copy or copies of some later communications, in case they have been mislaid?

Our friend G. H. L. seems to be full of good feeling, and fancy too; but he is in too great a hurry both with his verse and prose, and therefore writes at

too great length. He reminds us of the letter-writer, who said, "Excuse my being so long, but I have not time to be shorter." Is this our friend's case? At present he wants concentration; and must also study his versification a little more. He is in such haste to live in his pleasant bowers, that he must needs inhabit them, before they are built!

The writer of a letter in pencil, who notices the doctrine of Berkeley, is, we take it, not the same Correspondent who made the quotation alluded to. We have two Readers who seem to have objections to pen and ink. With regard to Berkeley's arguments we would recommend him to read them for himself in the philosopher's works. He would find them very amusing at least, and, we suspect, very startling. And we should be glad to hear from him afterwards on the subject, for our own acquaintance with them was both partial and hasty.

AN OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN will probably have seen the announcement of 'Captain Sword and Captain Pen' before this answer appears. At all events, it will be speedily published by Mr Knight. His other query we cannot notice, because it would trench upon the forbidden ground of advertisement. We are much flattered by his idea of the "Series" he speaks of.

Agreeably to our wish to avoid all possible themes of controversy, we are sorry that the mention of the "Clergyman" in 'Sunday in the Suburbs' was not omitted. F., who takes such a kindly interest in our pages, is informed that the article was written some time back, and the passage, on a hasty review of it, overlooked.

What S. J. says upon 'Love and Matrimony' is very true, and does him honour; but we fear to open our columns to all that may be said on this subject.

We agree with all the opinions expressed in the letter of X; but has he not made his 'Gipsy's Song' somewhat too intimate with the language and luxuries of high living?

Thanks to GODFREY GRAFTON; who will hear further from us.

The printed articles on Mr Lamb reached us unfortunately too late to be made use of in our present number. Due attention shall be paid to them in our next. Meantime we must observe that the writer is under a great mistake respecting the absence of some of Mr Hazlitt's friends, when his funeral took place.

We will not do venerable JOHN PACEY the injustice of publishing the lines sent us by the gentleman who gives us the following account of him, because the homeliness of their attire may not allow everybody to pay honour enough to their spirit; but no one will misunderstand the reverend and living piece of poetry here presented us in the person of a cheerful old man of eighty, rendered superior to his adversity by a good conscience and a mind willing to look around it for sources of comfort:—

"The author of the accompanying trifles, John Pacey, now eighty years of age, was born in the village of Charlton-Kings, Gloucestershire, of honest and industrious parents. He was apprenticed at an early age to a laborious trade, which he has, however, with commendable industry, pursued until within these last few years, when age and infirmities prevented his further exertions, and drove him to seek refuge from penury and distress in the cultivation of a little vegetable-garden. His wants are few and easily supplied; a life of industry has rendered him frugal and abstinent, while honesty and good-feeling have preserved him in the paths of sobriety and rectitude. He married at the early age of twenty-one, and has decently brought up seven children. His eldest son is an object of great compassion, being alike infirm in body and imbecile in mind; he is dependant upon the kindness of his parents, not only for the necessities of life, but also for his actual support,—he is helpless. Notwithstanding this unusual clog, poor old Pacey bears up under the burdens of existence, is cheerful and contented, and even bestows his leisure hours to the cultivation of an humble and amusing taste for poetry."

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1835.

No. 54.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE SATYR OF MYTHOLOGY AND THE POETS.

WE intended this week to present our poetry-loving Readers with a new and greatly improved edition of Mr Landor's 'Ode to a Friend,' published in one of our December Numbers last year; but as we have just received some contributions from other friends, which will harmonize with it, and expect one or two more, we delay introducing it till our next. Meanwhile, we lay before them the portrait, if not of an eminent man, of a very eminent half or *four-fifths* man, an old friend of the poets, particularly of the sequestered and descriptive order, and constantly alluded to in all modern as well as ancient quarters poetical. He is alive, not only in Virgil, and Theocritus, and Spenser, but in Wordsworth, in Keats, and Shelley, and in the 'pages of 'Blackwood' and the LONDON JOURNAL.

We keep the public in mind, from time to time, that one of the objects of the LONDON JOURNAL is to bring uneducated readers of taste and capacity acquainted with the pleasures of those who are educated; and we write articles of this description accordingly, in a spirit intended to be not unacceptable to either. Enter, therefore, the Satyr,—as in one of the Prologues to an old play. By-and-by, we shall give a Triton, a Nymph, &c. &c. and so on through all the gentle populace of fiction,—the *plebe degli dei*, as Tasso calls them,—the "common people of the gods." Such, we hope, in future times,—or worthy rather of such appellation,—will be all the people of the earth,—their poetry in common, their education in common, knowledge and its divine pleasures being as cheap as daisies in the mead.

The Satyr (not always, but generally) is a goat below the waist, and a man above, with a head in which the two beings are united. He has horns, pointed ears, and a beard; and there is just enough humanity in his face to make the look of the inferior being more observable. The expression is drawn up to the height of the salient and wilful. He is a merry brute of a demigod; and when not sleeping in the grass, is for ever in motion, dancing after his quaint fashion, and butting when he fights. He goes in herds, though he is often found straying. His haunt is in the woods, where he makes love to the Dryads and other nymphs, not always with their good will.

When he gets old, he takes to drinking, grows fat, and is called a Silenus, after the most eminent gorbelly of his race: and then he becomes oracular in his drink, and disbursts the material philosophy which his way of life has taught him. He is not immortal, but has a long life as well as a merry; some say a thousand years; others, many thousand. A thousand years, according to Aristotle, is the duration both of the Satyr and the Nymph.

The Faun, though often confounded with the Satyr, and supposed by some to be nothing but a Latin version of him, is generally taken by the moderns for a Satyr mitigated and more human. Goat's feet are not necessary to him. He can be content with a tail, and two little budding horns, like a kid.

"How the Satyrs originated," quoth the "serious" but not very "sage" Natalis Comes, "or of what parents they were begotten, or where, or when they began to exist, or for what reason they were held to

be gods by antiquity, neither have I happened upon any creditable ancient who can inform me, nor can I make it out myself." He says he takes no heed of the opinion of those who suppose them to have been the children of Saturn or Faunus. Pliny, he tells us, speaks of Satyrs, as certain animals in the Indian mountains, of great swiftness, going on all fours, but with a human aspect, and running upright. Furthermore, Pausanias mentions one Euphemus of Caria, who coming upon a cluster of "desert" islands, in the extreme parts of the sea, and being forced by a tempest to alight on one of them called Satyras, found it inhabited by people of a red colour, with tails not much inferior to those of horses. These gentlemen invaded the ships of their new acquaintance, and without saying a word, began helping themselves to what they liked. Finally, Pomponius Mela speaks of certain islands beyond Mount Atlas, in which lights were seen at night, and a great sound was heard of drums, and cymbals, and pipes, though nobody was to be seen by day; and these islands were said to be inhabited by Satyra. To which beareth testimony the famous Hanno the Carthaginian.*

Boccaccio, in his treatise 'De Montibus,' appears to have transferred these islands to Mount Atlas itself; of which he says (dwelling upon the subject with his usual romantic fondness) that, "such a depth of silence is reported to prevail there by day, that none approach it without a certain horror, and a feeling of some divine presence; but at night-time, like heaven, it is lit up with many lights, and resounds with the songs and cymbals, the pipes and whistling reeds, of Ægipans and Satyra."†

The same writer, speaking of the opinion that Satyrs were goat-footed *homunciones*, or little men, tells the story of St Anthony: "who, searching through the deserts of the Thebais for the most holy eremite Paul, did behold one of them, and question him: the which made answer, that he was mortal; and that he was one of the people, bordering thereabouts, whom the Gentiles, led away by a vain error, did worship as Fauns and Satyra." Other authors, he says, "esteemed them to be men of the woods, and called them Incubi, or Ficarii (Fig-eaters)." We here see who had the merit of it when figs were stolen.

Chaucer takes the Satyr for an Incubus, probably from this passage of his favourite author. Speaking of the friar, whose office it was to go about blessing people's grounds and houses (which was the reason, he says, why there were no longer any fairies) he adds, in his pleasant manner,

"Women may now go safely up and down:—
In every bush, and under every tree,
There is none other Incubus but he."

Wife of Bath's Tale.

But the most "particular fellow" on this subject is Philostratus; who, among the wild stories which he relates with such gravity of Apollonius the Tyanæan, has this, the wildest of them all, and, in his opinion, the most weighty. As the account is amusing, we will extract nearly the whole of it:—

"After visiting," says he, "the cataracts (of the Nile), Apollonius and his companions stopped in a

* See all these authorities in Natalis Comes. 'Mythologia,' p. 304.
† At the end of his 'Genealogia Deorum.'

small village in Ethiopia, where, whilst they were at supper, they amused themselves with a variety of conversation, both grave and gay. On a sudden was heard a confused uproar, as if from the women of the village exhorting one another to seize and pursue. They called to the men for assistance, who immediately sallied forth, snatching up sticks and stones, with whatever other weapons they chanced to find. * * * All this hubbub arose from a Satyr having made his appearance, who for ten months past had infested the village. * * * The moment Apollonius perceived his friends were alarmed at this, he said, 'Don't be terrified. * * * There is but one remedy to be used in cases of such kind of insolence, and is what Midas had recourse to. He was himself of the race of the Satyrs, as appeared plainly by his ears. A Satyr once invited himself to his house, on the ground of consanguinity, and whilst he was his guest, libelled his ears in a copy of verses, which he set to music, and played on his harp. Midas, who was instructed, I think, by his mother, learnt from her, that if a Satyr was made drunk with wine, and fell asleep, he recovered his senses, and became quite a new creature. A fountain happening to be near his palace, he mixed it with wine, to which he sent the Satyr, who drank it till he was quite overcome with it. Now to show you that this is not all mere fable, let us go to the governor of the village, and if the inhabitants have any wine, let us make the Satyr drink, and I will be answerable for what happened in the case of the Satyr of Midas.' All were willing to try the experiment; and immediately four Egyptian amphoras of wine were poured into the pond, in which the cattle of the village were accustomed to drink. Apollonius invited the Satyr to drink, and added, along with the invitation, *some private menaces*, in case of refusal. The Satyr did not appear; *nevertheless the wine sank as if it was drunk*. When the pond was emptied, Apollonius said, 'Let us offer libations to the Satyr, who is now fast asleep.' After saying this, he carried the men of the village to the cave of the Nymphs, which was not more than the distance of a plethron from the hamlet, where, after showing them the Satyr asleep, he ordered them to give him no ill-usage, either by beating or abusing him: 'For,' said he, 'I will answer for his good behaviour for the time to come.'—This is the action of Apollonius, which, by Jupiter, I consider as what gave greatest lustre to his travels, and which was, in truth, their greatest feat. Anyone who has perused the letter which he wrote to a dissipated young man, wherein he tells him he had tamed a Satyr in Ethiopia, must call to mind this story. Consequently, no doubt can now remain of the existence of Satyra. * * * When I was myself in Lemnos, I remember one of my contemporaries, whose mother, they said, was visited by a Satyr, formed according to the traditional accounts we have of that race of beings. He wore a deer-skin on his shoulders, which exactly fitted him, the fore-feet of which, encircling his neck, were fastened to his breast. But of this I shall say no more, as I am sensible credit is due to *experience*, as well as to *me*."

It is clear, from all these authorities, that various circumstances might have given rise to the idea of Satyra.—The Great Ape species alone, which like

* 'Life of Apollonius of Tiana,' translated from the Greek of Philostratus, by the Rev. Edward Berwick, p. 348.

the monkeys in Africa, might easily be supposed to be a race of men too idle to work, and holding their tongues to avoid it, would be sufficient to suggest the fancy to an imaginative people. The Satyr Islands of Pausanias are evidently islands frequented by apes, or rather baboons; unless indeed we are to believe with Monbodo, that men once had tails; which is hardly a greater distinction from some men without them, than a philosopher is from a savage. Oran Otan signifies a wild man; and Linnæus has called the Great Ape the Ape Satyr (*Simia Satyrus*.) Again, there have been real wild men; and a single one of these, such as Peter the Wild Boy, would people a country like Greece with Satyrs.

But it is not necessary to recur to palpable images for a poetical stock. A sound, a shadow, a look of something in the dark, was enough to make them; and if this had not been found, they would still have been fancied. Satyrs, in an allegorical sense, are the animal spirits of the creation, its exuberance, its natural health and vigour, its headlong tendency to reproduction. In a superstitious and popular point of view, they were the spirits of the woods, a branch of the universal family of genii and fairies. Finally, in the great world of poetry, they partake, on both these accounts, of whatever has been said or done for them, that remains interesting to the imagination; and are still to be found there, immortal as their poets. As long as there is a mystery in the world, and men are unable to affirm what beings may not exist, so long poetry will have what existences it pleases, and the mind will have a corner in which to entertain them. Therefore, "the sage and serious Spenser" tells us wisely of

"The wood-god's breed which must for ever last."

In no part of the world of poetry were they ever more alive or lasting, than in the woods of his 'Faerie Queene.' You have, indeed, a stronger sense of them in his pages, than in the works of antiquity. The ancient poets appear to have been too close at hand with them. The familiarity, though of a religious sort, had in it something of contempt. Spenser is in always remote; in the uttermost parts of poetry; and thither shall he take us to meet them. Here they are, on a bright morning, in the thick of their glades. Una is in distress, and has cried out, so that her voice is heard throughout the woods.

"A troope of Faunes and Satyres, far away
Within the wood, were dancing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd."

"Who when they heard that piteous, strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rural merriment,
And ran towards the far rebownded noyse,
To meet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rabblement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde;
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde."

"Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had:
The salvage nation feeles her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nanee sad;
Their frowning foreheads, with rough hornes yclad
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and (feare to put away)
Their backward-bent knees teach, her humbly to obey."

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twixt feare and hope amazed does sitt,
Late leard what harme to hasty truth ensu'th:
They in compassion of her tender youth
And wonder of her beantie soveraigne,
Are wonne with pity and unwonted ruth:
And, all prostraite upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nanee fayne."

"Their harts she guesseth by their humble guise,
And yields her to extremitie of time:

So from the ground she feareless doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepherd's ryme:
And, with greene branches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her as queene, with olive girland croud."

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled echo ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old Sylvanus her they bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To meet the queene, his weak steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse staddle stout;
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about."

The wood-born people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddess of the wood;
And old Sylvanus self bethinkes not, what
To think of wight so fayre: but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her born of earthly brood."

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold doe thether runne apace;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face."

Book 1, canto 6.

Spenser has a knight among his chivalry, who was the son of a Satyr by the wife of a country-gentleman, one Thetion (or Brute) by name,—a severe insinuation on the part of the gentle poet;—

"A loose unruly swayne,
Who had more joy to raunge the forest wide
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Than serve his ladie's love."

Perhaps the poet intended a hint to the squires of his time. He tells us of another wife, who had a considerable acquaintance among the wood-gods. It is not so easy to relate her story; but she would be a charming person by the time she was thirty, and make a delicate heart content! His account of her is certainly intended as a lesson to old gentlemen.

"The gentle lady, loose at random left,
The greenwood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne waffe;
Till on a daye the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide:
Her up they took, and with them home her ledd,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milke their goats, and make them cheese and bredd."

She forgets her old husband Malbecco, who has just arrived at the spot where she lives,—

"And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deere,
Who from her went to seek another lott;
And now by fortune was arrived here."

Soon as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
(who was the person that had taken his wife from him),

He fainted, and was almost dead with feare;
Ne word he had to speake, his grieffe to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well:

And, after, asked him for Hellenore:
'I take no keepe of her,' sayd Paridell;
'She wonneth in the forest, there before.'
So forth he rode as his adventure fell."

A great noise is afterwards heard in the woods, of bagpipes and "shrieking hubbubs;" the old man hides in a bush; and after a while

"The jolly Satyres full of fresh delight
Came dancing forth, and with them nimble ladd
Faire Hellenore, with gyalonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:

She, proud of that new honour which they radd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a beverell shade."

What a sunny picture is in this line!

"The silly man, that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport; and grieved sore;
Yet durst he not against it do or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindness of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lustyhedd,
And with their horned feet the greene grass wore;
The wiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
Till drouping Phoebus gan to hyde his golden hedd."

"Tho up they gan their merry pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heardees did gather rownde."

The old gentleman creeps to his wife's bed-head at night, and endeavours to persuade her to go away with him; but she is deaf to all he can say; so in the passion of his misery, and supernatural strength of his very weakness, he runs away, "runs with himself away,"—till, under the most appalling circumstances, he undergoes a transformation into Jealousy itself! a poetical fight, the daringness of which can only be equalled (and vindicated, as it is) by the mastery of its execution. See the passage; which, through a half-allegory, is calculated to affect the feelings of the poetical reader, almost as much as Burley and his cavern in 'Old Mortality' do readers in general. It is at the end of Canto xi, Book 3.

Spenser has a story of 'Foolish god Faunus,' who comes on Diana when she is bathing; for which he is put into a deer-skin, and she and her nymphs hunt him through wood and dale. Fauns and Satyrs, it is to be observed, are represented as wise or foolish, according as the poet allegorizes the elements of a country life, and the reflections, or clownish impulses, of sequestered people. The Faun, in particular, who was the more oracular of the two, might be supposed either to speak from his own knowledge, or to be merely the channel of a higher one, and so to partake of that reverend character of fatuity, which is ascribed in some countries to idiots. The Satyr was more conscious and petulant: he waited more especially upon Bacchus; was loud and saucy; may easily be supposed to have been noisiest and most abusive at the time of grapes; and it is to him, we think, and him alone (whatever learned distinctions have been made between satyri and satyres, or the fruit which he got together, and him who got them), that the origin of the word Satire is to be traced; that is to say, Satire was such free and abusive speech, as the vintagers pelted people with, just as they might with the contents of their baskets.

To make Satyr, therefore, clever or clownish, or both, just as it suits the writer's purpose, is in good keeping. To make him revengeful for not having his will, is equally good, as Tasso has done in the 'Aminta.' To make him old, and scorned by a young mistress, is warrantable, as Guarini has done in the 'Pastor Fido'; and even a touch of sentiment may not be refused him, if visited by a painful sense of the difference of his shape; which is an imitation of the beautiful Polyphemus invention of Theocritus, and was introduced into modern poetry by the precursor of those poets, the inventor of the Sylvan Drama, Beccari. But we cannot say so much for another great poet of ours, Fletcher, who, spoilt by his town breeding, and thinking he could not make out a case for chastity, and the admiration of it, but by carrying it to a pitch of the improbable, introduces into his 'Faithful Shepherdess,' a Satyr thoroughly divested of his nature, the most sentimental and Platonical of lovers, and absolute guardian of what he exists only to oppose. The clipping of hedges into peacocks was nothing to this. It was like changing warmth into cold, and taking the fertility out of the earth. Elegance was another affair. The rudest things natural contain a principle of that. You may show even a Satyr in his graces, as you may a goat in a graceful attitude, or the turns and blossoms of a thorn. But to make the shaggy and impetuous wood-god, with his veins full of the sap of the vine, a polished and retiring lover, all for the metaphysics of the passion, and bowing and backing himself out of doors like a "sweet Signior," was to strike barrenness into the spring, and make the "swift and

fiery sun," which the poet so finely speaks of, halt, and become a thing deliberate: Pan, at the sight, should have cut off his universal beard. Certainly, the Satyr ought to have clipped his coat, and withdrawn into the urbanities of a suit of clothes. He should have "walked gowned."

However, there is a ruddy and rough side of the apple still left; and with this we proceed to indulge ourselves, cutting away the rest. Fletcher is a true poet; and could not speak of woods and wood-gods, without finding means to give us a proper taste of them. His Satyr comes in well.

"ENTER A SATYR WITH A BASKET OF FRUIT."

SAT. Thorough yon same bending plain,
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun;
Since the lusty spring began:
All to please my master Pan
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit: for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.

Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good;
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus: rats more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth, that crack them:
Deign, oh fairest fair, to take them.
For these, black-eyed Dryope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red;
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen;
Some be red, some be green.

(How much better than if he had said "Some be red and some be green." He is like a great boy, poking over the basket, and pointing out the finest things in it with rustic fervour.)

These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer; and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong:
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run;
Swifter than the fiery sun."

In this passage, Mr Seward, in his edition of 'Beaumont and Fletcher,' has a note containing an extract from Theocritus, so happily rendered, that, as it suits our purpose, we will repeat it. It is seldom that a writer not professedly a poet, and an eminent one too, has struck forth so masterly a bit of translation. The verb in the last line even surpasses the original. We will put the Greek first, both in justice to it, and because (to own a whim of ours) the glimmering and thorny look of the Greek characters gives, in our eyes, something of a hoarseness to one's pages. A page of a Greek pastoral is the next thing with us to a wood-side, or a landscape of Gaspar Poussin:—

Ου δαίμης, ο ποιμαν, το μισαμβεινον, ου δαίμης
αμμου

Συριδι' τον Πανα δδοικαμης η γη απ' ανρας
Ταντα κενταυρος αμπαυεται, επι γη πικρος,
Και οι αι δριμυτα χορρα ποτι βρη καθηται

Shepherd, forbear: no song at noon's dread hour;
Tired with the chase, Pan sleeps in yonder bower:
Churlish he is; and, stirr'd in his repose,
The maddish choler quivers on his nose."

We must quote the Satyr's concluding speech, though it is not so much in character. The poet

might have defended his straying in the air, but it must have been upon very abstract and ethereal grounds, foreign to the substantial part which he plays in this drama; and the fine allusion to Orpheus' lute is equally learned and out of its place. However, the whole passage is so beautiful, that we cannot help repeating it. Our Platonical friend is taking leave of the lady:—

"SAT. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most pow'ful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves, that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies,
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? Get thee fruit?
Or steal from heav'n old Orpheus' lute!"

What a relief! The lute of Orpheus! and laid up in some corner of heaven! Doubtless in the thick of one of its grassiest nooks of asphodel; and the winds play upon it, of evenings, to the ear of Proserpine when she visits her mother,—giving her trembling memories to carry back to Eurydice.

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY EDISTON WEBER.

NO III.

THE last chapter was chiefly occupied in considering the question—whether a society of people, cut off from the rest of the world, is equal to the task of framing its own language; and the course of reasoning adopted tended to the affirmative.

But a curious subject of inquiry may possibly suggest itself to the mind of the Reader in this place; which it may be worth while to notice. It is a subject that has often haunted me; flitting before me like a ghost; when I have been directing my view to some relative point; constituting a sort of side-scene in many a dreamy speculation, but never before subjecting itself in a palpable shape;—like those objects that the eye takes in at either side of its principal mark.*

Is it possible that the might of human genius can have slumbered for five thousand five hundred years, throughout one of the principal portions of the globe? Can all this wilderness of events that makes up what we of the *cetus orbis* call "universal history," all this procession of ages lost in the clouds—this infinite fantastic moving scene of fortunes, follies, virtues, vices, loves, hopes, miseries, and death—can it all have moved away and away into the grey horizon of the past; and can there have existed all the while,—and yet no syllable of a hint escape from the lips of nature,—no gossip Naiad of the deep, breathless with the news, whisper to her wondering sisters of the shore—AMERICA? One can hardly think that the "conscious moon" could so long have traversed it familiarly—coming out of its arms every day into our presence—without confessing the secret in her face. Wonderful, mysterious, America! This is that land for which Noah had no fourth son—of which the spoilt conqueror of Darius, when he wept for worlds on the banks of the Hydaspes, little thought—which never entered into the calculations of Pliny, nor mixed in the dreams of Plato. The grand, the colossal America, with its stupendous scenery and boundless expanse, and its noble-minded

* I fear, in the opinion of some gentle Readers, this eagle of mine will turn out to be but a fly in the telescope.

generous native tribes, that were capoled, trampled on, put to death, for civilization's sake; slaughtered and exterminated to make room for banking houses and joint stock companies; America, with its simple-hearted, honest, good-natured Peruvians—whose history makes the blood run cold in Christian veins, and renders the name of Spaniard a sound detestable in the ears of humanity; America, land for gods and heroes—now ransacked from North to South by the greedy hands of Commerce—continent of clerks and counting-houses—filthy Mammon's peculiar kingdom!

If the continent of America (supposed now by geographers to be *insular*, I believe,) is coeval with the *cetus orbis*, and has been peopled from the same point of time, then they who believe in mankind's indefinite power of advancement *per se*, have certainly a difficult cause to support. It is therefore at the risk of being suspected of too unscrupulous a desire to bolster my argument, but in reality with a sincere conviction, that I venture to state the following opinion. I do not believe that the continent of America is contemporary with the rest of the land; I believe that the "New World" is new in more senses than one. It seems to me that in her peculiarly wild and disordered aspect, America gives a sort of internal evidence of having left the bosom of the deep at no distant age. Her tremendous flood of rivers, with their jagged mouths cleft into a dozen pieces, as if by the impetuous recoil of waters after the first discharge, her towering heights and deep ravines, her lakes like seas, and thousand cataracts, all seem to bespeak a recent and violent birth. I know nothing of geology or chemistry, but I think those sciences would bear me out in asserting that there is a certain tendency throughout nature to equalization and amalgamation, the effect of which must be of course a diminution of marked features—a merging of the peculiar in the general. In chemistry, especially, I know, "give and take" is a leading principle; no anti-free-trade man can prevent this species of political economy as it is practised by chemical bodies, which carry on an unceasing interchange of their parts and qualities, mingling and communicating without end, and always hastening to a mass. So in the visible aspect of nature, I conceive the same principle is at work. Fill a glass with cold water, and leave it alone for a month; at the end of that time, behold! it is half gone; who has drunk it?—ask Anacreon. Dig a furrow a foot deep; visit it a twelvemonth afterwards—it is now no more than half a foot in depth; go at the end of another twelvemonth—it is not to be found. Rear a sand-hill two feet high—imperceptibly it dwindles away, inch by inch, till you can no longer point out even the spot where it stood. What matters the scale, if the principle be true? Are not these so many mountains, lakes, and valleys in miniature? It does not seem too much then to assume, that these phenomena, subject of course to numerous conditional circumstances, are fair indications, if not available criteria, of the age of different countries. Now, judged by this standard, must not America be looked upon as new in the world,—as a sort of infant Hercules, displaying its gigantic might in the cradle of childhood? There are, no doubt, in parts of the Old World, individual specimens of features as extraordinary as those which America exhibits (some of the Himalaya mountains, for example, are said to exceed the Andes in height) but where on the surface of the globe is to be found the same pervading magnificence, the same universal scale of grandeur in all the proportions of physical nature? Where else shall we find, individually or collectively, such rivers as the St Lawrence, the Amazon, &c.—such lakes as Lake Erie, and Ontario,—or where else a chain of mountains, such as the Titans of old with all the Ossas on all the Pelions could not have matched, spanning half a hemisphere, and topped with eternal snow under an equatorial sun,—with their very base—even the cities at their feet (as in the case of Quito plains) towering above the level of the sea, equidistantly with the summits of some of the most considerable mountains of Europe? If some few instances of a greater height are known, it need not disturb our conclusions, while

hinge not so much upon a comparison of the existing appearances of different objects, as upon a comparison of the actual with the former appearance of the same object. The *Dhwalegeri* may exceed *Chimborazo*—but who can tell how much the *Dhwalegeri* may once have exceeded itself? Nay, the New World may be a wonderful world to us, but when the Old World was a New World, who can tell what may have been the glory of her strength—the beauty of her face? I think I hear her, with an indignant glance across the Atlantic—

"Si mihi quæ quondam fuerit, quæque improbus iste
Exultat fidens, si nunc foret illa juvenia," &c.

— It is generally received that the continent of Africa, with Arabia, and the adjacent parts of western Asia, is the most ancient division of the terrestrial globe. Now this exactly describes the circle within which all those dreadful solitudes, that seem to have no counterpart in nature elsewhere, are found. These deserts—these flat, low, continents of sand, with hardly a single liquid drop in all their limits, were once, I doubt not, the site of beautiful and luxuriant countries, teeming with productions, watered with salubrious rivers, and broken into all the pleasant variety of mountains, lakes, and valleys; rivers and lakes which millions of thirsty summer suns have sucked dry; mountains which time has ground to dust; valleys that have become the graves of the mountains. And this I suppose to be the course of nature and the destination of the world, and these are the visible steps by which we are approaching a time when, in a literal sense, "every valley shall be exalted and every mountain shall be made low." So does the earth sensibly strip herself, and puts by her toys one by one, and prepares to return in original nakedness to the arms of old Chaos.

Then that curious geographical fact respecting the Caspian Sea. The Caspian Sea, it is well known, is a perfect lake, having no communication with the Ocean on any side. But it seems it has been ascertained, by barometrical observation, that this lake lies now as much as three hundred and six feet below the ocean level.* How this is accounted for, I do not know. That it must once have been parallel with the sea (to wit, at the general deluge) can admit of no question. There seems no other way of accounting for it, than to suppose that it has been gradually either evaporating, or subsiding away into the bosom of the earth;—and if we may reasonably suppose this, we may as reasonably suppose the same of all waters whatsoever, not distinguishing rivers from lakes, nor seas from rivers, otherwise than in the time and manner of their exhaustion.

I need not carry these speculations further for the object in view. Perhaps I have carried them too far, and ought to apologise for launching so freely into a subject which I understand so slightly. If, however, there be any ray of truth in what I have thus hazarded, I could wish that some shrewd person, really qualified to handle such matters, would take up the question, and try how far it would be possible to proceed in a theory grounded on geological facts relating to the mutations of the earth. And let such person examine with a nice scrutiny all accounts in figures, respecting the heights, depths, distances and general relations of natural objects, that have come down to us in the works of the ancient geographers, and bring them into a close comparison with modern calculations, and see if he cannot bring to light some curious private charges against particular mountains, seas, &c., living or defunct. But if on the contrary I have deceived myself in this course of conjecture, I beg pardon of the better-informed; and shall hope presently to arrive at true conclusions. It is so tempting, to be sure, to frame theories, when facts are not in the way to refute us—so easy to talk of Truth behind her back,—that one is apt to take too much delight perhaps in this sort of invention; yet it may be observed, in a general way, that if the ab-

* "This fact," says the only account which I have seen of this, "is so singular, that it is necessary to give the authority on which the determination is founded. It is deduced from nine years' observations with the barometer at Astracan, by Mr Leclerc, compared with a series of observations made with the same barometer at Petersburg."

sence of facts is felt as a relief by the visionary theorist, it is no convenience to him whose conjectures may happen to be based in truth; since, where there are no facts to be thrown into the scale, it only requires the greater weight of reasonableness to induce conviction.

I have been led to dwell on this point, because I foresaw that if America was to be understood as being coeval with the *vetus orbis*, it would prove an almost insurmountable objection to an argument in favour of human sufficiency in the formation of language and the arts of civilized life. But entertaining the belief that I have endeavoured to support,—that America is a comparatively recent acquisition from the Ocean,—I consider that the condition of the natives at the discovery (and let it never be forgotten that the Peruvians were found in a state of society hardly to be called less than civilized) can afford nothing in disproof but may afford much in corroboration of these views.

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL DEFICIENCIES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

[HAD the worthy gentleman who wrote to us in deprecation of too familiar a use of the name of "Tomkins," foreseen that it would have graced the title-page of a man of wit and observation, who has just given the public some curious intelligence respecting the upper circles, he would have waited in contentment for that best possible assertion of its dignity. The following remarks are taken from a pamphlet just published, intitled 'Thoughts upon the Aristocracy of England, by Isaac Tomkins, Gent.' We do not conceive ourselves to be trenching upon politics in extracting them. In fact, we have studiously omitted the political remarks that both precede and follow them; but we cannot omit passages in books every way interesting to us all, and to the purposes of knowledge, merely because they more immediately concern a class who have the misfortune to be better known as influencers of politics, than dispensers and perfecters of the elegancies they possess. We quoted Mr Simpson's remarks on the imperfections of their education, and we now quote this very curious and pungent testimony in evidence of his truth.]

THE picture we are about to contemplate is not pleasing; it is, however, like: it has many features peculiar to the past state of things; it has some which would remain, and be as revolting as they now are, even if all artificial distinctions of rank were swept away, as long as the accumulation of property is permitted—and with that no man of sense would wish to interfere. The progress of knowledge will be the best softener of those harsher features; and when the basis of the present distinctions is gone, that remedy will prove effectual—not till then.

The question is this. A substantial farmer or a reputable shopkeeper, intending to let two or three of his sons continue in his own business, has the spirit and the means to give one of them, who shows good abilities, a better education, that he may be a parson or a lawyer. The lad goes to Oxford, and he there meets the younger son of the squire or the nobleman, about his own age.—Now which of the two finds it easiest to get on in the world? Which is soonest received into the company of men of influence in the college? Which makes his way best to notice, wherever it is of importance to him that he should obtain notice? Which has, first at college, and afterwards in town, most favour bestowed on his efforts? Which rises the fastest and mounts the highest, supposing their abilities and understanding equal? Does it not require that the obscure man should be a first-rate genius to climb the heights of his career, be that civil or military, ecclesiastical or political? In England these questions can be answered in one only way.

1. But suppose we come away from matters of sub-

stantial interest, and say a word of society merely. The one of the two youths whom we are supposing to be started together in life, is born to admittance everywhere, and to the unsolicited enjoyment of the most refined society; the other may arrive at the same favour after he has made himself famous by his talents, or powerful by his success, when the silly creatures who preside over such intercourse would feel themselves neglected if he were not found among their attendants. As for the daughter of the tradesman or the yeoman, no fancy can help us to picture her in those haunts of fashion, be she as fair as Venus, as chaste as Diana, as wise as Minerva, unless she has been able to repair the ruined fortunes of some noble rake by the legacy of an uncle in the East Indies. For the brother, parliamentary eloquence, (not learning or solid wisdom,) party devotion, or professional success, may cast a plank across the gulph which separates the circles of high and middling society. For the sister there is but one bridge, and it must be made of solid and massive gold. Passing across it, she will be admitted to the enjoyment of having her relations sneered at, and, if her ears are very acute, herself nicknamed among those whom she saves from want of bread; she will listen to the horrors of vulgar life, the atrocities of under-breeding, the hatefulness of honest industry, the misfortune of humble birth, until she dares not look about her or behind her, but is haunted by the recollection of her origin as if it had been a crime, and is brought to be more ashamed of her humble and virtuous family than if they had borne her in the hulks or bred her on the tread-mill.

"But surely," the country or the city reader will exclaim, "there must be something extremely captivating in this fine society, which makes it so much run after, and gives it so much sway, not only over the fashion, but even over the policy of the country!" For that it does exercise such influence we cannot deny. Statesmen pass much of their time in it; they discuss their measures of a party nature before the empty women and the frivolous youths who compose it. They are not a little moved by the opinion which has dominion in these select circles; they are prevented from making useful appointments of men unknown to these arbiters and arbitresses of fashion—and therefore despised by them—but who would be still more despised if they were known, because they are men of learning and sound sense. The same statesmen are also kept from taking an interest in many good works—as in humane and philanthropic pursuits—and in supporting wise measures of improvement founded upon profound views of human nature and of man's wants, by the same tone of ridicule with which, within these sacred precincts, all mention of such things is sure to be greeted. Lastly, as those circles are drawn round the very focus of all hatred and contempt for the people, they are the very hotbeds of Toryism and intolerance; nothing being more certain than that the Women of Fashion and all the young Aristocrats (perhaps more or less of all parties) hate Reform,—desire more or less openly to have a strong, arbitrary, Tory government, and would fain see the day dawn upon military power established on the ruins of the national representation.

"What, then," our honest yeoman's son, our worthy tradesman's daughter, may properly ask, "what is it that gives the Aristocratic circles all this extraordinary influence? and first of all, why is the admission into Aristocratic society so very highly prized, that we of the middle classes are ready to leave father or mother, and brother and sister, and cleave unto them, if we can only, at the cost of such sacrifices, obtain admission within their pale?"

First, it must be admitted that there is a very great, a very real charm, in those circles of society. The elegance of manners which there prevails is perfect; the taste which reigns over all is complete; the tone of conversation is highly agreeable—ininitely below that of France indeed—but still most fascinating. There is a lightness, an ease, a gaiety, which to those who have no important object in view, and who deem it the highest privilege of

existence, and the utmost effort of genius, to pass the hours agreeably, must be all that is most attractive.

After this ample admission, let us add, that whoever, after passing an evening in this society, shall attempt to recollect the substance of the conversation, will find himself engaged in a hopeless task. It would be easier to record the changes of colour in a pigeon's neck, or the series of sounds made by an Æolian harp, or the forms and hues of an *Aurora Borealis*. All is pleasing; all pretty; all serviceable in passing the time; but all unsubstantial. If man had nothing to do here below but to spend without pain or uneasiness the hours not devoted to sleep, certainly there would be no reason to complain of these *coteries*. But if he is accountable for his time, then surely he has no right to pass it thus. Compared with this, chess becomes a science; drafts and backgammon are highly respectable. Compared with this, dancing, which is exercise, and even games of romps are rational modes of passing the hours. Compared with this, it is worthy of a rational being to read the most frivolous romance that was ever penned, or gaze upon the poorest mime that ever strutted on the stage.

The want of sense and reason which prevails in these circles is wholly inconceivable. An ignorance of all that the more refined of the middle, or even of the lower classes, well know, is accompanied by an insulting contempt for any one who does not know any of the silly and worthless trifles which form the staple of their only knowledge. An intire incapacity of reasoning is twin sister to a ready and flippant and authoritative denial of all that reason has taught others. An utter impossibility of understanding what men of learning and experience have become familiar with, stalks hand in hand, insolent and exulting, with a stupid denial of truths which are all but self-evident, and are of extreme importance. Every female member of this exquisite class is under the exclusive dominion of some waiting-maid, or silly young lover, or slandermongering newspaper; and if not under the sway of one paper, lives in bodily fear of two or three. Bribes, entreaties, threats, are by turns employed to disarm these tyrants; and however tormented the wretched victim may be, she is forced by some strange fatality, or propensity, to read what most tortures her.

Indeed, the *relations* of this Aristocratic class with the press, form one of the features most illustrative of the Aristocratic character, replete as it is with all the caprice and waywardness, the unreasoning and often unfeeling propensities, the alternate fits of blindness to all danger, and alarm where all is safe; in short, all that goes to the composition of a child, and a spoiled child.

Of the press, then, they live in habitual dread; but it is a fear, which being altogether void of wisdom, produces good neither to its victims nor its objects. Frightened to death at any unfavourable allusion to themselves or their ways, they support with the most stoical indifference all attacks upon their professed principles, all opposition to the policy they fancy they approve. Furious to the pitch of Bethlehem or St Luke's, if they themselves be but touched or threatened, nothing can be more exemplary than the fortitude with which they sustain the rudest shocks that can be given to the reputation of their dearest and nearest connexions. Nay, they bear without flinching, with the patience of anchorites, and the courage of martyrs, (but that the pain is vicarious,) the most exquisite and long-continued tortures to which the feelings of their friends and relations can be subjected. This is no exaggeration; for it is below, very much below the truth. They delight in the slander of that press, the terrors of which daily haunt them, and nightly break their slumbers. Nothing is to them a greater enjoyment than to read all that can be said against their friends. They know, to be sure, that all is false; but, judging by themselves, they know that all of it gives pain. The public, they are quite aware, believe little of it; for of late

years the press has taken pretty good care to make its attacks very harmless in that respect; but then they feel that those friends who are the objects of the abuse are probably as sensitive as themselves. Thus, the class we are speaking of form in reality the slander-market of the day; and yet, with a miraculous inconsistency, they are in one everlasting chorus against "the license of the press," which, but for them, would have no being; but for their follies, no object; but for their malice, no support; but for their spiteful credulity, no dupes to work upon; but for their existence, no chance of continuing its own. They, indeed, turn upon their own instruments—make war upon the tools they work with—the very limbs they sustain and move! It is the rebellion of the members reversed; for here we have the overgrown belly attacking the limbs! Had the Aristocrats the power and the industry, they would indite their book 'A Good Name worthless,' or 'The Crimes of the Press,' but we should then expect to see 'Sermons on the Sixth Commandment, by a Receiver of Stolen Goods.'

That their encouragement is confined to the vilest portion of the press, has long ago been affirmed, and is not denied. The respectable journals are no favourite reading of theirs. The newspaper that fearlessly defends the right; that refuses to pander for the headlong passions of the multitude, or cater for the vicious appetites of the selector circles; that does its duty alike regardless of the hustings and the *boudoir*; has little chance of lying on the satin-wood table, of being blotted with ungrammatical ill-spelt notes, half bad English, half worse French, or of being fondled by fingers that have just broken a gold-wax seal on a grass-green paper. But more especially will it be excluded, possibly extruded, from those sacred haunts of the Corinthian order, if it convey any solid instruction upon a useful or important subject, interesting to the species which the writers adorn, and the patricians do their best to degrade. Even wit the most refined finds no echo in such minds; and if it be used in illustrating an argument or in pressing home the demonstration (which it often may be), the author is charged with treating a serious subject lightly, and of jesting where he should reason. Broad humour, descending to farce, is the utmost reach of their capacity; and that is of no value in their eyes unless it raises a laugh at a friend's expense. Some who have lived at Court, and are capable of better things, say they carefully eschew all jests; for Princes take such things as a personal affront—as raising the joker to their own level, by calling on them to laugh with him. One kind of jest, indeed, never fails to find favour in those high latitudes—where the author is himself the subject of the merriment. Buffoonery is a denizen in all courts, but most commonly indigenous; and, after the court's example patrician society is fashioned. It is not in the true Aristocratic circles that anyone will adventure the most harmless jest who would not pass for a jacobin or a free-thinker. He may make merry with the led-captain, or the humble companion, or possibly the chaplain (though that was rather in the olden time, before the French Revolution had taught the upper orders to pay the homage rendered by vice to virtue,* without acquiring piety or morals). Any other kind of wit rather indicates, if tolerated, that the adventurous individual has found his way thither from the lower latitudes of the liberal party.

* *Hypocrisy*—thus described by a French writer, wit, and nobleman—indeed a duke; for in France, where, even under the absolute monarchy, the claims of letters and talents were always admitted, the nobility cultivated wit and learning, and were a race infinitely superior to our own, in proportion as literary men were admitted into their society on a footing of equality.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

Read the supplement to 'Sully's Memoirs.' Sully, such is the total change of manners, appears to have kept up more state in private life, after his retirement, than a crowned head does at present in the plenitude of power. Yet I question whether Henry IV himself enjoyed half the personal accommodation and real luxury of a respectable London merchant of this day.—*Diary of a Lover of Literature.*

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

WOLFF, THE GERMAN SCHOLAR.

WOLFF was of middle stature; his demeanour natural, yet dignified; his forehead broad and lofty, his eyes blue, deep set, and penetrating; the mouth gracefully formed; but with a slightly sarcastic expression; the general expression of his countenance was that of power, tempered with mildness. His gait and movements partook of the vivacity of his mind; his temper was quick and sensitive; he was easily offended, but as easily reconciled. He never brooded over vexations and disappointments, but expressed his feelings strongly, once for all, and forgot them. So open was his mind to the influence of the pathetic, that, like our Richard Bentley, he could not peruse a tender passage in his favourite poets without tears.

In his conversation there was a singular charm,—wisdom was so set off by wit, and profound learning poured forth with so little pedantry; anecdotes and characteristic sketches of the many eminent men, with whom his long literary career had brought him in contact, succeeded each other so amusingly, and with so little appearance of egotism, that it had equal attractions for the learned and unlearned. With none was Wolff a greater favourite in society than with the ladies, with whom he could intirely abandon the dictatorial and Johnsonian style into which, in argument with the other sex, he was not unfrequently betrayed. Of irony, he had a wonderful command, and when provoked by any appearance of pretension or affectation, he used it unsparingly. He had less of the intellectual gladiator about him, however, than the Doctor; he did not throw down the gauntlet to all comers, though, when once embarked in debate, their conversation had many features in common.

His household arrangements, with a great pretension to order, seem to have been confusion worse confounded. Knowing the peculiarity of his own habits and dispositions, he entertained a great dislike to "clever servants;" his object always was to secure some quiet, good-natured creature, who would be as much as possible an automaton in his hands, and live, move, and have his being exactly as the professor choose to direct.

Wolff had the greatest aversion to being kept waiting, and had never, probably, kept a coachman waiting five minutes, in his life. He exacted the same punctuality from his unfortunate servant: in the morning he would give him a list of twenty messages to be performed, for each of which a quarter of an hour, or half an hour was allowed, as the case might be; and if, as was occasionally unavoidable, his servant exceeded the time allowed, the professor would pour such a storm about his ears, that with all his liberality he had enough to do to retain a servant in his house.

Of taste, either in matters of dress or ornament, he had not a vestige. He was fond of fine clothes, but never could contrive to dress decently; the furniture of his house was gaudy, but selected without the least regard to propriety, and huddled together as in an upholsterer's ware-room.

Like many other literary men, he was a most irregular correspondent; letters from his correspondents would be occasionally left unanswered for years: his own, when he did write any, are generally distinguished by wit, and a careless felicity of expression.

As a teacher, we have already said, he was active and conscientious in the highest degree; and few seem to have so thoroughly possessed the art of conciliating affection united with respect. He had the satisfaction of witnessing in his lifetime the most gratifying results of these exertions, in the progress and high character of many who had derived their instruction from him, and drawn their inspiration from his example. "I enjoy," he writes in a blank leaf of his journal, on one of his last birth-days, "a good fortune, which falls to the lot of few, that of seeing, while alive, the promise of a plentiful harvest from the seed I had sown with toil, and of calculating, in some measure, its increase when I am no more."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LXV.—A TALE OF OLD ITALIAN REVENGE.

[This is from our old friend 'Camerarius' (see Nos. 28-29); and is full of frightful truth. We behold the horrible human relics (taken for bats!) blackening on the city gate. There are no such sights now in Italy, thanks to the progress of knowledge and Christian feeling; and we shall not be too hasty to triumph over "Italian" stories of revenge, when we call to mind, that spectacles not very dissimilar (more horrible in one respect, because they had faces) were to be seen, not a great many years ago, over Temple Bar and one of the bridges. And even against stories of modern Italian assassination may be set off too many appalling things in our daily newspapers. But there more of them transpire now than they used to do, owing to those channels of publicity. We are all getting on, thank God, generally speaking, in knowledge and humanity, the whole civilized world, say, and the uncivilized; and we should desire and love to get on, all together,—nobody lording it or valuing himself over another. English, Italians, French, &c., will, we verily believe, before many years are past, be like all one great intelligent family, acknowledging the same guidance of public opinion, and interchanging all the blessings of advancement.]

One day (says our honest and earnest old scholar) as I went from Rome with my companion, and past through the Marquis of Ancone, we were to go through a citie called Terni, seated in a very pleasant and fruitfull valley, betwene the armes of a river called the Mar. As we entered into the citie, we saw over the gate a certaine tablet upon a high tower, to which were tied (as it seemed to us at first), a great many Bats or Reere-mise. Wee thinking it a strange sight, and not knowing what it meant, being set up in so eminent a place; one of the citie whom we asked, told us of a certaine thing that had happned some years before. There were (quoth he) in this citie, two noble, rich, and mightie houses; which for a very long time carried on an irreconcilable hatred the one against the other, in so much as the malice passed from the father to the son, as it were by inheritance; by occasion whereof many of both houses were slain and murdered. At last, the one house not able to stay the fire of their violent wrath, resolved to stand about murdering no more of the aduerse by surprise and treason, but to run upon them all at once, and not to leave one bodie thereof alive. They of this bloodie familie gathered together out of the countrie adioyning (under some other pretence) many of their seruants which met in the citie, whereof they ioyned them to their Bravos (which are swaggerers, assassins, and backsters, such as many Italians that haue quarrels, keep in pay, to employ them in the execution of their revenges) and secretly armed them enioyning them to be always readie to do some notable exploit whensoever they should be called upon. Soon after taking hold of occasion, they march about midnight with their people to the Gouvernour's house, who mistrusted nothing, seare of his person, being a man of authoritie and power, and (leaving guards in the same house until they should haue executed their purpose) goe on silent towards the house of their enemies, and disposing their troops at euery street end, about ten of them goe on to the same house (the Gouvernour being between them) as if they had been the archers of his guard, whom they compelled to command that speedy opening might be made him, as if he had some seruice of importance to dispatch within their house: and withal they held a poynard at his throat, threatening to kill him if they said not that which they had put into his mouth. He amazed at the death which he saw present before his eyes, caused all the doors to be opened, a thing which they within made no refusal of, seeing the Gouvernour there: which being done, those ten cast their complices, not farre off, put the Gouvernour into safe keeping, enter into the house, and

there most cruelly murder man, woman, and child, nay, they spare not so much as the horses in the stable. That done, they make the Gouvernour set open the city gates, and so depart, and disperse themselves into diuers secret places, here and there, among their friends. The wisest of them fled to the next sea-ports, and got them away far off: but as for those that kept anything neere, they were so diligently searcht for, that they were found and drawn out of their holes by the justices, greatly mooued (as good cause there was) with such a horrible massacre: so these wicked offenders were put to death with the most greiuous punishments, and after, their hands and their feet being cut off, were nailed to the tablet, which you saw (quoth he) as ye entered the gate, on the top of the tower, set up for a show to terrifie the cruel, and to serue for a lesson to posteritie: the sun having broiled those limbs so fastened and set up, maketh travellers to think (that know nothing of this horrible tragedie) that they be Reere-mise. Wee haue heard this pitiful discourse, with detestation of such a furious and cruel desire of reuenge, kept on our way.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XIII.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

'ROMEO AND JULIET' is the only tragedy which Shakspeare has written intirely on a love-story. It is supposed to have been his first play, and it deserves to stand in that proud rank. There is the buoyant spirit of youth in every line, in the rapturous intoxication of hope, and in the bitterness of despair. It has been said of 'Romeo and Juliet,' by a great critic, that "whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem." The description is true; and yet it does not answer to our idea of the play. For if it has the sweetness of the rose, it has its freshness too; if it has the languor of the nightingale's song, it has also its giddy transport; if it has the softness of a southern spring, it is as glowing and as bright. There is nothing of a sickly and sentimental cast. Romeo and Juliet are in love, but they are not love-sick. Everything speaks the very soul of pleasure, the high and healthy pulse of the passions: the heart beats, the blood circulates and mantles throughout. Their courtship is not an insipid interchange of sentiments lip-deep, learnt at second-hand from poems and plays,—made up of beauties of the most shadowy kind, of "fancies wan that hang the pensive head," of evanescent smiles and sighs that breathe not, of delicacy that shrinks from the touch, and feebleness that scarce supports itself, an elaborate vacuity of thought, and an artificial dearth of sense, spirit, truth and nature! It is the reverse of all this. It is Shakspeare all over, and Shakspeare when he was young.

We have heard it objected to 'Romeo and Juliet,' that it is founded on an idle passion between a boy and a girl, who have scarcely seen and can have but little sympathy or rational esteem for one another, who have had no experience of the good or ill of life, and whose raptures or despair must be therefore equally groundless and fantastical. Whoever objects to the youth of the parties in this play as "too unripe and crude" to pluck the sweets of love, and wishes to see a first-love carried on into a good old age, and the passions taken at the rebound, when their force is spent, may find all this done in the 'Stranger,' and in other German plays, where they do things by contraries, and transpose nature to inspire sentiment and create philosophy. Shakspeare proceeded in a more straight-forward, and, we think, effectual way. He did not endeavour to extract beauty from wrinkles, or the wild throb of passion from the last expiring sigh of indifference. He did not "gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." It was not his way. But he has given a picture of human life, such as it is in the order of nature. He

has founded the passion of the two lovers not on the pleasures they had experienced; but on all the pleasures they had not experienced. All that was to come of life was theirs. At that untried source of promised happiness they slaked their thirst, and the first eager draught made them drunk with love and joy. They were in full possession of their senses and their affections. Their hopes were of air, their desires of fire. Youth is the season of love, because the heart is then first melted in tenderness from the touch of novelty, and kindled to rapture, for it knows no end of its enjoyments or its wishes. Desire has no limit but itself. Passion, the love and expectation of pleasure, is infinite, extravagant, inexhaustible, till experience comes to kill and check it. Juliet exclaims on her first interview with Romeo—

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep."

And why should it not? What was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure, which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure, which her heart and her senses had just tasted, but indifference which she was yet a stranger to? What was there to check the ardour of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment which she had not yet felt? As are the desires and the hopes of youthful passion, such is the keenness of its disappointments, and their baleful effect. Such is the transition in this play from the highest bliss to the lowest despair, from the nuptial couch to an untimely grave. The only evil that even in apprehension befalls the two lovers is the loss of the greatest possible felicity; yet this loss is fatal to both, for they had rather part with life than bear the thought of surviving all that had made life dear to them. In all this, Shakspeare has but followed nature, which existed in his time, as well as now. The modern philosophy, which reduces the whole theory of the mind to habitual impressions, and leaves the natural impulses of passion and imagination out of the account, had not then been discovered; or if it had, would have been little calculated for the uses of poetry.

It is the inadequacy of the same false system of philosophy to account for the strength of our earliest attachments, which has led Mr Wordsworth to indulge in the mystical visions of Platonism in his 'Ode on the Progress of Life.' He has very admirably described the vividness of our impressions in youth and childhood, and how "they fade by degrees into the light of common day," and he ascribes the change to the supposition of a pre-existent state, as if our early thoughts were nearer heaven, reflections of former trails of glory, shadows of our past being. This is idle. It is not from the knowledge of the past that the first impressions of things derive their gloss and splendour, but from our ignorance of the future, which fills the void to come with the warmth of our desires, with our gayest hopes, and brightest fancies. It is the obscurity spread before it that colours the prospect of life with hope, as it is the cloud which reflects the rainbow. There is no occasion to resort to any mystical union and transmission of feeling through different states of being to account for the romantic enthusiasm of youth; nor to plant the root of hope in the grave, nor to derive it from the skies. Its root is in the heart of man: it lifts its head above the stars. Desire and imagination are inmates of the human breast. The heaven "that lies about us in our infancy" is only a new world, of which we know nothing but what we wish it to be, and believe all that we wish. In youth and boyhood, the world we live in is the world of desire, and of fancy: it is experience that brings us down to the world of reality. What is it that in youth sheds a dewy light round the evening star? That makes the daisy look so bright? That perfumes the hyacinth? That embalms the first kiss of love? It is the delight of novelty, and the feeling no end to the pleasure that we fondly believe is still in store for us. The heart revels in the luxury of its own thoughts,

and is unable to sustain the weight of hope and love that presses upon it.—The effects of the passion of love alone might have dissipated Mr Wordsworth's theory, if he means anything more by it than an ingenious and poetical allegory. That at least is not a link in the chain let down from other worlds; "the purple light of love" is not a dim reflection of the smiles of celestial bliss. It does not appear till the middle of life, and then seems like "another morn risen on mid-day." In this respect the soul comes into the world "in utter nakedness." Love waits for the ripening of the youthful blood. The sense of pleasure precedes the love of pleasure, but with the sense of pleasure, as soon as it is felt, come thronging infinite desires and hopes of pleasure, and love is mature as soon as born. It withers and it dies almost as soon!

This play presents a beautiful *coup-d'œil* of the progress of human life. In thought it occupies years, and embraces the circle of the affections from childhood to old age. Juliet has become a great girl, a young woman since we first remember her a little thing in the idle prattle of the nurse. Lady Capulet was about her age when she became a mother, and old Capulet somewhat impatiently tells his younger visitors,—

"I've seen the day,

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

"A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone."

Thus one period of life makes way for the following, and one generation pushes another off the stage. One of the most striking passages to show the intense feeling of youth in this play is Capulet's invitation to Paris to visit his entertainment.

"At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light;
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female-buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house."

The feelings of youth and of the spring are here blended together like the breath of opening flowers. Images of vernal beauty appear to have floated before the author's mind, in writing this poem, in profusion. Here is another of exquisite beauty, brought in more by accident than by necessity. Montague declares of his son smit with a hopeless passion, which he will not reveal—

"But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet-leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."

This casual description is as full of passionate beauty as when Romeo dwells in frantic fondness on "the white wonder of his Juliet's hand." The Reader may, if he pleases, contrast the exquisite pastoral simplicity of the above lines with the gorgeous description of Juliet when Romeo first sees her at her father's house, surrounded by company and artificial splendour.

"What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear."

TRUE IDEA OF POETRY.

Poetry were it the rudest, so it be sincere, is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious, the utmost he can do for that end; it springs, therefore, from his whole feelings, opinions, activity, and takes its character from these. It may be called the music of his whole manner of being; and, historically considered, is the best test how far music or freedom existed therein; how far the feeling of love, of beauty, and dignity, could be elicited from that peculiar situation of his, and from the views he there had of life and nature, of the universe internal and external.—Thomas Carlyle.

PORTRAITS FROM LIFE, BY GOETHE.

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ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LIV.—A TALE OF OLD ITALIAN REVENGE.

[THIS is from our old friend 'Camerarius' (see Nos. 26-29); and is full of frightful truth. We behold the horrible human relics (taken for bats!) blackening on the city gate. There are no such sights now in Italy, thanks to the progress of knowledge and Christian feeling; and we shall not be too hasty to triumph over "Italian" stories of revenge, when we call to mind, that spectacles not very dissimilar (more horrible in one respect, because they had faces) were to be seen, not a great many years ago, over Temple Bar and one of the bridges. And even against stories of modern Italian assassination may be set off too many appalling things in our daily newspapers. But their more of them transpire now than they used to do, owing to those channels of publicity. We are all getting on, thank God, generally speaking, in knowledge and humanity, the whole civilized world,—ay, and the uncivilized; and we should desire and love to get on, all together,—nobody lordling it or valuing himself over another. English, Italians, French, &c., will, we verily believe, before many years are past, be like all one great intelligent family, acknowledging the same guidance of public opinion, and interchanging all the blessings of advancement.]

ONE day (says our honest and earnest old scholar) as I went from Rome with my companion, and past through the Marquisal of Ancone, we were to go through a citie called Termi, seated in a very pleasant and fruitfull valley, betweene the armes of a river called the Mar. As we entered into the citie, we saw over the gate a certaine tablet upon a high tower, to which were tied (as it seemed to us at first), a great many Bats or Reere-mise. Wee thinking it a strange sight, and not knowing what it meant, being set up in so eminent a place; one of the citie whom we asked, told us of a certaine thing that had happed some years before. There were (quoth he) in this citie, two noble, rich, and mightie houses; which for a very long time carried on an irreconcilable hatred the one against the other, in so much as the malice passed from the father to the son, as it were by inheritance; by occasion whereof many of both houses were slain and murdered. At last, the one house not able to stay the fire of their violent wrath, resolved to stand about murdering no more of the aduerse by surprise and treason, but to run upon them all at once, and not to leave one bodie thereof alive. They of this bloodie familie gathered together out of the countrie adioyning (under some other pretence) many of their seruants which met in the citie, whereof they ioyned them to their Bravos (which are swaggerers, assassins, and backsters, such as many Italians that haue quatrrels, keep in pay, to employ them in the execution of their revenges) and secretly armed them enioyning them to be always readie to do some notable exploit whensoever they should be called upon. Soon after taking hold of occasion, they march about midnight with their people to the Gouvernour's house, who mistrusted nothing, seare of his person, being a man of authoritie and power, and (leaving guards in the same house until they should haue executed their purpose) goe on silent towards the house of their enemies, and disposing their troops at euery street end, about ten of them goe on to the same house (the Gouvernour being between them) as if they had been the archers of his guard, whom they compelled to command that speedy opening might be made him, as if he had some seruice of importance to dispatch within their house: and withal they held a pofnyard at his throat, threatening to kill him if they said not that which they had put into his mouth. He amazed at the death which he saw present before his eyes, caused all the doors to be opened, a thing which they within made no refusal of, seeing the Gouvernour there: which being done, those ten call their complices, not farre off, put the Gouvernour into safe keeping, enter into the house, and

there most cruelly murder man, woman, and child, nay, they spare not so much as the horses in the stable. That done, they make the Gouvernour set open the city gates, and so depart, and disperse themselves into diuers secret places, here and there, among their friends. The wisest of them fled to the next sea-ports, and got them away far off: but as for those that kept anything neere, they were so diligently searcht for, that they were found and drawn out of their holes by the justices, greatly mooued (as good cause there was) with such a horrible massacre: so these wicked offenders were put to death with the most greiuous punishments, and after, their hands and their feet being cut off, were nailed to the tablet which you saw (quoth he) as ye entered the gate, on the top of the tower, set up for a show to terrifie the cruel, and to serue for a lesson to posteritie: the sun having broiled those limbs so fastened and set up, maketh travellers to think (that know nothing of this horrible tragedie) that they be Reere-mise. Wee hauing heard this pitiful discourse; with detestation of such a furious and cruel desire of reuenge, kept on our way.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XIII.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

'ROMEO AND JULIET' is the only tragedy which Shakspeare has written intirely on a love-story. It is supposed to have been his first play, and it deserves to stand in that proud rank. There is the buoyant spirit of youth in every line, in the rapturous intoxication of hope, and in the bitterness of despair. It has been said of 'Romeo and Juliet,' by a great critic, that "whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem." The description is true; and yet it does not answer to our idea of the play. For if it has the sweetness of the rose, it has its freshness too; if it has the languor of the nightingale's song, it has also its giddy transport; if it has the softness of a southern spring, it is as glowing and as bright. There is nothing of a sickly and sentimental cast. Romeo and Juliet are in love, but they are not love-sick. Everything speaks the very soul of pleasure, the high and healthy pulse of the passions: the heart beats, the blood circulates and mantles throughout. Their courtship is not an insipid interchange of sentiments lip-deep, learnt at second-hand from poems and plays,—made up of beauties of the most shadowy kind, of "fancies wan that hang the pensive head," of evanescent smiles and sighs that breathe not, of delicacy that shrinks from the touch, and feebleness that scarce supports itself, an elaborate vacuity of thought, and an artificial dearth of sense, spirit, truth and nature! It is the reverse of all this. It is Shakspeare all over, and Shakspeare when he was young.

We have heard it objected to 'Romeo and Juliet,' that it is founded on an idle passion between a boy and a girl, who have scarcely seen and can have but little sympathy or rational esteem for one another, who have had no experience of the good or ill of life, and whose raptures or despair must be therefore equally groundless and fantastical. Whoever objects to the youth of the parties in this play as "too unripe and crude" to pluck the sweets of love, and wishes to see a first-love carried on into a good old age, and the passions taken at the rebound, when their force is spent, may find all this done in the 'Stranger,' and in other German plays, where they do things by contraries, and transpose nature to inspire sentiment and create philosophy. Shakspeare proceeded in a more straight-forward, and, we think, effectual way. He did not endeavour to extract beauty from wrinkles, or the wild throb of passion from the last expiring sigh of indifference. He did not "gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles." It was not his way. But he has given a picture of human life, such as it is in the order of nature. He

has founded the passion of the two lovers not on the pleasures they had experienced, but on all the pleasures they had not experienced. All that was to come of life was theirs. At that untried source of promised happiness they slaked their thirst, and the first eager draught made them drunk with love and joy. They were in full possession of their senses and their affections. Their hopes were of air, their desires of fire. Youth is the season of love, because the heart is then first melted in tenderness from the touch of novelty, and kindled to rapture, for it knows no end of its enjoyments or its wishes. Desire has no limit but itself. Passion, the love and expectation of pleasure, is infinite, extravagant, inexhaustible, till experience comes to kill and check it. Juliet exclaims on her first interview with Romeo—

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep."

And why should it not? What was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure, which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure, which her heart and her senses had just tasted, but indifference which she was yet a stranger to? What was there to check the ardour of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment which she had not yet felt? As are the desires and the hopes of youthful passion, such is the keenness of its disappointments, and their baleful effect. Such is the transition in this play from the highest bliss to the lowest despair, from the nuptial couch to an untimely grave. The only evil that even in apprehension befalls the two lovers is the loss of the greatest possible felicity; yet this loss is fatal to both, for they had rather part with life than bear the thought of surviving all that had made life dear to them. In all this, Shakspeare has but followed nature, which existed in his time, as well as now. The modern philosophy, which reduces the whole theory of the mind to habitual impressions, and leaves the natural impulses of passion and imagination out of the account, had not then been discovered; or if it had, would have been little calculated for the uses of poetry.

It is the inadequacy of the same false system of philosophy to account for the strength of our earliest attachments, which has led Mr Wordsworth to indulge in the mystical visions of Platonism in his 'Ode on the Progress of Life.' He has very admirably described the vividness of our impressions in youth and childhood, and how "they fade by degrees into the light of common day," and he ascribes the change to the supposition of a pre-existent state, as if our early thoughts were nearer heaven, reflections of former trails of glory, shadows of our past being. This is idle. It is not from the knowledge of the past that the first impressions of things derive their gloss and splendour, but from our ignorance of the future, which fills the void to come with the warmth of our desires, with our gayest hopes, and brightest fancies. It is the obscurity spread before it that colours the prospect of life with hope, as it is the cloud which reflects the rainbow. There is no occasion to resort to any mystical union and transmission of feeling through different states of being to account for the romantic enthusiasm of youth; nor to plant the root of hope in the grave, nor to derive it from the skies. Its root is in the heart of man: it lifts its head above the stars. Desire and imagination are inmates of the human breast. The heaven "that lies about us in our infancy" is only a new world, of which we know nothing but what we wish it to be, and believe all that we wish. In youth and boyhood, the world we live in is the world of desire, and of fancy: it is experience that brings us down to the world of reality. What is it that in youth sheds a dewy light round the evening star? That makes the daisy look so bright? That perfumes the hyacinth? That embelms the first kiss of love? It is the delight of novelty, and the seeking no end to the pleasure that we fondly believe is still in store for us. The heart revels in the luxury of its own thoughts,

and is unable to sustain the weight of hope and love that presses upon it.—The effects of the passion of love alone might have dissipated Mr Wordsworth's theory, if he means anything more by it than an ingenious and poetical allegory. That at least is not a link in the chain let down from other worlds; "the purple light of love" is not a dim reflection of the smiles of celestial bliss. It does not appear till the middle of life, and then seems like "another morn risen on mid-day." In this respect the soul comes into the world "in utter nakedness." Love waits for the ripening of the youthful blood. The sense of pleasure precedes the love of pleasure, but with the sense of pleasure, as soon as it is felt, come thronging infinite desires and hopes of pleasure, and love is mature as soon as born. It withers and it dies almost as soon!"

This play presents a beautiful *coup-d'œil* of the progress of human life. In thought it occupies years, and embraces the circle of the affections from childhood to old age. Juliet has become a great girl, a young woman since we first remember her a little thing in the idle prattle of the nurse. Lady Capulet was about her age when she became a mother, and old Capulet somewhat impatiently tells his younger visitors,—

"I've seen the day,

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

"A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone."

Thus one period of life makes way for the following, and one generation pushes another off the stage. One of the most striking passages to show the intense feeling of youth in this play is Capulet's invitation to Paris to visit his entertainment.

"At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heav'n light;
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-appareld April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female-buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house."

The feelings of youth and of the spring are here blended together like the breath of opening flowers. Images of vernal beauty appear to have floated before the author's mind, in writing this poem, in profusion. Here is another of exquisite beauty, brought in more by accident than by necessity. Montague declares of his son smit with a hopeless passion, which he will not reveal—

"But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet-leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."

This casual description is as full of passionate beauty as when Romeo dwells in frantic fondness on "the white wonder of his Juliet's hand." The Reader may, if he pleases, contrast the exquisite pastoral simplicity of the above lines with the gorgeous description of Juliet when Romeo first sees her at her father's house, surrounded by company and artificial splendour.

"What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear."

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secutive, rather than discursive. He arrived at truth through a certain process; Shakspeare saw everything by intuition. Chaucer had great variety of power, but he could do only one thing at once. He set himself to work on a particular subject. His ideas were kept separate, labelled, ticketed and parcelled out in a set form, in pews and compartments by themselves. They did not play into one another's hands. They did not re-act upon one another, as the blower's breath moulds the yielding glass. There is something hard and dry in them. What is the most wonderful thing in Shakspeare's faculties is their excessive sociability, and how they gossiped and compared notes together.

We must conclude this criticism; and we will do it with a quotation or two. One of the most beautiful passages in Chaucer's tale is the description of Cresseide's first avowal of her love:—

"And as the new abashed nightingale,
That stinteth first when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any herde's tale,
Or in the hedges any wight stirring,
And, after, sicker doth her voice outting;
Right so Cresseide, when that her dread stent,
Opened her heart, and told him her intent."

See also the two next stanzas, and particularly that divine one beginning

"Her armes small, her back both straight and
soft," &c.

Compare this with the following speech of Troilus to Cressida in the play.

"O, that I thought it could be in a woman;
And if it can, I will presume in you,
To feed for aye her lamp and flame of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties out-ward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays.
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! But alas,
I am as true as Truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of Truth."

These passages may not seem very characteristic at first sight, though we think they are so. We will give two, that cannot be mistaken. Patroclus says to Achilles,—

"Rouse yourself; and the weak-wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air."

Troilus, addressing the God of Day on the approach of the morning that parts him from Cressida, says with much scorn,—

"What! proffer'st thou thy light here for to sell?
Go, sell it them that smallé selés grave."

If nobody but Shakspeare could have written the former, nobody but Chaucer would have thought of the latter.—Chaucer was the most literal of poets, as Richardson was of prose-writers.

We have much pleasure in inserting the following literary notice which has been sent us. In the press, 'Corn Law Rhymes.' The third volume of the works of Ebenezer Elliott will appear in the ensuing month. Amongst its contents will be found some of the earliest productions of this talented writer, without any political allusions,—productions which were almost unheeded at the time of their publication.—Southey alone addressing him to this effect: "There is power in the least serious of these tales, but the higher you pitch your tone the better you succeed. Thirty years ago they would have made your reputation; thirty years hence the world will wonder that they did not do so."

FINE ARTS.

Wanderings through North Wales, by Thomas Roscoe, embellished with highly finished Engravings, by Wm. Radcliffe, from Drawings made expressly for this work, by Cattermole, Cox, and Creswick. Part I. London. Tilt; Simpkin and Marshall.

MR RADCLIFFE'S engravings in the Part before us are a little hard, with a degree of coarseness and flatness in the fore-ground; but they are distinct, and not unpleasing in the effect. 'Caunant Mawr,' after Creswick, is a striking scene. 'Langollen Valley' is a lovely scene, and makes one think directly of its 'Maid' and her 'contented' Shepherd. Cattermole's 'Death of Llewellyn' is spirited; but not very carefully drawn.

Poems, with Illustrations, by Louisa Anne Twamley. London. Tilt.

MISS TWAMLEY urges that the illustrations to her poems are her first attempt at etching on copper; she need scarcely have done so, for they are executed with much feeling and talent, and bear no signs of incapacity or immaturity. They consist of landscapes and flower-pieces. Of the landscapes, we prefer Tintern Abbey, which we never saw look better on paper; more venerable or picturesque; and a friend, who has visited the veritable edifice, praises it for its fidelity. The flower-piece immediately following it is still better in point of execution; it is drawn with great freedom and feeling, and the blending and variety of the tints is very happily caught. Something will be said of the poetry in another number.

TO F. M. W.

WITH A QUARTO EDITION OF LADY RACHEL RUSSELL'S
LETTERS.

OR more than Russell in thy fortitude,
And in thy love too, capable of more,
— Say, either may we bless or must deplore
The lot which makes thy evil and our good.
For, Lady, had the silken lap of ease
Nursed the charms thy friends so doat upon,
Then hadst thou not from adverse fortune won
The triumph which a chastened heart decrees,
For hadst thou known the subtle bands that knit
Into one web meek feeling and high thought,
Making the soul a holy garment, wrought
With nicest art, magnificently fit—
Then unto us thy love had only brought
The grace of manners and the charm of wit.

T. F. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE enlarged copy of Mr Landon's ode will appear in our next. Its insertion has been delayed by a provoking accident, which has conspired, we fear, with another hindrance, to make us seem very unaccountable and thankless in the eyes of the fair Correspondent by whom it was forwarded. But we have been hoping, day by day, to be able to beg her acceptance of a little volume, which would have accompanied our letter of explanation; and in case this volume does not appear before the present Number of our JOURNAL, we hereby mention the circumstance that she may see we are not quite so absurd as she might otherwise reasonably imagine.

We shall be glad to hear again from H. F.

We cordially thank the gentleman who has written to us so kindly about the LONDON JOURNAL, and whose letter inclosed some of the poems of Sir Richard Fanshawe, &c. He will see that we are not forgetful.

The MS. sent us by Mr J. will be attended to at our very first leisure.

We are much mistaken if we have not inserted some article written by J. M. C. Will he favour us with copy or copies of some later communications, in case they have been mislaid?

Our friend G. H. L. seems to be full of good feeling, and fancy too; but he is in too great a hurry both with his verse and prose, and therefore writes at

too great length. He reminds us of the letter-writer, who said, "Excuse my being so long, but I have not time to be shorter." Is this our friend's case? At present he wants concentration; and must also study his versification a little more. He is in such haste to live in his pleasant bowers, that he must needs inhabit them, before they are built!

The writer of a letter in pencil, who notices the doctrine of Berkeley, is, we take it, not the same Correspondent who made the quotation alluded to. We have two Readers who seem to have objections to pen and ink. With regard to Berkeley's arguments we would recommend him to read them for himself in the philosopher's works. He would find them very amusing at least, and, we suspect, very startling. And we should be glad to hear from him afterwards on the subject, for our own acquaintance with them was both partial and hasty.

AN OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN will probably have seen the announcement of 'Captain Sword and Captain Pen' before this answer appears. At all events, it will be speedily published by Mr Knight. His other query we cannot notice, because it would trench upon the forbidden ground of advertisement. We are much flattered by his idea of the "Series" he speaks of.

Agreeably to our wish to avoid all possible themes of controversy, we are sorry that the mention of the "Clergyman" in 'Sunday in the Suburbs' was not omitted. F., who takes such a kindly interest in our pages, is informed that the article was written some time back, and the passage, on a hasty review of it, overlooked.

What S. J. says upon 'Love and Matrimony' is very true, and does him honour; but we fear to open our columns to all that may be said on this subject.

We agree with all the opinions expressed in the letter of X; but has he not made his 'Gipsy's Song' somewhat too intimate with the language and luxuries of high living?

Thanks to GODFREY GRAFTON; who will hear further from us.

The printed articles on Mr Lamb reached us unfortunately too late to be made use of in our present number. Due attention shall be paid to them in our next. Meantime we must observe that the writer is under a great mistake respecting the absence of some of Mr Hazlitt's friends, when his funeral took place.

We will not do venerable JOHN PACEY the injustice of publishing the lines sent us by the gentleman who gives us the following account of him, because the homeliness of their attire may not allow everybody to pay honour enough to their spirit; but no one will misunderstand the reverend and living piece of poetry here presented us in the person of a cheerful old man of eighty, rendered superior to his adversity by a good conscience and a mind willing to look around it for sources of comfort:—

"The author of the accompanying trifles, John Pacey, now eighty years of age, was born in the village of Charlton-Kings, Gloucestershire, of honest and industrious parents. He was apprenticed at an early age to a laborious trade, which he has, however, with commendable industry, pursued until within these last few years, when age and infirmities prevented his further exertions, and drove him to seek refuge from penury and distress in the cultivation of a little vegetable-garden. His wants are few and easily supplied; a life of industry has rendered him frugal and abstinent, while honesty and good-feeling have preserved him in the paths of sobriety and rectitude. He married at the early age of twenty-one, and has decently brought up seven children. His eldest son is an object of great compassion, being alike infirm in body and imbecile in mind; he is dependant upon the kindness of his parents, not only for the necessities of life, but also for his actual support,—he is helpless. Notwithstanding this unusual clog, poor old Pacey bears up under the burdens of existence, is cheerful and contented, and even bestows his leisure hours to the cultivation of an humble and amusing taste for poetry."

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1835.

No. 54.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE SATYR OF MYTHOLOGY AND THE POETS.

We intended this week to present our poetry-loving Readers with a new and greatly improved edition of Mr Landon's 'Ode to a Friend,' published in one of our December Numbers last year; but as we have just received some contributions from other friends, which will harmonize with it, and expect one or two more, we delay introducing it till our next. Meanwhile, we lay before them the portrait, if not of an eminent man, of a very eminent half or four-fifths man, an old friend of the poets, particularly of the sequestered and descriptive order, and constantly alluded to in all modern as well as ancient quarters poetical. He is alive, not only in Virgil, and Theocritus, and Spenser, but in Wordsworth, in Keats, and Shelley, and in the 'pages of 'Blackwood' and the LONDON JOURNAL.

We keep the public in mind, from time to time, that one of the objects of the LONDON JOURNAL is to bring uneducated readers of taste and capacity acquainted with the pleasures of those who are educated; and we write articles of this description accordingly, in a spirit intended to be not unacceptable to either. Enter, therefore, the Satyr,—as in one of the Prologues to an old play. By-and-by, we shall give a Triton, a Nymph, &c. &c. and so on through all the gentle populace of fiction,—the *plebe degli dei*, as Tasso calls them,—the "common people of the gods." Such, we hope, in future times,—or worthy rather of such appellation,—will be all the people of the earth,—their poetry in common, their education in common, knowledge and its divine pleasures being as cheap as daisies in the mead.

The Satyr (not always, but generally) is a goat below the waist, and a man above, with a head in which the two beings are united. He has horns, pointed ears, and a beard; and there is just enough humanity in his face to make the look of the inferior being more observable. The expression is drawn up to the height of the salient and wilful. He is a merry brute of a demigod; and when not sleeping in the grass, is for ever in motion, dancing after his quaint fashion, and butting when he fights. He goes in herds, though he is often found straying. His haunt is in the woods, where he makes love to the Dryads and other nymphs, not always with their good will.

When he gets old, he takes to drinking, grows fat, and is called a Silenus, after the most eminent gorbelly of his race: and then he becomes oracular in his drink, and disbursts the material philosophy which his way of life has taught him. He is not immortal, but has a long life as well as a merry; some say a thousand years; others, many thousand. A thousand years, according to Aristotle, is the duration both of the Satyr and the Nymph.

The Faun, though often confounded with the Satyr, and supposed by some to be nothing but a Latin version of him, is generally taken by the moderns for a Satyr mitigated and more human. Goat's feet are not necessary to him. He can be content with a tail, and two little budding horns, like a kid.

"How the Satyrs originated," quoth the "serious" but not very "sage" Natalis Comes, "or of what parents they were begotten, or where, or when they began to exist, or for what reason they were held to

be gods by antiquity, neither have I happened upon any creditable ancient who can inform me, nor can I make it out myself." He says he takes no heed of the opinion of those who suppose them to have been the children of Saturn or Faunus. Pliny, he tells us, speaks of Satyrs, as certain animals in the Indian mountains, of great swiftness, going on all fours, but with a human aspect, and running upright. Furthermore, Pausanias mentions one Euphemus of Caria, who coming upon a cluster of "desert" islands, in the extreme parts of the sea, and being forced by a tempest to alight on one of them called Satyras, found it inhabited by people of a red colour, with tails not much inferior to those of horses. These gentlemen invaded the ships of their new acquaintance, and without saying a word, began helping themselves to what they liked. Finally, Pomponius Mela speaks of certain islands beyond Mount Atlas, in which lights were seen at night, and a great sound was heard of drums, and cymbals, and pipes, though nobody was to be seen by day; and these islands were said to be inhabited by Satyrs. To which beareth testimony the famous Hanno the Carthaginian.*

Boccaccio, in his treatise 'De Montibus,' appears to have transferred these islands to Mount Atlas itself; of which he says (dwelling upon the subject with his usual romantic fondness) that, "such a depth of silence is reported to prevail there by day, that none approach it without a certain horror, and a feeling of some divine presence; but at night-time, like heaven, it is lit up with many lights, and resounds with the songs and cymbals, the pipes and whistling reeds, of Ægipans and Satyrs."†

The same writer, speaking of the opinion that Satyrs were goat-footed *homunciones*, or little men, tells the story of St Anthony: "who, searching through the deserts of the Thebais for the most holy eremite Paul, did behold one of them, and question him: the which made answer, that he was mortal; and that he was one of the people, bordering thereabouts, whom the Gentiles, led away by a vain error, did worship as Fauns and Satyrs." Other authors, he says, "esteemed them to be men of the woods, and called them Incubi, or Ficarii (Fig-eaters)." We here see who had the merit of it when figs were stolen.

Chaucer takes the Satyr for an Incubus, probably from this passage of his favourite author. Speaking of the friar, whose office it was to go about blessing people's grounds and houses (which was the reason, he says, why there were no longer any fairies) he adds, in his pleasant manner,

"Women may now go safely up and down:—
In every bush, and under every tree,
There is none other Incubus but he."

Wife of Bath's Tale.

But the most "particular fellow" on this subject is Philostratus; who, among the wild stories which he relates with such gravity of Apollonius the Tyanæan, has this, the wildest of them all, and, in his opinion, the most weighty. As the account is amusing, we will extract nearly the whole of it:—

"After visiting," says he, "the cataracts (of the Nile), Apollonius and his companions stopped in a

* See all these authorities in Natalis Comes. 'Mythologia,' p. 304.
† At the end of his 'Genealogia Deorum.'

small village in Ethiopia, where, whilst they were at supper, they amused themselves with a variety of conversation, both grave and gay. On a sudden was heard a confused uproar, as if from the women of the village exhorting one another to seize and pursue. They called to the men for assistance, who immediately sallied forth, snatching up sticks and stones, with whatever other weapons they chanced to find.

• • • All this hubbub arose from a Satyr having made his appearance, who for ten months past had infested the village. • • • The moment Apollonius perceived his friends were alarmed at this, he said, 'Don't be terrified. • • • There is but one remedy to be used in cases of such kind of insolence, and is what Midas had recourse to. He was himself of the race of the Satyrs, as appeared plainly by his ears. A Satyr once invited himself to his house, on the ground of consanguinity, and whilst he was his guest, libelled his ears in a copy of verses, which he set to music, and played on his harp. Midas, who was instructed, I think, by his mother, learnt from her, that if a Satyr was made drunk with wine, and fell asleep, he recovered his senses, and became quite a new creature. A fountain happening to be near his palace, he mixed it with wine, to which he sent the Satyr, who drank it till he was quite overcome with it. Now to show you that this is not all mere fable, let us go to the governor of the village, and if the inhabitants have any wine, let us make the Satyr drink, and I will be answerable for what happened in the case of the Satyr of Midas.'

All were willing to try the experiment; and immediately four Egyptian amphoras of wine were poured into the pond, in which the cattle of the village were accustomed to drink. Apollonius invited the Satyr to drink, and added, along with the invitation, *some private menaces*, in case of refusal. The Satyr did not appear; nevertheless the wine sank as if it was drunk. When the pond was emptied, Apollonius said, 'Let us offer libations to the Satyr, who is now fast asleep.' After saying this, he carried the men of the village to the cave of the Nymphs, which was not more than the distance of a plethron from the hamlet, where, after showing them the Satyr asleep, he ordered them to give him no ill-usage, either by beating or abusing him: 'For,' said he, 'I will answer for his good behaviour for the time to come.'

—This is the action of Apollonius, which, by Jupiter, I consider as what gave greatest lustre to his travels, and which was, in truth, their greatest feat. Anyone who has perused the letter which he wrote to a dissipated young man, wherein he tells him he had tamed a Satyr in Ethiopia, must call to mind this story. Consequently, no doubt can now remain of the existence of Satyrs. • • • When I was myself in Lemnos, I remember one of my contemporaries, whose mother, they said, was visited by a Satyr, formed according to the traditional accounts we have of that race of beings. He wore a deer-skin on his shoulders, which exactly fitted him, the fore-feet of which, encircling his neck, were fastened to his breast. But of this I shall say no more, as I am sensible credit is due to *experience, as well as to me.*"

It is clear, from all these authorities, that various circumstances might have given rise to the idea of Satyrs.—The Great Ape species alone, which like

* 'Life of Apollonius of Tyanæ,' translated from the Greek of Philostratus, by the Rev. Edward Berwick, p. 246.

the monkeys in Africa, might easily be supposed to be a race of men too idle to work, and holding their tongues to avoid it, would be sufficient to suggest the fancy to an imaginative people. The Satyr Islands of Pausanias are evidently islands frequented by apes, or rather baboons; unless indeed we are to believe with Monboddo, that men once had tails; which is hardly a greater distinction from some men without them, than a philosopher is from a savage. Oran Oran signifies a wild man; and Linnæus has called the Great Ape the Ape Satyr (*Simia Satyrus*.) Again, there have been real wild men; and a single one of these, such as Peter the Wild Boy, would people a country like Greece with Satyrs.

But it is not necessary to recur to palpable beings for a poetical stock. A sound, a shadow, a look of something in the dark, was enough to make them; and if this had not been found, they would still have been fancied. Satyrs, in an allegorical sense, are the animal spirits of the creation, its exuberance, its natural health and vigour, its headlong tendency to reproduction. In a superstitious and popular point of view, they were the spirits of the woods, a branch of the universal family of genii and fairies. Finally, in the great world of poetry, they partake, on both these accounts, of whatever has been said or done for them, that remains interesting to the imagination; and are still to be found there, immortal as their poets. As long as there is a mystery in the world, and men are unable to affirm what beings may not exist, so long poetry will have what existences it pleases, and the mind will have a corner in which to entertain them. Therefore, "the sage and serious Spenser" tells us wisely of

"The wood-god's breed which must for ever last."

In no part of the world of poetry were they ever more alive or lasting, than in the woods of his 'Faerie Queene.' You have, indeed, a stronger sense of them in his pages, than in the works of antiquity. The ancient poets appear to have been too close at hand with them. The familiarity, though of a religious sort, had in it something of contempt. Spenser is always remote; in the uttermost parts of poetry; and thither shall he take us to meet them. Here they are, on a bright morning, in the thick of their glades. Una is in distress, and has cried out, so that her voice is heard throughout the woods.

"A troupe of Faunes and Satyres, far away
Within the wood, were dancing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd.

Who when they heard that piteous, strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rural merriment,
And ran towards the far rebownded noyse,
To meet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rabblement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde;
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde."

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad:
Their frowning forheads, with rough hornes yelad
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and (feare to put away)
Their backward-bent knees teach, her humbly to obey.

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twixt feare and hope amazed does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty truth ensu'th:
They in compassion of her tender youth
And wonder of her beautie soveraigne,
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth:
And, all prostraite upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance fayne.

Their harts she guesseth by their humble guise,
And yieldees her to extremitie of time:

So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepherd's ryme:
And, with greene branches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her as queene, with olive girlond cround.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled echo ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old Sylvanus her they bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To meet the cause, his weak steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse stable stout;
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

The wood-born people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddesses of the wood;
And old Sylvanus self bethinkes not, what
To think of wight so fayre: but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her born of earthly brood.

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold doe thether runne apace;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face."

Book I, canto 6.

Spenser has a knight among his chivalry, who was the son of a Satyr by the wife of a country-gentleman, one Theonion (or Brute) by name,—a severe insinuation on the part of the gentle poet:—

"A loose unruly swayne,
Who had more joy to rauage the forest wide
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Than serve his ladie's love."

Perhaps the poet intended a hint to the squires of his time. He tells us of another wife, who had a considerable acquaintance among the wood-gods. It is not so easy to relate her story; but she would be a charming person by the time she was thirty, and make a delicate heart content! His account of her is certainly intended as a lesson to old gentlemen.

"The gentle lady, loose at random left,
The greenwood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wiffe;
Till on a daye the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten grooms or guide:
Her up they took, and with them home her ledd,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milk their goats, and make them cheese and bredd."

She forgets her old husband Malbecco, who has just arrived at the spot where she lives,—

"And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare,
Who from her went to seek another lott,
And now by fortune was arrived here.
* * * * *
Soon as the old man saw Sir Paridell,

(who was the person that had taken his wife from him),

He fainted, and was almost dead with feare;
Ne word he had to speake, his grieve to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well:

And, after, asked him for Hellenore:
'I take no keepe of her,' sayd Paridell;
'She wonneth in the forest, there before.'
So forth he rode as his adventure fell."

A great noise is afterwards heard in the woods, of bagpipes and "shrieking hubbubs;" the old man hides in a bush; and after a while

"The jolly Satyres full of fresh delight
Came dancing forth, and with them nimbly ledd
Faire Hellenore, with girlonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:

She, proud of that new honour which they radd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a lewrell shade."

What a sunny picture is in this line!

"The silly man, that in the thicket lay
Saw all this goodly sport; and grieved sore;
Yet durst he not against it do or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindness of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lustyhedd,
And with their horned feet the greene grass wore;
The wiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
Till drouping Phoebus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

"Tho up they gan their merry pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heardees did gather rownde."

The old gentleman creeps to his wife's bed's-head at night, and endeavours to persuade her to go away with him; but she is deaf to all he can say; so in the passion of his misery, and supernatural strength of his very weakness, he runs away, "runs with himself away,"—till, under the most appalling circumstances, he undergoes a transformation into Jealousy itself! a poetical flight, the daringness of which can only be equalled (and vindicated, as it is) by the mastery of its execution. See the passage; which, through a half-allegory, is calculated to affect the feelings of the poetical reader, almost as much as Burley and his cavern in 'Old Mortality' do readers in general. It is at the end of Canto xi, Book 3.

Spenser has a story of 'Foolish god Faunus,' who comes on Diana when she is bathing; for which he is put into a deer-skin, and she and her nymphs hunt him through wood and dale. Fauns and Satyrs, it is to be observed, are represented as wise or foolish, according as the poet allegorizes the elements of a country life, and the reflections, or clownish impulses, of sequestered people. The Faun, in particular, who was the more oracular of the two, might be supposed either to speak from his own knowledge, or to be merely the channel of a higher one, and so to partake of that reverend character of fatuity, which is ascribed in some countries to idiots. The Satyr was more conscious and petulant: he waited more especially upon Bacchus; was loud and saucy; may easily be supposed to have been noisiest and most abusive at the time of grapes; and it is to him, we think, and him alone (whatever learned distinctions have been made between satyri and satyrs, or the fruit which he got together, and him who got them), that the origin of the word Satire is to be traced; that is to say, Satire was such free and abusive speech, as the vintagers pelted people with, just as they might with the contents of their baskets.

To make Satyr, therefore, clever or clownish, or both, just as it suits the writer's purpose, is in good keeping. To make him revengeful for not having his will, is equally good, as Tasso has done in the 'Aminta.' To make him old, and scorned by a young mistress, is warrantable, as Guarini has done in the 'Pastor Fido'; and even a touch of sentiment may not be refused him, if visited by a painful sense of the difference of his shape; which is an imitation of the beautiful Polyphemus invention of Theocritus, and was introduced into modern poetry by the precursor of those poets, the inventor of the Sylvan Drama, Boccaccio. But we cannot say so much for another great poet of ours, Fletcher, who, spoilt by his town breeding, and thinking he could not make out a case for chastity, and the admiration of it, but by carrying it to a pitch of the improbable, introduces into his 'Faithful Shepherdess,' a Satyr thoroughly divested of his nature, the most sentimental and Platonical of lovers, and absolute guardian of what he exists only to oppose. The clipping of hedges into peacocks was nothing to this. It was like changing warmth into cold, and taking the fertility out of the earth. Elegance was another affair. The rudest things natural contain a principle of that. You may show even a Satyr in his graces, as you may a goat in a graceful attitude, or the turns and blossoms of a thorn. But to make the shaggy and impetuous wood-god, with his veins full of the sap of the vine, a polished and retiring lover, all for the metaphysics of the passion, and bowing and backing himself out of doors like a "sweet Signior," was to strike barrenness into the spring, and make the "swift and

fiery sun," which the poet so finely speaks of, halt, and become a thing deliberate. Pan, at the sight, should have cut off his universal beard. Certainly, the Satyr ought to have clipped his coat, and withdrawn into the urbanities of a suit of clothes. He should have "walked gowned."

However, there is a ruddy and rough side of the apple still left; and with this we proceed to indulge ourselves, cutting away the rest. Fletcher is a true poet, and could not speak of woods and wood-gods, without finding means to give us a proper taste of them. His Satyr comes in well.

"ENTER A SATYR WITH A BASKET OF FRUIT."

SAT. Thorough yon same bending plain,
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
Since the lusty spring began:
All to please my master Pan
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit: for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.

Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good;
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus: nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth, that crack them:
Design, oh fairest fair, to take them.
For these, black-eyed Dryope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red;
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen;
Some be red, some be green.

(How much better than if he had said "Some be red and some be green." He is like a great boy, poking over the basket, and pointing out the finest things in it with rustic fervour.)

These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer; and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong:
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run;
Swifter than the fiery sun."

In this passage, Mr Seward, in his edition of 'Beaumont and Fletcher,' has a note containing an extract from Theocritus, so happily rendered, that, as it suits our purpose, we will repeat it. It is seldom that a writer not professedly a poet, and an eminent one too, has struck forth so masterly a bit of translation. The verb in the last line even surpasses the original. We will put the Greek first, both in justice to it, and because (to own a whim of ours) the glimmering and thorny look of the Greek characters gives, in our eyes, something of a hoarseness to one's pages. A page of a Greek pastoral is the next thing with us to a wood-side, or a landscape of Gaspar Poussin:—

Ου δῆμις, οὐ ποιμαίν, τοῖς μισομυβρίνοι, οὐ δῆμις
αἶμμα

Συρίδι' τον Πανα δίδοικαμ' η γὰρ γὰρ ἀγῶν
Ταῖς καὶ κηλῶν ἀμυνομένη, ὅτι γὰρ πικρὸς,
Καὶ οἱ αἱ δριμύτι' χόλα ποτὶ βίη κελύτῃ"

Shepherd, forbear: no song at noon's dread hour;
Tis'd with the chase, Pan sleeps in yonder bower:
Churlish he is; and, stirr'd in his repose,
The snappish cholera quivers on his nose."

We must quote the Satyr's concluding speech, though it is not so much in character. The poet

might have defended his straying in the air, but it must have been upon very abstract and ethereal grounds, foreign to the substantial part which he plays in this drama; and the fine allusion to Orpheus' lute is equally learned and out of its place. However, the whole passage is so beautiful, that we cannot help repeating it. Our Platonical friend is taking leave of the lady:—

"SAT. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most pow'ful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed;
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed:
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves, that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies,
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? Get thee fruit?
Or steal from heav'n old Orpheus' lute!"

What a relief! The lute of Orpheus! and laid up in some corner of heaven! Doubtless in the thick of one of its grassiest nooks of asphodel; and the winds play upon it, of evenings, to the ear of Proserpine when she visits her mother,—giving her trembling memories to carry back to Eurydice.

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY EDGEMONT WEBER.

NO III.

THE last chapter was chiefly occupied in considering the question—whether a society of people, cut off from the rest of the world, is equal to the task of framing its own language; and the course of reasoning adopted tended to the affirmative.

But a curious subject of inquiry may possibly suggest itself to the mind of the Reader in this place; which it may be worth while to notice. It is a subject that has often haunted me; flitting before me like a ghost, when I have been directing my view to some relative point; constituting a sort of side-scene in many a dreamy speculation, but never before subjecting itself in a palpable shape;—like those objects that the eye takes in at either side of its principal mark.*

Is it possible that the might of human genius can have slumbered for five thousand five hundred years, throughout one of the principal portions of the globe? Can all this wilderness of events that makes up what we of the *vetus orbis* call "universal history," all this procession of ages lost in the clouds—this infinite fantastic moving scene of fortunes, follies, virtues, vices, loves, hopes, miseries, and death—can it all have moved away and away into the grey horizon of the past; and can there have existed all the while,—and yet no syllable of a hint escape from the lips of nature,—no gossip Naiad of the deep, breathless with the news, whisper to her wondering sisters of the shore—AMERICA? One can hardly think that the "conscious moon" could so long have traversed it familiarly,—coming out of its arms every day into our presence—without confessing the secret in her face. Wonderful, mysterious, America! This is that land for which Noah had no fourth son—of which the spoilt conqueror of Darius, when he wept for worlds on the banks of the Hydaspes, little thought—which never entered into the calculations of Pliny, nor mixed in the dreams of Plato. The grand, the colossal America, with its stupendous scenery and boundless expanse, and its noble-minded

* I fear, in the opinion of some gentle Readers, this eagle of mine will turn out to be but a fly in the telescope.

generous native tribes, that were: captured, trampled on, put to death, for civilisation's sake; slaughtered and exterminated to make room for banking houses and joint stock companies; America, with its simple-hearted, honest, good-natured Peruvians—whose history makes the blood run cold in Christian veins, and renders the name of Spaniard a sound detestable in the ears of humanity; America, land for gods and heroes—now ransacked from North to South by the greedy hands of Commerce—continent of clerks and counting-houses—filthy Mammon's peculiar kingdom!

If the continent of America (supposed now by geographers to be *insular*, I believe,) is coeval with the *vetus orbis*, and has been peopled from the same point of time, then they who believe in mankind's indefinite power of advancement *per se*, have certainly a difficult cause to support. It is therefore at the risk of being suspected of too unscrupulous a desire to bolster my argument, but in reality with a sincere conviction, that I venture to state the following opinion. I do not believe that the continent of America is contemporary with the rest of the land; I believe that the "New World" is new in more senses than one. It seems to me that in her peculiarly wild and disordered aspect, America gives a sort of internal evidence of having left the bosom of the deep at no distant age. Her tremendous flood of rivers, with their jagged mouths cleft into a dozen pieces, as if by the impetuous recoil of waters after the first discharge, her towering heights and deep ravines, her lakes like seas, and thousand cataracts, all seem to bespeak a recent and violent birth. I know nothing of geology or chemistry, but I think those sciences would bear me out in asserting that there is a certain tendency throughout nature to equalization and amalgamation, the effect of which must be of course a diminution of marked features—a merging of the peculiar in the general. In chemistry, especially, I know, "give and take" is a leading principle; no anti-free-trade man can prevent this species of political economy as it is practised by chemical bodies, which carry on an unceasing interchange of their parts and qualities, mingling and communicating without end, and always hastening to a mass. So in the visible aspect of nature, I conceive the same principle is at work. Fill a glass with cold water, and leave it alone for a month; at the end of that time, behold! it is half gone; who has drunk it?—ask Anacreon. Dig a furrow a foot deep; visit it a twelvemonth afterwards—it is now no more than half a foot in depth; go at the end of another twelvemonth—it is not to be found. Rear a sand-hill two feet high—imperceptibly it dwindles away, inch by inch, till you can no longer point out even the spot where it stood. What matters the scale, if the principle be true? Are not these so many mountains, lakes, and valleys in miniature? It does not seem too much then to assume, that these phenomena, subject of course to numerous conditional circumstances, are fair indications, if not available criteria, of the age of different countries. Now, judged by this standard, must not America be looked upon as new in the world,—as a sort of infant Hercules, displaying its gigantic might in the cradle of childhood? There are, no doubt, in parts of the Old World, individual specimens of features as extraordinary as those which America exhibits (some of the Himalaya mountains, for example, are said to exceed the Andes in height) but where on the surface of the globe is to be found the same pervading magnificence, the same universal scale of grandeur in all the proportions of physical nature? Where else shall we find, individually or collectively, such rivers as the St Lawrence, the Amazon, &c.—such lakes as Lake Erie, and Ontario,—or where else a chain of mountains, such as the Titans of old with all the Ossas on all the Pelions could not have matched, spanning half a hemisphere, and topped with eternal snow under an equatorial sun,—with their very base—even the cities at their feet (as in the case of Quito plains) towering above the level of the sea, equidistantly with the summits of some of the most considerable mountains of Europe? If some few instances of a greater height are known, it need not disturb our conclusions, while

hinge not so much upon a comparison of the existing appearances of different objects, as upon a comparison of the actual with the former appearance of the same object. The *Dhwalegeri* may exceed Chimborazo—but who can tell how much the *Dhwalegeri* may once have exceeded itself? Nay, the New World may be a wonderful world to us, but when the *Old World* was a New World, who can tell what may have been the glory of her strength—the beauty of her face? I think I hear her, with an indignant glance across the Atlantic—

"Si mihi quæ quondam fuerit, quæque improbus iste
Exultat fidens, si nunc foret illa juventa," &c.

It is generally received that the continent of Africa, with Arabia, and the adjacent parts of western Asia, is the most ancient division of the terrestrial globe. Now this exactly describes the circle within which all those dreadful solitudes, that seem to have no counterpart in nature elsewhere, are found. These deserts—these flat, low, continents of sand, with hardly a single liquid drop in all their limits, were once, I doubt not, the site of beautiful and luxuriant countries, teeming with productions, watered with salubrious rivers, and broken into all the pleasant variety of mountains, lakes, and valleys; rivers and lakes which millions of thirsty summer suns have sucked dry; mountains which time has ground to dust; valleys that have become the graves of the mountains. And this I suppose to be the course of nature and the destination of the world, and these are the visible steps by which we are approaching a time when, in a literal sense, "every valley shall be exalted and every mountain shall be made low." So does the earth sensibly strip herself, and puts by her toys one by one, and prepares to return in original nakedness to the arms of old Chaos.

Then that curious geographical fact respecting the Caspian Sea. The Caspian Sea, it is well known, is a perfect lake, having no communication with the Ocean on any side. But it seems it has been ascertained, by barometrical observation, that this lake lies now as much as three hundred and six feet below the ocean level.* How this is accounted for, I do not know. That it must once have been parallel with the sea (to wit, at the general deluge) can admit of no question. There seems no other way of accounting for it, than to suppose that it has been gradually either evaporating, or subsiding away into the bosom of the earth;—and if we may reasonably suppose this, we may as reasonably suppose the same of all waters whatsoever, not distinguishing rivers from lakes, nor seas from rivers, otherwise than in the time and manner of their exhaustion.

I need not carry these speculations further for the object in view. Perhaps I have carried them too far, and ought to apologise for launching so freely into a subject which I understand so slightly. If, however, there be any ray of truth in what I have thus hazarded, I could wish that some shrewd person, really qualified to handle such matters, would take up the question, and try how far it would be possible to proceed in a theory grounded on geological facts relating to the mutations of the earth. And let such person examine with a nice scrutiny all accounts in figures, respecting the heights, depths, distances and general relations of natural objects, that have come down to us in the works of the ancient geographers, and bring them into a close comparison with modern calculations, and see if he cannot bring to light some curious private charges against particular mountains, seas, &c., living or defunct. But if on the contrary I have deceived myself in this course of conjecture, I beg pardon of the better-informed; and shall hope presently to arrive at true conclusions. It is so tempting, to be sure, to frame theories, when facts are not in the way to refute us—so easy to talk of Truth behind her back,—that one is apt to take too much delight perhaps in this sort of invention; yet it may be observed, in a general way, that if the ab-

* This fact," says the only account which I have seen of this, "is so singular, that it is necessary to give the authority on which the determination is founded. It is deduced from nine years' observations with the barometer at Astracan, by Mr Leere, compared with a series of observations made with the same barometer at Petersburg."

sence of facts is felt as a relief by the visionary theorist, it is no convenience to him whose conjectures may happen to be based in truth; since, where there are no facts to be thrown into the scale, it only requires the greater weight of reasonableness to induce conviction.

I have been led to dwell on this point, because I foresaw that if America was to be understood as being coeval with the *vetus orbis*, it would prove an almost insurmountable objection to an argument in favour of human sufficiency in the formation of language and the arts of civilized life. But entertaining the belief that I have endeavoured to support,—that America is a comparatively recent acquisition from the Ocean,—I consider that the condition of the natives at the discovery (and let it never be forgotten that the Peruvians were found in a state of society hardly to be called less than civilized) can afford nothing in disproof but may afford much in corroboration of these views.

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL DEFICIENCIES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

[HAD the worthy gentleman who wrote to us in deprecation of too familiar a use of the name of "Tomkins," foreseen that it would have graced the title-page of a man of wit and observation, who has just given the public some curious intelligence respecting the upper circles, he would have waited in contentment for that best possible assertion of its dignity. The following remarks are taken from a pamphlet just published, intitled 'Thoughts upon the Aristocracy of England, by Isaac Tomkins, Gent.' We do not conceive ourselves to be trenching upon politics in extracting them. In fact, we have studiously omitted the political remarks that both precede and follow them; but we cannot omit passages in books every way interesting to us all, and to the purposes of knowledge, merely because they more immediately concern a class who have the misfortune to be better known as influencers of politics, than dispensers and perfectors of the elegancies they possess. We quoted Mr Simpson's remarks on the imperfections of their education, and we now quote this very curious and pungent testimony in evidence of his truth.]

THE picture we are about to contemplate is not pleasing; it is, however, like: it has many features peculiar to the past state of things; it has some which would remain, and be as revolting as they now are, even if all artificial distinctions of rank were swept away, as long as the accumulation of property is permitted—and with that no man of sense would wish to interfere. The progress of knowledge will be the best softener of those harsher features; and when the basis of the present distinctions is gone, that remedy will prove effectual—not till then.

The question is this. A substantial farmer or a reputable shopkeeper, intending to let two or three of his sons continue in his own business, has the spirit and the means to give one of them, who shows good abilities, a better education, that he may be a parson or a lawyer. The lad goes to Oxford, and he there meets the younger son of the squire or the nobleman, about his own age.—Now which of the two finds it easiest to get on in the world? Which is soonest received into the company of men of influence in the college? Which makes his way best to notice, wherever it is of importance to him that he should obtain notice? Which has, first at college, and afterwards in town, most favour bestowed on his efforts? Which rises the fastest and mounts the highest, supposing their abilities and understanding equal? Does it not require that the obscure man should be a first-rate genius to climb the heights of his career, be that civil or military, ecclesiastical or political? In England these questions can be answered in one only way.

1. But suppose we come away from matters of sub-

stantial interest, and say a word of society merely. The one of the two youths whom we are supposing to be started together in life, is born to admittance everywhere, and to the unsolicited enjoyment of the most refined society; the other may arrive at the same favour after he has made himself famous by his talents, or powerful by his success, when the silly creatures who preside over such intercourse would feel themselves neglected if he were not found among their attendants. As for the daughter of the tradesman or the yeoman, no fancy can help us to picture her in those haunts of fashion, be she as fair as Venus, as chaste as Diana, as wise as Minerva, unless she has been able to repair the ruined fortunes of some noble rake by the legacy of an uncle in the East Indies. For the brother, parliamentary eloquence, (not learning or solid wisdom,) party devotion, or professional success, may cast a plank across the gulph which separates the circles of high and middling society. For the sister there is but one bridge, and it must be made of solid and massive gold. Passing across it, she will be admitted to the enjoyment of having her relations sneered at, and, if her ears are very acute, herself nicknamed among those whom she saves from want of bread; she will listen to the horrors of vulgar life, the atrocities of under-breeding, the hatefulness of honest industry, the misfortune of humble birth, until she dares not look about her or behind her, but is haunted by the recollection of her origin as if it had been a crime, and is brought to be more ashamed of her humble and virtuous family than if they had borne her in the hulks or bred her on the tread-mill.

"But surely," the country or the city reader will exclaim, "there must be something extremely captivating in this fine society, which makes it so much run after, and gives it so much sway, not only over the fashion, but even over the policy of the country!" For that it does exercise such influence we cannot deny. Statesmen pass much of their time in it; they discuss their measures of a party nature before the empty women and the frivolous youths who compose it. They are not a little moved by the opinion which has dominion in these select circles; they are prevented from making useful appointments of men unknown to these arbiters and arbitresses of fashion—and therefore despised by them—but who would be still more despised if they were known, because they are men of learning and sound sense. The same statesmen are also kept from taking an interest in many good works—as in humane and philanthropic pursuits—and in supporting wise measures of improvement founded upon profound views of human nature and of man's wants, by the same tone of ridicule with which, within these sacred precincts, all mention of such things is sure to be greeted. Lastly, as those circles are drawn round the very focus of all hatred and contempt for the people, they are the very hotbeds of Toryism and intolerance; nothing being more certain than that the Women of Fashion and all the young Aristocrats (perhaps more or less of all parties) hate Reform,—desire more or less openly to have a strong, arbitrary, Tory government, and would fain see the day dawn upon military power established on the ruins of the national representation.

"What, then," our honest yeoman's son, our worthy tradesman's daughter, may properly ask, "what is it that gives the Aristocratic circles all this extraordinary influence? and first of all, why is the admission into Aristocratic society so very highly prized, that we of the middle classes are ready to leave father or mother, and brother and sister, and cleave unto them, if we can only, at the cost of such sacrifices, obtain admission within their pale?"

First, it must be admitted that there is a very great, a very real charm, in those circles of society. The elegance of manners which there prevails is perfect; the taste which reigns over all is complete; the tone of conversation is highly agreeable—infinately below that of France indeed—but still most fascinating. There is a lightness, an ease, a gaiety, which to those who have no important object in view, and who deem it the highest privilege of

existence, and the utmost effort of genius, to pass the hours agreeably, must be all that is most attractive.

After this ample admission, let us add, that whoever, after passing an evening in this society, shall attempt to recollect the substance of the conversation, will find himself engaged in a hopeless task. It would be easier to record the changes of colour in a pigeon's neck, or the series of sounds made by an *Æolian* harp, or the forms and hues of an *Aurora Borealis*. All is pleasing; all pretty; all serviceable in passing the time; but all unsubstantial. If man had nothing to do here below but to spend without pain or uneasiness the hours not devoted to sleep, certainly there would be no reason to complain of these *coteries*. But if he is accountable for his time, then surely he has no right to pass it thus. Compared with this, chess becomes a science; drafts and backgammon are highly respectable. Compared with this, dancing, which is exercise, and even games of romps are rational modes of passing the hours. Compared with this, it is worthy of a rational being to read the most frivolous romance that was ever penned, or gaze upon the poorest mime that ever strutted on the stage.

The want of sense and reason which prevails in these circles is wholly inconceivable. An ignorance of all that the more refined of the middle, or even of the lower classes, well know, is accompanied by an insulting contempt for any one who does not know any of the silly and worthless trifles which form the staple of their only knowledge. An intire incapacity of reasoning is twin sister to a ready and flippant and authoritative denial of all that reason has taught others. An utter impossibility of understanding what men of learning and experience have become familiar with, stalks hand in hand, insolent and exulting, with a stupid denial of truths which are all but self-evident, and are of extreme importance. Every female member of this exquisite class is under the exclusive dominion of some waiting-maid, or silly young lover, or slander-mongering newspaper; and if not under the sway of one paper, lives in bodily fear of two or three. Bribes, entreaties, threats, are by turns employed to disarm these tyrants; and however tormented the wretched victim may be, she is forced by some strange fatality, or propensity, to read what most tortures her.

Indeed, the relations of this Aristocratic class with the press, form one of the features most illustrative of the Aristocratic character, replete as it is with all the caprice and waywardness, the unreasoning and often unfeeling propensities, the alternate fits of blindness to all danger, and alarm where all is safe; in short, all that goes to the composition of a child, and a spoiled child.

Of the press, then, they live in habitual dread; but it is a fear, which being altogether void of wisdom, produces good neither to its victims nor its objects. Frightened to death at any unfavourable allusion to themselves or their ways, they support with the most stoical indifference all attacks upon their professed principles, all opposition to the policy they fancy they approve. Furious to the pitch of Bethlehem or St Luke's, if they themselves be but touched or threatened, nothing can be more exemplary than the fortitude with which they sustain the rudest shocks that can be given to the reputation of their dearest and nearest connexions. Nay, they bear without flinching, with the patience of anchorites, and the courage of martyrs, (but that the pain is vicarious,) the most exquisite and long-continued tortures to which the feelings of their friends and relations can be subjected. This is no exaggeration; for it is below, very much below the truth. They delight in the slander of that press, the terrors of which daily haunt them, and nightly break their slumbers. Nothing is to them a greater enjoyment than to read all that can be said against their friends. They know, to be sure, that all is false; but, judging by themselves, they know that all of it gives pain. The public, they are quite aware, believe little of it; for of late

years the press has taken pretty good care to make its attacks very harmless in that respect; but then they feel that those friends who are the objects of the abuse are probably as sensitive as themselves. Thus, the class we are speaking of form in reality the slander-market of the day; and yet, with a miraculous inconsistency, they are in one everlasting chorus against "the license of the press," which, but for them, would have no being; but for their follies, no object; but for their malice, no support; but for their spiteful credulity, no dupes to work upon; but for their existence, no chance of continuing its own. They, indeed, turn upon their own instruments—make war upon the tools they work with—the very limbs they sustain and move! It is the rebellion of the members reversed; for here we have the overgrown belly attacking the limbs! Had the Aristocrats the power and the industry, they would indict their book 'A Good Name worthless,' or 'The Crimes of the Press,' but we should then expect to see 'Sermons on the Sixth Commandment, by a Receiver of Stolen Goods.'

That their encouragement is confined to the vilest portion of the press, has long ago been affirmed, and is not denied. The respectable journals are no favourite reading of theirs. The newspaper that fearlessly defends the right; that refuses to pander for the headlong passions of the multitude, or cater for the vicious appetites of the selecter circles; that does its duty alike regardless of the hustings and the *bowdoin*; has little chance of lying on the satin-wood table, of being blotted with ungrammatical ill-spelt notes, half bad English, half worse French, or of being fondled by fingers that have just broken a gold-wax seal on a grass-green paper. But more especially will it be excluded, possibly extruded, from those sacred haunts of the Corinthian order, if it convey any solid instruction upon a useful or important subject, interesting to the species which the writers adorn, and the patricians do their best to degrade. Even wit the most refined finds no echo in such minds; and if it be used in illustrating an argument or in pressing home the demonstration (which it often may be), the author is charged with treating a serious subject lightly, and of jesting where he should reason. Broad humour, descending to farce, is the utmost reach of their capacity; and that is of no value in their eyes unless it raises a laugh at a friend's expense. Some who have lived at Court, and are capable of better things, say they carefully eschew all jests; for Princes take such things as a personal affront—as raising the joker to their own level, by calling on them to laugh with him. One kind of jest, indeed, never fails to find favour in those high latitudes—where the author is himself the subject of the merriment. Buffoonery is a denizen in all courts, but most commonly indigenous; and, after the court's example patrician society is fashioned. It is not in the true Aristocratic circles that anyone will adventure the most harmless jest who would not pass for a jacobin or a free-thinker. He may make merry with the led-captain, or the humble companion, or possibly the chaplain (though that was rather in the olden time, before the French Revolution had taught the upper orders to pay the homage rendered by vice to virtue,* without acquiring piety or morals). Any other kind of wit rather indicates, if tolerated, that the adventurous individual has found his way thither from the lower latitudes of the liberal party.

* *Hypocrisy*—thus described by a French writer, wit, and nobleman—indeed a duke; for in France, where, even under the absolute monarchy, the claims of letters and talents were always admitted, the nobility cultivated wit and learning, and were a race infinitely superior to our own, in proportion as literary men were admitted into their society on a footing of equality.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

Read the supplement to 'Sully's Memoirs.' Sully, such is the total change of manners, appears to have kept up more state in private life, after his retirement, than a crowned head does at present in the plenitude of power. Yet I question whether Henry IV himself enjoyed half the personal accommodation and real luxury of a respectable London merchant of this day.—*Diary of a Lover of Literature.*

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

WOLFF, THE GERMAN SCHOLAR.

WOLFF was of middle stature; his demeanour natural, yet dignified; his forehead broad and lofty, his eyes blue, deep set, and penetrating; the mouth gracefully formed; but with a slightly sarcastic expression; the general expression of his countenance was that of power, tempered with mildness. His gait and movements partook of the vivacity of his mind; his temper was quick and sensitive; he was easily offended, but as easily reconciled. He never brooded over vexations and disappointments, but expressed his feelings strongly, once for all, and forgot them. So open was his mind to the influence of the pathetic, that, like our Richard Bentley, he could not peruse a tender passage in his favourite poets without tears.

In his conversation there was a singular charm,—wisdom was so set off by wit, and profound learning poured forth with so little pedantry; anecdotes and characteristic sketches of the many eminent men, with whom his long literary career had brought him in contact, succeeded each other so amusingly, and with so little appearance of egotism, that it had equal attractions for the learned and unlearned. With none was Wolff a greater favourite in society than with the ladies, with whom he could intirely abandon the dictatorial and Johnsonian style into which, in argument with the other sex, he was not unfrequently betrayed. Of irony, he had a wonderful command, and when provoked by any appearance of pretension or affectation, he used it unsparingly. He had less of the intellectual gladiator about him, however, than the Doctor; he did not throw down the gauntlet to all comers, though, when once embarked in debate, their conversation had many features in common.

His household arrangements, with a great pretension to order, seem to have been confusion worse confounded. Knowing the peculiarity of his own habits and dispositions, he entertained a great dislike to "clever servants;" his object always was to secure some quiet, good-natured creature, who would be as much as possible an automaton in his hands, and live, move, and have his being exactly as the professor choose to direct.

Wolff had the greatest aversion to being kept waiting, and had never, probably, kept a coachman waiting five minutes, in his life. He exacted the same punctuality from his unfortunate servant: in the morning he would give him a list of twenty messages to be performed, for each of which a quarter of an hour, or half an hour was allowed, as the case might be; and if, as was occasionally unavoidable, his servant exceeded the time allowed, the professor would pour such a storm about his ears, that with all his liberality he had enough to do to retain a servant in his house.

Of taste, either in matters of dress or ornament, he had not a vestige. He was fond of fine clothes, but never could contrive to dress decently; the furniture of his house was gaudy, but selected without the least regard to propriety, and huddled together as in an upholsterer's ware-room.

Like many other literary men, he was a most irregular correspondent; letters from his correspondents would be occasionally left unanswered for years: his own, when he did write any, are generally distinguished by wit, and a careless felicity of expression.

As a teacher, we have already said, he was active and conscientious in the highest degree; and few seem to have so thoroughly possessed the art of conciliating affection united with respect. He had the satisfaction of witnessing in his lifetime the most gratifying results of these exertions, in the progress and high character of many who had derived their instruction from him, and drawn their inspiration from his example. "I enjoy," he writes in a blank leaf of his journal, on one of his last birth-days, "a good fortune, which falls to the lot of few, that of seeing, while alive, the promise of a plentiful harvest from the seed I had sown with toil, and of calculating, in some measure, its increase when I am no more."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LXV.—A TALE OF OLD ITALIAN REVENGE.

[This is from our old friend 'Camerarius' (see Nos. 26—29); and is full of frightful truth. We behold the horrible human relics (taken for bats!) blackening on the city gate. There are no such sights now in Italy, thanks to the progress of knowledge and Christian feeling; and we shall not be too hasty to triumph over "Italian" stories of revenge, when we call to mind, that spectacles not very dissimilar (more horrible in one respect, because they had faces) were to be seen, not a great many years ago, over Temple Bar and one of the bridges. And even against stories of modern Italian assassination may be set off too many appalling things in our daily newspapers. But then more of them transpire now than they used to do, owing to those channels of publicity. We are all getting on, thank God, generally speaking, in knowledge and humanity, the whole civilized world,—ay; and the uncivilized; and we should desire and love to get on, all together,—nobody lording it or valuing himself over another. English, Italians, French, &c., will, we verily believe, before many years are past, be like all one great intelligent family, acknowledging the same guidance of public opinion, and interchanging all the blessings of advancement.]

One day (says our honest and earnest old scholar) as I went from Rome with my companion, and past through the Marquis of Ancone; we were to go through a citie called Terni, seated in a very pleasant and fruitfull valley, between the arms of a river called the Mar. As we entered into the citie, we saw over the gate a certaine tablet upon a high tower, to which were tied (as it seemed to us at first), a great many Bats or Reere-mise. Wee thinking it a strange sight, and not knowing what it meant, being set vp in so eminent a place; one of the citie whom we asked, told us of a certaine thing that had hapned some years before. There were (quoth he) in this citie, two noble, rich, and mightie houses; which for a very long time carried on an irreconcilable hatred the one against the other, in so much as the malice passed from the father to the son, as it were by inheritance; by occasion whereof many of both houses were slain and murdered. At last, the one house not able to stay the fire of their violent wrath, resolved to stand about murdering no more of the aduerse by surprise and treason, but to run upon them all at once, and not to leave one bodie thereof alive. They of this bloodie familie gathered together out of the countrie adjoining (vnder some other pretence) many of their seruants which met in the citie, whereof they ioyned them to their Bravos (which are swaggerers, assassins, and hacksters, such as many Italians that haue quarrels, keep in pay, to employ them in the execution of their reuenges) and secretly armed them employing them to be always readie to do some notable exploit whensoever they should be called upon. Soon after taking hold of occasion, they march about midnight with their people to the Gouvernour's house, who mistrusted nothing, secure of his person, being a man of authoritie and power, and (leaving guards in the same house until they should haue executed their purpose) goe on silent towards the house of their enemies, and disposing their troops at euery street end, about ten of them goe on to the same house (the Gouvernour being between them) as if they had been the archers of his guard, whom they compelled to command that speedy opening might be made him, as if he had some seruice of importance to dispatch within their house: and withal they held a pofnyard at his throat, threatening to kill him if they said not that which they had put into his mouth. He amazed at the death which he saw present before his eyes, caused all the doors to be opened, a thing which they within made no refusal of, seeing the Gouvernour there: which being done, those ten cast their complices, not farre off, put the Gouvernour into safe keeping, enter into the house, and

there most cruelly murder man, woman, and child, nay, they spare not so much as the horses in the stable. That done, they make the Gouvernour set open the city gates, and so depart, and disperse themselves into diuers secret places, here and there, among their friends. The wisest of them fled to the next sea-ports, and got them away far off: but as for those that kept anything neere, they were so diligently searcht for, that they were found and drawn out of their holes by the justices, greatly mooued (as good cause there was) with such a horrible massacre: so these wicked offenders were put to death with the most greivous punishments, and after, their hands and their feet being cut off, were nailed to the tablet which you saw (quoth he) as ye entered the gate, on the top of the tower, set up for a show to terrifie the cruel, and to serue for a lesson to posteritie: the sun having broiled those limbs so fastened and set up, maketh travellers to think (that know nothing of this horrible tragedie) that they be Reere-mise. Wee hauing heard this pitiful discourse; with detestation of such a furious and cruel desire of reuenge, kept on our way.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XIII.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

'ROMEO AND JULIET' is the only tragedy which Shakspeare has written intirely on a love-story. It is supposed to have been his first play, and it deserves to stand in that proud rank. There is the buoyant spirit of youth in every line, in the rapturous intoxication of hope, and in the bitterness of despair. It has been said of 'Romeo and Juliet,' by a great critic, that "whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem." The description is true; and yet it does not answer to our idea of the play. For if it has the sweetness of the rose, it has its freshness too; if it has the languor of the nightingale's song, it has also its giddy transport; if it has the softness of a southern spring, it is as glowing and as bright. There is nothing of a sickly and sentimental cast. Romeo and Juliet are in love, but they are not love-sick. Everything speaks the very soul of pleasure, the high and healthy pulse of the passions: the heart beats, the blood circulates and mantles throughout. Their courtship is not an insipid interchange of sentiments lip-deep, learnt at second-hand from poems and plays,—made up of beauties of the most shadowy kind, of "fancies wan that hang the pensive head," of evanescent smiles and sighs that breathe not, of delicacy that shrinks from the touch, and feebleness that scarce supports itself, an elaborate vacuity of thought, and an artificial dearth of sense, spirit, truth and nature! It is the reverse of all this. It is Shakspeare all over, and Shakspeare when he was young.

We have heard it objected to 'Romeo and Juliet,' that it has founded on an idle passion between a boy and a girl, who have scarcely seen and can have but little sympathy or rational esteem for one another, who have had no experience of the good or ill of life, and whose raptures or despair must be therefore equally groundless and fantastical. Whoever objects to the youth of the parties in this play as "too-unripe and crude" to pluck the sweets of love, and wishes to see a first-love carried on into a good old age, and the passions taken at the rebound, when their force is spent, may find all this done in the 'Stranger,' and in other German plays, where they do things by contraries, and transpose nature to inspire sentiment and create philosophy. Shakspeare proceeded in a more straight-forward, and, we think, effectual way. He did not endeavour to extract beauty from wrinkles, or the wild throbb of passion from the last expiring sigh of indifference. He did not "gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles." It was not his way. But he has given a picture of human life, such as it is in the order of nature. He

has founded the passion of the two lovers not on the pleasures they had experienced, but on all the pleasures they had not experienced. All that was to come of life was theirs. At that untried source of promised happiness they slaked their thirst, and the first eager draught made them drunk with love and joy. They were in full possession of their senses and their affections. Their hopes were of air, their desires of fire. Youth is the season of love, because the heart is then first melted in tenderness from the touch of novelty, and kindled to rapture, for it knows no end of its enjoyments or its wishes. Desire has no limit but itself. Passion, the love and expectation of pleasure, is infinite, extravagant, inexhaustible, till experience comes to kill and check it. Juliet exclaims on her first interview with Romeo—

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep."

And why should it not? What was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure, which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure, which her heart and her senses had just tasted, but indifference which she was yet a stranger to? What was there to check the ardour of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment which she had not yet felt? As are the desires and the hopes of youthful passion, such is the keenness of its disappointments, and their baleful effect. Such is the transition in this play from the highest bliss to the lowest despair, from the nuptial couch to an untimely grave. The only evil that even in apprehension befalls the two lovers is the loss of the greatest possible felicity; yet this loss is fatal to both, for they had rather part with life than bear the thought of surviving all that had made life dear to them. In all this, Shakspeare has but followed nature, which existed in his time, as well as now. The modern philosophy, which reduces the whole theory of the mind to habitual impressions, and leaves the natural impulses of passion and imagination out of the account, had not then been discovered; or if it had, would have been little calculated for the uses of poetry.

It is the inadequacy of the same false system of philosophy to account for the strength of our earliest attachments, which has led Mr Wordsworth to indulge in the mystical visions of Platonism in his 'Ode on the Progress of Life.' He has very admirably described the vividness of our impressions in youth and childhood, and how "they fade by degrees into the light of common day," and he ascribes the change to the supposition of a pre-existent state, as if our early thoughts were nearer heaven, reflections of former trails of glory, shadows of our past being. This is idle. It is not from the knowledge of the past that the first impressions of things derive their gloss and splendour, but from our ignorance of the future, which fills the void to come with the warmth of our desires, with our gayest hopes, and brightest fancies. It is the obscurity spread before it that colours the prospect of life with hope, as it is the cloud which reflects the rainbow. There is no occasion to resort to any mystical union and transmission of feeling through different states of being to account for the romantic enthusiasm of youth; nor to plant the root of hope in the grave, nor to derive it from the skies. Its root is in the heart of man: it lifts its head above the stars. Desire and imagination are inmates of the human breast. The heaven "that lies about us in our infancy" is only a new world, of which we know nothing but what we wish it to be, and believe all that we wish. In youth and boyhood, the world we live in is the world of desire, and of fancy: it is experience that brings us down to the world of reality. What is it that in youth sheds a dewy light round the evening star? That makes the daisy look so bright? That perfumes the hyacinth? That embalms the first kiss of love? It is the delight of novelty, and the seeing no end to the pleasure that we fondly believe is still in store for us. The heart revels in the luxury of its own thoughts,

and is unable to sustain the weight of hope and love that presses upon it.—The effects of the passion of love alone might have dissipated Mr Wordsworth's theory, if he means anything more by it than an ingenious and poetical allegory. That at least is not a link in the chain let down from other worlds; "the purple light of love" is not a dim reflection of the smiles of celestial bliss. It does not appear till the middle of life, and then seems like "another morn risen on mid-day." In this respect the soul comes into the world "in utter nakedness." Love waits for the ripening of the youthful blood. The sense of pleasure precedes the love of pleasure, but with the sense of pleasure, as soon as it is felt, come thronging infinite desires and hopes of pleasure, and love is mature as soon as born. It withers and it dies almost as soon!

This play presents a beautiful *coup-d'œil* of the progress of human life. In thought it occupies years, and embraces the circle of the affections from childhood to old age. Juliet has become a great girl, a young woman since we first remember her a little thing in the idle prattle of the nurse. Lady Capulet was about her age when she became a mother, and old Capulet somewhat impatiently tells his younger visitors,—

"I've seen the day,

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

"A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone."

Thus one period of life makes way for the following, and one generation pushes another off the stage. One of the most striking passages to show the intense feeling of youth in this play is Capulet's invitation to Paris to visit his entertainment.

"At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heav'n light;
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female-buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house."

The feelings of youth and of the spring are here blended together like the breath of opening flowers. Images of vernal beauty appear to have floated before the author's mind, in writing this poem, in profusion. Here is another of exquisite beauty, brought in more by accident than by necessity. Montague declares of his son smit with a hopeless passion, which he will not reveal—

"But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet-leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."

This casual description is as full of passionate beauty as when Romeo dwells in frantic fondness on "the white wonder of his Juliet's hand." The Reader may, if he pleases, contrast the exquisite pastoral simplicity of the above lines with the gorgeous description of Juliet when Romeo first sees her at her father's house, surrounded by company and artificial splendour.

"What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear."

TRUE IDEA OF POETRY.

Poetry were it the rudest, so it be sincere, is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious, the utmost he can do for that end; it springs, therefore, from his whole feelings, opinions, activity, and takes its character from these. It may be called the music of his whole manner of being; and, historically considered, is the best test how far music or freedom existed therein; how far the feeling of love, of beauty, and dignity, could be elicited from that peculiar situation of his, and from the views he there had of life and nature, of the universe internal and external.—Thomas Carlyle.

PORTRAITS FROM LIFE, BY GÖTTE.

LET me pay due homage to several respectable individuals to whom I was under great obligations. I will begin with M. Oelenschlager, of the family of Frauenstein, a senator, and son-in-law to Dr Orth, whom I have already mentioned. This gentleman, in his grand costume of burgomaster, might have passed for one of the principal French prelates. Business and travel had made him a remarkable character. He showed some esteem for me, and willingly conversed with me on the subjects which interested him. I was privy to the composition of his explanation of the Golden Bull. He had the goodness to make me sensible of the object and importance of this celebrated document. I had so familiarized myself with the rude and troubled times which had provoked it, that I could not refrain from representing the character and facts with which my friend entertained me, by imitating the tone and gestures of these men of other times, as if we had had them before our eyes. This pantomime afforded him great amusement, and he was fond of making me repeat it.

I had from infancy accustomed myself to the singular habit of learning by heart the tables of contents prefixed to the chapters and commencements of the books I read. I had adopted this method with the 'Pentateuch,' the 'Æneid,' and the 'Metamorphoses.' I continued it with the 'Golden Bull'; and my good friend Oelenschlager laughed heartily, when I unexpectedly called out in a very grave tone—"Omne regnum in se divinum desolabitur: nam principes ejus facti sunt socii furum!"—"Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation; for the princes thereof are become the associates of robbers." The worthy Oelenschlager, shaking his head, said, in a significant manner—"What sort of times, then, were those in which the emperor thundered such expressions in the ears of the princes of the empire in a solemn diet?"

He saw little company, although his manners were highly agreeable, and he took great pleasure in lively conversation. He would now and then get us to perform a dramatic piece. This was considered an useful exercise for youth. We played Schlegel's 'Cæsar,' and afterwards ventured on 'Britannicus,' both so perfect ourselves in the French language and to practise declamation. I played Nero, and my sister Agrippina. We were applauded far beyond our deserts; but we thought we received less praise than we merited.

I used also to visit Mr Reineck, a gentleman of a very ancient noble family. He was a thin man, of a brown complexion; of the most upright character, and firm to a degree that often amounted to obstinacy. Never did I see him laugh. He had suffered a severe affliction, his daughter having eloped with a friend of the family. He commenced a prosecution against his son-in-law, which he continued with great animosity; but the tardy formalities of the tribunals affording him no hopes of a speedy vengeance, or one agreeable to his wishes, he attacked his son-in-law personally, which measure produced action after action. From that time he kept himself shut up in his house and garden. He inhabited a spacious but dismal ground-floor, which for many years had neither been painted nor, perhaps, cleaned. He seemed to place some confidence in me, and recommended his youngest son to my attention. His oldest friends, who knew how to accommodate themselves to his situation, his agents, and his counsellor, often dined with him. He never failed to invite me to these entertainments. The diners were good; the wine still better; but a dilapidated stove, which emitted smoke on every side through its crevices, annoyed the guests excessively. One of Mr Reineck's best friends ventured one day to mention it to him, asking him how he could endure so great an inconvenience all the winter. "Would to God," replied he, "that that were the greatest inconvenience that I have to put up with." It was long before he could be prevailed upon to see

his daughter and grandson. His son-in-law never durst appear before him.

My company had a favourable effect on this worthy and unfortunate man. When in conversation he imparted to me his information respecting the world and political affairs, he seemed to forget his troubles. The few friends who used to meet at his house employed me when they wished to divert his mind from his sorrows. We prevailed on him to take a walk with us occasionally. He seemed to take pleasure in viewing once more the fields which he had not entered for many years. He talked to us about the old proprietors of them, his neighbours, related their histories, and described their characters. His judgments were always severe, but there was much wit and pleasantry in his narratives. We made some attempts to induce him to return to the society of men, but were always unsuccessful.

Another person, nearly of the same age, whom I often saw at this period, was a Mr Malapart, a wealthy man, who possessed a very handsome house in the horse market, and derived a good revenue from his salt-works. He also lived in seclusion, passing the summer at his garden, near the Bockenheim gate, where he cultivated very fine tulips.

Mr Reineck was also an amateur. Flowers were new in season. We formed a plan for bringing them together, and, after having gradually paved the way for the interview, we one day took Mr Reineck to Mr Malapart's garden. The two old gentlemen bowed to each other, and the company walked up and down, between the beds of tulips, with true diplomatic gravity. The flowers were really superb: their various forms and colours, the superiority of some to others, and the rarity of several sorts, furnished matter for the conversation, which took a very friendly turn. This gave us the more pleasure, as we perceived, in an adjacent harbour, several flag-gons of old Rhenish wine set out on a table. Unfortunately, Mr Reineck observed a very fine tulip, the head of which hung down a little; he took hold of the stalk very carefully and raised the flower, in order to examine it more minutely. But, gently as he touched it, the owner was displeased. Mr Malapart, politely, but with a determined air, and as if congratulating himself on his habitual reserve, reminded him of *oculis, non manibus*. ("Eyes, not hands.") Reineck had already let go the flower. At these words the colour came into his cheeks, and he replied, in his usual dry, grave tone, that amateurs and connoisseurs might freely examine any flower, with proper precautions, and upon this he again took hold of the flower. The mutual friends were embarrassed. They started several subjects of conversation, but unsuccessfully. The two old gentlemen appeared to be struck mute. We dreaded every moment that Reineck would touch the flowers again. To prevent his doing so, we took them each apart, and soon put an end to the visit, thus turning our backs on the well-furnished table which we had viewed with longing eyes, but had not been able to approach.

The privy councillor, Huisgen, was another of the friends I used to visit. He was not a Frankfort man, and he professed the reformed religion; two obstacles which hindered him from holding any public employment, and even from exercising the functions of an advocate. He, nevertheless, practised under the signature of another person, at Frankfort, and in the courts of the empire; his reputation as an excellent lawyer procured him many clients. He was then sixty years of age. I used to go to his house to take lessons in writing with his son. Mr Huisgen had a very long face, although he was not thin. Disfigured by the small-pox and the loss of an eye, he appeared frightful at the first glance. His bald head was surmounted by a white cap, tied at the top with a riband; he always wore very handsome damask or calamanco robes de chambre. He inhabited a small apartment on the ground floor, the neatness of which was as perfect as the serenity of his temper. It was a treat to see the perfect order of his papers, his books, and his geographical maps. It was not long before I discovered that he was at

variance, not only with the world, but with heaven also. His favourite book was Agrippa's work, 'De Vanitate Scientiarum.' He advised me to read it. This book unsettled my ideas for some time. In the peaceful happiness of youth, I was inclined to a kind of optimism. I had reconciled myself to heaven, or rather to the divinity. The experience I had already gained had taught me that good and evil are often balanced. I had seen that it was possible to avoid misfortune, and escape the greatest danger. I looked with indulgence on the actions and passions of men; and what my aged Mentor observed with disapprobation, often appeared to me to merit the highest encomiums. One day, when I had launched forth in praise of the divine perfections, he bent the brow of the eye he had lost, gave me a piercing look with the other, and said, in a nasal tone, "Do you know that I see defects even in the Deity?" I never met any person at his residence, and, during ten years, I do not think I ever saw him go out but once.

My conversations with these remarkable men were not fruitless. Each of them influenced me according to his peculiar manners. I listened to them with more attention than is commonly paid by children. Each of them endeavoured to bend me to his views, as a dear son, and to revive his own moral physiognomy in me. Oelenschlager wanted to make a courtier of me; Reineck, a diplomatist; both, and the latter particularly, endeavoured to persuade me from poetry and my passion for writing. Huisgen endeavoured to convert me into a misanthrope, like himself, and at the same time persuading me to endeavour to become an able lawyer. According to him, jurisprudence was a science which it was necessary to acquire, in order to be able to make use of the laws as a protection against the injustice of mankind, and in defence of the oppressed.—*Life of Goethe.*

FINE ARTS.

British Institution.

(Concluding Notice.)

ONE of the most striking pictures in the rooms is by an artist whose name, (J. R. Herbert,) is new to us, and therefore we suppose him to be young; we mean, 'The appointed hour, a subject from a Venetian MS.' (418). A young girl, summoned by her lover's lute, is descending the steps of a palace; at their foot is the young man, finely formed, gaily dressed, just now so gallant and so living, now thrown down, emptied of his ruddy life by an assassin, who is making off in the distance. The happy, affectionate face of the girl, (which, by the way, is an English one) who has known no doubt of happiness, is in awful contrast to the early coming experience of our most dreaded evil in its most dreaded shape. Calcott deals much in figures this time; his 'Girl dressed for the Vintage' is very pretty; 'Falstaff' is excellent; but the best is 'Dutch Peasants coming to meet the return of the Fishing Boats.' The grey horse, but for a degree of coldness in the colour, might be taken for one of Cuy's; there is the same appearance of life, the same placidity and mildness as in the animals of the Dutch artist. The effect of the shadows of clouds fleeting over the low land in the back-ground is very true to nature, and gives a motion and vitality to the elements in the picture, such as landscapes are too apt to be deficient in. 'Robinson Crusoe instructing his man Friday' (371), by A. Fraser, is very elaborately studied, and painted with considerable skill and power. The still life is unexceptionable; the bird (macaw, *viz* a parrot), is a fine piece of colour. Friday is well drawn; but looks too much like a set model; this, in fact, is the general fault of the picture; too obvious an appearance of studied effect, and laboured design. Crusoe's face is a blank in the picture. Defoe has left us no portrait of his friend Robinson; but the patient, brave, enterprising, energetic lord of the solitary island must have had some outward sign of the enthusiasm and hopeful courage within him, and marks of mental and bodily suffering besides.

Lance has some fruit, and much of it as wonderful in crisp and glowing beauty as ever; but the back-ground to one of the pictures is a grievous drawback upon the beauty of the rest. Mr Lance paints fruit so well, that we should be content to relinquish figures, which he cannot paint at all. The attempt at imitating a reflected ray of light in the silver cup, we cannot but think a failure; though in a more front light it might show better. Mr M'Clise's picture of 'Salvator Rosa and his Patron' (138) is richly coloured, and carefully studied; the old patron is excellent; but we cannot fancy Salvator to have been quite so sleek a dandy: affected we can imagine him to have been in his dress, but after a more romantic and picturesque fashion, with more gravity, and a frown as well as a smile in his face. 'Trouville Fishing-smack entering the Port of Havre de Grace,' (490) Edward Cooke, is a capital bit of nautical life; very pleasantly coloured, as real as a Dutch picture, and as crisp and fresh as the sea breeze; the sea water is curling, heaving, and hissing, in every part; clear and ever restless. Hilton's 'Editha and the Monks searching for the body of Harold' (473) we do not reckon among his best performances. The drawing is learned, and the grouping good; the heads of the monks are solid and finely painted; but Editha is strangely coloured, and appears rather repelled by the physical horror, than drawn to her friend's relics by affection, which is stronger than all things. The drawing is very skilful and bold; we particularly admire the foreshortening of Harold's figure, and the fall of the flesh below the breast-bone and margin of the ribs.

Gallery of Portraits. Part XXXV.

LOCKE's anxious face is the first that meets us. It is very excellently engraved, by Possetwhite. Selden is next, grave and judicious; but with less power about the eyes than we should expect. The very benign and pleasant face of Ambroise Paré, the father of French surgery, concludes the series. The expression is one proper to a medical man,—staid, therefore imparting confidence, good-humoured and cheerful, therefore diffusing hope and comfort in the sick room.

TABLE TALK.

—We are sorry to see by the newspapers, that Mr Rogers has been robbed of plate by his footman, to the amount of two thousand pounds. But what a beautiful calamity for a poet! to be able to lose two thousand pounds!

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Truth, it is said, ought not to be spoken at all times. But there is a dangerous ambiguity in the aphorism, and hence it is often employed to a pernicious purpose. It has two senses, one a bad, the other a good one. "Falsehood ought sometimes to be spoken,"—this is the bad and perilous sense. Cases there are in which truth ought not to be spoken. What, then, ought to be spoken? Falsehood? No! nothing at all. That is the good sense. And this is the sense in which only it should be employed as an aphorism by the moralist.—*Bentham's Deontology.*

MR BOWLES AND HIS NEW WORK.

We are glad to see that the Rev. William Lisle Bowles is about to favour the lovers of antiquity with 'Annals of Lacock Abbey in the county of Wilts, including Memorials of its foundress, Ela, Countess of Salisbury, and the Earls of the Houses of Salisbury and Longespé.' Antiquarianism is welcome to us from almost any hand; but when a poet touches the old walls, he dresses them with double grace, as time does with moss. If we are not mistaken, it was a clergyman who wrote the novel of 'Longsword, Earl of Salisbury;' but we forget who;—a man we believe, of some note. We suppose Mr Bowles will tell us about him in his book. We happen, by an unfortunate and singular chance, to be less acquainted with Mr Bowles's writings than those of almost any other living poet; and fear we may have done him, as well as others, an injustice of omission on some occasions. But he, who has been praised by Coleridge, may dispense with minor commendation.

"CONVERSATION SHARP."

The gentleman known among his friends by this honourable title, owing to his colloquial powers, and whose name has become familiar with our Readers in consequence of our extracts from his terse and instructive Essays, lately published, has just died at an inn in the country, apparently while on a journey, but not without friends about him whom he valued. A happy death, and at a good age; for Mr Sharp must have been old.

SALUTARY EARLY OCCUPATION.

My father had early accustomed me to act as his factotum. He particularly employed me in quickening the diligence of the artists or workmen he employed. He paid well, and required everything to be finished and delivered on the day fixed. This superintendence gave me an opportunity of getting some knowledge of most arts and trades; it likewise afforded me the means of gratifying my innate propensity to identify myself with the feelings and notions of others; and to interest myself in everything that constitutes a mode of existence. I derived many agreeable hours from this kind of study, learning to judge of every condition of life, and to estimate the pleasures and pains, the difficulties and enjoyments which each of them presented.—*Goethe's Life.*

PICTURES IN SCHOOLS.

We should early accustom the child to beauty. The Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice, possesses one of the best of Tintoretto's pictures. I would, though it is a vain wish, that the walls of the dining-hall could be adorned with the finest pictures of the greatest masters, consecrated to great men; and those of the school-room with others, or subjects connected with science and the arts, as the 'School of Athens' by Raphael, &c. Fine paintings are but a portion of the furniture of a rich man's house;—here they would form a part of the child's education, and no small one. With models of a high beauty before them, our children would soon outgrow that love for glaring ornament and tinsel magnificence natural to their age, and which we carry with us to our graves. They would acquire pure and simple tastes, and the oftener you presented to their view, and drew their attention to, all that is grand in nature and in art, the more deeply would you impress their souls with the sense of beauty, which, growing with their other powers, would at length become a living and creative principle within them, and would find itself in, and diffuse itself over, their whole being.—*Outline of a System of National Education.* [The wish, perhaps, is "vain," for the "finest pictures of the greatest masters;" but a good copy, even of a single one, would be a god-send; only it would require an instructor with taste enough himself to explain and impress it. And herein lies the chief difficulty; for even engravings might furnish the rest. Schoolmasters thus capable, are no doubt to be found; and others, who might acquire the capability; but a crop of good schoolmasters is the first great desideratum (as Mr Simpson has shown) towards producing the harvest of good generations. These however will be found, as the taste for rural beauty is diffused, and creates a demand.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE extracts from the notice of Mr Lamb are unavoidably postponed to next week.

If the writer of 'Hints for Table Talk' will have the goodness to send to the Publisher's, he will find a letter for him.

We are obliged to J. S., and will pay due attention to his request.

The question respecting Milton's 'Latin and Italian Poems,' which is asked us by C. D. shall be noticed more fully by and by. Meantime he is informed, that translations of them, by Cowper, are to be found in the edition published by Hayley, and styled by him 'Cowper's Milton.'

D. G. has obliged us. Also, A. Z.—'Charles the Eleventh's Vision,' in our next.

ADOLESCENTS will be considered, and L. W. W.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1835.

No. 55.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

MR LANDOR'S ODE TO A FRIEND.

ITALY AND FIESOLE.—LATIN VERSION OF A SONG
BY WITHERS.—LATIN EPIGRAM BY MR WEBBE.

AN accident, much against our will, prevents us, after all, from doing little more than barely introducing the new and improved edition of Mr Landor's ode, and one or two other favours of classical Correspondents. We thought to have had a chat with the Reader upon Italy, and the "pastoral oat," and Greek and Latin anthologies, but many things, alas! fall out between editorial cups and lips, as well as others; and we must not complain, seeing that not only the love of poetry, but love itself, has its interruptions in this life. Let us be grateful that the love exists.

"Ere I could

Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt too charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from blowing."

What an exquisite passage! What force and sweetness! And by the by, what were those "too charming words," between which the kiss was to be set?—a pretty subject for guessing,—and a trial for the refinements of our Readers. For our parts, we have our opinion; but shall not tell it, for fear of spoiling conjecture.

Mr Landor's *rifacimento* of his ode (re-modelling—there wants a word in English for this process) is as much superior to the former one in strength and richness (contrary to the usual fate of such "improvements") as it is greater in quantity. He has taken a picture, already good, and made it still better, enriching it with every passage of his brush. The critical Reader, who possesses the original copy (see LONDON JOURNAL, No. 36, page 282) will be interested in comparing the two. Mr Landor has the good fortune to live in a spot worthy of a scholar and poet, amidst the Fiesolan hills of Milton, Dante, Boccaccio, Michael Angelo, and Macchiavelli,—with the little river Affrico at his feet (the subject of one of Boccaccio's poems), and immortal memories all round him. The brilliant company of the Decameron retired there to relate their stories; and there, at Maiano, echoes the humbler but pleasant voice of *La Tancia* (the pastoral comedy of Michael Angelo the younger, nephew of the great artist), and Redi's Bacchus has left traces of his purple fingers.

"Fiesole viva; e seco viva il nome
Del buon Salviati, ed il suo bel Maiano."

BACCO IN TOSCANA.

"Long live Fiesole, green old name!
And with it, long life to thy winy fame,
Lovely Maiano, lord of dells,
Where my gentle Salviati dwells."

Bacchus has the remains of an ancient temple at Fiesole; and the wine of Maiano (the select wine, such as Mr Landor speaks of, kept for the lord of the vintage) is the best we ever drank. We translated Redi's 'Bacchus in Tuscany,' on the spot (the Reader will forgive us for mentioning this); and there we have walked with Mr Landor himself, he carrying up hill in his arms, like a proper nature-loving poet, one of our boys who had got tired, and turning on him a face which always brightens at the sight of children. (This reminds us that next week we must give a poem of his, addressed to his own children,

whom he loves with all the zeal of a father and the hilarity of a playmate.) He has done us the honour of bringing us into his new ode, and wishing we were at Maiano again. Would to God we were,—for the season—and corresponding with the Readers of the LONDON JOURNAL. We would write them such letters (inspired by the wine and the company), as should make them all rise up in a body, and say "Let us go and join them." But—What a word is this *but* in human life—and how it *butteth* our proceedings, and will not let them move on. We have invitations to Norfolk, invitations to Yorkshire (thanks to W. W. and his hearty memory); invitations to Northumberland from one of the men we love best in the world (A. D.), and here we have an invitation to Italy from the author of Fiesolan Idylls and the 'Examination of Shakspeare,' and not one of them can we accept. However, there are *buts* to oppose sorrow with, as well as joy; some of these invitations we shall certainly realize, if we live, and the Reader, we hope, shall hear the result; for, like our friends the Gipsies, we always travel in a body of some sort, personal or ideal. Meanwhile we must live in *odes* and books, and help to brighten "grim London,"—where no Reader or Writer of the LONDON JOURNAL (be it known to Mr Landor) *groweth*, but, on the contrary, maketh the best of things, and seeth Landorian visions of Pan and the Nymphs, and 'Examinations of Shakspeare.' Item, let us intimate to him, in (we hope) the complimentary candour of our gratitude, that the "Scotch Critics" alluded to in his ode, have matured the sourness of their young criticism into sweetness, like other wise men, and have no quarrel now with the illustrious Muse of the Lakes. What a beautiful line, by the way, is that concluding one of Mr Landor's fifth stanza—

"Serene creators of immortal things."

We seem to behold them sitting in the air of immortality, contemplating their works,—or "re-volving their orb'd thoughts," as the writer of 'Arthur Coningsby' finely phrases it.

Mr Landor's ode is followed by an elegant Latin version of George Wither's good old song, with which a valued Correspondent has favoured us, and which Mr Landor himself will not be sorry to read. And after this comes a Latin epigram from the accomplished pen of our friend Egerton Webbe, of which some of our scholarly Readers will perhaps favour their less fortunate brethren of taste with a translation. We give it untranslated, purposely for their amusement to that end.

"TO JOSEPH ABLETT, ESQRE. OF LLANEDRA HALL,
DENBIGHSHIRE.

I.

Lord of the Celtick dells,
Where Clewyd listens as his minstrel tells
Of Arthur, or Pendragon, or perchance
The plumes of flashy France,
Or, in dark region far across the main,
Far as Grenada in the world of Spain,

II.

Warriors untold to Saxon ear,
Until their steel-clad spirits re-appear;—
How happy were the hours that held
Thy friend (long absent from his native home),
Amid thy scenes with thee! how wide a field
From all past cares, and all to come!

III.

What hath Ambition's feverish grasp, what hath
Inconstant Fortune, panting Hope;
What Genius, that should cope
With the heart-whispers in that path
Winding so idly, where the idler stream
Flings at the white-hair'd poplars gleam for gleam?

IV.

Ablett, of all the days
My sixty summers ever knew,
Pleasant as there have been no few,
Memory not one surveys
Like those we spent together. Wisely spent
Are they alone, that leave the soul content.

V.

Together we have visited the men,
Whose Scottish critics vainly we'd have drown'd;
Ah, shall we ever clasp the hand again
That gave the British harp its truest sound?
Live Derwent's guest, and thou by Grasmere
springs!
Serene creators of immortal things.

VI.

And live, too, thou for happier days,
Whom Dryden's force and Spenser's lays
Have heart and soul possest:
Growl in grim London, he who will;
Revisit thou Maiano's hill,
And swell with pride his sunburnt breast.

VII.

Old Redi in his easy chair,
With varied chant awaits thee here,
And here are voices in the grove,
Aside my house, that make me think
Bacchus is coming down to drink
To Ariadne's love.

VIII.

But whither am I borne away
From thee, to whom began my lay?
Courage! I am not yet quite lost;
I stept aside to greet my friends;
Believe me, soon the greeting ends,
I know but three or four at most.

IX.

Deem not that time hath borne too hard
Upon the fortunes of thy bard,
Leaving me only three or four:
'Tis my old number; dost thou start
At such a tale? in what man's heart
Is there fireside for more?

X.

I never courted friends or Fame;
She pouted at me long, at last she came,
And threw her arms around my neck and said,
"Take what hath been for years delay'd,
And fear not that the leaves will fall
One hour the earlier from thy coronal."

XI.

Ablett! thou knowest with what even hand
I waved away the offer'd seat
Among the clambering, clattering, stilted great,
The rulers of our land;
Nor crowds, nor kings can lift me up,
Nor sweeten Pleasure's purer cup.

XII.

Thou knowest how, and why, are dear to me
My citron groves of Fiesole;
My chirping Affrico; my beechwood nook;
My Naiads, with feet only in the brook,
Which runs away and giggles in their faces;
Yet there they sit, nor sigh for other places.

XIII.

'Tis not Pelasgian wall,
By him made sacred whom alone
'Twere not profane to call
The bard divine, nor (thrown
Far under me), Valdarno, nor the crest
Of Vallombrosa in the crimson east.

XIV.

Here can I rest or roam at will;
Few trouble me, few wish me ill,
Few come across me, few too near;
Here all my wishes make their stand;
Here ask I no one's voice or hand;—
Scornful of favour, ignorant of fear.

XV.

You vine upon the maple bough
Flouts at the hearty wheat below;
Away her venal wines the wise-man sends,
While those of lower stem he brings
From inmost treasure vault, and sings
Their worth and ear among his chosen friends.

XVI.

Behold our Earth,* most nigh the sun,
Her zone least open to the genial heat,
But, farther off her veins more freely run;
'Tis thus with those who whirl about the Great;—
The nearest shrink and shiver; we remote
May open-breasted blow the pastoral oat.

OLD SONG, BY WITHERS.

Shall I, wastynge in despaire,
Die because a womanne's faire?
Shall my cheekes grow pale with care,
Because another's rosie are?
Be she fairer than the dale,
Or the flowery meades in Maie,
If she thinke not well of me,
What care I how faire she be?

Shall a womanne's goodnesse move
Me to perish for herre love?
Or, her worthie merittes knowne,
Make me quite forgette mine owne?
Be she kinder, meeke, thanne
The turtle dove, or pellicanne,
If she be not soe to me,
What care I how kinde she be?

Be she kinde, or meeke, or faire,
I wille ne'er the more despaire;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slighte me when I wooe,
I will scorne and let her goe;
If she be not made for me,
What care I for whom she be?

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Anne ego depositis tabescam viribus exaspe,
Et patiar quod sit femina pulchra mori?
Anne meas pallore genas cura anxia tinget,
Quod petat alterius mala colore rosam?
Exuperet splendore diem sine labe venustas,
Florigerumve parit quod nova Maia decus;
Illi ni videar qui sim bene dignus amari
Egregium refert quid decus omne mihi?

* It is calculated that the Earth is two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand miles nearer to the sun in the shortest day than in the longest.

Quod præstat reliquis mulier bonitate, movebit
Ergone dum peream me muliebris amor?
Sint merita illius summâ dignissima laude,
Nonne igitur proprii sim memor ipse boni?
Si bonitate simul quoque mansuetudine vincat
Turturis et laudes et, pellicane, tuas:
In me ni bona sit, ni sit mansueta puella,
Quid refert bonitas officiosa mihi?

Sit bona, sit mansueta simul, sit denique pulchra,
Spem me non igitur destituisse sinam;
In me, crede mihi, si pectore pascat amorem,
Ipse prius patiar quam gemat illa mori;
Si vero contrâ parvi me pendat amantem,
In rem contemptæ fassit abire malam;
Scilicet ut placeat mihi ni sit facta puella,
Quid refert eul sit facta puella mihi?

GODFREY GRAYTON.

DE CRISTO.

Crispus ut audiret subito ægotasse parentem,
Cui gravis ex lucris constitit arca domo,
Continuò versare plam sub pectore curam
Incipit, inque dies anxietate premi.
Quod cum res tandem quæ ferret nuncia certas
Expectata diu littera nulla venit,
"Nil igitur scripturus adhuc charissimus?" inquit,
"Tristitie nostræ nec sublisce libet?"
Certè culpandus, modo ni mors ipsa vetârit;—
Ah! mihi quod culpe nil precor esse patrem."
E. W.

CHARLES THE ELEVENTH'S VISION.*

I, CHARLES the Eleventh, at this day King of Sweden, on the night between the 16th and 17th of December 1676,† was more than usually troubled with my melancholy sickness. I awoke about half-past eleven, when, happening to cast my eyes on the window, I perceived that a strong light was shining in the state-chamber. I said to the Chancellor Bjelke, who was in the room with me, "What light is that in the state-chamber? something must have caught fire." He answered, "O no, your Majesty, it is the light of the moon shining on the window." This answer satisfied me, and I turned toward the wall to enjoy some rest; but an indescribable uneasiness came over me: I turned my face round again, and again saw the light. Then I said, "All can never be right here." "Yes," said my excellent and beloved Chancellor, "it is nothing but the moon." At the same moment, however, the Privy Councillor Bjelke entered, to inquire how I was. I asked this worthy man whether any accident had happened, and there was a fire in the state-chamber. "No," he answered, after a short silence, "God be praised! it is nothing: it is merely the moonlight, which makes it look as if there were a light in the hall." I again felt better satisfied; but, as I cast my eyes that way, it seemed to me that I saw people in it. I got up, threw my nightgown round me, went to the window, and opened it, when I perceived that the hall was quite full of lights. Then I said, "My good Lords, something is not right here. You are duly persuaded that he who fears God must fear nothing in the world. Therefore I will go to the hall to make out what this can be."

Then I desired them to go down to the officer on guard, and beg him to come up with the keys. When he was come, I went with him and them to the locked up secret passage, which led over my room to the right of Gustavus Ericson's bedroom. When we got to it, I ordered the officer to open the door; but out of fear he begged I would have the goodness to excuse him. Then I desired the Chancellor to do so; but he too refused. I desired the Privy Councillor Oxenstiern, who was never afraid of any-

* The account of this extraordinary vision is taken from Arndt's 'Recollections of Sweden'; and his remarks upon it will be subjoined.

† He was in his 31st year.

‡ Probably Gustavus Vasa, Eric Vasa's son. It might, indeed, also be the son of the unfortunate Eric XIV.

thing, to unlock the door; but he answered, "I have sworn to risk my body and blood for your Majesty, but not to open this door." I now began myself to be somewhat startled, but took courage, laid hold of the keys, and opened the door; when we found the whole room, even the floor, covered with black. I and all who were with me trembled much.

We went next to the door of the state-chamber. I again ordered the officer to open the door; but he begged I would be so good as to excuse him. Then I desired the other bystanders to do so; but they all begged to be let off. So I took the key myself, and opened the door; but I had no sooner set a foot in the hall, than I drew it hastily back. I was somewhat frightened; but I said, "My good friends, if you will follow me, we will see what is the matter here. Perhaps God Almighty may purpose to reveal something to us." They all made answer, with a trembling voice, "Yes." Then we went in.

All of us at the same moment saw a long table, with sixteen noble-looking men sitting round it. Each had a large book before him. Among them was a young King, of sixteen or eighteen, with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand. On his right sat a tall handsome man of about forty, whose face bespoke his worth; on his left an old man of about seventy. It was strange to see the young King every now and then shake his head, whereupon each of these noble personages struck his hand hard on his book.

Then I turned my eyes away from them, and close by the table I saw block after block, and executioners, all with their shirt-sleeves tucked up; and they chopt off one head after another, so that the blood began to stream along the floor. God is my witness that I was more than terrified. I looked down at my slippers, to see whether any blood had touched them; but there was none. The persons beheaded were mostly young noblemen.

I turned my eyes away, and behind the table in a corner I saw a throne, which was almost upset, and by it a man who looked as if he must be the ruler of the state. He was about forty years old. I shuddered and trembled as I drew near the door, and cried aloud, "What is the voice of the Lord that I am to hear? O God, when shall this come to pass?" No answer was made me. I cried again, "O God, when shall this come to pass?" But no answer was made me; only the young King shook his head several times, while the other men smote their books with their hands. Again I cried, louder than before, "O God, when shall this come to pass? Grant me thy grace, great God, and tell me, how must I behave myself then?"

Hereupon the young King answered me, "Not in thy time shall this come to pass, but in the time of the sixth Sovereign after thee. And he shall be of the same age and form that thou seest in me; and he who stands here shows what will be the appearance of his guardian. The throne will be on the point of falling in the last years of his regency by means of certain young noblemen. But the guardian, who during his regency persecuted the young King, will then take up his cause; and they will establish his throne more firmly, so that never before shall there have been so great a King in Sweden, nor shall any like him ever come after him; and the Swedish people shall be happy in his days. And he shall live to a great age; he shall leave his kingdom free from debt, and several millions in the treasury. But, before he can sit safely on his throne, there must be a great slaughter, so that the like thereof has never been seen in Sweden, nor ever will be. Be it thy part, King of Sweden, to leave him thy good counsel."

When he had said this, everything disappeared, and we were left alone with our lights. We went away in the greatest astonishment, as everybody may suppose. When we got to the black room, that too was changed, and everything was as usual. Then we went up to my room, and straightway I sat down to write my counsels in letters as well as I could. [They are sealed up: the seal is broken by King after King; they are read, and sealed up again.]

the forest. A ray of light suddenly broke the line of continuity of this yet smoky barrier; and, as if touched by the enchanter's wand, castles, towers, and trees, were seen in an aggregated cluster, partly obscured by magnificent foliage. Every accession of light produced a change in the *chittram*, which, from the dense wall that it first exhibited, had now faded into a thin transparent film, broken into a thousand masses, each mass being a huge lens; and at length the too vivid power of the sun dissolved the vision; castles, towers, and foliage, melted like the enchantment of Prospero, into "thin air."

I had long imagined that the nature of the soil had some effect in producing this illusory phenomenon, especially as the *chittram* of the desert is seen chiefly on those extensive plains productive of the *saji*, or alkaline plant, whence, by incineration, the natives produce soda, and whose base is now known to be metallic. But I have since observed it on every kind of soil. That these lands, covered with saline incrustations, tend to increase the effect of the illusion, may be concluded. But the difference between the *sekrab* or *chittram*, and the *see-kote* or *des-sasur*, is, that the latter is never visible but in the cold season, when the gross vapours cannot rise; and that the rarification, which gives existence to the other, destroys this, whenever the sun has attained 20° of elevation. A high wind is alike adverse to the phenomenon, and it will mostly be observed that it covets shelter, and its general appearance is a long line, which is sure to be sustained by some height, such as a grove or village, as if it required support. The first time I observed it was in the Jupoor country; none of the party had ever witnessed it in the British provinces. It appeared like an immense walled town with bastions, nor could we give credit to our guides when they talked of the *see-kote*, and assured us that the objects were merely "castles in the air." I have since seen, though but once, this panoramic scene in motion, and nothing can possibly be imagined more beautiful.

It was at Kolah, just as the sun rose, whilst walking on the terraced roof of the garden-house, my residence. As I looked towards the low range which bounds the sight to the southeast, the hill appeared in motion, sweeping with an undulating or rotatory movement along the horizon. Trees and buildings were magnified, and all seemed a kind of enchantment. Some minutes elapsed before I could account for this wonder; until I determined that it must be the masses of a floating *mirage*, which had attained its most attenuated form, and being carried by a gentle current of air past the tops and sides of the hills, while it was itself imperceptible, made them appear in motion.

But although this was novel and pleasing, it wanted the splendour of the scene of this morning, which I never saw equalled but once. This occurred at Hissar, where I went to visit a beloved friend—gone, alas! to a better world,—whose ardent and honourable mind urged me to the task I have undertaken. It was on the terrace of James Lumsdaine's house, built amidst the ruins of the castle of Feroy, in the centre of one extended waste, where the lion was the sole inhabitant, that I saw the most perfect specimen of this phenomenon: it was really sublime. Let the reader fancy himself in the midst of a desert plain, with nothing to impede the wide scope of vision, his horizon bounded by a lofty black wall, encompassing him on all sides. Let him watch the forest sunbeam break upon this barrier, and at once, as by a touch of magic, shiver it into a thousand fantastic forms, leaving a splintered pinnacle in one place, a tower in another, an arch in a third, these in turn undergoing more than kaleidoscopic changes, until the "fairly fabric" vanishes. Here it was emphatically called *Hurchend Raja ca poori*, or "the city of Raja Hurchend," a celebrated prince of the brazen age of India. The power of reflection shown by this phenomenon cannot be better described, than by stating that it brought the very ancient Aggaroo,* which is

thirteen miles distant, with its fort and bastions, close to my view.

The difference then between the *mirage* and the *see-kote* is, that the former exhibits a horizontal, the latter a columnar or vertical stratification; and in the latter case, likewise, a contrast to the other, its maximum of translucency is the last stage of its existence. In this stage it is only an eye accustomed to the phenomenon that can perceive it at all. I have passed over the plains of Meerut with a friend who had been thirty years in India, and he did not observe a *see-kote* then before our eyes; in fact, so complete was the illusion, that we only saw the town and fort considerably nearer. Monge gives a philosophical account of this phenomenon in Napoleon's campaign in Egypt; and Dr Clarke perfectly describes it in his journey to Rosetta, when "domes, turrets, and groves, were seen reflected on the glowing surface of the plain, which appeared like a vast lake extending itself between the city and the travellers." It is on reviewing this account that a critic has corrected the erroneous translation of the 'Septuagint,' and further dilated upon it in a review of Lichtenstein's 'Travels in Southern Africa;'* who exactly describes our *see-kote*, of the magnifying and reflecting powers of which he gives a singular instance. Indeed, whoever notices, while at sea, the atmospheric phenomena of these southern latitudes, will be struck by the deformity of objects as they pass through this medium: what the sailors term a fog-bank is the first stage of our *see-kote*. I observed it on my voyage home, but more especially in the passage out. About six o'clock in a dark evening, while we were dancing on the waste, I perceived a ship bearing down with full sail upon us, so distinctly that I gave the alarm in expectation of a collision; so far as I recollect the helm was instantly up; and in a second no ship was to be seen. The laugh was against me. I had seen the "Flying Dutchman," according to the opinion of the experienced officer on deck; and I believed it was really a vision of the mind; but I now feel convinced it was either the reflection of our own ship in a passing cloud of this vapour, or a more distant object therein refracted. But enough of this subject. I will only add, whoever has a desire to see one of the grandest phenomena in nature, let him repair to the plains of Mairta or Horsar, and watch before the sun rises the fairy palace of Hurchenda, infinitely grander and more imposing than a sunrise upon the Alpine Helvetia, which alone may compete with the *chittram* of the desert.

HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

No. VIII.

BRICK-AND-MORTAR ABORTIONS—RUINS OF MODERN BUILDINGS—HOUSES MADE TO BE SOLD—A COUGH — KILLING WITH KINDNESS — THE COUGHING CHORUS.

IN walking about the outskirts of the town we often see what I may call premature ruins—the commencements of buildings—the foundations of houses carried up perhaps as far as to be on a level with the ground;—the memorial of some building mania in the neighbourhood, in which the speculator has been cut short by bankruptcy. They have generally the appearance of being about ten years old or so—the effects of the panic of 1825. I do not recollect ever having seen any of these abortions of bricks and mortar, at any after period, carried on and completed. They have either been gradually obliterated from the face of the earth, which they disfigured, or removed to give place to buildings of altogether a different kind; and there are some which I have known for this dozen years, in the same rotten withering state. These premature ruins can never acquire a picturesque appearance. There is something in modern brick and mortar which seems altogether irreconcilable to

Hesl or Vishnu. It might have been the capital of the Aggrames, whose immense army threatened Alexander; with Agra it may divide the honour, or both may have been founded by this prince, who was also a *Porus*, being of *Poorus*'s race.

* See 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. xxi, pp. 66 and 136.

it—grass, and nettles, and weeds may grow upon the abortion—it may become green and covered with moss—bricks may be broken from the sockets for windows that were never filled—from the doorways that never were closed—from the fire-places that were never tenanted by stoves—bricks may fall or be torn from the corners and edges, so as to round them off, but they can never look like a genuine ruin. There is nothing so dusky, husky, dry, and disagreeable as brick and mortar rubbish, it seems so to antipathise with everything in nature. When a house, for instance, is being built in the middle of a green field, what a blot there is round the spot. The verdant sward trodden down by the horses' feet and the wheels of the carts that bring the bricks, and burnt up by the unslacked lime; as the building proceeds, the bits of broken bricks, and tiles, and mortar lying about all round; and at last, when finished and walled in, a long time must pass before the house will look pleasant and really in the fields. The walls must begin to be dingy, and the grass grow up close from the foundation, and every white spot be washed away, before it will have a settled look. I cannot imagine how a palace, or mansion, or church built of our modern yellow bricks will look when a few hundred years have passed, or when ruined and dismantled by the hand of time.

We are altogether depriving our posterity of the pleasure of beholding picturesque ruins or old buildings—there will be few antiquaries who will refer to the style, or anything else in architecture, belonging to the nineteenth century. St James's Palace, and the old red brick houses in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, have a substantial, venerable, and in many cases picturesque appearance,—but how will our modern yellow brick-dust human packing-cases look when the same number of years have rolled over their heads—if indeed they stand so long.

Nine out of ten of the houses now built are built only, like the Pedlar's razors, to be sold;—that any one should live in them seems altogether an after thought. I am unfortunately fixed in one of this character. It looked all very close and compact and nicely finished when new, but in a very short time the shutting of a door would drive mortar from the corners and edgings of the walls, and plaster from the roof. The ceiling being covered with lime not sufficiently slacked, blistered and soon began to look as if it had had an attack of the small-pox. Every windy night the windows rattle most uproariously, as if they and the wind were old acquaintances, and were merry-making at their meeting. The heat of the fires in the rooms soon began to show of what stuff the floorings were made;—it so shrunk the boards that the floors soon looked more like railings than anything else. This last grievance I have more particularly felt—the March winds having made me the present of a delightful ticklish cough which has confined me to my room. To keep myself free from a draught has been the constant exercise of my ingenuity. My first discovery was that the wind blew upon me through the very carpet;—the carpet was therefore taken up and the seams stuffed with paper, then list was nailed round the edge of the doors, then strips of paper pasted round the window-sashes—and—and—but I might write my ink-glass dry, and my pen to a stump, without enumerating all my troubles.

What an extraordinary disease is a cough? It makes one bark like a dog, or grunt like a lion,—yach!—yach!—yow!—ugh-ugh-u-oo!—It feels as if some little imp had got into your thorax, and amused itself with tickling it with a feather;—and it soon becomes so tender that every cough feels as if a bundle of thorns were torn through your throat, and your whole frame is shaken like the world with an earthquake. Nor is it a malady which exhausts itself with the action; the more you cough the more tender, irritable, and ticklish, the throat becomes, and the more you are compelled to emit the yelping sounds till something or other allays the irritation. It is impossible to prevent yourself coughing,—yawning or laughter may be overcome, but coughing cannot. I have a faint recollection of an anecdote in which two persons were concealed under a table, and

* This is the ancient province of Horians, and the cradle of the Aggarmaal race, now mercantile, and all followers of

the one feeling an inclination to cough which he found it impossible to overcome, requested the other to stab him to the heart at once, to prevent a discovery. I think the circumstance relates to the adventures of some of the crown-losing Stuarts either in Cromwell's time or later.

A cough, like the tooth-ache, is a disease which excites but little sympathy in those around you, it is so common—though probably accompanied with greater pain than many others with finer names—and “it's only a cough—he will soon be well,” is the usual comment upon the subject. I merely notice this to show how custom blunts the feelings.—It's such a common disease,—it can't be serious. Burns says, in his ‘Address to the Toothache,’—

“When fevers burn, or agues freeze us,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholics squeeze us,
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us
Wi' pitying moan;
But this—the hell o' a' diseases—
Aye mocks our groan.”

“I do not mean to say that their ‘pitying moan’ or sympathising ‘waes me!’ does one any good, or alleviates the malady in any degree, but it shows that there are human beings in the world to whom you are not altogether indifferent.

There is such a thing as “killing with kindness”—at all events I have often found kind intentions very annoying, and especially when troubled with a cough. Just after a fit of coughing, for instance, before you have time to draw a relieving breath, you feel a soft hand on your back, and another with a spoonful of jelly at your mouth,—almost thrusting it in, with “Poor dear!—what pain he must suffer—do take this jelly—it will prevent another fit!”—Thus they go on teasing and irritating you and nauseating you with sweets, till a dose of rhubarb would be a relief to your taste, and if you utter the least complaint, you are thought ungrateful, unkind, nay, barbarous. What can be more annoying than when you happen to have a little ease from the earthquakes that rend your heart, and are just falling into a doze on your easy chair, you hear a gentle “hush!” whispered by your nurse to somebody else in the room who is not making any noise, and then a light step across the room, and then falling lightly over your head a silk handkerchief, which tickles your nose, makes a draught, dispels your drowsiness, and makes you quake again! But you must not complain—it was done with the best intention—the good soul was afraid you would catch cold in your head! In my opinion, the whisperings and hushings, and soft treadings, and shutting doors quietly, and all that, tend far more to keep one awake when drowsy than an absolute noise. To dispose oneself to sleep requires an absence of any effort upon the subject—to endeavour to think upon nothing; but whispering and hushing keeps the mind in remembrance of the desired object, and so prevents its attainment.

You have just got a few moments respite from the commotion—you have just lain down upon the sofa, and a relieving slumber is gently stealing o'er you—Whuff! comes a cloak over your shoulders; you jump up—“Why the deuce did you disturb me!”—“You would get more cold, dear, to sleep without something over you.”—Well! it's all done for the best, and so must be endured.

I have amused myself with thinking whether a cough could not be imitated on some musical instrument. I have noticed all the different tones, and run up and down the gamut during a fit. The bassoon has occurred to me as the best suited for such an imitation. It would be a novelty, at all events, if some musician would compose a “Coughing Chorus,” and introduce a solo for the bassoon—Yach-yach-yow! ugh-ugh-u-oo-oo!

BOOKWORM.

PROFOUND TRUTH.

On every occasion in which virtue is exercised, if something is not added to happiness, something is taken away from anxiety.—*Bentham's Deontology.*

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

[It was accidentally omitted to mention last week, that the account of Wolff, the German scholar, was taken from the first number, just published, of ‘Cochrane's Foreign Quarterly Review.’]

ROBERT BRUCE, KING OF SCOTLAND.

(From Fraser Tytler's History.)

In his figure, the King was tall and well-shaped. Before broken down by illness, and in the prime of life, he was nearly six feet high; his hair curled closely and shortly round his neck, which possessed that breadth and thickness that belong to men of great strength; he was broad-shouldered and open-chested, and the proportion of his limbs combined power with lightness and activity. These qualities were increased not only by his constant occupation in war, but by his fondness for the chase, and all manly amusements. It is not known whether he was dark or fair complexioned, but his forehead was low, his cheek bones strong and prominent, and the general expression of his countenance open and cheerful, although he was maimed by a wound which had injured his lower jaw. His manners were dignified and engaging; after battle, nothing could be pleasanter or more courteous; and it is infinitely to his honour, that in a savage age, and smarting under injuries which attacked him in his kindest and tenderest relations, he never abused a victory, but conquered often as effectually by his generosity and kindness, as by his great military talents. We know, however, from his interview with the Papal legates, that when he chose to express displeasure, his look was stern and kingly, and at once imposed silence and insured obedience. He excelled in all the exercises of chivalry, to such a degree, indeed, that the English themselves did not scruple to account him the third best knight in Europe.* His memory was stored with the romances of the period, in which he took great delight. Their hair-breadth ‘scapes and perilous adventures were sometimes scarcely more wonderful than his own, and he had early imbibed from such works an appetite for individual enterprise and glory, which, had it not been checked by a stronger passion, the love of liberty might have led him into fatal mistakes. It is quite conceivable, that Bruce, instead of a great King, might, like Richard the First, have become only a kingly knight-errant.

But from this error he was saved by the love of his country, directed by an admirable judgment, an unshaken perseverance, and a vein of strong good sense. It is here, although some may think it the homeliest, that we are to find assuredly the brightest part of the character of the King. It is these qualities which are especially conspicuous in his long war for the liberty of Scotland. They enabled him to follow out his plans through many a tedious year with undeviating energy; to bear reverses, to calculate his means, to wait for his opportunities, and to concentrate his whole strength upon one great point, till it was gained and secured to his country for ever. Brilliant military talent and consummate bravery have often been found amongst men, and proved far more of a curse than a blessing; but rarely indeed shall we discover them united to so excellent a judgment, controlled by such perfect disinterestedness, and employed for so sacred an end. There is but one instance on record where he seems to have thought more of himself than of his people,† and even this, though rash, was heroic.

Immediately after the King's death, his heart was taken out, as he had himself directed. He was then buried with great state and solemnity under the pavement of the choir, in the Abbey church of Dunfermline, and over the grave was raised a rich marble monument, which was made at Paris. Centuries passed on, the ancient church, with the marble monument, fell into ruins, and a more modern building was erected on the same site. This, in our own days,

gave way to time, and in clearing the foundations for a third church, the workmen laid open a tomb which proved to be that of Robert the Bruce. The lead coating in which the body was found inclosed, was twisted round the head into the shape of a rude crown. A rich cloth of gold, but much decayed, was thrown over it, but, on examining the skeleton, it was found that the breast-bone had been sawn asunder, to get at the heart.*

There remained, therefore, no doubt, that after the lapse of almost five hundred years, his countrymen were permitted, with a mixture of delight and awe to behold the very bones of their great deliverer.

* See an interesting Report of the discovery of the Tomb, and the re-interment of the body of Robert Bruce, drawn up by Sir Henry Jardine, in the second volume of the ‘Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland,’ part ii, p. 435.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXVI. GENEROUS CHILDREN GENEROUSLY HELPED.

[The compiler of the ‘Sixty Curious Narratives’ has extracted this delightful anecdote from the ‘Memoirs of —,’ we shall not say whom, that we may not injure the agreeable effect produced by the disclosure of his name, upon those who are acquainted with his writings. Every record of handsome actions performed by such men, is a boon to mankind, and should be received by them with gratitude; for it gives double zest to every handsome sentence in their books, increasing that faith in the good and beautiful which made them what they were.]

A GENTLEMAN, being at Marseilles, hired a boat with an intention of sailing for pleasure; he entered into conversation with the two young men who owned the vessel, and learned that they were not watermen by trade, but silversmiths; and that when they could be spared from their usual business, they employed themselves in that way to increase their earnings. On expressing his surprise at their conduct, and imputing it to an avaricious disposition; “Oh! sir,” said the young men, “if you knew our reasons, you would ascribe it to a better motive. Our father, anxious to assist his family, scraped together all he was worth, and purchased a vessel for the purpose of trading to the coast of Barbary; but was unfortunately taken by a pirate, carried to Tripoli, and sold for a slave. He writes word, that he has luckily fallen into the hands of a master who treats him with great humanity; but that the sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant, that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it: he adds, that we must therefore relinquish all hope of ever seeing him, and be contented; that he has as many comforts as his situation will admit. With the hopes of restoring to his family a beloved father, we are striving, by every honest means in our power, to collect the sum necessary for his ransom, and we are not ashamed to employ ourselves in this occupation of watermen.” The gentleman was struck with this account, and on his departure made them a handsome present. Some months afterward, the young men being at work in their shop, were greatly surprised at the sudden arrival of their father, who threw himself into their arms; exclaiming, at the same time, that he was fearful they had taken some unjust method to raise the money for his ransom, for it was too great a sum for them to have gained by their ordinary occupation. They professed their ignorance of the whole affair, and could only suspect they owed their father's release to that stranger to whose generosity they had been before so much obliged.

After Montesquieu's death, an account of this affair was found among his papers, and the sum actually remitted to Tripoli for the old man's ransom. It is a pleasure to hear of such an act of benevolence performed even by a person totally unknown to us; but the pleasure is infinitely increased, when it proves the union of virtue and talents in an author so renowned as Montesquieu.

* ‘Fortun a Goodal,’ vol. ii, p. 295.

† See supra, p. 304.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XIX.—ROMEO AND JULIET.—(CONCLUDED).

It would be hard to say which of the two garden scenes is the finest, that where he first converses with his love, or takes leave of her the morning after their marriage. Both are like a heaven upon earth: the blissful bowers of Paradise let down upon this lower world. We will give only one passage of these well known scenes to show the perfect refinement and delicacy of Shakspeare's conception of the female character. It is wonderful how Collins, who was a critic and a poet of great sensibility, should have encouraged the common error on this subject by saying—"But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone."

[The passage we mean is Juliet's apology for her maiden boldness.

"Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment:
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say ay,
And I will take thee at thy word—Yet if thou
swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay.
So thou wilt woo: but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light;
But trust me, gentlemen, I'll prove move true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered."

[In this and all the rest her heart, fluttering between pleasure, hope, and fear, seems to have dictated to her tongue, and "calls true love spoken simple modesty." Of the same sort, but bolder in virgin innocence, is her soliloquy after her marriage with Romeo.

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately,
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day
in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,
Give me my Romeo: and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival;
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them."

We the rather insert this passage here, inasmuch as we have no doubt it has been expunged from the Family Shakspeare. Such critics do not perceive that the feelings of the heart sanctify, without disguising, the impulses of nature. Without refinement themselves, they confound modesty with hypocrisy. Not so the German critic, Schlegel. Speaking of 'Romeo and Juliet,' he says, "It was reserved for Shakspeare to unite purity of heart and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners and passionate violence, in one ideal picture." The character is indeed one of perfect truth and sweetness. It has nothing forward, nothing coy, nothing affected or coquettish about it;—it is a pure effusion of nature. It is as frank as it is modest, for it has no thought that it wishes to conceal. It reposes in conscious innocence on the strength of its affections. Its delicacy does not consist in coldness and reserve, but in combining warmth of imagination and tenderness of heart with the most voluptuous sensibility. Love is a gentle flame that rarefies and expands her whole being. What an idea of trembling haste and airy grace, borne upon the thoughts of love, does the Friar's exclamation give of her, as she approaches his cell to be married—

"Here comes the lady. Oh, so light of foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity."

The tragic part of this character is of a piece with the rest. It is the heroic founded on tenderness and delicacy. Of this kind are her resolution to follow the Friar's advice, and the conflict in her bosom between apprehension and love when she comes to take the sleeping potion. Shakspeare is blamed for the mixture of low characters. If this is a deformity, it is the source of a thousand beauties. One instance is the contrast between the guileless simplicity of Juliet's attachment to her first love, and the convenient policy of the nurse in advising her to marry Paris, which excites such indignation in her mistress. "Ancient damnation! oh, most wicked fiend," &c.

Romeo is Hamlet in love. There is the same rich exuberance of passion and sentiment in the one, that there is of thought and sentiment in the other. Both are absent and self-involved, both live out of themselves in a world of imagination. Hamlet is abstracted from everything; Romeo is abstracted from everything but his love, and lost in it. His "frail thoughts dally with faint surmise," and are fashioned out of the suggestions of hope, "the flat-teries of sleep." He is himself only in his Juliet; she is his only reality, his heart's true home and idol. The rest of the world is to him a passing dream. How finely is this character portrayed where he recollects himself on seeing Paris slain at the tomb of Juliet!

"What said my man when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet."

And again, just before he hears the sudden tidings of her death—

"If I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams prestage some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to
think)
And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!"

Romeo's passion for Juliet is not a first love: it succeeds and drives out his passion for another mistress, Rosaline, as the sun hides the stars. This is perhaps an artifice (not absolutely necessary) to give us a higher opinion of the lady, while the first absolute surrender of her heart to him enhances the richness of the prize. The commencement, progress,

and ending of his second passion are however complete in themselves, not injured, if they are not bettered by the first. The outline of the play is taken from an Italian novel; but the dramatic arrangement of the different scenes between the lovers, the more than dramatic interest in the progress of the story, the development of the characters with time and circumstances, just according to the degree and kind of interest excited, are not inferior to the expression of passion and nature. It has been ingeniously remarked, among other proofs of skill in the contrivance of the fable, that the improbability of the main incident in the piece, the administering of the sleeping-potion, is softened and obviated from the beginning by the introduction of the Friar on his first appearance culling simples and descanting on their virtues. Of the passionate scenes in this tragedy, that between the Friar and Romeo when he is told of his sentence of banishment, that between Juliet and the Nurse when she hears of it, and of the death of her cousin Tybalt (which bear no proportion in her mind, when passion after the first shock of surprise throws its weight into the scale of her affections) and the last scene at the tomb, are among the most natural and overpowering. In all of these it is not merely the force of any one passion that is given, but the slightest and most unlooked-for transitions from one to another, the mingling currents of every different feeling rising up and prevailing in turn, swayed by the master-mind of the poet, as the waves undulate beneath the gliding storm. Thus when Juliet has by her complaints encouraged the Nurse to say, "Shame come to Romeo," she instantly repels the wish, which she had herself occasioned, by answering—

"Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth!
O, what a beast was I to chide him so?
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?
Juliet. Shall I speak ill of him that is my
husband?
Ah, my poor lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?"

And then follows, on the neck of her remorse and returning fondness, that wish treading almost on the brink of impiety, but still held back by the strength of her devotion to her lord, that "father, mother, nay, or both were dead," rather than Romeo banished. If she requires any other excuse, it is in the manner in which Romeo echoes her frantic grief and disappointment in the next scene at being banished from her.—Perhaps one of the finest pieces of acting that ever was witnessed on the stage, is Mr Kean's manner of doing this scene and his repetition of the word *Banished*. He treads close indeed upon the genius of his author.

A passage which this celebrated actor and able commentator on Shakspeare (actors are the best commentators on the poets) did not give with equal truth or force of feeling was the one which Romeo makes at the tomb of Juliet, before he drinks the poison.—

"Let me peruse this face—
Mercutio's kinsman! noble county Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode! I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet!
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave—
For here lies Juliet.

O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty;
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, 't'at thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that out thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair! I will believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
For fear of that, I will stay still with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearyed flesh.—Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[Drinks.] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die."

The lines in this speech describing the loveliness of Juliet, who is supposed to be dead, have been compared to those in which it is said of Cleopatra after her death, that she looked "as she would take another Antony in her strong toil of grace;" and a question has been started which is the finest, that we do not pretend to decide. We can more easily decide between Shakspeare and any other author, than between him and himself.—Shall we quote any more passages to show his genius or the beauty of 'Romeo and Juliet'? At that rate, we might quote the whole. The late Mr Sheridan, on being shown a volume of the 'Beauties of Shakspeare,' very properly asked—"But where are the other eleven?" The character of Mercutio in this play is one of the most mercurial and spirited of the productions of Shakspeare's comic muse.

ON THE DEATHS OF SOME ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS OF ANTIQUITY.

(An Abridgment, with which a Correspondent has favoured us, from 'Sir Henry Hallford's Essays.')

SYLLA, the dictator, died by the rupture of an internal abscess, in a paroxysm of rage. He had, it seems, set his heart upon the restoration of the capitol, and upon its dedication, by a certain day. But a messenger brought him intelligence that the resources he expected for this purpose were not forthcoming; on which he gave way to his unbridled passion, vomited a large quantity of blood, passed a night of great distress, and died on the following morning. The expressions of Valerius Maximus are very forcible. "He vomited up his life, mingled with blood and threats;" so that, as he afterwards says, "it was doubtful whether Sylla or Sylla's wrath should first come to an end."

Crassus, the eminent Roman orator and friend of Cicero, died of a pleurisy. He had been speaking with great animation and effect in the Senate, when he was seized with a pain in his side, and broke out into a profuse perspiration. On going home he had a shivering fit, followed by fever. The pain in the side still continued, and he died on the 7th day of the disease. The terms of deep sorrow in which Cicero laments so feelingly and so beautifully the loss of this eminent man, may justify the regret of physicians, even at this distant period, that it has not been transmitted down to them what resources of our art were resorted to in order to save a life so valuable to his country. Thus much, however, we do know, that Celsus, who lived not many years afterwards, suggests the proper treatment of a pleurisy, by bleeding, cupping, and blistering; all the expedients, in fact, which we use at this era of improvement in the art of medicine. We may rest assured, therefore, that nothing was left undone to save this distinguished person; and that the regret of his friends was not

aggravated, nor their grief rendered more poignant, by any consideration of that kind.

Socrates was put to death by the common mode at Athens, of despatching persons capitally convicted, that is, by a narcotic poison. But as neither Xenophon nor Plato mentions the precise poison which was employed, we are left to conjecture what it was by our knowledge of what narcotics the Greeks were acquainted with, or employed at that time. They knew, amongst others, the *Aconite*, the *Black Poppy*, the *Hyocymus*, and *Hemlock*. Dion, the father of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, who was intimately acquainted with Plato, and a contemporary of Socrates, was poisoned by hemlock; and Plutarch says that Phocion drank the conium (hemlock). This, we have reason to suppose, was always fresh pounded for the occasion; and we learn, from Theophrastus, that the whole plant was usually pounded together, but that the Chians peeled off the outer rind, as occasioning pain, and that then, having bruised the other part and put it in water, they drank the infusion, and found it to cause an easy death. Whatever the poison was, it must have been one of weak and tardy operation; for the executioner told Socrates, that it would prevent its effect, if he entered into earnest dispute, and that it was sometimes necessary to repeat the dose three or four times. After a while, the philosopher is described as having felt a weight in his legs, as if he had been intoxicated. The effect of the drug grew stronger, and made him, at length, so insensible to pain, that he did not feel when his foot was pinched. The extremities grew cold,—he was convulsed, and expired.

But what was the poison contained in that "ring, the avenger of Canaan, and the retributor for so much blood," by which Hannibal destroyed himself? Although the Carthaginians were a much more civilized people than their enemies, the Romans (who happen to be their historians) are willing to allow, it would be too much to suppose them acquainted with the inventions of modern chemistry, and the poison was most probably the inspissated juice of some deleterious vegetable. Mr Hatchett conjectures that it may have been derived from the *Euphorbia officinalis*, which is a native of Africa. As to the report of Hannibal's having been poisoned by drinking bullock's blood, which is mentioned by Plutarch, it must be a fable, as was that also of the death of Themistocles, by drinking a similar draught, for the blood of that animal is not poisonous. An accomplished nobleman told me that he was present at one of the bull-fights at Madrid, when a person rushed from the crowd, and having made his way to the bull, which the matador had just stricken, caught the blood, as it flowed from the wound, in a goblet, and drank it off before the assembly. On inquiring into the object which the poor Spaniard had in view, it appeared that the blood of a bull just slain was a popular remedy for consumptive symptoms. The poison with which Nero destroyed Britannicus was probably the laurel water. Tacitus states that, when Nero had determined to despatch the ill-fated youth, he sent for Locusta, a convicted female prisoner, who had been pardoned, and was kept for state purposes, and ordered her to prepare a poison which should produce its effect immediately. Locusta prepared one which killed a goat in five hours. This would not serve the tyrant's purpose—he ordered her to provide a more speedy instrument, to prepare it in his own chamber, and in his presence. The boiling began, and was urged to the effectual moment, in proof of which it was tried on a hog, and the animal was killed by it immediately. Dinner is served. The young members of the Imperial family are sitting at the foot of the table; the Emperor and his guests reclining on their sides. The unhappy youth calls for water—the prægustator tastes, and then serves it. It is too hot. Some of it is poured off, and the glass is filled up with a fluid resembling water—but this contains the poison. The young man drinks it, and is seized instantly with an epileptic fit, in which he expires. He is buried the same night. There is a great similarity in several points between this case and that of Sir Theodosius

Boughton, who was poisoned by Captain Donellan, with laurel water, in 1780. In both there was the attempt on the part of the murderer to pass off the insensibility caused by the drug for an epileptic fit; and in both there was an extraordinary lividness of countenance in the victim. I remember to have seen the face of Sir Theodosius Boughton, when the corpse had been disinterred, in order to be examined for the satisfaction of the Coroner's jury, and its colour resembled that of a pickled walnut.

Alexander the Great was said to have been poisoned; but Arrian, who has written the best account of his death, though he mentions that such a report had prevailed, gives a rational account of his illness, and of the *bulletins* which were issued respecting it, the most ancient series of bulletins on record. The story goes, that the poison was of so subtle a nature, that no vessel of metal could hold it, and that accordingly it was carried in the hoof of a mule. But this is a mistake arising from the double meaning of the Greek word *onyx*, which signifies either the onyx, a precious stone, or a hoof. The fact is, that Alexander died of a remittent fever, which he caught in the marshes of Babylon.

Arrian, after detailing the daily progress of Alexander's last illness, gives a beautiful portraiture of the character of that great man, whose spirit and energy, manifested in the conquest of so large an extent of country, were fully equalled by his wisdom in controlling and attaching to his government the nations which he had subdued. Of the merit of his system of policy of intermarrying his wounded soldiers with the females of the conquered countries, and of appointing Macedonian officers to command the native troops, what stronger proofs can be given, than that the experience of more than two thousand years has added nothing to what his instinctive discernment had already suggested to him, that his successors were taught, by what he had done, to found and to govern kingdoms; and that the efficiency of the British army in India, to keep in subjection nearly one hundred millions of the inhabitants of that vast country, is at this moment maintained by the very same measures which Alexander devised and carried into execution?

ON THE GIPSIES

THE wonderful begets not wonder when
Familiarised, and so do we behold
A race apart among the sons of men.
What are they? lost from sunny lands of gold,
Hath swart Bengala on their hearts a hold?
Or, scattered through the nations of the earth,
Are they a particle of Egypt old,
Stricken of prophecy? or claim they birth
With they which had a God to lead them forth,
And made the waves an avenue? Who know?
They are among the mysteries of worth,
To humble us to wisdom, for they show
How little is the knowledge that we boast,
And thence induce a faith where thought is lost.

G. E. I.

* * It is now pretty generally admitted, we believe, that the Gipsies come from Hindostan. The conjecture is, that they expatriated themselves during the irruption of one of its conquerors. Grellmann, a German writer (of whose work on them there is a translation) has quite proved this origin, in our opinion, by his comparison of the Gipsy and Hindostanee languages,—far more conclusive than such arguments are wont to be.—Ed.

FAMAS IN SHAKSPEARE CORRECTED.

"Faulting ambition that o'erleaps itself,"

should be "its sell." *Sell* is saddle in Spenser and elsewhere, from the Latin and Italian. This emendation was shown to the late Mr Hazlitt, an acute man at least, who expressed his conviction that it was the right reading, and added somewhat more in approbation of it.—Landon's Examination of William Shakspeare.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street.

THE Exhibition this season comprises few works of the higher classes of painting, but we think it shews an advance upon former years; the number of pictures positively bad being much reduced. The historical pictures are few, and, with one exception, contain little worth remark; the narrative pieces are few; the portraits are in greater number, but not many of them good. The strength of the collection lies among its landscapes, which are numerous; they are chiefly drawn from native scenery, and the best of them are of this number. Having premised these general observations, we will quote a few of the pictures that pleased us best. 'The Haarlem Meer—Moonlight' (10), G. Balmer, a very clever picture; the brilliant moon, the pale neutral tint of the distance, the half-developed colours of the foreground, the long, frequent, uncertain shadows, are in the true spirit of nature and beauty. 'Ancient Puteoli, in the Bay of Baia, with the Landing of Saint Paul' (131), W. Linton, is rich and shewy in colouring, but flimsy and unreal in substance; it is rather like a vision than a reality, but has scarcely grandeur enough to seem supernatural. 'A Monk reading a Tomb-stone' (18), T. Roods, is a clever piece of effect, but no more. The lamp burning before a shrine in the back-ground looks like a living flame. 'Village Festival' (20), W. Shayer, is a lively scene; but the best part is the roof of the house and the boughs overhanging it, the effect of which is so real, that one expects to see the tree move, or a bird alight on the tiles. 'Near Totnes, Devon' (148), F. W. Watts, is a lovely scene, and very tastefully painted. 'The Reprieve, from a Spanish Romance' (53), J. R. Herbert, wants a line or two of explanation in the catalogue; the girl is painted with great feeling and delicacy; the face is from you, and yet the little glimpse one catches of the features, suffices to suggest a lovely one. There is a little appearance of weakness in the expression of the knight to whom she is kneeling, which the story may warrant, or even require; but of this the catalogue leaves us in ignorance. 'Scene in Devonshire' (75), F. R. Lee, is a deep and leafy nook, such as England is richer in than any other country,—cool, verdant, fertile, sequestered. It is painted with a proper relish for its tranquillity and sweetness. 'Cassandra predicting the Murder of Agamemnon on his arrival, after ten years' absence, at Mycenæ, painted for the Duke of Sutherland; the head of Cassandra from the Hon. Mrs C. Norton' (149), B. R. Haydon. Agamemnon, returning from the siege of Troy, among his share of the spoils, brought home Cassandra, who had swindled Apollo out of the gift of prophecy, a gift spoiled in the making, and saddled with the incredulity of the hearers. Cassandra, arriving at the house of the King of Kings, denounces it as the future scene of his murder. This is the point of time Mr Haydon has chosen. The drawing is worthy of his reputation; and the colouring, though perhaps not quite natural, is solid and effective. But as a design, does not the picture want unity? The figures appear to us a little too much like separate studies for the characters. Cassandra raves, Agamemnon looks unconscious, Ægisthus grasps his dagger, Clytemnestra holds her husband with one hand and her paramour with the other, Orestes is panic-struck—all the figures are busy in their allotted parts; but they seem to pay no regard to one another; they neither look at nor from each other, but each appears intent solely upon the due performance of his own duty, like actors at a rehearsal. The effect of all this is, that one is struck with the prodigious energy and effort in detail, and the entire absence of effect in the whole. The individuals are full of intention, yet the total is not in earnest. The point worthiest of admiration, we think, is the horror-struck and understanding look of the horses, particularly of one of them, who seems absolutely inhaling what the prophetic utters. The subject is injured by want of space.

COLUMBUS.

As once, to him who his adventurous keel
Urged through Atlantic waves, (a man, I ween,
Full rich in evidence of things unseen,
Which to his soaring reason made appeal!)
The wished-for continent did itself reveal,
Not by its towering hills, or groves of green,—
For still an ocean wide did intervene;—
But odours on his senses 'gan to steal,
Wafted from the new world, more sweet than aught
In that he left behind; and now he felt,
With what delight! that he on truth had built:—
So, he who long his heavenward course hath held,
Finds, as he nears the port, his voyage fraught
With sweetest sense of things yet unbeheld!

A READER.

TABLE TALK.

Self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults, and it is much easier for an ill-natured man than for a good-natured man to be smart and witty.—*Sharp's Essays.*

STRANGE RECORD.

I remember having seen the heart of one that was bowelled, as suffering for high treason, that being cast into the fire leaped, at first, at least a foot and half in height, and after by degrees lower and lower, for the space, as I remember, of seven or eight minutes.—*Bacon on Life and Death.*

SULTAN MAHOMED.

It is a fact but little known, that most of the Asiatic princes possess a trade; the great Arungzeb was a cap maker, and sold his caps to such advantage on those ninth-day fairs, that his funeral expenses were by his own express command defrayed from the privy purse, the accumulation of his personal labour. A delightful anecdote is recorded of the Ghias King Mahomed, whose profession was literary, and who obtained good prices from his Omrahs for his specimens of calligraphy. While engaged in transcribing one of the Persian poets, a professed scholar, who, with others, attended the conversation, suggested an emendation, which was instantly attended to, and the supposed error amended. When the Moolah was gone, the Monarch erased the emendation and re-inserted the passage. An Omrah had observed and questioned the action, to which the King replied: "It was better to make a blot in a manuscript, than wound the vanity of a humble scholar."—*Tod's Antiquities of Rajahstan.*

DRAMATIC PASSAGE BETWEEN A CALIPH AND A PEASANT.

The Khalif Al Mohdi being one day engaged in a hunting match, strayed from his attendants, and, being pressed with hunger and thirst, was obliged to betake himself to an Arab's tent, in order to meet with some refreshment. The poor man immediately brought out his coarse brown bread and a pot of milk. Al Mohdi asked him if he had nothing else to give him; upon which the Arab went directly to fetch a jug of wine, and presented it to him. After the Khalif had drunk a good draught, he demanded of the Arab whether he did not know him? The other having answered that he did not; "I would have you know then (replied Al Mohdi), that I am one of the principal Lords of the Khalif's court." After he had taken another draught, he put the same question to the Arab as before; who answering, "Have I not already told you that I know you not?" Al Mohdi returned, "I am a much greater person than I have made you believe." Then he drank again, and asked his host the third time, whether he did not know him? to which the other replied, "that he might depend upon the truth of the answer he had already given him." "I am, then (said Al Mohdi), the Khalif, before whom all the world prostrate themselves." The Arab no sooner heard those words, than he carried off the pitcher, and would not suffer his guest to drink any more. Al Mohdi being surprised at his behaviour, asked him why he took away his wine? The Arab replied, "Because I am afraid that, if you take a fourth draught, you will

tell me you are the Prophet Mohammed; and if by chance a fifth, that you are God Almighty himself." This gentle rebuke so pleased the Khalif that he could not forbear laughing; and, being soon rejoined by his people, he ordered a purse of silver and a fine vest to be given the poor man, who had entertained him in so hospitable a manner. The Arab, in a transport of joy for the good fortune he had met with, exclaimed, "I shall henceforth take you for what you pretend to be, even though you should make yourself two or three times more considerable than you have done."—*Universal History.*

A PLEASANT FATHER!

Proud, silent, morose, the Comte de Chateaubriand's whole life (father of the celebrated French writer now living) had been spent in efforts to raise the fallen fortunes of his family—efforts which had uniformly terminated in vexation and disappointment. He is described as tall, with a severe and marked countenance, aquiline nose, thin and pale lips, and eyes deep set and grey, like those of a lion or those of the ancient barbarians ("aux yeux enforcés et glauques, comme ceux des lions, ou des anciens barbares"), and his eye-balls glowing like a ball of fire upon the least excitement.

"And oft in sudden mood, for many a day,"

From all communion he would start away;

And then his rarely called attendants said,

Through night's long hours would sound his heavy tread.

O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frowned

In rude but antique portraiture around."

With the advance of age the disposition of the dreaded father became gradually more taciturn and unsocial; he never went out but once a year, and that was at Easter, to attend mass at the parish church of Combourg. He made the solitude around him still more solitary; his family and servants he dispersed in the four turrets of the chateau. In the autumn evenings, wrapt in a dressing-gown of white tateen, with a large night-cap, of the same colour, on his head, he strode across the immense *salon*; if his wife, with her two children, the chevalier and his sister, all three seated motionless by the fire-side, ventured to exchange a few words, a severe *que dit-on?* uttered in passing, instantly silenced the rash attempt, and not another word was heard until the stroke of ten suddenly arrested his march, and sent him to his place of repose. His retirement was a signal for an immediate explosion of words and hilarity.—*Cochrane's Foreign Quarterly Review.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE sonnet addressed to Mr Heraud on his 'Descent into Hell,' shall appear in a week or two.

We were much pleased at receiving the book and letter from Greenock, as the writer will see.

The fault-finding of our Correspondent who sent us the Poem by Fanshawe, is as good as praises from most men. It shall have our due attention. So shall the pamphlet sent us from Newcastle.

The 'Good Man's Prayer' next week. Also Z.Z.

Extracts from the articles of Mr Lamb are again unavoidably delayed.

LASCARIS in our next, and the epigrams from Ptolemy the week after. We extend our gold as much as possible, to secure successive value to our numbers.

The rest of our correspondents will have the goodness to excuse us till next week.

In the sonnet of the week before last, addressed to F. M. W.,—for "either" in the third line, read "rather," and instead of "For" in the ninth line, read "Nor."

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1835.

No. 56.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

[As it is part of the Editor's plan to have no reserves with the Reader, he has to inform him that the following were among a set of papers contributed by him, some years ago, to the 'New Monthly Magazine,' the proprietor of which has kindly given him liberty to republish them. They are written in the first person, from having been contributed under an assumed character.]

Carricism, for the most part, is so partial, splenetic, and pedantic, and has such little right to speak of what it undertakes to censure, that the words "criticism on beauty" sound almost as ill, as if a man were to announce something unpleasant upon something pleasant.

And, certainly, as criticism, according to its general practice, consists in an endeavour to set the art above its betters, and to render genius amenable to want of genius, (particularly in those matters which, by constituting the very essence of it, are the least felt by the men of line and rule,) so critics are bound by their trade to object to the very pleasantest things. Delight, not being their business, puts them out of conceit. The first reviewer was Momus, who found fault with the Goddess of Beauty.

I have sometimes fancied a review set up by this anti-divinity, in Heaven. It would appear, by late discoveries in the history of the globe, that, as one species of production has become extinct, so new ones may have come into being. Now, imagine the gods occasionally putting forth some new work, which is criticised in the 'Olympian Review.' Chloris, the goddess of flowers, for instance, makes a sweet-briar:—

"The Sweet-Briar, a new bush, by Chloris, Goddess of Flowers. Rain and Sun, 4104.

"This is another hasty production of a lady, whom we are anxious to meet with a more satisfied face. Really, we must say, that she tires us. The other day we had the *pink*. It is not more than a year ago, that she flamed upon us with the *heart's-ease* (pretty names these); then we were all to be sunk into a bed of luxury and red leaves by the *rose*; and now, *ecce iterum Rosina*, comes a new edition of the same effeminate production, altered but not amended, and made careless, confused, and full of harsh points; which the fair author, we suppose, takes for a dashing variety! Why does she not consult her friends? Why must we be forced to think that she mistakes her talents, and that she had better confine herself to the production of daisies and dandelions? Even the *rose*, which has been so much cried up in certain quarters, was not original. It was clearly suggested by that useful production of an orthodox friend of ours,—the *cabbage*; which has occasioned it to be pretty generally called the *cabbage-rose*. The *sweet-briar*, therefore, is imitation upon imitation, *crامة* (literally) *bis cocta*; a thing not to be endured. To say the truth, which we wish to do with great tenderness, considering the author's sex, this *sweet-briar* bush is but a *refinement* of the *rose-bush*. The only difference is that everything is done on a pettier scale, the flowers hastily turned out, and a superabundance of those startling points added, which so annoyed us in the *rose* ye left the *moss*; for there is no end to these pretty creatures the *roses*. Let us see.

There is the *cabbage-rose*, the *moss-rose*, the *musk-rose*, the *damask-rose*, the *hundred-leaved-rose*, the *yellow-rose*, and earth only knows how many more. Surely these were enough, in all conscience. Most of them rank little above extempore effusions, and were hardly worth the gathering; but after so much trifling, to go and alter the style of a common-place in a spirit of mere undoing and *embrouillement*, and then palm it upon us for something *free*, forsooth, and original, is a desperate evidence of falling off! We cannot consent to take mere wildness for invention; a hasty and tangled piece of business, for a regular work of art. What is called nature will never do. Nature is unnatural. The best production by far of the fair author, was the *auricula*, one of those beautiful and regular pieces of composition, the right proportions of which are ascertained, and reducible to measurement. But *tempora mutantur*. Our fair florist has perhaps got into bad company. We have heard some talk about zephyrs, bees, wild birds, and such worshipful society. Cannot this ingenious person be content with the hot-house invented by Vulcan and Co. without gadding abroad in this disreputable manner? We have heard that she speaks with disrespect of ourselves: but we need not assure the reader, that this can have no weight with an honest critic. By the by, why this briar is called *sweet*, we must unaffectedly and most sincerely say, is beyond our perceptions."

I was about to give a specimen of another article, by the same reviewer, on the subject of our present paper:—"WOMAN, being a companion to MAN," &c. But the tone of it would be intolerable. I shall therefore proceed with a more becoming and grateful criticism, such as the contemplation of my subject naturally produces. Oh Pygmalion, who can wonder (no artist surely) that thou didst fall in love with the work of thine own hands! Oh Titian! Oh Raphael! Oh Apelles! I could almost fancy this sheet of paper to be one of your tablets, my desk an easel, my pen a painting-brush; so impossible does it seem that the beauty I am about to paint should not inspire me with a *gusto* equal to your own!

"Come then, the colours and the ground prepare."

This ink-stand is my palette. I handle my pen, as if there were the richest bit of colour in the world at the end of it. The reds and whites look as if I could eat them. Look at that pearly tip at the end of the ear. The very shade of it has a glow. What a light on the forehead! What a moisture on the lip! What a soul, twenty fathom deep, in the eyes! Look at me, Madam, if you please. The eye right on mine. The forehead a little more inclined. Good. What an expression! Raphael, it is clear to me that you had not the feeling I have: for you could paint such a portrait, and I cannot. I cannot paint after the life. Titian, how could you contrive it? Apelles, may I trouble you to explain yourself? It is lucky for the poets that their mistresses are not obliged to sit to them. They would never write a line. Even a prose-writer is baffled. How Raphael managed in the Palazzo Chigi,—how Sacchini contrived, when he wrote his 'Rinaldo and Armida,' with Armida by his side,—is beyond my comprehension. I can call to mind, but I cannot copy. Fair presence, avant! I conjure you out of my study, as one of my brother writers, in an agony of article, might hand away his bride, the printer having sent to him for copy. Come

forth, my tablets. Stand me in stead of more distracting suggestions, my memorandums.

It has been justly observed, that heroines are best painted in general terms, as in 'Paradise Lost,'

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye," &c. or by some striking instance of the effects of their beauty, as in Homer, where old age itself is astonished at the sight of Helen, and does not wonder that Paris has brought a war on his country for her sake. Particular description divides the opinion of the readers, and may offend some of them. The most elaborate portrait of the heroine of Italian romance could say nothing for her, compared with the distractions that she caused to so many champions, and the millions that besieged her in Albracca.

"Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica."

Even Apuleius, a very "particular fellow," who is an hour in describing a chambermaid, enters into no details respecting Psyche. It was enough that the people worshipped her.

The case is different when a writer describes a real person, or chooses to acquaint us with his particular taste. In the 'Dream of Chaucer' is an admirable portrait of a woman, supposed to be that of Blanche, Duchess of John of Gaunt. Anacreon gives us a whole length of his mistress, in colours as fresh as if they were painted yesterday. The blue eye is moist in its sparkling; the cheek, which he compares to milk with roses in it, is young for ever. Oh Titian, even thy colours are dry compared with those of poetry!

It happens luckily for me on the present occasion, that I can reconcile particulars with generals. The truth is, I have no particular taste. I only demand that a woman should be womanly; which is not being exclusive. I think also that anybody who wishes to look amiable, should be so. The detail, I used to think I never could tolerate flaxen hair; yet meeting one day with a lovely face that had flaxen locks about it, I thought for a good while after that flaxen was your only wear. Harriet O— made me take to black; and yet, if it had not been for a combination of dark browns, I should the other night have been converted to the superiority of light brown by Harriet D. Upon the whole, the dark browns, chestnuts, &c. have it with me; but this is because the greatest number of kind eyes that I have met with, have looked from under locks of that colour. I find beauty itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take the confession as he pleases, either as an instance of abundance of sentiment on my part, or as an evidence of want of proper ardour and impartiality; but I cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next her, or go to a theatre with her, or listen to a concert with her, or dance with her, or sing with her (if I could), or walk in a field or a forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether I admire her shoe, or take her arm even into a dining-room, or kiss her

at Christmas, or on April-fool day, or on May-day, or on any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she has gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears,—unless she has a heart as well as a face, and is a proper good-tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things, apart from self-reference and the wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon me in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. I should prefer an enamelled tea-cup; for I should expect nothing from it. I remember the impression made on me by a female plaster-cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It is beautifully turned, though I thought it somewhat too plump and well-fed. The fingers, however, are delicately tapered: the outline flowing and graceful. I fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, but laughing withal, and as full of good nature. I was told it was the hand of Madame Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner. The word was no sooner spoken than I shrunk from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fat seemed sweltering and full of poison. The beauty added to the deformity. You resented the grace: you shrunk from the look of smoothness, as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her poisons. The character of her mind was insensibility. The strongest of excitements was to her what a cup of tea is to other people. And such is the character, more or less, of all mere beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to show, what a nothing the formal part of beauty is, without the spirit of it. I have been so used to consider it with reference to considerations of this kind, that I have met with women generally pronounced beautiful, and spoken of with transport, who took a sort of ghastly and witch-like aspect in my eyes, as if they had been things walking the earth without a soul, or with some evil intention. The woman who supped with the Goole in the 'Arabian Nights,' must have been a beauty of this species.

But to come to my portrait. Artists, I believe, like to begin with the eyes. I will begin, like Anacreon, with the hair.

HAIR should be abundant, soft, flexible, growing in long locks, of a colour suitable to the skin, thick in the mass, delicate and distinct in the particular. The mode of wearing it should differ. Those who have it growing low in the nape of the neck, should prefer wearing it in locks hanging down, rather than turned up with a comb. The gathering it however in that manner is delicate and feminine, and suits many. In general the mode of wearing the hair is to be regulated according to the shape of the head. Ringlets hanging about the forehead suit almost everybody. On the other hand, the fashion of parting the hair smoothly, and drawing it tight back on either side, is becoming to few. It has a look of vanity, instead of simplicity. The face must do everything for it, which is asking too much, especially as hair, in its freer state, is the ornament intended for it by nature. Hair is to the human aspect, what foliage is to the landscape. Its look of fertility is so striking, that it has been compared to flowers, and even to fruit. The Greek and other poets talk of hyacinthine locks, of clustering locks (an image taken from grapes), of locks like tendrils. The favorite epithet for a Greek beauty was "well-haired;" and the same epithet was applied to woods. Apuleius says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, would not be Venus. So intirely do I agree with him, and so much do I think that the sentiment of anything beautiful, even where the real beauty is wanting, is the best part of it, that I prefer the help of artificial hair to an ungraceful want of it. I do not wish to be deceived. I would know that the hair was artificial, and would have the wearer inform me so. This would show her worthy of being allowed it. I remember, when I was at Florence, a lady of quality, an Englishwoman, whose beauty was admired by

everybody; but never did it appear so admirable to me, as when she said me one day, that the ringlets that hung from under her cap, were *not her own*. Here, thought I, it is not artifice that assists beauty; it is truth. Here is a woman who knows that there is a beauty in hair, beyond the material of it, or the pride of being thought to possess it. Oh, wiss of Queen Anne's day, see what it is to live in an age of sentiment, instead of your mere periwigs, and reds and whites!—The first step in taste is to dislike all artifice; the next is to demand nature in her perfection; but the best of all is to find out the hidden beauty, which is the soul of beauty itself, to wit, the sentiment of it. The loveliest hair is nothing, if the wearer is incapable of a grace. The finest eyes are not fine, if they say nothing. What is the finest harp to me, strung with gold, and adorned with a figure of Venus, if it answer with a discordant note, and hath no chords in it fit to be awakened? Long live, therefore, say I, lovely natural locks at five-and-twenty, and lovely artificial locks, if they must be resorted to, at five-and-thirty or forty. Let the harp be new strung, if the frame warrant it, and the sounding-board hath a delicate utterance. A woman of taste should no more scruple to resort to such helps at one age, than she would consent to resort to them at an age when no such locks exist in nature. Till then, let her not cease to help herself to a plentiful supply. The spirit in which it is worn, gives the right to wear it. Affectation and pretension spoil everything: sentiment and simplicity warrant it. Above all things, cleanliness. This should be the motto of personal beauty. Let a woman keep what hair she has, clean, and she may adorn or increase it, as she pleases. Oil, for example, is two different things, on clean hair and unclean. On the one, it is but an aggravation of the dirt: to the other, if not moist enough by nature, it may add a reasonable grace. The best, however, is undoubtedly that which can most dispense with it. A lover is a little startled, when he finds the paper, in which a lock of hair has been enclosed, stained and spotted as if it had wrapped a cheesecake. Ladies, when about to give away locks, may as well omit oil that time, and be content with the washing. If they argue that it will not look so glossy in those eyes in which they desire it to shine most, let them own as much to the favoured person, and he will never look at it but their candour shall give it a double lustre.

"Love adds a precious seeing to the eye;"

and how much does not sincerity add to love! One of the excuses for oil is the perfume mixed with it. The taste for this was carried so far among the ancients, that Anacreon does not scruple to wish that the painter of his mistress's portrait could convey the odour breathing from her delicate oiled tresses. Even this taste seems to have a foundation in nature. Mary Honeycomb, a little black-eyed relation of mine, (oftener called Molly from a certain dairy-maid turn of hers, and our regard for old English customs,) has hair with a natural scent of spice.

The poets of antiquity, and the modern ones after them, talk much of yellow and golden tresses, tresses like the morn, &c. Much curiosity has been evinced respecting the nature of this famous poetical hair; and as much anxiety shown in hoping that it was not red. May I venture to say, in behalf of red hair, that I am one of those in whose eyes it is not so very shocking? Perhaps, as "pity melts the soul to love," there may be something of such a feeling in my tenderness for that Parish of a colour. Perhaps there are many reasons, all very good-natured: but so it is, I find myself the ready champion of all persons who are at a disadvantage with the world, especially women, and amiable ones. Hair of this extreme complexion appears never to have been in request; and yet, to say nothing of the general liking of the ancients for all the other shades of yellow and gold, a good red-headed commentator might render it a hard matter to pronounce, that Theocritus has not given two of his beautiful swains

hair amounting to a positive fiery. *Fire-red* is the epithet, however it may be understood.

"Both fiery-tressed heads, both in their bloom."*

I do not believe the golden hair to have been red; but this I believe, that it was nearer to it than most colours, and that it went a good deal beyond what it is sometimes supposed to have been, auburn. The word yellow, a convertible term for it, will not do for auburn. Auburn is a rare and glorious colour, and I suspect will always be more admired by us of the north, where the fair complexions that recommended golden hair, are as easy to be met with, as they are difficult in the south. Ovid and Anacreon, the two greatest masters of the ancient world in painting external beauty, both seem to have preferred it to golden, notwithstanding the popular cry in the other's honour: unless indeed, the hair they speak of is too dark in its ground for auburn. The Latin poet, in his fourteenth love-elegy, book the first, speaking of tresses which he says Apollo would have envied, and which he prefers to those of Venus, as Apelles painted her, tells us, that they were neither black nor golden, but mixed, as it were, of both. And he compares them to cedar on the declivities of Ida, with the bark stripped. This implies a dash of tawny. I have seen pine-trees, in a southern evening sun, take a lustrous burnished aspect, between dark and golden, a good deal like what I conceive to be the colour he alludes to. Anacreon describes hair of a similar beauty. His touch, as usual, is brief and exquisite:—

"Deepening inwardly, a dun;
Sparkling golden, next the sun."†

Which Ben Johnson has rendered in a line,

"Gold upon a ground of black."

Perhaps, the true auburn is something more lustrous throughout, and more metallic than this. The cedar with the bark stripped looks more like it. At all events, that it is not the golden hair of the ancients has been proved to me beyond a doubt by a memorandum in my possession, worth a thousand treatises of the learned. This is a solitary hair of the famous Lucretia Borgia, whom Ariosto has so praised for her virtues, and whom the rest of the world is so contented to call a wretch.‡ It was given me by a wild acquaintance, who stole it from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan. On the envelope he put a happy motto:—

"And Beauty draws us with a single hair."

If ever hair was golden, it is this. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not auburn: it is golden, and nothing else; and though natural-looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass. Lucretia, beautiful in every respect, must have looked like a vision in a picture, an angel from the sun. Everybody who sees it, cries out, and pronounces it the real thing. I must confess, after all, I prefer the auburn, as we construe it. It forms, I think, a finer shade for the skin; a richer warmth; a darker lustre. But Lucretia's hair must have been still divine. Wat Sylvan,§ a man of genius whom I became acquainted with over it, as other acquaintances commence over a bottle, was inspired on the occasion with the following verses:—

"Borgia, thou once wert almost too august,
And high for adoration;—now thou'rt dust!
All that remains of thee these plaits infold—
Calm hair, meand'ring with pellucid gold!"

The sentiment implied in the last line will be echoed by every bosom that has worn a lock of hair next it, or

* Λμφω τῶν πτην πυρροτριχῶν, ἀμφω ἀναβλ.

† Τα μὲν ἐνδοθὺν, μελαίνωνται,
Τὰ δ' εἰς αἴθρον, ὀκτανόματα.

‡ Mr Roscoe must be excepted, who has come into the field to run a tilt for her. I wish his lance may turn out to be the Golden Lance of the poet, and overthrow all his opponents. The greatest scandal in the world, is the readiness of the world to believe scandal.

§ Mr Lander.

longed to do so. Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials; and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or a friend, we may almost look up to heaven, and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say, "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

FOREHEAD. There are fashions in beauty as well as dress. In some parts of Africa, no lady can be charming under twenty stone.

* King Chihu put nine queens to death;
Convict on Statute, *Ivory Teeth*."

In Shakspeare's time, it was the fashion to have high foreheads, probably out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth. They were thought to be equally beautiful and indicative of wisdom: and if the portraits of the great men of that day are to be trusted, wisdom and high foreheads were certainly often found together. Of late years, physiognomists have declared for the wisdom of strait and compact foreheads, rather than high ones. I must own I have seen very silly persons with both. It must be allowed, at the same time, that a very retreating forehead is apt to be an accompaniment of wit. With regard to high ones, they are often confounded with foreheads merely bald; and baldness, whether natural or otherwise, is never handsome; though in men it sometimes takes a character of simplicity and firmness. According to the Greeks, who are reckoned to have been the greatest judges of beauty, the high forehead never bore the palm. A certain conciseness carried it. "A forehead," says Junius, in his *Treatise on Ancient Art*, "should be smooth and even, white, delicate, short, and of an open and cheerful character." The Latin is briefer. Ariosto has expressed it in two words, perhaps in one.

"Di terzo avorio era la fonte lieta."

ORLAN. FUL. *Canto VII.*

"Terse ivory was her forehead glad."

A large bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and defying look. The word effrontery comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead, as vines are trailed over a naked wall.

And now in respect to "Eyes,"—but as upon this subject I may be too copious for the space allotted me at present, I must begin another paper with my criticism upon them.

* "Præter debet esse plana, candida, tenuis, brevis, pura."—Junius De Pictura Veterum, Lib. iii, cap. 9. The whole chapter is very curious and abundant on the subject of ancient beauty. Yet it might be rendered a good deal more so. A treatise on Hair alone might be collected out of Ovid.

CAUTION TO SELF-LOVE.

Let us ask ourselves in the closet, whether, after we have humbled ourselves before God in our prayers, we never rise beyond the due standard in the pulpit; whether our zeal for the truth be never over-heated by internal fires less holy; whether we never grow stiffly or sternly pertinacious, at the very time when we are reproving the obstinacy of others; and whether we have not frequently so acted, as if we believed that opposition were to be relaxed and borne away by self-sufficiency and intolerance. Believe me, the wisest of us have our catechism to learn; and these, my dear friends, are not the only questions contained in it. No Christian can hate; no Christian can malign; nevertheless, do we not often both hate and malign those unhappy men who are insensible to God's mercies? And I fear this unchristian spirit dwells darkly, with all its venom, in the marble of our hearts, not because our brother is insensible to these mercies, but because he is insensible to our faculty of persuasion, turning a deaf ear unto our claims upon his obedience, or a blind or sleepy eye upon the fountain of light, whereof we deem ourselves the sacred reservoirs.—*Lander's Examination of William Shakspeare.*

TO HIS CHILDREN,

DURING ABSENCE.

(From 'Gebir,' 'Count Julian' and other poems, by Walter Savage Landor, Esq.)

Ye little household gods, that make
My heart leap lighter with your play,
And never let it sink or ache,
Unless you are too far away;

Eight years have flown, and never yet
One day has risen up between
The kisses of my earlier pet,
And now the hours he was not seen.

How can I call to you from Rome?
Will Mamma teach what Babbo said?
Have ye not heard him talk at home
About the city of the dead?

Marcellous takes will Babbo tell
If you don't chafe his throat too tight,—
Tales which you, Arnold, will love well,
Tho' Julia's cheek turns pale with fright.

How swimming o'er the Tiber Clélia
Headed the rescued virgin train;
And, loftier virtue! how Cornelia
Lived when her two brave sons were slain.

This is my birth-day: may ye waltz
Till mamma cracks her best guitar!
Yours are true pleasures; those are false
We wise ones follow from afar.

What shall I bring you? would you like
Urn, image, glass—red, yellow, blue,
Stricken by Time—who soon must strike
As deep the heart that beats for you.

* Mamma (as in English) but with the accent on the first syllable, is the Italian word of endearment for "Mother." Babbo is "Papa."—Ed.

A LEGEND OF THE BLACK ART.

(From 'Arthur Coningsby,' a new novel, full of thought and elegance.)

IN one of our great English abbeys, long before the reformation, there was a young novice, whose rapid progress in learning, and skill as a musician, made him an especial favourite with the monks, his instructors. It was predicted by them that he would rise to the highest reputation in the church, and perhaps become a Bishop, or even a Cardinal. This praiseworthy youth was particularly delighted with the study of knotty and abstruse questions, and he sometimes proposed difficulties to the fathers, which it gave them no little trouble to answer. In these cases, Father Timothy, to whom he chiefly addressed himself, was accustomed to advise, that Nicholas should cease to think of the subjects which perplexed him, and read his breviary with redoubled diligence. But the young man was so unfortunate as to find great difficulty in turning away his mind from points which he did not understand, and Father Timothy could only lament that his pupil was harassed by the wiles of the Devil.

It happened that on a high festival of the church, Father Timothy preached a sermon to which the mind of his pupil gave the most earnest attention. But his eyes unhappily wandered to one of the windows, in which were painted, as says the historian, the very figures we have just seen (certain mysterious emblems).

The novice could not help meditating during the pauses of the discourse on these remarkable emblems. But he could form no conception of their meaning. He thought of them in the cloisters and in his bed, but still he was completely at a loss. He next applied to his instructor, but the only answer he could gain was a severe rebuke for attempting to be wise above that which is written.

At last he spoke to an old lay brother, who informed him of a tradition which he had heard in his youth, with regard to what is called Abbot Ingulph's window. It was said that the stained glass was made by the hands of the Abbot whose name it bore. He had been much addicted to the occult sciences, and people seldom spoke of him but in a whisper, and with a look of fear. When he was dying, he desired

that at his burial the head of his coffin might be laid exactly under the spot to which the bright image of the rose in the window should be thrown by the moonlight, at twelve o'clock, on the night of the full moon next ensuing.

The temporary successor of the deceased Abbot was a man of the most rigid piety, and instead of complying with this request, he directed that the body should be laid in the ante-chapel, beside that of the last buried Superior. The coffin was disposed accordingly. But the morning after the funeral, it was found on the spot which had been so singularly pointed out, and the grave designed for it had been filled up. It was again committed to the earth, and again it was found upon the floor of the chapel, in the same place as after the first attempt. The baffled father was resolved to persevere; but at the third burial, at the moment when the coffin was lowered into the dust, he took the precaution of touching it with the consecrated wafer. Everyone observed the ceremony, trembling and in silence, and the assemblage heard a groan, which sounded as if it had been called forth from the corpse by the immediate agency of the blessed host. The coffin was hastily drawn up again, and the lid forced open, when it was found to contain nothing but a handful of ashes, and a small gold plate, marked with the device of a rose and star. The lay-brother also informed Nicholas, that various manuscripts of Abbot Ingulph were said still to exist in the library.

This account wrought, says the legend, in the brain of Nicholas, like the potent ingredients of an adept's crucible.

He spent day after day in the library, and found at last an ancient chest, the corners of which were secured by brazen clasps, exhibiting respectively the figures of the toad, the crow, the dragon, and the panther. It was not locked, but sealed, and the wax bore the impression of a man standing on a snake. The young man did not hesitate to break it open, and examined the writings which it contained. They were all works of Abbot Ingulph, except one small thin volume, in which the characters seem to have been originally so strange, and were now so defaced by time, that Nicholas could not decipher a single syllable. Acting, however, on a hint given in a commentary of the Abbot's, he secured this mysterious book, and watched it daily with a longing and almost sickening anxiety, till the night of the full moon. He then stole the keys of the church, and at midnight held the open volume in the crimson radiance which streamed through the rose. The writing instantly became legible; and Nicholas learned the secret for which he had hungered.

For the rest of the night he had in his cell, as the companion of his studies, a youth, dark-eyed, pale, slow of speech, but master of all the sciences in the world, and of all the languages ever spoken by the bricklayers of Babel, as well as of that rarer tongue, the origin of them all, which is now understood only by the chiefs of the Freemasons.

The next morning Nicholas presented his new friend to the fathers, and proposed that he should become an Acolyte. Balthazar, for so he chose to be called, was examined by Father Timothy as to his proficiency in learning, and in the course of his answers, quoted, as one of Christ's replies to the Devil during his temptation, a verse not recorded by St Luke. The monk referred to the passage, and Balthazar quietly remarked, that the Evangelist's account of that occurrence was very inaccurate. This heretical reply decided the holy father to refuse the candidate admittance.

He immediately quitted the monastery. That evening at vespers Nicholas did not present himself; he could not be found in his cell, nor in the neighbourhood of the abbey. About a year after his disappearance, two young Englishmen attracted great attention as disputants in the schools at Paris, and journeyed thence to the monastery of St Rufus, in Provence, where they were soon admitted to full orders. For some years they travelled from country to country, and became celebrated for their learning and talents. They were both of them powerful in discourse on all subjects, but it was observed that

Nicholas disliked to debate questions on demonology, which his companion particularly delighted and excelled in, and of which he spoke in a tone of the utmost familiarity.

Their last place of residence was Rome, and here Nicholas speedily rose to high dignities, while his friend refused to accept any other office than that of his secretary. In this humble situation Balthazar was still sufficiently conspicuous; a thousand dark intrigues for the more extravagant objects were seen to succeed, nobody could tell how, but it was said they had been directed by Balthazar. Innumerable scandals among the enemies of the Cardinal of Alba, for such was now the rank of Nicholas, were detected, while he himself maintained a splendid reputation; and still men whispered and pointed at Balthazar, whenever, that is, they were secure of not being observed by him.

At length the supreme See was vacant. And now discoveries multiplied every hour, so as to implicate the characters of all the leading Cardinals. The mistress of one of them became devout, and confessed her own and her lover's immorality; and she was said to be a penitent of Balthazar's. A heretic was burned;—when at the stake he cried aloud that one of the Monsignori had first seduced him from the true faith; and it was reported that Balthazar, on the eve of the execution, had gained admittance to the cell of the criminal. A third dignitary of great influence in the college suddenly deserted his former faction; and deprived them of several votes. He was known to have received fifty thousand crowns; and Balthazar was rumoured to have been seen carrying weighty bags under his gown in the direction of the prelate's palace. And, lastly, amid the utmost excitement of the election, the French Ambassador died, and left the interests of his party in irretrievable confusion. His physician had purchased drugs at a shop, the owner of which was said to have been in the service of Balthazar.

The Cardinal of Alba became Pope, under the name of Adrian IV. His secretary was his chief councillor. The defeat and death of Arnold of Brescia were brought about by his wisdom; and it was he who drew up the bull, which authorized Henry II to conquer Ireland. But those who were nearest the Pontiff, perceived that he feared Balthazar as much as trusted him. A window, exhibiting among other emblems the hieroglyphic rose, had been put up in one of the apartments of the Pope. In this room he perceived Frederick King of the Romans, who, though he entered Italy at the head of a large army, had consented, on first meeting the sovereign priest, to hold his stirrup while he mounted on horseback. Important negotiations were carried on in the presence of the Pope and the Monarch, and on one occasion Adrian seemed inclined to concede a point of considerable weight, which Balthazar had before maintained with the most resolute firmness against the councillors of the King. Frederick thought he observed the secretary point slightly to the painting in the window. At all events the Pontiff groaned, turned pale, and trembled; and after a few moments declared his determination to yield nothing.

When Adrian was dying, Balthazar desired that he might speak to his master in private. The patient hesitated, and faltered some words, which could not be understood. But the secretary entered the chamber, and the universal Bishop shuddered under his look, and feebly motioned to the attendants to retire. In half an hour Balthazar re-entered the ante-chamber, and a slight smile might be observed to hover on his lip. He turned, however, gravely to the domestics, physicians, and cardinals, and pointed to the door through which he had just come. They found the Pope dead, with an expression of extreme agony on his lifeless features. A cabinet of steel, inlaid with gold, which stood near the bed, and had before been shut, was now open, and a small parchment volume lay under the hand of the deceased Pontiff.

The book was seized by the eldest Cardinal present, who attempted to discover its contents. But they were completely illegible, save that near the foot of the last page was found inscribed, in bold and youth-

ful characters, the name of 'NICHOLAS;' and lower down, and as if traced by trembling fingers, the regal signature of 'ADRIAN.' The aged Prelate secretly committed the volume to the fire, and was horror-stricken by the groans and sobs which accompanied its destruction, and by the likeness of a demoniac face, which seemed to scowl at him through the cloud of sulphury smoke. Balthazar appeared no more; and it was whispered in Rome, that the body of the Pope was flung into the Tiber; while, to avoid any open scandal, a coffin filled with rubbish was decorated with the blazonry of ecclesiastical empire, and buried beside Eugenius III, in the church of St Peter."

"I fear that even fantastic and idle tales like this," said Agatha, who had joined them five minutes before, "though they cannot be seriously reported by any educated persons, yet have their effect in turning popular opinion against the Catholic church. The most absurd notions of the vulgar, as to the superstitions of the monks, and the vices of prelates, are repeated in these wild legends by romance writers, who probably do not wish their fictions to be believed, whose professed business is exaggeration, but who unconsciously spread abroad many an error, so gross that they would be ashamed of having any trust in it imputed to them."

"Well," replied Isabel, "Arthur's story, though abundantly extravagant, does not seem to me at all likely to do any harm. I am sure, my dear Mademoiselle de Clainville, it never occurred to me that it conveyed an imputation against the Roman Catholic church. I do not like horses less for being amused by the history in the Arabian Nights of the Black Steed, that struck out the Calender's eye with a blow of its tail. The history of Pope Adrian, which we have just heard, is, I think, nothing more than a way of telling us, by marvellous incidents, how wrong it is to seek for any knowledge inconsistent with the observance of moral principles."

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE
LONDON JOURNAL, APRIL 2 1833.

I.

'Tis morn! how blithe a morn those vapours hide!
They break—and young day looketh out in pride,
And with a freshening vigour in his glance
That warms old pulses, and makes "young ones
dance."

The flowers look up like beauty at love's voice,
And feel his fervid kisses, and rejoice.

II.

Now let us forth, nor fear the dewy grass—
The lane we leave, the "one-railed bridge" we
pass;

By little darling nooks we pause not now,
Nor rest till we recline upon the brow
Of one dear hill. Fond gazing from its height,
How glad a scene, how various, how bright,
Fills the rapt eye! The undulating flow
Of natural beauty we may trace below.

Woods are about us, glittering streams beneath;
And peasant girls, fresh as the air they breathe,
Are seen at intervals in thought to stand,
Or slowly wind with milking-pail in hand.
See, whilst I speak, down in that sloping vale,
A girl delaying there by the white rail,
Who would be thought observant of the brook,
But sees not that on which she seems to look.
Now she is joined—brief meeting long deferred—
'Tis but an instant—has he said one word?
He has,—and in her inmost heart 'twas heard.

III.

Mark, on the right—meet scene for morning eyes—
Those tree-crowned hills that so augustly rise;
See, on the left, a sister hill disclose
The ancient mansion, in serene repose,
Looking o'er ample meadows whereon cows
Feed quietly, or ruminate at ease;
Whose sheep, their bleating young beside them,
browse;
Where, on sweet journeys bound, we hear the bees,
And where rooks chatter in the many-peopled trees.

IV.

Here,—'tis perhaps a "trivial fond record,"
But it stands out from memory's treasured board—
When, sauntering near this spot one clear March
morn,
Unheard the cry of hound—the blast of horn—
Gathering wild flowers that did the banks adorn;
Suddenly tow'rs us came the hunted deer,
A patient anguish in his speaking eyes;
He paused, as who should say, those I meet here
Have not the look or garb of enemies:
Then vaulted o'er the hedge, and soon from us
Sunk 'midst the "bosomy hills." Fast, furious,
The brave pursuers came.

V.

'Tis holy ground!
Harefield! a glorious spell thy fields have found.
Here, in immortal dreams of Arcady,
The youthful muse of Milton wandered free;
And still the genius of the wood, 'neath roof—
"Neath shady roof of branching elm star-proof,
Touches the warbled string." The lofty lay,
Shames into silence mine, as well it may.

VI.

Sure May and June have come a visiting,
And to young April their ripe glories bring;
She, like a blushing bride, with virgin grace
Receives her matron friends, and gives them place.
With how matured a richness this day's sun
Clothes the minutest thing its rays fall on!
With what a buoyant spirit upward springs
Th' untiring lark, and whilst he soareth, sings,
Hymning his heav'nward voyaging, yet not
Denying songs to his more lowly lot;
True he has "sung at heaven's gate," but he
Brings to his earthly nest sweet minstrelsy;
Like kindly hearts that take, where'er they roam,
A blessing, but reserve the holiest for home.

VII.

'Tis but one year—a strange eventful year—
Since I strolled rhyming, hoping, loving, here;
Hailing the page so prized—the first young leaf
Of what is now become a goodly tree,
Whose fruit enlargeth hope, enlighteneth grief,
Gladdeneth the deep heart of humanity,
And shows what may be wrought for struggling
men,
When a true spirit wields the world-compelling
pen.

VIII.

'Tis but one year—a strangely-varied year,
Since I roamed out with salient fancies here;
Music on either side, and overhead
Almost as bright a sun. One year has fled,
And with it—but what boots the retrospection?
Alas! there is no lingerer like affection.

IX.

* Yet what is changed? Are not the fields as green?
The streams as bright in their perpetual flow?
As fair and frequent is the primrose seen,
And daffodil, that maketh flaunting show
Where lie the crowding odorous violets low.
All are as they were then. The plover's shrill
And querulous cry—the stock-dove's murmur
deep—
The rook's grave voice, of home discoursing still;
The blackbird startled from her seeming sleep,
And dipping by the hedge with snatch of song;
The thrush and bullfinch, that still pour along
Their full heart-stream of thrilling melody.

X.

And now, loved Harefield! from thy hill I see,
Shorn of its veil of mist, the distant wood,
Whence gentle meadows slope to the canal.
There winds in quiet joy that silver flood,
So loved for memories which I oft recall
Of those who on its banks have roamed with me,
There are the scattered cots, the towering mill,
That seems, when working hardest, idle still;
There are the streams which give it life and light,
For ever busy, and for ever bright,
And busiest when all else is peace and night.

XI.

Then why with death or change should my thoughts be?

Dull egotist! there is nor death nor change
To hearts that not from love and nature range!
We feel that truth and beauty are immortal;
Why mourn the loved who pass death's shadowy portal,

And quit the prison of this life, to be
We trust—the happy—and we know—the free?

XII.

Back to our quiet lane—our orchard bower;
Let's change the thoughtful for the festal hour.
Pile the proud treasures high! 'midst fruits and flowers,

And wine and song—what banquet equals ours?
Here are frank smiles, fair forms, red lips, bright eyes,

Here are the loving, and therefore the wise.
What though we miss some two or three to-day,
Whose looks have thrown a sunshine in our way,
And would have warmed us now with genial ray?
Their absence will not cloud our mirth; we know
Their hearts and ours with the same feelings glow,
And they are with us now, though far away.

XIII.

Now to our pleasant task! the health of Him
Whose genius aids the weak—illumes the dim—
Assists the inquiring—to the struggling sends
Counsel that animates him and befriends;
Of Him who, armed a holy fight to win,
Shows "zeal whose circling charities begin
With the few loved ones heav'n has placed it near,
Nor cease till all mankind are in its sphere."

Health to the JOURNAL! strength and length of days!

And to the NAME that crowns it, love, and praise!
J. W. DALBY.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXVIL.—REVENGE AND ASSASSINATION IN A CHURCH.
—THE NEW NOVEL, 'HECTOR FIERAMOSCA.'

THIS appalling and most dramatic story is taken from a deeply interesting work of fiction just published, 'Hector Fieramosca;' but as we recollect reading it in some veritable history, (perhaps Roscoe's 'Life of Lorenzo de Medici'), and as it is told in a way so brief as not to convert the narrative of a fact into a narrative merely founded on fact, we give it as we find it set down. At the close of it we almost feel the knife at our own hearts, hugged silently into the bosom of that sacrilegious and venomous impostor. He was very ill-used; but even the baseness of the younger brother fades into nothing before this everlasting spirit of revenge. A closer and quieter piece of intensity is perhaps not to be met with. Chaucer has a line that would make an excellent motto for it—

"The smiler, with the knife under the cloak."

DON MICHAEL had a youthful and lovely wife; and a younger brother, a bachelor, lived in his house. The beauty of his sister-in-law had such an effect on this youth, that, abandoning all regard to morality or the consequences, he used every means to seduce her, and succeeded. But he did not succeed so well as to prevent the plot being discovered by a servant-maid, who informed the husband. The latter having placed himself in ambush, surprised them. Drawing his poniard he attempted to murder them both at the same time; but it chanced that they escaped out of his hands with some slight wounds. So exasperated was he at the wrong received, that he endeavoured to trace his brother, (who, with the lady, fled to some place of security,) and determined to kill him at all costs. But the brother having heard of the deadly oath of the injured husband, managed to defend himself in different ways, so as to set at nought all the other's designs; and the offended man, intirely despairing of being able to inflict his vengeance, was, by the excess of passion, carried almost to the grave.

In the meantime the jubilee of the year 1500 occurred; and in the town where Don Michael resided, there were abundance of processions, and penitences, and public preachings, by means of which several party disputes were made up, and families and individuals pacified; and amongst the rest Don Michael also seemed resolved to lay aside all rancorous feelings, and devote himself to holy things. But the brother would not suffer himself to be persuaded to an interview, spite of the numerous kindly and sacred protestations that came from the other side. At the end of a holy year, employed by Don Michael in continual penances and religious pursuits, he determined to abandon the world intirely; and going to a monastery of Scalzi,* entered into his noviciate; and that being completed, pronounced the solemn vows. Sent by his superiors into various parts of Spain, and even as far as Rome, in order to study theology, he became very learned; and on his return to his country with the reputation of being a particularly holy man, the rank of priesthood was conferred on him. He went through the first mass with the usual pomp, amidst a crowd of relations and friends, and other people. After its conclusion, returning into the sacristy, he seated himself (such is the custom), with his priest's cope still on his back, upon a stool which his friends and relations approached one after another, in order to kiss his hand, and give him the congratulatory embraces. He had been repeatedly heard to deplore the hatred he had so many years nourished against his brother, and frequently to say that the only desire in the world which he now had, was not only to obtain oblivion and forgiveness, for the past, but likewise, as a servant of God, to be the first and the humblest in offering it. Upon this solemn occasion, moved by the entreaties of all his relations, the brother at last resolved to go with the others. As he advanced, he began a humble address, whilst the priest, extending his arms, pressed him to his bosom; but instead of the brother again raising his head, his knees were seen to fall, and he sunk on the ground with a dreadful groan; and the priest brandishing a small dagger which in that embrace he had plunged into his brother's heart, kissed the still reeking blade, spurned the corpse with his foot, and then exclaimed, "I have caught thee at last!" The wretch escaped; and such was the confusion and amazement of the bystanders, that no efforts were made to detain him. For this crime he was banished under pain of death, if found. He fled from country to country, until he took refuge in Rome, where he was protected by the Duke of Valentinois. The latter took but little trouble to find out his virtues, but soon found him of use in the most important affairs; and the villanous priest became the life of all his undertakings.

The new novel from which this story is taken is translated from the Italian of the Marquis d'Azeglio, the son-in-law of the author of the 'Betrothed' (I Promessi Sposi), and his successor in the larger species of Italian novel-writing. The novel itself, which is written with great care, and a remarkable condensation of incident, (it is only in one volume,) is founded on a most interesting fact in the history of Italy, the combat of thirteen Italians against thirteen French, in vindication of the national repute for courage, which one of the latter had insulted; and throughout it we are made conversant with a variety of real historical personages, particularly the portentous Caesar Borgia, who in the hard-heartedness of his prodigious egotism, took upon himself to play the part of a dispassionate Providence, and became accordingly a monster of passion and crime. But what was not to be expected of one, who was the son of a man without conscience, brought up in the midst of the worst corruptions of the church, and himself a Pope, able to absolve his offspring from the responsibility of their common villainies? Such, at least, are the characters of these two men—

* Order of barefooted Friars.

in history, perhaps exaggerated, though their enormities seem too well established. Ariosto, however, who knew the Pope's daughter, the famous Lucretia Borgia, describes her, in contradiction to all other report, as a paragon of goodness as well as beauty; and for the honour and comfort of human nature (which however is not to be shaken by exceptions) we think as much credit as possible ought to be given to the testimony of a man, who was both charitable and sincere. Besides, Lucretia may have been misled, when young, by the example and authority of a father so situated; and yet, by some extreme fineness of nature (believed in by the poet, and existing in himself as well as others) have subsequently recovered herself, and become what he describes.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

THOMSON.

(From the Edition of his Works by Pickering.)

Thomson's character was in every respect consistent with what his writings lead us to expect. He was high-minded, amiable, generous, and humane. Equable in his temper, and affable in his deportment, he was rarely ruffled but by the knowledge of some act of cruelty or injustice; and as he magnanimously forgave the petty assaults which envy or malignity levelled at him, and stood aloof from the poetical warfare which raged with great heat during some part of his career, he was soon, as if by common consent, respected by all the belligerents. His society was select and distinguished. Pope, Hill, Dr Armstrong, the Bishop of Derry, Mr (afterwards Sir) Andrew Mitchell, Mendez, Dr De la Cour, Mallet, Hammond, (whom he eulogizes in 'The Seasons,') Quin, and, above all, Mr Lyttleton, were his most intimate friends. With Pope he lived on terms of great friendship; and, according to Dr Johnson, he displayed his regard in a poetical epistle addressed to Thomson, whilst he was in Italy in 1731, but of which Pope "abated the value by transplanting some of the lines into his epistle to Arbuthnot." Mr Robertson stated in reply to Mr Park's question,* whether Pope did not often visit Thomson, "Yes, frequently. Pope has sometimes said, 'Thomson, I'll walk to the end of your garden; and then set off to the bottom of Kew Foot lane, and back.' Pope courted Thomson, and Thomson was always admitted to Pope, whether he had company or not."

Next to poetry he was fond of civil and natural history, voyages and travels, and in his leisure hours he found amusement in gardening. Of the fine arts, music was his chief delight; but he was an admirer of painting and sculpture, and formed a valuable collection of prints and drawings from the antique.

The besetting sin of Thomson's character was indolence, and of this he was himself fully aware, as he alludes to the failing in himself and some of his friends, in the 'Castle of Indolence.' He seldom rose before noon, and his time for composition was generally about midnight. His manners are sometimes represented as having been coarse; but his zealous defender, Lord Buchan, asserts, on the contrary, that Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, Lord Lyttleton, Sir Andrew Mitchell, Dr Armstrong, and Dr Murdock, agreed in declaring that he was "a gentleman at all points." His intimate friend, Mr Robertson, told Mr Park, that "Thomson was neither a petit maitre nor a boor; he had simplicity without rudeness, and a cultivated manner without being courtly;" and this may, perhaps, be considered the most accurate description of his deportment.

Much light is often thrown on a man's character by authenticated anecdotes. Of Thomson, how-

* In October 1791, Thomas Park, Esq., the poet, called on Mr Robertson, who was surgeon to the Royal Household at Kew, the intimate friend of Thomson, with a view of gaining information about him. He committed to paper all he gleaned, and it has since been printed.

ever; very few are remembered, and the following are introduced because his previous biographers have thought them worthy of notice, rather than from any particular claims to which they possess to attention.

It is said that he was so careless about money, that once, when paying a brewer, he gave him two bank notes rolled together instead of one, and, when told of his mistake, he appeared perfectly indifferent, saying, "he had enough to go on without it." On one occasion he was robbed of his watch, between London and Richmond, and when Mr Robertson expressed regret for his loss, he replied, "Pshaw, I am glad they took it from me, it was never good for anything." Having invited some friends to dinner, one of them informed him that there was a general stipulation there should be no hard drinking; Thomson acquiesced, only requiring that each man should drink his bottle. The terms were accepted unconditionally, and, when the cloth was removed, a three-quart bottle was set before each of his guests.

In person, Thomson was rather stout and above the middle size; his countenance was not remarkable for expression, though, in his youth, he was considered handsome, but in conversation his face became animated and his eye fiery and intellectual. Silent in mixed company, his wit and vivacity seemed reserved for his friends, and in their society he was communicative, playful, and entertaining. Few men possessed in a greater degree, the art of creating firm and affectionate friendships. Those with whom he became acquainted at the commencement of his career, loved him till its close, and the individuals who had given to his life its sweetest enjoyments, watched over his death-bed and became the guardians of his fame, by superintending the only monuments of which genius ought to be ambitious, a complete edition of his works, and a tablet in Westminster Abbey.

THE THAMES AT MIDNIGHT.

How beautiful and placid does "Father Thames" appear at night. He has three different appearances on different kinds of nights: on a very dark one all we can see is, that it is a river, by the reflection of the lights on the bridges, and at intervals on its banks; on a comparatively light night we can see rows of barges lying nearly mid-stream, and now and then perceive one stealing up or down the river, according as the tide is; the reflection of the lights is very plain on such a night, shooting perpendicularly into the water; those on shore "show a light" on a small circle round them, and throw into deeper shade and sombreness the dark masses of buildings, timber, and vessels, which skirt the shore at a greater distance; but when seen—

"By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon,"

it has the most pleasing appearance; the surface of the muddy mass of water, when silvered by the beams of this luminary, looks indeed, far different than it does when you peer into it, whilst floating on its surface at noonday; at which time you are very apt to meet with the decaying carcass of a dog, cat, or other animal, or some corrupting vegetable matter. "On such a night as this" a great number of barges proceed with the tide, and it is very pleasant to observe them stealing along like shadows on the silvered water, and to hear the splash of the oars as they descend, and form sparkling circles, in the brilliant water: the antiquated, rotten-looking buildings which line the shore, and the various vessels which lie in the river or on its banks, surrounded by timber rafts, are subjects worthy of observation on such a night. Here the moon throws its beams on a goodly new-built mansion; there, on a shed or outhouse which seems as if ready to fall; here the timber is covered with a silver coat, there hid by the shadow of a building; here a dark long shadow is thrown upon the water by a row of barges; there a solitary one, with a meet and solemn "farled," is reflected in a very perfect manner on the watery mirror. Numberless are the pleasing objects; and

there is music for them too. When the observer is looking from a bridge, he will hear the ripple of the water as it passes through the arches—a delightful sound!

On a dark night, when the black waters can just be perceived rolling onwards, but no vessel carried along its broad stream, quite deserted by human beings (at least none, or few, are engaged in active duty, though there are many sleeping on its tranquil waters), reflections must force themselves on the mind, of the difference of its appearance at midnight and noon-day. This mighty river, now so still, so deserted, will, ere twelve hours pass away, be teeming with activity—vessels on its surface carrying to and fro various productions—steam-vessels carrying their hundreds to take a "mouthful of fresh air"—boats conveying persons "on business," and on pleasure—and, indeed, crafts of all shapes and dimensions; even at the present moment, every luxury, scarcity, and necessity, from the nearest and farthest points of the earth, are reposing on its bosom, which, on the rising of the morrow's sun, will be disgorged from the vessels which contain them, and will quickly be sucked up and distributed by the thousand channels of trade and commerce with which London abounds.

On a moonlight night we receive ocular demonstration of the immense trade in, and consumption of, one article in the metropolis—coal; long strings of vessels carrying this useful substance proceeding with the tide, and enlivening the scene.

Altogether, I think we may set down the Thames at midnight as a very pleasing sight; all the noise and bustle of the day is banished, and the mighty Thames is as quiet as a purling brook.

H. F.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM MAZLITT.

NO. XX.—KING LEAR.

We wish that we could pass this play over, and say nothing about it. All that we can say must fall far short of the subject; or even of what we ourselves conceive of it. To attempt to give a description of the play itself or of its effect upon the mind, is mere impertinence: yet we must say something.—It is then the best of all Shakspeare's plays, for it is the one in which he was the most in earnest. He was here fairly caught in the web of his own imagination. The passion which he has taken as his subject is that which strikes its root deepest into the human heart; of which the bond is the hardest to be unloosed; and the cancelling and tearing to pieces of which gives the greatest revulsion to the frame. This depth of nature, this force of passion, this tug and war of the elements of our being, this firm faith in fatal plety, and the giddy anarchy and whirling tumult of the thoughts at finding this prop failing is, the contrast between the fixed, immovable basis of natural affection, and the rapid, irregular starts of imagination, suddenly wrenched from all its accustomed holds and resting-places in the soul, this is what Shakspeare has given, and what nobody else but he could give. So we believe.—The mind of Lear, staggering between the weight of attachment and the hurried movements of passion, is like a tall ship driven about by the winds, buffeted by the furious waves, but that still rides above the storm, having its anchor fixed in the bottom of the sea; or it is like the sharp rock circled by the eddying whirlpool that foams and beats against it, or like the solid promontory pushed from its basis by the force of an earthquake.

The character of Lear itself is very finely conceived for the purpose. It is the only ground on which such a story could be built with the greatest truth and effect. It is his rash haste, his violent impetuosity, his blindness to everything but the dictates of his passions or affections, that produces all his misfortunes, that aggravates his impatience of them, that enforces our pity for him. The part which Cordelia bears in the scene is extremely beautiful: the story is almost told in the first words she

utters. We see at once the precipice on which the poor old king stands from his own extravagant and credulous importunity, the indiscreet simplicity of her love (which, to be sure, has a little of her father's obstinacy in it), and the hollowness of her sister's pretensions. Almost the first burst of that noble tide of passion, which runs through the play, is in the remonstrance of Kent to his royal master on the injustice of his sentence against his youngest daughter—"Be Kent unmannerly, when Lear is mad!" This manly plainness which draws down on him the displeasure of the unadvised king is worthy of the fidelity with which he adheres to his fallen fortunes. The true character of the two oldest daughters, Regan and Gonerill (they are so thoroughly hateful that we do not even like to repeat their names) breaks out in their answer to Cordelia, who desires them to treat their father well—"Prescribe not us our duties"—their hatred of advice being in proportion to their determination to do wrong, and to their hypocritical pretensions to do right. Their deliberate hypocrisy adds the last finishing to the odiousness of their characters. It is the absence of this detestable quality that is the only relief in the character of Edmund the Bastard, and that at times reconciles us to him. We are not tempted to exaggerate the guilt of his conduct, when he himself gives it up as a bad business, and writes himself down "plain villain." Nothing more can be said about it. His religious honesty in this respect is admirable. One speech of his is worth a million. His father, Gloucester, whom he has just deluded with a forged story of his brother Edgar's designs against his life, accounts for his unnatural behaviour and the strange depravity of the times from the late eclipses in the sun and moon. Edmund, who is in the secret, says when he is gone—"This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa Major: so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardising."—The whole character, its careless, light-hearted villainy, contrasted with the sullen, rancorous malignity of Regan and Gonerill, its connexion with the conduct of the under-plot, in which Gloucester's persecution of one of his sons and the ingratitude of another, form a counterpart to the mistakes and misfortunes of Lear,—his double amour with the two sisters, and the share which he has in bringing about the fatal catastrophe, are all managed with an uncommon degree of skill and power.

It has been said, and we think justly, that the third act of 'Othello' and the three first acts of 'Lear,' are Shakspeare's great master-pieces in the logic of passion: that they contain the highest examples not only of the force of individual passion, but of its dramatic vicissitudes and striking effects arising from the different circumstances and characters of the persons speaking. We see the ebb and flow of the feeling, its pauses and feverish starts, its impatience of opposition, its accumulating force when it has time to recollect itself, the manner in which it avails itself of every passing word or gesture, its haste to repel insinuation, the alternate contraction and dilatation of the soul, and all "the dazzling fence of controversy" in this mortal combat with poisoned weapons, aimed at the heart, where each wound is fatal. We have seen in 'Othello,' how the unsuspecting frankness and impetuous passions of the Moor are played upon and exasperated by the artful dexterity of Iago. In the present play, that which aggravates the sense of sympathy in the reader, and of uncontrollable anguish in the swollen heart of Lear, is the petrifying

indifference, the cold, calculating, obdurate selfishness of his daughters. His keen passions seem whetted on their stony hearts. The contrast would be too painful, the shock too great, but for the intervention of the Fool, whose well-timed levity comes in to break the continuity of feeling when it can no longer be borne, and to bring late play again the fibres of the heart just as they are growing rigid from over-strained excitement. The imagination is glad to take refuge in the half-comic, half-serious comments of the Fool, just as the mind under the extreme anguish of a surgical operation vents itself in sallies of wit. The character was also a grotesque comment of the barbarous times, in which alone the tragic ground-work of the story could be laid. In another point of view it is indispensable, inasmuch as while it is a diversion to the too great intensity of our disgust, it carries the pathos to the highest pitch of which it is capable, by showing the pitiable weakness of the old king's conduct and its irretrievable consequences in the most familiar point of view. Lear may well "beat at the gate which let his folly in," after, as the Fool says, "he has made his daughters his mothers." The character is dropped in the third act to make room for the entrance of Edgar as Mad Tom, which well accords with the increasing bustle and wildness of the incidents; and nothing can be more complete than the distinction between Lear's real and Edgar's assumed madness, while the resemblance in the cause of their distresses, from the severing of the nearest ties of natural affection, keeps up a unity of interest. Shakspeare's mastery over his subject, if it was not art, was owing to a knowledge of the connecting links of the passions, and their effect upon the mind, still more wonderful than any systematic adherence to rules, and that anticipated and outdid all the efforts of the most refined art, not inspired and rendered instinctive by genius.

To be continued next week.

A COUNTRY CLUB.

(From a knowing and sprightly novel, just published, called 'The Exile of Erin, or the Adventures of a Bashful Irishman'.)

Tux Red Lion, where the club to which I have just alluded were in the habit of assembling, was one of those seug, old fashioned inns, now so rarely to be met with, except in the east of England. It had a deep, wide brick porch, from whose roof hung a magpie in a wicker cage. This porch opened into a tolerably sized hall, wherein stood an oblong oaken table, grievously notched, albeit hooped with iron and a few high backed arm-chairs of the same material. Opposite the window was the fire-place, within whose ample range four men might sit with ease; and on the walls, hung on one side, a book-shelf, containing a few odd volumes of Swedenborg's works; and on the other, a glass case, in which was a salmon reclining full length on some bits of artificial grass.

Among these who were oftenest to be met with in this cozy, outlandish hall, was, first and foremost, the Auctioneer, a person, who in an isolated Welsh district, usually enjoys great consideration. He was a duck-legged, pompous little being, fond of making allusions to a professional visit which he paid to London in the year 1814, when he had the rare luck to see the Allied Sovereigns, and squeeze the horny fist of Blucher. This was the one leading incident in his life, from which he always dated.

Next came a Half-pay Officer, a grim-looking dog, snappish—disputatious—egotistical—with a dried liver, and cheeks sallow and fawsted, which went in like the two sides of a fiddle, and spread out again at the chin and forehead. This warrior—or the "Captain," as he was commonly styled—held it as the chief article of his creed that, whatever is, is wrong, and was never so happy as when setting people by the ears together. His favourite hobby was India, about which, like General Harbottle, he was fond of telling marvellous stories. In person he was remarkably prim; wore a blue frock coat, a little white at the edges in front, and buttoned close up to the

throat; stiff black stock; and boots pieced, but polished—for he prided himself on a small foot—with singular attention to effect. On warm, sunny days he might be seen seated on the parapet of the Towy bridge, rocking his legs listlessly to and fro, humming a fragment of some old mess tune, or taking brisk turns up and down the bridge, and jerking out an impudent "hem!" whenever a petticoat approached him. When heated with argument, he had a trick of giving sharp, irritable tugs at his shirt collar.

Third in station was the Attorney, who exacted respect by virtue of his profession, and who was withal so cautious of, what he called, committing himself before Court, that in alluding to any particular individual, he never mentioned more than his or her initials. This fellow, like his prototype Rondibilis, had the keen scent of a stag-hound for a lawsuit, whence it came to pass that he was more revered than loved by his neighbours, many of whom he had contrived to render singularly poetical about the pockets.

The fourth was my landlord, the Apothecary, a good-natured, silly creature, blessed with a widowed sister, who superintended his establishment, and of whom I shall presently have occasion to speak. His chief occupation consisted in sauntering about the neighbourhood, with his hands in his breeches pockets, and talking to anyone who would talk with him. He had projecting eyes, like a lobster, with a vague, unmeaning stare, and usually kept his mouth ajar—I supposed from a habit he had acquired of swallowing every extraordinary story he heard or read.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

(From Miss Landon's 'Francesca Carrara'.)

Her meditation was interrupted by an unusual bustle in the ante-chamber, when, before the pages could announce her, the Queen of Sweden walked, or rather ran, into the room. Advancing straight to the Queen, she exclaimed—"A thousand congratulations,—I have just heard of the taking of Valence, and could not rest till I had rejoiced with you on the success of your arms."

Victory is an agreeable subject, and the visitor and her compliments were equally well received.

"You may give me credit for sincerity," continued she, "as there is some selfishness in it. It hurts one's vanity to be mistaken, and you know I prophesied the success of the fleur-de-lis."

"Valence," observed M. de Nogent, one of the party at the card-table, "was besieged a hundred years since by the French army, but unsuccessfully; the fort has never before been taken, and—"

"And you should have been there," interrupted Christina, abruptly; "with your long stories of a hundred years since: I would rather hear them a hundred years hence." Then turning, with a singular change of countenance, from harshness to extreme sweetness, to Madame de Mercœur,— "I give you joy that your husband should be the first conqueror of this redoubtable Valence."

"I deserve," replied the Duchess, "some compensation for the anxiety I have endured."

"Anxiety! nonsense!" exclaimed the Swede, "a man is never in his proper element but when fighting. I am persuaded that war was always meant to be the one great luxury of the human race. War calls out all our good qualities; courage teaches a man to respect himself; and self-respect is at once the beginning and the guarantee of excellence. Besides a campaign teaches patience, generosity, and exertion. So much for the morale; and as to the enjoyment, *pardieu!* I can imagine nothing beyond the excitement of leading a charge of cavalry."

"Alas, Madam," said the King, smiling, "why cannot I offer you the baton of a Marshal."

"You cannot lament," returned she, "the possibility more than I do. What could God mean by sending me into the world a woman? But let us change this mournful subject—it really affects my feelings."

"I am rejoiced," returned Louis, "that you have recovered from the enui of *Messieurs les Jesuites'* tragedy."

"I protest," was the reply, "equally against confession and tragedy from them; their rules are too lax in both."

"You do not seem," said the Queen, evidently wishing to change the subject just started, "to have been much pleased with our dramatic representations; but we have not been fortunate; our actors are generally more amusing."

"I suppose so," replied Christina; "as you keep them still. But I see I have interrupted your game; go on, and do not mind me. I should like to have another victory to congratulate you upon."

Crossing the room, she seated herself on one chair, while drawing another towards her, she placed her feet upon it, and thus stretched out negligently began talking, in a low tone, to the King and Mademoiselle Marcein.

Francesca had now an opportunity of observing her more closely, and found that her appearance, if equally singular, was more picturesque than she had heard described. Her dress was odd enough; half masculine, half feminine, but it became her. She wore a sort of jacket of bright red samit, richly braided with gold and silver lace; a fringe of which also hung from her grey petticoat, which was short enough to show her feet and ankles, whose small size was rendered more remarkable by the peculiar shaped boot. A crimson scarf, hung over one shoulder, adroitly hid the defect in her figure; and round her throat was a neckcloth, edged with point lace, and fastened with crimson riband. She was delicately fair, with an aquiline nose, and a mouth, the size of which was forgotten in its white teeth and pleasant smile. She wore a peruke of very fair golden hairs; and herein was shown the lurking spirit of female vanity; her own tresses had been very beautiful; in some whims she had had them shaven off, but the colour of the peruke had been most assiduously assorted to them. Her eyes, large, blue, bright, and restless, were her most remarkable feature, perhaps from constant employ; they seemed perpetually on the watch, and she also had a custom of fixing them with singular intentness on the person to whom she spoke. It was said this habit had somewhat startled the Bishop of Amiens, whom she selected for her confessor; instead of the downcast eyes to which he had been accustomed, the royal penitent, who then knelt at his feet, fixed her clear piercing orbs full in his face, till the good father was all but stared out of countenance. She was small and slight, and the impression she gave as she lounged on her two seats, swinging to and fro her black hat and feathers, was of a fair and pretty boy, clever, and somewhat spoiled by indulgence.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Society of British Artists.

(Concluded from last week.)

MR. THAYER has many pictures that please us much; perhaps 'The Cornfield' (244), is the best of them, with Flamboy Castle in the background, melodiously embosomed in trees; nor are the figures unworthy of the rest of the picture. In his particular live,—in what may be termed architectural landscapes and in the representation of physical vastness,—John Martin stands without a rival; why, then, does he, being first in his own territory, wander into that of others, where his rank is at least equivoque? His 'Judith sitting' (268), will do his fame no good; nor his other picture, 'David spareth Saul at Hebron' (195), much better. In no part of the world can flesh be found to match Judith's in the femur; or clouds and rocks to look so like Japan as those in the latter. 'Sunset' (263), Barnett, is very beautiful; but the sun appears to us a failure; it is like a white wafer peering through the colours on the canvas. When Claude, the prince of landscape-painters, paints a sun, he sets it in a mist, and shows it stronger, for being half hidden; he knew he could

not paint the naked sun, which his eyes could not look at. But now-a-days a sun is not worth a penny of *flake white*; any water-colour painter can make you one with blank paper in the twinkling of a bed-post. For our parts, we know that our irreverend eyes stared Mr Barrett's sun full in the face, but were not punished with seeing green and purple spots at every turn; what is better, our eyes stared also at Mr Barrett's sheep and the peaceful valley where they are reposing, and derived infinite satisfaction from so doing; truly, they are very charmingly done. 'Deliberation' (265), an illustration of the old subject of a letter received by a young girl, which we are to suppose contains a proposal, by F. Clater, is a clever picture; the girl is prettily painted; and the old pensioner giving her his fatherly advice, is capital. Creswick's 'Westminster Bridge, from Vauxhall-stairs,' (286) of its class, is the best painted picture in the room. The brilliant colour, the real effect, the liveliness of the scene, make it equally valuable as a piece of painting, and a local portrait. Childe has many pleasant pictures; the 'Entrance to Chiselhurst' is our favourite; it is one of those sweet places one comes upon in the country roads of England, with a horsepond by the way-side overhung by trees, with thirsty cows cooling their knees in it, and looking, meek and motionless, with a faint curiosity at the passenger. For such scenes, Childe has a real feeling, and his paintings are therefore in earnest, and make the spectator so too. 'Good News' (295), by Mrs F. Corbeaux, is painted with much power. The two females are very beautiful; but a little too much drawn after the *ultra refined* system of the faces in the fashionable magazines. 'The Village Belle' (324), J. L. Williams, is an excellent piece of colour, and the girl is of nature's own flesh and blood. "A little coquetry, a little vanity, a little boldness, but real beauty and freshness, and a taste for shewy dress, are all proper attributes of the 'Village Belle,' who is a more artificial and sophisticated person than the village beauty. The colouring is pure, harmonious, and powerful. Another little sketch, by the same artist, is in the Water-colour Room, inferior, but not unworthy of the 'Village Belle,' (473) a 'Cottage Maid,' described by Rogers. Her "kerchief blue" should have been a more conspicuous feature; but it is a very pretty and unaffected girl, with none of the sophisticated nature of our friend the 'Belle.' There is good intentions and much power in 'The Angel announcing to the Shepherds the Birth of the Saviour' (341), by R. A. Clack. The angel, perhaps, seems too small and insignificant a part of the picture; he is too close to the shepherds, and too far from the great light; but the landscape is very striking—its tone is calm, yet deep, fitted for the dawning of a portentous but a good-giving wonder; the solemn blue of the heavens, the dark land, the rising light, the bright stars, are painted with high poetic sentiment, and with no lack of painter's skill; the elements of the picture are broad and vast, but not over strained; on the contrary, they are in thorough keeping with each other, with the sentiment of the picture, and with nature. The picture is hung very high, therefore its execution in the detail is less easily seen; by this circumstance it may gain; but, to judge by what we can see, it is more probable that it loses. The bright star in the middle of the picture, is one of the most surprising bits of luminous imitation we remember to have seen. 'Scene in Axminster, Devon,' (348) F. W. Watts, is a charming picture; it is a bit of broken ground, clothed in the most luxuriant leafiness, with a glowing sun and wandering cattle half hidden among the leaves and knolls. It is Watts's best this time. Bass has a few of his ludicrous designs. The one called 'Independent of a Vote' (354) is not bad; it is an old picture, and the comparison does Mr Bass's later works no good. 'The wounded Fallow-deer' (375), by Hancock, is clever. Hancock would be a gainer if he relinquished his obvious imitation of Landseer, which he carries into the handling, and even into the specific design; but with very unequal success. He should avoid a comparison with one so much

his superior, which does but dim the talent he undoubtedly possesses. 'The Opening of the Royal Exchange, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth' (416), by Pickering, is a shewy and an interesting picture, but feeble in the execution. Among the portraits, Mrs W. Carpenter bears the bell. Her 'Portrait of Mrs Harding' (213), is very clearly and skilfully painted; we object alone to the hair, which is rather dead in the colouring. Hurlstone's portraits we cannot admire. They are mostly affected, and blackish in the colouring; but the 'Portrait of Lieut.-Col. Yorke' (112), and 'Miss Gronow' (210), are clever. For the sake of their subjects, our readers should look at 'Beatrice Cenci' (579), a copy from a picture by Guido (the heroine of Mr Shelley's noble tragedy); and 'Petrarch's House at Arqua' (615). 'Study of a Trappist Monk,' who died by voluntary starvation (675), by Ripplingille, is a clever study of a very fine head. It is, we presume, the original sketch for 465 in the British Institution, a very admirable picture. Among the Sculpture, we were most struck with some designs and Restorations by J. Henning, jun. 'The Vintage' (782), is excellent. He seems to have caught the spirit of the old sculptors; his works are like theirs in style, but have not the tameness of imitations in general.

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF, BY JOHN LASCARIS.

[Or this famous Grecian—a Greek by birth, and of noble extraction—and one of the principal revivers of Grecian literature in Italy, Morhofius ('Polyhistor,' p. 777.) says:—"Sprung from the celebrated Imperial Lascarine family, he enriched the library of de Medicis with a wealth of Greek books, having visited and examined all the libraries of Greece for that purpose, when sent by Lawrence de Medicis on an embassy to Constantinople. It was under the direction of this same Lascaris, that Pope Leo X may be said to have almost transported Greece into Italy, as to a new colony."*]

Λάσκαρις ἀλλοδαπῇ γαίῃ ἐνικατέβητο γαίῃ
Οὐτε λῖνι ξείνῃ, ὃ ξίει, μωφόμενος.
Ἐβέτο μελίσχιν* ἀλλ' ἀχθεταί, ἵππερ' Ἀχαιοῖς
Οὐδ' ἔτι χῶν χεῖνι πατρὶς ἱλυθερίῳ

HERE Lascaris reposes, in a land

That is not his,—yet of that land would speak

No ill, and many favours doth allow:—

But this afflicts him—this as with a brand

Is on him,—that the country of the Greek

Hath no free graves to give her children now.

* "Ex illustri Lascarina Imperatorum familia oriundus, Medicæ Bibliothecam insigni Græcorum codicum thesauro ditavit; cum Legatus à Laurentio Mediceo Constantinopolin misus omnes Græciæ bibliothecæ scrutaretur. Eodem Lascaro auctore Leo X ipsam propemodum Græciam in Italiam, quasi in novam coloniam, deduxit."

TABLE TALK.

PLEASANT SCHOOLING, AND AN AFFECTING STORY.

Wilhelm had a room in Stilling's house; in it there stood a bed, in which he slept with his son, and at the window was a table with the appurtenances of his trade, for as soon as he came from school he laboured at his needle. In the morning early, Heinrich took his satchel, in which, besides the necessary school-books, there was a sandwich for dinner, as also the 'History of the Four Children of Haymon,' or some other such book, together with a shepherd's flute. As soon as he had breakfasted, he set off, and when he was outside the village, he took out his book and read whilst walking, or else quavered some old ballad or other tune upon his flute. Learning Latin was not at all difficult to him, and he had still time enough to read old tales. In the summer he went home every evening; but in the winter he came only on Saturday evening, and went away again on the Monday morning; this continued four years, but the last summer he stayed much at home, and assisted his father at his trade, or made buttons.—Even the road to Florenburg and the school afforded him many a pleasant hour. The

schoolmaster was a gentle and sensible man, and knew how both to give and to take. After dinner Stilling assembled a number of children about him, went out into the fields, or to the edge of a brook, and there related to them some fine sentimental tales; and, after his store was exhausted, others were obliged to do the same. As some of them were once together in a meadow, a boy came to them, who began as follows:—"Hear me, children! I will tell you something. Near us lives old Frühlings; you know how he totters about with his stick; he has no longer any teeth, and he cannot see nor hear much. Now, when he sits at the dinner table and trembles in such a manner, he always scatters much, and sometimes something falls out of his mouth again. This disgusted his son and his daughter-in-law, and therefore the old grandfather was at length obliged to eat in the corner behind the stove; they gave him something to eat in an earthen dish, and that often not enough to satisfy him. I have seen him eating, and he looked so sad after dinner, and his eyes were wet with tears. Well, the day before yesterday, he broke his earthen dish. The young woman scolded him severely, and he said nothing, and only sighed. Then they bought him a wooden dish for a couple of farthings, and he was obliged to eat out of it yesterday for the first time. Whilst they were sitting thus at dinner, their little boy, who is three years and a half old, began to rattle little boards together on the floor. Young Frühlings said to him 'What art thou doing there, Peter?' 'O,' said the child, 'I am making a little trough, out of which my father and mother shall eat when I am grown up.' Young Frühlings and his wife looked at each other awhile: at length they began to weep, and immediately fetched the old grandfather to the table, and let him eat with them."—*Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling.*

AWKWARD EXPERIMENT.

I remember to have heard of a certain gentleman that would needs make trial what men did feel that were hanged. So he fastened the cord about his neck, raising himself upon a stool and then letting himself fall, thinking it would be in his power to regain the stool at his pleasure; which he failed in, but was helped by a friend then present. He was asked afterwards what he felt? he said he felt no pain, but first he thought he saw before his eyes a great fire and burning; then he thought he saw all black and dark; lastly it turned to a pale blue or sea-water green; which colour is often seen by them which fall into swoonings. I have heard also of a physician yet living, who recovered a man to life, which had hanged himself, and had hanged half an hour, by frictions and hot baths; and the same physician did profess that he made no doubt to recover any man that had hanged so long, if his neck were not broken with the first swing.—*Bacon on Life and Death.*

TRUE LOVE.

"Hast thou not observed, Doris, that thy future husband has lame feet?" "Yes, papa," said she, "I have seen it; but then he speaks to me so kindly and piously, that I seldom pay attention to his feet." "Well, Doris, but young women generally look at a man's figure." "I, too, papa," was her answer; "but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet, he would not be Wilhelm Stilling, and how could I love him then?" [This is very beautiful.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CIRCUMSTANCES again compel us to postpone the extracts from Mr Lamb, and also to beg the indulgence of numerous correspondents till next week.

Will our fair friend of L'ULTIMA CAMBRIA have the goodness to inform us at what bookseller's, or other house in London, a small parcel containing a book may be addressed to her?

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1835.

No. 57.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

No. II.

EYES.—The finest eyes are those that unite sense and sweetness. They should be able to say much, and all charmingly. The look of sense is proportioned to the depth from which the thought seems to issue; the look of sweetness to an habitual readiness of sympathy, an unaffected willingness to please and be pleased. We need not be jealous of—

"Eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem to love whate'er they look upon."

Gertrude of Wyoming.

They have always a good stock in reserve for their favourites; especially if, like those mentioned by the poet, they are conversant with books and nature. Voluptuaries know not what they talk about, when they profess not to care for sense in a woman. Pedantry is one thing: sense, taste, and apprehensiveness, are another. Give me an eye that draws equally from head above and heart beneath; that is equally full of ideas and feelings, of intuition and sensation. If either must predominate, let it be the heart. Mere beauty is nothing at any time but a doll, and should be packed up and sent to Brobdignag. The colour of the eye is a very secondary matter. Black eyes are thought the brightest, blue the most feminine, grey the keenest. It depends entirely on the spirit within. I have seen all these colours change characters; though I must own, that when a blue eye looks ungentle, it seems more out of character than the extremest diversity expressed by others. The ancients appear to have associated the idea of gladness with blue eyes; which is the colour given to his heroine's by the author just alluded to. Anacreon attributes a blue or a grey eye to his mistress, it is difficult to say which: but he adds, that it is tempered with a moist delicacy of the eye of Venus. The other look was Minerva's, and required softening. It is not easy to distinguish the shades of the various colours anciently given to eyes; the blues and greys, sky-blues, sea-blues, sea-greys, and even cat-greys.* But it is clear that the expression is everything. The poet demanded this or that colour, according as he thought it favourable to the expression of acuteness, majesty, tenderness or a mixture of all. Black eyes were most lauded; doubtless, because in a southern country the greatest number of beloved eyes must be of that colour. But on the same account of the predominance of black, the abstract taste was in favour of lighter eyes and fair complexions. Hair being of a great variety of tint, the poet had great licence in wishing or feigning on that point. Many a head of hair was exalted into gold, that gave slight colour for the pretension; nor is it to be doubted, that auburn, and red, and yellow, and sand-coloured, and brown with the least surface of gold, all took the same illustrious epithet on occasion. With regard to eyes, the ancients insisted much on one point, which gave rise to many happy expressions. This was a certain mixture

of pungency with the look of sweetness. Sometimes they call it severity, sometimes sternness, and even acridity, and terror. The usual word was gorgon-looking. Something of a frown was implied, mixed with a radiant earnestness. This was commonly spoken of men's eyes. Anacreon, giving directions for the portrait of a youth, says—

"Μελαν ομμα γοργον ιστω,
Κικιρασμινον γαληνη."

"Dark and gorgon be his eye,
Tempered with hilarity."

A taste of it, however, was sometimes desired in the eyes of the ladies. Theagenes, in Heliodorus's 'Ethiopics,' describing his mistress Chariclea, tells us, that even when a child, something great, and with a divinity in it shone out of her eyes, and encountered his, as he examined them with a mixture of the gorgon and the alluring.* Perhaps the best word in general for translating gorgon would be *ferent*; something earnest, fiery, and pressing onward. Anacreon, with his usual exquisite taste, allays the fierceness of the term with the word *hekerasmenon*, tempered. The nice point is, to see that the terror itself be not terrible, but only a poignancy brought in to assist the sweetness. It is the salt in the tart; the subtle sting of the essence. It is the eye intellectual, what the apple of the eye is to the eye itself,—the dark part of it, the core, the innermost look;—the concentration and burning-bloss of the rays of love. I think, however, that Anacreon did better than Heliodorus, when he avoided attributing this look to his mistress, and confined it to the other sex. He tells us, that she had a look of Minerva as well as Venus; but it is Minerva without the gorgon. There is sense and apprehensiveness, but nothing to alarm. No drawback upon beauty ought to be more guarded against, than a character of violence about the eyes. I have seen it become very touching, when the violence had been conquered by suffering and reflection, and a generous turn of mind; nor, perhaps, does a richer soil for the production of all good things take place anywhere than over these spent volcanoes. But the experiment is dangerous, and the event rare.

Large eyes were admired in Greece, where they still prevail. They are the finest of all, when they have the internal look; which is not common.† The stag or antelope eye of the orientals is beautiful and lamping, but is accused of looking skittish and indiffering. "The epithet of stag-eyed," says Lady Wortley Montague, speaking of a Turkish love song, "pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes." We lose in depth of expression, when we go to inferior animals for comparisons with human beauty. Homer calls Juno ox-eyed; and the epithet suits well with the eyes of that goddess, because she may be supposed, with all her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eye looks at you with a royal indifference. Shakespeare has kissed them, and made them human. Speaking of violets, he describes them as being—

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

This is shutting up their pride, and subjecting them to the lips of love. Large eyes may become more

touching under this circumstance than any others; because of the field they give for the veins to wander in, and the trembling amplitude of the ball beneath. Little eyes must be good tempered, or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing and should do their duty. In Charles the Second's time, it was the fashion to have sleepy, half-shut eyes, sly and meretricious. They took an expression, beautiful and warrantable on occasion, and made a commonplace of it, and a vice. So little do "men of pleasure" understand the business from which they take their title. A good warm-hearted poet shall shed more light upon real voluptuousness and beauty, in one verse from his pen, than a thousand rakes shall arrive at, swimming in claret, and bound on as many voyages of discovery.

In attending to the hair and eyes, I have forgotten the eyebrows, and the shape of the head. They shall be despatched before we come to the lips; as the table is cleared before the dessert. This is an irreverent simile, nor do I like it; though the pleasure even of eating and drinking, to those who enjoy it with temperance, may be traced beyond the palate. The utmost refinements on that point are, I allow, wide of the mark on this. The idea of beauty, however, is lawfully associated with that of cherries and peaches; as Eve set forth the dessert in Paradise.

EYEBROWS.—Eyebrows used to obtain more applause than they do. Shakspeare seems to jest upon this eminence, when he speaks of a lover

"Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

Marot mentions a poem on an eyebrow, which was the talk of the court of Francis the First.* The taste of the Greeks on this point was remarkable. They admired eyebrows that almost met. It depends upon the character of the rest of the face. Meeting eyebrows may give a sense and animation to looks that might otherwise be over-feminine. They have certainly not a foolish look. Anacreon's mistress has them:—

"Taking care her eyebrows be
Not apart, nor mingled neither,
But as hers are, stol'n together.
Met by stealth, yet leaving too
O'er the eyes their darkest hue."

In the Idyl of Theocritus before mentioned, one of the speakers values himself upon the effect his beauty has had on a girl with joined eyebrows.

"Κημ' εκ τω ανθρω συνοφρυς κορα ιχθεις ιδοισα
δαμαλας παριλαντα, καλον καλον ημης
ιφασκιν"

Ου μιν ουδε λογον εκριθην απο τον πικρον αυτα,
Αλλα κατω βλεψας ταν αμικτεραν ιδον ιριπον."

"Passing a bower last evening with my cows,
A girl look'd out,—a girl with meeting brows.
'Beautiful! beautiful!' cried she. I heard,
But went on, looking down, and gave her not a word."

This taste in female beauty appears to have been confined to the ancients. Boccaccio, in his 'Ameto,' the

* In one of his Epistles, beginning—
"Nobles esprits de France poetiques."

* *Casio veniam abrius leoni.* Catullus.—See *glaucus*, *ceruleus*, &c. and their Greek correspondents. *Χαρωπος*, glad-looking, is also rendered in the Latin, blue-eyed: and yet it is often translated by *ravus*, a word which at one time is made to signify blue, and at another something approximating to hazel. *Casius*, in like manner, appears to signify both grey and blue, and a tinge of green.

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. RAYNELL, Little Pulteney-street.]

* *Æthiop.* Lib. 11, apud Junium.

precursor of the 'Decameron,' where he gives several pictures of beautiful women, speaks more than once of disjoined eyebrows.* Chaucer, in the 'Court of Love,' is equally express in favour of "a due distance." An arched eyebrow was always in request; but I think it is doubtful whether we are to understand that the eyebrows were always desired to form separate arches, or to give an arched character to the brow considered in unison. In either case the curve should be very delicate. A straight eyebrow is better than a very arching one, which has a look of wonder and silliness. To have it immediately over the eye, is preferable, for the same reason, to its being too high and lifted. The Greeks liked eyes leaning upwards towards each other; which indeed is a rare beauty, and the reverse of the animal character. If the brows over these took a similar direction, they would form an arch together. Perhaps a sort of double curve was required, the particular one over the eye, and the general one in the look altogether.† But these are unnecessary refinements. Where great difference of taste is allowed, the point in question can be of little consequence. I cannot think, however, with Ariosto, that fair locks with black eyebrows are desirable. I see, by an article in an Italian catalogue, that the taste provoked a dissertation.‡ It is to be found, however, in 'Achilles Tatius,' and in the poem beginning

"Lydia, bella puella, candida,"

attributed to Gallus. A moderate distinction is desirable, especially where the hair is very light. Hear Burns, in a passage full of life and sweetness,

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonny blue."

It is agreed on all hands, that a female eyebrow ought to be delicate, and nicely pencilled. Dante says of his mistress's, that it looked as if it was painted.

"Il ciglio

Pulito, e brun, talchè dipinto pare."

Rime, Lib. V.

"The eyebrow,"

Polished and dark, as though the brush had drawn it."

Brows ought to be calm and even.

"Upon her eyelids many graces sat,
Under the shadow of her even brows."

Fairy Queen.

Eye-lids have been mentioned before. The lashes are best when they are dark, long, and abundant without tangling.—But I shall never get on at this rate.

SHAPE OF HEAD AND FACE, EARS, CHEEKS, &c.—The shape of the head, including the face, is handsome in proportion as it inclines from round into oval. This should particularly appear, when the face is looking down. The skull should be like a noble cover to a beautiful goblet. The principal breadth is at the temples, and over the ears. The ears ought to be small, delicate, and compact. I have fancied that musical people have fine ears, in that sense, as well as the other. But the internal conformation must be the main thing with them. The same epithets of small, delicate, and compact, apply to the jaw; which loses in beauty, in proportion as it is large and angular. The cheek is the seat of great beauty and sentiment. It is the region of passive and habitual softness. Gentle acquiescence is there; modesty is there; the lights and colours of passion play tenderly in and out its surface, like the Aurora of the northern sky. It has been seen how Anacreon has painted a cheek. Sir Philip Sidney has touched it with no less delicacy, and more sen-

timent:—"Her cheeks blushing, and withal, when she was spoken to, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred."—"Arcadia," Book I. Beautiful-cheeked is a favourite epithet with Homer. There is an exquisite delicacy, rarely noticed, in the transition from the cheek to the neck, just under the ear. Akenside has observed it; but hurts his real feeling, as usual, with common-place epithets:

"Hither turn

Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead; let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair blooming."

Pleasures of Imagination.

The "marble neck" is too violent a contrast; but the picture is delicate.

"Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn"

is an elegant and happy verse.

I will here observe, that rakes and men of sentiment appear to have agreed in objecting to ornaments for the ears. Ovid, Sir Philip Sidney, and, I think, Beaumont and Fletcher, have passages against ear-rings; but I cannot refer to the last.

"Vos quoque non caris aures onerate lapillis,
Quos legit in viridi decolor Indus aqua."

Artis Amat. Lib. III.

"Load not your ears with costly jewelry,
Which the swart Indian culls from his green sea."

This, to be sure, might be construed into a warning against the abuse, rather than the use, of such ornaments; but the context is in favour of the latter supposition. The poet is recommending simplicity, and extolling the age he lives in, for its being sensible enough to dispense with show and finery. The passage in Sidney is express, and is a pretty conceit. Drawing a portrait of his heroine, and coming to the ear, he tells us, that

"The tip no jewel needs to wear;
The tip is jewel to the ear."

I confess when I see a handsome ear without an ornament, I am glad it is not there; but if it has an ornament, and one in good taste, I know not how to wish it away. There is an elegance in the dangling of a gem suitable to the complexion. I believe the ear is better without it. Akenside's picture, for instance, would be spoiled by a ring. Furthermore, it is in the way of a kiss.

Nose.—The nose in general has the least character of any of the features. When we meet with a very small one, we only wish it larger; when with a large one, we would fain request it to be smaller. In itself it is rarely anything. The poets have been puzzled to know what to do with it. They are generally contented with describing it as straight, and in good proportion. The straight nose, quoth Dante,—"Il dritto naso." "Her nose directed straight," saith Chaucer. "Her nose is neither too long nor too short," say the 'Arabian Nights.' Ovid makes no mention of a nose. Ariosto says of Alcina's (not knowing what else to say), that envy could not find fault with it. Anacreon contrives to make it go shares with the cheek. Boccaccio, in one of his early works, the 'Ameto' above-mentioned, where he has an epithet for almost every noun, is so puzzled what to say of a nose, that he calls it *odorante*, the smelling nose. Fielding, in his contempt for so unsentimental a part of the visage, does not scruple to beat Amelia's nose to pieces, by an accident; in order to show how contented her lover can be, when the surgeon has put it decently to rights. This has been reckoned a hazardous experiment; not that a lover, if he is worth anything, would not remain a lover after such an accident, but that we do not choose to have a member injured, which has so little character to support its adversity. The commenta-

tors have a curious difficulty with a line in Catullus. They are not sure whether he wrote

"Salve, nec nimio puella naso—

Hail, damsel, with by no means too much nose;—

or,

"Salve, nec minimo puella naso—

Hail, damsel, with by no means nose too little."

It is a feature to be described by negatives. It is of importance, however, to the rest of the face. If a good nose will do little for a countenance otherwise poor, a bad one is a great injury to the best. An indifferent one is so common, that it is easily tolerated. It appears, from the epithets bestowed upon that part of the face by the poets and romance-writers, that there is no defect more universal than a nose-twisted or out of proportion. The reverse is desirable accordingly. A nose should be firmly yet lightly cut, delicate, spirited, harmonious in its parts, and proportionate with the rest of the features. A nose merely well-drawn and proportioned, can be very insipid. Some little freedom and delicacy is required to give it character. Perhaps the highest character it can arrive at is a look of taste and apprehensiveness. And a perfectly elegant face has a nose of this sort. Dignity, as regards this feature, depends upon the expression of the rest of the face. Thus a large aquiline nose increases the look of strength in a strong face, and of weakness in a weak one. The contrast,—the want of balance,—is too great. Junius adduces the authority of the sophist Philostratus for *tetragonal* or *quadrangular* noses,—noses like those of statues; that is to say, broad and level in the bridge, with distinct angles to the parallelogram. These are better for men than women. The genders of noses are more distinct than those of eyes and lips. The neuter are the commonest. A nose a little aquiline has been admired in some women. Cyrus's Aspasia had one, according to Ælian. "She had very large eyes," quoth he, "and was a little upon the griffin;" ολιγοὶ δὲ καὶ επιγρυπνοί.* The less the better. It trenches upon the other sex, and requires all the graces of Aspasia to carry it off. Those indeed will carry off anything. There are many handsome and agreeable women with aquiline noses; but they are agreeable in spite of them, not by their assistance. Painters do not give them to their ideal beauties. We do not imagine angels with aquiline noses. Dignified men have them. Plato calls them *royal*. Marie Antoinette was not the worse for an aquiline nose; at least in her triumphant days, when she swam through an antichamber like a vision, and swept away the understanding of Mr Burke. But if a royal nose has anything to do with a royal will, she would have been the better for one of a less dominant description, at last. A Roman nose may establish a tyranny:—according to Marmontel, a little turn-up nose overthrew one. At all events, it is more feminine; and La Fontaine was of Marmontel's opinion. Writing to the Duchess of Bouillon, who had expressed a fear that he would grow tired of Château Thierry, he says,

"Peut-on s'ennuyer en des lieux

Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux

D'une aimable et vive Princesse,

A pied blanc et mignon, à brune et longue tresse?

Nez tressé, c'est un charme encor selon mon sens,

C'en est même un des plus puissants.

Pour moi, le temps d'aimer est passé, je l'avoue;

Et je mérite qu'on me loue

De ce libre et sincère aveu,

Dont pourtant le public se souciera très peu.

Que j'aime ou n'aime pas, c'est pour lui même chose.

Mais s'il arrive que mon cœur

Retourne à l'avenir dans sa première erreur,

Nes aquilins et longs n'en seront pas la cause."

"How can one tire in solitudes and nooks,
Graced by the steps, enlighten'd by the looks,
Of the most piquant of Princesses,
With little darling foot, and long dark tresses?
A turn-up nose too, between you and me,
Has something that attracts me mightily."

* Var. Hist. Lib. 12, Cap. 1.

* L'Ameto di Messer Giovanni Boccaccio, pp. 31, 32, 30. Parma, 1662.

† See the 'Ameto,' p. 32.

‡ Barrotti, Gio. Andrea, le chiome bionde e ciglia nere d'Alcina, discorso accademico. Padova, 1798.

My loving days, I must confess, are over,
A fact it does me honour to discover;
Though, I suppose, whether I love or not,
That brute, the public, will not care a jot.
The dev'l a bit will their hard hearts look to it.
But should it happen, some fine day,
That anything should lead me round that way,
A long and beaky nose will certainly not do it."

SONNET

WRITTEN ON A BLANK PAGE OF MR HERAUD'S
'DESCENT' INTO HELL.

MIGHTY Magician! of whose spell divine
My willing soul rejoices in the thrall,
With whom I tread the empyreal hall
Of preterhuman Nature, and the shrine
Uncover of that holiest mystery,
Wherein consists the wondrous oracle
Of ultimate Fate (how wisely and how well
By God ordained!) with things that present be—
Thou only Seer, to whom the central Earth
That prison hath unclosed, of which the tomb
Is but the portal.—Prophet-bard of doom!
How shall thy soul rejoice her in the Birth,
When the old world from Nature's sluggish womb
Re-issues in primeval beauty forth!

Bermondsey, Surrey.

T. F. T.

versation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness. A small eater but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale in prose, called 'Rosamund Gray'; a dramatic sketch, named 'John Woodvil'; a 'Farewell Ode to Tobacco'; with sundry other poems, and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though in fact they were his recreations, and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true 'Eliu', whose essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since, and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw the public attention to the old English Dramatists, in a work called 'Specimens of English Dramatic Writers,' who lived about the time of Shakespeare, published about fifteen years since. In short, all his merits and demerits to set forth, would take to the end of Mr Upcott's book, and then not be told truly.

He died 18 much lamented.*

Witness his hand, CHARLES LAMB.

18th April, 1827.

* To anybody—please to fill up these blanks.

CHARLES LAMB.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

[FURNISHED by Mr Upcott to the writer in the 'New Monthly,' who has given the public several fervent and eloquent articles on this first of the critics and essayists of his time. We have promised some extracts on the same subject from another magazine, but have been somewhat perplexed in knowing what portions of them to give or to withhold; for they trench upon matters which it is almost equally difficult to touch upon without explanation or with it; and Mr Lamb, out of the very excess of his sympathies with humanity, however harmless to everyone but himself, left a puzzle in this respect to those who chuse to discuss it. The matter seems very plain; but in truth the metaphysics of it, to be thoroughly done justice to, are laid in the very depths of the nature of us; and after all, he might be grievously misrepresented by those who have seen him in weaker hours than others have, and who therefore naturally enough draw conclusions respecting the habit, very foreign, we believe, to its real amount. We knew him, for instance, ourselves very intimately, and have seen him in all his phases; and yet, with respect to the point in question, our personal experience would lead us to say that it was certainly not the habit which it has been taken for, nor by any means to have been looked for as a matter of course or probability, except under certain circumstances, or at very peculiar and touching periods of his life. We almost feel the tears come into our eyes to think we should have the necessity forced upon us to allude to it, so excellent a man was he, and full of the most exalted and affecting virtues.]

CHARLES LAMB, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February 1775, educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountants' Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman at large;—can remember few specialties in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu*); below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional con-

A VALUABLE EXAMPLE.

[We cannot better forward the views of the Correspondent who sends us the account of this new institution, than by publishing his own intelligent and ingenuous letter.]

SIR,—I have been obliged to you a while back for the insertion of some insignificant verses. My Muse has lately forsaken me; and I am not sure whether your variously-worded, and numerous gentle repulses of such attempts, as conveyed in your notices to Correspondents, may not have had a hand in her withdrawal of favour. A subject, however, more worthy of your attention, as being of general and not selfish interest, emboldens me to ask a few moments of your attention; and I will endeavour to compress the matter into small compass, for fear of being wearisome.

A few weeks ago I enjoyed an opportunity of witnessing the establishment of a reading-room for persons of slender finances. It is in the neighbourhood of Brunswick square, and instituted at the expense of an individual, and is designed for the benefit of both sexes. A spacious apartment has been provided—lights and firing abundantly supplied, with every other requisite for comfortable accommodation. Globes stand in the room, and its walls are hung with some maps; a few dozen of books have been presented, with a probability of augmentation, and superintendence arranged for.

The poorer classes and their improvement have been the objects contemplated by the public-spirited founder; and it was consequently presumed that the hours of evening were the only ones afforded by their avocations for prosecuting the desired end. The evening, therefore, has been made the period of admittance, viz. from five until ten o'clock. Any one of the subscribers (there are already seventy) may introduce a new member, upon presenting a certain notice of such desire, and vouching for general respectability and honesty. It was requisite, for the sake of shedding some dignity upon the establishment, as removing it from the ignominy of being merely a *charitable* one, that something should be paid; and thus sixpence per month is required from each member, for the privilege of entering upon all the advantages of the place; and to prevent the supicious entrance upon, and abandonment of the

right, the condition is annexed of a month's notice on quitting.

One or two of the members are willing also to afford instruction in drawing of figures, which several of the most ignorant among them were anxious to avail themselves of; and here again, some clog upon vacillation was necessary, and the additional charge of threepence per month determined on, with the same requisition of a month's notice upon discontinuance of the study. Paper, pens, subjects for copying are abundantly and gratuitously provided; additions being frequently made to the permanent collection, and occasional loans beside.

Upon the opening of the room, Dr Bhoot, a gentleman well known for literary talent, and philanthropic views, read an address to the assembled subscribers. I have one, somewhat soiled, and will endeavour to find and enclose it; but should you kindly express the least wish for more copies, they shall be furnished.

Nothing has occurred to damp the prospects with which the undertaking was commenced. Men and women, under fixed regulations, meet, and pursue each their own studies, uninterruptedly; unnecessary conversation being discouraged. A book, upon request, with a memorandum deposited, being allowed to be taken for domestic perusal.

The founder had long lamented the want of these sort of facilities for mental cultivation which the poorer classes of men and women laboured under, and the present is an experiment that promises sufficiently well to authorize a hope, that (upon inspection) others, equally anxious to disseminate the blessings of education, may deem it worthy their notice and imitation; and if they improve upon the plan, so much the better.

Such kind of institutions are among the good fruits of 'Captain Pen's' ultimate harvest of the world:—at once products and seeds of ever improving developments. The benefit of partial attempts must of course be partial results; results too, not easily appreciable among the complexity of current movements,—at least, results which cannot be pointed to with unquestionable confidence, until the actuating impulse, viz. a very extensive augmentation of means and applications, swell out the tide of effects to a body of sufficiently broad expanse and steady flow, to leave no doubt as to what ocean it is tending.

Every mind, however, that has yielded in a certain degree its rude energies to the noble ambition of improvement, has been so far providing within itself the materials for a final conquest of its inferior propensities. Though again it must be acknowledged, that the complicated relations of moving life, and the fusion of all sorts of ingredients which unite to produce the varied aspects of society, leave it hard to be demonstrated how far the new principle is influential; and affords only to the reasoning portion of observers, those evidences which hereafter the whole world will recognise. And, perhaps, it may have been ordained here, as in other cases, that the goodness of the principle shall only be universally acknowledged after its triumph; and, like the virtuous efforts of individual faith, the happy shore to which it conducts shall only be manifested to the nations, after they have gone through the soundless depths of experience.

I scarcely feel any alarm lest you should regard this letter as an impertinent intrusion on your time. Your "sympathies with all," as displayed in all your sentiments, forbid me to fear. A slight notice from your lively pen, of such an establishment having worked well for three or four months (and your own inspection may easily be satisfied on the point) would most effectually make it known; and may induce some of your Readers, who are blessed with wealth to spare, to spread abroad in like manner the gifts of knowledge.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Z. Z.

LONGEVITY.

(From Dr Southwood Smith's 'Philosophy of Health'.)

By a certain amount and intensity of misery life may be suddenly destroyed; by a smaller amount and intensity, it may be slowly worn out and exhausted. The state of the mind affects the physical condition; but the continuance of life is wholly dependent on the physical condition: it follows that in the degree in which the state of the mind is capable of affecting the physical condition, it is capable of influencing the duration of life.

— Were the physical condition always perfect, and the mental state always that of enjoyment, the duration of life would always be extended to the utmost limit compatible with that of the organization of the body. But as this fortunate concurrence seldom or never happens, human life seldom or never measures the full number of its days. Uniform experience shows, however, that, provided no accident occur to interrupt the usual course, in proportion as body and mind approximate to this state, life is long; and as they recede from it, it is short. Improvement of the physical condition affords a foundation for the improvement of the mental state; improvement of the mental state improves up to a certain point the physical condition; and in the ratio in which this twofold improvement is affected, the duration of life increases.

Longevity then is good, in the first place, because it is a sign and a consequence of a certain amount of enjoyment; and, in the second place, because this being the case, of course in proportion as the term of life is extended, the sum of enjoyment must be augmented. And this view of longevity assigns the cause, and shows the reasonableness of that desire for long life, which is so universal and constant as to be commonly considered instinctive. Longevity and happiness, if not invariably, are generally, coincident.

If there may be happiness without longevity, the converse is not possible: there cannot be longevity without happiness. Unless the state of the body be that of tolerable health, and the state of the mind that of tolerable enjoyment, long life is unattainable; these physical and mental conditions no longer existing, or capable of existing, the desire of life and the power of retaining it cease together.

An advanced term of life and decrepitude are commonly conceived to be synonymous: the extension of life is vulgarly supposed to be the protraction of the period of infirmity and suffering, that period which is characterized by a progressive diminution of the power of sensation, and a consequent and proportionate loss of the power of enjoyment, the "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." But this is so far from being true, that it is not within the compass of human power to protract, in any sensible degree, the period of old age, properly so called, that is, the stage of decrepitude. In this stage of existence, the physical changes that successively take place clog, day by day, the vital machinery, until it can no longer play. In a space of time fixed within narrow limits, the flame of life must then inevitably expire, for the processes that feed it fail. But though, when fully come, the term of old age cannot be extended, the coming of the term may be postponed. To the preceding stage, an indefinite number of years may be added. And this is a fact of the deepest interest to human nature.

The division of human life into periods or epochs is not an arbitrary distinction, but is founded on constitutional differences in the system, dependent on different physiological conditions. The periods of infancy, childhood, boyhood, adolescence, manhood, and old age, are distinguished from each other by external characters, which are but the outward signs of internal states. In physiological condition, the infant differs from the child, the boy from the man, and the adult from the old man, as much in physical strength as in mental power. There is an appointed order in which these several states succeed each other; there is a fixed time at which one passes

into another. That order cannot be inverted; no considerable anticipation or postponement of that fixed time can be effected. In all places and under all circumstances, at a given time, though not precisely at the same time in all climates and under all modes of life, infancy passes into childhood, childhood into boyhood, boyhood into adolescence, and adolescence into manhood. In the space of two years from its birth, every infant has ceased to be an infant, and has become a child; in the space of six years from this period, every child will have become a boy; add eight years to this time, and every boy will have become a young man; in eight years more, every young man will have become an adult man; and in the subsequent ten years, every adult man will have acquired his highest state of physical perfection. But at what period will this state of physical perfection decline? What is the maximum time during which it can retain its full vigour? Is that maximum fixed? Is there a certain number of years in which, by an inevitable law, every adult man necessarily becomes an old man? Is precisely the same number of years appointed for this transition to every human being? Can no care add to that number? Can no imprudence take from it? Does the physiological condition or the constitutional age of any two individuals ever advance to precisely the same point in precisely the same number of years? Physically and mentally, are not some persons older at fifty than others are at seventy? And do not instances occasionally occur in which an old man, who reached even his hundredth year, retains as great a degree of juvenility as the majority of those who attain to eighty. If this be so, what follows? One of the most interesting consequences that can be presented to the human mind. The deviation of the periods of infancy, childhood, boyhood, and adolescence, is fixed by a determinate number of years. Nothing can stay, nothing retard, the succession of each. Alike incapable of any material protraction is the period of old age. It follows that every year by which the term of human existence is extended is really added to the period of mature age; the period when the organs of the body have attained their full growth and put forth their full strength; when the physical organization has acquired its utmost perfection; when the senses, the feelings, the emotions, the passions, the affections, are in the highest degree acute, intense, and varied; when the intellectual faculties, completely unfolded and developed, carry on their operations with the greatest vigour, soundness, and continuity; in a word, when the individual is capable of receiving and of communicating the largest amount of the highest kind of enjoyment.

A consideration more full of encouragement, more animating, there cannot be. The extension of human life, in whatever mode and degree it may be possible to extend it, is the protraction of that portion of it, and only of that portion of it, in which the human being is capable of RECEIVING AND OF COMMUNICATING THE LARGEST MEASURE OF THE NOBLEST KIND OF ENJOYMENT.

Relation between the physical condition and happiness, and between happiness and longevity depends on the action of the organic organs. The action of the organic organs depends on certain physical agents. As each organic organ is duly supplied with the physical agent by which it carries on its respective process, and as it duly appropriates what it receives, the perfection of the physical condition is attained; and according to the perfection or imperfection of the physical condition, supposing no accident interrupt its regular course, is the length or the brevity of life.

It is conceivable that the physical condition might be brought to a high degree of perfection, the mind remaining in a state but little fitted for enjoyment; because it is necessary to enjoyment that there be a certain development, occupation, and direction of the mental powers and affections: and the mental state may be neglected, while attention is paid to the physical processes. But the converse is not possible.

The mental energies cannot be fully called forth while the physical condition is neglected. Happiness presupposes a certain degree of excellence in the physical condition; and unless the physical condition be brought to a high degree of excellence, there can be no such development, occupation, and direction of the mental powers and affections as is requisite to a high degree of enjoyment.

That state of the system in which the physical condition is sound, is in itself conducive to enjoyment, while a permanent state of enjoyment is in its turn conducive to the soundness of the physical condition. It is impossible to maintain the physical processes in a natural and vigorous condition if the mind be in a state of suffering. The bills of mortality contain no column exhibiting the number of persons who perish annually from bodily disease produced by mental suffering; but everyone must occasionally have seen appalling examples of the fact. Everyone must have observed the altered appearance of persons who have sustained calamity. A misfortune that struck to the heart happened to a person a year ago; observe him some time afterwards; he is wasted, worn, the miserable shadow of himself; inquire about him at the distance of a few months, he is no more.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

THE ABEE DE LILLE.

(Author of 'Les Jardins,' and translations of Virgil and Milton. Died in 1813.)

[TAKEN from a character of him by Madame du Molé, an extract from which (our authority) appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for November 1816, p. 394.]

His works have neither the character nor the features of his conversation. Reading them you would suppose him to be devoted to the most serious contemplations; see him in company, and you would suppose he never meditated at all. He takes no interest in the common occurrences of society. He is careless about everyone, and even about himself. Sometimes, without having listened to or seen anything that has past, he comes in with the most pertinent remark; then, perhaps, he is all simplicity; but in every humour he is very agreeable. His ideas flow with rapidity, and he communicates them without reserve; he is neither wordy nor affected. His conversation is a happy mixture of beauties and of negligences, and amiable disorder, which is always charming, and sometimes astonishing.

For his figure—a little girl once said, that it was all zig-zag: but the sex in general see only the expression, and not the form. His mouth is large, it is true; but the words and the verses that flow from it are delightful. His eyes are small and hollow; but, aided by the changes of his countenance, they express all the variety of his character. He does not give his features time to look ugly. He is not inattentive to his person; but he seldom adapts its ornaments to the occasion. He will go in *deshabille* to a duchess, and ride a-hunting in full dress.

His body is 74, his soul is only 15. Sensible to excess, he is assailable on all sides; but it is all to no purpose; his thoughtlessness and gaiety come to his aid, and leave him the happiest of beings. Public amusements are nothing to him: he is always occupied by some one object, and happy in being so engaged. He will give you his company for hours, and is happy with you: but so he is with the house-keeper: or his horse, which he will sometimes caress for two hours, and then forget that he has one. Yet, if he cannot be praised for uniformity of life, he has none of the vices of irregularity. However careless his conduct may be, it is always innocent. If he has no great features of character, he has all those engaging qualities of grace, liveliness, and simplicity, so natural, and yet so full of ingenuity, that he is courted like a reigning beauty, and beloved like a favourite child.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXVIII — MARRIAGE AFTER BURIAL.

[If ever the letter of the marriage institution might be set aside in favour of its spirit, it would surely be in a case like the present. The story appeared originally in the famous French publication, the *Causse Célèbres*. It reminds us of one strikingly like it in an Italian publication, called the 'Florentine Observer,' upon which Mr Shelley has left the fragment of a noble poem. See, in his 'Miscellaneous Poems,' the piece intitled 'Genevra.']

Two Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long wished-for union, a man, far advanced in years, and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honourable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate; but the anxiety of her mind preyed upon her body, which threw her into a lingering disorder, that apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to her grave. As soon as this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but, recollecting that in her youth she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived, and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of safety, where, by proper methods, he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in; and probably as great was her pleasure, at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim; and his reasons, supported by a powerful inclination on her side, were too strong for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage.

The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavours to disguise herself were ineffectual. He laid his claim to her, before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alleging, that the husband, by burying her, had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one, by freeing her from the grave, and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weight they might have in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law; and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired out of the kingdom.

RELIGIOUS OPINION IN RAJASTHAN.

The period of sectarian intolerance is now past; and as far as my observation goes, the ministers of Vishnu, Sirha and Budha, view each other without malignity, which feeling never appears to have influenced the laity of either sect, who are indiscriminately respectful to the ministers of all religions, whatever be their tenets. It is sufficient that their office is one of sanctity, and that they are ministers of the Divinity, who, they say, excludes the homage of none, in whatever tongue or whatever manner he is sought; and with this spirit of intire toleration, the devout missionary, or Moollah, would in no country meet more security or hospitable courtesy than among the Rajpoots. They must, however, adopt the toleration they would find practised towards themselves.—*Tod's Antiquities of Rajasthan.*

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XVI.—KING LEAR.

(Continued from last week.)

ONE of the most perfect displays of dramatic power is the first interview between Lear and his daughter, after the designed affronts upon him, which till one of his knights reminds him of them, his sanguine temperament had led him to overlook. He returns with his train from hunting, and his usual impatience breaks out in his first words, "Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready." He then encounters the faithful Kent in disguise, and retains him in his service; and the first trial of his honest duty is to trip up the heels of the officious Steward who makes so prominent and despicable a figure through the piece. On the entrance of Gonerill the following dialogue takes place:—

"LEAR. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on?"

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

FOOL. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [To Gonerill] so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum.

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod! [Pointing to Lear.

GONERILL. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots.

I had thought, by making this well known to you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which else were shame) that then necessity
Would call discreet proceeding.

FOOL. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

LEAR. Are you our daughter?

GONERILL. Come, sir,

I would you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

FOOL. May not an ass know when the cart
draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug, I love thee.

LEAR. Does any here know me?—Why, this
is not Lear:

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus?—Where are
his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's
shadow?

I would learn that: for by the marks
Of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—
Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GONERILL. Come, sir:

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy: be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

LEAR. Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

GONERILL. You strike my people; and your
disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents—Oh, sir, are
you come?

Is it your will? speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
[To Albany.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child;
Than the sea-monster!

ALBANY. Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR. Detested kite! thou liest. [To Gonerill.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the first place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. Oh Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at the gate that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people!
ALBANY. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.]

LEAR. It may be so, my lord—
Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen: that it may live,
To be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [Exit.

ALBANY. Now, gods that we adore, whereof
comes this? [cause;

GONERILL. Never afflict yourself to know the
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

LEAR. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

ALBANY. What's the matter, sir?

LEAR. I'll tell thee; life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
[To Gonerill.

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.

[Exit Lear, Kent, and Attendants.]

This is certainly fine: no wonder that Lear says
after it, "Oh let me not be mad, not mad, sweet
heavens," feeling its effects by anticipation: but fine
as is this burst of rage and indignation at the first

blow aimed at his hopes and expectations, it is nothing near so fine as what follows from his double disappointment, and his lingering efforts to see which of them he shall lean upon for support and find comfort in, when both his daughters turn against his age and weakness. It is with some difficulty that Lear gets to speak with his daughter Regan, and her husband, at Gloster's castle. In concert with Gonerill they have left their own home on purpose to avoid him. His apprehensions are first alarmed by this circumstance, and when Gloster, whose guests they are, urges the fiery temper of the Duke of Cornwall as an excuse for not importuning him a second time, Lear breaks out,—

"Vengeance! Plague! Death! Confusion!
Fiery? What fiery quality? Why, Gloster,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife."

Afterwards, feeling perhaps not well himself, he is inclined to admit their excuse from illness, but then recollecting that they have set his messenger (Kent) in the stocks, all his suspicions are roused again, and he insists on seeing them.

"Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants."

LEAR. Good-morrow to you both.

CORNWALL. Hail to your grace!

[Kent is set at liberty.]

REGAN. I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adulteress.—Oh, are you free?

[To Kent.]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: Oh Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here—

[Points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—Oh Regan!

REGAN. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope

You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR. Say, how is that?

REGAN. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation; if, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

LEAR. My curses on her!

REGAN. Oh, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself; therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

LEAR. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the use?

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg,

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

REGAN. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

LEAR. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd blank upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

CORNWALL. Fie, sir, fie!

LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall, and blast her pride!

REGAN. Oh the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

LEAR. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to sear my sense,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in; thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

REGAN. Good sir, to the purpose.

[Trumpets within.]

LEAR. Who put my man i' the stocks?

CORNWALL. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

REGAN. I know't, my sister's; this approves her letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

LEAR. This is a slave, whose easy borrow'd pride
Dwells in the sickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

CORNWALL. What means your grace?

LEAR. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope

Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here?
Oh heavens,

Enter GONERILL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet away
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?

[To Gonerill.]

Oh, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

GONERILL. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

LEAR. Oh, sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

CORNWALL. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders

Deserv'd much less advancement.

LEAR. You! did you?

REGAN. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEAR. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl—

To wage against the enmity o' the air

Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her!

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

To knee his throne, and squire-like pension beg

To keep base life afoot.—Return with her!

Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter

To this detested groom. [Looking on the Steward.]

GONERILL. At your choice, sir.

LEAR. Now, I prythee, daughter, do not make me mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine: thou art a bile,

A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:

I did not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:

Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,

I, and my hundred knights.

REGAN. Not altogether so, sir;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided

For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion;
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

LEAR. Is this well spoken now?

REGAN. I dare avouch it, sir: What fifty followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Such that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

GONERILL. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REGAN. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,

We would controul them: if you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

LEAR. I gave you all—

REGAN. And in good time you gave it.

LEAR. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: what, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan! said you so?

REGAN. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

LEAR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[To Gonerill.]

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

GONERILL. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

REGAN. What need one?

LEAR. Oh, reason not the need: our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous;

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st;

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need—

You heavens, give me that patience which I need!

You see me here, you gods; a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!

Oh, let no woman's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep:

No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,

Or e'er I'll weep:—Oh, fool, I shall go mad!

[Exit Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.]

If there is any thing in any author like this yearning of the heart, these throes of tenderness, this profound expression of all that can be thought and felt in the most heart-rending situations, we are glad of it; but it is in some author that we have not read. To be concluded next week.

—You remember the fairy who was so good-natured that any weapon aimed at her changed its quality; stones became balls of silk, and arrows became flowers. The moral of the fable is evident. Be but liked, and you will not be censured for your failings (should you have any), nor envied for your good fortune.—*Sharp's Essays.*

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.*

I ask no fields with plenty crowned,
I ask no wealth, as Gyges owned,
Dear S**r; all I seek
Is what the wants of life require,
Beef, porter, bread, a sea-coal fire,
My Paper once a week.

I ask no stores of dirty pelf
To make me quite forget myself;
Each ill does wealth afford;
To me a harter has no charms,
To me the stocks cause no alarms,
I envy not a hoard.

The master-minds of other days,
The bards whom wond'ring nations praise
To me their treasures bring.
Homer and Virgil me inspire,
For me Anacreon strikes his lyre,
For me does Horace sing.

And they, the chiefs of elder time,
The denizens of every clime,
The patriot men of yore,—
For me they live, for me they bleed,
For me they do the heroic deed;—
What can I wish for more?

With wealth like this, with friends like these,
I live in no inglorious ease;
Ner ever blame the fates,
Because they have denied to me
The complement of L. S. D.
They've lavished upon Thwaytes.†

G. H.

* The first stanza is an imitation of an epigram of Alpheus of Mitylene.

† Thwaytes—of course a generic name,—a noun of multitude, like Smith or Tomkins,—and not implicating any individual of the numerous and worthy tribe of the Thwayteses.

CONTRAST BETWEEN

THE REAL AND FASHIONABLE GRACES OF WORSHIP.

(From the new Novel, 'Chances and Changes'.)

"WHAT a contrast," said Catherine to Edward Longcroft, "is this little church among the mountains, to the fashionable churches in London. When I saw the benches of hewn stone, without any distinction of pews, the simple pulpit, the unadorned altar, the rough walls, backed by the solid rock, I bethought me of your uncle's pew in Mary-le-bone, carpeted like a drawing-room, lined with crimson cloth, padded like a carriage, for the more luxurious ease of the shoulders that rested against it; the chandelier, the fire-place, with its polished cut-steel fender and fire-irons, and Mr Longcroft rattling them and regularly stirring the fire, as soon as the text was given out."

"Why, Catherine, you are satirical, my child," said Mr Neville. "How is that? Do not you know, that if these poor mountaineers were proud of the poverty of their church, its simplicity would be fully as offensive in the sight of the Almighty as all the pomp of Mary-le-bone, or any other edifice of the same character."

"No, my dear father, I am not in any mood to satirise," said Catherine, "but I always used to feel uncomfortable in that church, the distinctions were so very aristocratic; it made me seem as if the object to which it was consecrated was merely a form of polite society; the fault may be in myself, but I must own I never could feel half the devotion sitting by the fire-side, with a velvet cushion at my back, and my feet on an ottoman, in Mr Longcroft's pew, that I did at our own dear Nethercross, and at this little church in the desert here."

"Catherine is right!" said Edward, "there ought to be no distinction of persons in places of worship; there is none in a Catholic church; the good sense of the people teaches them all to take their places with a decent regard to their respective conditions,

and that is enough—open pews and open doors are what we might borrow, with great advantage, from our continental neighbours."

"Yes," said Mr Neville, "and as our friend Arnaud is not here to start at my acknowledgment, I must say, I should be very glad of their pictured walls, and ornamented altars, now that we could combine them with a purer form of worship: I do love a religion of types, when not made to stand in place of the things typified,—I suppose I may say so without fear of being condemned as not orthodox. The remark that the real splendour and perfection of a state, is when the utmost pomp and magnificence in public matters is combined with simplicity in private life and individual habits, will apply as well to the ornamenting of churches as any other national treasures,—so it was in ancient Greece and early Rome; but we shall not see those days in England, I fear, nor anywhere else, where steam-coaches and rail-roads, and flying ships and aquatic balloons, are perpetually at work to minister to restless whims, and absorb the money which might, if people staid at home, and lived within their means, be devoted to public benefits." And so, with many a sage description on the comparative advantages of poverty and luxury, and many a pause to contemplate the magnificence of nature, which surrounded them, they finally regained the Presbytery.

SHAKESPEARE AT THE CLUB.

(From 'Confessions of Shakspeare'.)

WE have some notion of the footing on which he stood. A personal welcome to begin with, his wit to answer all the rest, and not a word from either side to intimate the divinity of his genius. No one "stands still with awful eye." It is hail fellow, well met. In the theatre alone men bowed before the agonies of Othello's passion, the sublime terrors of Macbeth's imagination—there alone they dreamt with the philosophic Hamlet over the riddle of life, to find in death the sole solution of its mystery!—Is he who now enters the Mermaid with that light and buoyant step the author of these wonderful creations? Is that the demi-god of genius, the master of spirits and of men? See how he enters, unconscious of any superiority, and open and unassuming as a child. It is only as the wine stirs, and the potent Jonson gets rather dictatorial, that these quiet flashes of wit glance forth against him. We may suppose, in addition, the quiet undercurrent of satire, half pleasant, half scornful, which must have run through the mind of Shakspeare as he saw the younger poets turn to Jonson, as the great arbiter of their fate; waiting for his nod, as the sign of doom; and leaping for very joy in their hearts, as, out of that oracular chair of his—the town chair of poetry, wisdom, and scholarship—he pronounced them, [with affectionate conceit, his "sons," and proceeded to "seal them of the tribe of Ben." But this ran, we dare be sworn, an undercurrent merely. It never ventured itself to the surface in the shape of severity or scorn. The more learned assumptions of Jonson were those we are to suppose he twitted him about, making "all merry meanwhile, and adding to the sociality by his jests. It is by no means to be concluded from this that Shakspeare disrelished learning, or did not himself admit it in a gallant and airy spirit, and as a social grace. It was only the Jonsonian shape of it he thought a fair subject for quizzing. Hear him speaking for himself at the Mitre in a happy vein of festive wit,—

"Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
Which was the Mitre's once, and now is mine;
Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted,
Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

And the worthy Richard Jackson, whose manuscript hands this down to us, inserts a dramatic direction in the second line at the end of the fourth word,—thus, "[drinks]." And so the life of Shakspeare passed,—according to the chance records of the time. He wrote the mightiest works that have been given to

man, and sought no personal association with them. He received none. As each of these works appeared, they merged, as it were, into the general and universal spirit to which they indeed of right belonged—the spirit of humanity. They became a portion of the great heart of the world. Hix, meanwhile, from whom they first proceeded, continued to walk through life's common way; laying on his heart the lowliest duties; assisting his fellow-actors to pass life merrily as they might; and,—secure of the everlasting existence of those shapes of beauty he had sent into the world to be to it "joys for ever,"—for himself, in the estimation of posterity, he betrayed no care. Mr Lamb has said there is a magnanimity even in authorship. Is it not here? if the term of authorship can indeed be applied to Shakspeare. Posterity has certainly, in his case, taken care that nothing was lost by such noble modesty. Shakspeare is now only less than worshipped;—it is esteemed an honour to speak the tongue he spake.

FINE ARTS.

*Exhibition of the New Water Colour Society,
Exeter Hall.*

THIS little Society have left their dark and cramped abode in Boad-street, and have much more commodiously hung out their colours in the small room at Exeter Hall; not on a ground floor, down a step, but nearer the sky and sun, up a fine stone staircase. We hope their prospects are rising accordingly. At all events, a better policy has been pursued; and we do not observe those miserable daubs that disfigured the walls of their former place, as bad as any of the unsuccessful candidates for the amateur prizes at the Society of Arts. Though the pictures are much more select, they do not strike us as being fewer in number. The majority are landscapes,—little snatches of homely scenery,—very agreeable matter for an hour's amusement. The pictures are mostly very small, and very, very few are elaborate in the colouring enough to deserve the name of paintings. The effect of the whole is somewhat as though the contents of a well-filled album had been dislodged from their native home, and framed and glazed, and hung round the room, with here and there a large drawing from the portfolio, to give a dignity to the little squadron. Altogether, there is a general want of finish, and even of ambition, among the drawings; they are mostly executed in the mannered style of roughness, with a camera obscura effect, common among old-fashioned water-colourists, or [with a glaring blankness, a sort of ostentatious neatness, in which, keeping the paper clean is made to pass for delicacy of finish; the real use of colour, the blending of tints, the delicacy of high finish, bold contrast, the bolder dispensing with contrast, are scarcely to be met with. A few are aspiring in the attempt at colour, but such are apt to want harmony, leaving the material to overpower the effect it should produce. Downing's drawings are of the ultra neat order, where a large space of clean and feebly-tinted distance is made to show off the deeper-toned spot which constitutes the principal object; and yet his drawings do not want for a real feeling of nature. 'Northgate, Chester' (18), is at once a prime instance of this defect, and a very good specimen of his power. It is vigorous, and yet soft and pleasing; but that unnatural shadow in the middle of the picture is so much too heavy for the rest, that though richly coloured, and not opaque, it tells like a large blot in the middle of a very neat, but very feeble drawing. Cahusac is clever; but he would do well to study nature more, and Hunt less: his drawings are clever, but mannered. His best is a 'Sporting Highlander' (45). Shepherd is tasteful, but his colours are too positive and unblended. 141 and 149, however, are very clever, and for force of effect may perhaps take the second place among their fellows. Campion, Lindsay, Duncan, Rochard, are among those whose pictures we have noted with a mark of approbation. 'Shipping on the Thames' (315) by the first, is a very clever drawing. But the glory of the place is a couple of fruit-pieces by Lance;—rich, glowing,

luxurious as oils: how gorgeous that glittering cup; how luscious the fruit; how soft the napkin; how light and airy the feather! We hardly know which of the two we prefer; if 136 be more striking and magnificent, 148 is the more faultless and deeper toned. The strawberries in the former are, we think, of very doubtful texture; they look too dry.—There are some studies of heads, &c., by the same hand: he manages flesh better in water than in oils; but we would advise him to stick to his fruit.]

The British Atlas, comprising separate Maps of every County in England, and the Three Ridings of Yorkshire. Wales will be contained in four sheets, and will be so arranged that they can be joined together, and form an entire Map of that Principality. To be completed in twenty-three numbers; each containing two Maps, which will appear regularly on the first of every month. By J. and C. Walker. Longman and Co.]

VERY copious, clear, and carefully got up: as fair a specimen of Map engraving as we remember to have seen.

Arboretum Britannicum. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S. &c. No. IV. Longman and Co.

SUSTAINS its excellence as a gallery of arborescent portraits. Is not the horse chestnut, however, taken from a tree which is rather an exception, than an average specimen in the general appearance of its species? [It appears to us more oval shaped than common.]

History of British Fishes. By W. Yarrell, F.L.S. Part II. John Van Voorst.

THE cuts are not quite so well printed as those in Part I.—they are a little blacker; but they show the same skill and delicacy in the engraving; the casualities of the press obscure but do not destroy the beauty of the execution.

Plates of the Penny Magazine. Charles Knight.

THE cuts are separated from the text, and bound up in a handsome volume. It is quite surprising how they can survive the wear-and-tear they must endure in working off the enormous impression of the periodical they have served for, and then appear after all in this fresh, vigorous, and drawing-room condition. They look very well on the better paper, and form quite a gallery of natural history, distant scenery, and curiosities of all sorts. An excellent work to lie on the drawing-room table, furnishing amusement or a whole afternoon.

TABLE TALK.

HINT TO VOYAGERS.

"I cannot refrain from making some remarks on the cruelty of those who pass a leisure hour on board, by firing at the oceanic birds as they fly about the ship. These little "indefatigables," as some are pleased to term them, are too often doomed to become the subject of this murderous sport. Often and often with broken wings they are left to linger on the wide expanse of waters, unable to procure any food but that which may accidentally pass them; buffeted about by the waves, and helpless in themselves, they linger out a miserable existence, until death puts a period to their misery. It is revolting to the feelings to see these beautiful and perfectly innocent birds destroyed, solely to gratify the inclination to destroy.—Bennet's 'Wanderings in New South Wales,' &c.

MR HENRY PHILLIPS.

H. Phillips has been fortunate in coming before the public and making a stand at a time when there was none to oppose him. His natural powers are limited, but he has increased them by careful and persevering practice. Like all self-taught men, he has his defects; he has a trick of jerking out his notes in an unpleasant manner—he is apt to sing in his throat—and in extending the compass of his voice he has rendered it uneven, requiring all his tact to conceal this defect; he has likewise a tendency to sing out of tune—the effect of forcing his voice beyond its powers. To look on the other side of the

picture, his conception is good—his expression full of feeling—his style of singing is chaste and free from vulgar embellishment—he throws out his tone well—and his execution is smooth and polished. His acting too is more easy, animated, and expressive than that of any other English singer. He is successful both in serious and comic characters, but his forte is comedy; the picturesqueness of his diablerie, indeed, arises from a vein of comic humour. He is always gentlemanly, whether he personates the fiend himself, or the mortal with whom the fiend has taken up his lodging. There is a mannerism too—not an unpleasant one, partaking as it does of a sort of *bom-hommie*—in all he does, whether he sings 'Lord, have mercy' at a festival, or 'The best of all good company' at Drury Lane. We know no singer more easily imitated, or so inimitable in his way (if the paradox may be allowed) as Henry Phillips.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

A gentleman who had been robbed by his servant, forgave him, on condition that he would promise to abandon his bad habits; this promise he so far kept, and conducted himself so steadily, as to accumulate enough of money to enable him to marry, and to keep an inn, on a much frequented road. About twenty years after, the gentleman, travelling that way, came to lodge with his old servant, whom he did not recollect until the man came forward, made himself known, and expressed how gratified and happy he was in again waiting upon him. He gave him the handsomest room and the best fare, but the night had no sooner set in, than this perfidious wretch, after so much show of attachment, stabbed his old master with a dagger, threw his body into a cart, and carried it to a river at the back of his house. In order to avoid discovery, and to prevent the corpse from rising to the surface of the water, he pierced the body through with a long stake sharpened at the end, which he pushed so far into the mud, that only a very small portion of the end of the stake was visible. A few days afterwards some ravens arrived from all directions, and crowded to the spot. Their increasing croaking, altogether unusual at the place, led the inhabitants to fancy a thousand foolish stories. The pertinacity of the birds was such also, that it was useless to attempt driving them away. This increased the excited curiosity so much, that the stake was at length, with difficulty, drawn out, which was no sooner done, than the body rose to the surface of the water. Inquiries were accordingly made to discover the murderer, and the wheel marks of the cart having been traced to the back of the inn, the master was taken up on suspicion, and confessed his crime.—*Faculties of Birds.*

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

There have been many example of men in show dead; either laid out upon the cold floare, or carried forth to burial. Nay, of some buried in the earth; which, notwithstanding, have lived again; which hath been found (in those that were buried, the earth being afterwards opened) by the bruising and wounding of their head, through the struggling of the body within the coffin: whereof the most recent and memorable example was that of James Scotus, called the subtle, and a schoolman; who, being digged up again, was found in that state; and the like happened in our dayes, in the person of a player, buried at Cambridge.—*Bacon on Life and Death.* [Many idle stories are related to this effect, but it is to be feared also, many true ones. Yet there are people who think it easy for the world to have too much imagination! A weak imagination is not to be cultivated, neither should we think the worst or gloomiest of anything, when it is over and cannot be better seen into. But security in the present instance is easy, and a little imagination would come in aid of natural tenderness, to render it a matter of course. It is the duty of every family (a painful one it is, but better than worse pains of doubt afterwards) to keep a deceased member above ground, till the commencement of decomposition is obvious and undeniable.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We agree with H. G., but are afraid of re-opening so very wide a question.

We take a SINCERE WELL-WISHER in the very best part. We certainly have our own views on the subject; but they are such, as, we flatter ourselves, he would agree with, if we could argue the point with him; just as he thinks he could convince us;—a feeling common to all honest controversialists. But controversy is not within the province of our Paper.

Thanks to J. T. HOLMAN; but is not his view of Mr Webbe's argument materially to be qualified by the fact, that the inventor of the Cherokee language was acquainted with Europeans? and was the invention, in fact, one of language, and not rather of characters only?

We should like to find room for the letter of LARIS, and hope to do so. The index he inquires about, will be such as he wishes. With respect to the other matter, we cannot be equally certain.

We never heard of the contemplated measure alluded to by our comfortable friend, F. WILLIAM F., till his own mention of it. No such measure has certainly ever been contemplated by ourselves.

G. W. may surely read his "youthful productions" to his friends, without any misgiving, especially as he interrupts no duty in the cultivation of his taste. The Reader will agree with us, when he sees the following verses, which argue a feeling for genuine nature. We recommend the writer to try his hand on a longer, narrative ballad, such as 'Edwin and Emma,' and others of that sort:—

I.

THE false one met me with a smile,
And held her hand to me,
I pressed it fondly, for no guile;
I thought in her could be.

II.

A ring of gold my finger prest!
I started—and she wept;
I asked her, with an aching breast
If thus her faith she kept!

III.

She answered not, but turned her face
To weep, unseen by me:
I heaved a sigh, and left the place;
And her—eternally.

There are things we like much in the verses of SELIM, but they are accompanied with matter which hardly belongs to them. Will he sit down and write a few, in which he shall resolve to sacrifice nothing whatever to the rhyme?

RUTH writes so delightful a letter, that it will be hard if we do not find something to please us in her book.

With sincere regret do we learn, from Miss Anna Maria Sargeant, the death of her sister, Mrs Hartwell, who graced our pages with some of her cordial and truly feminine effusions. The letter with which Miss Sargeant has favoured us, will be further noticed next week.

The wishes of Mr G. H. L. shall be attended to.

The letter of our fair Correspondent, E. S., is duly appreciated.

The 'Gipsy King's' arrival was attended with silence, out of no dishonour to him. We have been only taking time to pay him the proper attention. It has long been our intention to give Specimens of English Poetry, with remarks, after the fashion of the article on Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' in Number IX, and agreeably to the recommendation of the Correspondent who refers to it. And we shall certainly pursue this plan in the course of a few weeks.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1835.

No. 58.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

No. III.

MOUTH AND CHIN.—The mouth, like the eyes, gives occasion to so many tender thoughts, and is so apt to lose and supersede itself in the affectionate softness of its effect upon us, that the first impulse, in speaking of it, is to describe it by a sentiment and a transport. Mr Sheridan has hit this very happily—see his *Rivals*:—

"Then, Jack, such eyes! Such lips! Eyes so,"
&c. &c.

I never met with a passage in all the poets that gave me a livelier and softer idea of this charming feature, than a stanza in a homely old writer of our own country. He is relating the cruelty of Queen Eleanor to the Fair Rosamond:

"With that she dash'd her on the lips,
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled."

Warner's Albion's England, Book viii, chap. 41.

Sir John Suckling, in his taste of an under lip, is not easily to be surpassed:

"Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly."

The upper lip, observe, was only comparatively thin. Thin lips become none but shrews or niggards. A rosiness beyond that of the cheeks, and a good-tempered sufficiency and plumpness, are the indispensable requisites of a good mouth. Chaucer, a great judge, is very peremptory in this matter:

"With pregnant lips, and thick to kiss percase]
For lippes thin, not fat, but ever lean,
They serve of naught; they be not worth a bean;
For if the vase be full, there is delight."
The Court of Love.

For the consolation of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards, I must give it here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted, in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good-humour and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please; but affectionation will not help us. In a wrong cause, it will only make our observers resent the endeavour to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another: or rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of a trembling tenderness; of sharp sorrow, of a full and breathing joy, of candour, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eyes; as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On

the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause in both is internal and deep-seated.

The more we consider beauty, the more we recognise its dependence on sentiment. The handsomest mouth without expression is no better than a mouth in a drawing-book. An ordinary one, on the other hand, with a great deal of expression, shall become charming. One of the handsomest smiles I ever saw in a man, was that of a celebrated statesman who is reckoned plain. How handsome Mrs Jordan was when she laughed; who, nevertheless, was not a beauty. If we only imagine a laugh full of kindness and enjoyment, or a "little giddy laugh," as Marot calls it,—*un petit ris folâtre*,—we imagine the mouth handsome as a matter of course: at any rate, for the time. The material obeys the spiritual. Anacreon beautifully describes a lip as "a lip like Persuasion's," and says it calls upon us to kiss it. "Her lips," says Sir Philip Sidney, "though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them."—*Arcadia*, Book I. Let me quote another passage from that noble romance, which was written to fill a woman's mind with all beautiful thoughts, and which I never met with a woman that did not like, notwithstanding its faults, and in spite of the critics. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine; and she not taking heed to wipe the tears, they hung upon her cheeks and lips, as upon cherries, which the dropping tree bedeweth."—Book the Third. Nothing can be more fresh and elegant than this picture.

A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the ancients, among their beauties, make mention of small mouths and lips, they mean small only, as opposed to an excess the other way; a fault very common in the south. The sayings in favour of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A petty, pursed-up mouth, is fit for nothing but to be left to its self-complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions, than very small ones. Beauty should have neither; but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and show the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.

Beautiful teeth are of a moderate size, even, and white, not a dead white like fish bones, which has something ghastly in it, but ivory or pearly white with an enamel. Bad teeth in a handsome mouth present a contradiction, which is sometimes extremely to be pitied; for a weak or feverish state of body may occasion them. Teeth, not kept as clean as possible, are unpardonable. Ariosto has a celebrated stanza upon a mouth:—

"Sotto quel sta, quasi fra due vallette,
La bocca, sparsa di natio cinabro:
Quivi due filze son di perle elette,
Che chiude ed apre un bello e dolce labro;
Quindi escon le cortesi parolette
Da render molle ogni cor rosso e scabro;

Quivi si forma quel soave riso,
Ch'apre a sua posta in terra il paradiso."

Orlan. Fur. Canto 7.

"Next, as between two little vales appears
The mouth, where spices and vermilion keep:
There lurk the pearls, richer than sultan wears,
Now casketed, now shown, by a sweet lip:
Thence issue the soft words and courteous prayers,
Enough to make a churl for sweetness weep:
And there the smile taketh its rosy rise,
That opens upon earth a paradise."

To the mouth belong not only its own dimples, but those of the face:—

"Le pozzette
Che forma un dolce riso in bella guancia."

Tasso.

"The delicate wells
Which a sweet smile forms in a lovely cheek."

The chin, to be perfect, should be round and delicate, neither advancing nor retreating too much. If it exceed either way, the latter defect is on the side of gentleness. The former anticipates old age. A rounded and gentle prominence is both spirited and beautiful; and is eminently Grecian. It is an elegant countenance (affectation of course apart), where the forehead and eyes have an inclined and over-looking aspect, while the mouth is delicately full and dimpled, and the chin supports it like a cushion, leaning a little upward. A dimple in the chin is almost invariably demanded by the poets, and has a character of grace and tenderness.

NECK AND SHOULDERS. The shoulders in a female ought to be delicately plump, even, and falling without suddenness. Broad shoulders are admired by many. It is difficult not to like them, when handsomely turned. It seems as if "the more of a good, thing the better." At all events, an excess that way may divide opinion, while of the deformity of pinched and mean-looking shoulders there can be no doubt. A good-tempered woman, of the order yclept buxom, not only warrants a pair of expansive shoulders, but bespeaks our approbation of them. Nevertheless, they are undoubtedly a beauty rather on the masculine than feminine side. They belong to manly strength. Achilles had them. Milton gives them to Adam. His

"Hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering; but not beneath his shoulders broad."

Fielding takes care to give all his heroes huge calves and Herculean shoulders,—graces, by the way, in which he was himself eminent. Female shoulders ought rather to convey a sentiment of the gentle and acquiescent. They should lean under those of the other sex, as under a protecting shade. Looking at the male and female figure with the eye of a sculptor, our first impression with regard to the one should be, that it is the figure of a noble creature, prompt for action, and with shoulders full of power;—with regard to the other, that it is that of a gentle creature, made to be beloved, and neither active nor powerful, but fruitful:—the mould of humanity. Her greatest breadth ought not to appear to be at the shoulders. The figure should resemble the pear on the tree,—

"Winding gently to the waist."

Of these matters, and of the bosom, it is difficult to speak: but *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. This article is written neither for the prudish nor the mercenary; but for those who have a genuine love of the beautiful, and can afford to hear of it. It is not the poets and other indulgers in a lively sense of the beautiful, that are deficient in a respect for it; but they who suppose that every lively expression must of necessity contain a feeling of the gross and impertinent. I do not regard these graces, as they pass in succession before me, with the coarse and cunning eye of a rake at a tavern-door. I will venture to say that I am too affectionate and even voluptuous for such a taste; and that the real homage I pay the sex deserves the very best construction of the most amiable women, and will have it:—

"Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right
In all that is called lovely. Take my sight
Sooner than my affection from the fair.
No face, no hand, proportion, line, or air
Of Beauty, but the muse hath interest in."

Ben Jonson.

A bosom is most beautiful when it presents none of the extremes which different tastes have demanded for it. Its only excess should be that of health. This is not too likely to occur in a polite state of society. Modern customs and manners too often leave to the imagination the task of furnishing out the proper quantity of beauty, where it might have existed in perfection. And a tender imagination will do so. The only final ruin of a bosom in an affectionate eye, is the want of a good heart. Nor shall the poor beauty which the mother has retained by dint of being no mother, be lovely as the ruin. O Sentiment! Beauty is but the outward and visible sign of thee; and not always there, where thou art most. Thou canst supply her place when she is gone. Thou canst remain, and still make an eye sweet to look into; a bosom beautiful to rest the heart on.

A favourite epithet with the Greek poets, lyrical, epic, and dramatic, is *deep-bosomed*. Mr Moore, in one of his notes on Anacreon, says, that it literally means *full-bosomed*. But surely it literally means what it literally says. *Full-bosomed* might imply a luxuriance every way. *Deep-bosomed* is spoken in one of those poetical feelings of contrast, which imply rather a dislike of the reverse quality, than an extravagant demand of the one which is praised. If it is to be understood more literally, still the taste is to be vindicated. A Greek meant to say, that he admired a chest truly feminine. It is to be concluded, that he also demanded one left to its natural state, as it appeared among the healthiest and loveliest of his countrywomen; neither compressed, as it was by the fine ladies; nor divided and divorced in that excessive manner, which some have accounted beautiful.* It was certainly nothing contradictory to grace and activity which he demanded.

"Crown me then, I'll play the lyre,
Bacchus, underneath thy shade:
Heap me, heap me, higher and higher; }
And I'll lead a dance of fire,
With a dark, deep-bosom'd maid."

Anacreon, Ode v.

The ladies ought to understand the spirit of epithets like these: for the tight-lacing and other extravagances, of which they are too justly accused, originated in a desire, not to make the waist so preposterously small as they do make it, but to convey to their admirers a general sense of the beauty of smallness in that particular, and their own consciousness of the grace of it.

Rosy-bosom'd is another epithet in the Greek taste. Milton speaks in 'Comus' of

"The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd Hours." —

Virgil says of Venus,

— "She said,
And turn'd, refulgent with a rosy neck."†

* See an epigram in the Greek Anthology, beginning
"Ἐκραινε χεῖλη μὴ ῥοδερύα, ποικιλομύθη."

† "Dixit; et avertens, rosea cervicis refulsit."

"O'er her warm neck and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of
Love;" — Gray.

which is a couplet made up of this passage in Virgil and another. Virgil follows the Greeks, and the Greeks followed Nature. All this bloom and rosy refulgence, which are phrases of the poets, mean nothing more than that healthy colour which ought to appear in the finest skin. See the next section of this paper, upon Hands and Arms.

A writer in the Anthology makes use of the pretty epithet, "*vernal-bosom'd*." The most delicate painting of a vernal bosom is in Spenser:

"And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she held,
And at her back a bow and quiver gay
Stuft with steel-headed darts, wherewith she quell'd
The salvage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide
Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell; and being tied,
Through their thin weeds their places only signified."

Dryden copies after Spenser, but not with such refinement. His passage, however, is so beautiful, and has a gentleness and movement so much to the purpose, that I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting it. He is describing Boccaccio's heroine in the story of 'Cymon and Iphigenia':—

"By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid;
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tired with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And e'en in slumber a superior grace.
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar,
Her bosom to the view was only bare;
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified.
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows;
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her
repose."

This beautiful conclusion, with its repetitions, its play to and fro, and the long continuous line with which it terminates, is delightfully soft and characteristic. The beauty of the sleeper and of the landscape mingle with one another. The wind and the bosom are gentle challengers.

"Each softer seems than each, and each than each
seems smoother."

Spenser's *Britain's Ida*.

Even the turn of the last triplet is imitated from Spenser.—See the divine passage of the concert in the 'Bower of Bliss, Faery Queen,' book ii, canto 12, stanza 71. "The sage and serious Spenser," as Milton called him, is a great master of the beautiful in all its branches. He also knew, as well as any poet, how to help himself to beauty out of others. The former passage imitated by Dryden was, perhaps, suggested by one in Boccaccio.† The simile of "young fruit in May" is undoubtedly from Ariosto.

"Bianca neve è il bel collo, e 'l petto latte;
Il collo tondo, il petto colmo e largo:
Due pome acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte,
Vengono e van, come onda al primo margo,
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte."

Oriani. *Fur.* Canto 7.

"Her bosom is like milk, her neck like snow;
A rounded neck; a bosom, where you see
Two crisp young ivory apples come and go,
Like waves that on the shore beat tenderly,
When a sweet air is ruffling to and fro."

* *Ἐπαρομοίωσις.*

† 'L'Ariosto,' as above, p. 81, 33.

But Ariosto has been also to Boccaccio, and he to Theocritus; in whom, I believe, this fruitful metaphor is first to be met with. It is very suitable to his shepherds, living among the bowers of Sicily.—See 'Idyl' xxvii, v. 49. Sir Philip Sidney has repeated it in the 'Arcadia.' But poets in all ages have drawn similar metaphors from the gardens. 'Solomon's Song' abounds in them. There is a hidden analogy, more than poetical, among all the beauties of Nature.

I quit this tender ground, prepared to think very ill of any person who thinks I have said too much of it. Its beauty would not allow me to say less; but not the less do I "with reverence deem" of those resting-places for the head of love and sorrow—

"Those dainties made to still an infant's cries."

LODORÉ.

THE NEW NOVEL BY MRS SHELLEY.

We congratulate Mrs Shelley on the appearance of this her latest and most agreeable work. It has not the inventive genius of 'Frankenstein.' That is a thing to happen only once in many years. But then it is not mixed up, like that work, with matter of doubtful attraction; neither has it the uneasiness of her subsequent novels, either in story or style. Her spirits appear not to have been well settled when she wrote those novels, and, from not being perhaps quite in earnest, her style was overwrought. Nothing can be more agreeable, yet forcible, than the language of the production before us. Mrs Shelley has a decided ear for the musical in writing. Even the name of her work, we suspect, was selected merely from its noble and harmonious sound; for it has nothing to do with its namesake the lake, though the "falls" of Lodoré are something analogous to her hero's grand and impetuous spirit, and his proneness to mingle with his mother earth. There is a good deal of pain and sorrow in the book, as will be guessed by this allusion to the principal character; but then it is relieved, as life is, by charming contrasts of pleasure, and patience, and contentment; the most painful of the characters, not being fools, grow better and kinder as they grow older; and above all, though everybody does not end happily, yet the book itself does; and the salutary impression is left upon the reader, that effort is not in vain, nor life a thing ignoble and cheerless. Furthermore, the work has more unexpected yet natural turns of incident than any we have seen for a long time; we read it, without intermission, and with gratified curiosity, at what might be called one sitting, making allowance for a night's rest, and awoke next morning, like the Sultan, anxious to hear how the lady "continued." It is interesting to see Mrs Shelley quote her husband so often at the top of her chapters; and though her characters are laid in high life, and she makes the best of the conventionalities, yet she sympathises with the truly great world throughout, not merely the little great world of St James's. She has even ventured, in the spirit of the novelists of the last century, to put her favourite hero and heroine, a married couple, into a lock-up house, which, with the beautiful self-sufficiency of youth and love, and in spite of frightful cares, they convert into a *pro tempore* bower of bliss. We only think she has done Lady Mary Wortley a little too much honour in quoting her on the occasion; for though "champagne and a chicken" are very good things, and "lips though rosy (as the poet says) must still be fed," yet Mrs Shelley's lovers, true to nature as they are, are truer also to sentiment than any which Lady Mary ever fancied

or could comprehend; and would hardly have enumerated such things as part of the climax of a happy meeting. It is curious, by the way, how capitally well the two cousins jumped together in that particular,—Lady Mary and Fielding;—for he was her kinsman, and is mightily fond of making his lovers eat and drink. We are not sure whether the verses in which she speaks of meeting

“— With champagne and a chicken at last”

were not addressed to him. Or was it to Congreve? another gentleman, not overburdened with the sentimental?

Next week we shall give our extracts.

PAPAL AUTHORIZATION OF A PROTESTANT CHAPEL AT ROME.

[THE Reader is aware that nothing controversial is admitted into the pages of the LONDON JOURNAL; but the principle of excluding discord is the one above all others which should throw open our columns to any remarkable instance of the advancement of knowledge and charity; and we accordingly extract from a late publication the following account of the rise and establishment of the Protestant English Church at Rome. It constitutes the Preface to a learned and interesting volume, intitled ‘Lectures on the Insufficiency of Unrevealed Religion, &c., by the Rev. Richard Burgess, the chaplain to the English Protestants in that city;’ and presents, in the very best and most fitting spirit on the part of the benevolent author, the novel, delightful, and most promising spectacle of a Protestant church permitted, nay, directly authorized, by the Papal sovereign, and distributing its charities alike to Protestant, Papist, and Jew. If this is not a truly Christian spectacle, we know not what is. It is a gentle and unpretending, but on that very account a striking set-off to the unhappy attempts which some persons are making to excite a new life in the embers of old hostilities; and we have a very special pleasure in forwarding the publicity of it for that reason:—]

THE existence (says Mr Burgess) of a Protestant chapel at Rome, where the service of the Church of England is regularly performed during six months of the year, is of itself a circumstance worthy of attention; for, whether it be viewed as a striking instance of religious toleration, coming in an unexpected direction, or as the means of softening those prejudices which the comprehensive term of heretic conveys to the vulgar, it cannot fail to be an object of interest to everyone who espouses the cause of civil and religious liberty. The institution is already known to a considerable number of British subjects, who will know how to appreciate the concession which prepared for them the privilege of joining in the public worship of the Church of England at Rome; but it is far from being generally understood that such an act of liberality has proceeded from the council of the Vatican. The author thinks, that every example of religious toleration, come from what quarter it may, is an accession to the cause of truth; and, if there be any merit in those who have overcome prejudice, or who have even made their policy conformable to means which may enable others so to do, it is due to them to acknowledge and commend such liberality in the face of civilized society; for religious toleration, not otherwise than mercy, “is twice blessed:” it blesses those that give, and those that take. If it be necessary to declare a motive for the publication of the following Lectures, which were not originally intended for the press, the author had rather such motive were discovered in the sentiments he has just expressed, than in any opinion he might be supposed to have of the merits of his composition; for the only thing remarkable he has to offer in his Lectures

is, that they were delivered in a Protestant assembly at Rome. It might have been thought too gratuitous in the author to have put forth any statement of the following nature without some additional inducement, but as an introduction to these Lectures, it will hardly appear superfluous—perhaps it is necessary.

The English chapel may now be considered as having the sanction of the Papal government, although no official grant has yet been made which would ever acknowledge its existence.

As early as the winter of 1816-7, English families began to reside in Rome, in sufficient numbers to require “an house” for public worship: considerable difficulty was then experienced in procuring an apartment to be dedicated to such a purpose: the object was new, alarming, and contrary to the existing laws; but at length, through the influence of Signor Luigi Chiaveri, to whom the English have often been indebted for his kind offices in this respect, a private room was obtained, near the column of Trajan: and thus began the service of the reformed Church of England in the “Holy City!” The duties were discharged by any clergyman who, happening to be present, had the zeal to offer his gratuitous services: the necessary expenses were defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the congregation, and the slender funds administered by the kindness of Lieutenant-General Ramsey.

As no permission had been obtained from the authorities (for such a demand must necessarily have been met by a refusal), the new “conventicle” owed its existence intirely to the forbearance of the government. But it was not clear whether such mildness might not soon have to yield to the more austere interpreters of the law, and it is said, that the attention of a high dignitary, attracted by the concourse of vehicles during divine service, had nearly proved fatal. There can indeed be no doubt that some representation was formally made of the illegality and danger of permitting such an unheard-of assembly, and a word from the Vatican at that moment might have dissolved the elements of it without doing much violence to the opinion of any one. The enlightened and liberal Gonsalvi, however, perceiving that the English were at Rome in the nineteenth century, and Catholic Ireland still laboured under civil disabilities, would know nothing of an illegal assembly in the Forum of Trajan, and that assembly duly appreciated his liberality.

It is not to be supposed there was any intention, on the part of the civil authorities, to introduce the principle of religious toleration into the city of Rome: such a supposition would be little less than an impeachment of the minister: nor did the appearance of a new kind of worship work wonders in the sentiments of the listless multitude; but it had the effect of making some of them suspect that heresy, according to the definition they had heard of it, might not be altogether synonymous with infidelity, and the very circumstance of choosing a “festival” (Sunday) for the day of worship, showed at least some traces of church authority. It was soon discovered by the most intelligent of the lower orders, to which, of course, these remarks apply, that the English had a sort of mass of their own, and the solemnity observable in their manner of attending to it was archly compared with the careless genuflections of the Roman Signori. In this manner the forbearance of the government was transfused into the minds of such of the populace as thought at all on the subject: it was not provided that it should be so; it was a natural consequence. During the first two or three seasons, such may be considered to have been the secret moral influence of the English congregation; and the most zealous guardians of pontifical authority had nothing to fear, and, it is to be hoped never will have, from any overt acts of proselytism on the part of the officiating ministers. The protection afforded to the new congregation, although but a negative one, had been hitherto sufficient for all practical purposes; but it was still equivocal, and when the old apartment could no longer be procured, it was not possible to induce a private individual to incur the responsibility of

becoming the new landlord; the displeasure of the authorities might be incurred. There was something, which still required explanation, a public assembly of this nature, in the house of a Roman citizen, might cause him to be placed at the bar of the Inquisition; at the same time a semi-official intimidation was given, that great caution and privacy should be observed by the English in the exercise of their privilege; it would, however, have required a very vigorous execution of the law to prevent a foreigner, who had already his “own hired house,” from inviting his countrymen to a private assembly: and under this form (it must be confessed a pretext) divine service was celebrated in a commodious room in the Vicolo degli Avignonesi, situated near the site of the ancient circus of Flora! Thus did the Protestant congregation migrate from Trajan’s Forum to the opposite declivity of the Quirinal Hill. The privacy suggested by the secretary of state was, perhaps, the best method of co-operating with his benevolent intentions; a motive less dignified may not be imputed to the virtuous mind of Pope Pius VII. At that period it would not have been difficult to outrage the feelings of many devout plebeians by an over-ready sanction of the nonconformity. Evident marks of pious indignation had been more than once observed in the populace at the sight of the Protestant bier; and although the more enlightened portion of the community were far from joining in this display of superstition, it shows that, if a less liberal policy with regard to the English worship had been adopted by the Government, it would not have been at variance with the then popular feeling: that it was not adopted, does honour to the memory of Pius VII and his minister. But ten years have been sufficient to change that feeling as much in favour of the institution, as ever it could be against the precarious assembly: and it is now perhaps regarded by that same populace as the surest pledge of those advantages which they expect to reap from the presence of the English.

In the Autumn of the year 1822, the author first took a share in endeavouring to promote the welfare of the establishment. It was his good fortune to meet on that occasion with a reverend person, now, alas, no more! but whose name is intitled to hold the chief place in this narration. Whatever benefit may finally result from the Institution in question (and it is only intended to speak here of that benefit which consists in a mutual removal of religious strife and prejudice, in which Rome will surely be the gainer), the name of the Rev. Joseph Cooke, is continually to be kept in remembrance. By his zeal, tempered with discretion and judgment, and by his exertions (in which the author of the following Lectures took but a small part), two essential steps were taken and secured: first, an apartment was hired, avowedly for the celebration of Divine Service; and, secondly, the connivance of the authorities was made equivalent to a sanction. The English worship then first assumed the nature of an establishment: it was held in the Corea Palace, situated in the Via Pontifce, close to the Mausoleum of Augustus. The number of winter residents had now greatly augmented, the congregation consisting of not less than 200 persons, and the assemblage of equipages could not fail to attract the attention of the public.

* This word must not be allowed to convey to the reader any false notions. The inquisition at Rome (although contrary in principle to all our ideas of religious liberty) is, at this time, a mild tribunal in its administration; some cases of injustice there must necessarily be, but it is of no use to deal in misrepresentation.

† Mr Cooke (late fellow of Christ’s College, Cambridge,) was a man of great literary accomplishments, mingled with solid piety, and devotion to his profession. His ardent pursuit of knowledge led him to undertake a journey into the East, in 1825, and he appears to have sunk under the fatigue of it; he died suddenly whilst sitting upon his dromedary, in a mountain-pass, called Ras Wady Hebran, about half-way between the Convent of St Catherine and Tor, five miles north of Mount Serbal. He was interred by a Greek Pasha, in consecrated ground, near the Twelve Wells of Elim and the Palm Grove. May this tribute of respect for the memory of a good man survive the fleeting pages which contain it!

It was not long before a cry of alarm was raised amidst these proceedings, and the infant institution again trembled for its existence. The officiating ministers were accused of intemperate zeal, a conference was held with an influential personage, and a positive interference of the executive power was now apprehended. This led to the formation of a committee, to be called upon in case of necessity, to act in the name and in behalf of the English residents; there being no diplomatic minister at the court of Rome. But the policy and good sense of Cardinal Gonsalvi were proof against all weak remonstrances, and it was at length intimated to the officiating ministers, that no obstacle would be offered to their temperate proceedings. Encouraged by this protection, Mr Cooke, by means of a public subscription, procured the necessary appendages for a place of worship: the church books could only be obtained through the kindness of Mr Hamilton, British minister at Naples; a beadle was also appointed, with authority to collect the subscriptions, and thus the winter of 1822-3 may be regarded as the commencement of the institution.

The attention of the Protestants resident at Rome had already been directed to the waste-ground allotted for burying their dead. Beyond the Aventine Mount, and under the walls of the city within, stood a few scattered tomb-stones exposed to the trampling of cattle grazing in the *Preta del Popolo*, and to the still greater injury of human footsteps. Decency seemed to require that the graves which had just grown green should be secured from further encroachment, and that the few monuments should not be allowed to fall into ruins. A subscription to a considerable amount was collected, for the purpose of carrying the design into effect; but, upon application to the competent authorities, it was alleged, that a wall would obstruct the view of the pyramid of *Caius Cestius*; and that the trees, which the friends of the deceased loved to plant round the tombs, had already begun the mischief. This answer being received, and no further hopes of success held out, the money subscribed was returned to the original donors, and the circumstance made an unfavourable impression abroad, of the toleration of the Papal Government. In a discussion of the Catholic claims, in the House of Lords, a noble lord, an opposer of those claims, was not slow to cite this as a remarkable instance of Roman Catholic intolerance. It is not clear that it was so; but the act of toleration in permitting the English service, which was evident, ought not to have been passed over in silence: it, perhaps, might not have been known. The discussion in the British Senate was not, however, unheeded in the Vatican council; for, during that very summer, and intirely at the expense of the "Apostolic Chamber," a sunk fence was dug round the old burial-place; another eligible spot of ground beyond the Pyramid was surrounded by a solid wall, and henceforth assigned for the Protestants cemetery. It only remained to secure and build up the sunk fence, for which work permission was now readily obtained, and the year following, the English, in conjunction with the German Protestants, not only secured the old burial-ground, but also raised a fund of a thousand dollars, which yields annually a sum sufficient to keep the whole in repair, and procure the services of a sexton. "The Senate and the Roman people" have a prescriptive right over all that ground about the *Monte Testaccio*, called the *Prata del Popolo*; a fee of about two pounds is, therefore, demanded for every interment which takes place. No one will be inclined to consider this extravagant; but the fine (amounting to an equal sum) which is paid into the criminal court of the Cardinal Vicar, awakens a different feeling, and will, no doubt, be abolished, whenever the government of Rome shall have leisure to attend to minor abuses. In the meantime, the cemetery is placed under the protection of the Prussian minister; and those who have to lament the loss of friends interred under the walls of Rome, may at least have this poor consolation, that their bones repose in a becoming security, and their monuments

excite a sympathetic sigh in the breast of many a northern pilgrim!

In the year following the grant of the new burial-ground, the author had the great satisfaction of again co-operating with Mr Cooke, in the service of the chapel: it was found impracticable to secure the same apartments for a second season, the apprehension of giving offence to the ecclesiastical authorities having not yet been done away. The excellent Pius VII was now no more, and Leo XII had only appeared as a disciplinarian. After the two first Sundays of the season, the term in the *Corea Palace* expired, and the congregation of 1823-4, seemed to be dispossessed of all its former privileges. But the precedent having been established, should another situation be to be found in any part of Rome, it could not be thought a more rash experiment than the former had been, were it put in the same requisition. After some difficulty, two commodious rooms were procured in the *Via Rasella*, a street which lies nearly under the garden-wall of the *Quirinal Palace*, the occasional residence of the Pope. The adopting of this situation will appear nothing extraordinary to those who are acquainted with Rome: and if the new government had been capable of taking offence at a meeting of heretics, because it had approached so near the precincts of the Papal gardens, it would equally have discovered the blemish upon the "holy city" in a more remote "rione;" but Leo XII, whose wisdom as a sovereign has been too little appreciated, and his piety too much disparaged, reasoned like a statesman. "It is much better," said the Holy Father, "to permit the continuance of this assembly; for, if it be prohibited, the English cannot be prevented from meeting in small numbers at their own private abodes, and thus, instead of one such congregation, we shall have twenty." It had not, probably, escaped the notice of Leo XII, that the English chapel had not yet shared in those wholesome regulations which were introduced by him, for preserving the internal order of the city. The weekly assemblage of carriages at a stated time and place, could not fail to attract the curiosity of the Roman people, which the presence of a police-officer might easily restrain. Without any application on the part of the officiating clergyman, and without any previous intimation from any quarter, Mr Cooke and the author were not more surprised than rejoiced to find, upon arriving to perform the morning service, two sentinels stationed at the chapel door. The carriages had all disappeared from their usual rendezvous, in consequence of a general order of the police: a more than common silence pervading the neighbourhood of the *Via Rasella*, it was now evident the authorities had at length interfered; but they interfered for the protection of the English congregation. To Pope Leo XII then they are indebted for this great privilege, which may be said to have thus received his sanction in January 1824. Thus encouraged, and being assured from a private communication, that it was the intention of the government to allow the English the free exercise of their worship, the officiating ministers now performed Divine service in their canonical robes. The propriety of making some suitable return for this privilege was next suggested, and hence the origin of the charitable fund, which will be mentioned in the sequel.

The spiritual duties of the chapel were gratuitously discharged, and all clergymen of the Established Church, who happened to be Rome, were invited to contribute their services: the rent of the apartment and incidental expenses were supplied by voluntary subscription, the administration of which fund gradually became the business of the committee, which had been originally formed for the purposes before-mentioned. The author cannot let pass this opportunity of acknowledging the important and continued exertions of the Marquis of Northamp-

* Two English poets are interred in the Old and New Burial-grounds respectively. John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley: the ashes of the latter were sent by his poetical friends from the gulf of Spezia.

ton, and the laudable services of Dr James Clarke, (author of the 'Influence of Climate,' &c.) during his long residence in Rome.

The number of British travellers in Italy increased so greatly, that the rooms in the *Via Rasella* were far from being sufficiently large for the Protestant Anglo-Roman congregation, nor was their site one of the most convenient. Accordingly, in the year 1824-5, the committee exerted itself to find a place at once more appropriate and more permanent: it was desirable to fix the wandering congregation, which had now almost made the circuit of the *Campus Martius*. During the first few weeks of the season, the anxiety of former years was renewed; but at length, after diligent inquiry, the capacity of a chapel was discovered in a large granary near the *Porta del Popolo*: it became expedient to have a lease of a building which must needs be fitted up at a considerable expense, before it could answer the purpose. The income, however, necessary for defraying the yearly rent, depending on the contingency of future congregations, there were no funds to answer any engagement beyond the year. The committee was relieved from this embarrassment by the generous and patriotic offer of a distinguished statesman, who guaranteed the payment of the rent for three years in case of the English ceasing, from any unforeseen cause, during that period, to resort to Rome. The institution was not less indebted on that occasion to the professional services of the Rev. J. Hugh Rose.

It has been supposed by many, that the chapel was removed without the walls of the city at the instance of the civil authorities, which is an erroneous notion, and ought in justice to be corrected. The government approved of the situation, but the committee were not controlled in choice of it. Indeed, it would have been hardly possible to have procured, within the city walls, a room sufficiently commodious, and in every other respect so convenient for the large congregation, which is now to be seen in the English chapel, upon which, at different periods, not less than a sum of 250*l.* has been expended in bringing it to its present form. The author has witnessed as many as five hundred and fifty persons within its walls; and those who have seen it since the year 1829, will agree that there is nothing wanting in it for all the purposes of a Church of England congregation.

During the two succeeding winters the duties of the chapel were discharged, as before, by the gratuitous services of clergymen casually resident at Rome; but, in the year 1827, the committee decided to ensure the performance of the regular duty by erecting it into a chaplaincy, their finances enabling them to offer a salary of 100*l.* per annum.

In considering the happy influence gradually effected in the minds of the common people by the growth of this institution, the charitable fund already alluded to is an important feature. It consisted at first of the alms collected at the holy communion, which, in the former seasons, amounted to a comparatively small sum. In Mr Cooke's first year, the sum total was about 150 dollars; it increased every succeeding season, together with the number of communicants, until it reached, in the year 1826 and 1827, the sum of 100*l.* Cases of distressed British subjects being very rare at Rome, the whole of this fund was applied to the relief of the Italian paupers; in 1827 and 1828 it grew into still greater importance.

The number of applicants, as may be easily imagined, was by far too heavy for the funds: about 200 names were already inscribed in the list, which reduced the monthly relief to a very small pittance, so that, without either diminishing the number of pensioners, or increasing the funds for a more generous relief of the whole, the charity was in danger of promoting mendicancy, rather than adapted to the effectual succour of the deserving indigent, and the encouragement of honest industry. It was only necessary to make the circumstances known to decide upon the alternative. The chaplain had recourse to the means of a charity sermon,*

which was preached on the 30th of March 1828, and was the cause of nearly 120*l.* being added to the stock. The alms collected at the altar were proportionally increased, so that in the course of this season about 1200 dollars (270*l.*) were distributed in monthly relief: and this, independently of private donations, in some special cases, which did not appear upon the charity books. The rumour of English munificence now ran through the habitations of misery, the Parish priests were assailed for their official signatures to the numerous petitions, which set forth, in all the varied eloquence of the Italian language, the miseries of poverty and disease. The successful candidates extolled too highly the "almsgiving nation," and gave the less fortunate false notions of its eleemosynary deeds. The rule to be observed by the administrators of the funds was simple. It was to calculate how many families might be effectually relieved during the winter months, and then make the selection from such recommendations and knowledge of the cases, as made out the best title to their consideration, the names already on the list having of course the first claim to investigation; but since written recommendations were sometimes too easily procured, the chaplain, whose business it had now become to dispense the charity of his congregation, could hardly discharge the duty conscientiously without a personal verification of the varied pretensions; to accomplish which task it was necessary to visit one hundred and fifty abodes of poverty. In this manner the charity books were made conformable to the increased resources, and, by a careful distribution, the whole was adequate to the relief of about two hundred and thirty families. This may suffice, without entering into "the annals of the poor," or the affecting narratives of decayed nobility, to give the reader an idea of the nature and extent of British charity at Rome. Let him not say that it "begins at home;" for this will not add one gift more to the domestic "treasury," and it might take one from the "poveri vergognosi:" let him lament (if it seems reasonable) the temporary absence of his fellow-citizens; but if the Samaritan *does* "journey in the wilderness," it is better not to imitate the priest and the Levite: and if it be expedient for a strange community, enjoying the advantages of a foreign country, and receiving the hospitable protection of its government, to make any return, there can be none more suitable than when partaking of the local privileges, to share proportionally the burden of alleviating the local distresses.

In the year 1828-9, the sum-total of the charity-fund fell a little short of the preceding year, and since that period it has, from unavoidable circumstances, decreased, nor can it ever be expected to exceed the year of the first charity sermon, if even it ever reaches an equal amount. But it has already procured the only recompense which was at all desirable for a Protestant congregation—a number of grateful souls have come to the conclusion, that the English must really be Christians; nor is it one of the least remarkable things, that the Jews should be admitted to a share of this charity. A learned rabbi, encouraged by the impartial benevolence of the English congregation, represented to the author the misery and poverty of the Ghetto, and wondered whether the despised Jews could ever find a drop of pity in the breast of a Christian. Upon being told, that in the dispensing of the English charity there was no distinction of persons, and that the superior claim only came from the greater weight of misery, the Israelite rejoiced, and considered the sum of five pounds given during the week of the Passover as an ample confirmation of "the good report:" this was repeated in subsequent years, and the English bounty was dispensed, in unleavened bread, through the squalid habitations of this unprivileged people.

If the incidents here related appear trifling, the result is at least extraordinary—a Protestant cemetery, a Church of England service, and a charitable fund, dispensed at a reformed altar, to the devoted subjects of the "Sovereign Pontiff."

Those who are curious about the signs of the times, will easily admit these into the number; but the

philosophical reader, who has contemplated the spirit of a Hildebrand, or even the precocious tolerance of a Ganganelli, will rather see in it this maxim, that neither kings nor priests have power against the general opinion of mankind: concession to that opinion may be mere expediency, whilst the principle of opposition to it remains the same; but such expediency is, in matters of state-policy, wisdom; and, in religion, becomes—toleration. The object of this memoir is to acknowledge the latter in four successive Pontiffs of Rome. Under these impressions, the author will not run the risk of offending either Rome or her "partisans." He will only express a hope, that the emulation which has been excited in the vicinity of the English congregation may never go beyond the only legitimate means of opposition, viz. argument and persuasion: nor will it, on the other hand, ever be expected to restrain the weaker portion of a community from gratifying an innocent curiosity.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXIX.—THE BATTLE FOR THE BRIDES.

[This is the story upon which Mr Rogers has founded one of the elegant narratives in his volume of 'Italy.' War never looked more amiable. It is Mars with a bunch of lilies in his hand. We take it from two agreeable, and, let us add, most pleasantly portable volumes (no mean comfort to one who reads much), intitled 'Sketches from Venetian History,' published by Murray, and containing, among other illustrations, an interesting bird's-eye view of the most extraordinary of cities.]

Under Candiano II (Doge of Venice in the tenth century), occurred one of those events which vividly depict the manners of the age to which they belong; and which, though affecting individuals rather than a nation, excite, nevertheless, very powerful interest, and almost connect History with Romance. According to an ancient usage, the marriages among the chief families of Venice were celebrated publicly. The same day and the same hour witnessed the union of numerous betrothed; and the eve of the Feast of the Purification, on the return of which the Republic gave portions to twelve young maidens, was the reason of this joyous anniversary. It was to Olivolo, the residence of the Patriarch, on the extreme verge of the city, that the ornamented gondolas repaired on this happy morning. There, hailed by music and the gratulations of their assembled kindred, the lovers disembarked; and the festive pomp—swelled by a long train of friends, richly clad, and bearing with them, in proud display, the jewels and nuptial presents of the brides—proceeded to the cathedral. The pirates of Istria had long marked this peaceful show, as affording a rich promise of booty; for, at the time of which we are writing, the Arsenal and its surrounding mansions were not yet in existence. Olivolo was untenanted, except by priests; and its neighbourhood was intirely without inhabitants. In these deserted spots, the corsairs laid their ambush the night before the ceremony; and while the unarmed and unsuspecting citizens were yet engaged in the marriage rites before the altar, a rude and ferocious troop burst the gates of the cathedral. Not content with seizing the costly ornaments which became their prize, they tore away also the weeping and heart-broken brides, and hurried them to their vessels. The Doge had honoured the festival with his presence, and, deeply touched by the rage and despair of the disappointed bridegrooms, he summoned the citizens to arms. Hastily assembling such galleys as were in the harbour, they profited by a favourable wind, and overtook the ravishers before they were extricated from the *Laquore* of Caorlo. Candiano led the attack, and such was its fury, that not a single Istriote escaped the death which he merited. The maidens were brought back in triumph; and, on the evening of the same day, the interrupted rites were solemnized with joy, no doubt much heightened by a remembrance of the peril which had so well nigh prevented their com-

pletion. The memory of this singular event was kept alive by an annual procession of Venetian women on the Eve of the Purification, and by a solemn visit paid by the Doge to the church of Santa Maria Formosa. The trunk-makers (carsellari) of the island on which the above-named church stands, composed the greater part of the crew hastily collected on this occasion; and Candiano, as a reward for their bravery, asked them to demand some privilege. They requested this annual visit to their island.

"What," said the Prince, "if the day should prove rainy?"

"We will send you hats to cover your heads; and if you are thirsty, we will give you drink."

To commemorate this question and reply, the Priest of Santa Maria was used to offer to the Doge, on landing, two flasks of malmsey, two oranges, and two hats, adorned with his own armorial bearings, those of the Pope, and those of the Doge. The Marian Games (*La Festa delle Marie*), of which this *andata* formed part, and which lasted for six days, continued to be celebrated until they were interrupted by the public distress during the war of Chiocchia. They were renewed, two hundred years afterwards, with yet greater pomp; but of the time at which they fell into total disuse we are unable to speak.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

FILIPPO MARIA VISCONTI, DUKE OF MILAN.

[FROM the same source as our 'Romance' of the present week. Perhaps we ought to apologize for putting such a being among our 'Eminent Men;' but eminent he was, in the literal sense of the word, and counted wise, too, as far as a bad-blooded and unhappy man could be so; and the account of him is very curious.]

THE personal habits of this last Duke of the house of Visconti (who died in 1447) have been drawn with singular minuteness, by one accurately qualified for the task, Pietro Candido Decembrio, a son of the private Secretary of Giovanni Galeazzo, and who himself filled more than one high office in the court of Filippo Maria. The character which he has described, presents an odious mixture of cunning, superstition, and cowardice; paralleled, in many instances, by one whose biography has been almost as closely recorded, the detestable Louis XI of France.

The person of Filippo Maria was most forbidding, and extreme meagreness in youth was succeeded, as life advanced, by a more than proportionate obesity. His eyes were large, fiery and piercing, ever wandering with a restless glare, as if unable or unwilling to continue long fixed in repose on a single object. From weakness in his legs, he always employed a stick, and, during his whole reign, no one ever saw him walking without the support of an attendant. Although choice in the richness and fashion of his clothes, he was negligent, even to uncleanness, in the processes of shaving and combing. In other persons he abhorred any splendour of attire, and forbade those who used it from approaching his presence: insomuch, that when, on one occasion, Amadeus, a Piedmontese Prince, connected with him by marriage, presented himself at an audience, in a fantastic mode borrowed from the French, and at that time very prevalent among personages of distinction, the Duke of Milan ordered his Forester to bring up some hounds strapped in those doublets which were worn for protection in the wild boar chase, and pointed in derision to the leathern-girt dogs as fitting mates for his tightly apparelled visitor. In his diet he was most whimsical: turnips and quails were among his

chief luxuries; yet, such was his detestation of fat, that every morsel of it was carefully pared away from the latter before they were dressed. But the livers of all animals formed his choicest dainty, and his cook was frequently summoned in the dead of night to kill a calf and prepare that favourite repast. The fowls destined for his table were generally plucked in his presence. His chief amusements were field-sports, and so retentive was his memory on subjects connected with the kennel and the stable, that he could tell the breed of a puppy but once seen, and knew accurately the number of bridles which he ought to find in his harness room. Many of his dogs were imported from Britain; yet, however passionately fond he might be of them and of his horses, to each he was a capricious and, sometimes, a cruel master: thus, if a hound committed a fault, he would dismount and flog him savagely with his own hand; if a horse neighed unseasonably, he would mutilate his tongue; and if the poor animal champed the bit, he would pull out his teeth. Within doors he occasionally employed himself in reading, for all the Visconti cultivated literature; and he had the good taste to prefer Livy, Dante, and Petrarch to most other writers. Yet not a few of his leisure hours were devoted to the inspection, perhaps to the actual management, of a puppet-show, upon which toy he had expended the great sum of 1,500 pieces of gold.

For the most part, however, he lived in close seclusion; and even his pages underwent a long discipline of tuition to qualify them for the moroseness and asceticism of their future master. They were separated from their families during two years, and exercised in silence and solitude under fitting governors, till they became accustomed to the melancholy court which they were about to enter. Clinging strongly to life, and contemplating its termination with alarm, Filippo Maria daily recounted to his physicians, with the minutest particularity, all circumstances affecting his health, listened with trembling anxiety to their reports in answer, and yielded implicit obedience even to their most frivolous prescriptions. All conversation which might bring death to mind was carefully avoided in his presence; and if the discourse at any time happened to involve any allusion to mortality, he shrank from it with manifest uneasiness. Even when bodily infirmity increased upon him, and when in his latter years he was afflicted with almost total blindness, so unwilling was he to expose that defect to observation, that his attendants were instructed to warn him secretly of all objects or persons near at hand, so that he might not inadvertently betray his want of sight. If he walked abroad, he appeared absorbed in incessant devotion, repeating prayers in a low voice, and counting them on his fingers; insomuch, that religion seemed with him not an acknowledgment of God's goodness, but a laborious propitiation of the divine wrath; and whenever his daily sum of prayer was in any part forgotten or curtailed, he endeavoured to compound for the omission by a proportionate excess of almsgiving, prompted not by charity, but by terror. His sleep was so uncertain and disturbed, that he frequently changed his couch thrice in the course of a single night, lying not in the ordinary manner lengthwise, but across it; or he rose and paced his chamber for many hours successively, with some of the attendants, who always watched in an ante-room. If his dreams had been evil, he prayed in tones scarcely audible, turning, at intervals, to each of the four cardinal points; and in order that the silence which he dreaded in his dark hours of sleeplessness might be broken, many night-birds were confined in the palace courts, whose screams were more grateful to his ears than uninterrupted stillness. A belief in judicial astrology was prevalent in his times, and he may be forgiven for addiction to a folly by which even the wise have been enslaved. It but little, therefore, surprises us to hear that he was a rigid Fatalist; that during conjunction, opposition, sextile, square and trine, he shut himself up in his cabinet, and denied audience even to his ministers; that he struck a golden medal, impressed with planetary cha-

acters, as a talisman against lightning; that he raised a double wall in his bed-chamber to protect himself against thunder; and that, during storms, he fell prostrate in a remote corner before an image of Santa Barbara. In those points he but shared superstitions common to his age; but we regard with equal astonishment, contempt, and pity, a Prince who thought it unlucky if he fastened his right shoe on his left foot; who on Friday dreaded the encounter of persons who were unshorn, and forbore on the same day from handling any bird, especially a quail; who would not mount a horse on the Feast of John the Baptist, nor wear any suit but green on the 1st of May; and who refused to eat on one occasion, till the dishes had been removed and replaced, because the sewer, while decking the table, had unwittingly approached it with the wrong foot foremost. Such, however, were a few of the anilities recorded of one who has been esteemed the most politic sovereign of his time; and who, if the wisdom of kings is to be graduated by no other scale than that of the mastery which they attain of simulation and dissimulation, abundantly merited the unenviable distinction which he coveted and enjoyed.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XVI.—KING LEAR.

[Concluded from last week.]

THE scene in the storm, where Lear is exposed to all the fury of the elements, though grand and terrible, is not so fine, but the moralising scenes with Mad Tom, Kent, and Gloucester, are upon a par with the former. His exclamation in the supposed trial-scene of his daughters, "See the little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me," his issuing his orders, "Let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart," and his reflection when he sees the misery of Edgar, "Nothing but his unkind daughters could have brought him to this," are in a style of pathos, where the extremest resources of the imagination are called in to lay open the deepest movements of the heart, which was peculiar to Shakespeare. In the same style and spirit is his interrupting the Fool who asks, "whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman," by answering "A king, a king!"

The indirect part that Gloucester takes in these scenes where his generosity leads him to relieve Lear and resent the cruelty of his daughters, at the very time that he is himself instigated to seek the life of his son, and suffering under the sting of his supposed ingratitude, is a striking accompaniment to the situation of Lear. Indeed, the manner in which the threads of the story are woven together is almost as wonderful in the way of art as the carrying on the tide of passion, still varying and unimpaired, is on the score of nature. Among the remarkable instances of this kind are Edgar's meeting with his old blind father; the deception he practises upon him when he pretends to lead him to the top of Dover cliff—"Come on, sir, here's the place," to prevent his ending his life and miseries together; his encounter with the perfidious Steward whom he kills, and his finding the letter from Gonerill to his brother upon him which leads to the final catastrophe, and brings the wheel of Justice "full circle home" to the guilty parties. The bustle and rapid succession of events in the last scenes is surprising. But the meeting between Lear and Cordelia is by far the most affecting part of them. It has all the wildness of poetry, and all the heartfelt truth of nature. The previous account of her reception of the news of his unkind treatment, her involuntary reproaches to her sisters, "Shame! ladies, shame!" Lear's backwardness to see his daughter; the picture of the desolate state to which he is reduced, "Alack, 'tis he; why he was met even now, as mad as the vex'd sea, singing aloud," only prepare the way for and heighten our expectation of what follows, and assuredly this expectation is not disappointed when through the tender care of Cordelia he revives and recollects her.

"CORDELIA. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty!

LEAR. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

CORDELIA. Sir, do you know me?

LEAR. You are a spirit I know: when did you die?

CORDELIA. Still, still far wide!

PHYSICIAN. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

LEAR. Where have I been? Where am I?— Fair daylight?—

I am mightily abused.—I should even die with pity, To see another thus.—I know not what to say.— I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see; I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd Of my condition.

CORDELIA. Oh, look upon me, sir, And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:— No, sir, you must not kneel.

LEAR. Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish fond old man, Fourscore and upward; Not an hour more, nor less: and, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind. Methinks I should know you, and know this man;] Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant What place this is; and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments; nor I know not Where I did lodge last night: do not laugh at me; For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA. And so I am, I am!"

Almost equal to this in awful beauty is their consolation of each other when, after the triumph of their enemies, they are led to prison.

"CORDELIA. We are not the first, Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst. For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down; Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.— Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

LEAR. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage: When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too— Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;— And take upon us the mystery of things, As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out, In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones, That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDMUND. Take them away.

LEAR. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, The gods themselves throw incense."

The concluding events are sad, painfully sad; but their pathos is extreme. The oppression of the feelings is relieved by the very interest we take in the misfortunes of others, and by the reflections to which they give birth. Cordelia is hanged in prison by the orders of the bastard Edmund, which are known too late to be countermanded, and Lear dies broken-hearted, lamenting over her.

"LEAR. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all? Oh, thou wilt come no more,

Never, never, never, never!— Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir."

He dies, and indeed we feel the truth of what Kent says on the occasion—

"Vex not his ghost: Oh, let him pass! he hates him

That would upon the rack of this rough world Stretch him out longer."

Yet a happy ending has been contrived for this

play, which is approved of by Dr Johnson and condemned by Schlegel. A better authority than either, on any subject in which poetry and feeling are concerned, has given it in favour of Shakspeare, in some remarks on the acting of Lear, with which we shall conclude this account.

"The Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passions are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that rich sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear;—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will on the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old!" What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony: it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the show-man of the scene, to draw it about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if, at his years and with his experience, anything was left but to die."*

Four things have struck us in reading Lear:—

1. That poetry is an interesting study, for this reason, that it relates to whatever is most interesting in human life. Whoever therefore has a contempt for poetry, has a contempt for himself and humanity.
2. That the language of poetry is superior to the language of painting; because the strongest of our recollections relate to feelings, not to faces.
3. That the greatest strength of genius is shown in describing the strongest passions: for the power of the imagination, in works of invention, must be in proportion to the force of the natural impressions, which are the subject of them.
4. That the circumstance which balances the pleasure against the pain in tragedy is, that in proportion to the greatness of the evil, is our sense and desire of the opposite good excited: and that our sympathy with actual suffering is lost in the strong impulse given to our natural affections, and carried away with the swelling tide of passion, that gushes from and relieves the heart.

* See an article, called 'Thomalia,' in the second volume of the 'Reflector,' by Charles Lamb.

EPIGRAM, BY PTOLEMY.

Οἶδ' ὅτι θανάτος ἐγὼ καὶ Ἰφάμερος· ἀλλ' ὅταν
ἄρξω
Μαρίνου πυκινὰς ἀμφιδρόμους ἱλίκας,
Οὐκ ἔτ' ἐπιψαύω ποσὶ γαίης, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ
Ζανὶ διοτρεφίῳ πίμπλημαι ἀμβροσίης·

I know that I am mortal, and belong
To the vile sod I tread; yet when I raise
My thoughts to heaven, and mingle in the throng
Of worlds that labour in close-ravelled maze,—
No longer then with the base earth I link,
But am with Jove indeed amid his ways,—
Share the same skies—from the same fountain
drink.

E. W.

FINE ARTS.

*Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours,
Pall Mall East.*

If water colours have not the force, the vigour, and the richness of oils; if they are incapable of the same size, and depth, an exhibition of pictures in the former material has the advantage of being more easily made compact, and lying well for the eye; and of being without the oppressive scent of the latter. It is like park scenery, compared to the varying and larger grandeur of untamed Nature: if not so impressive, it is more easily attainable; if never so fine, it is more constantly pleasing, and more conveniently to be enjoyed. For these reasons, in one little room, with no very large pictures in it, is contained one of the best and most satisfactory of the London exhibitions.

* Of all in London, the Water Colour Exhibition is the daintiest; small, select, conveniently hung, well arranged, with a running accompaniment of bench with a spacious back, well lighted,—it is the pleasantest of places in which to spend a couple of quiet, cheerful hours; ay, and to return to more than once. It is the temple of the most refined luxury—here are the beauties of England, France, Germany, and of happy Italy, brought into one little room. Here, with half an eye, may the town-bound man of business cast his weary eyes over the scenes of distant lands, and, in one smiling, cheering morn, obtain for his smoke-dimmed sight, the essence of a tour on the continent. The lawyer, engaged all day, with half-troubled indifference in stranger quarrels,—the dry-working banker, the heated politician, the anxious capitalist,—may all come here to cool their dried-up brains among Nature, and original beauty;—here is fitting ware for the gold of the man of taste;—here, may the bothered blockhead spend his ineffectual wealth, and not be told to repent it. Therefore, dear blockheads, and respected men of taste, hasten to Pall Mall East, and see, if among the pictures as yet unboasting of that wished-for token that marks them as "sold," there is not something, that seeing, you admire, admiring desire to keep, a constant solace for your "precious eyesight," as those who have lost always designate it. Go, all ye who struggle, and gain and lose money, and feeling, and happiness in this vast black city,—and as you go into that little room, see if you do not extend the contracted mouth, and draw a breath of satisfaction anticipatory of the pleasure to come. And, departing, mark if you do not carry with you, laid up in the deep recesses of your mind, a world of things to think of, to talk of,—to send others to see,—to see again; and though you are ever parted from the beloved shilling, do you not triumph in the consciousness that you have had its full worth in return? nay, if you are a man of business, you are, perchance, a thousand per cent gainer. That refreshing shower of Cox's has moistened your brain; bathing in the vigorous sea of Fielding, you have braced your nerves; basking in Barrett's sun, has warmed your wits; laughing at Hunt's humour has enlarged your philosophy, and given you an insight into character; altogether, you are put in fine condition, and your next bargain flourishes ac-

cordingly; and thus, many are the shillings which that one offered up to Apollo has sent you.

The collection this year is exceedingly good; the number of beautiful pictures that follow each other in close succession is truly surprising. The wonder of the set is Copley Fielding's picture of 'Bow Hill, Sussex' (151). With a pleasant painstaking, Mr Fielding has inserted the following full account of the place in the Catalogue:—"At Stoke, near Chichester, is a deep hollow in the Downs, immediately under Bow Hill, in the centre of which stands an ancient grove of venerable yews, so old, that many of them are supposed to have been growing long before the Conquest. Near this place a battle was fought between the Saxons and Norwegian ravagers, led by the Vikingr; and on the brow of the Downs are seen some large barrows, called the Tombs of the Sea Kings, who were slain in the conflict, remembrance of the event being perpetuated in the name of 'Kingly Bottom,' by which this little valley is known." This vast and kingly tomb is represented in full in Mr Fielding's picture, and a most beautiful picture it is. The dark and solemn grove of yews is relieved by the bright and soft hill; a gentle calmness is spread over the scene; the effect is broad and simple; but, from the truth and beauty of the colouring, the feeling, the sentiment of the treatment, and the force of the effect, it is one of the sweetest and finest pictures of the sweetest of water-colour painters. A pair of sea-pieces of his (64 and 74) are wonderful for the representation of the stir and mighty ferment of the elements. Hunt has some of his extraordinary and humorous fac-similes (79), an aspiring young artist, who has been drawing the figure of a man on his slate, when he should have been studying figures far different, and (86) the same boy, more exemplarily engaged in his proper work, are delightful for the truth, the fun and gusto, of the subject, merry and jolly, and of the unsurpassable artist. 'A Sailor Boy' (11), is a serious portrait, and full of very nice feeling, and skilful execution. 'Apple-blossoms' (307) and 'Grapes' (321), by the same, are very beautiful. There is a boy with a shrimp-net too;—by the by, is this arithmetical, laughing philosopher, our old friend, the vanquisher of that fair, and stout-walled pie, of last year, with a twelvemonth's growth added to his stature? we fancied we recognized his face 'Morning—Reaping—Plain of Stirling' (43). and 'Evening,—Harvest-home,—Plain of Stirling' (105); the landscapes by Barrett, the figures by Tayler, are charming. The rich and glowing sun, the peaceful and cheerful scene of the landscape painter, are well seconded by the brightly coloured and spirited figures of Tayler. A host of sunny pictures from Barrett's pencil enrich the walls. Excepting that we must, as usual, enter our protest against repeated and unsuccessful attempts to paint the naked and unendurable sun in the middle of a picture, they struck us as very clever and beautiful. Tayler's 'Crossing the Mountain Brook' (247), and 'Girl and Highland Stot—Scotch Rebellion' (268), are his best;—the former is very fresh and lusty, and freely drawn; the latter all life and frolic; both, like most of this artist's figure-pieces, are pleasantly coloured; though he is apt occasionally to fall into mannerisms.

To be continued next week.

TRANSLATION OF MR WEBER'S

EPIGRAM, 'DE CRISPO.'

THAT Harry's sire was ill, the news had come;
(A rich old grocer, worth at least a plum;)
And death seemed likely, when the news was sent;
Poor Harry grew most anxious for the event.
When long he'd waited, and no letter came,
"Why writes not Father," said he 'gan inquire,
"Unless by Death prevented, he's to blame,
But may I ne'er be forced to blame a sire."

ONE OF THE JENKINES.

REMARKS ON THE
MODE OF HARNESSING HORSES ON
THE CONTINENT.

(By the Author of 'Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.')

MANY years have now elapsed since I first observed that, somehow or other, horses on the continent manage to pull a heavy carriage up a steep hill, or along a dead level, with greater ease to themselves than our English horses. Let any unprejudiced person attentively observe with how little apparent fatigue three small ill-conditioned animals will draw, not only his own carriage, but very often that overgrown vehicle, the French diligence, or the German eil-wagen, and I think he must admit, that somewhere or other, there exists a mystery. But the whole equipment is so unsightly, the rope-harness so rude, the horses without blinkers look so wild, that far from paying any compliment to the turn-out, one is apt to condemn the whole thing, and, not caring a straw whether such horses be fatigued or not, to remark that in England they would have travelled at twice the rate with one tenth of the noise. But neither the rate nor the noise is the question I wish to consider. The thing I want, if possible to account for, is, how such small weak horses do manage to draw one's carriage up hill, with so much unaccountable ease to themselves.

Now in English, French, and German harness, there exist, as it were, three degrees of comparison in the manner in which the head of the horse is treated; for, in England, it is elevated by the bearing rein; in France, it is left as nature placed it (there being, in common French harness, no bearing rein), while, in Germany, the head is tied down to the lower extremity of the collar, or else the collar is so made, that the animal is by it deprived of the power of raising its head. Now, passing for a moment the French method, which is the state of nature, let us consider which is best, to bear a horse's head up, as in England, or to pull it downwards, as in Germany. In my humble opinion, both are wrong; yet there is some science in the German error, while ours goes directly against all mechanical calculation.

In a state of nature, the wild horse has two gaits, or attitudes. If man or beast come suddenly on him, up goes his head, and as he first stalks and then trots gently away, with ears erect, snuffing the air, the feelings of doubt, astonishment, and hesitation seem to rein him, like a troop-horse, on his haunches; but attempt to pursue him, and how completely does he alter his attitude! Down goes his head, and from his ears to the tip of his tail, there is in his vertebrae an undulating action which seems to propel him along, and the privation of which would manifestly diminish his speed. Now, in harness the horse has naturally the same two gaits or attitudes, and it is quite true that he can start away with a carriage, either in the one or the other, but the physical powers which he calls into action are essentially different, for in the one attitude he works by his muscles, in the other by his weight. In France, and particularly in Germany, horses do draw by the weight, and 'tis to encourage them to raise their backs, and lean downwards with their heads, that the Germans, with a degree of rude science, tie down the horse's nose to the bottom of his collar; and that the postilion, at starting, speaking gently to him, allows him to get himself into a proper attitude for his draught. The horse, thus treated, leans against the resistance he meets with, and the balance of draught against weight being in his favour, the carriage follows him without much more strain or effort on his part, than if he were idly leaning his chest against his manger. It is true the flesh of his shoulder may become sore, from severe pressure, but his sinews and muscles are comparatively at rest. Now, anyone who observes a pair of English post-horses dragging a heavy weight up a hill, will see at once that the poor creatures are working by their muscles, and that 'tis by main strength the resistance is overcome: but how can it be otherwise for their heads are consider-

ably higher than nature intended them to be, even when walking, unincumbered, and at liberty. The balance of their bodies is, therefore, absolutely turned against, instead of leaning in favour of their draught, and thus cruelly deprived of the mechanical advantage of weight which everywhere else in the universe is appreciated, the noble spirit of our high-fed horses induces them to strain and drag the carriage forward by their muscles; and, if the reader will but pass his hands down the back sinews of any of our stage-coach or post-chaise horses, he will soon feel (though not so keenly as they do) what is the fatal consequence. It is true that in ascending a very steep hill, any English postilion will occasionally unhook the bearing reins of his horses, but the poor jaded creatures, accustomed for years to work in a false attitude, cannot in one moment get themselves into the scientific position which the German horses are habitually encouraged to adopt; besides this, we are so shirty with our horses—we keep them so constantly on the *qui vive*, or, as we term it, in hand,—that we are always driving them from the use of their weight to the application of their sinews. That the figure and attitude of a horse working by his sinews are infinitely prouder than when he is working by his weight, I most readily admit, and, therefore, for carriages of luxury, where the weight bears little proportion to the powers of the two noble animals, I acknowledge that the sinews are more than sufficient for the slight labour required; but to bear up the head of a poor horse at plough, or at any slow heavy work, is, I humbly conceive, a barbarous error, which ought not to be persisted in; for laughing, as we all do, at the German and French harness, sneering, as we do, at their ropes, and wondering out loud, as we always do, why they do not copy us, it is rather mortifying to find out, that, in spite of our fine harness, for slow heavy draught, it is better to tie a horse's nose downwards, like the German, than upwards, like the English, and that the French way of leaving them at liberty is better than either.

TABLE TALK.

REMOVAL OF STAINS FROM BOOKS.

Nearly all the acids remove spots of ink from paper, but it is important to use such as attack its texture the least. *Spirits of salts*, diluted into five times or six times the quantity of water, may be applied with success upon the spot, and after a minute or two washing it off with clear water. A solution of *oxalic acid*, *citric acid*, or *tartaric acid* is attended with the least risk, and may be applied upon the paper and plates without fear of damage. These acids taking out writing-ink, and not touching the printing, can be used for restoring books where the margins have been written upon, without attacking the text—When the paper is disfigured with stains of iron, it may be perfectly restored by applying a solution of *sulphuret of potash*, and afterwards one of *oxalic acid*. The *sulphuret* extracts from the iron part of its oxygen, and renders it soluble in diluted acids. The most simple, but at the same time very effectual method of raising spots of grease, wax, oil, or any other fat substance, is by washing the part with *ether*, and placing it between white blotting paper. Then with a hot iron press above the part stained, and the defect will be speedily removed. In many cases, where the stains are not bad, rectified *spirits of wine* will be found to answer the purpose.—[From 'Bibliopægia, or the Art of Book-binding,' by J. A. Arnett (R. Groombridge); a very complete little work, worth the attention of the lover of books, as well as the bookbinder.]

CURIOUS RECORD IN THE CHURCH BOOKS AT BARKSTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.

"1680, Ellen, the daughter of Bryan and Ellen Dun, was baptized April 23."

"Lord pardon me if I am guilty of any error in registering Ellen Dun's name."

This singular appeal was written by Mr Huddleston, the vicar, who perhaps had neglected to make the entry for a long time after the baptism, and not

until his memory failed him as to the precise time; he had registered Ellen Dun in the year 1680, and finding it wrong, had copied it out, and put it in 1690.—*History of Parish Registers.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must devote an "article" to the Shakspeare dinner at Stratford. It cannot be dispatched in a "paragraph."

The book of musical criticism mentioned by our friend R. A. (from whom we were glad to hear) has not yet reached us.

We are sorry we cannot inform Σ where a copy of the version of Redit is to be found; though perhaps we ought to be glad; for owing to the translator's absence in another country at the time, it was one of the most incorrectly printed books that ever issued from the press. The house that published it, is no longer in business. The story our Correspondent speaks of, is in the 'Deameron.'

Miss S., with whom we sincerely condole, is informed that it is our full intention to publish the paper referred to, written by her late lamented sister, when the season comes round. We shall have double pleasure in doing so, since we learn that such was her particular wish.

M. S. R. is not so good this time. She rightly reverences the olden style; but she must not let its antiquity stand her instead of her own living feelings.

We doubt not there is some mistake in the line mentioned by W. S. and others; and we will look at the manuscript, which at present does not happen to be by us, and correct it. Next Wednesday, if W. S. will be good enough to send for it to the Publisher's, we shall be ready with our answer respecting his manuscript.

"Hints for Table Talk, No. IX." in our next.

Next week, more answer to "Hans Sachs of Dover," whose letter unfortunately reached us a day too late for the answer which he wished.

We are gratified at being reminded by INCOGNITA of the passage in the 'Bubbles,' for we had marked it for extracting, at the time of our first perusal of the book. But what of 'Auld Lang Syne?' They are magical words, and we should be glad to hear more about them.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER is informed, that the first part of the 'Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling' has been translated into English, and published by Hamilton and Adams.

'On the Faded Beauty of a Beloved One' is a beautiful title; and happy is J. C. to feel it to be such, and to write as he does upon it. But a thousand productions of a like merit would start up to complain of us for non-insertion, if we gave them insertion.

The books mentioned by J. F. can be obtained at any large Circulating Library. There is a 'History of the Female Sex,' by Alexander; another translated from the German of Meiners; and Miss Hays has written an interesting 'Female Biography,' in six volumes. See also the eloquent writings of Mrs Jameson, lately published.

We should be glad to insert the remarks of Δ ; but the subject, we fear, would excite controversy.

Also the lines intitled 'Goethe and Scott,' but, for the last line. Why put such a "fear" in the heads of those who never felt it?

Part, if not all, of the remarks on the 'Thames' shall be inserted. We recommend the author to dash a little more boldly at his subject, and not care how "familiar" the points are, provided they are not familiar to the reading public.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1835.

No. 59.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

BEGGARS' LODGING-HOUSES. SIR THOMAS DYOT, &c.

WE make no apology to our Readers for whisking them, like the Devil on Two Sticks, from the fairest to the squalidest scenes,—from spring-flowers and the beauties of woman-kind, to miserable allies and the wretchedest of their sex. "The blue sky bends over all." The object of the LONDON JOURNAL is to encourage a boundless consideration,—to find out whatever is lovely in things loveable, and to suggest a charitable and ameliorating thoughtfulness in behalf of things that appear hateful. Its Readers are not the people to quarrel with their fellow-creatures, because they have been less educated or fortunate than themselves.

A small book, called 'The Dens of London Exposed,' has just appeared, written by a shrewd but uneducated man, and certainly not fulfilling the expectations raised by its title; for instead of showing us a variety of these dens, it confines itself to the description of a single one, a lodging-house for beggars in St Giles's. This, however, is well done, and in the present times is to be considered a novelty; for our living writers (with rare and qualified exceptions) do not deal with these regions, as their predecessors did in the last century. Our moralists are all theorising, or else take care to confine themselves to such "respectable walks" of description, as shall in nowise put their shoe-leather in danger from the contact of a little common earth, and render them objects of stare and astonishment to drawing-rooms that are "well to do;" and our novelists are so prodigiously "genteel," and at the same time appear to think their gentility so fragile, that unlike those strange men of birth, Fielding and Smollett, they "can't come for to go for to think" of the very existence of any street or house except in Belgrave or Grosvenor squares,—always excepting the admirable 'Paul Clifford' of Mr Bulwer, and occasional evidences of a like universality in the writings of Mr James, who is a gentleman in the right sense of the word, and in spite of a somewhat intolerant breeding in certain respects, has address enough (for that is half the secret) to sympathize with some of the nicest perplexities of the social condition, the most delicate not excepted.*

The author of the book before us professes (and we doubt not, with truth,) to draw his description of the Beggars' House from life. Indeed there are strong evidences, in his style, of his being acquainted with what he describes,—somewhat too strong, perhaps, for giving his book the circulation he hopes for among delicate people; for it is one thing to show a knowledge of a subject, and another to seem to take a superfluous pleasure in the knowledge; and he might have told us a great deal more, with less apparent relish. However, to be over-scrupulous, whether in writer or reader, would show an extreme of a worse kind; and accordingly with the occasional omission of a few sentences, we proceed to give one or two of his most striking extracts. The first is a sketch of this kind of establishment in general, and of the kind of board as well as lodging to be met with in it:—

"The Common Lodging House, as the reader no

* See the beautiful close of his latest and best novel (best among all good) 'The Gipsy;' where he ventures, and with perfect propriety, to make a lady the first to declare her regard for a gentleman.

[From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pultney street.]

doubt understands, is a house of accommodation for all classes—no matter what may be their appearance or character—only provided that they can procure, when required, the necessary quantity of coins. In every considerable village in the kingdom there is a lodging-place called the 'Beggars' House;' and in every town, more or less, according to its size or population. In London there are hundreds and thousands of houses of this description, from the poor tenant of a room or cellar, with its two or three shake-down beds upon the floor, to the more substantial landlord with his ten and twenty houses, and two or three hundred beds. Among these the houseless wanderer may find shelter, from a penny to three-halfpence, two-pence, threepence, fourpence, and sixpence a night, on beds of iron, wood, and straw, or on that more lofty couch a hammock; and some (that is, the penny-a-night lodger) have often no softer resting-place than the hard floor. This common lodging-house business is a thriving trade; only small capital is required; for an old house will do, no matter how the rain beats in, or the wind whistles through, in a back street or filthy lane, for the more wretched the neighbourhood, the better; old bedsteads and beds, clothes of the coarsest description, with a few forms, and a table or so, for the kitchen, are all that is necessary for the concern. The front room, or what is usually termed the parlour, is generally fitted up into a shop, or, when this is not the case, there is always some accommodating neighbour, who has the following articles for sale:—viz. bacon, butter, cheese, bread, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, potatoes, red and salt herrings, smuggled liquors, and table-beer. Some add the savoury profession of the cook to that of the huckster, and dish up a little roast and boiled beef, mutton, pork, vegetables, &c. The whole of these, the reader may be assured, are of very moderate quality; they are retailed to the lodgers at very profitable prices, and in the smallest quantities, such as a halfpenny worth of butter, bacon, cheese, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c.; and, for the trifling sum of one penny, the poor epicure may gratify his palate with a taste of beef, mutton, and so on. Very little credit is given in these creditable places, and that only to those who are well known; they who have not that advantage, often are compelled to take the handkerchief off their necks, the coat, and even the very shirts off their backs, to give to the cautious housekeeper, before they can procure a night's lodging, or a morsel of food."

So much for the Beggars' House in general. Now follows a particular description of one, No. 13 — street, St Giles's. He does not mention the name of the street, perhaps Dyot, or as it is now called, (in defiance, we believe, of a legal proviso to the contrary,) George street: for it is understood that Sir Thomas Dyot, an admirable good fellow in the reign of the Stuarts, left his property in this street, for ever, expressly for the use and resort of the houseless poor, who "had not where to lay their heads," and upon the condition of its retaining his name; and how the parish authorities came to have a right to alter the name, we know not, and *should like to know*. It is a singular instance, we grant, of the effect of circumstance in human affairs, that a name so excellent, and worthy to be had in honouring remembrance, should become of infamous sound in connexion

with this street; and perhaps the authorities might vindicate themselves on that score, and ask whether Sir Thomas could have calculated upon such a vicissitude? But we say he could, and very likely did; for he knew of what sort of people the houseless were likely to be composed, and he was prepared, like a thorough-hearted friend, to take all chances with them, and trust to more reflecting times to do justice to him and them. Or if he did not think of all this, his instinct did; or did not care for anything but playing the kind and manly part, and letting a wise Providence do the rest. He was a right hearty good fellow, whoever he was, for we know nothing else of him,—a little wild, perhaps, in his youth, otherwise he might not have become acquainted with the wants of such people; but ever, be sure, honest to the backbone, and a right gentleman,—fit companion for the Dorsets and Drydens in their old age, not for the Charles the Seconds. Here's a libation to him in this dip of ink,—in default of a bumper of Burgundy.

But to our extract:—

"As this is the first attempt," says our author, "that has been made to describe a Cadging House, we perhaps may be excused in being somewhat particular. The outside of this dwelling was more cleanly and decent than we had been led to expect. The window of the low front room, which was large, and rather bowed, but still retained the remains of its former shop-like appearance, was modestly screened in the inside by a green curtain; and the step of the door was nicely scoured and sanded.

"On entering, we were struck with the establishment-like appearance of the room. Rows of common tin tea-pots were ranged along the dresser. As for the shelves, they literally lined the walls, well filled with plates, dishes, and tea-ware. The landlady came forward to meet us, a tall, genteel woman, with the manners of one apparently used to better society. After putting down our groat, and giving into her hand a certain garment wrapped in a handkerchief, in case of accidents, we were told that the men's kitchen was in the next house, the first door on the right hand side, in the entry. By this, we found that the threshold on which we then stood, was no less than the high quarters set apart for the barrack-master himself. Accordingly, we sallied out for No. 12; but, before going in, we took the liberty to make a survey of this 'Vagabond's Home;' and, in troth, it did well deserve that name.

"The low front room or parlour, whose fate it was now to be the Cadger's Kitchen, had certainly the same shop-like appearance as that of No. 13—but there the likeness ended. The door which led into the street, instead of having the clean, welcome, and open look of its neighbour, was fast nailed up. . . . The door-light—the window above the door—had been taken out, or, what is more likely, knocked out, and its place supplied with a wooden shutter, which was raised up during the day, to let in the light and air; and, as for the window itself, with the exception of a few panes of glass in the centre, here and there patched with brown paper, it was almost wholly made up with squares of wood—giving ocular proof that glass was of a very brittle nature in St Giles's.

"After satisfying ourselves thus far, we proceeded

to explore the interior. A narrow passage ran between the houses, and led into a tolerably large court, which, with those two, contained the number of houses already stated. At the foot of this entry stood two or three husseys. * * * Farther up the yard were some half-dozen fellows, in parti-coloured dresses (and not over particular about shoes and stockings), smoking their pipes and gambling at pitch-penny.

"We next proceeded to the kitchen—and a den-like retreat it was—dark and gloomy; from the partial light let in by the few remnants of glass, it seemed well calculated to harbour felon thoughts. The room itself seemed moderate enough in size—a good fire, and an excellent grate, containing a copper of boiling water, always kept full by a pipe conveyed to it from a cask raised on one side of the fire-place, was all that we could see that approached to anything like luxury or comfort. Beneath this cask lay a heap of coke and coal, and a coal-heaver's shovel leaned against the wall, at the service of anyone who loved a cheerful hearth. The floor and walls did not differ much in colour, the former being of a dusky hue, that knew no other purifier save the birchen broom; and the latter, a dirty red—a daub long since and clumsily made. A cuckoo-clock ticked on one side of an old cupboard, and before the window was spread a large deal table, at which sat the landlord playing at cards with a couple of ruffian-like fellows. A small table (whose old-fashioned, crooked, mahogany legs, showed that it had once been in a more honoured place; but the rough deal covering with which it had been repaired, denoted that it was now only fit for a *cadger's plate*) stood at the other end of the room behind the door. A man, in a decent but faded suit of clothes, sat on one side—his arms were stretched over the table, and his head half buried within them—he was, apparently, asleep. The white apron that was wrapped round his waist, clearly proclaimed to what class he belonged—the 'Begging Tradesmen.' A few things tied in a blue handkerchief rested on one side of his head; and a parcel of ballads, his whole stock-in-trade, lay on the other. Before the fire, warming his back, stood a short, thick-set man, humming the air of a vulgar ditty; his hands were thrust into the pockets of a velvet shooting-jacket, ornamented with large ivory buttons, such as are commonly worn by cabmen and other tap-room blackguards. His countenance was by far too dark and sinister-looking to be honest, and, as he occasionally favoured us with a few oblique and professional glances from beneath a white *castor*, half-pulled over his brow, it, instinctively as it were, reminded us of—"my lord, the prisoner at the bar."

"On a form against the wall sat a tall and aged man, with a beard like a hermit, all fluttering in rags—the very emblem of wretchedness. He was relieving his uneasiness by giving his back, every now and then, a comfortable rub against the wall. A little on one side of this forlorn being, at the head of the table where the landlord sat, was a character that could hardly escape the notice of the most obtuse observer, a stout, active young man in the very perfect costume of a cadger. The upper part of his person was decorated with a piece of a garment that had once been a coat, and of which there yet remained a sleeve and a half; the rest was suspended over his shoulders in shreds. A few tatters were arranged around his nether parts, but could scarcely be said to cover his nakedness; and as for shoes, stockings, and shirt, they doubtless had been neglected, as being of no professional use. A kind of a hat (which, from a piece of the flap still remaining, showed that it had once possessed a brim) ornamented as villainous a looking head as ever sat upon a pair of shoulders—carrotty hair, that had as much piliancy as a stubble field—a low receding forehead—light grey eyes, rolling about with as much roguery in them as if each contained a thief—a broad, snubby nose—a projecting chin, with a beard of at least a month's growth—the whole forming no bad resemblance to a rough, red, wiry-haired, vicious terrier-dog, whose face had been half bitten off by hard fighting. He was the very type of a hedge ruffian,

and a most proper person to meet any one 'by mopn-right alone.'

—'He look'd as if his blood
Had crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood.'

"The very sight of this model of his tribe brought vagrancy with all her train before our eyes, muggers' carts, tinkers' wives, bull-dogs, donkeys, creels, knail-pots and all the trumpery of a gipsy's camp. This elegant individual, we found afterwards, answered to the very proper appellation of 'Cadger Jack.' He was leaning over the table, resting his arms on a bundle of matches, and grumbling heavily about the times. 'Cadging,' he said, 'was gone to the devil! He had been out ever since the morning, and had not yet broke his fast; but, if he lived till Monday, he would go to the lord mayor.' Here he used some emphatic language, and swore he would not stir until he got relief.

"You will get three months at the tread-mill observed a woman sitting opposite (the only one in the room, and a happy compound between the slut and the sot.)

"He d—d the tread-mill, declared he had played at up and down before now—and would go—they were compelled to give him something—the law did not suffer any man to starve, and so on.

"He was rattling on in this way, without any one paying the least attention to what he said, when a lad about fourteen, decently dressed, came in, carrying a box. He placed himself beside the window, and began to display the contents of his trunk, offering for sale several respectable articles of clothing for mere trifles.

"Go home, boy (said a man who had just come in, with his arms loaded with good things). What brought you here? do you want to be ruined? you have run away, you young rascal, and stole them things."

"The younker, who was the very image of a spoiled child and natural vagabond, replied with all the pertness and insolence of one that had been over-indulged, 'that the things were his—he had paid for his lodgings, and nobody had anything to do with him.'

"When did he come here?" inquired the man (the landlord by this time had gone out).

"On Thursday," he was answered.

"It is a shame," he said, 'to take in so young a boy; he should have had a stick laid across his back, and sent home again.'

"In defence of the landlord, it was argued, that if he did not take him in, others would; and that his things were safe here, which might not be the case elsewhere. This was admitted by our moralizer to be very true.

"Howsomever," observed he, 'all I know is this—that if the young dog is not already a thief, I know that he has come to the right place to become one.'

"Ay, that he has," drawled out a half naked lusty young fellow, raising himself slowly up from the form where he had been stretched his full length, lying upon his face, the sluggard's favourite position. Hogarth, or Joe Lisle, or any other character hunter, might have taken this youth for the very Son of Idleness. There might alternately be traced in his heavy features sluggard, loon, fool, and rascal. 'Ay, that's very true,' he observed, 'it was coming to St Giles's that was the ruin of me. * * * I robbed my father, but I got clear of that; then I robbed my mother, I got turned away for that; my sisters took me in, I robbed them, and was forced to cut; at last, my aunt pitied and took care of me, I robbed her too. But I got three months for that, and—'

"Hold your tongue, you ass," exclaimed half-a-dozen voices, 'the booby's mad, and should be sent to St Luke's.'

This rebuke, coming from such persons in such a place, is affecting,—and not the less, but the more so, from its language. The stupid impudence of the boy (who, even after the rebuke, proceeded to pique himself on his shamelessness!) awoke perhaps in these half-a-dozen people, half-a-dozen despairs. They may have begun in the same manner, and knew the

madness of the feelings to which he would arrive,—perhaps thought themselves really mad,—a frightful suspicion which must often break in upon the wretchedness of crime, and which may sometimes afford the only consolation (what a consolation!) to the terrified and astonished hearts of friends and relations. How they must sometimes wish that a superhuman voice would condescend to burst out of the air, and, arresting the hand of the youthful and apparently incorrigible thief, exclaim "Stop now!—Stop now,—and begin from this moment to be a reasonable and respectable being." We know of nothing more affecting than the cases one sees in the police reports, of parents sometimes obliged to bring their own children before the magistrate, for fear of worse events by and by,—they, all knowledge and horror of the misery of the thing,—the boy or girl, all ignorance or unfeelingness;—they, all tears and sore terror,—the child, dry-eyed and smooth-faced, perhaps casting about a light eye for a sensation, or putting on a dogged face of denial, and resenting the love that would save it. Where that last feeling does not exist, there is hope; though the hope is then too apt to be deferred and drowned in the partly real, partly hypocritical tears which the same child can muster up, out of pity for itself, and its claim on the pity of others,—and the pleasure that it takes in them accordingly;—such tears, in fact, being little more than another luxury of selfishness, arising out of that fatal tendency to live in the existing moment, and not an atom beyond it, which is the main secret of these phenomena, whether the proximate cause be want of education, or bad example, or a temperament that sets all cause and speculation, and good example itself, at defiance.

We must have another paper on this subject.

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

No. IV.

HAND AND ARM.—A beautiful arm is of a round and flowing outline, and gently tapering; the hand long, delicate, and well turned, with taper fingers, and a certain buoyancy and turn upwards in their very curvature and repose. I fear this is not well expressed. I mean, that when the hand is at rest, and displayed, the wrist a little bent, and the other part of it, with the fingers, stretching and dipping forwards with the various undulations of the joints, it ought, however plump and in good condition, to retain a look of promptitude and lightness. The spirit of the guitar ought to be in it; of the harp and the piano-forte, of the performance of all elegant works, even to the dairy of Eve, who "tempered dulcet creams."—See a picture in Spencer, not to be surpassed, as usual, by any Italian pencil:

"In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swell'd
Into her cup she scrud with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul impeach,
That so fair wine-press made the wine more
sweet." Book ii, canto 12.

It is sometimes thought that hands and arms cannot be too white. A genuine white is very beautiful, and is requisite to give them perfection; but shape and spirit are the first things in all beauty. Complexion follows. A hand and arm may be beautiful, without being excessively fair: they may also be very fair and not at all beautiful. Above all, a sickly white is not to be admired, whatever may be thought of it by the sallow Italian, who praises a white hand for being *morbidi*. I believe, however, he means nothing more than a contradiction to his yellow. He would have his mistress's complexion unspeakably by oil and macaroni at any rate. These excessive terms, as I have before noticed, are not to be taken to the letter. A sick hand has its own merits, if it be an honest one; and may excite a feeling beyond beauty. But sickness is not beauty. In the whitest skin there ought to be a look of health.* The nails of

* "Candidis tamen manibus rosei ruboris aliquid suffundatur." Juntus, Cap. ix, sect. 20.

the fingers ought to be tinged with a healthy red. When the Greeks spoke of the *rosy-fingered* Morn, it was not a mere metaphor, alluding to the ruddiness of the time of day. They referred also to the human image: the metaphor was founded in Nature, whether the goddess's office or person was to be considered. My friend George Bustle used to lament, that, in consequence of the advancement of knowledge and politeness, there was no longer any distinguishing mark of gentility but a white hand. Poor George! He had better have thought otherwise. He attempted one day to show off among us, by letting the blood be drawn out of his finger's ends; which acting upon an ill constitution, was the death of him. People who have nothing but a white hand to show for their breeding, are in a bad way. I would as soon trust the long nails of a Chinese dandy, who thinks it vulgar to be without talons. He supposes that nobody can be polite, whose hands retain a look of utility. Unreflecting Hi-Fong! not to know, that beauty, grace, and utility are fellow-workers. A sculptor might as well shut up his tools.

"The instrument of instruments, the hand,"

is not a thing to be stuck in a 'scutecheon, like a baronet's device. The most delicate need not be afraid of turning it to account, even on the score of delicacy. If it is worth anything at all, it is worth preserving; and a reasonable exercise of the various joints, muscles, and other useful pieces of machinery which Nature, whatever some may think, has really bestowed on that graceful member, serves to keep it in health and perfectness. Look at the delicate withered claw of some foolish old lady, West Indian for instance, who has never been suffered to lift a comb to her head, or carry a bundle of music across a threshold; and compare it with many accomplished hands, that have been used to fifty good offices, and that remain soft and young-looking to the last. Wherever a genuine and lasting beauty is desired, the blood must be circulated.

FIGURE, CARRIAGE, &c.—The beauty of the female figure consists in being gently serpentine. Modesty and luxuriance, fulness and buoyancy, a rising, as if to meet; a falling, as if to retire; spirit, softness, apprehensiveness, self-possession, a claim on protection, a superiority to insult, a sparkling something enshrined in gentle proportions and harmonious movement, should all be found in that charming mixture of the spiritual and material. Mind and body are not to be separated, where real beauty exists. Should there be no great intellect, there will be a sort of intellectual instinct, a grace, an address, a naturally wise amiableness. Should intellect unite with these, there is nothing upon earth so powerful, except the spirit whom it shall call master.

Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the wilful; not the graceful but the fantastic; not the superior in the abstract, but the superior in the worst of all concretes, the vulgar. It is the vulgarity that can afford to shift and vary itself, opposed to the vulgarity that longs to do so, but cannot. The high point of taste and elegance is to be sought for, not in the most fashionable circles, but in the best-bred, and such as can dispense with the eternal necessity of never being the same thing. Beauty there, both moral and personal, will do all it can to resist the envy of those who would deface, in order to supercede it. The highest dressers, the highest painters, are not the loveliest women, but such as have lost their loveliness, or never had any. The others know the value of their natural appearance too well. It is these that inspire the mantua-maker or milliner with some good thought. The fantasies of fashion take it up, and spoilit. Sixty or seventy years ago it was the fashion for ladies to have long waists like a funnel. Who would suppose that this originated in a natural and even rustic taste? And yet the stomachers of that time were only caricatures of the bodice of a country beauty. Some handsome women brought the original to town; fashion proceeded to render it ugly and extravagant; and posterity laughs with derision at the ridiculous portraits of its grandmo-

thers. The poet might have addressed a beauty forced into this fashion, as he did his devoted heroine in those celebrated lines:

"No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."
Prior's Henry and Emma.

No: it was

"Gaunt all at once, and hideously little."

It was like a pottle of strawberries, with two oranges at the top of it. Now-a-days it is the fashion to look like an hour-glass, or a huge insect, or anything else cut in two, and bolstered out at head and feet. A fashion that gracefully shows the figure is one thing: a fashion that totally conceals it, may have its merits; but voluntarily to accept puffed shoulders in lieu of good ones, and a pinch in the ribs for a body like that of Venus de Medici, is what no woman of taste should put up with who can avoid it. They are taking her in. The levelling rogues know what they are about, and are for rendering their crook backs and unsatisfactory waists indistinguishable. If the levelling stopped here, it might be pardonable. Fair play is a jewel that one wishes to see everybody enriched by. But as fashion is naturally at variance with beauty, it is also at variance with health. The more a woman sacrifices of the one, the more she loses of the other. Thick legs are the least result of these little waists. Bad lungs, bad livers, bad complexions, deaths, melancholie, and worse than all, rickety and melancholy children, are too often the undeniable consequences of the tricks that fashion plays with the human body. By a 'perverse spirit of justice, the children are revenged on the parents; and help, when they grow up, to pervert those who have the advantage of them.

It is a truism to say that a waist should be neither pinched in nor shapeless, neither too sudden nor too shelving, &c., but a natural unsophisticated waist, properly bending when at rest, properly falling in when the person is in motion. But truisms are sometimes as necessary to repeat in writing, as to abide by in painting or sculpture. The worst of it is, they are not always allowed to be spoken of. For instance, there is a truism called a hip. It is surely a very modest and respectable joint, and of great use to the rising generation; a sculptor could no more omit it in a perfect figure, than he could omit a leg or an arm: and yet by some very delicate train of reasoning, known only to be double-refined, 'not merely the word, but the thing, was suppressed about twenty years back. The word vanished: the joint was put under the most painful restrictions: it seemed as if there was a Society for the Suppression of Hips. The fashion did not last, or there is no knowing what would have become of us. We should have been the most melancholy, hipped, unhipped generation, that ever walked without our proper dimensions. Moore's Almanac would have contained new wenders for us. Finally, we should have gone out, wasted, faded, old maided-and-bachelored ourselves away, grown

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less,"

till a Dutch jury (the only survivors) brought in the verdict of the polite world,—Died for want of care in the mother. At present a writer may speak of hips, and live. Nay, the fancies of the men seem to have been so wrought upon by the recollection of those threatening times, that they have amplified into hips themselves, and even grown pigeon-breasted. Such are the melancholy consequences of violating the laws of Nature.

A true female figure, then, is falling and not too broad in the shoulders; moderate, yet inclining to fulness rather than deficiency, in the bosom; gently tapering, and without violence of any sort, in the waist; naturally curving again in those never-to-be-without-apology-alluded-to hips; and, finally, her buoyant lightness should be supported upon natural legs, not at all like a man's; and upon feet, which,

though little, ought to be able to support all the rest. Ariosto has described a foot,—

"Il breve, assaiuto, e ritondetto piede."

"The short, and neat, and little rounded foot."

The shortness, however, is not to be made by dint of shoes. It must be natural. It must also be not too short. It should be short and delicate, compared with that of the other sex; but sufficient for all purposes of walking, and running, and dancing, and dispensing with tight shoes; otherwise it is neither handsome in itself, nor will give rise to graceful movements. It is better to have the sentiment of grace in a foot, than a forced or unnatural smallness. The Chinese have three ideas in their heads:—tea, the necessity of keeping off ambassadors, and the beauty of small feet. The way in which they caricature this beauty, is a warning to all dull understandings. We make our feet bad enough already by dint of squeezing. Nations with shoes have no proper feet, like those who wear sandals. But the Chinese out-pinch an Inquisitor. I have seen a model of a lady's foot of that country, in which the toes were fairly turned underneath. They looked as if they were almost jammed into and made part of the sole. In the British Museum, if I remember, there is a pair of shoes that belonged to such a foot as this, which are shown in company with another pair, the property of Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty stood upon no ceremony in that matter, and must have stamped to some purpose.

But what are beautiful feet, if they support not, and carry about with them, other graces? What are the most harmonious proportions, if the soul of music is not within? Graceful movement, an unaffected elegance of demeanour, is to the figure what sense and sweetness are to the eyes. It is the soul looking out. It is what a poet has called the "thought of the body." The ancients, as the moderns do still in the south, admired a stately carriage in a woman: though the taste seems to have been more general in Rome than Greece. It is to be observed, that neither in Greece nor Rome had the women at any time received that truly feminine polish, which renders their manners a direct though not an unsuitable contrast to those of the other sex. It was reserved for the Goths and their chivalry to reward them with this refinement; and their northern descendants have best preserved it. The walk which the Latin poets attribute to their beauties, is still to be seen in all its stateliness at Rome. "Shall I be treated in this manner?" says Juno, complaining of her injured dignity;—"I, who walk the queen of the gods, the sister and the wife of Jove?"—Venus, meeting Æneas, allows herself to be recognized in departing:—

—"Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea."

"In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known."—*Dryden.*

A stately verse;—but *known* is not strong enough for *patuit*, and Virgil does not say "the queen of love," but simply the goddess—the divinity. The walk included every kind of superiority. It is the step of Homer's ladies,—

"Of Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep the ground."—*Pope.*

The painting has more of Rubens than Raphael and I could not help thinking, when I was in Italy, that the walk of the females had more spirit than feminine grace. They know nothing of the swimming voluptuousness with which our ladies at court used to float into the drawing-room with their hoops; or the sweet and modest sway hither and thither, a little bending, with which a young girl shall turn and wind about a garden by herself, half serious, half playful. Their demeanour is sharper and more vehement. The grace is less reserved. There is, perhaps, less consciousness of the sex in it, but it is not the most modest or touching on that account. The women in Italy sit and sprawl about the door—

• "Ego, quæ divum incedo regina," &c.

ways in the attitudes of men. Without being viragoes, they swing their arms as they walk. There is infinite self-possession, but no subjection of it to a sentiment. The most graceful and modest have a certain want of retirement. Their movements do not play inwards, but outwards: do not wind and retreat upon themselves, but are developed as a matter of course. If thought of, they are equally suffered to go on, with an unaffected and crowning satisfaction, conquering and to conquer. This is evidently the walk that Dante admired:—

"Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone;
Diritta sopra se, come una gru."

"Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; straight
Above herself, like to the lady crane."

This is not the way we conceive Imogen or Desdemona to have walked. The head is too stiffly held up; admiration is too much courted: there is a perking consciousness in it, as if the lady, like the peacock, could spread out her shawl the next minute, and stand for us to gaze at it.

The carriage of Laura, Petrarch's mistress, was gentle; but she was a Provençal, not an Italian. He counts it among the four principal charms which rendered him so enamoured. They were all identified with a sentiment. There was her carriage or walk; her sweet looks; her dulcet words; and her kind, modest, and self-possessed demeanour.

"E con l'andar, e col soave sguardo,
S'accordan le dolcissime parole,
E l'atto mansueto, umile, e tardo.
Di tai quattro faville, e non già sole,
Nasce 'l gran foco di ch'io vivo ed ardo:
Che son fatto un angel notturno al sole."

Sonnet 131.

"From these four sparks it was, nor those alone,
Sprung the great fire, that makes me what I am,
A bird nocturnal, warbling to the sun."

In this sonnet is the origin of a word of Milton's, not noticed by the commentators.

"With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence.—*L'Allegro*."

"Da begli occhi un piacer sì caldo piove."

"So warm a pleasure rains from her sweet eyes."

And in another beautiful sonnet, where he describes her sparkling with more than her wonted lustre, he says,

"Non era l'andar suo cosa mortale,
Ma d'angelica forma."—*Sonnet 68.*]

"Her going was no mortal thing; but shaped
Like to an angel's."

Now this is the difference between the walk of the ancient and modern heroine; of the beauty classical and Provençal, Italian and English. The one was like a goddess's, stately and at the top of earth; the other is like an angel's, humbler but nearer heaven.

It is the same with the voice. The southern voice is loud and uncontrolled; the women startle you, bawling and gabbling in the summer air. In the north, the female seems to bethink her of a thousand delicate restraints; her words issue forth with a sort of cordial hesitation. They have a breath and apprehensiveness in them, as if she spoke with every part of her being.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman."—*Shakespeare*.

As the best things, however, are the worst when spoiled, it is not easy to describe how much better the unsophisticated bawling of the Italian is, than the affectation of a low and gentle voice in a body full of furious passions. The Italian nature is a good one, though run to excess. You can pare it down. A good system of education would as surely make it a fine thing morally, as good training renders Italian singing the finest in the world. But a furious English woman affecting sweet utterance—
"Let us take any man's horses," as Falstaff says.

It is an old remark, that the most beautiful women are not always the most fascinating. It may be

added, I fear, that they are seldom so. The reason is obvious. They are apt to rely too much on their beauty; or to give themselves too many airs. Mere beauty ever was, and ever will be, but a secondary thing, except with fools. And they admire it for as little time as anybody else; perhaps not so long. They have no fancies to adorn it with. If this secondary thing fall into disagreeable ways, it becomes but a fifth or sixth-rate thing, or nothing at all, or worse than nothing. We resent the unnatural mixture. We shrink from it, as we should from a serpent with a beauty's head. The most fascinating women, generally speaking, are those that possess the finest powers of entertainment. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those that can partake our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this. With it, she is indeed triumphant, unless affection for a congenial object has forestalled her. In that case, fascination fixed carries the day hollow against fascination able to fix. I speak only of hearts capable of being fixed as well as fascinated; nor are they so few, as it is the interest of too many to make out. A good heart, indeed, requires little to fix it, if the little be good, and devoted, and makes it the planet round which it turns.

I reckon myself a widower, though I was never wedded; and yet with all my love for a departed object, a sympathising nature would inevitably have led me to love again, had not travelling and one or two other circumstances thrown me out of the way of that particular class of my countrywomen, among whom I found the one, and always hoped to meet with the other. When I do, she may, or may not, as it happens, be beautiful; but the following charms, I undertake to say, she will and must have; and as they are haveable by others, who are not in possession of beauty, I recommend them as an admirable supply. They are far superior to the shallower perfections enumerated in this paper, and their only preservative where they exist.

Imprimis, an eye whether blue, black, or grey, that has given me the kindest looks in the world, and is in the habit of looking kindly on others.

Item, a mouth—I do not choose to say much about the mouth, but it must be able to say a good deal to me, and all sincerely. Its teeth, kept as clean as possible, must be an argument of cleanliness in general; and, finally, it must be very good-natured to servants, and to friends who come in unexpectedly to dinner.

Item, a figure, which shall preserve itself, not by neglecting any of its duties, but by good taste and exercise, and the dislike of gross living. I would have her fond of all the pleasures under the sun, except those of tattling, and the table, and ostentation.

Fourthly, a power to like a character in a book, though it is not an echo of her own.

Fifthly, a great regard for the country.

Item, a hip.

ON RECEIVING A POT OF LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

April 3, 1835.

BEAUTIFUL present!—brought by lovely hands.

Whose native dower is grace and gentleness,

And on whose foreheads fair the proud impress—

The hereditary mark of Genius, stands,—

Beautiful cluster of white trembling bells

Reposing amidst ample leaves of green,

How many a tale your modest beauty tells

Of gentle things, the pure and the serene.

How exquisite a heap of natural beauty!

What charms of shape! what ecstasy of scent!

These are the boons that make enjoyment duty—

The untold—for blessings which bring rich content.

Oh, Nature, kindest mother! who can see

Thy prodigal care, and turn, untaught, from thee?

Ruizlip.

J. W. D.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LXX.—THE APOLOGIST BELIEVED AGAINST HIS WILL.

[THIS, perhaps, should rather be called a Novel than a Romance; but the turn of the adventure is at all events rare and unexpected; and the entertainment is increased by the maliciously comic figure cut by the great melancholy Cromwell, whose propensity to the refreshment of a little occasional fun is here gratified in a manner that must have been as delightful to himself, as distracting to the poor divine. It is a regular scene in a play, transferred to the stage of life. We take it from that shrewd, amusing, and valuable book, 'Granger's Biographical History of England.']

JEREMIAH WHITE received a liberal education, and was brought up at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which house he became a Fellow. In the troublesome times of the war, Mr White's politics led him to join the prevailing powers, and in time procured him to be made preacher to the council of state, and domestic chaplain to his highness, Oliver, Lord Protector. He was a very sprightly and facetious man, despised the cant and hypocrisy of the Puritanical party of his time, and was considered one of the chief wits of the Protector's court. Possessing all the advantages of youth, and a fine person, he had the ambition to aspire to the hand of Cromwell's youngest daughter, the Lady Frances. The young lady appears by no means to have discouraged his addresses but, in so religious a court, this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was informed of it; and, having no inclination for such an alliance, was so much concerned, that he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look out, promising, if he would give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White (as he was generally called) to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber, and going hastily in, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing his daughter's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentleman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." Oliver, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussey? Why do you refuse the honour Mr White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you would treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing better, with a very low curtesy replied, "If Mr White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass," cried Cromwell, "call Goodwyn,—this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Mr White had gone too far to recede from this proposal; his brother parson came, and Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave the bride 500*l.* to her portion, to the secret disappointment and indignation of the enraged dupe of his own making, but intire gratification and satisfaction of the fair Abigail, the moment they were made one flesh, who by this unexpected good fortune, obtained a husband much above her most sanguine hope or expectation.

The Restoration deprived White of all hope of preferment, if he refused to take the oaths, and offered him but faint prospects if he did; he therefore prudently chose to remain quiescent, for he was too pleasant a man to take up his abode in a prison, for preaching in a conventicle. His wit and cheerfulness gained him many friends, but he would have found himself more at home in the palace of Charles II, than in that of Oliver. He survived not only the restoration and revolution, but the union, and died in 1707, aged seventy-eight.

When the story of his marriage was mentioned before Mrs White (who survived her husband), she always simpered her assent to its truth.]

THE GIPSY BOY,

BROUGHT UP IN CIVILIZED LIFE, BURSTS HIS TRAMMELS, AND WILL LIVE LIKE HIS FATHERS.

[FROM the 'Gipsy King,'—a manuscript with a sight of which we have been favoured by Mr Richard Howitt,—containing genuine pictures from nature, animate and inanimate.]

"Bz mine my father's life, he cried,
Although I suffer pains severe,—
There is a something in my breast
That wars with this inglorious rest,—
I cannot linger here.

"And who can tell what I may be?"—
That feeling was ambition's spring:
In fancy forward far he ran,
He was a youth, he was a man,—
He was the Gipsy King.

He fled: and wandered through the land;
And worked or starved as chance befell:
He saw the various lives of men,
And often in the beggars' den
It was his lot to dwell.

His was an undirected mind—
He ever undetermined stood;
Unskilled the *fittin*g to discern:
Too quick to rest, submit, or learn:
And ready was at any turn
For evil, or for good.

But want and travel sharpen wit;
And by degrees he grew in knowledge;
And as he was a lad of parts,
He soon the master was of arts
Taught in the wide world's college.

He camped with gipsies in the wolds;
And gazed in tall young gipsies' eyes:
And with much guile and little truth,
He had the ready tricks of youth
To stir their tears and sighs.

Early a father he became—
And left his children in the land:
He soon forsakes who soon deceives—
He left them as the ostrich leaves
Her eggs among the desert sand.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V, HIS SON PHILIP II, AND
HIS GRANDSON DON CARLOS.

[FROM a curious work, a translation of which has been just published by Murray,—Von Raumer's 'History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.' Illustrated by Original Documents.] It is full of portraits of this kind, and of the manners of existing courts. The three likenesses here given to the reader are from the pen of Badoer, a Venetian envoy. In poor Don Carlos, who was unquestionably mad, and who afterwards underwent a tragical fate, the circumstances of which are still a matter of dispute, we see the natural result of the bad and pampered blood of despotism. There is a sort of ineffectual madness in the excessive self-will and incontinence of his father and grandfather.]

CHARLES V.

THE Emperor Charles is of the middle size, well grown, and of dignified appearance. A broad forehead, blue eyes, expressing much intellect, aquiline nose, fair skin, the under jaw long and broad, on account of which the teeth do not shut well, and the last words of his discourses are least intelligible. His

front teeth are few and jagged; his beard short and grey. His temperament is phlegmatic, with melancholy at the bottom. The gout has often severely attacked him in the hands, feet, and shoulders; but more severely ten years since than at the time when he determined to retire to the cloister of St Justus.

In all his discourses and dealings the Emperor showed the greatest veneration for the Catholic belief. He heard mass every day; was regular at prayers and preachings; caused the Bible to be read to him, communicated four times in the year, gave great alms to the poor, and was wont, before he started on his journeys to Spain, often to hold a crucifix in his hand. In the perilous time of the Smalcaldic league, he was seen praying on his knees at midnight before a crucifix;—and another time he suggested to the Nuncio, not to release the persons of his court, without very satisfactory reasons, from the obligations imposed by the church—for instance, in the matter of fasts.

The Emperor has been always a strong man, and one who required variety and high seasoning in his food; he never kept himself within restraint, when he fell in with women, whether of the higher or lower classes.

PHILIP II.

King Philip is now thirty years old, of small stature and fine limbed. The forehead high and fair, azure eyes, tolerably large; strong eyebrows, not much parted; well-shaped nose, great mouth, with a heavy, somewhat disfiguring under lip, white and fair beard; in exterior a Fleming, but in haughty deportment a Spaniard. His temperament is melancholy and phlegmatic; he suffers from stomach pains, and side stitches, on account of which, by advice of his physicians, he goes much to the chase, as affording the best means of strengthening the body and ridding the spirit of melancholy thoughts. He hears mass regularly, and on Sundays, sermons and vespers. He gives alms regularly, or on special occasions. So, for example, last year, in Brussels, when the poor were dying in the streets of cold and hunger, he caused bread, beer, straw, and firewood to be given out to 800 persons. They say at court, he asked his confessor whether his having done this could oppress his conscience; it is certain, at least, that in such cases he had many consultations with his council.

As nature has made this king of weak body, so has she also constituted him of timorous mind. He eats sometimes too much pastry, and likes variety in his food; with women he is intemperate, and likes to go about at night in disguise. His expenses in dress, furniture, livery, &c., are not great. Out of doors he wears a mantle and cap; often, also, suits cut in the French fashion, or with large buttons, and feathers in his cap.

He shows himself rather composed than passionate, and tolerates persons and pretensions of an unusual and not very befitting description. He speaks sometimes with sharpness and wit, and loves jesting and nonsense. Yet he shows this disposition less at table where buffoons are present, than when in the privacy of his apartment he lets himself loose and is merry. He possesses a good capacity, and one equal to great affairs, but is not active enough to rule over dominions so extensive as his; yet he may be said to do quite as much as his weak body can endure. Petitions and reports, as they come in, he reads himself, receives them often into his own hand, and listens with great attention to everything that is said to him. While doing so, he commonly avoids looking the speaker in the face, but casts his eyes to the ground, or turns them towards some other quarter. He answers quickly and shortly, point by point, but, nevertheless, does not decide for himself.

DON CARLOS.

The Prince is of twelve years of age and of a weak complexion. He has a head of disproportioned bigness, black hair, and a fierce disposition. It is said of him that when, in the chase, hares or other animals are brought to him, he takes delight in seeing them roasted alive. Once when a long-tailed lizard was presented to him, he bit him in the finger, he bit off the animal's head, and for this once only, showed

courage by so doing. It is also believed that he is immoderately inclined to the female sex. If he finds himself without money, he gives away (without the knowledge of the Princess his aunt,) chairs, medals, and even his clothes, though otherwise fond of show. When he was told, after the marriage of Philip with Mary of England, that their son, if they should have one, would inherit the Netherlands, he said, this he would never consent to, but would oppose to the last; he also begged a suit of armour of the Emperor, then resident in Brussels, with which the Emperor was much pleased. He shows uncommon pride, in that he will never remain long standing in his father's presence, or take off his cap, and that he calls the Emperor father, and his father only brother. He is as passionately addicted to his own opinions, and as prone to anger as a young man can be. He amuses himself with uttering on every occasion, so many predictions (*cose augure*) that his tutor collected them in a volume, and presented them to the Emperor.

THE RIVAL UNIVERSITIES.

A BALLAD.

["WRITTEN," says a Correspondent, "by the Rev. W. Cooper, who, in 1780, was usher at the school of Houghton-le-Spring."]

ONE evening, when Bacchus prevailed o'er Apollo,
And wrangling and jangling of course were to follow,

Arose a dispute which the muse may now blab,
'Tween Jack the *Oxonian*, and Will the *Camtab*.
Derry down, &c.

Quoth Will, after filling a bumper of wine,
"Come Jack, here's a toast! 'tis a favourite of mine:
Alma Mater, say I, prithee Jack fill thy glass;
Who flinches this toast, I pronounce him an ass."

Quoth Jack, "Methinks, Will, 'tis a rough declaration;
Besides, 'tis a rule in all argumentation,

A term amphibolical first to define,
Then say is it my *Alma Mater* or thine?"

"Tis mine, without doubt," in a heat, answered Will:
"Dost thou think that to thine such a bumper
I'd fill?"

"If so then," quoth Jack, "thou must surely agree
That thine hath no right to a bumper from me."

Quoth Will, "Thy vile logic is now out of season,
And, at best, is a paltry employment of reason:
But paltry as 'tis, it is all thou well know'st,
Which *Oxford*, thy poor *Alma Mater*, can boast."

Jack's face turn'd as white as his mistress's smock;
Quoth he, "Hast thou ne'er heard the name of John
Locke?"

John Locke was of *Oxford*, and one of our College,
And to us at his death he bequeath'd all his knowledge."

"A mighty bequest (answers Will) all ideal!—
But our great Isaac Newton left us something real:
No verbal distinctions and tergiversations,
But sound mathematics and clear demonstrations.

"Leave *Oxford*, I say, with her logical fools:
Go to *Cambridge* and step into one of her schools;
Ask any young *Soph*, and he'll answer you soon,
How many calves' tails reach from thence to the moon."

"Care we for calves' tails or the moon?" answer'd Jack,
Jack,

"The road to the moon is quite out of our track;
But ours is the road to a Mitre and Lawn—
Besides, you must own, we excel you in *Brawns*."

Cried Will, "On this issue we'll put the whole matter,
Here's Dick knows both sorts, and be he arbitrator."

Dick, like a true judge, left the cause still at random,
Pronouncing, *De gustibus non disputandum*.

FINIS.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE
LATE CHARLES LAMB.

[THESE are the extracts, of which we have latterly spoken. They are from the 'Court Magazine,' and contain the most full and particular account of Mr Lamb yet given to the public. We have now made up our minds to give the whole of it in the LONDON JOURNAL, with the exception of a brief passage or two, valued by ourselves, but not of consequence to the subject. We think we owe this, both to the writer, who is no common observer, and who says everything (we are sure) in perfect good faith, and to that solidity of heart, genius, and reputation on the part of Mr Lamb, which could stand the investigations even of an enemy, if a sincere and wise one, much more those of an attached friend, however speculative, and however we may here and there differ with his conclusions. Upon one or two points we shall perhaps touch in a note;—certainly upon the very erroneous conclusions he has drawn respecting the non-appearance of some of Mr Hazlitt's friends at his funeral, and their alleged silence about him since.]

WHEN I first became acquainted with the Lambs, they lived at that little white house which stands alone, behind the New River, at the farther end of Colebrook row, on the left-hand side; the river bounding the little garden in front. It was here that George Dyer, in one of his sudden fits of abstraction, committed the alarming *mauvaise plaisanterie* of walking into the river at noon-day, to the infinite dismay of Lamb, who was bidding him good-bye at the moment he disappeared from view beneath the water! And I have sometimes wondered that Lamb did not follow the example of his friend, out of that delightful mixture of intense sympathy with the spirit of contradiction, which so often made him do precisely that which was not expected from him. I am serious in saying, that there really was a chance of this, and that those friends of Lamb who truly loved and regarded him had this among other causes of congratulation on his quitting town for Enfield. The truth is, that many who went to him at Islington, did so from mere idle curiosity, and the excitement of seeing and hearing something different from the ordinary modes of social intercourse; and that others went to seek favors or benefits at his hands; neither of these classes having the smallest sense of the qualities of mind and character which made him what they found him. By removing to Enfield he got rid of both these classes of visitors, and retained those only, between whom and himself there was a real interchange of kindness and affection.

Yet I had never reason to feel satisfied that his habits and mode of life, and the tone and temper of mind which they mutually engendered and sprang from, were improved by the change. The truth I believe to be, that a frequent communion with intellects of the lowest class of cultivation and development was indispensable to the due exercise and the healthful tone of Lamb's mind; and that in the country he could not, or at least did not, obtain this communion, and was the worse for the want of it. "Kings (the proverb says) are fond of low company." Lamb was a king in the realms of intellect; and certain it is that the meanest peasant or vassal of those realms, and even the merest outcast, was deemed by Lamb to come as fairly under the category of "good company" as the most courtly of lords, the most accomplished of ladies, or the most cultivated of literati.* Who, in fact, of all our English writers,

has sympathised like Lamb with the sorrows and deprivations of the poor! Who but he has described them with other than a reluctant, deprecating hand, and a patronising 'pen!' His little paper on 'The Children of the Poor,' is the most pathetic piece of writing in our language; and it is so only because it is written in the purest spirit of human sympathy, and the most perfect simplicity and good faith.

One of the most noble and beautiful self-sacrifices that ever was made at the shrine of human affection, was that made by Lamb when, for the greater security of his sister's health, he quitted his beloved London, and went to reside in the country—which he did not love. For why should the truth be concealed on this point? London seemed to Lamb what the country is to many people: when he was away from it his spirit seemed to shrink and retire inwards, and his body to fade and wither like a plant in an uncongenial soil; and when he returned to it he seemed to grow regenerate and become filled with a new life and being. In London the whole of what he felt to be the truly vital years of his existence had been passed; almost every pleasant association connected with the growth, development, and exercise of his intellectual being, belonged to some metropolitan locality; every agreeable recollection of his social intercourse with his most valued friends, arose out of some London [A few words are wanting here in the copy with which we have been favoured.—ED.]

The reader may be assured that there is no exaggeration or artifice of style in this statement. It is the simple and literal fact. Before I was fully aware of this feeling of Lamb as to London, and of the associations he was accustomed to connect with it, I once or twice, on visiting and walking about with him among the pleasant scenery of Enfield and its vicinity, referred to the improvement he must find from the change, both as to health and mental condition. But I soon found my mistake, and that the subject was a sore one; and I remember it being recurred to once afterwards, when he declared, with unusual vehemence of expression, and almost with tears in his eyes, that the most squalid garret in the most confined and noisome purlieu of London would be a paradise to him, compared with the fairest of dwellings placed in the loveliest scenery of "the country." "I hate the country," he said; and I shall never forget the tone of voice and expression of countenance with which he said it, as if the feeling came from the bottom of his soul, and was working ungentle and ungenial results there, that he was himself almost alarmed at.

Yet while Lamb lived in the country he used to spend the whole of the fore part of the day in taking long walks, of eight or ten miles; but merely for the sake of walking; not in search of any specific scene of curiosity, or any external excitement. The act of walking was, in fact, congenial to the somewhat torpid and sluggish character of his temperament. It gave a healthful movement to his thoughts, which otherwise brooded, and, as it were, hovered in a sort of uneasy and restless slumberousness, over dangerous and interdicted questions, on which he knew there was no satisfaction to be gained, yet he could not escape from them.

What may have been his condition of mind when walking about in the open air alone, one can only judge of by the difference observable between him when walking with a friend and when sitting with the same friend by his own fire-side; and I have always remarked that the activity of his mind (and with his mind activity was indispensable to its health) was always greater under the former circumstances. And he evidently felt this himself, without perhaps knowing it; for he would never let you go away from his house, whatever might be the weather or the hour, without walking several miles with you on your road. And his talk was always more free and flowing on these occasions.

There was, however, another reason for these

* Many;—in spirit at least, if not in letter. Fielding, Johnson, the old Puritan divines, Hazlitt, Elliott,—nay, the writer of this Journal. But to do the poor good *Jack* is sometimes necessary to accommodate the tale to the audience.—ED.

walks. In whatever direction they lay, Lamb always saw at the end of them the pleasant vision of a foaming pot of porter,—which he liked the better when quaffed

"In the worst inn's worst room."

One could not part company (perhaps with the chance of meeting again for weeks or months) without sitting down together for five minutes; and for this purpose Lamb always chose the "parlour" of some wayside public-house. And latterly his regale was always limited to a draft of ale or porter.

Will the reader pardon me if I dwell on this point longer than its seeming insignificance may appear to warrant? But in the habitual actions and feelings of a man like Charles Lamb, there is nothing insignificant, nothing that does not result from, and may not be traced to, some profound or some curious and interesting movement of his mind or heart; and the habit to which I have alluded above was traceable to a deep and beautiful moral feeling. When Lamb was quitting home with you to accompany you part of the way on your journey, you could always see that his sister had rather he stayed at home; and not seldom her last salutation to him on his leaving the room was—"Now you're not going to drink any ale, Charles?"

"No! no!" was his half impatient reply. The truth was, that his sister, in her almost over-anxious care of his bodily health, had latterly endeavoured to keep him, perhaps even too much, from the use—for to the abuse he had never been addicted—of those artificial stimuli which were to a certain extent necessary to the healthy tone of his mental condition. I have sometimes thought—though, certainly, without sufficient grounds on which to form a decided opinion either way—that in order to keep him from the chance of being ill, she kept him from the certainty of being well. I have had a pretty extensive experience (passively, at least,) in the way of intellectual Table Talk. There are a few of the most distinguished literary men and conversers of the day with whom I have not partaken in that best of all intellectual enjoyments, when duly understood and rightly conducted. And I have no recollection of any which has left such delightful impressions on my mind as that which has taken place between the first and the last glass of humble gin-and-water, after a rump-steak or a pork-chop supper, in the simple little domicile of Charles Lamb and his sister, at Enfield Chase. Nor must it be supposed that the afore-named gin-and-water played a mere mechanical or corporeal part in those delightful repasts. True, it created nothing. But it was the liquid talisman which not only opened the poor casket in which Lamb's rich thoughts were shut up, but set in motion the machinery in the absence of which they might have lain like gems in the mountain, or gold in the mine.

No really good converser, who duly appreciates the use and the virtue of that noble faculty, ever talks for the pleasure of talking, or in the absence of some external stimulus to the act. He talks well only because he thinks and feels well; and he is always fonder of listening than of talking. He talks only that he may listen,—never listens merely that he may talk. Now, Charles Lamb, who, when present, was always the centre from which flowed, and to which tended, the stream of the talk which took place, was literally tongue-tied, till some slight artificial stimulus let loose the sluggish and obstinate member; and even his profound and subtle spirit seemed to wear chains of its own forging, till the same external agency set it at liberty. Compared with what it really contained, his mind remained a sealed book even to the last, as regards the world in general. I mean, that his books, beautiful as they are, are mere spillings, as it were, or forced overflows, from the curious and exquisite treasures of his mind and heart. It was a task of almost insuperable difficulty and trouble to him to write; for he had no desire for literary distinction; no affected anxiety to make his fellow-creatures wiser or better than he found them; and no pecuniary necessities pressing him on to the labour. Nor do I believe

that he would ever have written at all, but for a sort of pressure from within himself, which, like the divine afflatus of the seers of old, would have vent, and ease its inward agony by speech. His thoughts were like the inspirations of the true poet, which must either be expressed by visible symbols, or they drive their recipient to madness. What was "the reading public" to Charles Lamb? He did not care a pinch out of his dear sister's snuff-box whether they were supplied to repletion with the (to him) garbage on which they are accustomed to feed, or were left to starve themselves into mental health for the want of it. He knew well enough that what he had to offer would be *caviare* to them. But it was not so with regard to the little world of friends and intimates that his social and intellectual qualities had gathered about him. Not, indeed, that he cared much even about them, so far as related to any pressing desire for their admiration of his intellectual parts and acquirements. In fact, a spirit of indifference pervaded the whole of his moral being, especially during the last ten years of his life. And such a spirit, when suffered to attain a certain weight and power, is, perhaps, one of the most fatal misfortunes that can befall a highly-gifted and cultivated intellect,—especially if it be a self-cultivated one, as Lamb's the most part was. During the buoyancy of youth, and the strength and prime of manhood, this spirit seldom gains any very mischievous ascendancy. But after a certain time of life, if present at all, it steals and grows over us like frost over still water, binding the faculties and the heart in chains, that are strong as life itself, or weak as ropes of sand, according as we possess and use the means and appliances which are everywhere about us for resisting or counteracting the spell.

Now this spell was one of which Lamb had at all times the good sense to perceive the presence, and to admit the power which it acquired by a submissive yielding to its actions. But, on the other hand, he knew that to oppose is to destroy it;—that to gaze upon its growth in motionless silence, is to aggrandise it into a monster of moral mischief and misery; whereas,

"Lift but a finger, and the giant dies."

And till his retirement from London he had the wisdom to act on this knowledge, and the means always at hand of doing so with safety and success.

But in the country it was widely different; for Lamb was not among those fortunate spirits who profess to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything;"

On the contrary, he saw about him an infinite deal of bad; and in what was bad he saw no good, and no means of turning it to good. And the good that there is, he saw perpetually overlooked, or turned to bad, by those who should apply and administer it. In a word, Lamb was anything but an optimist, except in respect of human character. In that he could always see the good, and could overlook the bad in favour of it.

I am afraid it will be thought that I am going more deeply into this question than the desultory nature of these recollections warrants, and especially in connexion with the topic out of which it has incidentally arisen—a pot of porter! For I must not shelter myself under Lamb's example in this respect. He might be sublime over a roast pig, or pathetic over a chimney-sweeper, where others could scarcely hope to escape being false, or ridiculous, or unintelligible.

To fulfil my object in alluding to the habit I have spoken of, I must return for a moment to the point from which I have so widely digressed. I have said that Lamb's beloved sister and friend always seemed to me to be uneasy whenever he left home with any visitor, to accompany them on their way; fearing, as she did, that he might make the presence of a friend an excuse, or a pretence (to himself, I mean, for to others he never sought or made one in his life—he was the very soul of sincerity and good faith) for in-

dulging in that mild and genial stimulus which his mental temperament so indispensably required, but which the extreme delicacy of his bodily system rendered a dangerous remedy, unless most carefully and abstemiously applied. And that very sluggishness and indifference, which made the application necessary, made the patient himself the last person in the world to judge, or even to care, as to the distant consequences of the application. But, as I have said, or was about to say, Lamb's whole life was a willing sacrifice of love to the personal comfort and health of his sister; and if the sacrifice was not always submitted to with the best grace in the world, and the willing victim would sometimes seek to escape for a moment from the bonds of affection which held him, what did this prove, but that the affection was deep and pure in proportion to the struggles it overcame? What are the "sacrifices" that nine-tenths of the world ask and receive credit for making, but a forced submission to restraints in which, after a brief period, there is no restraint felt? Whereas, in Lamb's case, half the feelings and resolves of the latter part of his life were so many struggles between the demands of his brotherly love and duty, and that disposition to self-indulgence, and even selfishness in a refined and liberal sense, which were the leading tendencies of his character. And the former always conquered—at least, when the temptations of social intercourse did not come too strongly in aid of their opponents. But there were times and occasions when Lamb could not, or would not, resist the syren charms of that one extra cup which "is unblest, and its ingredient a devil." But, as before, what did this prove but the almost superhuman self-denial which was the habit of his life?—for, as regarded himself, personally, he was careless of the consequences that might attend any imprudence of the kind referred to. He was not a person who expected to eat his cake and have it too. The present was his hour; it was worth to him (humanly speaking) a world of the past and an eternity of the future.

Is it expected that I apologise for dwelling so long and so minutely on a point of these Recollections which may seem to the self-important wisdom of some, and the superfine delicacy of others, not of a nature to have been introduced at all? If so, my apology can be addressed to those only who have no claim to it; since they must not pretend to feel sufficient interest in the character of the individual I am referring to, to make these Recollections worth their perusal. But because they are so sensible and prudent and resolute and self-denying that they can feel no interest in the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise"—because they are so "virtuous" that "cakes and ale" are to be expunged from the accredited list of human enjoyments—it does not follow that the rest of the world may not like to see a true picture of a man of genius rather than a false one. And as to the personal friends of Charles Lamb being more fastidious about his personal reputation now he is dead than they were when he was alive, it is what I for one of them cannot understand.

And to what, after all, does the sum of my disclosure on this point amount? Why, to this; that Lamb's exquisitely constituted frame and temperament—that bodily conformation on which the tone of his genius depended—could not repair the wear and tear of its movements and operations, and maintain itself in a healthful condition, without the occasional use of those remedial means (for such they are) which were at hand for the purpose; and yet, that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, he forewent those means rather than risk the comfort of another!—That that other will be aggrieved or angry at my thus alluding to the subject, I have no fear. And for the false and overstrained delicacy of others, I have no respect. I have told, and will tell, nothing of Charles Lamb that I would have feared for himself to read:—and with that limitation only (which virtually extends to her who was his other self) I shall proceed in my task of putting down what I knew, and felt, and thought of him.

To be continued.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East.

There is a freshness and truth in De Wint's paintings, that places them among the finest specimens of the art; of the number he has in the present collection, we especially admire 'Crowland Abbey' (90), a fine leafy scene;—'View of Scaw Fell' (44), a most grand rocky amphitheatre, clasping in its span a grove of trees and a few happy-looking dwelling-places, very boldly and feelingly painted. 'Water-mill at Bampton' (66), a shut-in sequestered glimpse of a little torrent, and a right primitive pathway of loose blocks of stones, winding out of sight among noble trees. 'A Village, Westmoreland' (80), a little nest of cottages, hedged in with trees; homely, rustic, and snug. Mrs Seyffarth is a very clever painter in the miniature style; which, however, she carries rather too much into her designs. The scene from 'Lalla Rookh' is pretty and cleverly painted; but there is a want of keeping in the details, and so the whole effect is confused, and, though there is ample space, the objects look crowded. The girl in (241), is very beautiful; the mother looks too young. Prout has given us many of his vivid portraits of buildings, mostly drawn from the classical and beautiful land of Italy. 'Grand Canal, Venice' (27), an old friend, whom we cannot see too often; the present picture is lively and real; but, to a degree, the parts want bringing together; the general effect is a little disjointed. 'Part of the Zaring Palace, Dresden' (77), a magnificent spacious old doorway;—'At Verona' (116), a beautiful painting, of a very singular but graceful tomb. 'At Orleans' (212), a fine old gate. Gustineau's pictures this year are not his happiest; but they are always pleasing and clever; 'Part of Warwick Castle' (15), is eminently so. R. Hills has contributed several of his excellent cattle-pieces. 'Winter' (82) is a very ingenious representation of a fall of snow, with some admirable cows shedded in the foreground. 'Cattle with a distant view of Dorchester Church' (29), and 'Cattle in Salt Marshes of Lodmoor' (69), are the best among Thales Fielding's contributions; they are both very genially coloured; and he hits better than any man going the placid mildness of those ruminating individuals, looking so comfortable and contented among the hoof-stamped slopes and muddy waters of their favourite ponds. 'Sir Halbert Glendinning, the Lady of Avenel, and Roland Græme' (41), by Joseph Nash, is a clever design, and the costume and accessories are well studied; but there also lies the defect, for the study is too apparent; the lady is handsome, but years and trouble seem to have induced a peevishness in her gentle nature, if we may judge by the expression the artist has given her. We recollect no warrant for it in the text. 'South Porch of the Church at Louviers, Normandy' (138), is a very nice drawing of a fine old bit of masonry. 'Olivia and Malvolio' (172) is clever, but too vulgar. Malvolio was not a gentleman, nor a man of refinement; but lunatic vanity, such as his, is seldom the accompaniment of so very burly and lusty a condition, while its very fantasticalness and aspirations after gentility make it fastidious and finikin. Mr Nash's Malvolio is a downright, bullying, burly swaggerer, a man without ambition or apprehension enough to dream of love triumphs and gallant conceits. His 'Don Quixote, quarrelling with the Ecclesiastic before the Duke and Duchess' (181), in like manner is deficient in refinement; there is the madness, the anger, the ridiculous part of the knight's nature, but where is his noble feeling, his pure and disinterested dignity, his intellect, the courtesy that ever inspires him at his most enthusiastic moments? which makes him never, through all his scrapes and disasters, lose our love and respect for his untainted honour and his kindly heart? 'View on the Dort' (202), by C. Bentley, though not quite natural in the colouring, is clever and very pleasing; the effect is rich, and that dark bird flying to the shore is an accident very happily introduced, giving life and reality to the scene. D. Cox has many

clever drawings; 'Showery Day, Bolton, Yorkshire' (167), is the one that struck us most, for its very admirable effect of a sudden and violent shower; the rain is just come on, a heavy, hissing, splashing storm, dashing upon everything so suddenly, that with the peculiar light it looks white and powdery, like a torrent of spray. J. D. Harding's view in the 'Grand Canal, Venice,' is clever, but hard. 'A Music Party'—"the coreates of Signor Corelli were all the fashion," *Spectator*—(92), by J. Stephanoff, is excellent. Stephanoff should stick to these light, comic subjects, for his *forte* is that way; he has, in this, caught the very spirit of the sneer, and of the time in which it was written. J. F. Lewis gives us several scenes from Spain in his smart and lively style; but why does he for ever drag in that demure young lady with a black veil over her head? 'A Spanish Posada' (131) is capital; the girls looking out of window are very good. 'Spanish Capuchin Monks Preaching for the Benefit of their Convent, Seville' (292), is highly interesting: the energetic preacher, his idling companions to the right, the pious girls and careless men, are all very spiritedly painted and very amusing. Cattermole's 'Abbot' (132), is a highly-finished and effective picture of a pampered old ecclesiastic, in all the indulgence of conventual luxury. 'A Study of Armour' (52), is a very singular, grim, fantastic assemblage of contending but tenantless suits of battle harness. F. Bartholomew's 'Flowers' (318), are as good as Nature's—as fresh and intensely coloured: so are the 'Rock Melon and Grapes' (60), and 'Convolvulus' (96). 'The Loiterer' (66), is Christall's best; it is very pretty; the hands are very well painted. We mentioned some of Hunt's last week, but there are still others we have marked for notice. 'Peasant Girls' (315), amazingly real and natural: the mild and unaffected expression of the girl, and the moving eyes, and lips, and cheeks of her laughing little sister, are not to be surpassed. The old wrinkled 'Monk' (323), is a fine union of elaborate detail and breadth of effect. Of Copley Fielding's, too, we must mention a few more. (14) 'View of the Weald, Sussex; a down scene, with passing clouds and gleams of sun, most delicately and powerfully painted. (26) 'Subject from the 137th Psalm; a melancholy, silent river, flowing under still dark trees, reflected in its smooth waters.—(45) 'Inventory and Loch Fyne; very sweet, but is not the body of blue in the centre almost too strong?—(49) 'Arundel Castle.'—(161) 'On the Sands at Park Gate, Cheshire; a glowing scene, the masts of the ships melting into the mist, the golden mist itself, the brown tint in the waters (which we often see in the Thames of an afternoon and think of Fielding), are most beautifully mingled in harmony. How much better and mightier is the sun in this picture for being more veiled!—(283) 'Entrance of Dover Harbour; a small painting, delicate and beautiful as any in the room.—Again, let us say how much we have been delighted with the collection this year: we think we may venture to say, that of things which we should call positively bad there are scarcely half a dozen; of very clever paintings, almost the whole set consists; and a very large proportion are extremely beautiful. We cannot imagine a closer imitation of nature than we find in Fielding's, De Wint's, and Hunt's works; more power, nor more beauty and feeling; and there are many others right worthy to be associated with them.

History of British Fishes. By Wm. Yarrel, F.L.S. Illustrated by Woodcuts, &c. John Van Voorst. Part III.

AN interesting number; the cuts as good as ever, witness the Four Toothed Sparas, and our old friend the Mackarel, of whom there is a long and amusing account. The little vignettes at pages 139 and 142 are good specimens of minute wood-cutting—delicate and careful, but apirited.

Gallery of Portraits. No. XXXVI. Charles Knight. THE present number makes us acquainted with Blake's handsome and good-humoured face, frank and bold, befitting a sailor; engraved by Mollison very nicely,

though in parts a little misty. The face of L'Hôpital, the great French jurist, has a prevailing expression of benign regret, such as one might fancy in one who had studied the restrainable, erring, and contentious part of our nature, but was not unconscious of the good. At the end of his life there is a vignette, representing the Conciergerie, from which he liberated some Huguenot prisoners. It is well engraved. An excellent engraving, by Holl, of the upper part of the figure of Mrs Siddons, from Sir Joshua's whole length, as the Tragic Muse, completes the set.

Arboretum Britannicum, &c. By J. C. Loudon. No. V. Longman and Co.

THIS work preserves its high character; it continues to be copious,—stuffed with much information, chronological, physical, and economical,—and the engravings are still careful, and full of ocular demonstrations of the details and general effect of the plants, such as it were impossible to convey by mere written description. The work most perfectly answers its intention, as a manual for planters; amateurs in particular should not fail to be possessed of it.

SELECT ENGRAVINGS OF THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

April 30, 1835.

SIR,—In the last number of your JOURNAL you speak of the illustrations to the 'Penny Magazine,' which have been lately published in a separate form; and appear to be surprised that the cuts should yield such good impressions after so much wear and tear as you suppose they have undergone. But perhaps you are not aware of the fact, that the prints, which embellish the Magazine, are worked, not from the wooden blocks themselves, but from metal casts: both letter-press and engravings being stereotyped. Hence you will observe, that new casts (being exact fac-similes of the unworn blocks) can be readily obtained, whenever a fresh edition or reprint may be required.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
XYLOGRAPHICUS.

ANOTHER VERSION OF MR WEBBE'S EPIGRAM 'DE CRISPO.'

WHEN Crispus, pious heir to half a plum,
Heard that his father to death's door was come,
His earnest looks a filial care exprest,
And anxiously he seemed to wait the rest.
He waited long, but still no tidings came:—
"Surely my dearest father is to blame!
What not one little word?" he cried, "Oh! whence
This cruel silence and this sad suspense?
At such a moment, what but death—hist! hist!
I pray no ground of censure may exist."

M. S.

TABLE TALK.

A SCEPTICAL UNDERSTANDING AND GOOD-NATURED TEMPERAMENT, TAKING REFUGE IN TRIFLES.

AMONGST the individuals with whom I was acquainted at Leipsic, one of those who have left the most distinct trace in my memory was the governor of the young Count Lindenau. His name was Behrisch. He might be classed amongst the most singular originals. At a very early hour in the morning he was always to be seen with his hair dressed and powdered, a sword by his side, and his hat under his arm. He might have passed for a Frenchman of the old school; particularly as he spoke and wrote French with great facility. He was perfectly acquainted with modern language and literature. To a great share of learning, and astonishing apathy, he added a decided talent and taste for buffooneries, which he executed practically or verbally with the greatest seriousness. He excelled as a mimic; he would imitate passengers and give an opinion of their characters from their air, appearance, gait, and deportment. He wrote a very fine

hand, and was fond of copying manuscripts, which he did with extraordinary neatness, adorning them with pretty vignettes, of which he often invented the subjects. In this manner he did me the honour to copy some of my poetical effusions. He never neglected an opportunity of expressing a comic antipathy to the art of printing.—*Life of Goethe.*

GILPIN, THE AUTHOR OF FOREST SCENERY, AND MASON THE POET.

Went with Mr H. of Sydney, to his rooms, and saw for the first time, what I have long wished to see, some of Gilpin's original sketches in Indian ink;—very masterly, and asserting a claim to the highest species of merit, by producing great effects with little effort.—H. speaks *con amore* of Gilpin, as a friend, a companion, a pastor, and in every special relation, afflicted with an incurable complaint, but perfectly resigned to his fate; and complacent and even cheerful under it. It is delightful to find our admiration of the writer confirmed, on a nearer view, by qualities which must secure our esteem for the man. H. showed me a copy of a letter from Mason to Gilpin (with Gilpin's comments) written on the same day that Mason was struck speechless, and within two days of his death; very easy, gay, and spirited:—he had no presentiment of his danger.—*Diary of a Lover of Literature.*

TRUE WOMANHOOD.

The graces which characterise a really feminine woman never decay, they only change places by degrees, as they advance in life. This beauty of form which enchants us; these lines so delicate; these tints so soft and lovely; in a word, all the female graces are transposed from the body to the mind. When young, it is by the eyes—when elderly, by the ears that they captivate us,—and we only cease to look at them with pleasure to listen to them with interest, with respect.—*Preface to 'Sigismund Augustus.'* [There is a great deal of truth in this, and it is delicately said. But women who have been truly lovely, that is to say, amiable as well as handsome, never quite lose their loveliness, even in appearance. There is a look in the eye—a grace and sweetness about the mouth,—retained of necessity by the graces of the mind.]

CONSOLING POSSIBILITY.

When I see an afflicted and unhappy man, I say to myself,—There is, perhaps, a man whom the world would envy if they knew the value of his sorrows, which are possibly intended only to soften his heart, and to turn his affections towards their proper centre.—*Cowper. Letter 88.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN answer to the question of W. S., we have to say, that we respect the talent of his friend, Mr M., but fear the Readers would think we gave them too many verses on the same subject. The other lines he speaks of, are to be found in one of the volumes of the 'Examiner;' but we cannot say which, nor, at present, refer to the series to find out. An answer in our next to the remaining points in our friend's letter.

All errors which our Readers are good enough to notice in our SUPPLEMENTS, will be carefully corrected at the close of the subject at present handled in them.

The flowery and four times welcome communication from Croydon, will find, in the course of a week or two, that we are duly sensible of its kindness.

We have written to Mr J. D. of Wellington, So merset, according to the direction sent us; but his agent has left the place. It will be sufficient to mention here perhaps, that the answer respecting his manuscript was what he did us the honour of wishing it to be.

We are compelled to postpone several other notices till next week.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1835.

No. 60.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

CHAT WITH THE MAGAZINES.

WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS.

"It is allowed on all hands, now, that there are no sonnets in any language comparable with Wordsworth's. Even Milton must yield the palm. He has written but about a dozen or so, Wordsworth some hundreds—and though nothing can surpass 'the inspired grandeur of that on the Piedmontese Massacre, the tenderness of those on his Blindness and on his Deceased Wife, the grave dignity of that to a Young Lady, or the cheerful and attic grace of those to Lawrence and Cyriac Skinner,' as is finely said by the writer of an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' on Glassford's 'Lyrical Translations,' yet many of Wordsworth's equal even these—and the long and splendid array of his sonnets—deploying before us in series after series—astonishes us by the proof it affords of the inexhaustible riches of his imaginative genius and his moral wisdom. One series on the river Duddon—two series dedicated to Liberty—three series on our Ecclesiastical History—miscellaneous sonnets in multitudes—and those last poured forth as clear, and bright, and strong, as the first that issued from the sacred spring!"—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Most true is this. Wordsworth's untired exuberance is indeed astonishing; though it becomes a little less so, when we consider that his genius has been fortunate in a long life of leisure, his opinions not having rendered it necessary to him to fight with difficulties, and daily cares, and hostile ascendancies, as Milton's did,

"Expos'd to daily fraud, contempt, and wrong,

With darkness and with dangers compass'd round."

In that condition sat the great blind epic poet; and after having performed an active as well as contemplative part for his earthly sojourn, still combined action with contemplation in a mighty narrative, and built the adamantine gates of another world. In no invidious regard for one great poet against another do we say it; but in justice to fame itself, and in the sincerest reverence of admiration for both. With the exception of Shakespeare (who included everybody), Wordsworth has proved himself the greatest contemplative poet this country has produced. His facility is wonderful. He never wants the fittest words for the finest thoughts. He can express, at will, those innumerable shades of feeling which most other writers, not unworthy too, in their degree, of the name of poets, either dismiss at once as inexpressible, or find so difficult of embodiment, as to be content with shaping them forth but seldom, and reposing from their labours. And rhyme, instead of a hindrance, appears to be a positive help. It serves to concentrate his thoughts, and make them closer and more precious. Milton did not pour forth sonnets in this manner,—poems in hundreds of little channels,—all solid and fluent gold. No; but he was venting himself, instead, in 'Paradise Lost.' 'Paradise Lost,' if the two poets are to be compared, is the set-off against Wordsworth's achievement in sonnet-writing. There is the 'Excursion,' to be sure; but the 'Excursion' is made up of the same purely contemplative matter. It is a long-drawn song of the nightingale; as the sonnets are its briefer warbles. There is no eagle-flight in the 'Excursion'; no sustenance of a

mighty action; no enormous hero, bearing on his wings the weight of a lost eternity, and holding on, nevertheless, undismayed,—firm-visaged through faltering chace,—the combatant of all chance and all power,—a vision that, if he could be seen now, would be seen in the sky like a comet, remaining, though speeding,—visible for long nights, though rapidly voyaging,—a sight for a universe,—an actor on the stage of infinity. There is no such robust and majestic work as this in Wordsworth. Compared with Milton he is but as a dreamer on the grass, though a divine one, and worthy to be compared as a younger, a more fluent-speeched, but less potent brother, whose business it is to talk and think, and gather together his flocks of sonnets like sheep, (beauteous as clouds in heaven) while the other is abroad, more actively moving the world, with contemplations that take the shape of events. There are many points of resemblance between Wordsworth and Milton. They are both serious men; both in earnest; both maintainers of the dignity of poetry in life and doctrine; and both are liable to some objections on the score of sectarianism, and narrow theological views. But Milton widened these as he grew old; and Wordsworth, assisted by the advancing light of the times (for the greatest minds are seldom as great as the whole instinctive mind of society), cannot help conceding or qualifying certain views of his own, though timidly, and with fear of a certain few, such as Milton never feared. Milton, however, was never weak in his creed, whatever it was; he forced it into width enough to embrace all place and time, future as well as present. Wordsworth would fain dwindle down the possibilities of heaven and earth within the views of a Church-of-England establishment. And he is almost intirely a retrospective poet. The vast future frightens him, and he would fain believe that it is to exist only in a past shape, and that shape something very like one of the smallest of the present, with a vestry for the golden church of the New Jerusalem, and beadles for the "limitary cherubs." Now, we hope and believe, that the very best of the past will merge into the future,—how long before it be superseded by a still better, we cannot say. And we own that we can conceive of nothing better than some things which already exist, in venerable as well as lovely shapes. But how shall we pretend to limit the vast flood of coming events, or have such little faith in nature, providence, and the enlightened co-operation of humanity, as to suppose that it will not adjust itself in the noblest and best manner? In this respect, and in some others, Mr Wordsworth's poetry wants universality. He calls upon us to sympathise with his churches and his country flowers, and his blisses of solitude; and he calls well; but he wants one of the best parts of persuasion; he is not reciprocal; he does not sufficiently sympathise with our towns, and our blisses of society, and our reformations of churches (the consequences, after all, of his own. "What would he not have said, by the by, in behalf of Popery, had he lived before a Reformation!") And it may be said of him, as Johnson said of Milton's 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso,' that "no mirth indeed can be found in his melancholy," but it is to be feared there is always "some melancholy in his mirth." His muse invites us to the treasures of his retirement in beautiful, noble, and inexhaustible language; but she does

it, after all, rather like a teacher than a persuader, and fails in impressing upon us the last and best argument, that she herself is happy. Happy she must be, it is true, in many senses; for she is happy in the sense of power, happy in the sense of a good intention, happy in fame, in words, in the consciousness of immortal poetry; yet there she is, after all, not quite persuasive,—more rich in the means than the ends,—with something of a puritan austerity upon her,—more stately than satisfactory,—wanting in animal spirits, in perfect and hearty sympathy with our pleasures, and her own. A vaporous melancholy hangs over his most beautiful landscapes. He seems always girding himself up for his pilgrimage of joy, rather than enjoying it; and his announcements are in a tone too exemplary and didactic; we admire him; we venerate him; we would fain agree with him; but we feel something wanting on his own part towards the largeness and healthiness of our own united experiences; and we resent, for his sake as well as ours, that he should insist upon squaring all which is to come, in the interminable future, with the visions that bound a college-cap. We feel that it will hurt the effect of his genius with posterity, and make the most admiring of his readers in the third and fourth generation, lament over his narrowness. In short, his poetry is the sunset to the English church,—beautiful as the real sunset "with evening beam," gorgeous, melancholy, retrospective, giving a new and divine light to the lowliest flowers, and setting the pinnacles of the churches golden in the heavens. Yet nothing but a sunset and a retrospection it is. A new and great day is coming,—diviner still, we believe,—larger, more universal, more equable, showing (manifestly) the heavens more just, and making mankind more truly religious, because more cheerful and grateful.

The Editor of 'Blackwood' justly prides himself on having appreciated this noble poet from the first; but it is a pity, we think, that he looks back in anger upon those whose literary educations were less fortunate;—who had been brought up in schools of a different taste; and who showed, after all, a natural strength of taste singularly honourable to them, in being able to appreciate real poetry at last, even in quarters to which the editor himself, we believe, has never yet done justice, though no man could do it better. For Wilson's prose (and we could not express our admiration of it more highly) might stretch forth its thick and rich territory by the side of Keats's poetry, like a land of congenial exuberance,—a forest tempest-tost indeed, compared with those still vallies and enchanted gardens, but set in the same identical region of the remote, the luxuriant, the mythological,—governed by a more wilful and scornful spirit, but such as bates only from an inverted principle of the loving, impatient of want of sympathy, and incapable, in the last resort, of denying the beautiful where-soever existing, because thereby it would deny the divine part of itself. Why should Christopher North revert to the errors of his critical brethren in past times, seeing that they are all now agreed, and that every one of them perhaps has something to forgive himself in his old judgments (ourselves assuredly not excepted,—if we may be allowed to name ourselves among them)? Men got angry from political differences, and were not in a temper to give dispassionate poetical judgments. And yet Wordsworth had some of his greatest praises from his severest politi-

cal opponents (Hazlitt, for instance); and out of the former Scotch school of criticism, which was a French one, or that of Pope and Boileau, came the first hearty acknowledgment of the merits of Keats, for whom we were delighted the other day to find that an enthusiastic admiration is retained by the chief of that school (Jeffrey), whose natural taste has long had the same honour of triumphing over his educational one, and who ought, we think, now that he is a Lord of Session, to follow, at his leisure moments, the example set him by the most accomplished of all national benches of judicature, and give us a book that should beat, nevertheless, all the Kameses and Woodhouseles before him; as it assuredly would.

RABELAIS.

"The chronicler of Gargantua possessed, doubtless, a very extensive, though perplexed and ill-assorted, stock of learning, and this unworthy member of the Franciscan order was endowed with a keen perception of the vices and follies of his age; but he appears not to respect himself, and his reader can have no sort of personal esteem for an author of his description. So much profane and ribbald merriment, which would be scandalous in a layman, becomes insufferable in an ecclesiastic; and though occasionally some amusement may be found amid the effusions of his exuberant imagination, and the audacious oddity of his conceits, disgust and loathing quickly supervene at the constant obtrusion of cynicism and indecency."—From an article, intitled 'The Days of Erasmus,' in 'Fraser's Magazine.'

We remember, when first we took up Rabelais, (in the admirable translation of Urquhart and others) we thought, on reading the exordium, that we had found a man to be delighted with and laugh with, for ever. We had no sooner read a little way,—no further than the second chapter, we think,—when horrible disgust seized us, and we felt inclined to throw the book a mile off. Divers philosophical cogitations on times and manners, &c. enabled us to resume the volume; and now and then, amidst a heap of unintelligible stuff (doubtless, however, with a meaning in it for his contemporaries, if only as a blind [of buffoonery]), our transport at his wit and satire was renewed. His court of law, with the intentional jargon on all sides, cannot be surpassed. Panurge, Gargantua, &c. are immortal names for some of the weaknesses of men and their customs. His eating and drinking are prodigious,—as good as if Hunger and Thirst personified sate down to a feast of revelry, with Wit for their host. And his lists! his very vocabularies! He goes on, giving item after item, till the very continuity of the joke makes us believe there must be something wonderful in it, and the laughter runs over with the full measure. But we spoke of him in this place, chiefly to express our pleasure at the above criticism upon him in 'Fraser,' and to take the opportunity of thanking the Editor of that Magazine for the very kind mention he has made of us, in a note to the article from which it is taken. We have not forgotten a former kindness (when a book of ours was noticed some years ago); and had we seen it at the time, should have been impelled to make a like acknowledgment. But circumstances led us to fancy, that the editor and his fellow-writers, who pour forth such a profusion of quips and cranks and merry scholarship, like some jovial brotherhood on the banks of the Rhine, really had no serious regard for anything, nor were at all disposed to criticise such men as Rabelais in the style of the above paragraph. We beg pardon for our error, and are proud to have moved a grave corner in the hearts of men of so much wit and learning. That they should have thought of ourselves, or of anything we have written, in conjunction with the remembrance of such a man as Erasmus, does not betel in us any presumptuous self-confidence, or lessen our sense of distance from that venerable name. We know how a kind feeling is apt to overflow in its words, and certainly do not value it the less on that account, nor ourselves the more, except as inciters to that kindness (for which we will take full credit). We differ extremely with 'Fraser' in some of its judgments of our contemporaries; but those are part of a political warfare, in

which, in our time, we have had our full share both of the "give and take;" and far be it from us, therefore, on every account, to quarrel with anybody during a struggle, for heats and prejudices, as long as they entertain a serious regard for anything, or for anybody else. This is our only stipulation with anyone, for the sake of being able to keep up the common feelings of humanity with him: and we should not stipulate even this, if we thought that he or society could be happy without it, or fair play exist between the pains and pleasures of all. Is it vanity in the shape of modesty that induces us to say this? or a poor wretched ostentation of any sort? Oh no, no. It is suffering and its experiences;—it is that which has made us think at all, and which has left us our power to enjoy whatsoever happiness is within our reach, purely, and for no other reason upon earth but because we have good intentions and wish everybody well. If adversity could benefit everybody else, in this respect, as it has benefited us, we could wish that all mankind were sorrowful half their lives, that they might be happy for the other half. But the mystery of trouble is not to be settled in this manner; and many have all their sorrows heaviest as they grow old. Thank God, evil is not to be compared in general amount with good; nor does it seem that so much of it need be necessary, as the world grows wiser. The means of good are infinite. Good heavens! what heaps lie about us, of which we take little or no heed; and yet we cannot think that they are everlastingly to be wasted.—But we shall be travelling out of the record. Many thanks to "Oliver Yorke," and to all such as have any faith in anything good, particularly to the lovers of books and their humanities; and may the wine of their good-will make them as happy, as their attic salt makes them pleasant and famous.

BIRDS AND CAGES.

"Cage Birds; their Natural History, Management, Habits, Food, Diseases, Treatment, Breeding, and the Methods of catching them. By J. Bechstein, M. D.

"Dr Bechstein loves birds as a Turk loves women; and shows his affection by the accommodations of his seraglio. He is very severe upon amateurs who allow their birds to become diseased from the dirtiness of their cages. 'We love birds they say.' 'No,' I reply; 'you love yourselves, not them, if you neglect to keep them clean.' O! Doctor, Doctor! *de te fabula narratur.* If you do not love yourself much better than the birds, why all this catching and caging? Why that precious remark that, although all birds are less at ease in a cage than in a room, yet that some 'never sing unless confined within narrow limits, being obliged, as it would appear, to solace themselves for the want of liberty with their song.' We could find in our hearts to cage the Doctor, that he might solace himself for his want of liberty by writing books for our amusement. 'Those that are confined, that we may the better enjoy the beauty of their song, should have a cage proportioned to their natural vivacity: a lark, for example, requires a larger cage than a chaffinch.' We should think so. What sized cage would be proportioned to the author's natural vivacity? 'In the account of each bird I shall point out what shaped cage I have found most suitable.' So he does, but it does not accord with our experience. For most kinds, the best shaped cage is one open at the sides, except a few tree tops, a flat or undulating green bottom, a blue curved roof, or darker coloured with bright spangles for nightingales, which may be changed for a large spirit lamp for larks. The same cage does for both species, or any others. There is nothing like it, and it may be had, gratis, of the maker. Although unable to get over the primary abomination of bird-fancying, we cannot but be interested in the many curious details of this book; and while we would have no more catching, we must say that great advantage would accrue to all which are already caught, from Dr Bechstein's directions about food and general treatment."—Monthly Repository.

This is a capital bit of review, and "turning of the tables." In nothing is the effect of education, for good or evil, more remarkably shown, than in the

power which it gives to minds otherwise benevolent and reflecting, to stop short of conclusions obvious to other people. The most startling thing we ever heard said in defence of keeping a bird in a cage, was by an acquaintance of ours in a morbid state of suffering,—a very good, and kind, and thinking man, but exasperated by diseased blood. "God keeps me in a cage," said he; "why shouldn't I keep a bird?" The answer, however, was clear enough. God knows well what he does; he is sure of the end, and therefore justifies the means. But he has not furnished men with a like certainty. If we took upon ourselves to act on that principle, what would be the end of it? and what our evils meanwhile? Our only sure refuge would be want of feeling; and then, at best, what becomes of our pleasures? The only real puzzle in these questions between man and the inferior creation is, how far will they add to, or only vary, the stock of pain, by thinking too much of it, and transferring the suffering from physical to moral? But then comes Duty to cut the knot; and Duty says,—If there is to be pain at all, let me endure it and ennoble it: I must entertain the question; Knowledge and I must become cognizant of it;—if it must end in pain somehow, let the pain have the pleasure of exaltation, and kindness, and majestic necessity. Furthermore, let us take care of health, and all pains may be well borne.

CHURCH-YARDS AND THEIR STORIES.

[FROM 'Legends and Scenes of the North of Scotland and Traditional History of Cremarty, by Hugh Miller;—a highly amusing and interesting book, written by a remarkable man, who will infallibly be well known. We have selected our first extract of it, not only on account of the merits of the passage, and the sample it affords of the style, variety, and entertainment of the work, but because it furnishes us with some account of the author. He is 'Old Mortality' come to life again in a younger and nobler shape; but his own pages will rescue the designation from its applicability. Mr Miller, it seems, is, or has been, a common stone-mason, and itinerant architect of tombs; and 'from cogitation in those shades' he has issued forth a writer, of pretensions that would have been little expected from such a beginning, though (singularly enough—unless it is an Irishism to say so) not without its special precedent in this remarkable age; for Mr Allan Cunningham was of the same trade. But Mr Miller, besides a poetical imagination, though not yet exhibited in verse, has great depth of reflection; and his style is so choice, pregnant, and exceedingly like an educated one, that if itself betrays it in any respect to be otherwise, it is by that very excess; as Theophrastus was known not to have been born in Attica, by his too Attic nicety. We differ with one or two of the author's moral and theological conclusions, but with great respect for his right of judgment and his general liberality. We have read the volume through with the greatest pleasure, as the Reader will see by various extracts that we propose to make from it, and we earnestly exhort Mr Miller to set about making the second volume, of which he gives us hopes; for we are sure the public will call for it.]

WELL I to see a person determined on becoming a hermit, through a disgust of that tame aspect of manners and low tone of feeling which seem the characteristics of what is termed civilized society, I would advise him, instead of retiring into a desert, to take up his place of residence in a country church-yard. Mere solitude cannot surely separate one's thoughts from one's experience; on the contrary, it will only lead one to think the more of it; for the less a man has to engage him in the present, the more will he

live in the past. And, besides, from the very constitution of our nature, what we have seen and felt on any occasion, will be remembered all the more vividly if the sight was hateful or unpleasant to us, and the feeling one of pain. What has annoyed and disgusted us in the city will haunt us in the desert. But though it be thus impossible for us to shut our eyes on the society of men, it is quite in our power, by changing our place of observation, to view the denizens of this society in a different phasis; and I am of opinion that their aspect appears nowhere more interesting than when viewed from a country church-yard. The field of graves is a place quite beyond the precincts of the monotonous every-day world; its more interesting visitors do not seem the people of common every-day life. Grief, like love, is a credulous passion; its thoughts and language are the thoughts and language of poetry; its saddest realities glow with the hues of romance; it lives in a world of its own, peopled with hopes and fears which have become spiritual existences; and, while it imparts the splendours of Elysium to the scenes of the past, and the gloom of Tartarus to those of the future, it thinks, amid its tears, of a far different future, which has become the present to those whom it mourns, and in which the enjoyments of the past are more than doubled. What wonder then that the more interesting visitors of the church-yard should seem a different class of beings from the people of common life. Instead of hearing them inquire in the manner of the modern Sadducee, whether there be angel or spirit, we see, that not only do they believe in the separate existence of the soul, but also, in many instances, in what is told of its occasional visits from the world of the departed to the world of men. Instead of being compelled to hate them for their apathy and indifference, we find that they are susceptible of grief, and have been softened by bereavement into tenderness and sympathy;—by the sadness of the countenance, says Solomon, the heart is made better. Instead of having to deplore their low scorn of religion, we perceive that their only hope and solace is in accordance to its sanction. What is still better, we find a reciprocity of feeling awakened in ourselves. Without having recourse to the phantasies of poetry, we are transported to the regions of romance; without imagining anything higher of our brethren of mankind than is really to be found among them, our better sympathies are awakened in their behalf; without abstracting ourselves from the influence of example we are incited to the practice of virtue.

There is no personage of real life who can be more properly regarded as a hermit of the church-yard than the itinerant sculptor, who wanders from one country burying-ground to another, recording on his tablets of stone the tears of the living, and the worth of the dead. If possessed of a common portion of feeling and imagination, he cannot fail of deeming his profession a school of benevolence and poetry. For my own part, I have seldom thrown aside the hammer and trowel of the stone mason, for the chisel of the itinerant sculptor, without receiving some fresh confirmation of the opinion. How often have I suffered my mallet to rest on the unfinished epitaph, when listening to some friend of the buried expatiating with all the eloquence of grief on the mysterious warning, and the sad death-bed, on the worth that had departed, and the sorrow that remained behind! How often, forgetting that I was merely an auditor, have I so identified myself with the mourner, as to feel my heart swell, and my eyes becoming moist! Even the very aspect of a solitary church-yard seems conducive to habits of thought and feeling. I have risen from my employment to mark the shadow of tombstone and burial mound creeping over the sward at my feet, and have been rendered serious by the reflection, that as those gnomons of the dead marked out no line of hours, though the hours passed as the shadows moved, so, in that eternity in which even the dead exist, there is a nameless tide of continuity, but no division of time. I have become sad, when looking on the green mounds around me, I have regarded them as waves of triumph which time and death had rolled over the wreck of man; and the

feeling has been deepened, when looking down with the eye of imagination through this motionless sea of graves, I have marked the sad remains of both the long departed, and the recent dead, thickly strewn over the bottom.—I have grieved above the half-soiled shroud of her for whom the tears of bereavement had not yet been dried up, and sighed over the mouldering bones of him whose very name had long since perished from the earth.

Not long ago I wrought for about a week in the burying ground of Kirk Michael, a ruinous chapel in the eastern extremity of the parish of Resolia, and distant about six miles from the town of Cromarty. It is a pleasant solitary spot, lying on the sweep of a gentle declivity. The sea flows to within a few yards of the lower wall, but the beach is so level, and so little exposed to the winds, that even in the time of tempest there is heard within its precincts only a faint rippling murmur, scarcely loud enough to awaken the echoes of the ruin. *Ocean seems to muffle his waves in approaching this field of the dead.* A row of elms springs out of the fence, and half encircles the building in the centre. Standing beside the mouldering walls of the latter, the foreground of the scene appears thickly sprinkled over with graves and tablets; and we see the green moss creeping round the rude sculptures of a primitive age, imparting lightness and beauty to that on which the chisel had bestowed quite an opposite character. The flake-like leaves and gnarled trunks of the elms fill up what a painter would term the midground of the picture; and seen from between the boughs, the bay of Cromarty, shut in by the Sutors, so as to present the appearance of a huge lake, and the town beyond half enveloped in blue smoke,—the windows sparkling through the cloud like spangles on a belt of azure, occupy the distance.

The western gable of the ruin is still intire, though the very foundations of part of the walls can no longer be traced on the sward, and it is topped by a belfrey of hewn stone, in which the dead bell is still suspended. From the spires and balls with which the cornice is surmounted, the moss and lichens which bristle over the mouldings, and the stalks of ragweed which shoot out here and there from between the joints, the belfrey, though designed in a barbarous style of architecture, is rich in the true picturesque. It furnished me, when the wind blew from the east, with an agreeable music, not, indeed, either gay or very varied, but of a character which suited well with that of the place. I wrought directly under it, and frequently paused in my labours to hearken to the blast moaning amid its spires, and whistling through its apertures; and have occasionally been startled by the mingling death-like tones produced by the hammer, when forced by the wind against the sides of the bell. I was one day listening to this music, when, by one of those freaks which fling the light of recollection upon the dark recesses of the past, much in the manner that I have seen a child throwing the gleam of a mirror from the sunshine into the shade, there were brought before me the circumstances of a dream, deemed prophetic of the death of him whose epitaph I was then inscribing. It was one of those auguries of contingency which, according to Bacon, men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss.

In the latter part of 1822, a young lad, a mason's apprentice, was employed with his master in working within the policies of Pointzfield,—a gentleman's seat about a mile from the burying-ground. He wished much to visit the tombs and chapel, but could find no opportunity, for the day had so shortened that his employments engaged him from the first peep of light in the morning, until half an hour after sunset. And perhaps the wish was the occasion of the dream. He had no sooner fallen asleep, after the fatigues of the day, than he found himself approaching the chapel, as he thought, in one of the finest of midsummer evenings. The whole western heavens were suffused with the blush of sunset,—the hills, the woods, the fields, the sea, all the limbs and members of the great frame of nature seemed enveloped in a mantle of beauty. He reached the burying-

ground, and deemed it the loveliest spot he had ever seen. The tombs were finished after the most exquisite designs, chastely Grecian, or rich Gothic; and myriads of flowering shrubs winded around the urns, and shaded the tablets in every disposition of beauty. There was a profusion of roses, mingled with large spreading flowers of a vivid blue. The building seemed intire, but it was so encrusted with moss and lichens as to present an appearance of extreme antiquity; on the western gable there was fixed a huge gnomon of bronze. Suddenly a low breeze began to moan through the shrubs and bushes, the heavens became overcast, and the dreamer, turning towards the building, with a sensation of fear, beheld the gnomon revolving slowly as on an axis, until the point rested on the sward. He fled the place, and when floundering on in darkness and terror, as he thought, through a morass that stretches beyond the southern wall of the chapel, he awoke. Only five weeks elapsed from the evening of his dream, until he followed to this burying-ground the corpse of a relative, and saw that the open grave occupied the identical spot on which the point of the gnomon had rested.

During the course of the week which I spent in the burying-ground, I became acquainted with several interesting traditions connected with its inhabitants. There are some of these which show how very unlike the beliefs entertained in the ages which have departed; are to those deemed rational in the present; others which render it evident that though men at different eras think and believe differently, human nature always remains the same. The following partakes in part of the character of both.

There lived, about a century ago, in the upper part of the parish of Cromarty, an elderly female of that disposition of mind which Bacon describes as one of the very errors of human nature. Her faculties of enjoyment and suffering seemed connected by some invisible tie to the fortunes of her neighbours; but this tie, unlike that of sympathy, which binds pleasure to pleasure, and sorrow to sorrow, by a strange perversity united to each other the opposite feelings. She was happy when the people around her were unfortunate, and miserable when they prospered. So decided a misanthropy was met by a kindred feeling in those acquainted with her; nor was she regarded with only that abhorrence which attaches to the evil wish, and the malignant intention, but also with the contempt due to that impotency of malice which can only wish and intend.

Her sphere of mischief, however, though limited by her circumstances, was occupied to its utmost boundary; and she frequently made up for her want of power by an ingenuity, derived from what seemed in her an almost instinctive knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature. It was difficult to tell how she effected her schemes, but certain it was that in her neighbourhood lovers became estranged, and families divided. Late in the autumn of her last year, she formed one of a band of reapers employed in cutting down the crops of a Cromarty farmer. Her partner on the ridge was a poor widow, who had recently lost her husband, and who, though wasted by grief and sickness, was now toiling for her three helpless orphans. Every person on the field pitied her but one; and the malice of even that one, perverted as her dispositions were, would, probably, have been disarmed by the helplessness of its object, had it not chanced, that, about five years before, when the poor woman and her deceased husband were on the eve of their marriage, she had attempted to break off the match, by casting some foul aspersions on her character. Those whom the wicked injure, says the adage, they never forgive; and with a demoniac abuse of her knowledge of the dispositions of the people with whom she wrought, she strained beyond her strength to get a-head of them, knowing that a competition would necessarily take place, in which, she trusted, the widow would either have to relinquish her employment, as above her strength, or so exhaust herself in the contest as to relapse into sickness. The expected struggle ensued, but, to the surprise of everyone, the widow kept up

her place in the foremost rank until evening, when she appeared less fatigued than almost any of the party. The wretch who had occasioned it, and who had fallen behind all the others, seemed dreadfully agitated for the last two last hours it continued; and she was heard by the persons who bound up the sheaves, muttering, the whole time, words, apparently, of fearful meaning, which, however, were drowned amid the rustling of the corn, and the hurry and confusion of the competition. Next morning she alone of all the reapers was absent; and she was found by the widow, who seemed the only one solicitous to know what had become of her, and who first entered her hovel to inquire after her, tossing in the delirium of a fever. The poor woman, though shocked and terrified by her ravings, and her agony, tended her till within half an hour of midnight, when she expired.

At that late hour a solitary traveller was passing the road which winds along the southern shore of the bay. The moon, in her last quarter, had just risen over the hill on her right, and, half veiled by three strips of cloud, rather resembled a heap of ignited charcoal seen through the bars of a grate, than the orb which only a few nights before had enabled the reaper to prosecute his employments until near morning. The blocks of granite scattered over the neighbouring beach, and bleached and polished by the waves, were relieved by the moonshine, and resembled flocks of sheep ruminating on a meadow; but not a single ray rested on the sea beyond, or the path or fields before;—the beam slid ineffectually along the level;—*it was light looking at darkness.* On a sudden, the traveller became conscious of that strange mysterious emotion which, according to the creed of the demonologist, indicates the presence or near approach of an evil spirit. He felt his whole frame as if creeping together and his hair bristling on his head, and, filled with a strange horror, he heard, through the dead stillness of the night, a faint, uncertain noise, like that of a sudden breeze rustling through a wood at the close of autumn. He blessed himself, and stood still. A tall figure, indistinct in the darkness, came gliding along the road from the east, and inquired of him, as it floated past, in a voice hollow and agitated, whether it could not reach Kirk-Michael before midnight? "No living person could," answered the traveller; and the appearance, groaning in reply, was out of sight in a moment. The sounds still continued as if a multitude of leaves were falling from the boughs of a forest, and striking with a pattering sound on the heaps congregated beneath, when another figure came up, taller, but even less distinct than the former. It bore the appearance of a man on horseback.—"Shall I reach Kirk-Michael before midnight?" was the query again put to the terrified traveller; but before he could reply to it the appearance had vanished in the distance; and a shriek of torment and despair, which seemed re-echoed by the very firmament, roused him into a more intense feeling of horror. The moon shone out with supernatural brightness; the noise, which had ceased for a moment, returned, but the sounds were different, for they now seemed to be those of faint laughter, and low indistinct mutterings, in the tone of ridicule, and the gigantic rider of a pale horse, with the appearance of a female bent double before him, and accompanied by two dogs, one of which tugged at the head, and the other at the feet of the appearance, was seen approaching from the west. As this terrible apparition passed the traveller, the moon shone full on the face of the figure on the horse, and he distinctly perceived, though the features seemed convulsed with agony, that they were those of the female who, unknown to him, had expired a few minutes before.

A REAL FAVOURITE.

Such was the estimation in which Paesello's opera, 'La Frascatana,' was held in Italy, that I have been told it was always brought forward on the failure of any new one, as sure to appease a dissatisfied audience.—*Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's Musical Reminiscences.*

LODORÉ.

THE NEW NOVEL BY MRS SHELLEY.

[We extract two portraits from Mrs Shelley's work, one of a passive, plump, smiling old maid (capitally well drawn), who cannot be unhappy or unforgiving if she would, so well has the happy mediocrity of her character profited by a long country life,—the other of an active young female philosopher, the creature of thought, adversity, and good-heartedness, and firm without being masculine.]

Whoso had heard the good lady talk of endless tears and mournings for the loss of Lodoré, of life not worth having when he was gone, of the sad desolation of their position, and looked at her face beaming with satisfaction, with only so much sensibility painted there as to render it expressive of all that is kind and compassionate, good humour in her frequent smiles, and sleek content in her plump person, might have laughed at the contrast, and yet have pondered on the strange riddle we human beings present, and how contradictions accord in our singular machinery. This good aunt was incapable of affectation, and all was true and real that she said. She lived upon the idea of her brother; he was all in all to her; but they had been divided so long, that his death scarcely increased the separation; and she could talk of meeting him in heaven, with as firm and as cheerful a faith, as a few months before she had anticipated his return to England.

"I lost (said Fanny) my guide, preserver, my guardian angel, when my father died. Nothing remains but the philosophy which he taught me—the disdain of low-thoughted care which he sedulously cultivated: this, joined to my cherished independence, which my disposition renders necessary to me."

"And thus you foster sorrow, and waste your life in vain regret?"

"Pardon me! I do not waste my life," replied Fanny, with her sunny smile; "nor am I unhappy: far otherwise. An ardent thirst for knowledge is as the air I breathe, and the acquisition of it is pure and unalloyed happiness. I aspire to be useful to my fellow-creatures; but that is a consideration for the future, when fortune shall smile on me. Now I have but one passion: it swallows up every other, it dwells with my darling books, and is fed by the treasures of beauty and wisdom which they contain."

Ethel could not understand. Fanny continued: "I aspire to be useful; sometimes I think I am—once I know I was. I was my father's almoner."

"We lived in a district where there was a great deal of distress, and a great deal of oppression. We had no money to give, but I soon found that determination and earnestness will do much. *It was my father's lesson, that I should never fear anything but myself.* He taught me to penetrate, to anatomize, to purify my motives; but, once assured of my own integrity, to be afraid of nothing. Words have more power than anyone can guess; it is by words that the world's great fight, now in the civilized times, is carried on; I never hesitated to use them when I fought any battle for the miserable and oppressed. People are so afraid to speak, it would seem as if half our fellow-creatures were born with deficient organs; like parrots they can repeat a lesson, but their voice fails them when that alone is wanting to make the tyrant quail."

As Fanny spoke her blue eyes brightened, and a smile irradiated her face. These were all the tokens of enthusiasm she displayed; yet her words moved Ethel strangely, and she looked on her with wonder as a superior being. Her youth gave grace to her sentiments, and were an assurance of their sincerity. She continued:—

"I am becoming flighty, as my mother calls it; but, as I spoke, many scenes of cottage distress passed through my memory when, holding my father's hand, I witnessed his endeavours to relieve the poor. That is all over now—he is gone; but I have one consolation—that of endeavouring to render myself worthy to rejoin him in a better world. It is this hope

that impells me continually, and without any flagging of spirit, to cultivate my understanding and to refine it. Oh, what has this life to give, as worldlings describe it, worth one of those glorious emotions which raise me from this petty sphere into the sun-bright regions of mind which my father inhabits! I am rewarded, *even here*, by the elevated feelings which the authors whom I love so passionately inspire; while I converse each day with Plato, and Cicero, and Epictetus, the world, as it is, passes from before me like a vain shadow."

These enthusiastic words were spoken with so calm a manner, and in so equable a voice, that there seemed nothing strange nor exaggerated in them. It is vanity and affectation that shock, or any manifestation of feeling not in accordance with the real character. But while we follow our natural bent, and only speak that which our minds spontaneously inspire, there is a harmony which, however novel, is never grating.

[This is admirable, and so is the pervading spirit of the work. Its object is to soften the heart by self-reflection, and render it fit soil for those beautiful flowers of patience and cultivated feeling, always as ready to spring up under certain views of nature and the universe, as new plants are to make their appearance in a ground freshly turned up to the sun.]

TIGHT LACING.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

SIR,—Your late observations on 'Female Beauty' convince me, that in you the fair sex have an able champion and discerning admirer. This emboldens me to hope that you will not refuse to give publicity, by means of your much-read Journal, to a few remarks on the odious and dangerous custom, so long and so extensively adopted in this country, of encasing the fair and noble forms of our females in tightly-laced stays—a practice to which their appearance, and (what is of so much more importance) their health, is but too often sacrificed. I am aware that this subject is considered by many to be so purely professional, as not to come within the province of a journal like yours to discuss; but so anxious am I that a few of the most glaring evils of the system should be widely and extensively exposed, that I have trespassed on your time by stating them. Our medical periodicals circulate so exclusively amongst medical men, that it would be in vain to appeal to the public through those channels. If these remarks should be the means of inciting other and more able pens than mine to the work of reformation, my object will be attained. We have been so long accustomed to see females of all but the most tender age wearing stays, that we are apt to consider them indispensable and things of course; and I am well aware that the proposal to abolish them altogether will be considered by many as absolutely preposterous. I was talking, a few days ago, to a lady on this subject, and observed that stays were both hurtful and unnecessary; "But, my dear sir," said she, "I should be no figure at all without them." Now this is the very point on which so much delusion prevails. A small waist is considered by, I will say, the majority of persons as the only essential to a good figure. Graceful carriage, a finely-turned bust, symmetry and harmony of proportion, are either not understood or are overlooked. Hence all that screwing, and twisting, and torturing, to which the pliant form of many a fair young creature is condemned; and hence the pale look, the narrow chest, and tottering walk, which all observe, but so few attribute to the true cause.

The cavity of the chest is destined to receive the most important vital parts—the heart, the lungs, &c. If, then, this cavity be compressed, as it is by stays, it of course follows that impediment to their due action is the inevitable result. We are accustomed to hear the Chinese ridiculed for the manner in which they confine and distort the feet of their women. I have seen just as much deformity of the chest result from tight-lacing, in this country, as could possibly be produced on the feet by pressure such as I have mentioned. The ancients, who had

so acute a perception of the beautiful, and the remains of whose sculpture are still referred to as models of excellence, may be quoted on this point. Compare the form of the Venus de Medici with that of a modern belle. Where do we find in the former the wasp-like distortion of waist, the stiff, constrained attitude, and narrow chest of the latter? No, all is free, graceful, and flowing; and such perfection may be still seen among savage nations, but may in vain be looked for among those who call themselves civilized. The last and fairest of the Almighty's creations is doomed to be marred by the hands of the mantua-maker. How long is this state of things to exist?—how much longer are we to boast of our refinement, and yet remain inferior to the most savage tribes in attention to health and elegance? Most probably, until some leader of fashion shall set the example; when it will be followed by the rest of the world, who will then look back with astonishment at the folly of their previous system, and wonder that people could ever be found so insane as to sacrifice everything to a false standard of beauty. It is too much to expect that a person, who has all her life been accustomed to the support of stays can at once leave them off altogether. Use is second nature; and that which was at first painful pressure has become, by long custom, a necessary support. But it is in behalf of the rising generation that I would plead. Strengthen their young bodies by nutritious food and plentiful exercise in the open air, and nature, thus assisted, not thwarted, will bring them to a vigorous maturity.—I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

[London, May 4th.

MEDICUS.]

THEORY OF DREAMING.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

DEAR SIR,—I dare say you are well aware that few things are more wondered at than dreams; and, perhaps, few things are less understood. This, perhaps, arises from the fact, that, when the state of sleep is considered at all, it is considered in its extreme opposition to our state when awake. It is not considered, that there are as many intermediate states as there are hues in the rainbow, and that these states imperceptibly dissolve into each other in somewhat the same manner. There is fatigue, languor, drowsiness, the dosing state, and a thousand other intermediate states between each of these, of which it would be as difficult to give a catalogue as it would be to delineate every arc in a circle. There is no great difference between fatigue and languor: excessive languor is a species of drowsiness, excessive drowsiness is scarcely distinguishable from the dosing state, and the extreme state of dosing may almost be sleep. If it were questioned of one or any of these intermediate states, no one would be disposed to ascribe anything remarkable to them. Why, then, should we impute anything strange or uncommon to one state which we decidedly refused to impute to another—which, if it possesses any difference at all, it is a difference which is hardly perceptible, and which could not be distinguished by the nicest investigator?

Those who make a point of wondering at sleep, maintain that there is not a continued state of thought during sleep—or, in fact, that there is no thought at all; but that, as soon as we lie down and sleep commences, thought at that instant ceases; and that our sleep is varied only by occasional inspirations, which they call dreams. Others maintain that dreams are merely an excited and exuberant imagination, but deny that we are continually imagining while asleep. "We do not believe," say they, "that we are continually thinking while asleep, because we do not remember our thoughts." So I must conclude, that because, at the end of six or seven hours, I do not remember my thoughts during that time, that, therefore, I have not thought at all. How many days pass away, and we, upon the revival of them, do not remember a single thought which has occupied our minds during that time! Surely then, if, upon the revival of days, we cannot remember a single

thought, it is not very wonderful that we should not be able to recall to memory every idea that has passed in our minds during six or seven hours. If, then, from the non-remembrance of our thoughts during sleep, we conclude that we do not think at all, we must follow up the conclusion by affirming that only those thoughts have really existed (both when asleep and awake) which we can recall to memory. The nature of our thoughts during sleep is characterized by their peculiar vividness and intensity. The vigour of the intellectual faculties, in this instance, may be accounted for by the repose of the sensational faculties; since it is an established principle of the mind, that, when one or more faculties cease their exertion, the remaining faculties assume additional strength. The man who exerts his arms, body, and feet at the same time, must employ less strength in each of those limbs than he would do were all the others at rest. What is true, in this instance, in our physical nature, is true also in our mental. When you wish to recall the countenance of a friend, you involuntarily close your eyes. If then, upon the cessation of one of the sensational faculties, the imagination is increased, how much more must it be increased upon the repose of all those faculties! If, upon the cessation of sight, our fancy is more vivid, how much more vivid must it be when not only sight, but the sensations of touch, taste, smelling, and hearing cease their operations! The mind is somewhat like a masquerade. When the room is full of company, the separate characters are unable to exhibit themselves to advantage; but remove half of those characters, and the remainder will be able to sport about with grace and dexterity. This vividness of the imagination during sleep is modified by the individual propensities—the miser dreams of his gold, the mother of her darling; by circumstantial casualties, by the passions which influence us—such as hope, fear, remorse. Sometimes we regard the past, sometimes the future, sometimes neither; but our mind is engaged in what is termed castle-building, in which we suppose ourselves placed in circumstances in which we should hope or fear to be placed.

There is yet one thing in the phenomenon of sleep worthy of notice, and that is, the confusion of our thoughts. For instance, I dream that I visit my friend; but, at the same time, fancy myself surrounded by my own children, my own chattels, and my own pleasure-grounds. Or I fancy that I am attacked by a robber; and yet, at the same time, fancy he is a well-known friend. The confusion, in this instance, I consider may be accounted for, by supposing that the idea of the robber first arises in my mind; and the idea of my friend, to whom I should always fly in distress, so rapidly succeeds, that the idea of the robber has not time to die away before the idea of my friend succeeds, and consequently the two are blended together. The same remark may be applied to the first instance, and, I consider, to all other instances of the kind. If a wheel is caused slowly to revolve, each spoke may be distinctly perceived as it describes its circle; but increase its motion to rapidity, and you will not be able to see whether there are four, eight, or sixteen spokes—but the whole will be blended in one confused and indistinct whirl, to which the confusion of thoughts alluded to is somewhat similar. Thus, then, it is my opinion that there is a continued state of thought during sleep; that the vividness of that thought may be accounted for by the cessation of the sensational faculties, and their occasional confusion by their rapidity.

And thus I have endeavoured to give an outline of my thoughts upon a subject which well deserves a more lengthened attention. If they are incorrect, the fact that I have read no work, and have had no help whatever on the subject, may afford some excuse for

Yours, Sir,

AN INQUIRER.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

CHARLES IX, OF ST BARTHOLOMEW NOTORIETY.

(From 'Raumer's Historical Documents'.)

HE was liberal to everyone, and was often heard to say, "A King must be ready in giving, for nations are like rivers, which pour down their waters continually to the ocean, that is, the Treasury." His bodily exercises consisted in jumping, tennis, breaking or shoeing horses, or in driving them, which he understood well, even with four-in-hand. Besides these, he forged weapons, cast cannons, fished and hunted. He was especially, from his childhood, addicted to the chase, even to phrenzy. Day and night he wandered about the forests, careless of food or rest, as long as he could indulge his passion. Upon the paraphernalia of the chase, the resorts and haunts of the game, and the manner of taking every sort, he has written a book. This daily pursuit of beasts made him cruel towards them, but not towards men.* He killed horses with his own hand, and if he met with asses he frequently struck off their heads, and paid their value to the owners. He killed swine in the presence of his courtiers, and dabbled with bloody hands in their entrails, like a common butcher's man. As he, on one occasion, fell in this fashion upon a mule of Lausac's, who was a favourite of the courtier's, Lausac cried out, "Whence has this feud arisen between my mule and the most Christian King?"

Of all arts he practised music by preference, cultivated singers, in particular an eunuch, surnamed Le Roi, and sung himself with a strong and melodious voice, in the choir. He also gave to musicians considerable ecclesiastical situations.

Marie Touchet, the beautiful daughter of an apothecary in Orleans, was much beloved by him, and bore him two sons. When a picture was shown her of the new Queen of France, Elizabeth (daughter of Maximilian II), she is said to have laughed, and to have said, "Germany does not alarm me."

When a child he studied grammar, and occupied himself with sciences, but as soon as he was King, he laid aside these pursuits as unworthy of a sovereign; for, in the judgment of the courtiers, it is praiseworthy to be ignorant. Yet he loved poetry, and himself composed poems in the French tongue. Among the authors of Latin poetry he was partial to Dorat; among those of French, to Ronsard and Baif; when they read their poems to him he listened with great attention, and gave them presents, but not large ones, in order that, from want of money, they might return soon, and bring something new. The poets he said, are like good horses, which we must feed, but not fatten.

* "Hæc quotidiana belluarum insectatio sanguineum eum reddebat in feras, non in homines." M. Raumer has considered this passage so much at variance with history, that he has altered the sense in his translation, by supposing that the word *non* had been falsely inserted. I venture, with much deference, to doubt whether the passage should not be considered as correctly given. The behaviour of Charles IX, in the affair of St Bartholomew, has been recorded to his infamy; but it must be remembered that he was young, and the puppet of others; and it is also recorded of him, that he looked back with horror and repentance to his conduct on that occasion. Such feelings could hardly have been the work of such spiritual advisers as he was likely to have about him, and may be fairly presumed to have been the natural working of a nature not originally cruel.—(Translator's Note.)—[There was a mixture of natures undoubtedly in Charles; and he deserves all the excuses that can be found for him in a bad and despotic education, and the tendency which it superinduces to all sorts of madness. But excessive cruelty, or thoughtlessness, or whatever it may be called, towards the brute creation is, to say the least of it, not likely to dispose a man to consideration for his other fellow-creatures. The habit is dangerous, and likely to turn the scale to their disadvantage, especially the love of excitement is stimulated by circumstances and fancied right or necessity. Butchers are wisely forbidden to be upon juries; not because they are not as good as other men by nature, and often as truly kind, but because the habit of taking away the lives of sheep and oxen inures them of necessity to the sight of blood and violence, and mortal pangs. Poor King Charles, we see, had been suffered to grow up into an amateur pork-butcher! and of the most disgusting description! Who is to wonder what such princes become!—ED.]

He ate little, and for his health's sake drank only water, or hygieenas, made of water, sugar, and cinnamon. He slept very little, and before midnight was generally on horseback, putting the hounds in motion, or about something. His sickness was increased by the fear of the machinations of his brother Francis and his nephew Henry, as well as by the suspicion that he was wasting away by slow poison, or magical contrivances. On this ground two Italian soothsayers, Momus and Kormus, were cast into prison.

Charles was tall, but stooped much. His complexion was pale, of the colour of box-wood, a hook nose, wry neck, thin limbs. He was of over-basty disposition, impatient, wrathful, fierce, but not cruel; a good memory, a master of dissimulation, when he chose; voluptuous, but not to excess; eloquent, and of sharp judgment. Perjury seemed to him nothing but a figure of speech, and no crime; he, therefore, violated his faith as often as it seemed to his profit to do so.

MACKAREL FISHERY.

(From 'Yarrell's History of British Fishes'.)

In May 1707, the first Brighton boat-load of mackarel sold at Billingsgate for forty guineas per hundred,—seven shillings each, reckoning six score to a hundred; the highest price ever known at that market. The next boat-load produced but thirteen guineas per hundred. Mackarel was so plentiful at Dover in 1808, that they were sold sixty for a shilling. At Brighton, in June of the same year, the shoal of mackarel was so great, that one of the boats had the meshes of her nets so completely occupied by them, that it was impossible to drag them in; the fish and nets, therefore, in the end, sunk together; the fishermen thereby sustaining a loss of nearly sixty pounds, exclusive of what the cargo, could it have been got into the boat, would have produced. The success of the fishery in 1821 was beyond all precedent. The value of the catch of sixteen boats, from Lowestoffe, on the 30th of June, amounted to 5852*l.*; and it is supposed that there was no less an amount than 14,000*l.* altogether realized by the owners and men concerned in the fishery of the Suffolk coast.* In March 1833, on a Sunday, four 'Hastings' boats brought on shore ten thousand eight hundred mackarel; and the next day, two boats brought seven thousand fish. Early in the month of February, 1834, one boat's crew from Hastings, cleared 100*l.* by the fish caught in one night; and a large quantity of very fine mackarel appeared in the London market in the second week of the same month. They were cried through the streets of London three for a shilling on the 14th and 22nd of March 1834, and had then been plentiful for a month. The boats engaged in fishing are usually attended by other fast-sailing vessels, which are sent away with the fish taken. From some situations, these vessels sail away direct for the London market; at others, they make for the nearest point from which they can obtain land-carriage for their fish. From Hastings and other fishing towns on the 'Sussex coast the fish are brought to London by vans, which travel up during the night.

The common mode of fishing for mackarel, and the way in which the greatest numbers are taken, is by drift-nets. The drift-net is twenty feet deep, by one hundred and twenty feet long; well corked at the top, but without lead at the bottom. They are of small fine twine, which is tanned of a reddish brown colour, to preserve it from the action of the sea-water; and it is thereby rendered much more durable. The size of the mesh about two and a half inches or rather larger. Twelve, fifteen, and sometimes eighteen of these nets are attached lengthways, by tying along a thick rope, called the drift-

rope, and at the ends of each net, to each other. When arranged for depositing in the sea, a large buoy attached to the end of the drift-rope is thrown overboard, the vessel is put before the wind, and, as she sails along, the rope with the nets thus attached is passed over the stern into the water till the whole of the nets are run out. The net thus deposited hangs suspended in the water perpendicularly twenty feet deep from the drift-rope, and extending from three-quarters of a mile, or even a mile and a half, depending on the number of nets belonging to the party or company engaged in fishing together. When the whole of the nets are thus handed out, the drift-rope is shifted from the stern to the bow of the vessel, and she rides by it as if at anchor. The benefit gained by the boat's hanging at the end of the drift-rope is, that the net is kept strained in a straight line, which, without this pull upon it, would not be the case. The nets are shot in the evening, and sometimes hauled once during the night, at others allowed to remain in the water all night. The fish, roving in the dark through the water, hang in the meshes of the net, which are large enough to admit them beyond the gill-covers and pectoral fins, but not large enough to allow the thickest part of the body to pass through. In the morning early, preparations are made for hauling the nets. A capstan on the deck is manned, about which two turns of the drift-rope are taken. One man stands forward to untie the upper edge of each net from the drift-rope, which is called casting off the lashings; others hand in the net with the fish caught, to which one side of the vessel is devoted; the other side is occupied by the drift-rope, which is wound in by the men at the capstan. The whole of the net in, and the fish secured, the vessel runs back into harbour with her fish; or, depositing them on board some other boat in company, that carries for the party to the nearest market, the fishing vessel remains at sea for the next night's operation.

The name (mackarel) is said to be derived from the Latin *macularius*, in allusion to its spotted appearance; and it is called in most of the countries of Europe by terms that have reference to its variegated and chequered appearance.

COWSLIPPING. MAY-DAY.

(By the Author of 'May Flowers'.)

HAIL to thee, thou most beautiful of months! thou girl-hood of the year! We love thee for thy budding beauties, for the glad smile that thou throwest over garden and woodland and meadow—we love thee for the "merry minstrelsy" which greeteth thee from the "restless cuckoo" and the "twittering swallow"—we love thee for thy bright skies and balmy breezes; but more than all we love thee for the remembrances thou bringest to us of our early school-days—the by far brightest part of our earthly career. It was on May-day that we always sallied out from school to go "cowslipping," to pull the bright golden flowers, for the purpose of making wine, for our kind-hearted school-mistress. I remember well how anxiously the first of May was looked for; for weeks before that joyful advent, our whole conversation in and out of school-hours turned upon the merry "cowslipping;" and it certainly was a merry time, though not characterised by that obstreperous merriment which usually distinguishes the amusements of boyhood. No! it was merry as the first holiday of the year, as the first day we went out together; it seemed like the promise of other days of summer beauty—it whispered to us of hope, and it seemed to some of us—certainly to me—as emblematical of the glorious beauty of a fadeless world.

Well then, early on the May morning, while yet the dew was sparkling in the bright beams of the sun, while yet the sky-lark was "pouring its full heart" in its matin song to heaven, did we joyous creatures commence our ramble "o'er hill and dale." Gentle Reader! the fields, the hedge-sides, and the woodland walks we traversed were those that the "pious Cowper" has made dear to many of you in his 'Task'; they were those in the neighbourhood

of Olney; we went either over the meadows to Clifton Hill, or across the fields by the "peasant's nest," to the beautiful park of Weston Underwood. We were not satisfied, as some would have been, with gathering sufficient, we were anxious that we should go home as the bearers of plenty, and for this purpose the great clothes-basket was put into requisition, two taking it by turns to be the flower bearers. The largest cowslips we used to think grew under the hedges and in the spinnies, but those growing in the open field, with the bright sun full upon them, were those that we considered sweetest, and were told made the best wine. What emulation was there to be the quickest gatherer of the best and finest flowers! I remember when by chance we once came upon a sunny baulk of land in a fallow field that we were crossing, what a host of these nodding beauties were congregated together, and what a scramble, and yet what fearful care of treading upon them! for we held it as unworthy of us to tread one of them down if we could help it; and then the display of our different handfuls when we had finished, and the delighted feeling of those whose bunch was the largest; never did successful card-player feel more delight—never could he feel that pure unalloyed delight—that one of us felt at displaying "a good hand;" and yet there were no bickerings—no envious feelings towards the successful. We came out to be happy, and we were so, and joined in the delight of the victors. Miles have we traversed, sometimes running, sometimes stooping, always joyful and good-tempered; and when our basket had become full as it would hold, if we had any sorrow, it was that our pleasant task had ended.

But on our arrival home a repast awaited us of plum-cake, and what else do you think? why of cowslip wine, wine made from the very cowslips that the year before we had gathered; and how pleasant the talk and prattle about our last year's excursion—of poor Joe Brooks's fall into the ditch that was overgrown by thick grass, near Dingleberry-wood; and the charge we made upon a wasp's nest, and how we left them victors; and how some of us had grown since then, and how one of our playfellows of that day, who was dear to us as a brother, and gentle and affectionate as a brother should be, was not amongst our number now, but had departed with the beauty of the departed year; and then the hopes and the expectations and the wonderings as to our next May-day's excursion; and then the separation in the evening, and the pleasant dreams we had of "cowslipping." Since a child, I have been a lover of cowslip wine; the mystery of that love is not in the sweetness or flavour of the cowslip, but in the remembrance that ever comes with it of the days when I was a gatherer of cowslips.

[Youthful spirits are certainly the best of all wines; and pleasant recollections are wine; and good "articles" are wine. Yet cowslip wine is good for its own sake too. Also, for performing the part of a harmless opiate:—

"If your point be rest,

Lettuce and cowslip wine; *probatum est.*"

POPE.

Our Correspondent also might have given us a beautiful passage from Shakspeare, relative to cowslips. The sweet wife Imogen (Shakspeare excels in painting sweet wives) has—

"On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
In the bottom of a cowslip."

Iachimo notes it down in the stealthy list which he had no right to make; otherwise, we should not have it; so we are beholden to him for one good turn, at all events. Shakspeare could not record a wrong, without making it yield us something beautiful.

There is, or used to be, an abundance of cowslips in a meadow at the back of Hendon Church, after passing the archway, through which you go into the fields in that quarter. We mention this for the sake of the lovers of flowers, the cowslip not being commonly met with nearer London.—ED.]

* In an interesting and useful sketch of the 'Natural History of Yarmouth and its Neighbourhood,' by C. and T. Paget, is stated, at page 16, that, in 1823, one hundred and forty-two lots of Mackarel were taken there. A last is ten thousand.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XVII.—RICHARD II.

'RICHARD II.' is a play little known compared with 'Richard III,' which last is a play that every unfledged candidate for theatrical fame chooses to strut and fret his hour upon the stage in; yet we confess that we prefer the nature and feeling of the one to the noise and bustle of the other; at least, as we are so often forced to see it acted. In 'Richard II,' the weakness of the king leaves us leisure to take a greater interest in the misfortunes of the man. After the first act, in which the arbitrariness of his behaviour only proves his want of resolution, we see him staggering under the unlooked-for blows of fortune, bewailing his loss of kingly power, not preventing it, sinking under the aspiring genius of Bolingbroke, his authority trampled on, his hopes failing him, and his pride crushed and broken down under insults and injuries, which his own misconduct had provoked, but which he has not courage or manliness to resent. The change of tone and behaviour in the two competitors for the throne according to their change of fortune, from the capricious sentence of banishment passed by Richard upon Bolingbroke, the suppliant offers and modest pretensions of the latter on his return, to the high and haughty tone with which he accepts Richard's resignation of the crown after the loss of all his power, the use which he makes of the deposed king to grace his triumphal progress through the streets of London, and the final intimation of his wish for his death, which immediately finds a servile executioner, is marked throughout with complete effect and without the slightest appearance of effort. The steps by which Bolingbroke mounts the throne are those by which Richard sinks into the grave. We feel neither respect nor love for the deposed monarch; for he is as wanting in energy as in principle: but we pity him, for he pities himself. His heart is by no means hardened against himself, but bleeds afresh at every new stroke of mischance, and his sensibility, absorbed in his own person, and unused to misfortune, is not only tenderly alive to its own sufferings, but without the fortitude to bear them. He is, however, human in his distresses; for to feel pain, and sorrow, weakness, disappointment, remorse and anguish, is the lot of humanity, and we sympathize with him accordingly. The sufferings of the man make us forget that he ever was a king.

The right assumed by sovereign power to trifle at its will with the happiness of others as a matter of course, or to remit its exercise as a matter of favour, is strikingly shown in the sentence of banishment so unjustly pronounced on Bolingbroke and Mowbray, and in what Bolingbroke says when four years of his banishment are taken off, with as little reason:—

"How long a time lies in one little word?
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings."

A more affecting image of the loneliness of a state of exile can hardly be given than by what Bolingbroke afterwards observes of his having "sighed his English breath in foreign clouds;" or than that conveyed in Mowbray's complaint at being banished for life.—

"The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstrung viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now."

How very beautiful is all this, and at the same time how very English too!

'Richard II.' may be considered the first of that series of English historical plays, in which "is hung armour of the invincible knights of old," in which their hearts seem to strike against their coats of mail,

where their blood tingles for the fight, and words are but the harbingers of blows. Of this state of accomplished barbarism the appeal of Bolingbroke and Mowbray is an admirable specimen. Another of these "keen encounters of their wits," which serve to whet the talkers' swords, is where Aumerle answers in the presence of Bolingbroke to the charge which Bagot brings against him of being an accessory in Gloster's death:—

"FITZWATER. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine;
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times thou liest,
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

AUMERLE. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

FITZWATER. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

AUMERLE. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

PERCY. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,

In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

AUMERLE. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe.
Who sets me else? By heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in my breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

SURRY. My lord Fitzwater, I remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

FITZWATER. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then:

And you can witness with me, this is true.

SURRY. As false, by heav'n, as heav'n itself is true.

FITZWATER. SURRY, thou liest.

SURRY. Dishonourable boy,
That lie shall lie so heavy on thy sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie rest
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

FITZWATER. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse:

If I dare eat or drink or breathe or live,
I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to thy strong correction.
As I do hope to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal."

The truth is, that there is neither truth nor honour in all these noble persons; they answer words with words, as they do blows with blows, in mere self defence: nor have they any principle whatever but that of courage in maintaining any wrong they dare commit, or any falsehood which they find it useful to assert. How different were these noble knights and "barons bold" from their more refined descendants in the present day, who, instead of deciding questions by brute force, refer everything to convenience, fashion, and good breeding! In point of any abstract love of truth or justice, they are just the same now that they were then.

The characters of Old John of Gaunt and of his brother York, uncles to the King, the one stern and foreboding, the other honest, good-natured, doing all for the best, and therefore doing nothing, are well kept up. The speech of the former, in praise of England, is one of the most eloquent that ever was penned. We should perhaps hardly be disposed to feed the pampered egotism of our countrymen by quoting this description, were it not that the conclusion of it (which looks prophetic) may qualify any improper degree of exultation.

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
(Or as a moat defensive to a house)
Against the envy of less happy lands:
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like a tenement or pelling farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious surge
Of wat'ry Neptune, is bound in with shame,
With inky-blots and rotten parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself."

The character of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV, is drawn with a masterly hand:—patient, for occasion, and then steadily availing himself of it, seeing his advantage afar off, but only seizing on it when he has it within his reach, humble, crafty, bold, and aspiring, encroaching by regular but slow degrees, building power on opinion, and cementing opinion by power. His disposition is first unfolded by Richard himself, who however is too self-willed and secure to make a proper use of his knowledge.

"Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green,
Observed his courtship of the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affections with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my countrymen, my loving friends:
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope."

Afterwards, he gives his own character to Percy, in these words:—

"I thank thee, gentle Percy, and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembr'ing my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with my love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense."

We know how he afterwards kept his promise. His bold assertion of his own rights, his pretended submission to the king, and the ascendancy which he tacitly assumes over him without openly claiming it, as soon as he has him in his power, are characteristic traits of this ambitious and politic usurper. But the part of Richard himself gives the chief interest to the play. His folly, his vices, his misfortunes, his reluctance to part with the crown, his fear to keep it, his weak and womanish regrets, his starting tears, his fits of hectic passion, his smothered majesty, pass in succession before us, and make a picture as natural as it is affecting. Among the most striking touches of pathos are his wish "Oh that I were a mockery king of snow to melt away before the sun of Bolingbroke," and the incident of the poor groom who comes to visit him in prison, and tells him how "it yearned his heart that Bolingbroke upon his coronation day rode on Roan Barbary." We shall have occasion to return hereafter to the character of Richard II in speaking of Henry VI. There is only one passage more, the description of his entrance into London with Bolingbroke, which we should like to quote here, if it had not been so used and worn out, so thumbed and get

by rote, so praised and painted; but its beauty surmounts all these considerations.

"DUCHESS. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

YORK. Where did I leave?

DUCHESS. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

YORK. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing thus he pass'd along.

DUCHESS. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he
the while?

YORK. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried God save him!

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head!
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off.
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted.
And barbarism itself have pitied him."

FINE ARTS.

The British Atlas. By J. and C. Walker. Part II, Kent and Dorset. Longman and Co.
We expressed our admiration of the work's getting-up on its first appearance; and, in speaking of Part II, must repeat what we said of Part I; adding, however, that the price is surprisingly moderate.

MUSIC.

Mr J. D. Humphreys' Concert, Assembly Rooms, Kensington.

MR HUMPHREYS, assisted by an orchestra composed principally of his fellow pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, got up an unpretending, but very nice concert. The programme included many popular pieces, and yet chiefly consisted of good music, two points requiring some nicety of judgment to unite. E. Seguin sang a duet with his wife, 'Come frenar,' and a song, 'Non piu andrai,' which he much injured by substituting a poor tune of his own, in place of the original melody, at the commencement. It was unworthy the rest of his singing. Mr Patey played a concerto on the violin, by De Beriot, more calculated to show off the skill of the performer than the composer's invention. The sextetto, 'Sola, sola,' from the *Don Giovanni*, was very excellently sung by Misses Gooch, Dickens, and Birch, and Messrs Barnett, W. Seguin, and Hullah; particularly the solo, in which Leporello (W. Seguin) begs for his life. Mr Humphreys sang a ballad of Weber's, 'We never meet again,' with great taste and feeling, accompanying himself on the pianoforte. He obtained a most unanimous encore; indeed, the ballad appeared the favourite of the morning. The rest of the music was, for the most part, well done; we must make an exception of Mr Lejeune's 'Sor-

gets,' in which common-place and bravado supplied the place of dignity and energy. Why will he deform everything he does with a profusion of uncouth attempts at execution? This was apparent in the duet also, 'Dunquo is son,' though that was much better in other respects. The whole orchestra, instrumental and vocal, deserve the highest commendation, for the pains-taking, and unanimity with which they performed together. The band, however, might have allowed us to discover for ourselves how well they performed, and not have insisted on making so prominent a display as sometimes to drown the singers. The room was very full, and the natives of this pleasant suburb seemed highly delighted with their morning's treat.

TO — .

LADY! I love thee, as the stars of night
Love distant the moon, when queenly she
Sheds o'er the dome of Heaven her holy light,
Illustring earth, purpling the silver sea!
Lady! I love thee with the poet's love
Of feeling sigh'd to song; so the lorn bird,
Of eve, if yearning toward her native grove,
Breaks into saddest music. Thou hast stirr'd
The sleeping sources of my minstrel art
With love that clasps no hope of kindredhood!
With pride that seeks not praise—with joy of heart
Nigh link'd to sorrow. Who like me hath woo'd,
Consenting to his fate? which binds him here
To love—admire—adore—and still despair!

J. H.

London, May 1835.

TABLE TALK.

A BAKER PORT.

France as well as England has had her poets in humble life; of one of the most remarkable of whom a letter from Chambery gives the following notice:—"An interesting guest, the baker and poet, Reboul, has recently visited Chambery; he is about thirty-eight years of age, a native of the south of France, and is well known to Charles Nodier, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and other celebrated men. His recitation of verses in the accent and full-sounding dialect of the south, has a peculiar and pleasing effect. His best poems have been composed in his bakehouse, and although he has been repeatedly entreated to abandon his trade, leave Nîmes, and reside at Paris, yet he has always rejected these proposals. He is devotedly attached to his native town, and to the mode of life, manners, nature, and climate of his provincial country. His dwelling is very simple; butts of meal obstruct the passage to his little chamber behind the oven." Here dwells, not Reboul the baker, but Reboul the poet. Drawings, sent to him by the artists themselves, ornament the walls; books, presented by their authors, lie upon the table; and the cards of all the eminent men of the department are stuck against a small looking-glass; his bed occupies one corner of the apartment. The occasion of his visit to Chambery was to buy meal. His presence in our town being discovered by the secretary of the Academy of Arts, he received more visits in his humble lodging than were perhaps agreeable to him."—*Printing Machine.*

ADVANTAGES OF READING.

A truth which dawns upon our own minds becomes doubly true when we find that it has enlightened the minds of others, who have left us bright records of its usefulness and beauty; and an error which we perceive in ourselves is far more startling in its effect upon us, when we find that it has been detected by some thoughtful man who lived ages ago, and who has forcibly shown, by his own experience, its fatal tendencies, and who has distinctly warned mankind against its delusive promises. What we see and feel ourselves becomes thus more clearly and distinctly manifest to us; and no one who is true to himself, however false the world

around may prove to him, will blind himself to his own consciousness and to the experience and teachings of others, of the beauty of knowledge, the safety and the imperishable dignity and glory of virtue, the deformity of vice, and the dangers and unworthiness of ignorance. We often meet, too, with some happy expressions in books, which flash at once new light upon our souls; and the simplicity with which some old truth is thus enforced incorporates it ever after as a part of our intellect and feelings; so that, if the infirmities of our nature, or the accidents of our lives, ever lead us to the hazard of acting in contradiction to it, some mysterious link in association recalls to us the happy sentiment in the very words in which it was uttered; and the delight with which we first read it steals anew over us, and we turn with disgust from the thoughts or the actions that are opposed to its salutary instruction.—*From an Address delivered at the opening of the Reading Room in Grenville street, Brunswick square, by Francis Boott, M.D.*

ROUNDNESS OF THE HUMAN CONFIGURATION.

Viewing the human body as a complicated whole, as a congeries of organs made up of various combinations of simple tissues, it may be observed, in reference to its external configuration, that it is rounded. This rounded form is principally owing to the large proportion of fluids which enter into its composition. The roundness of the face, limbs, and entire surface of the child, are in striking contrast to the unequal and irregular surface of the old man, whose humours are comparatively very much smaller in quantity.—*Dr Southwood Smith's 'Philosophy of Health.'*

LAUGHTER.

Man is the only animal with the powers of laughing, a privilege which was not bestowed upon him for nothing. Let us then laugh while we may, no matter how broad the laugh may be, short of a lock-jaw, and despite of what the poet says about "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." The mind should occasionally be vacant as the land should sometimes lie fallow; and for precisely the same reason.—*The Melange; by Egerton Smith.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. was received, and is right; as will be seen; though there is a want of art and probability in the work, which will prevent the Author's real talents from being duly appreciated by the public.

CORLESS-SERREX will find, by and by, that we have not overlooked his just grounds of objection; though we should have thought we had already left none for mistake on that point.

We will endeavour to answer Z.'s question more at length; but need he to doubt what to do, after what has been said?

We are much mistaken, if we have not already intimated our opinion respecting the 'Lines to a First Floor next the Sky,' though we cannot call to mind the reason for their omission. It was nothing discreditable to the writer or his general abilities.

Mr K. has our best thanks and respects. The work in question will receive the proper attention.

An answer respecting 'Frænoonian Tales' next week.

A Notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition, and 'Hints for Table Talk,' are unavoidably postponed till next week.

There are many Correspondents remaining, whose communications we would fain publish; but if we do not, we must beg them to construe us in kindness; particularly as, in accordance with what we stated at the beginning of the year, we are about to make some further additions to the regular stock-matter of the Journal, which will not leave us our usual room for contributions.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1835.

No. 61.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

UNION OF THE "LONDON JOURNAL" AND THE "PRINTING MACHINE."

ON Saturday, June 6, at Mr Knight's, 22 Ludgate street, by the speciallest of all licenses (and the most reasonable) to wit, their own, will be married the parties above-mentioned; after which, the happy couple will set off for all parts of the world, and pass four thousand nine hundred and sixty honeymoons; such being, by the most moderate computation, the term of their natural lives.

Yes, dear Reader, the LONDON JOURNAL is about to "change its condition:"—not itself, observe; for why should it? It will never be more itself than at this moment; as a married journal ought to be. It only changes, or rather enriches, its condition, its relative circumstances; and being a paper, it naturally marries a printing-machine; and its partner, being a machine of the most unmechanical and intelligent description, is to be very generous and amiable, and accommodate its humours to it in so charming a manner, that there would be an end of its having any will of its own, if the two wills did not thus become one, and merge will into pleasure. And thus what a happy pair shall we be; and how glad our ninety-nine thousand hosts will be to see us every Saturday morning, like some immortal and ubiquitous Monsieur and Madame Dacier, clubbing their stocks of scholarship, and presenting themselves in all those quarters at once, chatting and to chat, and with hands full of flowers, after the fashion of those groups on the old curtains, in which the same identical shepherd and shepherdess are reiterated through the whole district of chintz!

But marriage is expensive; and we are very much of the honest opinion of that custom in Wales, by which young couples are set up in life by the joint contributions of their friends, the favours to be returned on the like occasion; so, in a like beautiful spirit of reciprocity, we plainly tell our loving Readers, that they must assist us, and prepare themselves for a magnanimous rise in the estimation of our worth, to the value of One Halfpenny;—with this difference, however, from the Welsh state of the case, —that the benefit to be received from us in return is not prospective, but immediate, and that our halfpennyworth of increased attraction and entertainment will have evinced a modesty (not to mince the matter) astonishing, in rating its value so low.—To drop the metaphor, and state the case simply to the readers both of the LONDON JOURNAL and the PRINTING MACHINE, we would have them consider, that such as have already taken in both those papers, and therefore paid four-pence halfpenny for the two, may now have the essence of both for less than half the money, and that such as have only taken in one,

may now have two instead of one, at the least possible increase of price in one case, and a great lowering of it in the other. The worth of each paper will be augmented, we conceive, by concentration,—none of the best matter of either being lost, and none of doubtful value being required in order to fill up; so that here will be the LONDON JOURNAL at its old price, with the PRINTING MACHINE added to it for a halfpenny; or the PRINTING MACHINE at two-thirds its old price with the LONDON JOURNAL added to it for nothing! It does not become us to deal in notes of admiration, and statements of our own merits; but we should like some eloquent third party,—Mr Robins, for instance,—to have this matter to expatiate on, in some candid pulpit, or long and just advertisement. We fancy we see the TALL CAPITALS and BRILLIANT ADVANTAGES rearing their heads at intervals amidst the exuberant set-out, like the Pagoda in Kew Gardens, or the minarets of some Eastern paradise; and if he entered thoroughly into our merits, and did really set out the allurements of all our Gardens, fabulous and real, and of the stories told in them, and the great men beheld in them, and the light thrown by the sunbeams upon their minutest flowers and pebbles, we ask, with an emphatic but tranquil modesty, where would he stop? He would be obliged to have a whole 'Times' or 'Chronicle' to himself, —the news of the day coming in at the close of the last column, in a brief paragraph;—lamenting, that it can "barely allude to interesting intelligence from Paris,"—"but the IMPORTANT ADVERTISEMENT" —

We have heard it whispered, we must confess, in one or two quarters, that there may be some possible peril in raising the price of our Journal, even so small a sum, considering how many new readers there are now-a-days, of such publications, struggling with unfitting poverty; but we have reason to doubt whether we have many readers so poor as the doubt supposes, whatever be the narrowness of means which they contrive to square with the demands of intellectual thirst and hunger; and readers of that kind we have no fear of losing. It has even happened to us, that Correspondents have advised us to raise our price, before we had any such grounds for it as at present; and an intelligent and long-established bookseller, who gave us the same advice, said "Depend upon it, that readers who take in such a paper as the LONDON JOURNAL, must like it for the liberal opinions it recommends, and are not the men to part company with it for a halfpenny."

The readers of the London Journal, all rising in a body, and speaking with a soul of loving indignation at the doubt. Believe him, sir; believe him.

Readers of the Printing Machine, rising also. And are we to be doubted? Has not the Printing Machine abounded in contempt of sordidness?

Here the Editor makes a bow to innumerable faces, right and left of him; and endeavours to maintain a becoming aspect, between his natural indifference to pence, and his acquired sense of their value, and gratitude for regard.

In sober truth, we hope this junction of the two papers will be as acceptable to our friends, as it is pleasant to ourselves. The LONDON JOURNAL has long desired to be helped and enriched by other regular contributors. And in this case the Editor will be assisted in point of time, labour, and materials, not only by additional contributions, but by

having a large and distinct portion of the united work placed under the responsible management of the gentleman who has edited the PRINTING MACHINE from its commencement. If the separate responsibilities were not so defined as they are in this instance, still we should have no apprehension of any collision of opinion. We are not strangers; and upon all the great principles by which the opinions and feelings of men are determined, we have as perfect an agreement as can be expected from those who hold the right of thinking for themselves, with the most hearty toleration of the thoughts of others. Nor will the Editor of THE LONDON JOURNAL omit a single contribution of his own; the old original articles, and the Romances of Real Life, Fine Arts, &c. will appear as usual, none the worse for an arrangement which may be of very serious benefit to himself; and as circumstances tend to show every day, that more good can be done to all parties by publications rather miscellaneous than critical, Mr Knight gladly takes occasion of throwing one paper into the other, and the writers of the PRINTING MACHINE as gladly avail themselves of their briefer, and more concentrated columns, to confine their notices in future to books of the most interesting description, exclusively, the nuts and sweetmeats of the tribe.

About five Pages will be devoted to the LONDON JOURNAL, and its usual variety of matter; about three to the review of books, constituting the PRINTING MACHINE. And if good spirits, plenty of subjects, and cordial co-operation, can do anything towards making our paper better than before, we confidently reckon upon its being so.

. The Reader will observe that our day of publication is changed from Wednesday to Saturday. We confess we take leave of the old day with a pang, partly for old acquaintance sake (in the 'Indicator' and 'Tailor'), and partly because Charles Lamb (whose praise warrants us in being venturous enough to repeat it) said that the former of those publications made

"Wednesday the sweetest in the week."

(We are afraid we are guilty of a great piece of egotism here, but the recollection of the man must excuse it.) The reason however why we make the change is, that Saturday turns out to be the most convenient and profitable day for publication. Readers of cheap periodical papers, for the most part, find the close of the week the most convenient time for reading them,—making them part of their Sabbath recreation (let us add, no profane part, considering the uses and beauties of God's creation which they set forth); and the vendors of such papers, which are mostly published on the Saturday, crowd for them accordingly towards the close of the week, like people to a fair, and are apt, naturally enough, to look upon a call on their time and attention, on less customary days, as a supererogation which considerate editors might spare them. We propose, therefore, in future, to fall in with the crowd of comforts and conveniences at the end of the week, and become a part of its repose, and leisure, and contemplative enjoyment. We hope we shall be thumbed horribly, and carried about in pockets, like a love-letter, or other certificate of merit.

LETTER-WRITING.

THERE are few occupations which come, in, for, so large a share of abuse as letter-writing. You continually hear persons complain of the hardship of devoting an hour or two to corresponding with their friends. Gentle Reader, art thou one of these complainers? or, like thy humble servant, art thou fond both of receiving and bestowing the dumb-talkers, vulgarly yclept "letters"? If thou art not—although the confession will greatly lower thee in my eyes—I do not mean to scold thee, or to sneer at thee for thy want of taste, for experience has taught me that the dislike is not confined to dull persons, but shared occasionally by men of genius, and even of the finest sympathies of their fellows. I will acknowledge that to me this seems somewhat of a paradox; but it is true. Even the young lady who steals to her chamber at school to spend hours in a secret correspondence with her "dearest Matilda," and who scribbles of the delight, the ecstasy, she experiences, in pouring forth her soul to her sweet friend,—even she, I say, is far more "delighted" when her task is finished, and she may join her less sentimental school-mates at the skipping-rope, or puss-in-the-corner. As to the school-boy, letter-writing is completely out of the question with him; except, indeed, when he takes up his *disinterested* pen to remind mamma of the quarterly cake, which he never fails to do a full fortnight before it is due. And for the edification of the Reader, and the freshening of his school-day recollections, I will go out of my way to transcribe an epistle of this sort, which was, the other day, triumphantly placed in my hands by the lady to whom it was addressed: it ran as follows:—

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have not written to you for a very long time, but as I am now expecting to receive a *parcel* from you shortly, I take up my pen to let you know that I received the *last cake* quite safely, and felt much obliged to you for it; though, as I have been so very busy in preparing for examination-day, I could not possibly find time to acknowledge it before. Now, however, I begin to fear you will think me ungrateful, and therefore *contrive* to scribble these few lines. Give my best love to Papa, and Sarah, and Mary, and believe me, Dear Mother, your dutiful Son,
JOHN SMITH.

"P.S. The last cake was much injured by not being properly packed; it jolted about, and got broken. Some small things are wanted for what my uncle, Captain Harrison, used to call "dunnage." Are the apples good this year? J. S."

¶ This epistle (as the sagacious Reader will doubtless have discovered) is written by a *clever* boy,—who, when he gets into the world, will understand well "what he is about." I would call particular attention to the consummate skill with which he introduces a hint that his "prog-basket" may contain a few apples. Of course it was successful: his mother could not fail to see at once that apples were the only things to keep the cake steady in its perilous journey to her "dear John," and John is praised to everyone for his "sense."—"Who would have thought such a mere lad could understand packing?" "Dear fellow!" &c. &c. A "friend of the family" who was present at the receipt of this epistle, ventured to remark that, he thought it rather laconic, and that "the cake" had occupied an undue portion of it. Heavens! how the parents bristled up! Papa (a merchant) insists this very circumstance was a proof that John is "a straight-forward, business-like fellow, with no humbug about him;" and then your attention is called to the decidedly nautico-mercantile caste of mind evinced by the use of the word "dunnage;" this is pronounced a most lucky predilection, John being intended for the office. What can you say or do against such strong argument? Decidedly, the only course is to let papa and mamma have their own way.

It is impossible, however, as I have said above, to select any particular class or classes of persons as especial letter-haters; or any on whom a contrary appli-

cation may be bestowed. Let us therefore inquire why so many of the former are to be found. I take the grand cause to be—indolence. The getting out one's desk, mending a pen, and mere setting down to write a letter or two is, with many, an hour's work; they therefore commence in a cross-grained, lazy humour, and how can they be expected to take a pleasure in the occupation? Many, from the recollection of how they were bored on a former occasion, cannot prevail on themselves to make the attempt again; and, they at least see with perfect indifference the accumulating heaps of letters, consoling themselves with the reflection that it is now quite impossible to answer all, and, therefore, as they do not like to give any a preference,—the desk remains unclosed, the pen is guiltless of ink, and the paper reposes in "spotless innocence."

Another objection is, with a great many, the idea that something clever is expected from them by their correspondents; and, unless they feel in a particularly brilliant mood, they do not consider themselves justified in troubling their friends. I saw, a short time ago, a quotation from Mrs Hannah More which appeared to me satisfactorily to meet this latter. I cannot lay my hand upon the passage just now, but it is to the effect, that she does not require in her correspondents any laboured efforts at wit or "fine writing;" but merely wishes to have their *thoughts* on paper, just as they would communicate them orally. This is decidedly the true object of letter-writing.

I must acknowledge, for my own part, that I take far greater pleasure in reading letters which come to me without alterations and erasures—even if written hastily or carelessly—than some with which I am occasionally favoured, in which the writers seem chiefly anxious to improve upon their first expressions, and frequently strain and distort their meaning for the sake of introducing some far-fetched and perfectly unnecessary quotation, in order to show their "reading." Few people of true genius resort to these artificial means for producing "effect." Nearly all our great Epistolarians, from Lady Mary Montague downwards, seem to me to have written whatever came uppermost in their minds, trusting to their own facility of language for propriety of expression. Even Lord Byron, who was decidedly a lover of fame, in his correspondence with literary friends maintained an easy, off-hand style, which also forms the peculiar charm of 'Cowper's Letters.' Why, therefore, should not all follow these illustrious examples? and instead of aiming at puzzling their friends by long-winded sentences, equally devoid of sense and meaning, confine themselves to merely saying what they have to say as if they were speaking instead of writing? If such a course were generally adopted, I think we should hear no more of the "bore" and "trouble" of letter-writing, which would become—as it is obviously meant to be—the delightful medium of unreserved communication with absent friends.

CIVIS.

¶ [THIS letter is shrewd and well-felt. We would add, however, four reasons to those mentioned by our Correspondent, for not writing letters; first, being too ill, or at least being affected with that sort of indolence which arises from ill-health: second, being too well, or having so much enjoyment in the passing moment without taking trouble to get it, that anything else becomes an interruption: third (however paradoxical it may seem) something partaking of both these reasons; that is, being ill enough to be indolent, and yet well enough to enjoy some indolent diversion which renders any more practical task unwelcome: and last (we fear not least), an unwillingness to be forced to do anything, even by a sense of duty. Whatever be the cause or causes, it is a fault which (as our Correspondent handsomely observes) besets some natures, otherwise kind; and there is none they should fight harder against, as it tends to diminish kindness and comfort between friends, and sometimes to create serious trouble. *Haud impemite loquor.* Ed.]

HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

No. IX.

EXPLANATORY NOTES TO BOOKS—SELF-COMMENTATORS—PRACTICE OF THE ANCIENTS AND STANDARD AUTHORS—LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS—INSTANCE OF EXTREMES MEETING—LARGE TYPE & SMALL TYPE—PROPOSED SPECTACLE CHARMY.

I AM about to be very presumptuous—to find fault with a practice sanctioned by the usage of almost every author that has written—but more especially those of the present age,—namely, that of disfiguring the foot of every page of a book with explanatory notes. Poems, works of fiction, history, scientific works—but I need not particularize—you cannot take up a book without this fault; such at least I consider it to be. Biographers run riot with foot notations; and these writers have the least excuse, as the nature of the subject admits of all facts, circumstances, and opinions of the life being interwoven. I always consider an author who deals largely in notes to be deficient in the tact and discrimination necessary to make all his materials dovetail into one another. It would be better to make a way for any matter necessary to be stated by a few words in the text, than to put it as a note. Notes are, of course, intended to be read; and as they are inserted on the spot, I suppose that it is intended they should be read immediately. Now, is it not evident that in history they will interrupt the course of the narrative; in a tale, they will weaken the interest you may feel in the story; in discussion, break the thread of the argument; and in a poem, dispel any sympathy the fire of the poet may have created? In biography, I can seldom see any difference between the notes and the text, and often cannot imagine how the biographers can make the distinction why such and such a fact should be printed in small type at the foot of the page, and why such another is worthy of large type in the body. If a person were to read aloud a modern type, and take in the notes at the places marked without any hesitation or observation—I am satisfied no person could discriminate between the small type and the large. This results from the discursive nature of biography, which wants hardly anything but a chronological arrangement. Didactic poems are mere pretences; you never learn any art from the poem, but from the notes, which generally take up the whole of the page, and the poem two or four lines at the top. I may instance Mason's 'English Garden.' The same may be said of satires. Sir John Mandeville's 'Fable of the Bees' is not above two or three hundred lines in length, but the notes make a goodly octavo volume. This is a fault, too, in Rogers' 'Italy'—we have the same story told twice—in verse and in prose. The small type at the bottom of the pages is a great drawback to the beauty of the typography of the last splendid edition of this poem. Those who love variety in all things will find it here; nearly every page contains a finely executed engraving—a few lines of poetry, and eke of notes. To have more than one kind of letter in one sheet, gives it a newspaper-like look; as if the sentences had to be squeezed close for want of room. I love variety in nature, but, for the most part, uniformity in art, and especially in the page of a book! It shows some variety too in an author to make notations on his own productions; it is an indication that he feels assured that no one else will think his book worth the trouble of a commentary, and therefore he gives one himself. These gentry have not the assurance of the author of the 'Tale of a Tub,' who very calmly recommends every Prince in Christendom to take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up for seven years in seven chambers, to write seven ample commentaries on his work, as he has a strong inclination to taste a blessing before he leaves the world, which other writers seldom reach till they are in their graves. But as no one can be better acquainted with the meaning of a book than the author, he is certainly the best person to give explanation. I do not, of course, include in my censure commentaries on standard authors. We

then take the book for the purpose of spying out hidden beauties, which might not be observed in a first perusal. The best way is to put the notes and illustrations, if they are absolutely necessary, and cannot be included in the text, at the end of the book; and if it be worth a second perusal—that is the time to take in any extraneous matter. An author must be very dull indeed, or the subject extremely intricate, who cannot convey his meaning without the small type auxiliary. Or perhaps he may be unable to accomplish it without spoiling a well-rounded period, and so prefers to be smooth and ambiguous, with an interpreter, rather than a little rugged and explicit. A paragraph, with an explanatory foot-note, always puts me in mind of the sign-painter, who wrote, under his daub of red, "This is a red lion;"—in like manner does the author say—the above paragraph means so and so. Reading some of these books is enough to give anyone a headache, if any attention is paid to the notes, by the quick movement of the eye up and down, from top to bottom of the page; and a friend of mine, with weak eyes, complained that even the sudden transition from reading one sized type to another, annoyed him, and that it was always some time before his eye could settle and enable him to distinguish the words.

If our ancient authors, which are generally taken as models, are to be followed in this instance, I think I shall carry my point. We are not annoyed or interrupted with notes and illustrations to the 'Iliad' or 'Odyssey' by Homer, nor by Virgil to his 'Æneid'; nor by Horace to his 'Satires' or 'Odes,' which, as modern productions, would have swarmed with notes, telling who or what the persons referred to were; or at least pretty broadly hinting, with a capital initial, a due number of asterisks, and a final letter. Had these ancients deigned to explain their works, by notes and illustrations, we should certainly have possessed invaluable records of ancient manners; but we see that they rested on the intrinsic merits of their poems, and not upon any extraneous props. Coming nearer home, we have Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare—neither of which illustrious triumvirate ever thought their poetry required the aid of explanation. They left it for posterity to find the foundations of their poems, and to notate and illustrate. Taking a wide step, we have Sir Walter Scott—he thought not of notes to his novels, until it was subsequently demanded by their extensive popularity. Lord Byron noted his poems; but his was a genius that could hardly be restrained within rhyme, and oft ran riot with reason. Had he stooped to enter the list of travel writers, as he was urged, we should have been spared these excrescences on his poetry; but it was so necessary for him to give vent to his feelings through his pen, that he availed himself of an abuse, sanctioned by custom, to utter his criticisms. Milton eschewed notes. I refer only to his poetry, upon which his fame rests. I am unacquainted with his political writings. There are some single pages in 'Paradise Lost,' which would give matter for an octavo volume of notes.

In fine, then, let me advise the literary world to adopt as a maxim, that no notes be tolerated except authorities and references.

Talking of the uniformity of printed pages reminds me of advertisements. I am one among your constant readers, who regretted the discontinuance of the page devoted to these notices in the LONDON JOURNAL. They were generally the first thing I looked at. Under certain restrictions, they, in the course of a few years, would have formed an interesting literary chronology. Had it been a rule, for instance, that they should be confined to announcements of books, and that the same advertisement should never be inserted twice, we should have had, in the course of half a century, materials for a literary history. I was always eager to see what intellectual production was about to issue from the womb of the press, and hailed with equal delight a work from an old hand or a new candidate for fame. We do not now find such illusory announcements as in the case of a certain French historiographer, who was always

advertising historical works to save his pension, and at his death had not written a dozen pages.

It is with a singular kind of pleasure we see, in looking over old newspapers and gazettes, Tatlers and Spectators in the original edition, last pages of pamphlets, and leaves stitched in at the end of old books, the announcements of works which we have always been accustomed to look upon as pillars in literature; such as 'An Epic Poem' by Mr John Milton, a Translation of Homer by Pope, or Poems by Mr Dryden. It is something analagous to contemplating a portrait, or hearing a description of your parents when they were children. We have in this last sentence an instance in which extremes meet. It is considered a mark of inferiority or disrespect, for one person to speak of another without the preliminary Mr; and yet, when a fellow man is ennobled by fame, his patronymic is quite sufficient without the title, and, indeed, to add it is a decided mark of inferiority; and used in the cases of Mr Shakspeare, Mr Pope, and so on, sounds perfectly incongruous. Thus do fame and obscurity meet. When we want our valet, or our porter, we call Jenkins! or Jones! and when we talk of immortal geniuses, we say Milton, or Johnson, or Byron.

Since the time that advertising has been carried on systematically, we may easily, in a few years' newspapers, trace an author's rise to popularity. First, you see the work modestly announced with, or perhaps without, his name; the work succeeds, is praised by some reviews and cut up by others; pithy extracts appear in the corners of the papers, with the name of the work at the bottom; then we see a second edition announced, to which the author, with more confidence, puts his name at full length. Allowing due time to pass, we see advertised a new work by Mr So and so, the author of So and so; a kind of double hook to catch the public, because some may remember the pleasure they derived from the work, without recollecting the name of the author; and others may have heard the author spoken of as a clever writer, or as a rising genius, without knowing anything of the former work. We may say that he has now laid a foundation for fame, whether it be the fame of a generation, an age, or for all time; and every stone of the superstructure is announced with an heraldic flourish, "Mr So and so's new work." It is a bad sign to see a book advertised too much after its publication. The news that it is coming is all very well, and also for a week or so after its advent; but when we see repeated every other day, for two or three months, the same work, and always "just published," we begin to suspect that Hudibras's opinion, that advertisements are the epitaphs of books, has some truth in it.

I have one thing more to say a few words about while on the subject of printing. I see by your notices, that you have been solicited to use a smaller type, and not to make use of leads, in the LONDON JOURNAL. This innovation you have very properly resisted. I, for one, must raise my voice against it. Are they really so greedy as to think they have not "enough work for money?" These complainers must also be very selfish; they no doubt are possessed of good eye-sight, and do not consider the infirmities of others. For myself, I am blessed with a good enough eye-sight, but I have several friends, constant readers of the JOURNAL, whose visual organs, some from age and some from a constitutional weakness, are not very perfect, and whose equanimity has been sadly disturbed by these assaults upon their comfort. I have been deputed by these readers to petition you, that should any alteration be made in the type of the JOURNAL (of which they have no desire) it may be, that the leads be taken out, and a proportionally larger type used.

Among the thousands of charities which exist in this nation of Benevolent Societies, there is not one for supplying aged men and women, and poor weak-eyed persons, with spectacles. There are many for supplying books and tracts to read, but not one to supply the infirm with the means wherewith to read. Let this be looked to.

BOOKWORM.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY

ON THE STRENGTH, DIGNITY, AND DIVINENESS OF THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY.

(From the Novel of 'Arthur Coningsby'.)

WHEN she had uttered these words, she fancied that she felt her cousin gently pressing to his side the arm with which she leaned on him. But it was probably no more than a fancy, for at the next moment he fixed his eyes on a picture by Nicolo Poussin, of Apollo among the Shepherds.

"The god," he observed, "breaks out here nobly through the peasant's dress. I will tell you the story on which Poussin wrought, in a shape which you are not likely to have met with it before.

"The eyelids of Jupiter were closed, not in sleep, but inward contemplation. Suddenly his eagle fanned him with his broad wings, and screamed. He opened his eyes, and looked through the crystal floor of heaven at the worlds which were spread below as on a map. He saw mountains shaking down avalanches, and stormy seas, and plains covered with carnage, and palaces filled with crime. He beheld vast deserts tyrannised over by the lion and the serpent, cities where men were wronging and corrupting one another, and all the complication of good and evil. He saw that all was moving in obedience to general laws, and he was undisturbed. But he perceived the corpse of his servant, the Cyclops, on a mountain, and half shaded by the forest, half illuminated by the glare of the volcano. The breast and the forehead of the giant were transfixed by the avrows of ethereal fire. The deed had been done by the hand of Apollo, in revenge for the death of his son, whom Jupiter had slain with Cyclopean thunder-bolts.

"That evening, while the herdsmen and retainers of Admetus were in arms to protect the flocks and cattle of the chieftain against wild beasts and robbers, and were lighting their watch-fires on the Molossian hills, a youth suddenly appeared among them clad in a rustic dress, with a boar-spear in his hand, and a small stringed instrument slung over his shoulder, beside his bow and quiver. He said that he had lost his way, and would be glad to remain with them, provided they would furnish him with subsistence in return for his services in hunting, and tending cattle. They readily assented to this proposal; and he sat down beside a fire, with the glare of which the last rays of sunset were now mingling.

"The stranger was Apollo, exiled from the skies by Jupiter, and compelled to take refuge on earth. Fresh from divine converse, the God of Poetry yet knew how to temper himself to the humblest as well as the most exalted natures. Although his eyes were sometimes turned in momentary glances towards that occidental empire which was now saddening for its departed lord, his jest and roundelay, his narrative of achievements in love and war, and his tales of ghosts and enchanters were delightful to the ears of the peasants round him, and were received with loud applauses, which rang through all the hills, and started the wolf, low crouching in the distant brake. He touched his instrument, and sang of the fair nymphs of the youthful foresters whom they have chosen to live with them in the woods, and of the dogs baying round the thickets which concealed their master, or lying down to die on the verge of the fountain in which he had vanished. His voice then mounted swiftly and clearly towards the stars, and spread like a silver vapour across the valley; and the pause of silent gladness among his auditors was only interrupted by a faint echo of the last notes from the opposite crags and the bare mountain wall.

"The god lived on among the shepherds. In every hunting match he was a bold assistant; in every festival a mirthful companion; on the lonely hill-side a friend, and a sage prophet of the weather. To him was given the honour of laying at the feet of Admetus the head of the wild-boar and wolf, and the choicest portions of the slain stag; and the maidens, as they danced on the plain, sang of his

at the fountains, had their *quickest and softest looks* for him.

"The god comprehended all the thoughts of the mountaineers, excelled in all their arts, sympathized with all their sorrows, and delighted in all their enjoyments. He was filled with the spirit of poetry, which, in whatever region it may be thrown, and in whatsoever forms of being immersed, is itself knowledge and power.

"Now, Isabel, my story, if you choose to hear any more of it, leaves Apollo and the Molossians and returns into the skies. We have nothing more to do with that fine ruddy group so imbued with the divine light of antique beauty; and which looks as if it could anywhere have been conceived but in Ionia, or Grecian Sicily.

"Meanwhile the absence of the deity from the celestial palaces was lamented by their inmates; and Jupiter saw that a gloom had gathered on the faces of the Immortals. He was indignant that the presence of the criminal whom he had banished, should be thus important to his race, and he commanded Hermes to bring from earth some human visitant who might supply the place of the exile.

"The herald thought that, among the chosen companions of Apollo, he would be most likely to find a substitute for him; and the rough sandals of a Molossian peasant were soon treading on that crystal floor, into which jewels of all hues seem to have been melted; and his rude limbs, and weather-beaten features, appeared among those translucent forms. At first the peasant remained silent and trembling; but, when he had drunk of the mighty wine, he began to talk of flocks and fields, and to express contempt for Admetus, whom he compared in his thoughts to the radiant beings around him. He awoke, stupefied and staring, among his brethren on his native hills, and uttered broken ravings against his master, which were repaid by blows and curses.

"Hermes next introduced a lawyer, who had just reached his home triumphant, after gaining an important cause. His conversation was full of contemptuous jests and eager contradictions. He wrested the laws of the universe to prove that evil is good and good evil. Hermes, therefore, conducted him again to earth, and gave him, as a fee, an ample purse of gold. But when the lawyer attempted to use the coin, he was apprehended for passing money not recognised by the state, and put upon his trial. He made a long and brilliant speech, in which he described all that had occurred to him, not omitting to report his own conversation; and he so well convinced the judges, that the priests of Jupiter were authorised to appropriate the money which had come from heaven.

"The next candidate for the throne of Apollo was a soldier. He entered completely armed, as he had been found on his post. He looked with admiration at the helmet of Pallas, and the shield of Mars, and was dazzled by the resplendent beauty of the goddesses. But that presence and that banquet admitted not of repose, and for exertion there was no object. He sat, confused and silent, until the goblet did its office, and he sank into heavy slumber. When he recovered his consciousness, he felt the night wind on his brow, and was keeping ineffectual ward before the camp.

"An orator from the public assembly was then presented; and he, when he had tasted of the wine-cup, arose, laid his hand upon his breast, and discoursing in smooth rhetoric of himself and the deities, showed by much argument and many illustrations, that his most becoming demeanour towards them, would be one of modest humility. But before he had reached the peroration, he found himself addressing those assembled people, who were delighted at hearing those epithets applied to them which the speaker had designed for the gods.

"The orator was followed by a philosopher, who earnestly looked and listened, and seemed to meditate in what region of his system he should place his new associates. He gazed at all in turn, and asked some questions, from which it was evident that he considered each a mere abstraction, or pure expression of a

principle. When he had mastered, as he believed, the difficulties connected with these transcendent natures, he considered for some time, and then proceeded to explain the laws of refraction and reflection, by which the wondrous light that surrounded him might be accounted for. He enumerated what he supposed were the chemical ingredients of the nectar; assigned its musical character and name to the voice of each of the deities; and analysed the relation they bore to mortals, and that in which mortals stood to them. He was transferred to a blank nook of the universe where he might study all orders of existence, himself unconnected with any.

"Hermes, in despair, then set upon the throne a lovely child, whom he had conveyed from a valley where she was gathering flowers. The first drop of the immortal liquor which passed her lips, destroyed her life; and the messenger was commanded no longer to punish men by bringing them among the deities.

"But suddenly the eagle spread its wings and flew to earth, and perched upon a rock which overhung the sea. To the distant mariner the light that surrounded its beak and talons appeared a watch-fire or a meteor. The rock was beside the mouth of a deep cave, in which mused a poet; to the sound of winds and seas modulating his vast melodies, and revolving his orb'd thoughts.

"The poet looked upon the bird, and knew that it belonged to a kingdom whereof he was himself a rightful inhabitant. He laid his garland upon its head; his limbs quivered with a sudden lightness, and, side by side, they rose into the farthest skies. He placed himself upon the vacant throne as upon his natural seat, and the gods recognised in him the mortal who was worthy of celestial converse. He gazed with delighted but undazzled eyes on the forms of beauty and of power; for the art, which in him was impulse and intuition, made him comprehend and feel wherein was the glory and what the sanctity of those superhuman beings to whom he knew himself the destined equal."

LICHFIELD AND JOHNSON.

Visited the cathedral; the most rich in decoration without, and the most truly elegant within, of any in England; and kept in exemplary condition. The grand western front, profuse in images, exhibits a striking proof of the gorgeous effect of statuary as an architectural embellishment, and excites a deep regret for the general slaughter of these innocents at the Reformation. The choir, unusually large, occupying, with great propriety and good effect, nearly half the whole building; the stone screen to it, most richly and lightly carved. The Ascension, painted on glass, at the east window, behind the altar: a subject happily chosen (a point not always sufficiently consulted) for transparent effect. Two corresponding monuments, to Garrick and Johnson, on the east side of the north transept; severely simple; a plain tablet, surmounted by a bust, in a shallow niche. Johnson's countenance far more powerful in sculpture than Garrick's. The inscription on Johnson very tame and languid; describing him only as "a man of extensive learning, a distinguished moral writer, and a sincere Christian"—unquestionable truths, but feeble characteristics. The palace and gardens very unassuming. Reconnoitred, with much interest, Johnson's father's house—a large corner building, in the market-place, of white plaster; the projection of the first floor over the shop, supported by wooden pillars, and pilasters rising above to the roof; three stories high; apparently much in the same condition as it must have been when the old bookseller occupied it. Observed an inscription on a house, in a street leading from the south towards the cathedral, purporting that Lord Brooke was killed on the spot beneath, by a ball in the forehead, shot by a Mr Dyott from the principal tower of the cathedral, March 2, 1648, as his Lordship was besieging the close with the Parliament forces.—*Diary of a Lover of Literature.*

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

AKENSIDE.

(From the latest and most copious Life of him, by Mr. Bucke).

THE features of Akenside were expressive and manly in a very high degree; but his complexion was pale, and his deportment solemn. He dressed, too, in a very precise manner; and wore a powdered wig in stiff curl. In respect to disposition, he is said to have been irritable, and to have had little restraint upon his temper before strangers; with whom he was precise and ceremonious, stiff, and occasionally sententious and dictatorial.

He had no taste for humour; had little patience in respect to jests; and having no wit himself, could ill-brook the coarse wit of others; and was, moreover, of Lord Waldegrave's opinion, that a true gentleman never jests. Yet he was himself a satirist, and had no mean talent that way, as many of his poems testify.*

The Hon. GEORGE HARDINGE says in his letter to Mr Nichols, that Akenside's "great powers, besides the talent for poetry, were those of elegant reasoning, historical knowledge, and philosophical taste, enlivened by the happiest and most brilliant allusions."—"He had, too, a most astonishing memory, and a most luminous application of it."

Sir JOHN HAWKINS says of his conversation, that it was of the most delightful kind; learned, instructive, and without any affectation of wit; cheerful and highly entertaining; and he gives an account of a dinner party, which he enjoyed with him, Mr Dyson, and another friend, at Putney; when the poet, surrounded by his friends, and enjoying their society in the enlivening sunshine of a summer's day, seemed to feel a joy, that he lived; and in consequence poured out his gratulations and thanksgiving to the great dispenser of all felicity, in words which Plato might have uttered on a similar occasion.

Yet he was not always agreeable in conversation. He had a high sense of his own merits; and when persons of an inferior cast presumed upon their ignorance, or want of good breeding, to intrude their observations too unceremoniously, Akenside seldom denied himself the satisfaction of chastising their presumption by the adoption of a manner, perhaps too severe, satirical, and splenetic. But in the society of those mild and gentle spirits, who admired his genius and respected his virtues, he was mildness itself.

His memory was at once discriminative and comprehensive. He retained all the riches of art, science, and history, legislation, poetry, and philosophy; and these he would draw out and embody to suit the occasion required, in a manner not more wonderful to those who were partially informed, than delightful to those who could follow his track, and continue with him to the end.

Yet he is said to have, in general, wanted gaiety of heart in society. He was naturally of a cheerful temper; but his cheerfulness was accompanied by a mellowness of feeling, which sometimes relapsed into melancholy. Not that corrosive melancholy, however, which unstrings the mind, and renders it incapable of life and action; but of that sweet and delightful nature, which Dyer has so beautifully characterized in his 'Ruins of Rome.'

"There is a mood

(I sing not to the vacant or the young),
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul and points her to the skies."

* A man may be a satirist, and yet have no talent for conversational jest. As to the remark attributed to Akenside, that "no true gentlemen ever jests," we hope it is a mistake of tradition, and that he never made it. Such observations merely mean, that a man has no talent for what he deprecates. Swift said that nobody ever affected to despise even punning, who could make a good pun himself.—Ed.

PORTRAIT OF MOHAMMED.

! Mohammed was of a middle stature, and ruddy complexion. He had a large head, and a thick bushy beard. The palms of his hands and soles of his feet were rough and strong. He had large black eyes, and smooth lank hair of the same colour. His bones were big and solid, the turn of his jaws agreeable, even, and well proportioned, and his neck, according to Ali's description, resembled a silver river. Though he was sixty-three lunar, or about sixty-one solar years old at his death, scarce any grey hairs, or others signs of age, appeared upon him. He was corpulent, had a clear fair skin, and large, though regular, features. He had round full cheeks, an extended prominent forehead, and long smooth eye-brows, that mutually approached each other, but did not intirely meet; between which there appeared a vein, whose pulse was quicker and higher than usual, when he was angry. He had an aquiline nose, a large wide mouth, and the upper fore teeth placed at some distance from one another. All his teeth were bright, pointed like a saw, and ranged in a beautiful order. When he laughed, he discovered them, and they appeared then like hail-stones, or little white pearls. Even his laughter itself was full of majesty, and when he smiled, he contracted his mouth in a very agreeable manner. On his lower lip he had a little black spot, or excrescence, that did not appear at all unseemly, but rather gave an additional grace to his countenance: he had a good ear, and a fine sonorous voice: he was well furnished with hair, which partly fell in ringlets about his ears, and partly hung down strait between his shoulders. To this, by the application of alenna, or Cyprus indigo, and the herb al catam, he gave a reddish shining colour, in which he is imitated by the Scenite Arabs at this day. Every Thursday night he shaved himself, and pared his nails. As no prophet's head, according to a maxim in the Sonna, was ever white, the hair being by the Moslems supposed to receive that colour from Satan, he had very few white or grey hairs at his death: he had a free open air, a majestic port, and a very engaging address.—*Modern Universal History.*

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXI.—BEAU WILSON. A PUZZLE FOR CONJECTURE.

[FROM 'Granger's Biographical History of England,' vol. vi, p. 25, Granger seems to intimate, in a note, that the Duchess of Cleveland, who had been mistress to Charles the Second, was the possible source of Wilson's splendour; but she could have hardly been rich enough. The probability is, we think, that he was in possession of some secret of state. The "Mr Law," with whom he fought the duel, was (if our memory does not deceive us) the famous Law (of Lauriston), who afterwards made so much noise in France, as a financial speculator, and who was ancestor of the Count de Lauriston, one of Bonaparte's generals.]

THIS very mysterious person was the younger brother of a respectable family, and having, through friends, procured a commission in the army, went to serve in Flanders; where he had not long continued, before he was broke for cowardice, and became so reduced in circumstances, as to accept forty shillings from a friend, to pay his passage back to England. There, within a short time after his arrival, he appeared, to the astonishment of the public, the brightest star in the hemisphere; his coaches, saddle, hunting, and race horses, equipage, dress, and table, were the admiration of the world, and continued so while they saw him maintain such profuse expense, without any visible means to support his glory. He never played, or but inconsiderably, entertained with profuseness all who visited him, drank himself liberally: but at all hours, as well sober as otherwise, he kept a strict guard upon his words; though several were either employed by the curiosity

of others, or their own, to take him at his looser moments, and persuade him to reveal his secret: but he so inviolably preserved it, that even their guesses were quite at random, and without probability or foundation. He was not known to be an admirer of ladies; and what added to the surprise was, that he was at all times to be found, and ever with some of his own people, seemingly open in conversation, free from spleen or chagrin; in a word, he had that settled air, as if he were assured his good fortune would continue for ever. One of his friends advised him to purchase an estate while he had money: Mr Wilson thanked him, but said, he did not forget the future in the present: he was obliged to him for his counsel, but whilst he lived, it would be ever thus, for he was always certain to be master of such a sum of money. This more and more confounded the world, for if they would say he derived his good fortune from the ladies, there was scarce any rich enough to support him, neither did he bestow any of his time unaccounted for; and it was not to be believed the fair sex would not exact attention and service for their money, especially for such considerable sums. Those who pretended to guess better, had recourse to chemistry, and said he had found the *grand secret*, and was master of that invaluable *transmuting-stone*, or powder, which could convert meaner metals into gold. Some blasted his reputation with the report, that he must once have robbed a Holland mail of a considerable quantity of rough diamonds; though another person suffered for the offence, denying the fact to the last. Others would have it, that the Jews kept him, with many other idle and ridiculous reports, which were circulated concerning him, until the time he was found killed, going to fight a duel with a Mr Law, who it is reported ran him through the body, before he could draw his sword in his own defence. Mr Wilson lived in unabated splendour to the last, and the mystery rather augmented than diminished, when a very inconsiderable sum of money being all that could be found after his death, left the world to conjecture from what source or funds he had derived means to support his state and magnificence.

LOVE.

"Was it not you, Guido, who were telling me of a young maiden, whose lover, in some sudden passion of jealousy or despair, had taken the vows at La Trappe, and who, disguising her sex, followed him to his gloomy retreat, wore the habit, observed the ordinances of that mournful body, and preserved her secret till death? Of all the many instances of woman's strong and enduring affection, none ever produced upon me an impression so forcible. Think of a young, beautiful, and delicately nurtured female, giving up, not only the world, with its vanities and its pleasures, but all comfort, all companionship, all feminine employment, not denied to a nun of the strictest order. She renounced them all to live in seclusion, silence, and perpetual dread; for what but a cruel death could have awaited her had her secret been discovered, save when dying? And this melancholy, this isolated existence was dragged on unsupported by any hope, for no change of circumstance could affect her position, and unsoothed by the thought that her great devotion was held precious by him for whom it was exercised. Not one of the ordinary motives—the vanity or the selfishness which people call by the name of love—actuated her through this long trial. She had everything to fear, and nothing to expect. What creation of the poet ever exceeded this terrible reality of love sepulchred in this living tomb! I often marvel to myself what were her feelings when a shadow fell across the path, and she looked upon one of those shrouded and flitting shapes, and dared not ask if the cowl hid the face which she most desired to see!—and yet this went on for years!" "Enough, my sister!" exclaimed Guido. "I do not like to think of it. What is this story but another instance of the cruel fate whose iron rule is over our world? The love wasted in this pitiless cloister would have made the happiness of a life."—*Francesca Carrara.*—[But she was with him.]

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XVIII.—HENRY IV.

IF Shakspeare's fondness for the ludicrous sometimes led to faults in his tragedies (which was not often the case) he has made us amends by the character of Falstaff. This is perhaps the most substantial comic character that ever was invented. Sir John carries a most portly presence in the mind's eye; and in him, not to speak it profanely, "we behold the fulness of the spirit of wit and humour bodily." We are as well acquainted with his person as his mind, and his jokes come upon us with double force and relish from the quantity of flesh through which they make their way, as he shakes his fat sides with laughter, or "lards the lean earth as he walks along." Other comic characters seem, if we approach and handle them, to resolve themselves into air, "into thin air;" but this is embodied and palpable to the grossest apprehension: it lies "three fingers deep upon the ribs," it plays about the lungs and the diaphragm with all the force of animal enjoyment. His body is like a good estate to his mind, from which he receives rents and revenues of profit and pleasure in kind, according to its extent, and the richness of the soil. Wit is often a meagre substitute for pleasurable sensation; an effusion of spleen and petty spite at the comforts of others, from feeling none in itself. Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberance of good-humour and good-nature; an overflowing of his love and laughter, and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character, if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes, as he would a capon, or a haunch of venison, where there is *cut and come again*; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupify his other faculties, but "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull, crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated descriptions which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking, but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack with only one halfpennyworth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, &c. and yet we are not offended but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view than we should think of bringing an excellent

comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police officers. We only consider the number of pleasant lights in which he puts certain foibles (the more pleasant as they are opposed to the received rules and necessary restraints of society) and do not trouble ourselves about the consequences resulting from them, for no mischievous consequences do result. Sir John is old as well as fat, which gives a melancholy retrospective tinge to the character; and by the disparity between his inclinations and his capacity for enjoyment, makes it still more ludicrous and fantastical.

The secret of Falstaff's wit is for the most part a masterly presence of mind, an absolute self-possession, which nothing can disturb. His repartees are involuntary suggestions of his self-love; instinctive evasions of everything that threatens to interrupt the career of his triumphant jollity and self-complacency. His very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits; and he turns round on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion and at a moment's warning. His natural repugnance to every unpleasant thought or circumstance of itself makes light of objections, and provokes the most extravagant and licentious answers in his own justification. His indifference to truth puts no check upon his invention, and the more improbable and unexpected his contrivances are, the more happily does he seem to be delivered of them, the anticipation of their effect acting as a stimulus to the gaiety of his fancy. The success of one adventurous sally gives him spirits to undertake another: he deals always in round numbers, and his exaggerations and excuses are "open, palpable, monstrous as the father that begets them." His dissolute carelessness of what he says discovers itself in the first dialogue with the Prince.

"FALSTAFF. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad; and is not mine hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?"

P. HENRY. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of duranee?"

FALSTAFF. How now, how now, mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. HENRY. Why what a pox have I to do with mine hostess of the tavern?"

In the same scene he afterwards affects melancholy, from pure satisfaction of heart, and professes reform, because it is the farthest thing in the world from his thoughts. He has no qualms of conscience, and therefore would as soon talk of them as of anything else when the humour takes him.

"FALSTAFF. But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talked very wisely, and in the street too.

P. HENRY. Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it.

FALSTAFF. Oh, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now I am; if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over, by the lord! an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. HENRY. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

FALSTAFF. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. HENRY. I see good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation."

Of the other prominent passages, his account of his pretended resistance to the robbers, "who grew

from four men in buckram into eleven" as the imagination of his own valour increased with his relating it, his getting off when the truth is discovered by pretending he knew the Prince, the scene in which in the person of the old king he lectures the prince and gives himself a good character, the soliloquy on honour, and description of his new-raised recruits, his meeting with the chief justice, his abuse of the Prince and Poins, who overhear him, to Doll Tearsheet, his reconciliation with Mrs Quickly who has arrested him for an old debt, and whom he persuades to pawn her plate to lend him ten pounds more, and the scenes with Shallow and Silence, are all inimitable. Of all of them, the scene in which Falstaff plays the part, first, of the King, and then of Prince Henry, is the one that has been the most often quoted. We must quote it once more in illustration of our remarks:

"FALSTAFF. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a miſher, and eat blackberries? A question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question not to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. HENRY. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I do remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. HENRY. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FALSTAFF. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. HENRY. Well, here I am set.

FALSTAFF. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. HENRY. Now, Harry, whence come you?

FALSTAFF. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. HENRY. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. HENRY. Swearst thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of a man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein vil-

lanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FALSTAFF. I would your grace would take me with you; whom means your grace?

P. HENRY. That villainous, abominable mis-leader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FALSTAFF. My lord, the man I know.

P. HENRY. I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness it; but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharoah's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. HENRY. I do, I will.

[Knocking; and Hostess and Bardolph go out.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

BARDOLPH. Oh, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

FALSTAFF. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff."

To be continued.

WILSON, CHARLES LAMB, PEACOCK,

AUTHOR OF 'MELINCOURT,' ORIGIN OF FALSTAFF.

(From the 'Confessions of a Bashful Irishman.')

"As a poetic landscape painter," replied Singong, "Wilson is unrivalled. What a fairy land has he made of Windermere and its little bay! I wonder the elfs and sylphs of the lake country have never yet got up a public meeting by moonlight, under the shadow of Helvellyn (the Spirit of 'Lodore' in the chair), and presented to him the freedom of the Lakes in a handsome snuff-box, made of Queen Mab's agate stone!" But not only is Wilson a poet, he is remarkable, also, for a rich, fantastic vein of humour, which—

"Your mention of humour," said Donovan, "brings to my recollection two books which I lately abstracted from a friend's library, who is rather particular in these matters—"

"God bless me!" rejoined Singong, "I have lately missed several volumes myself. Have you—"

"Sir, your inference is most disrespectful; the books I allude to are 'Eliu,' and 'Melincourt.' What Wilson is to the Lakes, Lamb is to London. Then who feels a snug, social rubber like him? I should detest whist, if it were not for dear, delightful Mrs Battle, whose gentle shade seems mildly to expostulate with me on my heterodoxy. As for 'Melincourt,' its Island of Cimmerian gloom is an allegory worthy of Rabelais."

"You speak of Rabelais. I am just fresh from an acquaintance with that elastic rogue Panurge, and cannot for the life of me help thinking that he is the original Falstaff."

"That is an odd erotchet; but go on. I love a bouncing absurdity."

"The two characters," continued Singong, "have so much in common, such peculiar ingenuity in lying, such endless jokes on, and fantastic extenuations of, their physical defects; such rich, quaint, ever-swelling humour, glossing over, and even lending grace to their preposterous cowardice—such amusing profligacy—such outrageous faculties of buffoonery—such readiness at contrivance—such incredible powers of face and bluster—to say nothing of a hundred other traits, equally far-fetched, yet congenial, that the resemblance could scarcely have been the result of a lucky chance. Falstaff is Panurge plumped out. Panurge is Falstaff fallen away. Panurge with Pantagruel plays the same part as Falstaff with Prince Hal. Panurge in the storm at sea, is the counterpart of Falstaff at Sherwood!

bury. Both hold discretion to be the better part of valour; both have no other idea of life than as a tipsy jest; both are self-catechists on honour; both have their Doll Tearsheet; both the same accommodating theory of debt. Again——"

"But how came Shakspeare acquainted with Rabelais?" asked Donovan.

"How? Why when Shakspeare wrote, Rabelais was the one great man on the continent; and as Lord Bacon had already made him the theme of panegyric; and two of his most prominent characters were, our Lord Chancellor Moor, and Luther, the founder of our Protestant revolution, his fame could scarcely have been a stranger to Englishmen; certainly not to such an active, inquisitive spirit as Shakspeare, who passed much of his time in the better educated circles of the court. Now, our swan of Avon, we all know, was never very scrupulous about the means by which he gained plots and characters for his plays—as he has proved by his profuse pilferings from the old Italian novels—and I think it far from improbable that he had met with some garbled translation of Rabelais, and finding the dramatic capabilities of Panurge, had dressed up the rogue afresh, made him, by way of contrast, a miracle of obesity, and baptised him Falstaff."

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Somerset House.

INDEPENDENTLY of sculpture, there are about a thousand pictures hanging on the walls of the Royal Academy's rooms! Among so many, the eye is either confused or baffled, and recognizes nothing but a chaos of uncomprehending groups and compositions; or, slightly glancing at the many, rests on the more prominent as stepping stones by which to command the whole—such has been our plan, and accordingly must we write. Many, even, that we have marked in our catalogue, must yield to the unseen tyrants, Space and Time, and relapse into the chequered ranks of those whom our notice makes not illustrious or infamous! The better to digest the feast, at Somerset House, we devoured but moderately, and confined ourselves to the Great Room; but alas! that contains no fewer than two hundred pictures, and some among them of which more might be said and written than we may now attempt.

The Exhibition, generally, appears to us, from the very slight glance we cast round the other rooms, one of the best we have seen in the Strand, though some of our chief painters have contributed fewer pictures. Turner and Stanfield do not seem at their best; Hilton, we know, has been ill, and does not, this year, so vigorously support the highest branch of the art. But, undoubtedly, the pictures are, for the major part, either for their subject, the treatment, or the mechanical execution, possessed of much interest. 1. 'Genoese Coast, near Ricco' (18), by Callcott, is a most fervid and splendid picture; the golden light of the setting sun is a soft and luscious fluid, which, flowing over every object, seems to steep it in sweetness and pleasure; the colours are bright and glowing, but so perfect in harmony, so transparent, and so true to nature, that all is free from glare, all is calm and mellow. Nowhere is the sun seen in richer or more beautiful condition than in the genial but clear climate of Genoa; and this picture does perfect justice to the scene. 'Keelmen heaving in Coals by Night' (24) by Turner, is, as usual, powerful, and to a degree true to nature; but it is also false; where have we seen so bright a moonlight, such bright remains of delight, and such doubtful shadows, all huddled together, one part of the scene giving the other the lie. We always think, when we are before Turner's pictures, how finely this man can paint "that which is not!" what a pity he will not paint "that which is!" 'Preparing for a Fancy-dress Ball' (14), a couple of portraits by Etty, is well painted, but wants ease and nature. We are glad, however, to see him turn his abilities into a channel acknowledgedly more profitable than others are apt to be, and we heartily wish him success in it. 'Study of

the Head of a Youth' (88), is a very pleasant picture by the same artist, forcible, lively, and agreeable; but why will he paint his half tints and shadows so black? There is a picture in the next room, 'A Woman in a Pearl Boat,' (of which more by and by,) not painted intirely in this style; the girl's face is so, but her body is not, and we ask the artist himself, if it is not his best bit of colour in the rooms? 64, 'Christopher Columbus explaining the project of his intended Voyage for the Discovery of the New World, in the Convent of La Rabida,' by Wilkie, is certainly a remarkable picture, clearly and powerfully painted; well conceived and well expressed. The lurking approbation in the face of the accomplished physician, and the incipient comprehension of the friar, are excellent. The tried and unconscious look of the young boy is a happy contrast to the absorbing interest of the older people. Columbus is a fine, dignified, and intellectual man,—benign but powerful; we would only object that he appears rather to be deliberating than explaining. And why Pinjou's future treachery should have induced Mr Wilkie to make him so very like Retsch's Mephistophiles in the contract scene, we cannot imagine. He might have had a treachery lurking among the lines of his physiognomy, without exhibiting it so melo-dramatically and superfluously, handling his telescope as a stage-pirate would his weapon. 74, 'The Bright Stone of Honour (Ehrenbreitstein), and Tomb of Marceau, from Byron's Childe Harold' is one of Turner's incongruities, a misty visionary distance behind a fore-ground of gems and metals;—such, indeed, are the materials of which the picture should seem to be composed. 88, 'The first Ear-ring' has not the nature and expression that Wilkie generally puts in his scenes from common life. Leslie's 'Columbus and the Egg' (89), does not contain any very deep and lively expression; and though there is much bustle, there is little variety in the feeling of the spectators; it is all superficial. We could not but think of Hogarth's treatment of the same subject, and the head-noddings, the "Ah's," the expressive silence of the different personages, and the stand-still to which they are all brought, in that very unpretending but most profound design. 94, 'Venus and her Satellites,' is an assemblage of gamesome young ladies, among whom it is somewhat difficult to discover who is Venus or who is not. We at last suppose her who occupies the middle to be the Goddess, for painters have adopted Venetian etiquette, in making that the post of honour. There is a certain superfluity of body made apparent in Mr Etty's female groups, and so total an absence of soul, that they are anything but gratifying to our feelings. A naked figure is a most beautiful and respectable sight if the soul be naked too, and it "knows not that it is naked;" but if it takes its nakedness for its best merit, we are apt to resent being forced to consider such very equivocal claims upon admiration. In a finely designed naked figure, be it male or female, we derive our gratification, from being presented with a more thorough view of the harmony and beauty of our structure, and with seeing the feelings of the mind illustrated in every turn and action of the limbs it moves; we see our nature too, reduced to its original and elementary state, and our pride is pleased to find how well we do without the tailor, whom we have sometimes thought a greater artist than Nature; being divested of factitious and transitory investiture, human nature takes its proper place among the elements of the universe, and our ideas of man are enlarged and ennobled by associating him with greater and more lasting and perfect things, than the accidents and quaint fashions among which his weakness makes it convenient for him to live. Clothing was not an original necessity; and if the mind were in its pristine purity, it were not so now. This should be the painter's guide; if the subject of a picture be of too simple and early a period to need clothing, if it be simple in its nature, single-minded, and of a far-timed and elementary condition, the want of clothing will never be felt. If, too, in subjects nearer to our own times and habits, it be clothed in modesty and innocence, it may be pardoned;—but that is doubtful ground. But when the covering is wantonly laid aside, we are only sensible that our habits, our

weaknesses, and some of our best feelings are outraged; and while we resent the violence, our resentment urges us to be suspicious of the motive. In Mr Etty's picture, (which we have perhaps rather hypercritically made the occasion of our strictures,) contains much bright colour, much beauty, skillfully executed. 101, 'Approach to Verona, from the Tyrol,' by Callcott, is very beautiful, but a little tame. 105, 'The last in,' a group of dilatory scholars coming into school, is full of feeling, pathetic as well as comic. The thin, harassed, care-worn, irritable teacher, making that sarcastic bow to the unhappy loiterer, is painfully real; a type of poverty and disappointment, venting its unconscious spleen in clouding the sunny times of its incongruous workmaster. 118, 'Portrait of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, in the dress worn by his Grace in active service,' D. Wilkie, conveys the idea of a taller man than the Great Commander, who, if we mistake not, shares the fate usual to his class, of being something below the middle height. 114, 'Italian scene in the year of the Jubilee,' &c., C. L. Eastlake, is clever and carefully studied, but tame and mannered. We have been told that a cotemporary artist has said of it that the flesh looked as if it were painted with raspberry cream; it could not have been better described. Eastlake has fallen into mannerism, which deadens his faculties; for he really has more than one may find in his later pictures. 127, 'Sancho Panza in the days of his youth,' by Wilkie, has not much in it. 'Fairy, the property of Mrs E. Lytton Bulwer,' (190) could only have been painted by Landseer; those liquid eyes, those moving lips, and funny, sensitive nose, could not have owned another hand. But it is not among the painter's best things; the ears do not look to us quite in keeping with the rest; one must retreat farther off than suits the features, to see them in the proper way, because they are not so highly finished, and thus the latter must be indistinct, or, if near enough to see them distinctly, the execution of the ears is too apparent. 152, 'Tiger-hunting in India,' is one of Daniell's stirring scenes; one of the glimpses he gives of life in that interesting region, with more of feeling and vividness than any artist. 155, 'Venice, from the Porch of Madonna della Salute,' is a most extraordinary clutter of odd and unreal appearances;—the water is like glass; the boats like toys (not touching it either), and the church like a card model. Mr Farner must have painted in the dark, or with his eyes shut. 167, 'A Scene in the Grampians—the Drover's Departure,' E. Landseer, is perhaps the most remarkable picture that has ever hung on the walls of the Academy. Some years back, when we revisited the Academy for the first time since childhood, we thought we saw in Landseer's pictures more solid stuff than we had ever found in native productions; a greater truth; a more thorough comprehension of the objects of nature; a more thorough command over the material. The study and learning were abundant, but there was a total absence of effort. The pictures that year, if we mistake not, were 'Highlanders Deer-stalking,' and three other small pictures on the same sort of subject. Subsequently, the 'Hawking Scene,' with the bold, daring action of the birds, brought as the spectator is to be a witness to their struggles in mid air, with the expression of the oppressed heron, the clinging heartless pertinacity of the rapacious hawk; the Hogarthian depth and variety (only well drawn) of the 'Jack in Office,' and the noble 'Bolton Abbey,' in which all the requisites of a good picture,—colour, drawing, and (oh rare!) expression,—seemed in perfection; in which the beasts, birds, and fishes, and man himself, owned a master's hand, nothing being unsubject to it;—all these things showed a progress in power, and a sustinment of impulse and original feeling such as had never, we think, been manifested by one of our own school. He is the first who has thoroughly mastered his art, who has passed his apprenticeship; one who not merely wishes—whose aspirations outgo his execution; but who can do that which he intends. He has devoted all his soul to nature, has imbued every particular feeling of his mind with her own, and she has rewarded her faithful servant, by giving him the mastery over herself;—he

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TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

PLEASURE, PAIN, AND KNOWLEDGE.

"PLEASURE, pain, and knowledge!" echoes the Reader;—"what a vast subject! Why, it includes all that you, Mr London Journalist, or anyone else, ever write about!"

True; and far be it from us to attempt cramming such an universe of a subject into the nutshell of an "article." We only propose to give two specimens of the enjoyment of a pleasure, and the endurance of a pain, in the instance of the one and the same individual, for the purpose of showing how truly the two things accord, when both are genuine, and to what useful account such a man may turn every piece of knowledge he acquires. Nor is the instance Roman or Grecian, or of the possessor of any illustrious or public name,—personages whose business it appears to be heroic, and to furnish illustrations for school-themes, and whom, secretly (owing, perhaps, to the formality and tiresomeness of those themes) one feels too often inclined to leave to the practice and glory of their virtues as things ancient and foreign to us, like their garments, or fit only to be immortalized in stone,—petrifications of ambitious ethics,—not flesh and blood, or next door neighbours,—stars for the sky, not things of household warmth and comfort,—not feasible virtues,—or if feasible, rendered alien somehow by distance and strangeness, and perhaps accompanied by vices which we are hardly sorry to meet with, and which our envy (and something better) converts into reconcilements of their virtue;—as when we hear, for example, that old Cato drank, or Phocion said an aristocratical thing on the "hustings," or Numa (as a Frenchman would say) visited a pretty girl "of afternoons,"—Ma'amselle Egerie,—who, he pretended to the world, was a goddess, and an oracle, and gave him thoughts on legislation. And so, of the professed men of pleasure in the ancient world, or indeed of professed men of pleasure at any time (for their science makes them remote and peculiar, and a sort of body apart, —*excessively Free Masons*) we do not think ourselves bound to resemble them. Their example is not pernicious, much less of any use for the attainment of actual pleasure. Who thinks of imitating the vices of Caesar or Alexander, out of an ambition of universality? (what a preposterous sop would he be!) or of stopping to drink and carouse when he ought to be moving onward, because Hannibal did it? or of being a rake, because Alcibiades had a reputation of that sort (unless, perhaps, some one of our lively ultra-classical neighbours, whose father has indiscreetly christened him *Alcibiade*, and who studies Greek beauty in a ballet)? We do not think of imitating men in Greek helmets or the Roman toga. Their example is only for school-exercises, or to be brought forward in the speech of some virgin orator. We must have heroism in a hat and boots, and good fellowship at a modern table. It is our every day names, Smith, Jones, and Robinson, that must be instanced for an example which we can thoroughly feel. Has Thomson done a handsome action? Everybody cries, "What a good fellow is Thomson!" and glows

to be like him. Is a living man of wit effeminate and a luxurious liver? The example becomes perilous. It is no remote infection, no "Plague of Athens." The disease is next door,—a pestilence that loungeth at noon,—a dandy cholera.

Nobody cares much for Poetus and Arris, and the fine example they set. Those Romans seem bound to have set them, for the benefit of the "Selectæ e Profanis," and the publications of Mr Valpy. Lucretia sits "alone in her glory," a kind of suicide statue,—too hard of example to be followed. We cannot think, somehow, that she felt much, except as a personage who should one day be in the classical dictionaries. And Portia's appears an odd and unfeeling taste, who swallowed "burning coals," instead of having a proper womanly faint, and taking a glass of water.

But tell us of "Mrs Corbet" (celebrated by Pope), who heroically endured the cancer that killed her, and we understand the thing. Recount us a common surgical case of a man who has his leg cut off without wincing; and being no farther than St Bartholomew's Hospital, it comes home to us. Tell us what a good fellow Thomson the poet was, or how Quin took him out of a spunging-house with a hundred pounds, or how Johnson "loved to dine," or Cowper to solace his grief with flowers and verses, and we all comprehend the matter perfectly, and are incited to do likewise.

We shall make no apology, therefore, to our Readers, nor to the friend himself of whose powers of enjoyment and endurance we are about to give them a taste, for laying before them the substance of two letters which we have lately received from the same individual, one of the best of good fellows, who would fain enjoy this beautiful creation to the utmost, and have it enjoyed by others. He need not fear, however, that we shall often steal this kind of march upon him, for such pleasures and pains (at least the latter) do not occur every day, and the former concerns the LONDON JOURNAL; for which reason we quote it here, to show in what sort of spirit of enjoyment we would have our paper read by every body if possible (and in sight of other persons' grounds, if they have none of their own), and for the purpose of exhibiting with greater force the pangs, and the endurance of them which follow.

In January last we had the pleasure of receiving, from this friend, a letter containing the following passage. Speaking of the JOURNAL, he says:—

"I never fail to read it every Sunday morning in my library, the windows of which overlook a lawn and shrubbery, with a fine grass field adjoining, and having a full view of the banks of a rivulet running along the boundary of my grounds, which are high and beautifully wooded; and commanding besides, over the tops of the fine trees, a more distant view of the high lands of G—, the outline of which is agreeably broken by the spire of a country church, which stands upon the very summit. I describe the locality because it accords so well with 'the spirit of the book,' and because I hope, that if things go on prosperously with you, you may be induced, at no very distant period, to pay a visit to your friends in the north, and to make my house your home."

This house we have never yet seen; but from what we have experienced with our friend in another, we know it must be the abode of all good and

hospitable things, and of that rational fair play between enjoyment and the earning of it, which seems to secure a good-hearted man from the chances of any very extraordinary suffering (except what the loss of those he loves might create), and especially of physical suffering, and the pangs of wounds and positive bodily carving. Yet such pangs, not long after the inditing of this luxurious passage, was our friend doomed to undergo; and undergo them he did, as well as if he had been bred up to nothing but endurance. This comes of mixing up intellect with one's pleasures,—of getting part of one's luxuries, O candid Reader! out of LONDON JOURNALS and PRINTING MACHINES. The other day our friend was standing bathing himself from head to foot, with one leg raised at a little distance from the ground, and immersed in a vessel of water, the bottom of which was of earthen-ware. Whether the vessel had been cracked since he last used it, or he pressed harder than usual, evidence sheweth not; but on a sudden, sharply goes his leg through the splitting and cutting earthenware; horribly follows his hand and arm (he being thrown off his balance); and in an instant, arteries were divided, bones laid bare, lumps of the living flesh laid upon the floor; and the man, who has just been enjoying the happy feeling of luxurious cleanliness, was leaning over his torment, in bleeding and burning astonishment.

"I recovered myself, however (says he), in a moment, withdrew my leg and arm from this horrible trap, and instantly perceived that it was only by promptitude that I could possibly save my life. The blood was flowing in a most frightful manner, particularly from the leg, in which three arteries were divided. I got hold of the bell-rope, and rang until the servants appeared. I despatched one to N—, a distance of two miles, for my surgeon, and directed the others to bring some silk handkerchiefs; with which, under my direction, they formed ligatures for the leg and arm. Fortunately I had some anatomical knowledge, and knew precisely where to put the ligatures; and I soon had the satisfaction of perceiving that they had answered the desired purpose, the flow of blood having, in a great measure, ceased. All this was accomplished in about five minutes, and during that time I lost about six quarts of blood. I then got the servants to assist me into bed, where I lay patiently until the surgeon arrived, which was in about an hour. He found the 'tendon Achilles' laid bare to the extent of about four inches, and four small pieces jagged out of it, but it was not cut through. The shin-bone was laid bare for about three inches, and part of the bone scraped off. By a slanting cut upwards, the calf of the leg was completely detached from the bone; and the joints of three of the toes were laid bare. So much for the leg. As to the other unfortunate limb, the joints of three fingers were laid bare, a good large piece of flesh completely cut away, and lying upon the floor, and there were two or three other deep cuts in it."

Our friend, being a reader of philosophy, made up his mind that it was proper for him to practise a bit of it; and so he resolved not to stir an inch, or to utter a groan, while the surgeon was sewing up his wounds and securing his arteries. And he kept his determination. Let the Reader imagine the horrible jagged wounds, caused by such blunt, blind, un-

weapon-like weapons as *crockery*!—the torn and pulled-away flesh,—the bare, bone-scraped skin, part of the bone itself scraped away,—the whole body smarting and burning, as it always seems to do, when any part of it is in such suffering; and then the weakness occasioned by the loss of blood, enough to make the patient more sensitive, though not enough to throw a “manly man” into a swoon and forgetfulness;—and he will honour the courage of our friend, and see why we make public this specimen of the use of *knowledge and fortitude*, and of the spirit in which true Readers enter into the pleasure of London Journalism;—of which more anon; for we are not going to give up the credit of that matter, or to lose the opportunity of trumpeting or inculcating it. Here, we see, was no effeminacy and whining—no fuss-making—not even the movement of a limb, to throw out the nice hand of the surgeon, and do dishonour to his skill. Our friend, being a man of true pleasure, is a man of true patience; enjoys himself because he is a man; endures himself because he is a man; and gets knowledge as he goes, in order that he may enjoy and endure in the best manner. [And as his “useful knowledge” (more immediately so called) enabled him to anticipate the first proceedings of the surgeon, and probably to save his very life; so the other utility of his pleasurable knowledge, his London Journalism, and his love of the fields and trees, assisted him in gracing his knowledge, and superinducing upon it the beauty of patience, and of making the best of things.

Well, he writes to us on the 17th of May, and says he has been laid up since the 4th of January, during all which time he has been little out of his bed. He has now gone to another place for the benefit of the warm bath and the waters, and expects to be quite well again in a month, but is restricted from undergoing any mental exertion, even the writing of a letter: which order he breaks through, for the purpose of answering that of a friend.

“Now, my dear fellow,” concludes he, “had I got half such a carving from some confounded French ‘Captain Sword’ at the battle of Waterloo, I should have gained great honour and glory, and a pension to boot; but having had my limbs cut into cat’s-meat by so inglorious a machine, I get, of course, neither the glory nor the pension. This I consider very savage of destiny; but I cannot help it. The JOURNAL has been a great comfort to me during my confinement.” * * *

And so he ends, with more of his usual kindness. We like to think of our JOURNAL lying on his bed, like a beam through his shutters, or a flower brought him by some fairer friend; and we would fain have it lie on every suffering bed throughout the kingdom; not merely because it would be good for ourselves (or how should we be able to write it? how gather grapes from such mercenary thorns, or figs from such thistles?), but because we might do something towards diminishing pain in general, and inducing a habit of kindly fortitude.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

WILKIE, AUTHOR OF THE ‘EPICURIAD.’

[We extract this account from Anderson’s life of him, certainly not because Wilkie is any longer to be considered an eminent man, though he was once thought such, and his poem praised by Hume as “an ornament to the language.” His poem has gone to oblivion among other cantos of classical commonplace; and he himself remains only, to curious readers, as an eccentric individual, acute probably in his understanding though preposterous in some of his habits, and perhaps overvalued by his contemporaries partly on that account; for rationality is sometimes set off by what is irrational, out of the mere force of contrast. However, it is impossible to say what intellectual phenomena may not appear in this wonderful world, even in the shape of haters of clean sheets and parsimonious poets! and a man who obtained the admiration of such acquaintances as

Wallace and Smith, could not have been a common one.]

In his public capacity as a preacher, says Mr Robertson, (minister of Ratho,) he was rather original and ingenious than eloquent; and, though he never pursued the ordinary acts of popularity, never failed to fix the attention of his audience. The peculiarity, variety, and even eccentricity of his sentiments or reasoning, invariably procured him approbation. In his public character, he observed a thousand oddities and inattentions. He generally preached with his hat on his head, and often forgot to pronounce the blessing after public service. Once I saw him dispense the sacrament without consecrating the element. On being told, he made a public apology, consecrated and served the second table; after which, he went to the pulpit to superintend the service, forgetting to communicate himself, till informed of the omission by his elders. In his dress he was uncommonly negligent and slovenly, and in his whole manner of life, totally inattentive to all those little formalities on which the generality of mankind are apt to value themselves. He was immediately addicted to the use of tobacco, particularly chewing, in which he went to such extreme excesses, that it was thought, by all his acquaintance, highly prejudicial to his health, and perhaps a cause of his premature death. He was fond of medical aid, but always disputed, and often rejected the prescriptions of doctors: hence he was thought whimsical both in his complaints and his management of them. He slept with an immoderate quantity of bed-clothes. One day he visited a farmer in the neighbourhood, a relation of his own; when prevailed on to stay all night, he begged he might have plenty of bed-clothes. His female friends in the family collected and put on his bed twenty-four pair of blankets. When asked next morning if he had plenty of bed-clothes, he answered he had just enough, and had slept well. He abhorred nothing so much as clean sheets, and whenever he met with such, he wrapt them up, threw them aside, and slept in the blankets. One evening, at Halton, being asked by Lady Lauderdale to stay all night, he expressed an attachment to his own bed, but said, if her ladyship would give him a pair of foul sheets, he would stay.

Hard circumstances, says Dr Robertson, minister of Dalmany, oppressed Wilkie for the greater part of his life, and produced that strong attention to money matters, with which he has been reproached by those who could not explain it. It proceeded, in fact, from a singular love of independence, the passion of a stately mind. He shuddered at the thought of coming under the power of any man, and could hardly think of walking the streets, lest any person to whom he was indebted should meet him. When his father died, he had to borrow the money that was to bury him. He went to an uncle for ten pounds, and was refused. These events could but ill sit upon his mind. After he came to better days, I have often heard him say, says Mr Liston, “I have shaken hands with poverty up to the very elbow, and I wish never to see her face again.” Hence a parsimony to the extreme. Yet, in wealth, would we brand him with the love of money for its own sake. Another passion came in: he loved his relations; and it was his common maxim, that no man should ever break with his kindred. He was not long minister of Ratho, till he apprehended his life would be short; he had two sisters that he feared would be left destitute immediately upon his death. Apprehensive on their account, he always lived plain, heaped up every penny, and at last died worth two or three thousand pounds; not so much acquired by savings, however, as by a rapid profit from his own favourite art of agriculture, in the perfect skill of which no man excelled him. At the same time, after the short period that he became possessed of money, his friends could see that he could part with it. It was his custom to pay the bill, even when travelling with several of his relations that could afford their share. After he settled at St Andrews, his private charities were not less than twenty pounds a year. Born for intense thought; for total absence of mind in ordinary matters; plunged in poverty in early life, without a domestic about his person, and even without the means of any elegance whatever, he naturally became slovenly, dirty, and even nauseous. He chewed tobacco to excess, and at last made himself believe that it was good for his health. It seems on all hands agreed, that no mortal was equal to him in conversation and argument. His own explanation of it was, that he took the right side, while his antagonists took the wrong to display their ingenuity and learning. I have heard the late Dr Wallace, author of the ‘Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind,’ say, nobody could venture to cope with him. His knowledge in almost all things was deep, solid, and unanswerable. His reasoning was plain to a child. In shrewdness he had no rival. Both his manner and thoughts were masculine in a degree peculiar to himself. Dr Smith says, it was an observation of the late lord Elibank, that wherever Wilkie’s name happened to be mentioned in a company, learned or unlearned, it was not soon dropped; everybody had much to say. In short, he was a great and an odd

man. His character, I will venture to say, will never be successfully written, but by a great hand; and even, when written, the theory of the man is above common comprehension.”

It was remarkable, says Professor Dalziel, “that Wilkie with all his learning, could neither read nor spell. I myself was witness to his ignorance of the art of reading. When I was a very young man, residing at Hatton, Wilkie came from St Andrews, on a visit to Lord Lauderdale. He staid a few days, and all the personal knowledge I had of Wilkie was acquired during that time. ‘The Judgment of Paris,’ a poem by Dr Beattie, was brought to Hatton one of those days, as a new publication. Wilkie asked me to retire with him, that we might read and criticise the poem together. At first, when he began to read, I imagined he did not understand the verses at all; as he surely committed the saddest havoc in the point of quantity and pronunciation, that can well be imagined, and even misalled several of the words. And yet his criticisms were so just, and so happily expressed, that I was charmed with the elegance of his taste, and the propriety of his observations.”

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXII.—A GENTLEMAN’S REVENGE.

[FROM Mr Millar’s ‘Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland,’ noticed in our last. Is not “Jean Seymour” an incorrectness? Sir Robert Monro’s father (also a Sir Robert) married a Jean,—daughter of John Forbes, Esq.; but in ‘Burke’s Peerage and Baronetage,’ the Sir Robert of the present story married a Mary Seymour, and it is possible that this was the true name, from the circumstance of his great-grand-daughter’s being christened “Mary Seymour,”—a pleasing evidence, by the way, of the impression which her fair ancestor had left in the family. The following is Mr Burke’s notice of this truly gallant and interesting man:—“Sixth (baronet) Sir Robert, a gallant military officer, who fell at the battle of Falkirk, fighting against the Pretender, on the 17th of January 1746. Sir Robert married Mary, daughter of Henry Seymour, Esq., of Woodlands, in the county of Dorset.” The present baronet is his grandson. His son, Sir Henry Monro, is recorded as distinguished for his “great classical attainments.” The Monro’s appears to have been an interesting race. We believe the young Monro, who was killed some years ago by a tiger in the East-Indies (torn away by the animal, as he was sitting with a party), was of this family, and we think we have read he was a very good and genteel fellow. The Sir Robert here mentioned had a brother killed with him at Falkirk, and another who died in the same way, seven months afterwards, in the Highlands. His only sister survived him for nearly twenty years, “a striking example (says Doddridge) of profound submission and fortitude, mingled with the most tender sensibility of temper.” See the passage in Millar, p. 427.]

THE following anecdote of Sir Robert, which I owe to tradition, sets his character in a very amiable light. On his return from Flanders in 1712, he was introduced to a Miss Jane Seymour, a beautiful English lady. The young soldier was smitten by her appearance, and had the happiness of perceiving that he had succeeded in at least attracting her notice. So happy an introduction was followed up into intimacy, and at length, what had been only a casual impression on either side, was ripened into a mutual passion of no ordinary warmth and delicacy. On Sir Robert’s quitting England for the north, he arranged with his mistress the plan of a regular correspondence, and wrote to her immediately on his arrival at Foulis. After waiting for a reply with all the impatience of the lover, he sent off a second letter complaining of her neglect, which had no better success, and shortly after a third, which shared the fate of the two others. The inference seemed too obvious to be missed, and he strove to forget Miss Seymour. He hunted, he fished, he visited his several friends, he involved himself in a multiplicity of concerns, but all to no purpose; she still continued the engrossing object of his affections, and after a few months’ stay in the Highlands, during which his very character seemed to have undergone a radical change for the worse, he again returned to England. When waiting on a friend in London, he was ushered precipitately into the midst of a fashionable party, and found himself in the presence of his mistress. She seemed much startled by the rencounter; the blood mounted to her cheeks, but, suppressing her emotion by a strong effort, she turned to the lady who sat next her, and

began to converse on some common topic of the day. Sir Robert retired, and, beckoning to his friend, entreated him to procure him an interview with Miss Seymour. This was effected, and an explanation ensued. The lady had not received a single letter, and forming, at length, from the seeming neglect of her lover, an opinion of him similar to that from which she herself was suffering in his esteem, she attempted to banish him from her affection, an attempt, however, in which she had been scarcely more successful than Sir Robert. They were gratified to find that they had not been mistaken in their first impressions of each other, and they parted more attached, and more convinced that the attachment was more mutual than ever. In less than a month after Miss Seymour became Mrs Monro.

Sir Robert succeeded in tracing all his letters to one point, a kind of post-office in the confines of Inverness-shire. There was a proprietor in this neighbourhood who was deeply engaged in the interests of the Stuarts, and decidedly hostile to Sir Robert, the scion of a family which had distinguished itself, from the first dawn of the reformation, in the cause of civil and religious liberty. There was, therefore, little difficulty in assigning an author to the contrivance; but Sir Robert was satisfied in merely tracing it to a discovery; for, squaring his principles of honour rather by the morals of the New Testament than by the dogmas of that code which regards death as the only expiation of insult or injury, he was no duellist. An opportunity, however, soon occurred of his avenging himself in a manner agreeable to his character and principles. On the breaking out of the Rebellion of 1715, the person who had so wantonly sported with his happiness joined with the Earl of Mar, and, after the failure of the enterprise, was among the number of the proscribed; Sir Robert's influence with the government, and the peculiar office to which he was appointed, gave him considerable power over the confiscated property, and his power he exerted to its utmost in behalf of the wife and children of the man by whom he had been injured. "Tell your husband," said he to the lady, "that I have now repaid him for the interest he took in my correspondence with Miss Seymour."

FINE ARTS.

An Easy Introduction to Perspective, for the Use of Young Persons. Sixth edition, revised, corrected, and improved, with new Plates. By J. C. Burgess, Professor of Perspective Drawing and Painting in Families and Schools. London: printed for the Author.

"It is true that books of this kind have been greatly multiplied, and that, consequently, the republication of this introduction might appear superfluous; but then it will be conceded by all who are experimentally acquainted with the subject, that, however vain it may appear, almost every instructor thinks his own method of imparting instruction preferable to that of others. But without detracting from treatises on the same subject, which would seem invidious, I must observe, that I cannot help thinking those I have perused are, some of them, too abstruse and prolix, while others are unsatisfactory from their extreme brevity, and most of them rather deficient in simplicity and perspicuity."

So writes Mr Burgess in his preface; and the case is, undoubtedly, just as he has represented it. We have perused other works on the subject, and perfectly agree with his views of the generality. We have one by us, which, from a desire on the part of its author to make Perspective rank among the exact sciences, is composed intirely in the form of postulates, axioms, and propositions, each tagged with its Q. E. D.; and might be taken at the first glance for a Euclid. It is true that the author develops his subject with most clear and logical demonstration; but he has himself prepared for the necessity, by burying his meaning in assumed obscurity; and, as artists are not often profoundly versed in mathematics, its form makes it very unlikely that it could be generally useful. It is, however, complete and satisfactory. This is the extreme of the elaborate class. Mr Burgess's own work may be instanced as the extreme on the other side. The author appears to have a very competent knowledge of his subject, but he is too confident in his powers, and takes his own clear perception of his own meaning, for an equally clear development of it to others. For the sake of brevity, too, we must suppose he has

omitted most important and constituent parts of an elementary treatise on perspective. There is no explanation of the optical truth on which the rules of the art are founded; that every picture, in fact, represents a transparent plane, through which we view the objects delineated; that the pencils of light reflected from the liminary points of natural objects, transmitted through a transparent plane (as the pane of a window, for instance), intersect that plane at certain points, whose proportionate distance is determined by the actual size of the objects, and their relative distance from the eye of the spectator; for it is obvious that an object of a certain length or breadth, subtends an angle formed by the pencils of light proceeding from its extremity to the eye of the spectator, and that angle must diminish or increase as the object recedes or approaches the eye; and, finally, that the legs of the angle will intersect a plane, which is at a fixed distance from the eye at points more or less near to each other, in exact proportion to the angle formed at the eye; and that the pencils of light transmitted from all parts between the extremities of the object, will pass between those points in the plane: therefore the distance between those points will be the apparent proportion that the object will bear to the whole size of the plane, as seen by the eye. Such is the fundamental law of natural perspective; that of artificial perspective forms the converse; a picture is an opaque plane, which is to represent a transparent one; and the same objects being laid down at different measurements, and subtending a varying angle at the eye, will appear of different distances. In the former case, the true size of the object is fixed, the distance and the apparent size vary in a certain proportion: in the latter case, the true distance is fixed, the size and the apparent distance vary in a certain proportion. This important point is altogether overlooked in Mr Burgess's work, or at most casually alluded to, by observing that distance diminishes the apparent size of objects. Oblique perspective is very slightly and carelessly mentioned, and the linear perspective of shadows is not so much as mentioned at all. The plates are clearly, but not very carefully drawn, and from the distance point being mostly taken too close, the figures are distorted; thus the chair, in Plate III, looks like a sort of sofa. In short, Mr Burgess's treatise contains nothing that may not be found in other books on perspective; but omits many necessary points, which they generally contain, without, however, being a jot more clear or simple. There is a very unpretending book, written by a man of the name of Noble, (now probably out of date (we have not the volume by us to refer to), which is the simplest, the clearest, most reasonable, and most practical elementary work we have ever seen on the subject. We recommend Mr Burgess to obtain a sight of it, and then let him say whether or not we have been severe upon his deficiencies.

The remarks on the insufficiency and tiresomeness of mechanical apparatuses for drawing are perfectly just; for lovers of the arts they are quite unfitted; they are only calculated for the use of travellers, who, not having sufficient practical knowledge of drawing, are enabled, by their means alone, to preserve memorials of scenes they have visited, for themselves and their friends at home; and for this purpose they are invaluable. The following is an interesting fact:—

"And it may be observed that the study of this and other sciences, as occupation for those who have much leisure, is in many respects vastly superior to those dissipating pursuits, which are often injurious to health, endanger life, and are attended with enormous expense. To prove this, I would just relate an anecdote, the circumstances of which are of recent occurrence. A nobleman, who has a large family, and had for many years been almost wholly devoted to field sports, to hunting, coursing, racing, shooting, &c. &c. &c., lately became fond of drawing, and his fondness for this art so wonderfully increased, that he gave up his horses and his hounds, is now almost constantly in the society of his lovely and accom-

plished lady, and his beautiful children, and occupies several hours daily in the practice of this very pleasing art."

Landscape Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies, with Comments for the Curious. Part I. London. J. Power.

A FITTER work than 'Moore's Melodies' could scarcely be selected for landscape illustrations; the local allusions are so frequent. We are told, on all hands, that the Green Isle is most lovely in its scenery, and we generally know so little about it, compared to other places famous for their beauty. The present number contains four views—'The Meeting of the Waters,'—the 'sweet vale of Avoca,' a charming scene, 'Inniscathery,' a strange and solemn scene, with that old abbey, and that old, old tower, looking so solitary and sacred; 'St Kelvin's Bed,' and 'The Wicklow Gold Mines.' The engravings are nicely executed by S. Rawle; though the third is perhaps a little heavy and murky. We can only object to the high price of the Part, which, we think, is likely to be a serious obstacle to an extensive sale.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

[Continued.]

THOUGH the disposition of Lamb to sacrifice his own feelings and inclinations to those of other people in whom he took a personal interest, was infinitely more conspicuously exercised (as well it might be) in the case I have alluded to above than in any other, yet the disposition itself was an inherent feature of Lamb's character, and showed itself in numerous instances, the details of which would be full of interest and curiosity. A few of them I may allude to; and I do so the rather that the rare and almost more than mortal virtue which they display was shared in its utmost strength and beauty by her who has been left to mourn his loss, with a grief which must be so dreary and desolating, that it is impossible for those who can appreciate it to help exclaiming—

"Happy in my mind was he that died!"

At Islington, and afterwards at Enfield, they had a favourite servant—"Becky." She was an excellent person in all respects; and not the worse that she had not the happiness of comprehending the difference between genius and common sense,—between "an author" and an ordinary man. Accordingly, having a real regard for her master and mistress, she used not seldom to take the liberty of telling them "a bit of her mind," when they did anything "odd," or out of the common way. And as (to do them justice) their whole life and behaviour were as little of a common-place as could well be, Becky had plenty of occasions for the exercise of her self-imposed task, of instructing her master and mistress in the ways of the world! Becky, too, had the advantage of previous experience in observing and treating the vagaries of extraordinary men; for she had lived for some years with Hazlitt before she went to the Lambs. The consequence was, that though, so far as I ever heard or observed, she was never wanting in any one particular of her duties and office, she was very apt to overstep them, and trench on those of her master and mistress. In performing the *metier* of housekeeping, the Lambs were something like an excellent person of my acquaintance, who, when a tradesman brings him home a pair of particularly well-fitting boots, or any other object perfectionated in a manner that peculiarly takes his fancy, inquires the price, and if it happens to be at all within tradesman-like bounds, says, "No; I cannot give you that price, it is too little—I shall give you so and so,"—naming a third or fourth more than the price demanded! Now, if the Lambs' baker, for example, had charged them (as, it is said, bakers will) a dozen loaves in the weekly bill, when they must have known that they had eaten only half that number, the last thing they would have thought of was complaining of the overcharge. If they had not consumed the proper quantity to pay for the trouble of serving them, it was not the baker's fault; and the least they could do was to pay for it!

Now this was a kind of logic utterly incomprehensible to Becky, and she would not hear of it. Her master and mistress had a right to be as extravagant as they pleased; but they had no right to confound the distinctions between honesty and roguery, and it was what she could not permit. Nor must it be wondered at if she failed to recognise and admit the intellectual pretensions of persons who were evidently so behind the rest of the world in the knowledge of these first rudiments of household duties. Now there are few of us who would not duly prize a domestic with wit and honesty enough to protect us from the consequences of our

us, is order, neatness, and sweetness to them; ventilating of rooms, and airing of beds, are to them mere troublesome fancies; dusting is an unnecessary disturbance of what, by nature, falls so noiselessly, and lies so impartially; they remove, of course, only what is pointed out to them, and sit down contentedly in the midst of what remains. In nothing should we reap more every-day satisfaction from judicious education than in the improvement of our domestic servants.—*Simpson's Necessity of Popular Education.*

BEAUTIFUL FANCY.

* That face has often returned to my mind, but I never could remember where I had seen it, and I have thought for years that I have met it in society, or that it had flitted past me in a dream. I never saw anything more ethereal than the whole countenance and figure. *What a golden foliage of clustered hair! and how delicately she holds those flowers, as if they were a sudden bloom opening from her fingers, or growing with her breath from her tremulous lips, and caught while they floated on the air!* But there is human living light in those grey eyes, and through them all the spirit of the lady speaks to us. [We have omitted to make a reference for this extract, and forget from what book we took it. Is it from 'Lodore?' or 'Francesca Carrara?' or 'Pierce Falcon, the Outcast?' or from what other novel, lately published? Upon reconsideration we think it must be from 'Arthur Coningsby.' The picture is very beautiful.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As the new arrangement in this Paper will leave but comparatively little room for Correspondence, and as it is painful at all times to reject letters intended for publication, we must throw ourselves upon the considerate kindness of our friends. We have lately received, for instance, many communications; some of which we should otherwise have inserted, but most of which we should have been compelled to withhold;

and, in now withholding almost all of them, we take the opportunity of being *silent* upon almost all, and of requesting that a like negative answer in future will not be thought uncivil or uncourteous. We have hitherto been very particular in answering Correspondents, partly for ordinary reasons, chiefly to extend a general spirit of courtesy and good-will; nor as long as our space and time allowed us to devote so much room to these notices, should we have thought fit, perhaps, to give up the custom. But circumstances require otherwise; and therefore we must beg our Readers to consider what will be best and least painful for both parties. All letters, as usual, will be carefully read, and all suggestions considered; and where the nature of the case manifestly demands it, an answer will, of course, be given; but in all other instances the Correspondent will have the goodness to make as handsome a construction of our silence as possible, and to attribute it to the cause the least unpleasant both to him and ourselves. In one respect he will assuredly be in the right, and very probably in both; for we would insert every letter sent us, if mere inclination to meet the wishes of the writers could settle such a matter; and we have often had communications which we should have inserted with pleasure for their own sakes, had our room permitted. We trust that the numerous Correspondents, who cultivate the graces of verse, will on one account be the less unwilling to forego their claims upon us, since the poetical part of our Paper will in future be occupied by CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS; the first number of which will appear next week.

As the LONDON JOURNAL and the PRINTING MACHINE, though of one accord in general spirit, will be under the responsibility of two different persons,

Correspondents who intend their communications for either department exclusively, will be good enough to address themselves accordingly. Notices to Correspondents will appear, for the same reason, at the foot of each division of the Paper.

Mr Egerton Webbe's 'Thoughts on Language,' No. IV, in our next.

If A LOVER OF LONDON AND ITS JOURNAL will take the trouble to send to the Publisher's, he will find a letter addressed to him.

"Association of Persons and Things during Dreams," the first opportunity.

The 'Reflector,' was published in the way inquired about by a Correspondent, and Charles Lamb did write in it.

In answer to the letter from the author of the 'Dens of London,' we have to say—first, that we think he could not do better than continue these subjects (keeping in mind part of one objection that we made); and, secondly, that we are equally of opinion it would be to his interest to publish them in the same quarter as before. The ground was first broken up in that quarter; the subject, therefore, in some measure, belongs to it, and would be looked for in series (a great advantage); and there is no question, that writing in periodical works is, in almost every instance, much better for an author, than publishing in the shape of a book, especially when he himself is the publisher,—the *privater* he should rather be called, for it is usually but another mode for secreting and quashing his production. An author, to publish his own work to advantage, should be a regular bookseller. There is, otherwise, no comparison between the two channels of public communication.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

LORD BROUGHAM ON NATURAL THEOLOGY.

A Discourse of Natural Theology. By Henry Lord Brougham. Post 8vo. C. Knight.

IN dealing with this book, it seems to be our best course not to occupy the space we can allot to it, otherwise than by giving our Readers an account of its object, furnishing, as we proceed, a few extracts to enable them to estimate its character and claims to attention. That its pages are rich in knowledge and strong in thought, the name of its distinguished author will have prepared the public to expect; nor will this expectation be disappointed. To ourselves, the volume seems of peculiar interest, independently of the instruction it conveys, as a striking illustration of the vigour which men of active habits frequently throw into their treatment of those speculative subjects which seem to supply a source of peculiar enjoyment to them, from the very contrast they afford to the activity and excitement of their customary occupations.

The book is dedicated to Earl Spencer, who, as the public will learn with some surprise, has not only devoted much time and thought to inquiries connected with Natural Theology, but had formed the design of giving to the world his thoughts on the subject, which Lord Brougham hopes he "will be moved to do all the more for the present address."

In this dedication we are informed that, the composition of the Discourse was undertaken in consequence of its having been often observed by its author, "that scientific men were apt to regard the subject of Natural Religion as little connected with philosophical pursuits. Many of the persons to whom I allude," continues his lordship, "were men of religious habits of thinking; others were free from any disposition towards scepticism, rather because they had not much discussed the subject, than because they had formed fixed opinions upon it after inquiry. But the bulk of them relied little upon Natural Theology, which they seemed to regard as a speculation built rather on fancy than on argument.

It therefore appeared to me desirable to define, more precisely than had yet been done, the place and the claims of Natural Theology among the various branches of human knowledge." About the same time that the author arrived at this conclusion, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was strongly urged to publish an edition of Dr Paley's popular work. Both Lord Brougham and Lord Spencer favoured the plan, but some of their colleagues were apprehensive that the adoption of it might open the door for the introduction of religious controversy, against the fundamental principles of the Society; the scheme was therefore abandoned. Lord Brougham, however, considered it expedient to carry this plan into execution by individual exertion, and had the good fortune to secure the assistance of Sir Charles Bell in the work of illustration. The present Volume is a Preliminary Discourse to Paley's work, the text of which is to be illustrated by his lordship and Sir Charles. We are informed that, with the exception of the third section and the greater portion of the notes, it was written during the intervals of leisure which the author enjoyed while he held the Great Seal of this kingdom, and has been revised and completed since.

In the introduction, the object of the undertaking is thus generally explained:—

"This Discourse is not a treatise of Natural Theology: it has not for its design an exposition of the doctrines whereof Natural Theology consists. But its object is, first, to explain the nature of the evidence upon which it rests—to show that it is a science, the truths of which are discovered by induction, like the truths of Natural and Moral Philosophy—that it is a branch of science partaking of the nature of each of those great divisions of human knowledge, and not merely closely allied to them both. Secondly, the object of the Discourse is to explain the advantages attending this study. The work, therefore is a *Logical* one."

The work is divided into two parts, the first of which treats of the nature of the subject, and the kind of evidence upon which Natural Theology rests;

and the second part treats of the advantages derived from the study of the science. We shall, for the present, limit our attention to the first part, which is divided into seven sections, the contents of which we should endeavour to analyse if we had any hope of doing so satisfactorily without trenching on the space we have allotted to the extracts, to which we now proceed.

The following extract is from one of the passages in the second section, by which the author illustrates his argument that the physical branch of Natural Theology and Physics, or, the two inquiries into the nature and constitution of the universe, and that into the evidence of design which it displays, are not only closely allied to each other, but are to a very considerable extent identical.

"A comparative anatomist, of profound learning and marvellous sagacity, has presented to him what to common eyes would seem a piece of half-decayed bone, found in a wild, in a forest, or in a cave. By accurately examining its shape, particularly the form of its extremity or extremities (if both ends happen to be entire), by close inspection of the texture of its surface, and by admeasurement of its proportions, he can with certainty discover the general form of the animal to which it belonged, its size as well as its shape, the economy of its viscera, and its general habits. Sometimes the investigation in such cases proceeds upon chains of reasoning where all the links are seen and understood; where the connexion of the parts found with other parts and with habitudes is perceived, and the reason understood,—as that the animal had a trunk, because the neck was short compared with its height; or that it ruminated, because its teeth were imperfect for complete mastication. But, frequently, the inquiry is as certain in its results, although some links of the chain are concealed from our view, and the conclusion wears a more empirical aspect—as gathering that the animal ruminated from observing the print of a cloven hoof, or that he had horns from his wanting certain teeth, or that he wanted the collar-bone from his having cloven hoofs. Limited experience having already shown such connexions as facts, more extended experience will assuredly one day enable us to comprehend the reason of the connexion."

"The discoveries already made in this branch of science are truly wonderful, and they proceed upon the strictest rules of induction. It is shown that animals formerly existed on the globe, being unknown varieties of *species* still known; but it also appears that *species* existed, and even *genera*, wholly unknown for the last five thousand years. These peopled the earth, as it was, not before the general deluge, but before some convulsion long prior to that event had overwhelmed the countries then dry, and raised others from the bottom of the sea. In these curious inquiries, we are conversant not merely with the world before the flood, but with a world which, before the flood, was covered with water, and which, in far earlier ages, had been the habitation of birds, and beasts, and reptiles. We are carried, as it were, several worlds back, and we reach a period when all was water, and slime, and mud, and the waste, without either man or plants, gave resting-place to enormous beasts like lions, and elephants, and river-horses, while the water was tenanted by lizards, the size of a whale, sixty or seventy feet long, and by others with huge eyes having shields of solid bone to protect them, and glaring from a neck ten feet in length, and the air was darkened by flying reptiles covered with scales, opening the jaws of the crocodile, and expanding wings, armed at the tips with the claws of the leopard."

"Now wherein, with reference to its nature and foundations, does this vary from the inquiries and illustrations of Natural Theology? When from examining a few bones, or it may be a single fragment of a bone, we infer that, in the wilds where we found it, there lived and ranged, some thousands of years ago, an animal wholly different from any we ever saw, and from any of which any account, any tradition, written or oral, has reached us, nay, from any that ever was seen by any person of whose existence we ever heard, we assuredly are led to this remote conclusion, by a strict and rigorous process of reasoning; but, as certainly, we come through that process to the knowledge and belief of things unseen, both of us and of all men—things respecting which we have not, and cannot have, a single particle of evidence, either by sense or by testimony. Yet we harbour no doubt of the fact; we go farther, and not only implicitly believe the existence of this creature, for which we are forced to invent a name, but clothe it with attributes, till, reasoning step by step, we come at so accurate a notion of its form and habits, that we can represent the one, and describe the other, with unerring accuracy; picturing to ourselves how it looked, what it fed on, and how it continued its kind."

"Now, the question is this: What perceivable difference is there between the kind of investigations we have just been considering, and those of Natural Theology—except, indeed, that the latter are far more sublime in themselves, and incomparably more interesting to us? Where is the logical precision of the arrangement, which would draw a broad line of demarcation between the two speculations, giving to the one the name and the rank of a science, and refusing it to the other, and affirming that the one rested upon induction, but not the other? We have, it is true, no experience directly of that Great Being's existence in whom we believe as our Creator; nor have we the testimony of any man relating such experience of his own. But so, neither we, nor any witnesses in any age, have ever seen those works of that Being, the lost animals that once peopled the earth; and yet the lights of inductive science have conducted us to a full knowledge of their nature, as well as a perfect belief in their existence. Without any evidence from our senses, or from the testimony of eye-witnesses, we believe in the existence and qualities of those animals, because we infer by the induction of facts that they once lived, and were endowed with a certain nature. This is called a doctrine of inductive philosophy."

Our next extract is from a most valuable and interesting chapter, in which the author proves that the phenomena of mind, which natural theologians have studiously overlooked, supply as important and tangible evidences of design, and of the Divine power and goodness, as any which exist in the material world. We are bound to say that, in our opinion, Lord Brougham has never written anything which will procure him more respect from all thinking men, than this chapter. This may be said, indeed, of the entire work; but particularly of this our favourite chapter:—

"It is a law of our nature that any exertion becomes more easy the more frequently it is repeated. This might have been otherwise: it might have been just the contrary, so that each successive operation should have been more difficult; and it is needless to dwell upon the slowness of our progress as well as the painfulness of all our exertions, say, rather, the impossibility of our making any advances in learning, which must have been the result of such an intellectual conformation. But the influence of habit upon

the exercise of all our faculties is valuable beyond expression. It is indeed the great means of our improvement both intellectual and moral, and it furnishes us with the chief, almost the only, power we possess of making the different faculties of the mind obedient to the will. Whoever has observed the extraordinary feats performed by calculators, orators, rhymers, musicians, nay, by artists of all descriptions, can want no further proof of the power that man derives from the contrivances by which habits are formed in all mental exertions. The performances of the Italian *Improvisatori*, or makers of poetry off-hand upon any presented subject, and in almost any kind of stanza, are generally cited as the most surprising efforts in this kind. But the power of *extempore speaking* is not less singular, though more frequently displayed, at least in this country. A practised orator will declaim in measured and in various periods—will weave his discourse into one texture—form parenthesis within parenthesis—excite the passions, or move to laughter—take a turn in his discourse from an accidental interruption, making it the topic of his rhetoric for five minutes to come, and pursuing in like manner the new illustrations to which it gives rise—mould his diction with a view to attain or to shun an epigrammatic point, or an alliteration, or a discord; and all this with so much assured reliance on his own powers, and with such perfect ease to himself, that he shall even plan the next sentence while he is pronouncing off-hand the one he is engaged with, adapting each to the other, and shall look forward to the topic which is to follow and fit in the close of the one he is handling to be its introducer; nor shall any auditor be able to discover the least difference between all this and the portion of his speech which he has got by heart, or tell the transition from the one to the other."

Is Lord Brougham aware that in this passage he has given us an account of the oratorical faculty as exemplified in himself? There are few other men to whom the description is applicable in all its circumstances.

That, although, writers on Natural Theology have neglected the evidences derivable from the phenomena of the human mind, they have dwelt largely on the instinct of animals, which are unquestionably mental faculties, although unconnected with any exercise of reason. With reference to these instincts, the author observes, that

"Certainly they do afford the most striking proofs of an intelligent cause, as well as of a unity of design in the world. The work of bees is among the most remarkable of all facts in both these respects. The form is in every country the same—the proportions accurately alike—the size the very same to the fraction of a line, go where you will; and the form is proved to be that which the most refined analysis has enabled mathematicians to discover as of all others the best adapted for the purposes of saving room, and work, and materials. This discovery was only made about a century ago; nay, the instrument that enabled us to find it out—the *fluxional calculus*—was unknown half a century before that application of its powers. And yet the bee had been for thousands of years, in all countries, unerringly working according to this fixed rule, choosing the same exact angle of 120 degrees for the inclination of the sides of its little room, which everyone had for ages known to be the best possible angle, but also choosing the same exact angles of 110 and 70 degrees, for the inclinations of the roof, which no one had ever discovered till the 18th century, when Maclaurin solved that most curious problem of *maxima and minima*, the means of investigating which had not existed till the century before, when Newton invented the *calculus* whereby such problems can now be easily worked. It is impossible to conceive anything more striking as a proof of refined skill than the creation of such instincts, and it is a skill altogether applied to the formation of intellectual existence."

Our limits compel us to close here for the present; but we shall endeavour to give another notice of this work.

MISS KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.

Journal. By Frances Anne Butler. 2 vols. Murray. THE notices of Miss Kemble (now Mrs Butler) on American society, have been looked for with some curiosity. Whether that curiosity will be adequately gratified by this Journal, we will not undertake to decide. Miss Kemble has produced a book which exhibits a very curious picture of her own mind, combined with some interesting details of the circumstances by which she was surrounded during her sojourn in the United States. It is, however, much more a record of her own thoughts than a narrative

of her personal observations. It will disappoint, therefore, one class of readers, while it will present a much higher interest to another, though a smaller class. Those who delight in the anatomy of individual character will here find abundant materials for speculation.

"Written," says Miss Kemble, "as my Journal was, day by day, and often after the fatigue of a laborious evening's duty at the theatre, it has infinite sins of carelessness to answer for; and but that it would have taken less time and trouble to re-write the whole book, or rather write a better, I would have endeavoured to correct them."—We can scarcely understand the principle upon which the book has been constructed. It is not a transcript of Miss Kemble's Journal, for there is scarcely a page in which omissions are not indicated by stars * * *. We do not object to this, for we have no unreasonable desire to be admitted into the innermost confidence of a young lady who feels as passionately as she expresses herself strongly. But the entirety of the "personal history" being thus destroyed, we confess that, to our minds, many other things might have been omitted with great advantage. It does not appear to us that the interest or the verisimilitude of this book are much increased by the constant repetition of "put out things for the theatre;"—"dressed for dinner;"—"after breakfast, practised;"—or, "mended habit-shirt;"—nor that it is of much historical importance to the English public to learn that, "Mr — called, and sat with us till six o'clock;"—that "Colonel and Mr — called in while we were at supper;"—or that, Miss Kemble making a call, "found Mrs — at home."—As there are omissions, we think that these matters, which literally occupy one fourth of the book, might as well have been omitted too.

We are not quite so sure that many passages of a very different nature, which made us start, ought to have perished under the pruning-knife of an editor. They have a curious human interest about them, and are sometimes delightful in their naïveté, and sometimes ludicrous in their inconsistency. Too often, however, they are very painful; for they reveal to us how much of real misery there is in the struggle which is constantly going forward in an ardent and imperfectly-disciplined mind. We say this with a very sincere regard for the character developed in this Journal;—with a high admiration for the talents of the writer, and a still greater respect for her spirit, and energy, and independence;—but we cannot avoid regretting that these advantages have done so little for her own happiness, and that the "aching void" is so constant. We fear that this is the case with all creatures of impulse, who have cultivated the imagination at the expense of the judgment;—and who, however clear their perceptions or elevated their notions of duty, are alternately votaries of reason or slaves of prejudice, and have not that command over their own stores of gratification, which, in spite of the most adverse circumstances, is entrusted to every human being who has learnt to

"Make the happiness we cannot find."

Early in the Journal we are startled by the misanthropy of a young woman, who had earned the applause of admiring crowds long before most persons of her own profession can obtain an opportunity of emerging from the gloomiest obscurity. A land-swallow sinks down on the deck of the packet-ship. The writer exclaims, "Poor little creature! how very much more do I love all things than men and women!" The bird dies. "I am sorry. I could mourn almost as much over the death of a soulless animal, as I could rejoice at that of a brute with a soul." This is not exactly what we should expect; but it is only one of many inconsistencies. Miss Kemble has a natural piety about her, which constantly sheds a beauty and holiness over these pages:—and yet it is as constantly mixed up with a sort of levity, amounting almost to profaneness, which seems absolutely incompatible with the existence of an abiding religious belief. "The devil driving a hurricane,"—the "ghastly smiles of the devil,"—a "miniature hell,"—are samples of expressions not few or

far between. Again, it is quite clear, that all Miss Kemble's more sober thoughts are of a liberal nature as regards the improvement of the masses of mankind, and the institutions upon whose onward progress their happiness so mainly depends. And yet the most marked traits of an aristocratic education are constantly exposed to view. "A first visit is an awkward thing; and nothing that isn't *thorough-bred* ever does it quite well."—"I would rather, by far, have some barbarous Saxon giant to my ancestor, than all the wealth of the earth to my dower." Nor is this sort of pride merely speculative. At New York Miss Kemble goes into a shop to buy some gauze, and, being perfectly aware of the manners of the people, is offended beyond measure when one of the shopmen said, "They were most anxious to show me every attention, and render my stay in this country agreeable." She answered, "Thank you," but adds in the *Journal*, "I have no idea of holding parley with clerks behind a counter, still less of their doing so with me." And yet, in her own professional case, she holds, and very properly, that there is nothing for an actor to be grateful for to an audience, because the whole affair is one of exchange. Is the clerk behind the counter in a different position? All this, however, is nothing but the dregs of home prejudices. Miss Kemble, in many places, does justice to the much-abused American manners, with a kindness of heart that shows she is above that miserable pride which she conventionally expresses. It is, however, clear that her education has been of a very artificial, and, in many respects, contracted character, which leads her to deliver herself with the most perfect confidence upon matters upon which she is totally uninformed. The following dogma is amusing: "England offers the only exception that I have advanced, namely, that the republican form of government is inimical to poetry. For it was during the short and shameful period of fanatical republicanism, which blots her annals, that the glory and the might of Milton rose upon the world. He is the only great poet who ever flourished under a republic." After this trash we are not surprised to find this modest rhapsody in a young lady's *Journal*—"I wouldn't be in the Reform Parliament of England for ten thousand pounds!—and—, the bruiser and the bankrupt! Oh shame! England, shame! Poor England!"—Just the same sort of ignorance dictates the miserable inconsistencies of rejoicing in the apparent prosperity of the American labourer, and lamenting over the necessity of his constant toil. "It is a real and deep evil arising from the institutions of this country, that every man must toil from day to day for his daily bread." What can this mean? If institutions were different would "daily bread" be as plenty as blackberries? Ask the savages whom the white men have driven out. Or does it mean that the American institutions prevent the accumulation of property? The book constantly furnishes evidence to the contrary. It means nothing but that the writer too often strives to say a strong thing and a pithy thing, without the slightest knowledge of what she is talking about. Those, therefore (the capitalists of England), whom she denounces as the cruel oppressors of the poor, "wringing hard earnings from their starving grasp, and growing wealthy on their plunder," may smile and pity.

But we turn to better things;—which we shall give in the shape of extracts:—

AMERICAN CIVILITY.

"The street was very much thronged, and I thought the crowd a more civil and orderly one than an English crowd. The men did not jostle or push one another, or tread upon one's feet, or kick down one's shoe-heels, or crush one's bonnet into one's face, or turn it round upon one's head, all which I have seen done in London streets. There is this to be said: this crowd was abroad merely for pleasure, sauntering along, which is a thing never seen in London; the proportion of idle loungers who frequent the streets there being very inconsiderable, when compared with the number of people going on business through the town. I observed that the young men, to-night, invariably made room for women to pass, and many of them, as they drew near to us, took the segar from their mouth, which I thought especially courteous.—Vol. i, page 65.

The people here are more civil and considerate than can be imagined. I sent, yesterday evening, for some water-ice: the confectioner had none; when, lo! to-night he brings me some he has made on purpose for me, which he intreats my acceptance of. I admired a very pretty fan Mrs— had in her hand; and at the end of the play she has sent it to my dressing-room; and these sort of things are done by me, not once, but ten times every day. Nothing can exceed the kindness and attention which has encountered us everywhere since we have been in this country. I am sure I am bound to remember America and the Americans thankfully; for, whatever I may think of their ways, manners, or peculiarities, to me they have shown unmingled goodwill, and cordial real kindness.—Vol. ii, pp. 77, 78.

AMERICAN TREATMENT OF HORSES.

The hackney coaches in this country are very different from those perilous receptacles of dust and dirty straw which disgrace the London stands. They are comfortable within and clean without; and the horses harnessed to them never exhibit those shocking specimens of cruelty and ill-usage which the poor hack-horses of London present. Indeed, (and it is a circumstance which deserves notice, for it bespeaks general character,) I have not seen, during a two-years' residence in this country, a single instance of brutality towards animals, such as one is compelled to witness hourly in the streets of any English town.—Vol. i, p. 125, note.

AMERICAN HURRY.

The Americans are in too great a hurry to plant hedges: they have abundance of native material, but a wooden fence is put up for a few weeks; a hedge takes as many years to grow; and, as I said before, an American has not time to be a year about anything. When first the country was settled, the wood was an encumbrance; and it was cut down accordingly: that is by no means the case now; and the only recommendation of these fences is, therefore, the comparative rapidity with which they can be constructed. One of the most amiable and distinguished men of this country remarked to me, that the Americans were in too great a hurry about everything they undertook to bring anything to perfection. And, certainly, as far as my observation goes, I should calculate that an American is born, lives, and dies, twice as fast as any other human creature. I believe one of the great inducements to this national hurry is, that "time is money," which is true; but it is also true, sometimes, that "most haste makes worst speed."—Vol. i, p. 159, note.

AMERICA AS A NATION.

In beholding this fine young giant of a world, with all its magnificent capabilities for greatness, I think every Englishman must feel unmingled regret at the unjust and unwise course of policy which alienated such a child from the parent government. But, at the same time, it is impossible to avoid seeing that some other course must ere long have led to the same result, even if England had pursued a more maternal course of conduct towards America. No one, beholding this enormous country, stretching from ocean to ocean, watered with ten thousand glorious rivers, combining every variety of climate and soil, therefore every variety of produce and population, possessing within itself every resource that other nations are forced either to buy abroad, or to create substitutes for at home; no one, seeing the internal wealth of America, the abundant fertility of the earth's surface, the riches heaped below it, the unparalleled facilities for the intercourse of men and the interchange of their possessions throughout its vast extent, can for an instant indulge the thought that such a country was ever destined to be an appendage to any other in the world, or that any chain of circumstances whatever could have long maintained in dependence a people furnished with every means of freedom and greatness. But far from regretting that America has thrown off her allegiance, and regarding her as a rebellious subject, and irreverent child, England will surely, ere long, learn to look upon this country as the inheritor of her glory—the younger England, destined to perpetuate the language, the memory, the virtues of the noble land from which she is descended. Loving and honouring my country as I do, I cannot look upon America with any feeling of hostility. I not only hear the voice of England in the language of this people, but I recognise in all their best qualities—their industry, their honesty—their sturdy independence of spirit—the very virtues of their origin—they are English, no other people in the world would have licked us as they did; nor any other people in the world built up upon the ground they won, so sound, and strong, and so fair an edifice.—Vol. i, p. 237, 8, note.

We conclude with an amusing picture which Miss Kemble has drawn from her professional experience;—but which furnishes by no means an average specimen of the American stage:—

The play went off pretty smoothly except that they broke one man's collar-bone, and nearly dislo-

cated a woman's shoulder, by flinging the scenery about. My bed was not made in time, and when the scene drew, half a dozen carpenters, in patched trowsers and tattered shirt sleeves, were discovered smoothing down my pillows and adjusting my draperies. The last scene is too good not to be given verbatim:—

ROMEO. Rise, rise my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms.

Here he pounced upon me, plucked me up in his arms like an uncomfortable bundle, and staggered down the stage with me.

JULIET (aside). Oh! you have got me up horribly!—that'll never do. Let me down; pray let me down.

ROMEO. There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!

JULIET (aside). Pray, put me down; you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly.

In the midst of "cruel, cursed fate," his dagger fell out of his dress; I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end.

ROMEO. Tear not my heart-strings thus!
They crack! they break! Juliet! Juliet! (dies).

JULIET (to corpse). Am I smothering you?

CORPSE (to Juliet). Not at all. Could you be so kind, do you think, as to put my wig on again for me? It has fallen off.

JULIET (to corpse). I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you?

(Corpse nodded.)

JULIET (to corpse). Where's your dagger?

CORPSE (to Juliet). 'Pon my soul I don't know.

Vol. ii, pp. 113, 114.

COLERIDGE'S TABLE TALK.

Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 338 and 364. London, 1835.

THE title which has been given to these volumes is, perhaps, the one most likely to take the public attention; but it is not the most accurately descriptive of their contents that might have been found. It is scarcely, we apprehend, such a title as Coleridge himself, with his scrupulosity about words and names, and his nice appreciation of their differences, would have approved in a similar case. We do not object so much to the term, *Table Talk*, which ever since the publication of the famous collection of the sayings and opinions of Luther under that title has had a latitudinarian meaning, embracing almost everything which may be anyhow orally delivered; and had the book been designated *ragments* of, or *Gleanings* from, the *Table Talk* of Coleridge, we should have had little or nothing to find fault with. But a fragment and a specimen are quite different things. A specimen, though it be of necessity but a part, is yet a part which shows the whole, and which preserves, in so far as it extends, the entire character and spirit of the whole. To take the common illustration, a single brick is a fragment, but not a specimen, of the building from which it has been taken. Or, to come at once to matters of intellect and literature, the 'Scenes' published by Charles Lamb are properly intitled *specimens* of our old dramatists, being, at least, perfect portions; but nobody would think of calling Dodd's 'Beauties,' *specimens* of Shakspeare. Much less, then, is this the true name for a collection like the present, not a single paragraph in which probably retains the exact form in which it fell from the lips of Coleridge. This is as much as confessed by the Editor, who, in his preface, says, "I know better than anyone can tell me, how inadequately these specimens represent the peculiar splendour and individuality of Mr Coleridge's conversation. How should it be otherwise? Who could follow to the turning point his long arrow-flights of thought? Who could fix those ejaculations of light, those tones of a prophet, which at times have made me bend before him as before an inspired man? Such acts of spirit as these were too subtle to be fettered down on paper; they live—if they can live anywhere—in the memories alone, of those who witnessed them." But, in truth, all who have ever heard Coleridge talk will at once perceive that much more than what seems to be here

admitted—how much more than manner and tones—has been lost in the process of forming this very imperfect record. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? We doubt the powers of short-hand, itself, to take down every word of an uninterrupted discourse, of any considerable length, so as to produce, as it were, a perfect cast or *fac simile* of it; but, at any rate, the most wonderful memory that ever existed, certainly could not achieve anything of the kind. These notes of Mr Coleridge's conversation were, of course, written down, from recollection, some time—often, probably, some hours, or it might be, some days—after the reporter had left the speaker's presence—and we may be pretty certain that, in this way of proceeding, rarely anything more than the mere outline, or skeleton of the discourse, could be preserved. The filling up, in so far as anything of the kind was attempted, would be, really, for the most part not Coleridge's, but the reporter's own. And we find this inference completely confirmed, when we proceed to inspect the book. It ranges over a period of twelve years, and, we suppose, the number of conversations, in all, is not much less than two hundred. But the entire quantity of matter, in the two volumes, is scarcely more than Coleridge would have poured forth in a couple of evenings. Does the style, then, of these specimens, really much resemble that of Coleridge's conversation? In general, we must acknowledge that, to our feeling, it does not. It has, throughout, an artificial, occasionally almost an epigrammatic, trimness—a Dutch minuteness and elaboration of finish—a hardness and air of constraint—very unlike, as it seems to us, to the full, natural flow, and magnificent sweep of that river-like eloquence of which it professes to be the transcript. With perfect correctness of phraseology, and the most logical and luminous method, Coleridge's discourse united an excursive, and a parenthetical luxuriance, if we may so speak, that were altogether wonderful. It was equally remarkable for its diffusion and for its continuousness. As he here says of Shakspeare, one sentence begot the next naturally; the meaning was all interwoven (II, 145); like that poet in his blank dramatic verse, he was “diffused, with a linked sweetness long drawn out” (I, 127). These short, abrupt fragments convey little or nothing of all this. They are but the bare, sapless stick, which is the wintry representative of the leaf-clad and cluster-laden vine of midsummer. But let us give the picture which the Editor himself has drawn, and which we can testify, as all indeed will do who knew the man, is in no lineament overcharged:—

“To leave the every-day circle of society, in which the literary and scientific rarely—the rest never—break through the spell of personality;—where Anecdote reigns everlastingly paramount and exclusive, and the mildest attempt to generalize the Babel of facts, and to control temporary and individual phenomena by the application of eternal and overruling principles, is unintelligible to many, and disagreeable to more;—to leave this species of converse, if converse it deserves to be called, and pass an entire day with Coleridge, was a marvellous change indeed. It was a Sabbath past expression deep, and tranquil, and serene. You came to a man who had travelled in many countries and in critical times; who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks, and in many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses; one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might, for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do, without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse,—without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position;—gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the party-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while

you might forget that he was other than a fellow-student and the companion of your way,—so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye!”

The following is another description, which occurs in one of the notes, the scene, the Exhibition of Ancient Masters (July 1831) at the British Gallery in Pall Mall:—

“Mr Coleridge was in high spirits, and seemed to kindle in his mind at the contemplation of the splendid pictures before him. He did not examine them all by the catalogue, but anchored himself before some three or four great works, telling me that he saw the rest of the gallery *potentially*. I can yet distinctly recall him, half leaning on his old simple stick, and his hat off in one hand, whilst with the fingers of the other he went on, as was his constant wont, figuring in the air a commentary of small diagrams, wherewith, as he fancied, he could translate to the eye those relations of form and space which his words might fail to convey with clearness to the ear. His admiration for Rubens showed itself in a sort of joy and brotherly fondness; he looked as if he would shake hands with his pictures. What the company, which by degrees formed itself round this silver-haired, bright-eyed, music-breathing, old man, took him for, I cannot guess; there was probably not one there who knew him to be that Ancient Mariner, who held people with his glittering eye, and constrained them, like three years' children, to hear his tale. In the midst of his speech, he turned to the right hand, where stood a very lovely young woman, whose attention he had involuntarily arrested; to her, without apparently any consciousness of her being a stranger to him, he addressed many remarks, although I must acknowledge they were couched in a somewhat softer tone, as if he were soliciting her sympathy. He was, verily, a gentle-hearted man at all times; but I never was in company with him in my life, when the entry of a woman, it mattered not who, did not provoke a dim gush of emotion, which passed like an infant's breath over the mirror of his intellect.”

The report of the discourse of two hours delivered on this occasion fills about five widely printed pages—as much as would be spoken in little more than five minutes. Yet this is one of the fullest reports in the work.

In another place the Editor says of an evening they spent together:—

“When I look upon the scanty memorial, which I have alone preserved of this afternoon's converse, I am tempted to burn these pages in despair. Mr Coleridge talked a volume of criticism that day, which, printed verbatim as he spoke it, would have made the reputation of any other person but himself. He was, indeed, particularly brilliant and enchanting, and I left him at night so thoroughly magnetized, that I could not for two or three days afterwards reflect enough to put anything on paper.”

Nevertheless we are glad that the Editor has not burned his papers, but has given his notes to the world, such as they are—even although, as we have said, we must think them a very inadequate representation of Coleridge's living discourse;—and although, also, there are some things in the book which we certainly wish had not been published. The passages of the latter description, we beg to say, are not any of those in which the speaker is made to expound his views in politics, religion, or as to any other matter, in the form of reasoning, however much they may differ from our own; it would be absurd to expect or to wish that such expositions should have been withheld, nor can we have any other feeling with regard to them than that what of truth they may contain may make, as eventually it no doubt will, its due impression. But there are various mere expressions of opinion in these volumes, unsupported by reasoning of any kind,—which look, therefore, only like effusions of spleen or passion, and are as little calculated, we are sure, to do honour to the memory of the eminent person to whom they are attributed, as they are to convey instruction to anyone who may read them. We must say that we consider the publication of matter of this kind as decidedly unwarrantable, were it only for its unfairness to Coleridge. It is matter which he himself certainly never would have published; for, whatever may be thought of the truth or falsehood of some of his opinions, all who know his printed works will admit, that he is remarkable above most writers for his avoidance on all occasions of mere authoritative statement, and the anxious pains he takes to explain his reasons for whatever he advances. He would

have felt that he was insulting the public, if he had ever offered to it his bare *ipse dixit* on any important point, in lieu of a full and fair examination of it. But some of the *dicta* here recorded are not only unsupported by any grounds for our acceptance of them; they are, from their nakedness, absolutely unintelligible. As an instance, we may refer to what is said in several places about the doctrines of Mr Malthus, and especially to the violent denunciation of what is called “the monstrous practical sophism” of that writer, at page 88 of volume second. We protest we do not know what it is that is here alluded to; and since the Editor has thought proper to retain the passage, we should have been glad had he at least informed us in a note what the said *sophism* is. We well remember a conversation which we once had with Coleridge on the subject of Mr Malthus's Essay. On that occasion he denounced, with great indignation, the position which Mr Malthus originally took up;—but he admitted, or rather it was the main object of what he said to show, that in the later editions of his Essay, the author had entirely receded from this ground, and thereby, as Coleridge contended, both abandoned all that was really new in his theory, and wholly destroyed its efficacy, as a demonstration of that which it was at first brought forward to establish. In the form to which it was eventually reduced, he seemed to consider Mr Malthus's doctrine as little more than a harmless truism.

But notwithstanding these abatements, we have no hesitation in saying that the collection before us, taken altogether, is one of the very highest interest. It may be considered as properly belonging to the numerous class of publications called the ‘Ana,’ professing to detail the sayings and opinions of eminent men; but it is by far the most valuable book of that sort that has ever been given to the world. The chief part of its value, however, will only be understood by those who have studied Mr Coleridge's writings. To the multitude of readers much of it, we fear, will be but a stumbling block and foolishness. But to those who have made themselves acquainted with the general spirit and outlines of his philosophy, as already partially delivered in his writings and conversation, the further explanations and illustrations of many points which are here given, are invaluable. To ‘The Friend,’ (of which, by the by, we rejoice to understand that a new and corrected edition is about to appear), ‘The Biographia Literaria,’ ‘The Lay Sermons,’ ‘The Aids to Reflection,’ and the ‘Church and State,’ these volumes will henceforth be indispensable companions.

In the small space that now remains to us, however, we can only add one or two extracts from the lighter portions of the miscellany.

FIELDING.

What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word, I think the ‘*Edipus Tyrannus*,’ the ‘*Alchemist*,’ and ‘*Tom Jones*’ the three most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how wholesome, Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson, is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves, into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May.

CHARACTER OF POLONIUS.—PRINCIPLES AND MAXIMS.

A Maxim is a conclusion upon observation of matters of fact, and is merely retrospective: an Idea, or if you like, a Principle, carries knowledge within itself, and is prospective. Polonius is a man of maxims. Whilst he is descanting on matters of past experience, as in that excellent speech to Laertes before he sets out on his travels, he is admirable; but when he comes to advise or project, he is a mere dotard. You see, Hamlet, as the man of ideas, despises him. A man of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that eye placed in the back of his head.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as in like manner imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.

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AND

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No. 63.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

THE WAITER.

Going into the City the other day upon business, we took a chop at a tavern, and renewed our acquaintance, after years of interruption, with that swift and untiring personage, yecept a waiter. We mention this long interval of acquaintance, in order to account for any deficiencies that may be found in our description of him. Our Readers perhaps will favour us with a better. He is a character before the public: thousands are acquainted with him, and can fill up the outline. But we felt irresistibly impelled to sketch him; like a portrait-painter who comes suddenly upon an old friend, or upon an old servant of the family.

We speak of the waiter properly and generally so called,—the representative of the whole, real, official race,—and not of the humourist or other eccentric genius occasionally to be found in it,—moving out of the orbit of tranquil but fiery waiting,—not absorbed,—not devout towards us,—not silent or monosyllabical;—fellows that affect a character beyond that of waiter, and get spoiled in club-rooms, and places of theatrical resort.

Your thorough waiter has no ideas out of the sphere of his duty and the business; and yet he is not narrow-minded either. He sees too much variety of character for that, and has to exercise too much consideration for the “drunken gentleman.” But his world is the tavern, and all mankind but its visitors. His female sex are the maid-servants and his young mistress, or the widow. If he is ambitious, he aspires to marry one of the latter: if otherwise, and Molly is prudent, he does not know but he may carry her off some day to be mistress of the Golden Lion at Chinksford, where he will “show off” in the eyes of Betty Laxon who refused him. He has no feeling of noise itself but as the sound of dining, or of silence but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf; it is so many “breads.” His longest speech is the making out of a bill *visâ voce*—“Two beefs—one potatoes—three ales—two wines—six and twopence”—which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to new-comers who have been relishing their fare, and not considering it as a mere set of items. He attributes all virtues to everybody, provided they are civil and liberal; and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him, is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more “beefs,” and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His “Yes Sir” is as swift, indifferent, and official, at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon purely as things in the newspaper, and the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns, for gentlemen to read. His own reading is confined to “Accidents and Offences,” and the advertisements for Butlers, which latter he peruses with an admiring fear, not chusing to give up “a certainty.” When young, he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mis-

tress by running against the other waiters, and breaking the “neguses.” As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of his face, and elevation of his voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his “Coming, Sir.” If you told him that, in Shakespeare’s time, waiters said “Anon, anon, Sir,” he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two; and he would justly infer, that London could not have been so large, nor the chop-houses so busy, in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables of his “Yes, Sir,” if he could; but business and civility will not allow it; and therefore he does what he can by running them together in the swift sufficiency of his “Yezsir.”

Thomas!
Yezsir.
Is my steak coming?
Yezsir.
And the pint of port?
Yezsir.
You’ll not forget the postman?
Yezsir.

For in the habit of his acquiescence Thomas not seldom says “Yes, Sir,” for “No, Sir,” the habit itself rendering him intelligible.

His morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket; his coat is for afternoons. If the establishment is flourishing, he likes to get into black as he grows elderly; by which time also he is generally a little corpulent, and wears hair-powder, dressing somewhat laxly about the waist, for convenience of movement. Not however that he draws much upon that part of his body, except as a poise to what he carries; for you may observe that a waiter, in walking, uses only his lowest limbs, from his knees downwards. The movement of all the rest of him is negative, and modified solely by what he bears in his hands. At this period he has a little money in the funds, and his nieces look up to him. He still carries however a napkin under his arm, as well as a corkscrew in his pocket; nor, for all his long habit, can he help feeling a satisfaction at the noise he makes in drawing a cork. He thinks that no man can do it better; and that Mr Smith, who understands wine, is thinking so too, though he does not take his eyes off the plate. In his right waistcoat pocket is a snuff-box, with which he supplies gentlemen late at night, after the shops are shut up, and when they are in desperate want of another fillip to their sensations, after the devil and toasted cheese. If particularly required, he will laugh at a joke, especially at that time of night, justly thinking that gentlemen towards one in the morning “will be facetious.” He is of opinion it is in “human nature” to be a little fresh at that period, and to want to be put into a coach.

He announces his acquisition of property by a bunch of seals to his watch, and perhaps rings on his fingers; one of them a mourning ring left him by his late master, the other a present, either from his nieces’ father, or from some ultra-goodnatured old gentleman whom he helped into a coach one night, and who had no silver about him.

To see him dine, somehow, hardly seems natural. And he appears to do it as if he had no right. You

catch him at his dinner in a corner,—huddled apart,—“Thomas dining!” instead of helping dinner. One fancies that the stewed and hot meats and the constant smoke, ought to be too much for him, and that he should have neither appetite nor time for such a meal.

Once a year (for he has few holidays) a couple of pedestrians meet him on a Sunday in the fields, and cannot conceive for the life of them who it is; till the startling recollection occurs—“Good God! It’s the waiter at the Grogam!”

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY EGBERTON WEBBE.

No. IV.

HAVING got rid of America as well as I could, and having endeavoured to show that the principle of advancement in all things,—and therefore in language—is a universal principle, urging men not less in isolated societies than in congregated nations, I consider I have done my best to make good my first proposition, viz. “That we are sent into the world with the seeds of this faculty within us, and that it is as much a part of our instinct to use the tongue and the voice in those articulations and inflexions that have their accomplishment in speech, as it is to apply the hands, the arms, the legs, &c. to the several uses for which they are designed by Providence.”

I therefore turn now to the second proposition; which was, “That there is a propensity to accompany every new discovery, meaning the first sight of every new object, with some exclamation.”

To argue from the child to the man is, upon the whole, a just and sound method. The primitive affections are few, and early developed, and how wide soever in appearance the difference may be which exists between the mind at two years of age and the mind at forty, such difference lies in the accession of no new principles, but only in the infinite diversification of that small original stock. There is no after-passion, to be cut like the teeth,—whatever some people may think of the passion of love; which expresses the same thing, whether it be spoken of an infant or a man, the medium of the passion only being different, as the age is different. It was therefore said as philosophically as beautifully, that “the child is father to the man,” for all that comes after childhood is the offspring and consequence of childhood; and if we would educe the principles of human nature, we cannot study to greater advantage than from the mind of a child, for then we go to the fountain head for information.

To the nursery then.—I have taken it as a safe principle, that utterance of some kind is a part of instinct with us, as much as chirping is with birds, or humming with bees. It is a sort of indication of power which flatters the sense, and is indulged in from that cause, quite independently of a proposed object. Therefore, at first, I see no difference between these two cases. But, as the reasoning faculty begins to stir in the child’s mind, the objects he handles and the sounds he utters come insensibly to be associated, and the seeds of language are thus sown; whilst in the case of an animal not endowed with reason, there are no ideas growing

up, with which such a union can be effected. One can hardly go wrong in an argument which proceeds on one of these principles—the instinct of self-preservation—the love of power. When we are threatened with danger, we instinctively apply that power for defense in which we happen to be strongest; and in offence, the same disposition actuates us. Now, a child comes into the world crying; even in that hour, therefore, it has a sense of uneasiness, of fear, of something which it resents, or would control; and its instinct moves it to use its voice for this purpose, because there is no other organ over which it has so much command. If it could kick more violently than it can cry, it would kick; if its hands had more strength than its lungs, it would thump; but it so happens that nothing about it possesses the same efficacy as its voice; and thus the little reluctant stranger is ushered in protesting against the cruel life in that sweet plaint, which everybody who has heard it must allow to be the most delightful music in the world; and which tempts me here to transcribe a little epigram—than which anything more perfect—whether you regard the beauty of the thought, the happiness of the expression, the sweet gravity of the moral, or the infinite classic grace of those two lovely pictures, thus brought before your eyes in as many distichs—does not, I think, exist. In all the Greek anthology there is nothing half so delicious, nothing half so exquisite, as this.

"On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled.
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep."

The voice then is the prime, original seat of power with man. Hence it is exercised earliest, perfected earliest, and earliest associated with all the objects of desire and aversion. And I humbly declare my conviction, that this only circumstance, and no other cause—latent or apparent, has to answer for the origin of language. For if we, abstracting ourselves as much as possible from the prejudice of common associations, consider the structure of language, its wonderful artificial machinery, its arbitrary and capricious laws, its perplexed maze of relations and dependences, purely ideal, its utter inconsequence from any type in Nature or reason, and, lastly, its constitutional defects,—we cannot but perceive, that it is from no surpassing fitness for its discharge that the office of communication devolved upon the tongue. Had Nature so willed it, I am persuaded that a sort of visible speech, perhaps far more serviceable, more perfect than what we use, might have been furnished in a similar course of ingenious improvements on the original hint,—by the hands—the arms—the feet—the face—the head—almost any efficient organ of the body.† Nor will anyone question this, who considers the infinite capabilities of pantomime, and does not forget the extraordinary, and to us, almost incredible accounts, which have come down to us in the old writings relating to this subject; remembering too, that whatever has been achieved at any time in this way, has not had the strong moving principle of necessity working in its favour, but has been simply the fruit of ingenuity exercising itself in the service of pleasure. Besides this, there can be no doubt that the sense of sight is far more perfect than the sense of hearing, and whatever may be said of the power of the voice, with all its inflexions and modulations so expressive of the different qualifications of our meaning, there is the best reason for thinking that the *visible* offers a still wider and more various field of expression. Cicero acknowledges this, where, having mentioned the other senses and their different objects, he says, "*Illa vero oculorum multo acriora,*" (but

those which affect the sight are by far the most striking) and presently he enlarges on this idea, saying, with reference to the association of our ideas, "*Facilius enim ad ea, quæ visa, quam ad illa quæ audita sunt, mentis oculi ferantur,*"* (for the mind's eye is more readily drawn to a perception of ideas connected with things visible, than with things audible), which was perhaps the hint that suggested those lines in the *Ars Poetica* to Horace:—

"*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*"

The mind, by sounds not easily impressed,
Then seems to wake to recognition best,
When through the medium of the faithful eye addressed.

But because the voice is the seat of power in the child, so in the man it continues to be the predominant agent. Provided with this faculty, and led, in my opinion, by a natural instinct of the ear, which is independent of example, a child learns to create to himself a certain number of tones and inflexions proper for the expression of particular feelings, which tones and inflexions he, as it were, bids us accept as the conventional signs of those feelings. Thus, long before the use of definite words, he has framed a language of his own, sufficiently explicit for his occasions, and offers us, as I conceive, in this untutored exercise of his perceptions, a small but faithful representation of the rise of language among savage tribes. Nor can anything seem more natural than the subsequent passage from vocal inflexions to articulate words, for as those were a general and easy division of the voice into a few parts, when meanings were general and few, so these are only a subdivision or nicer partitioning of it—a multiplying of distinctions—to accommodate a more numerous retinue.

The voice serves the child in sorrow, in joy, in fear, in want—in every case; and the reason why young people are found to have a greater variety of modulations in their voices than grown up people, is that having in the first years of life necessarily depended altogether on the variations of the voice for the expression of their feelings, they retain, through the force of early habit, a great portion of those variations (which we mean when we speak of a "childish tone") after definite speech has rendered them no longer a necessary part of utterance.

But as curiosity is the ruling passion in infancy—for then everything is wonderful—so no new object can come before the eyes of a little child without exciting an emotion in him, which may be of fear or delight, desire or astonishment. Whatever it is, it is met with some *exclamation*. This is so much a habit at that wondering and delighted age, that you may sometimes see a multitude of toys given to a baby, one after another, every one of them eliciting from it some new syllable of surprise and satisfaction. It is usual, however, in giving anything new, to pronounce the name

* *De Orat. lib. 40—41.* The English are, generally speaking, so phlegmatic a people, that they neither employ much gesticulation themselves, nor can conceive what legitimate claim mere "dumb show" can have to any place whatever in a system of oratory. So that, when they find this same *dumb show* occupying a principal share of the attention of all the ancient writers on that subject, they merely stare and go on; as for Demosthenes, the greatest orator that ever lived, he seems to them no better than a madman, with his *action* and his aphorism. They also look at a Frenchman, and are indignant to see him saying a thousand things with his shoulders, while they "pant after him in vain" in heavy-tongued despair. They ought to consider, however, that they themselves are out of order, and not their neighbours, who have to plead, not only Nature and their spirits, but the example of all former times. Indeed a very little reflection will convince us that, the more nearly any language stood in relation to a first state, the more would it be found associated with gesticulation; since gesticulation must, undoubtedly, in the beginning, have been a principal partner with speech in carrying on the business of communication. But however perfect any modern language may seem to be (and surely none is so perfect as the Greek) it cannot be a wise economy to reject gesture altogether. If no longer a necessary help, it is still a facility, and a grace. What our forefathers found a saving we may reckon as gain.

of it at the same time, and I have known a little girl at an early age, taught a vocabulary of natural history in this way with such success, that in—I should think—upwards of a hundred prints of different animals, many of them very slightly distinguishable, there was not one which she did not immediately name whenever it was afterwards presented to her; so vivid are, generally, the associations of children. But that it is Nature more than Art which is moving within them when they manifest this readiness to name the objects they behold, I am convinced. It may sometimes be noted of very young children, that having uttered some little fanciful word of their own when they have seen any person or thing they were struck with, they have, by association, repeated that very word on the next occasion of seeing such person or thing; so as in fact that they have at last continued wilfully to use a word of no received meaning in connection with some object. In such cases we say they "talk nonsense;" but I would willingly be informed, what higher and more authoritative title we stand upon in respect of our language—we who talk sense? We may say—the word "means nothing;" it is very clear to me, however, that it *means the thing it is used for*. The word that we should employ—the *proper* word—may have a "far-fetched pedigree" to point to, perhaps,—

("As far-fetched as a Greek noun's pedigree"*)

but let us go back to the first generation, and then what becomes of our pride of meaning and prescriptive sense? In the case above alluded to, there is a palpable *invention of language*; quite palpable enough to illustrate to us the nature of the process as it must originally have existed among men.

* 3rd. That this exclamation is not imitative, except in a rare and very limited sense."

Some reasoning on this head has already been given in the second number of these papers.

There may be two kinds of imitation in language; an imitation, or mocking, of the sound peculiar to the act or object, as in the word *buzz*; and an imitation, or adoption, of the characteristics of other words. The number of the former is insignificantly small; of the latter prodigiously extensive,—for there is hardly a word in any language which, in its first introduction, does not undergo a certain dressing, after the fashion of the class it belongs to; and probably of these two divisions of words—speaking with regard to derived languages—the only exceptions to be found to the latter will be in the former; since the example of the old words, their terminations, accentuation, characteristic vowel sounds, &c. will only have been disregarded in the formation of the new, where it has been for the sake of imitating a sound in nature.† But, with respect to the first spoken words in any original language, neither kind of imitation, I think, can have had a hand in their formation; the latter kind, plainly, not at all, there being no exemplar to copy from; the former kind hardly, for the reasons before stated;—if at all, in a very limited degree indeed, not extending beyond the few objects which were noticed. For I cannot bring myself to think that this species of intelligence which we call imitation—understanding by that word *mimicry*—forms any natural ingredient in the mind of a savage. He whose utmost endeavour is to live, will eagerly enough seize upon those means and manners which he perceives to conduce to the purposes of life, and, inso-

* Cowley—*Poetical Revenge.*

† The Reader will understand this first kind of imitation to refer to *analogy*, that great artifice, whose office is to modify and assimilate words, and to reduce the parts of a language under one common predicament. Thus some languages, like the Latin, are entirely *Barytone*:—of this the Peruvian language is, I believe, a modern example. Some are called, emphatically, "*analogous*," (such as, like our own, follow what is considered to be the natural order of the ideas) to distinguish them from the "*transpositive*," (those wherein that order admits of inversion). Yet even these, the "*transpositive*" are, in the ordinary sense, *analogous*; their very transpositions are regulated by analogy. In our language there is a tendency to cut short the ends of words; accordingly, analogy, like a master of the ceremonies, keeps the door, and before any strange word can gain admission, it must forthwith consent to part with its tail. Away go the *um's* and the *oi's*, and every superfluous appendage, and in steps the astonished foreigner, neat as a native.

* From the Persian, by Sir Wm. Jones.

† "*Omnis enim motus animi suum quandam à natura habet vultum et sonum et gestum; totumque corpus hominis, et ejus omnis vultus omnesque voces, ut nervi in fidibus, ita sonant, ut à motu quoque sunt pulsi.*" *Cic. de Orat. lib. 37.* (Every affection of the mind has, by nature, its own particular face, accent, and gesture; nay, the whole body of the man, face, voice, and all, like the strings of a violin, yield a certain tone even as they are struck.)

much, he will be an imitator; but here this disposition in him will terminate. *Mimicry* is a wanton imitation of small peculiarities, and finds no place in a mind bent on grave cares. It is a holiday thing, companion of ease and curious pleasure. It is the suggestion of a spirit in a state of enjoyment—the frothy top of a full cup,—not the partner of want.

A savage never laughs. *Mimicry*, however, always includes the ridiculous; if it does not express it, it implies a wilful and gratuitous observation of strange points—a quaint, self-humouring, unserious regard to the singular and the odd; and it effects its object by an abstraction of these features from the whole, and a preposterous raising of them into individual existence; than which nothing can be more contrary to the natural course of observation. It is so opposed in its nature to earnestness, that even in a case where it could serve purposes, one can hardly conceive a solemn being like a savage adopting it. It would not occur to his mind. Self-contemplation bounds his thoughts—contemplation of himself, or contemplation of nature as to himself,—but he has no supposition—no abstraction. Before the mind, however, can be in a condition to entertain ideas of mimicry, it must transfer itself beyond this self-centering circle, and be for a time wholly occupied and identified with another object. These three things—mimicry, satire, criticism—though by no means amongst the highest, are amongst the latest efforts of the mind. They are all excremental—all artificial and excessive—all of them bespeak a certain superfluity of observation.

For these reasons, in addition to what was urged before, I am inclined to regard as fallacious that favourite theory which ascribes to language an imitative origin.

[P. S. The extremely polite and obliging communication with which I have been favoured, through the hands of the Editor, from a Correspondent, W. F. Godolphin Waldron, has remained long unacknowledged, but not too long, I hope, for me to express my obligation to him for his kindness. The passages quoted were quite to the purpose, and the book from which they were taken shall, if possible, be seen.

I take the same opportunity of acknowledging, with many thanks, the interesting and copious communication on this subject from Liverpool.]

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXIII.—SANDY WOOD; OR INVETERACY IN A GOOD HEART.

[We gave last week a 'Gentleman's Revenge,' in a story from Mr Miller's 'Legends of Scotland and Traditions of Cromarty.' We here give the stubborn yet affecting resentment of a less cultivated goodness, ignorant what to do with its feelings, and, therefore, doubly bent upon being obstinate. The Englishman's zeal in behalf of fair play at the conclusion, is very amusing.]

THE old enclosure of the burying ground (says Mr Miller), which seems originally to have been an earthen wall, has now sunk into a grassy mound; and on the southern and western sides, some of the largest trees of the fence, a fine stately ash, fluted like a Grecian column, a huge elm roughened over with immense wens, and a low bushy larch with a bent, twisted trunk, and weeping branches, spring directly out of it. At one place we see a flat tomb-stone lying a few yards outside the mound. The trees which shoot up on every side, fling so deep a gloom over it during the summer and autumn months, that we can scarcely decipher the epitaph; and in winter, it is not unfrequently buried under a heap of withered leaves. By dint of some little pains, however, we come to learn, from the darkened and half-dilapidated description, that the tenant below was one Alexander Wood, a native of Cromarty, who died in the year 1690; and that he was interred at this place by his own especial desire. His wife and some of his children have taken up their places beside him,—thus lying apart like a family of hermits; while his story which, almost too wild for tradition itself, is yet as authentic as most pieces of written history, affords a curious explanation of the circumstance which directed their choice.

Wood was a man of strong passions, sparingly gifted with common-sense, and exceedingly superstitious. No one could be kinder to one's friends or

relatives, or more hospitable to a stranger; but when once offended, he was implacable. He had but little in his power either as a friend or an enemy,—his course through the world lying barely beyond the bleak edge of poverty. If a neighbour dropped in by accident at meal time, he would not be suffered to quit his house until he had shared with him his simple fare. There was benevolence in the very grasp of his hand, and the twinkle of his eye, and in the little set speech, still preserved by tradition, in which he used to address his wife every time an old or mutilated beggar came to his door:—"Alms, gud-wife," he would say, "alms to the cripple, and the blind; and the broken down." When injured or insulted, however, and certainly no one could do either without being very much in the wrong, there was a toad-like malignity in his nature, which would come leaping out like the reptile from its hole, and no power on earth could shut it up again. He would sit hatching his venom for days and weeks together with a slow, tedious, unoperative kind of perseverance, that achieved nothing. He was full of anecdote, and, in all his stories, human nature was exhibited in only its brightest lights, and its deepest shadows, without the slightest mixture of that medium tint which gives colour to its working every-day suit. Whatever was bad in the better class, he transferred to the worse, and *vice versa*; and thus not even his narratives of the supernatural were less true to nature and fact than his narratives of mere men and women. And he dealt with the two classes of stories after one fashion,—lending the same firm belief to both alike.

In the house adjoining the one in which he resided, there lived a stout little man, a shoemaker, famous in the village for his great wit, and his very considerable knavery. His jokes were mostly practical, and some of them were exceedingly akin to felonies. Poor Wood could not understand his wit, but, in his simplicity of heart he deemed him honest, and would fain have prevailed with the neighbours to think so too. He knew it, he said, by his very look. Their gardens, like their houses, lay contiguous, and were separated from each other, not by a fence, but by four undressed stones, laid in a line. Year after year was the garden of Wood becoming less productive, and he had a strange misgiving, but the thing was too absurd to be spoken of, that it was growing smaller every season by the breadth of a whole row of cabbages. On the one side, however, were the back walls of his own and his neighbour's tenements, the four large stones stretched along the other; and nothing, surely, could be less likely than that either the stones or the houses should take it into their heads to rob him of his property. But the more he strove to exclude the idea, the more it pressed upon him. He measured, and remeasured, to convince himself that it was a false one, and found that he had fallen on just the means of establishing its truth; the garden was actually growing smaller. But how? Just because it was bewitched! It was shrinking into itself under the force of some potent enchantment, like a piece of plaiding in the fulling mill. No hypothesis could be more congenial; and he would have held by it, perhaps, until his dying day, had it not been struck down by one of those chance discoveries which destroy so many beautiful systems, and spoil so much ingenious philosophy, quite in the way that Newton's apple struck down the vortices of Descartes.

He was lying abed one morning in spring, about day-break, when his attention was excited by a strange noise that seemed to proceed from the garden. Had he heard it two hours earlier, he would have wrapped his head up in the bed-clothes and lain still; but now that the cock had crowed, it could not, he concluded, be other than natural. Hastily throwing on part of his clothes, he stole warily to a back window, and saw between him and the faint light that was beginning to peep out in the east, the figure of a man armed with a lever, tugging at the stones. Two had already been shifted a full yard nearer to the houses, and the figure was straining over a third. Wood crept stealthily out at the window, crawled on all-fours to the intruder, and, tripping up his heels, laid him across his lever. It was his knavish neighbour the shoemaker. A scene of noisy contention ensued; groups of half-dressed townsfolk, looming horrible in their shirts and night-caps through the grey of morning, came issuing through the lanes and the closes; and the combatants were dragged asunder. And well was it for the shoemaker that it happened so; for Wood, though in his sixtieth year, was strong enough, and more than angry enough, to have torn him to pieces. Now, however, that the warfare had to be carried on by words, the case was quite reversed.

"Neebors," said the shoemaker, who had the double advantage of being exceedingly plausible, and decidedly in the wrong; "I'm desperately ill used this morning, desperately ill used. He would baith rob and murder me. I lang jaloused, ye out, that my wee bit o' a yard was growing littler and littler ilka season; and though no verra ready to suspect folks, I just thought I would keep watch, and see wha was shifting the mark stanes. Weel, and I did; late and

early did I watch for mair now than a fortnight, and wha did I see this morning through the back winnock but auld Sandy Wood there in his verra sark. O, it's no him that has any thought o' his end! poking the stanes wi' a lang kebar, until the verra heart o' my grun'. See," said he, pointing to the one that had not yet been moved, "see if he hasna shifted it a lang ell; and only notice the craft o' the body in turring up the yard about the lave, as if they had been a' moved frae my side. Weel, I came out and challenged him, as wha widna? Says I, Sawney, my man, that's no honest; I'll no bear that; and nae mair had I time to say, when up he flew at me like a wull cat, and if it wasna for your-sels, I dare say he would hae throttled me. Look how I'm bleedin; and only till him,—look till the cankart deceitful bodie, if he has one word to put in for himself."

There was truth in, at least, the last assertion; for poor Wood, mute with rage and astonishment, stood listening, in utter helplessness, to the astounding charge of the shoemaker,—almost the very charge he himself had to prefer. Twice did he spring forward to grapple with him, but the neighbours held him back, and every time he essayed to speak, his words, massed and tangled together, like wreaths of seaweed in a hurricane, actually stuck in his throat. He continued to rage for three days after, and when the eruption had at length subsided, all his former resentments were found to be swallowed up, like the lesser craters of a volcano, in the gulf of one immense hatred.

His house, as has been said, lay contiguous to the house of the shoemaker, and he could not avoid seeing him every time he went out and came in, a circumstance which he at first deemed rather gratifying than otherwise. It prevented his hatred from becoming rapid by setting it a working at least ten times a day, as a musket would a barrel of ale, if discharged into the bung-hole. Its frequency, however, at length sickened him, and he had employed a mason to build a stone wall, which, by stretching from side to side of the close, was to shut up the view, when he sickened in right earnest, and at the end of a few days found himself a dying. Still, however, he was possessed by his one engrossing resentment. It mingled with all his thoughts of the past and of the future; and not only was he to carry it with him to the world to which he was going, but also to leave it behind him as a legacy to his children. Among his many other beliefs, there was a superstition, handed down from the times of the monks, that at the day of final doom, all the people of the sheriffdom were to be judged on the moor of Navity; and both the judgment, and the scene of it, he had indissolubly associated with the shoemaker and the four stones. Experience had taught him the importance of securing a first hearing for his story; for, was his neighbour, he concluded, to be beforehand with him, he would have as slight a chance of being righted at Navity as in his own garden. After brooding over the matter for a whole day, he called his friends and children round his bed, and raised himself on his elbow to address them.

"I'm wearing awa', bairns and neebours," he said, "and it vexes me sair that that wretched bodie should see me going afore him. Mind, Jock, that ye'll build the dike, and make it heigh, heigh, and stobbie on the top; and O keep him out o' my lykewake, for should he but step in at the door, I'll rise, Jock, frae the verra straining board, and do murder. Dinna let him so muckle as look on my coffin. I've been pondering a' this day about the fearfu' meeting at Navity, and the march-stanes, and I'll tell you, Jock, how we'll match him. Bury me ayont the saint's dike, on the Navity side, and dinna lay me deep. Ye ken the bonny green hillock, speckled o'er wi' gowans and puddock flowers; bury me there, Jock, and yoursell, and the auld wife, may just, when your hour comes, tak up your places beside me. We'll a' get up the first tout—the ane helping the other, and I've wad a' I'm worth i' the world, we'll be half way up at Navity afore the schochlan, short-legged bodie wins o'er the dike." Such was the dying injunction of Sandy Wood, and his tombstone yet remains to testify that it was religiously attended to. An Englishman who came to reside in the parish, nearly an age after, and to whom the story had been imparted in rather an imperfect manner, was shocked by what he deemed his unfair policy. The litigants, he said, should start together; he was certain it would be so in England, where a fair field was all that would be given to St Dunstan himself, though he fought with the devil. And that it might be so here, he buried the tombstone of Wood in an immense heap of clay and gravel. It would keep him down, he said, until the little fellow would have clambered over the wall. The townsfolk, however, who were better acquainted with the merits of the case, shovelled the heap aside; and it now forms two little hillocks, which overtop the stone, and which, from the nature of the soil, are still more scantily covered with verdure than any part of the surrounding bank.

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

[The object of these Specimens is to give as thorough an insight into the qualities of our best poets, of whatever degree, as it is in the Editor's power to convey through the medium of brief criticisms, and within the limits of the JOURNAL. It is a work of love with him; and he hopes he may be enough animated by it to put readers of taste, hitherto less acquainted with them, in something like real possession of a knowledge of their merits. At all events, this department of the JOURNAL will contain a succession of extracts from as fine poetry as the world ever saw. Nor will defects be left without the requisite notice; it being the Editor's wish, that after becoming intimate with any one of these Specimens, when complete in all its parts, the readers he alludes to may be enabled, by their own lights, in addition to those furnished them, to speak of the poet for themselves.]

NO. I.—CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London, in the year 1328, apparently of a gentleman's family, and was bred in the court of Edward the Third. He married a sister of Catherine Swynford, mistress, and afterwards wife, to the King's son, John of Gaunt; and was employed in court offices, and in a mission to Italy, where he is supposed to have had an interview with Petrarch. In the subsequent reign he fell into trouble, owing to his connexion with John of Gaunt's party and the religious reformers of those days; upon which he fled to the continent, but returned; and after an imprisonment of three years, was set at liberty, on condition of giving up the designs of his associates;—a blot on the memory of this great poet, and, apparently, otherwise amiable and excellent man, which he has excused as well as he could, by alleging that they treated him ill, and would have plundered and starved him. He died in the year 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, close to which he had had a house, on the site where Henry the Seventh's chapel now stands: so that the Reader, in going along the pavement there, is walking where Chaucer once lived.

His person, in advanced life, tended to corpulency; and he had a habit of looking down. In conversation he was modest, and of few words. He was so fond of reading, that he says he took heed of nothing in comparison, and would sit at his books till he dimmed his eyes with it. The only thing that took him from them was a walk in the fields.

Chaucer (with Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton) is one of the Four Great English Poets; and it is with double justice that he is called the Father of English Poetry, for, as Dante did with Italian, he helped to form its very language. Nay, it burst into luxuriance in his hands, like a sudden month of May. Instead of giving you the idea of an "old" poet, in the sense which the word vulgarly acquires, there is no one, upon acquaintance, who seems so young, consistently with maturity of mind. His poetry rises in the land like a clear morning, in which you see everything with a rare and crystal distinctness, from the mountain to the minutest flower,—towns, solitudes, human beings,—open doors, shewing you the interior of cottages and of palaces,—fancies in the clouds, fairy-rings in the grass; and in the midst of all sits the mild poet, alone, his eyes on the ground, yet with his heart full of everything round him, beating, perhaps, with the bosoms of a whole city, whose multitudes are sharing his thoughts with the daisy. His nature is the greatest poet's nature, omitting nothing in its sympathy (in which respect he is nearer to Shakspeare than either of their two illustrious brethren); and he combines an epic power of grand, comprehensive, and primitive imagery, with that of being contented with the smallest matter of fact near him, and of luxuriating in pure vague animal spirits, like a dozer in a field. His gaiety is equal to his gravity, and his sincerity to both. You could as little think of doubting his word, as the point of the pen that wrote it. It cuts as clear and sharp into you, as the pen on the paper. His belief in the good and beautiful is childlike; as Shakspeare's is that of everlasting and manly youth. Spenser's and Milton's are more scholarly and formal. Chaucer excels in pathos, in humour, in satire, character, and description. His graphic faculty, and healthy sense of the material, strongly ally him to the painter; and perhaps a better idea could not be given of his universality than by saying, that he was at once the Italian and the Flemish painter of his time, and exhibited the pure expression of Raphael, the devotional intensity of Domenichino, the colour and corporeal fire of Titian, the manners of Hogarth, and the homely domesticities of Ostade and Teniers! His faults are coarseness, which was that of his age,—and in some of his poems, tediousness, which is to be attributed to the same cause,—a book being a book in those days, written by few, and when it was written, tempting the author to cram into it everything that he had learnt, in default of there being any encyclopædias. That tediousness was no innate fault of the poet's, is strikingly

manifest, not only from the nature of his genius, but from the fact of his throwing it aside as he grew older and more confident, and spoke in his own person. The 'Canterbury Tales,' his last and greatest work, is almost entirely free from it, except where he gives us a long prose discourse, after the fashion of the day; and in no respect is his 'Palamon and Arcite' more remarkable, than in the exquisite judgment with which he has omitted everything superfluous in his prolix original, 'The Teseide,'—the work of the great, but not poetical, Boccaccio;—(for Boccaccio's heart and nature were poems; but he could not develop them well in verse.)

In proceeding to give specimens from the works of this great poet, the abundance which lies before us is perplexing, and, in order to do anything like justice, we are constrained to be unjust to his context, and to be more piecemeal than we propose to be with others. Our extracts are from the volumes lately given to the world by Mr Clarke, entitled the 'Riches of Chaucer,' in which the spelling is modernized, and the old pronunciation marked with accents, so as to show the smoothness of the versification. That Chaucer is not only a smooth, but a powerful and various versifier, is among the wonders of his advance beyond his age; but it is still doubtful, whether his prosody was always correct in the modern sense,—that is to say, whether all his lines contain the regulated number of syllables, or whether he does not sometimes make time stand for number; or, in other words, a strong and hearty emphasis on one syllable perform the part of two,—as in the verse which will be met with below, about the monk on horseback; of whom he says, that

"Men might his bridle hear
Gingling in a whistling wind as clear,
And eke as loud as doth the chapel bell."

SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER'S PORTRAIT-PAINTING AND HUMOUR.

(From the set of Characters at the beginning of the
Canterbury Tales.)

THE KNIGHT.

And evermore he had a sovereign prise,
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet no villainy ne said,
In all his life unto no manner wight:
He was a very perfect gentle knight.

THE SQUIRE.

With him there was his son, a younge Squier,
A lover and a lusty bachelor,
With lockes curl'd as they were laid in press;
Of twenty years of age he was I guess.
Of his stature he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver,* and great of strength;
And he had been some time in chevachie,†
In Flaunders, in Artois, and Picardie,
And borne him well, as of so little space,
In hope to standen in his lady's grace.
Embroidered was he, as it were a mead
All full of freshe flourés, white and red:
Singing he was or floyting‡ all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May:

Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carv'd before his father at the table.

[Which was the custom for sons in those days. His attendant yeoman is painted in a line.]

THE YEOMAN.

A nut-head had he with a brown visage.

THE PRIORESS.

There was also a Nun, a Prioress;
That of her smiling was full simple and coy,
Her greatest oath n'as but by "Saint Eloy,"
And she was clep'd Madam Eglantine;
Full well she sang the service divine,
Entuned in her nose full sweetly;
And French she spake full fair and fetisly,
After the school of Stratford atté Bow,
For French of Paris was to her unknow:

[A touch of good satire that might tell now!]

At mené was she well ytaught withal,
She let no morsel from her lippes fall,
Ne wet her fingers in her saucé deep;
Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep.

[These are the elegancies which it was thought necessary to teach in that age.]

But for to speken of her conscience;
She was so charitable and so piteous,
She wouldé weep if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.
Of smallé houndes had she, that she fed
With roasted flesh, and milk, and wastel bread,
But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
Of if men smote it with a yardé smart:
And all was conscience and tender heart.

[What a charming verse is that!]

* Agile. † Chevauclée (French)—military service on horseback. ‡ Fluting.

THE MONK.

A Monk there was, a fair for the mast'ry,
An out-rider, that loved venery;*
A manly man to been an abbot able;
Full many a dainty horse had he in stable,
And when he rode men might his bridle hear
Gingling in a whistling wind as clear
And eke as loud as doth the chapel bell,
There as this lord was keeper of the cell.
The rulé of Saint Maure and of Saint Bene't,
Because that it was old, and some deal strait,
This liké monk let oldé thinges pace,
And held after the newé world the trace.
He gave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters be not holy men,
Nor that a monk when he is reckéless,
Is like to a fish that is waterless;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloister;
This liké text held he not worth an oyster.

His head was bald, and shone as any glass,
And eke his face, as it had been anioit;
He was a lord full fat and in good point;
His eyen steep, and rolling in his head,
That steamed as a furnace of a lead;
His bootés supple, his horse in great estate;
Now certainly he was a fair prelate:

[Of the sly and accommodating Friar we are told, that]

Full sweetly heard he confession,
And pleasant was his absolútion.

This was a couplet that used to delight the late Mr Hazlitt. To give it its full gusto, it should be read with a syllabical precision, after the fashion of Dominic Sampson,

THE SCHOLAR.

Him was lever† have at his bed's head
Twenty bookes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robés rich, or fiddle or psaltry:
But all be that he was a philosopher
Yet haddé he but little gold in coffer,
But all that he might of his friendés hent,
On bookes and on learning he it spent,
And busily gan for the soules pray
Of them that gave him wherewith to scholay.
Of study took he mosté cure and heed;
Not a word spake he more than was need;
And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high sentence:
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

A noble verse, containing all the zeal and single-heartedness of a true love of knowledge. The account of

THE SERGEANT OF THE LAW.

contains a couplet, which will do for time everlasting to describe a bustling man of business. If Fielding had read Chaucer, he would assuredly have applied it to his Lawyer Dowling, who "wished he could cut himself into twenty pieces," he had so much to do.

No where so busy a man as he there n'as,‡
AND YET HE SEEMED BUSIER THAN HE WAS.

THE SAILOR.

A Shipman was there, wonéd far by west;
For aught I wot, he was of Dartmouth:
He rode upon a rounny as he couth,
[He rode upon a hack-horse as well as he could.]
All in a gown of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a lace had he
About his neck under his arm adown:
The hoté summer had made his hue all brown:
And certainly he was a good fellow;
Full many a draught of wine he haddé draw
From Bourdeaux ward, while that the chapmen
sleep:
Of nicé conscience took he no keep.
If that he fought and had the higher hand,
By water he sent them home to every land.
But of his craft to reckon well his tides,
His streamés and his strandés him besides;
His harberow, his moon, and his lodemanage,
There was none such from Hull unto Carthage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake;
With many a tempest had his beard been shake:
He knew well all the havens, as they were
From Gothland to the Cape de Finistere;
And every creek in Bretagne and in Spain;
His barge cleyepéd was the Magdalen.

* Venery—Hunting.

† Rather.

‡ Pronounced nox, was not.

THE PARISH PRIEST.

Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,
But he ne left nought for no rain nor thunder,
In sickness and in mischief, to visit
The farthest in his parish much and lite.

He setté not his benefice to hire,
And let his sheep accumbred in the mire,
And ran unto Londón unto Saint Poule's
To seeken him a chantery for souls,
Or with a brotherhood to be withold;
But dwelt at home and kepté well his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarry:
He was a shepherd and no mercenary;

He waited after no pomp or reverence,
Ne makéd him no *spiced conscience*;
But Christés lore, and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himselfe.

How admirably well expressed is *spiced conscience*,—
a conscience requiring to be kept easy and sweet with
drugs and luxurious living.

Chaucer's pathos, humour, &c. &c. will require
two or three more papers.

TO THE SISTER OF CHARLES LAMB.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, when heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?
He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears:
The love of friends without a single foe,
Unequal'd lot below!
His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
Shalt thou for those repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men.
Left them he has. What then?
Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak
Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er Death's perennial snows.
Behold him! From the spirits of the Blest
He speaks, he bids thee rest.

W. S. LANDOR.

ILLUSTRIOUS FUN.

It was a favourite joke of the martyred Chancellor
(Sir T. More), on his friend Erasmus' name, that it
conveyed the notion of his having been formerly, in
the Pythagorean theory of pre-existence and trans-
migration, a very inferior animal—ERAS-MUS.—
("Thou wast a mouse.")—*Fraser's Magazine*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The charming letter of our fair Correspondent in
Wales, next week.

Due and most willing attention to * W *.

Insertion shall be given, the first opportunity, to
"Flowers in Churchyards," by the author of '*Stray-
Flowers*,' (not '*May-Flowers*,' as erroneously printed in
No 60).

J. B. should by all means attend to his ledgers and
his verses, both;—founding pleasure on duty.

PORTTROT's very proper and sensible letter shall be
handed over to the gentlemen in whose hands are the
subjects he speaks of.

Correspondents in general, who have not yet seen it,
will oblige us by reading the notice to them in our last
number.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

CURIOSITIES OF LAW AND HISTORY.

Tracts, Legal and Historical. By John Riddell, Esq.,
Advocate. 8vo. pp. 234. Edinburgh. 1835.
7s. 6d.

THIS is a volume full of very curious matter, and yet
one which is little likely to fall into the hands of
ordinary readers. We shall therefore be doing our
proper office as a Journal, one main aim of which is
the diffusion of knowledge, in drawing forth a hand-
ful or two of its rarities, and scattering them abroad
among the many. Its learned author may be
said to write only for his learned professional breth-
ren; for although he does occasionally affect the
popular, we cannot compliment him on his success
in that attempt. On his proper ground of a
legal antiquary, however, and especially in the
field of family antiquities, where such odd things
are frequently to be picked up, Mr Riddell is
well known as occupying a place in the very fore-
most rank of modern enquirers. His great learning
here is directed and turned to use by a shrewdness
and ingenuity which betoken not only a strong but a
highly original mind.

The first, and most important, of the Tracts in the
present volume is entitled a 'Reply to Mr Tytler's
Historical Remarks on the Death of Richard II.'
The Readers of the PRINTING MACHINE will recol-
lect that we gave an abstract of this speculation of
Mr Tytler's in our 24th number. That writer's
notion is, that Richard lived for nearly twenty years
in Scotland after the time that he is generally sup-
posed to have died or been murdered in Pontefract
Castle—and that he died in the Castle of Stirling, in
the year 1419.

This curious subject, Mr Riddell tells us, was first
broached by himself in the Scotch newspaper called
the 'Caledonian Mercury,' for the months of July
and August, 1829, where, he says, "he introduced
his theory as to the supposed Richard, with rela-
tive observations and authorities." What his then
theory was—whether the same with Mr Tytler's,
or the same that he now puts forward,—we
are not informed. The volume of Mr Tytler's
History (the third) in which the subject is treated of,
was published at Edinburgh in the same year.

In the present publication, at all events, Mr Rid-
dell contends that the story of Richard's escape is a
mere imagination, and that the individual—for there
certainly was such an individual—who personated
him in Scotland, was beyond all doubt an impostor,
or rather a pretender set up and maintained by the
government of that country as a means of annoying
or keeping in check that of the rival kingdom, un-

stable as the latter was at any rate from the circum-
stances of Henry the Fourth's accession, and the
disputable nature of his rights.

In the first place, our author remarks that we
have very strong and direct evidence of the fact of
Richard's death at Pomfret, early in the year
1400.

"Walsingham, a cotemporary, and a favourite
authority of Mr Tytler, informs us that Richard's
body, after his decease at Pomfret, on St Valentine's
day (the 14th of February), in that year, was exhi-
bited at all the places of note on the route to Lon-
don, where, in St Paul's Cathedral, in the presence
of the King and the Londoners, the funeral ser-
vice was performed. Otterburn, also a cotem-
porary, corroborates Walsingham in these particu-
lars, with the addition, that that portion of Richard
was disclosed, by which he could be recognized—the
face being bare and open from the forehead to the
throat. The testimony of Hardyng, independently
of being a cotemporary, like the two former, is very
important, because, while noticing the funeral cere-
mony, at the same time, he explicitly says that he him-
self saw the corse of Richard in "herse rial"—that is,
in the royal hearse in which it was placed. . . .
Froissard, as he informs us, had been secretary to
Edward III, the grandfather of Richard, by whom
he had been hospitably entertained, and munificently
remembered on his leaving England. He states
that Richard, after his death, 'was placed in a
litter, covered with black, and a canopy of the same;
four black horses were harnessed to it, and two varlets
in mourning conducted the litter, followed by four
knights, dressed also in mourning.' In this manner
they left the Tower, and paraded the streets, at a
foot's pace, until they came to Cheapside, which is
the greatest thoroughfare in the city, and there they
halted for upwards of two hours. More than twenty
thousand persons of both sexes came to see the King,
who lay in the litter, his head on a black cushion,
and his face uncovered."

In addition to these testimonies, others to the same
effect are quoted from Caxton's Chronicle, origin-
ally printed in 1480, from Fabyan, and from Speed,
who says that the corpse, "barefaced, stood three
days for all beholders."

Mr Tytler, however, maintains that the body thus
exhibited was not Richard's, but that of a priest of
the name of Maudelain. This story he has taken from
a French metrical history of Richard's Deposition,
which is the only authority for it, and the author of
which merely gives it hesitatingly and doubtfully, as
his own suspicion. It appears that this person had
really attempted to pass himself off for the deposed
King, and had some weeks before been, for that act
of high treason, put to death by Henry's party. Mr
Riddell contends that in these circumstances he
would most certainly be drawn, hanged, and quar-
tered, and his members, more especially his head,
agreeably to the usual practice, conspicuously ex-

hibited on the bridge or gates of London. "In thi
event," he remarks, "being familiar to every Lon-
doner, while pelted by the populace and the elements,
and rapidly decomposing, they would be admirably
adapted forsooth to stand proxy for Richard!" In
point of fact several of the old chroniclers expressly tell
us that Maudelain's body was so treated. Caxton, for
instance, states that he and another of the persons
engaged in the same conspiracy were drawn through
the City of London to Tyburn, and there hanged,
and their heads smitten off, and set on London
Bridge. It appears from other authorities here
quoted that the attempt of Maudelain, who was a
mere puppet in the hands of the Lords opposed to
Henry IV, was the sole origin of the rumour res-
pecting Richard's escape, which certainly prevailed
about the time of his death, and on which Mr Tytler
lays so much stress. Mr Riddell shows that for some
time after Richard's death there was an entire ab-
sence of any rumour of his being still alive. For
instance, the French King, whose daughter Richard
had married, upon that event forthwith disbanded a
large naval and military armament, which he had
prepared with the view of effecting the restoration of
his son-in-law; and some years after, in 1406, even
allowed his daughter Isabel, Richard's widow, to
contract a second marriage with the Duke of Orleans.
The fact of this marriage may be considered com-
pletely to refute an assertion of Mr Tytler's, founded
upon some very inconclusive inferences, that in 1404
and 1405 the French generally believed in Richard's
escape and safety.

The rise of the first rumour of Richard being still
alive is fixed by Mr Riddell, on the strongest con-
current evidence of documents and historical state-
ments, to the early part of the month of June 1402.
It appears that about that time there did appear in
Scotland a person bearing a kind of resemblance to
Richard, and that he was accompanied by one Wil-
liam Serle. This Serle was a sufficiently notorious
character. He had been yeoman of the robes to
Richard, and not only one of the chief companions of
that prince's low debaucheries, but his ready instru-
ment in his worst acts of violence and tyranny. It
was Serle, who, assisted by another minion of the
same stamp, murdered, at the King's command, his
uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, by throwing a feather-
bed on him, and pressing it down with the weight of
their bodies until he was suffocated.

"He was a man of the most depraved character;
and, according to Walsingham, a cotemporary, an
object of execration to the whole kingdom. With
Richard's secrets, habits, and manners, no one could
be better acquainted. . . . He had, at one

time or other, contrived to steal Richard's signet, so that, with the addition of a little forgery and address, he was well able to impose upon people, by means of supposititious letters from the Prince. When Richard's catastrophe happened, a total reverse, of course, followed in his fortunes—his previous dependence upon Richard, so far from benefiting him, made him unpopular, and an object of distrust; and, finally, the apprehension of Hall, a party in Gloucester's murder, but not so guilty as himself, with his full confession of all the particulars, rendered a stay in England no longer safe; and he, therefore, wisely lost no time in escaping to France."

An old authority, quoted by Leland, expressly states the fact, that Serle had stolen Richard's seal, and that he afterwards confessed having done so. Walsingham says that he forged the seal. Both agree that he made use of such a seal in the plot he now proceeded to get up. It is probable that Serle, either after making the required preparations, proceeded from France to Scotland, taking with him the puppet already mentioned, whose resemblance, in a certain degree, to Richard, is admitted; or, as he afterwards affirmed himself, having heard that there was such a person already personating Richard in Scotland, went over thither and joined him. Serle, at all events, confessed that this person was not Richard. Yet it clearly appears that it was, as we have said, his attempt alone, which gave rise to this first rumour of that King being alive.

"The year 1402," proceeds Mr Riddell, "seems to have been the time when the rumour of Richard's survival, countenanced by the Scots, made the greatest sensation; in 1403 we hear but little of it; and in 1404, the political atmosphere improving, Henry IV was induced to grant a general pardon to all state offenders; but, from this act of clemency, he specially excepts 'William Serle,' and 'Thomas Warde de Trumpington, que se pretende et feigne d'estre roy Richard.'"

Serle was afterwards taken; and, as already noticed, confessed the imposture in which he had been an actor. He confessed that Warde was not the late King Richard. The pretensions of the latter, therefore, may be considered as disposed of. Now, as Mr Riddell states, it is not asserted by any authority, and never has been maintained, that after Maudelain's imposture, there was more than one supposed Richard.

Although Serle, however, after his capture, was hanged and quartered, Warde continued to be protected in Scotland; and he is indisputably the person whom the government of that country, during many years afterwards, professed to treat and occasionally brought forward as the English King. From a curious letter, written in 1407, by the Archbishop of Canterbury to Henry IV, and now, for the first time, printed from the original, preserved in the British Museum, we learn a few particulars respecting this individual. He is described by the Archbishop as *stultus et fatuus*, that is, a fool or idiot; and, although the word is partially defaced, there is every reason to believe that in another passage he is called *servulus natus*, one born a servant or domestic. Mr Riddell has shown, that there were various persons of the names of Wyarde and Warde (probably identical), in subordinate situations at the English Court, in the fourteenth century. Among others, it appears, from the Rolls of Parliament, that a John Warde was appointed, by Richard II, his pavilion maker, with certain fees and emoluments. If Thomas Warde of Trumpington was of this family, he would, of course, have had good opportunities of observing; Richard's manner and address.

We now come to those entries in the Scottish Exchequer Rolle, respecting sums advanced, from time to time, by the Regent Albany, for the maintenance of the person asserted to be Richard II, upon which Mr Tytler lays so much stress. Mr Riddell says in a note: "The author had seen these entries, respecting the supposed Richard, nearly twenty years ago, in the Rolls in question, when he was examining them, but he cannot say that they made the impression upon him that they seem to have done upon Mr Tytler. They actually prove no more than what we previously knew, and is vouched for by our historians, including Bellenden,—that a person was nominally held to be King Richard by the Scottish Government; nay, their information is restricted to this only, while the other sources are far more communicative."

The designation of the individual to whom the entries refer by the title of King Richard, commences in 1408, and is continued up to 1417, two years before his alleged death. Now, James I. of Scotland was captured by the English in 1405; and upon this, according to our author's conjecture, "The Scots having lost their king, seem to have resolved upon a ridiculous and absurd reprisal, by affecting to show that they also had a rival monarch in custody." The first entry, in 1408, it is to be observed, is retrospective; referring to charges which had been incurred some time before.

"The funds," proceeds Mr Riddell, "assigned both for his sustenance and confinement, amounted to the mighty sum of one hundred merks. In the year 1404, the salary of James Wedale, a macer in Exchequer, was ten pounds, and at the same time the gown of the door-keeper there cost two pounds. These facts may throw light upon the amount of the sum expended on the supposed Richard, for it is well known that a merk was much less than a pound Scots, the value of the former being only thirteen shillings and four-pence of our (Scottish) money. Hence, it must be confessed that the Scots attempted the deception at a cheap rate, and certainly with no regard to the conceived royalty and importance of their prisoner. We are here unavoidably forced to contrast his treatment with that of James I., a real monarch, when a captive in England. The difference is striking, even as we learn from Mr Tytler, who says that James I 'was provided with the best masters, treated with uniform kindness, and waited on with the honours due to his rank.'"

Mr Riddell next proceeds to trace the future history of Warde, by the original notices of him which remain, with the view of showing that he remained in Scotland till his death. First, we find Henry IV. on the 29th of January 1409, conveying to another person the eight acres of land in Trumpington which had belonged to Warde, on the ground of his forfeiture, but without any mention of his death. Then, it appears by the Rolls of Parliament, that during the investigations into the March conspiracy, in 1415, "it transpired that some persons had secretly cast their eyes upon 'Thomas of Trumpington, an idiot,' of whom they were to avail themselves like another Maudelain, and bring from Scotland to personify Richard." In 1415, therefore, our author continues, "Thomas of Trumpington is explicitly shewn to have been an idiot, capable of personifying Richard, and still resident in Scotland, where, under the appellation of the Scottish impostor, he obviously figures in 1417, as will be seen in the sequel. Now, in addition to all this, when we have the statement of the Scottish Winton, a cotemporary, upon whom, too, Mr Tytler places such great reliance, and who had no access to English writers or authorities, that the *Scottish Richard was crazed*, while he also questions his royalty, can we, under these circumstances, entertain a doubt of the identity of the latter with Warde, especially when there is not a tittle of evidence, or even plausible surmise, to shake or rebut them? It is humbly conceded that the point is established to demonstration, and in a way not only remarkable, but hardly to be expected in a matter of antiquity. * * It may be only here added, that a 'Tractat of a part of ye Inglis Cronikle,' printed at the Auchinlech Press, from the Aslowan Manuscript, states in reference to the supposed Richard, that he "deit a beggar and out of his mynd, and was erdit (buried) in the Black Freris in Striviling." It is curious that two years before the death of the latter his pension was stopped, the Scots being at last tired of the imposture."

We can only afford room for the following additional extract:—

"During the whole time that the Scottish Government detained Warde, or the pseudo-Richard, it is unquestionable that they did not venture to make a hostile exhibition of him. As is proved by the Scottish Exchequer Rolls, he was kept in close custody, and not allowed to exceed the bounds of his imprisonment. This is fully explained by the circumstance of the imposture; if brought into view, his madness and ignorance, if not appearance also, would soon have unmasked him; and hence it was impracticable to send him to the borders, or to enable him to act against England. * * What is also remarkable, his seclusion in Scotland was not owing to any wish of the Regent Albany to conciliate the English, or in consequence of an interested system of forbearance, because it is proved, independently of other things, by a letter of Henry V. (in 'Ellis's Original Letters,') that Albany, in 1417, had conspired with his enemies to dispatch the pseudo-Richard to England with hostile intentions (the words are, "to stir what he may"). The latter, here, is appropriately styled the '*Mammet*' (that is, the impostor, or puppet,) 'of Scotland.' The will, therefore, of making the most of the phan-

tom, was not wanting to Albany, but merely the power, and, accordingly, however he might threaten, he could not act; and, therefore, while he fed his allies with such vain hopes in order to annoy the English, the enterprise, as it is hardly necessary to add, being quite impracticable, proved abortive. * *

"The conduct of the Scots towards the pseudo-Richard, is strikingly contrasted with the treatment of James I. by the English, of whose reality there could be no doubt. They had no scruple in exhibiting him upon all occasions; they not only recognized him as a prince, but actually treated him as one, giving him the seat of honour beside Catherine the wife of Henry V. at the festival of her coronation; nay, they even carried him into France, and displayed him in front of the English and French armies, that his presence might recall his subjects from the French ranks, and induce them to side with the English. It is further remarkable, that many of the Scots resorted to James during his captivity, that they might behold and converse with their lawful monarch, nor does it appear that access was denied them. * * But so far from this, the supposed Richard is carefully withheld from English inspection, and while, after all, but a harmless instrument in the hands of his detainers, is ever veiled in that mystery and concealment which are the sure indications of imposture. A circumstance mentioned by Bower, may illustrate the policy of the Scots in this respect. In the year 1405, or thereabouts, the Earl of Northumberland, then the enemy of Henry IV., but who had resolved to support the cause of Richard II., if alive, having fled to Scotland, desired, naturally enough, to converse with this counterfeiter,—but no, he found it impossible, for the latter would not see him—although, the historian adds, that Albany used his efforts to promote the interview. Any person, with but little penetration, may discover that this was a mock interference on the part of the latter; for if he had been sincere on the occasion, the supposed Richard, whether he wished it or not, could easily have been brought into view. But Albany knew well that the exhibition of the stranger and idiot to one like Northumberland, who had been intimately acquainted with the real Richard, would have unmasked the imposture, and, therefore, it may be inferred, wisely enough, laboured in secret to frustrate the object of the nobleman."

We must say that we think all this is abundantly conclusive. But Mr Riddell has, in the course of his able dissertation, adverted also to many minor points, which we have not space to notice. Several curious matters, besides the main subject of the investigation, are also incidentally illustrated.

The second tract is entitled, 'Observations upon the representation of the Rusky and Lennox Families, and other points in Mr Napier's Memoirs of Merchiston.' It is likewise full of curious matter, though its leading objects and conclusions are of less general interest.

Of the third and last tract also, we can only now give the title. It is 'Upon the Law of Legitimation per Subsequens Matrimonium,' or that principle of the Scottish law which, on the marriage of the parents, legitimizes the children born to them at any previous time. Mr Riddell's investigation of the history of this principle, and of the manner in which it appears to have crept into, and established itself in, the law of Scotland, is perhaps at once the most novel and the most important deduction in the book. At the present moment, when the subject of the Scottish law of marriage, in all its parts, is about to be brought before Parliament, the present Essay possesses peculiar interest.

MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. With Imaginative Illustrations. By J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A. Vol. I. London. Macrone.

THIS volume contains the life of our great epic poet, which is written with considerable taste and feeling by Sir Egerton Brydges, and which, though not uniformly fair, certainly does infinitely more justice to the genius and moral character of Milton than the Memoir of Dr Johnson that still precedes the 'Paradise Lost,' and the other poems, in nearly all our cheap and popular editions.

Johnson's political feelings and high-church predilections, which he nursed until they became absolute passions, the whole turn of his mind, and all his habits of life, peculiarly unfitted him to be the biographer of the republican and puritan John Milton; and to this must be added, that Johnson had no taste whatsoever for the high and imaginative order of

poetry, and would have been inclined to disparage that of Milton even without the bias of party and polemics.

On his side the present biographer has also tastes and aspirations wholly at variance with those of the foreign secretary of the Commonwealth and friend of Cromwell. Sir Egerton Brydges is enamoured of the pomp and power of royalty, the recollections of fealty, the honours of ancient descent, the distinctions of names and ranks, and he loves the title of "My Lord," with a passion amounting almost to insanity. But Sir Egerton, unlike Johnson, appreciates and most enthusiastically admires Milton's poetry, and, though he hates his politics, he charitably makes allowances, acquits him of all base motives, and only in one instance admits that Milton's conduct is to be for ever condemned or deplored. The animus of the work is indeed all charity and affection towards the blind bard, but if Milton could rise from the dead he would frown indignantly at the excuses put in by the biographer for the very writings and doings in which he most gloried, and he would protest with a "trumpet-blast" against the attempt to exonerate him at the expense of his party and the moral character of the people of England.

It is precisely in these uncalled-for excuses and shiftings of responsibility and blame—in the mawkish regrets that Milton should ever have taken part in public affairs, or composed those disputatious prose works which, in their day, produced more effect than fleets and armies, that the objectionable part of this memoir by Sir Egerton Brydges chiefly lies, and it really destroys one's equanimity to bear him labour and plead for the author of 'Defensio pro Populo Anglicano,' as though he were pleading for one who is at the same time his pet, and a criminal.

In spite of these objections, we have been greatly pleased with parts of the book. Sir Egerton thus states his motives for writing it—

"I am conscious what talents far above mine it requires to treat adequately the subject I have here undertaken; but others, as weak as I am, have already entered on the task with less respectfulness and less love, and I am willing to attempt to wipe away some of the stains they have left. For fifty years I have had an unquenchable desire to refute Johnson's perverse criticisms and malignant obloquies. I know not by what spell his authority over the public is still great."

We think he has been completely successful in his refutation of the criticism, and, (as far as Milton's private life is concerned,) of the malignant obloquies. Sir Egerton's running commentary on the different poems is exceedingly animated and agreeable; his sympathy with Milton's muse, the chaste and holy Urania, is warm and almost complete; and he generally speaks as a man thoroughly in earnest, whose heart's core glows with his subject and pours out the loving admiration he gives voice to. Admitting generally the justice of his criticism, we cannot, however, help thinking that he estimates too lowly those exquisite compositions, 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso.'

The materials for Milton's private life are not very numerous, and though our biographer has put together such as exist in an agreeable manner, he has not added to them. By far the most interesting of these materials are derived from Milton's own works—from the very prose works which Sir Egerton repeatedly deplores he should ever have written. As this cheap and elegant edition is calculated to have a large circulation among the people, we are, however, of opinion that by giving these passages, which in the original are mostly in Latin, in good plain idiomatic English, our biographer has done good service to the public and to the cause of liberty, for Milton hardly ever speaks of himself, of his sufferings and his misfortunes, except in connection with that great cause, or with the subject of education, which he ever considered as the only sure basis of a rational and lasting freedom.

Most of our Readers will remember, that when Milton wrote 'Paradise Lost,' 'Paradise Regained,' and 'Samson Agonistes,' (the three greatest of his works) he was stone-blind; but many may not be aware how he lost his sight, or know of the existence

of a splendid passage we are about to quote, and which is given in Sir Egerton Brydges' volume.

Milton's eyes, which, as he tells us himself, "were naturally weak," were sadly injured by night-reading and the intensity of his study from his childhood upward. In the scrupulous unflinching performance of the most laborious duties of his office as Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, and in his incessant efforts to defend with the pen the cause he had embraced, he completely lost the sight of one of his eyes in the year 1651. Nor even then, though fully aware of his impending fate, would he in any way relax his exertions, nor would he lay down the pen which he conscientiously believed he used for the best interests of his country and mankind, until for him it was "total eclipse all night"—until (in 1652) he had lost the sight of both his eyes, and, as he says in a pathetic sonnet, "lost them overplied in liberty's defence."

The melancholy news of his blindness had no sooner gone abroad than Du Moulin, an author retained by that religious and virtuous prince, Charles II, announced to the world that the poet's calamity was a visitation or judgment of the Almighty. To this savage and blasphemous assumption, Milton replied—

"I wish that I could with equal facility refute what this barbarous opponent has said of my blindness; but I cannot do it, and I must submit to the affliction. It is not so wretched to be blind, as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness. But why should I not endure a misfortune, which it behoves everyone to endure if it should happen, which may, in the common course of things, happen to any man, and which has been known to have happened to the most distinguished and virtuous persons in history? What is reported of the Augur Tiresias is well known, of whom Apollonius sung thus in his 'Argonautics':—

'To men he dared the will divine disclose,
Nor feared what Jove might in his wrath impose.
The Gods assign'd him age without decay,
But snatch'd the blessing of his sight away.'

"But God himself is truth; in propagating which, as men display a greater integrity and zeal, they approach nearer to the similitude of God, and possess a greater portion of his love. We cannot suppose the Deity envious of truth, or unwilling that it should be freely communicated to mankind: the less of sight, therefore, which this inspired sage, who was so eager in promoting knowledge among men, sustained, cannot be considered as a judicial punishment: and did not our Saviour himself declare, that that poor man whom he had restored to sight had not been born blind either on account of his own sins, or those of his progenitors?

"And with respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct, and scrutinized my soul, I call thee, O God, the searcher of hearts, to witness that I am not conscious, either in the more early or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation; but since my enemies boast that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I again invoke the Almighty to witness that I never at any time wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion, then, and I feel the same persuasion now. Thus, therefore, when I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the defence of the royal cause, when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye, and when my medical attendants clearly announced, that if I did engage in this work it would be irreparably lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no dismay: I would not have listened to the voice even of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauria, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast. My resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty; and I called to mind those two destinies which the oracle of Delphi announced to the son of Thetis.

"I considered that many had purchased a less good by a greater evil, the meed of glory by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by little suffering; that, though I were blind, I might still discharge the most honourable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem; I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me to enjoy as beneficial as possible to the public interest.

"But, if the choice were necessary, I would, Sir, prefer my blindness to yours; yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience; mine keeps from the view only the coloured surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there besides, which

I would not willingly see; how many which I must see against my will; and how few which I feel any anxiety to see! There is, the Apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that obscurity, in which I am enveloped, the light of the Divine presence more clearly shines! And, indeed, in my blindness, I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favour of the Deity; who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself. Alas! for him who insults me, who maligns and merits public execration! For the Divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack; not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings, which seem to have occasioned this obscurity. To this I ascribe the more tender assiduities of my friends, their soothing attentions, their kind visits, their reverential observances."—*Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano; or Second Defence for the English People.*

HOW TO OBSERVE.

How to Observe—Geology. By H. T. De la Beche. F. R. S., Hon. Sec. G. S., Memb. Geo. Soc. of France; Corr. Memb. Acad. Nat. Sci. Philadelphia, &c. Post 8vo. Pp. 312. Knight. London. 1835.

This is not a treatise on geology: but it is a book which professes to teach persons but slightly acquainted with that science "how to observe" facts of importance, which might otherwise pass unnoticed. The very prominent place which geology has, within a recent period, assumed, and the increased attention which it is receiving, have rendered such a work as this a very great desideratum to a large number of persons, especially to students and travellers. In all sciences based on observation, and in every branch of knowledge, whether called a science or not, nothing is acquired by a beginner with more slowness and difficulty than the power of distinguishing the facts that are not, from those that are, really worthy of attention, and what are the really essential circumstances in each fact.

It has generally been thought that this faculty or power could not be preceded by, but must result from great acquirements and much experience in any particular branch of knowledge. That it must thus be acquired in its perfection, there can be no dispute; but were it possible that some portion of it might be communicated to those who are yet young in science, not only would their course be smoothed and their labour much diminished, but many more persons than can now be so usefully employed, would be placed in a condition for observing facts which have not come under the notice of experienced observers, and which might yet materially conduce to the advancement of knowledge. Mr De la Beche has, in the work before us, demonstrated the practicability of this in the instance of geology; and in the continuation of the series, of which the present is the first volume, the process is to be extended to other branches of knowledge. We have the most sanguine expectations of the good likely to result from this attempt; the effect of which must be to multiply a thousand fold the hands dispersed abroad throughout the world, gathering, in unexplored places, the facts which are necessary to the nourishment and growth of knowledge.

Such instruction as is thus afforded must be of particular value to travellers, or rather to the world through them. It seldom happens, that those who have opportunities of exploring distant regions and accumulating unregistered facts, are those best qualified to turn such advantages to account. Therefore, to teach persons to whom, in the circumstances of life, such opportunities are afforded, "how to observe," is to confer a great boon, not less on science than on the traveller himself. How on science, we have already seen; and how on the traveller is easily shown. We speak from some experience, when we say, in this matter of geology, for instance, that nothing can be more annoying to one who has occasion to travel in regions not often visited by any, and never by men of science, than to

feel his own inability to observe and register facts which would be no less creditable to himself than useful to science. There is also much mortification and some shame attending the consciousness, that one is unable to make any use of opportunities which a man of science would prize beyond expression. Hitherto, travellers have been able to escape pretty well, in consideration of the long previous study of the science which, it was supposed, could alone qualify them to contribute to its advancement; but now that they are taught "how to observe," without any intimate acquaintance with the science being necessary, we really do not know what excuse will remain for them.

The book is illustrated with plenty of wood-cuts and diagrams, a specimen of which, as well as of the text of the work, we give the Reader in the following extract:—

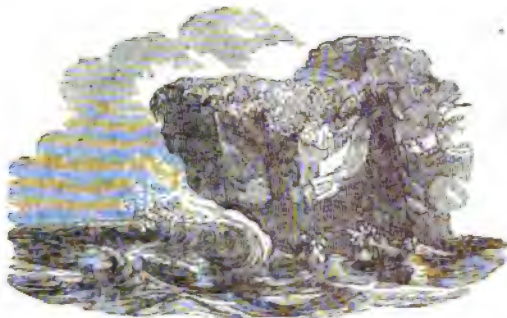
ABRASION OF COASTS BY WAVES.

"We may here notice this power, which is the greatest land-abrading force with which we are acquainted, particularly when its effects are collectively considered.

"Properly to estimate the effects of this power, the observer should be present on some exposed coast, such as that of the western part of Ireland, the Land's End, Cornwall, or among the Western Islands

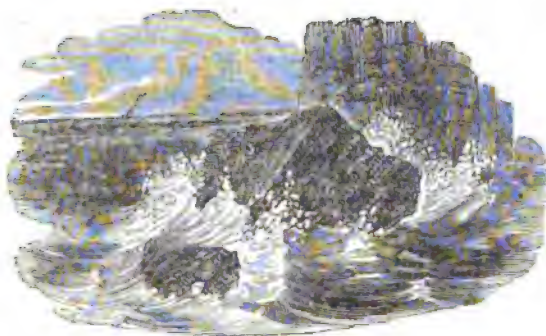
of Scotland, during a heavy gale from the westward, and mark the crash of a heavy Atlantic billow when it strikes the coast. The blow is sometimes so heavy that the rock will seem to tremble beneath his feet. He will generally find in such situations, that though the rocks are scooped and caverned into a thousand fantastic shapes, they are still hard rocks, for no others could continue to resist long the almost incessant action of such an abrading force. Having witnessed such a scene, he will be better able to appreciate the effects, even though the waves be inferior in size, upon the softer rocks of other coasts. * * *

"An observer will scarcely have long directed his attention to the abrading power of waves breaking on coasts, before he will discover many circumstances which modify the effects that would be otherwise produced. He will see that the abrasion of coasts is often greatly assisted by land-springs, as they are termed, that, as it were, shove the cliff into the power of the breakers by moistening a body of rock, which thus loses its cohesive powers, and is launched in the direction of least resistance, or seaward. Other encroachments are made by the fall of masses of cliff, undermined by the waves, the cohesive power of the rock not being equal to its weight, or the action of gravity downwards. If, as in the annexed sketch, a rock be even sufficiently cohesive in the mass, to admit of the considerable excavation there represented without falling, a time must come, if the breakers continue to work in the same direction, when the weight of the superincumbent mass would be such that it must fall.



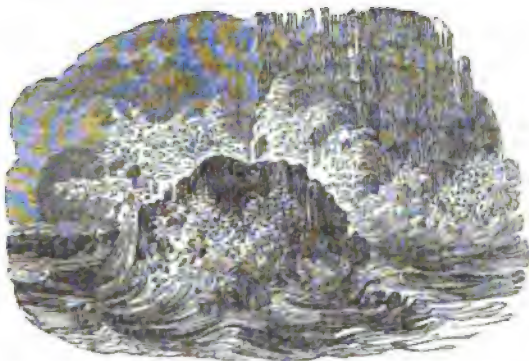
"When, however, a great mass of cliff does fall, in the manner noticed above, the observer should direct his attention to its conservative influence. To

appreciate this, he will consider the hardness of the rock, the position in which it has fallen, and its new power of breaking the waves further from the coast.



"If the mass of fallen rock be stratified, much will depend upon the face presented to the breakers; for if it fall so that the plane of the beds remains sloping seaward, as in the above figure, it will act as a well-

contrived wall erected to defend the cliff: but if the beds should be exposed vertically after the fall, as in the subjoined figure,



the future destruction of the cliff will be far more rapid, and its conservative influence consequently less."—Pp. 52—56.

There is more on the subject to which the above extract relates, but we reserve our space for another extract from the concluding part of the volume, which treats of the application of geology to the useful purposes of life. The following is part of what is said under the head of *Building*:—

"The observer desirous of selecting a stone to be exposed to atmospheric influences, would do well to

study the mode in which it is *weathered* in the locality whence it is obtained. He may there learn which part, if it be a compound rock, is liable to give way before such influences, and the conditions under which it does so. Granite, generally, is considered a proper material for national monuments. Some granites, however, though they may be hard and difficult to work when first taken from a quarry, are among the worst building materials, in consequence of the facility with which the felspar in them decomposes when exposed to the action of a wet atmosphere, in a climate which may be warm during part of the year, and cold during the other. Rocks which contain compact felspar are often very durable. Some of

the *eltons*, as they are provincially termed, of Cornwall, seem to be particularly durable when exposed to atmospheric influences; for some of the old and external carved stone work of the churches constructed with this material in that part of England, is as perfect as when first put up.

"Rocks which readily absorb moisture, such as many of those which are termed freestones, are exceedingly bad for the external portions of exposed public buildings; since, in counties where frosts occur, the freezing of the water in the wet surface continually peels off the latter, and eventually destroys the ornamental work carved upon it. It should be recollected that freestones, so termed because they are easily worked, are often valued because they may be cut readily when first taken from the quarry, and subsequently become harder when exposed to the atmosphere; and that this quality arises from the evaporation of the water contained in the stone when forming part of the natural rock. Now, some of these freestones again readily absorb moisture, while others do not, and an observer should ascertain this fact by experiment before any given freestone is selected.

"Some freestones are formed of particles of sand cemented together by different substances, the cementing matter being sometimes siliceous, at others calcareous, and at others again formed of oxide of iron. In the first case, the freestone would not suffer from the chemical action of atmospheric influences upon it; while, in the second, rain water containing carbonic acid would tend to dissolve the calcareous matter, and deprive the sand of its cement; and, in the third, the action of atmospheric influences would tend to render the material unsightly by staining it with iron rust.

"The little attention that has been paid, in the erection of national monuments in this country, to the durability of the materials of which they are constructed, is well known. There is no want of good materials if they would be sought out; and it often occurs to the geologist to find them. A more beautiful stone for public works can no where be obtained than from a mass of white granite near Okehampton, in Devonshire. Judging from the weathered character of this rock, it must be extremely durable. It is composed of white felspar, quartz, and mica, and looks as white as statuary marble. Hitherto, we believe, this beautiful material has only been formed into one or two chimney-pieces."—Pp. 308—311.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM among various expressions of regret which we have received from the old readers of the *PRINTING MACHINE*, at the discontinuance of that *JOURNAL* as a separate publication, we have to notice a letter signed *CARTHUSIANUS*, for the kind terms of which we beg to return the writer our thanks. As for the points which he suggests, we had not failed to give them our best consideration while arranging our new plan; but we came to the conclusion (on the representation of those most conversant with such matters), that the complexity of separate pagings for the two works would be likely to be felt rather as an annoyance than an accommodation by the great majority of readers. It is a plan which has been repeatedly tried, but has never, as we understand, given satisfaction, or succeeded. Let us add, that, while, for convenience sake, the two departments of the *JOURNAL* will be kept under separate superintendence, our object is, that they should nevertheless be really united and incorporated—that they should form one, not two works. We apprehend (besides all other considerations) that we thus take a ground on which we stand still more distinctly alone among the publications of our class than even the *LONDON JOURNAL* has hitherto done, and that we attain a comprehensiveness beyond that of any other such publication. We look to this entire and cordial partnership for much of our expected success. Then, as for commencing a new volume, in other words an entirely new work, with our present number, although of course we should have been glad to do so for the sake of the purchasers of the *PRINTING MACHINE*, we felt that it would have been unfair to the much more numerous purchasers of the *LONDON JOURNAL* to break the work, at so early a period of its existence, into two series. As the work, although extended and additionally diversified in its contents, still retains the form of the *LONDON JOURNAL*, and not that of the *PRINTING MACHINE*, it was thought proper that it should be in all other respects identified with the former. After all, the old readers of the *PRINTING MACHINE* who shall continue to take in the work in its present shape, are only in the same circumstances with all new subscribers to any work which has been for some time going on—although we confess we wish we could have relieved them entirely even from any inconvenience or disadvantage incidental to that position.

LONDON:

CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. BAYNARD, Little Finsbury-street.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL

AND

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1835.

No. 64.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

"THE BUTCHER."

BUTCHERS AND JURIES.—BUTLER'S DEFENCE OF THE
ENGLISH DRAMA, &c.

It was observed the other day in the *LONDON JOURNAL*, that "butchers are wisely forbidden to be upon juries; not because they are not as good as other men by nature, and often as truly kind; but because the habit of taking away the lives of sheep and oxen inures them to the sight of blood, and violence, and mortal pangs."

The '*Times*,' in noticing this passage, has corrected our error. There neither is, nor ever was, it seems, a law forbidding butchers to be upon juries; though the reverse opinion has so prevailed among all classes, that Locke takes it for granted in his '*Treatise on Education*,' and our own authority was the author of '*Hudibras*,' a man of very exact and universal knowledge. The passage that was in our mind is in his '*Posthumous Works*,' and is worth quoting on other accounts. He is speaking of those pedantic and would-be classical critics who judge the poets of one nation entirely by those of another. Butler's resistance of their pretensions is the more honourable to him, inasmuch as the prejudices of his own education, and even the propensity of his genius, lay on the learned and anti-impulsive side. But his judgment was thorough-going and candid.—The style is of the off-hand careless order, after the fashion of he old satires and epistles, though not so rough:—

"An English poet should be tried by his peers,
And not by pedants and philosophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to be of a jury,
Besides the most intolerable wrong
To try their masters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen like Sophocles,
Or tales* false than Euripides,
When not an English native dares appear
To be a witness for the prisoner,—
When all the laws they use to arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made by a foreign lawyer and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic scruples;
And by the advice of virtuosi Tuscans,
Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins,—
Gave judgment on all past and future plays, ...
As is apparent by Speroni's case,†
Which Lope Vega first began to steal,
And after him the French *filou*; Corneille;
And since, our English plagiarists aim
And steal their far-fetch'd criticisms from him,
And by an action, falsely laid, of trover,§
The lumber for their proper goods recover,

* Tales (Latin) persons chosen to supply the place of men impanelled upon a jury or inquest, and not appearing when called. [We copy this from a very useful and pregnant volume, called the '*Treasury of Knowledge*,' full of such heaps of information as are looked for in lists and vocabularies, and occupying the very margins with proverbs. Mr D'Iraelli, sen., objects to this last overflow of contents, but not, we think, with his usual good sense and gratitude, as a lover of books. These proverbial sayings, which are the most universal things in the world, appear to us to have a particularly good effect in thus coming in to refresh one among the technicalities of knowledge.]

† Speroni, a celebrated critic in his day, and great plagiarist, among others, of Tasso.

§ Filou—pickpocket! This irreverent epithet must have startled many of Butler's readers and brother-loyalists of the court of Charles the Second. But he suffered nothing to stand in the way of what seemed to him a just opinion.

§ Trover—an action for goods found, and not delivered on demand.—*Treasury of Knowledge*. Butler's wit dragged every species of information into his net.

Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's,
Who for a few misprisions of wit,
Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit,
And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censured for it with more unlucky sense:

(How happily said!)

When all their worst miscarriages delight
And please more than the best that pedants write."

Having been guilty of this involuntary scandal against the butchers, we would fain make them amends by saying nothing but good of them and their trade; and truly if we find the latter part of the proposition a little difficult, they themselves are for the most part a jovial, good-humoured race, and can afford the trade to be handled as sharply as their beef on the block. There is out and come again in them. Your butcher breathes an atmosphere of good living. The beef mingles kindly with his animal nature. He grows fat with the best of it, perhaps with inhaling its very essence; and has no time to grow spare, theoretical, and hypochondriacal, like those whose more thinking stomachs drive them upon the apparently more innocent but less easy and analogous intercommunications of fruit and vegetables. For our parts, like all persons who think at all,—nay, like the butcher himself, when he catches himself in a strange fit of meditation, after some doctor perhaps has "kept him low," we confess to an abstract dislike of eating the sheep and lamb that we see in the meadow; albeit our concrete regard for mutton is considerable, particularly Welsh mutton. But Nature has a beautiful way of reconciling all necessities that are unmalignant; and as butchers at present must exist, and sheep and lambs would not exist at all in civilised countries, and crop the sweet grass so long, but for the brief pang at the end of it, he is as comfortable a fellow as can be,—one of the liveliest ministers of her mortal necessities,—of the deaths by which she gives and diversifies life; and has no more notion of doing any harm in his vocation, than the lamb that swallows the lady-bird on the thyme. A very pretty insect is she, and has had a pretty time of it; a very calm, clear feeling, healthy, and, therefore, happy little woollen giant; compared with her, is the lamb,—her butcher; and an equally innocent and festive personage is the butcher himself, notwithstanding the popular fallacy about juries, and the salutary misgiving his beholders feel when they see him going to take the lamb out of the meadow, or entering the more tragical doors of the slaughter-house. His thoughts, while knocking down the ox, are of skill and strength, and not of cruelty. And the death, though it may not be the very best of deaths, is, assuredly, none of the very worst. Animals, that grow old in an artificial state, would have a hard time of it in a lingering decay. Their mode of life would not have prepared them for it. Their blood would not run lively enough to the last. We doubt even whether the John Bull of the herd, when about to be killed, would change places with a very gouty, irritable old gentleman; or be willing to endure a grievous being of his own sort, with legs answering to the gout; much less if Cow were to grow old with him, and plague him with endless lowings, occasioned by the loss of her beauty, and the increasing insipidity of the hay. A human being who can survive those ulterior vaccinations must indeed possess some great

reliefs of his own, and deserve them, and life may reasonably be a wonderfully precious thing in his eyes; nor shall excuse be wanting to the vaccinators, and what made them such, especially if they will but grow a little more quiet and ruminating. But who would have the death of some old, groaning, aching, effeminate, frightened, lingerer in life, such as Mæcenas for example, compared with a good, jolly knock-down blow, at a reasonable period, whether of hatchet or of apoplexy,—whether the bull's death or the butcher's? Our own preference, it is true, is for neither. We are for an excellent, healthy, happy life, of the very best sort; and a death to match it, going out calmly as a summer's evening. Our taste is not particular. But we are for the knock-down blow, rather than the death-in-life.

The butcher, when young, is famous for his health, strength, and vivacity, and for his riding any kind of horse down any sort of hill, with a tray before him, the reins for a whip, and no hat on his head. It was a gallant of this sort that Robin Hood imitated, when he beguiled the poor Sheriff into the forest, and shewed him his own deer to sell. The old ballads apostrophize him well as the "butcher so bold," or better—with the accent on the last syllable, "thou bold butcher." No syllable of his was to be trifled with. The butcher keeps up his health in middle life, not only with the food that seems so congenial to flesh, but with rising early in the morning, and going to market with his own or his master's cart. When more sedentary, and very jovial and good humoured, he is apt to expand into a most analogous state of fat and smoothness, with silken tones and a short breath,—harbingers, we fear, of asthma and gout; or the kindly apoplexy comes, and treats him as he treated the ox.

When rising in the world, he is indefatigable on Saturday nights, walking about in the front of those white-clothed and joint-abounding open shops, while the meat is being half-cooked beforehand with the gas-lights. The rapidity of his "What-d'ye-buy?" on these occasions is famous; and both he and the good housewives, distracted with the choice before them, pronounce the legs of veal "*beautiful*—exceedingly."

How he endures the meat against his head, as he carries it about on a tray, or how we endure that he should do it, or how he can handle the joints as he does with that habitual indifference, or with what floods of hot water he contrives to purify himself of the exoterical part of his philosophy on going to bed, we cannot say; but take him all in all, he is a fine specimen of the triumph of the general over the particular.

The only poet, that was the son of a butcher (and the trade may be proud of him) is Akenside, who naturally resorted to the '*Pleasures of Imagination*.' As to Wolsey, we can never quite picture him to ourselves apart from the shop. He had the cardinal butcher's virtue of a love of good eating, as his picture shews; and he was foreman all his life to the butcher Henry the Eighth. We beg pardon of the trade for this application of their name; and exhort them to cut the cardinal, and stick to the poet.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

SINGULAR CHARACTER OF HENRY THE EIGHTH,
BY SIR RICHARD BAKER.

BEFORE giving this character, we will give some account of Sir Richard himself, who was a curiosity in his way. We found his Chronicle in the excellent circulating library of Mr Cawthorn, in Cockspur street.

SIR Richard Baker, says Granger, was the noted author of 'A Chronicle of the Kings of England,' a book formerly in great vogue; but which was ever more esteemed by readers of a lower class, than by such as had a critical knowledge of history.

The language of it was, in this reign (that of Charles the First), called polite; and it long maintained its reputation, especially among country gentlemen. Sir Richard's own encomium of his 'Chronicle,' in his preface to that work, is supposed to have recommended it to many of his readers. He says "that it is collected with so great care and diligence, that if all other of our chronicles were lost, this only would be sufficient to inform posterity of all passages memorable, or worthy to be known." The author seems to have been more studious to please than to inform; and, with that view, to have sacrificed even chronology to method. In 1658, Edward Phillips, nephew to Milton, published a third edition to this work, with the addition of the reign of Charles I. It has been several times reprinted since, and is now carried as low as the reign of George I. Sir Richard was also author of many books of divinity, and translated Malvezzi's 'Discourses on Tacitus,' and Balzac's 'Letters.' Most of his books were composed in the Fleet prison, into which he threw himself to avoid his creditors. He died in his confinement the 18th of February 1644-5.

Mr Daines Barrington, ('Observations on the Statutes') speaking of this history, observes, that "Baker is by no means so contemptible a writer as he is generally supposed to be; it is believed," says that author, "that the ridicule on this 'Chronicle' arises from its being part of the furniture of Sir Roger de Coverley's Hall."

What sort of a writer Baker was, the reader may judge for himself by the following extract. He has given a character just as preposterous of James the First, by whom he was knighted, and whom he represents as equally scholarly and warlike! ("tam Marti," says he, "quam Mercurio"). In short, Sir Richard appears to have been a man, either of little scruple in such matters, or wholly moved by a personal sense of his connexion with rank and authority. No such character would probably have been given of Henry the Eighth by his ancestor Sir John Baker, who was the only privy councillor that refused his assent to the royal will and testament, by which Mary and Elizabeth were excluded from the succession. There is a certain picturesque simplicity occasionally (probably not his own), in the midst of his ignorant and unscrupulous compilations, that makes him no unfit author in Sir Roger de Coverley's library; though Addison certainly intended him no compliment on any other score, by putting him there. The passage we here extract, however, is the less unworthy of curiosity, inasmuch as it will show in a very strong light the distinctions habitually entertained by our ancestors, with respect to the moral privileges of man and woman-kind; for Henry, who is here not only excused, but vindicated, for his treatment of his wives, was notoriously no observer of continence himself. Henry the Eighth has a right, of course, to every excuse from a philosophic historian, brought up as he was, and the inheritor of a power and wealth unknown to the crown till his time; but to allow every excuse to him, and none to his unfortunate wives (even if guilty) is no longer the sort of justice which will be meted out by the fellow-creatures of both. All the readers of Sir Richard's chronicle will now laugh at his one-sided and gratuitous absurdities.

"Hee (Henry the Eighth, says our once popular historian) was exceeding tall of stature, and very strong; fair of complexion, in his latter days corpulent and harley. Concerning his condition, he was a prince of so many good parts, that one would wonder he could have any ill; and, indeed, he had not many ill, till flattery and ill counsell in his latter time, got the upper hand of him. His cruelty to his wives may not only be excused, but defended; for if they were incontinent, he did but justice; if they were not so, yet it was sufficient to satisfy his conscience, that he thought he had cause to punish them so. And if the marriage bed be honourable in all, in princes it is sacred." (Then, why didn't he keep it so, himself?) "In suppressing of abbeyes, he shewed not little piety but great providence; but though they were excellent things, being

rightly used, yet most pestilent, being abused; and then they were justly suppressed, when the abuse scarce possibly can be restrained. To think he suppressed abbeyes out of covetousness and desire of gain, it is to make him extremely deceived in his reckoning; for if we compare the point with the charge that followed, we shall find him certainly a great loser by the bargain. He was so farre from pride, that he was rather too Amable; at least he conversed with his subjects in a more familiar way than was usuall with princes." (As his very proud man could not do this, out of the sense of unsurpassable distance between them!) "So valiant, that his whole life almost, was nothing but exercise of the valour; and though performed amongst his friends in jest, yet they prepared him against his enemies in earnest, and they that durst be his enemies, found it. It may be said, the complexion of his government for the first twenty years, was sanguine and joviall; for the rest, cholerick and bloody; and it may be doubted, whether in the former, he were more prodigall of his own treasure, or in the latter of his subjects' blood; for as he spent more in fiction, than any other king did in realities; so in any distempers of his people, he had no other physick, but to open a vein! But we shall do him extreme wrong to think that all the blood shed in his time, was of his shedding; they were the bishops that were the *Draco* to make the bloody laws; the bishops that were the *Phalaris*, to put them in execution: the King oftentimes scarce knowing what was done. Certain it is, when a great lord put a gentlewoman the second time on the rack, the King hearing of it, exceedingly condemned him for such extreme cruelty. As for religion, though he brought it not to a full reformation; yet he gave it so great a beginning, that we may truly say of that he did—*Dimidium plus toto* (a half greater than the whole).

Sir Richard here undertakes to disprove the charge of incontinency against Henry, by telling us that he was married one month to Anne of Cleves, yet held her person sacred. The words are not such, but such is his meaning. Every body knows to what this sacredness amounted. He delicately exclaimed when he first beheld her, "They have brought me a Flanders mare!" and resolved from that moment not to live with her. Sir Richard then concludes his character as follows:—"But this is to make nosegays! I like better to leave every flower growing upon its stalk, that it may be gathered fresh, which will be done by reading the story of his life."

We take the early part of the work to be the best. The author got them out of the old English chroniclers, and deserves the thanks of the reader for retaining the truly personal portraits of the Henrys and Edwards, which Hume and other historians, out of an unphilosophical notion of the dignity of history, have too much neglected. Among other amusing particulars, we are startled, even for venerable antiquity's sake, to find, that Henry the Third, whose visual faculties were none of the best, was libellously designated by a man of that time, in language familiar to modern streets, as "a squint-eyed fool!"

FLOWERS IN CHURCHYARDS.

By the Author of 'Stray-Flowers.'

THE custom of planting flowers in churchyards is becoming more prevalent than it used to be; the idea that a churchyard should be a place wholly gloomy is fast fading away; and the yew trees, through which the wind "made lonely music," are being supplanted by the sweetness, and the delicacy, and the incense of flowers. Why should a churchyard be a place for nothing but sorrow? Why should it ever wear the hue and the aspect of sadness? There is quite enough of gloom in the world, without our adding unnecessarily to it.—But is not the memory of days departed, sweet? Do not the remembrances of friends we loved, come upon us in the hours of our tribulation and in the times of our suffering—like winter-flowers, more beautiful from the very desolation they enliven? Then why should not flowers, as emblems of memory, and of those we loved, blossom over the spot where their ashes repose? The 'Forget Me Not,' the magic of whose name is as sweet as it is powerful, is, by virtue of that very name, a churchyard flower; it will do for the grave of the old, or the young, the lover, the husband, the father or the son. There are other flowers, too, which might be made emblematical of the sleeper.—The daisy, and the butter-cup, the violet, and the primrose, might blossom over the grave of childhood, as memorials that the one beneath was cut down

"in the spring and playtime of the year" of life. And for girlhood we might have many types selected from the garden or the field—the lily graceful and beautiful, with its pure white petals, pure as the virgin heart beneath—and if consumption had laid her low, we might take the passion-flower as delicate in its conformation, and as short and as levelly in its existence.—And for manhood we might take the flowers of the more advanced summer; and for age the violet of autumn would be meet, "Wat wi the dew" of the September eve.—The aged are ever fond of the remembrances of their childhood, they all seem to wish to "die at home at last;" that is, near the spots of their earliest associations of thought, when they went out laughing children to gather "King cups in the meadow," or violets that grew in the shaded walk, by the churchyard-wall. There is something in nature so divine, that our love of her seems to look even beyond death.—How many times did a late friend of mine, whose soul was endued with the beauty of poetry, wish to be buried in the churchyard of a romantic village to which we used occasionally to stroll in the still evening time, to talk about poetry and poets. He had chosen the spot, because flowers, by some "hands unseen," had been there planted and nourished, and it was some consolation to him, even in the hour of mortal suffering, to think he should be laid among the beauties of nature that he loved with an ardent love—'tis thus that

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Flowers, too, are fitting for church yards,—for they serve to remind us of a world where the flowers fade not away, where hope whispers to us we shall meet with those we loved now sleeping beneath.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LXXIV.—A MODERN BLUE-BEARD.

[FROM the memoirs of Madame de Genlis. The existence of such a monster, as is here described, would be incredible, were it not for the occasional appearance among us of "monsters" in other shapes, poisoners &c.; and being credible, it would be intolerable, did not the comforting and well-grounded reflection come to our aid, that such phenomena are, in fact, madmen; of which there can be no doubt. There is some defect in their organization, most likely physical as well as moral, which makes them a species of wild and inconsistent beast in a human shape.]

My vivacity and my rudeness (says Madame de Genlis, speaking of her childish days) were generally confined to the chamber-maids, or to one of our neighbours who came often to the château, and to whom I had conceived a violent aversion.

The personage so hated was a gentleman who was said to belong to the ancient house of Châlons, now long extinct; he styled himself M. de Châlons, and he was then upwards of thirty; though rich, he had always refused to marry, under pretext of being extremely devout; and he had such a reputation for piety, that he almost passed for a saint. His face was rather handsome, but he had a manner of looking at you from the corner of his eye, and by stealth, which first inspired me with an aversion to him. I remarked also that at church he made many pious contortions; and his uplifted eyes, and hands crossed on his breast, were not at all edifying to me. In short, I considered him a hypocrite, and the event proved him one of the most wicked monsters ever heard of; one who had committed many atrocious crimes, which were discovered in the following manner. Encouraged by the reputation he had usurped, he at last counted upon it too far; and heaven suffered him to be so blinded as to commit crimes which were sure to be discovered. Under the pretext of repairing his household linen, he brought from Autun a pretty young sempstress, whom he had seen in that town; he had detained her in his chateau about six weeks, after which she disappeared. He wrote to her mother that she had run off with a lover, and at the same time he begged her to send him the girl's youngest sister, a girl also extremely pretty, as the repairing of his linen, he said, was not yet finished. She was sent to him; in two months she disappeared also, and the monster wrote to the mother that she had followed the example of her sister, and had taken flight as she did. This time however, the unfortunate mother, enlightened by her despair, laid her complaint before the judge, who gave orders for a search throughout the house of M. de Châlons. The wretch, who had information of this, took flight, and was never after-

wards heard of; but providence has surely overtaken him, and caused him to perish in his obscure hiding-place. An examination of his château took place; marks of blood ill-washed out were visible in one of his cabinets, there were deadly poisons found in a cupboard, and in the garden were several specimens of his last buried victims! The body of the first of the young girls was recognised by means of a ring of hair, with a motto, which he had left upon her finger!... Thus, my antipathy for the monster was completely justified by the sequel.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Somerset House.

(Continued.)

A few more pictures in the Great Room remain to be mentioned. 180, 'Welsh peasants crossing the sands to market,' W. Collins, is rather heavily coloured; but hearty and genuine. 184, 'On the Dee, North Wales,' T. Creswick, refreshes one in the heat of the exhibition room, with its cool leaves and water. 186, 'The principal gaut at Hardwarde,' W. Daniell, R.A., is interesting for the sake of the scene. 'Wars' Alarms,' A. Fraser, an anticipative little hero, in a round jacket, with trumpet and drum, terrifying his sister, is well coloured, and no more. The School of Painting is headed by a 'Portrait of her Most Faithful Majesty, Donna Maria the Second, Queen of Portugal,' (204), by J. Simpson. As a painting it is rather flat and dry; as to the subject, it is quite otherwise; her Most Faithful Majesty does good credit to Portuguese living, seeming to acquire additional portliness with her added years; meagre days obviously harm her not, nor does she look wasted with over-much anxiety and trouble. 209, 'Tom Jones,'—not the sprightly master of Partridge, the lover of Sophia Western, but a highly respectable and sober-looking dray-horse,—is the best bit of painting contributed by A. Cooper this year. The sleekness of the skin, the velvety surface of the snout, the compact, but powerful limbs, are excellently given. 220, 'Vigilance,' H. Wyatt,—very charmingly painted; the still sleep of the lovely girl bending over her arm, and the bright eyes of the little spaniel, watching so faithfully over his unconscious mistress, made us feel quite apologetic towards both, for our fixed stare at them. 226, 'A Ferry on the river Ninfa, Sermoleta in the distance, a scene in the Pontine Marshes near Rome,' P. Williams, though quaintly coloured in parts, is a rich and true effect of colour and evening light; the boatman is really fine. 227, 'Wood-cutting,' F. R. Lee, is a rural and a pleasing scene, well painted. 235, 'The Bridge of Sighs, Venice,' W. Etty, R.A., a bold and beautiful piece of colouring; the deep blue sky, the stone walls, that solitary little star, the dark, deep-walled canal, all are solitary and sepulchral, and painted with a true feeling for the scene itself, and its solemn associations. 234, 'Line fishing, off Hastings,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A.;—a powerful painting, as to the foreground; but flimsy and fantastic in the colouring of the farther parts of the picture. 241, 'The Embarkation,' by J. J. Chalon, is very sprightly and fine, but flimsy and over-dressed. 242, 'Scene in the Sunderbunds, Bengal,' W. Daniell, R.A.; a cool and silent water, overhung by trees heavy with excess of growth, a dragging robe of leaves; the deep shade and motionless repose give one an idea of a corner, cool, and sequestered from a burning sun. 243, 'The Circling Hours,' 244, 'Pandora,' and 245, 'Night with the Pleiades,' H. Howard.—"The above three pictures are intended for compartments in a ceiling in Sir John Soane's museum."—The 'Pandora' is not very original, but all are fanciful and pleasing. We prefer the 'Night and the Pleiades'; it is not so grand as the subject might demand, nor indeed grand at all; but it is the most original, and tells its meaning best. 261, 'The Boy's Song of Love, Bay of Naples,'—a charming rich bit of colour. 267, 'Cranmer reynoking his recantation at Oxford,' a picture crammed with interesting portraits. It is full of excitement, and tells its story; but there is a pervading want of power, both in the execution and the design. 270, 'The Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock,'

M'Clise, is a magnificent assemblage of courtly shows; but we cannot admire it as a painting; the figures are stiff and flat, and hard in the outline; the *chiaro-scuro* is very defective, so that there is no keeping in the distance; the drawing is weak; and finally, however distinguished the original of the principal figure may be, in modern fashionable society, and however handsome, his appearance is by no means the beau-ideal of the chivalric; he might have served for the Alfonso of Fortiguerra; but Alfonso, though a brave and loyal knight, is not the type of chivalrous potency and exaltedness. The present picture seems to us quite unworthy of the painter of 'All Halloween.' 277, 'Meditation,' H. Wyatt;—a very graceful portrait. 278, 'Christ Walking on the Sea,' R. Westall, R.A., possesses one characteristic of the grand, it is simple; but meagre; it is broadly painted, but the figures look feeble; the effect is solemn, the expression weak and undecided. 283, 'Festa della Madonna dell' Arco,' T. Uwins, A., a glowing Neapolitan scene, very finely coloured. That head in the middle with the vine leaves, is glorious,—and so is the yellow dress. Uwins makes us like colour simply for its own sake. 294, 'The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., is a splendid show of red and yellow, and blue, in very fine contrast; a fine "flare-up" as it is termed by those connoisseurs in imaginative metaphor, the slang-speakers; but there is no keeping in the picture, no plain truth; it does not come to the point. 299, 'Portrait of the late Edward Irving, Esq.' D. Wilkie, R.A. The Irving before us is a small-featured, acute, lively, lawyer-like sort of personage; but the Edward Irving whom we recollect, was large, serious, inward-thinking, wild-featured, a man like the prophets of old. The picture is well painted, but does not represent its subject. 203, 'Favourites, the property of his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge,' E. Landseer, R.A.; a white horse, and a couple of dogs, one of them holding a whip in his mouth, apparently waiting for their master. Not much of a subject; but out of these simple materials has Landseer constructed a fine painting. Look at the sensitive face of the smaller dog; the ample coat, the powerful limbs, and mild countenance of the other; have you not, Reader, seen such faces before, and wondered what might be the range of thought and sympathy in the living spirit within, beyond what we can know or guess at? How full is the firm and solid flesh of the well-conditioned horse, how living his eye, how soft and mobile his "innocent smile." 304, 'The citadel of Agra, &c.' W. Daniell, R.A. is a curious scene, and interesting, but heavily painted, and singularly low-toned. 310, 'Phædria and Cymochles on the Idle Lake,' W. Etty, R.A. A picture to which we have before alluded, like all by that artist, contains much that is objectionable, but, this one, much more that is very beautiful. Some strange muddy spots in the back ground, a peculiar blackness in some of the shadows, and a degree of license in the treatment of the subject, are the chief defects of the picture. The bright flesh of the woman, soft, terse, fair, and white, but warm, and transparent, is a triumph of colour. The sportiveness of Phædria, her vivacity, has not been caught, perhaps not attempted, and the little Cupid is introduced in very questionable taste; part of Phædria's character, is her uniqueness and solitariness; she sits, and glides, and laughs alone; surely Mr Etty does not consider the little god as a nobody. The flowers, and the boat, which the artist has made to be of mother-of-pearl, are most admirable; the boat is a perfect wonder of brilliant, varied, and true colour. 326, 'A scene from the comedy of the Honey Moon,' G. Clint, A. is very well painted; particularly the girls hint.

There is not much in 342, 'Shakspeare reading one of his plays to Queen Elizabeth,' and the drawing is more defective than we should have expected from Mr Wood. 354, 'Portrait of a Lady,' H. Sass,—not a favorable specimen of what the artist can do; but Mr Sass has rested his fame rather upon his teaching, to which he has devoted all his life, and all his remarkable energy, and is now without a rival. Acuteness of eye, ready comprehension of character,

encouraging manners, familiarity with technicalities and unflinching patience are the requisites for a teacher; and in Mr Sass, they are joined to the most enthusiastic love of the art, and a universal kindness and intense interest in his pupils. 359, 'The Cathedral of Burgos,' D. Roberts, is a fine building, and very vigorously painted; but it is scarcely so solid as Roberts generally paints. 363, 'On the coast of Normandy,' C. Stanfield, R. A. elect, not one of Stanfield's best; but in parts extremely beautiful—as the water in the foreground, which is wonderfully fresh and salient. 387, 'The Bride of Lammermuir,' H. Montague. The unfortunate victim of parental tyranny, has just murdered her ill-fated and ill-assorted Bridegroom, and is crouching, crazed and gibbering, in the chimney corner. The subject is an awful one, and the design falls no way short of the subject; the face of the girl is a fearful mixture of beauty, feminine gentleness, fierce madness, and horror. 395, 'King Richard the First of England, surnamed Cœur de Lion, and the Soldan Saladin,' S. A. Hart. A very showy picture, possessing a good deal of interest, but overcharged in the action, and not quite true we think in the expression; the view taken of the subject is insartificial. Richard is vulgar, neither kingly, nor knightly in his bearing; Saladin is wanting in life and elevation of character. 416, 'Tam O'Shanter,' J. P. Knight,—the jolly party carousing previous to Tam's departure. The characters are decidedly and spiritedly portrayed, and the effect of fire-light is excellent;—the illusion is complete.

Besides the pictures, there are in the rooms up stairs, many portraits, which our limits forbid our more than generally alluding to, but which will interest all who care to see the faces of those they hear talked of;—portraits of public characters, male and female, literary, scientific, political, and so forth.

To be concluded next week.

[The current No. of the History of British Fishes, of the Arboretum Britannicum, and Vol. I. of the new edition of Milton, with illustrations by Turner, we are obliged to postpone till next week, for want of space.]

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. II.—CHAUCER, (CONTINUED).

SEVERAL of Chaucer's best poems are translations from the Italian and French, but of so exquisite a kind, so improved in character, so enlivened with fresh natural touches and freed from comparative superfluity (in some instances, freed from all superfluity) that they justly take the rank of originals. We are sorry that we have not the poem of Boccaccio by us, from which he took the 'Knight's Tale,' containing the passages that follow,—in order that we might prove this to the reader; but it is lucky perhaps in other respects, for it would have led us beyond our limits; and all that we profess in these extracts, is to give just so many passages of an author as shall suffice for evidence of his various characteristics. We take, from his garden, specimens of the flowers for which he is eminent, and send them before the public as in a horticultural show. To see them in their due juxtaposition and abundance, we must refer to the gardens themselves; to which it is of course one of our objects to tempt the beholder ultimately.

PHYSICAL LIFE AND MOVEMENT.

A young Knight going a-Maying.

Compare the saliency, and freshness, and natural language of the following description of Arcite going a-Maying, with the more artificial version of the passage in Dryden. Sir Walter Scott says of it, that the modern poet must yield to the ancient, in spite of "the beauty of his versification." But with all due respect to Sir Walter, here is the versification itself, as superior in its impulsive melody, even to Dryden's, as a thoroughly unaffected beauty is to a beauty half spent.

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteh in her song the morrow grey.

• Saluteh.

And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his streamés drieth, in the grévés (1)
The silver droppés hanging on the leavés:
And Arcite, that is in the court réél (2)
With Theseus, the squiér principal,
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;
And for to do his observance to May,
Remembring on the point of his desire,
He on his courser, starting as the fire,

[An admirable image! He means those sudden catches and impulses of a fiery horse, analogous to the shifting starts of a flame in action.]

Is ridden to the fieldés, him to play,
Out of the court, were it a mile or tway;

[These are the mixtures of the particular with the general, by which natural poets come home to us.]

And to the grove, of which that I you told,
By aventure (3) his way he gan to hold,
To make him a garland of the grévés,
Were it of woodbind, or of hawthorn leavés,
And loud he sang against the sunny shéen; (4)
May,—with all thy flowrés and thy green,
Right welcome be thou, fairé freshé May:
I hope that I some green here getten may.

["I hope that I may get some green here;"—an expression a little more off-hand and trusting, and fit for the season, than the conventional common-places of the passage in Dryden—

"For thee, sweet month, the groves green kiveries wear!" &c.]

PORTRAITS OF TWO WARRIOR KINGS.

There mayst thou see, coming with Palamon,
Licurge himself, the greaté King of Thrace,
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;

[Here is Dryden's and Pope's turn of line antici-
pated under its noblest form.]

The circle of his eyen in his head
They gloweden betwixen yellow and red,
And like a griffon looked he about,
With combéd hairés on his browés stout;

[That is to say, a forehead of the simplest, potent
appearance, with no pains taken to set it out.]

His limbés great his brawnés hard and strong;
His shoulders broad, his armés round and long;
And as the guisé was in his countrée,
Full high upon a car of gold stood he,
With fouré whité bullés in the trace
Instead of coat armóur on his harnáce, (5)
With nailés yellow, and bright as any gold,
He had a bear's skin, cole-black for old.
His longé hair was comb'd behind his back
As any raven's feather it shone for black.
A wreath of gold arm-great, of hugé weight,
Upon his head sate full of stonés bright,
Of fine rubies and of diámonds.
About his ear there wenten white alauns (6)
Twenty and more, as great as any steer,
To huntén at the lion or the deer,
And followed him, with muzzle fast ybound,
Collar'd with gold, and tourettes (7) filéd round.
A hundred lordés had he in his rout
Armed full well with heartés stern and stout.
With Arcite, in stories as men find,
The great Emétrius, the King of Ind,
Upon a steedé bay, trapped in steel,
Cover'd with cloth of gold diápréd wele,
Came riding like the god of armés, Mars;

[There's a noble line, with the monosyllable for a
climax!]

His coat-armóur was of a cloth of Tars;
Couchéd (8) with pearlés white and round and great;

His crispéd hair like ringés was y-run,
And that was yellow, and glittéréd as the sun;
His nose was high, his eyen bright citrine, (9)
His liprés round, his colour was sanguine,
A few frackness (10) in his face ysprent, (11)
Betwixen yellow and black somdeál yment (12)
And as a lion he is looking cast.

[He does not omit the general impression, notwith-

- (1) Groves. (2) Royal.
(3) *Per aventura* (Italian)—by chance. (4) The sun-
shine.
(5) Harness.
(6) *Alauns*, (Spanish), a species of hound.
(7) Rings on the collars, to leash by.
(8) Imbedded.
(9) Citron-colour. It seemt imply what has been some-
times called a green-eye—a hazel dashed with a sort of
sparkling yellow.
(10) Freckles. (11) Sprinkled.
(12) Mingled.

standing all those particulars. You may see his
portrait close or at a distance, as you please.]

Of five-and-twenty years his age I cast *;
His beard was well beginning for to spring;
His voice was as a trumpet, thundering.

A hundred lordés had he with him there,
All arméd, save their heads, in all their gear;
Full richly in allé manner thingés;
For trusteth well, † that earlés, dukés, kingés,
Were gather'd in this noble company,
For love, and for increase of chivalry.
About this king there ran in every part,
Full many a tame lión and leópart.

* Reckon,—Chaucer, like the Italians and French, used
the same word for a rhyme, provided the meaning was
different.

† Believe me. The third person singular, had the force,
in those days, of the imperative.

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

MY DEAR SIR,—One of your delightful Journal's
greatest charms, is, that it teaches us to look on the
bright, the poetic side of life; and to be grateful that
it offers us so many sun-shiny prospects. "There
is a story in one of Zitter's Letters to Youth," says the
writer of the eloquent defence of Coleridge, against
the accusations of 'The Opium Eater,'* "of two of
Frederick's guards, one of whom said to the other, as
the king went by—'Look what a bad hat the king has
on!' 'Stupid dog!' cried the other, 'look what a
head he has!' These speeches," the writer con-
tinues, "are typical of the two classes of mankind." Your
Correspondent in his letter, in No. 58—not
only considers happy marriages as events of rarest
occurrence, but also that unhappy ones are the uni-
versal misery. I am not one who can see a married
pair "get on pretty well together," as the phrase
runs, (which means, with extremely well-bred indif-
ference) and call them 'happy'; and yet I venture to
hope that you will agree with me, when I say, that
earth would be "a vale of tears" indeed, despite all
its gorgeous colouring, if there were not very many
blessedly happy marriages in it—though, your Cor-
respondent will pardon my saying, it would be diffi-
cult to imagine their happiness founded on his philo-
sophy of *opposite qualities*. Nature has formed man
and woman essentially different characters, and though

"was the nobler birth,

For we from man were made—man but of earth,
The son of dust!"—

I cannot admit either of inferiority or superiority
but if less of

"The original clay of coarse mortality
Harden and flaws around"

us, than man,—if woman is the more refined creature,
it may be owing to her "nobler birth." But it is in
man that genius loves to immortalise her incompre-
hensible powers, and all her wonderful gifts are
lavished on him. Woman hovers very sweetly over
the "shine and shade" of our beautiful world, but
man only can soar to heaven and fetch from thence
the heavenly fire that woman worships. Philoso-
phers have censured our indiscriminate admiration of
the bravery of "Captain Sword;" and we grant that
the mere soldier's bravery, if it include no better
species of valour—no loftier moral courage—ought not
to be ranked much above a fine animal instinct. We
do indeed give it all the admiration it deserves, and,
perhaps, a little more; first, because it is our na-
ture's opposite; and secondly, because we are gene-
rous: (I know you love a little frankness), but no
woman, who has two ideas in her head, is content
even with a lion's valour, unless there be joined to it
the man's heart. And moral courage is part of the
wisdom of the heart. I will make no remark on
that different, and peculiarly feminine mental cou-
rage, which is woman's fairest attribute; for, me-
thinks, you already smile at my eagerness to prove
what few would disallow, that nature has kindly
bestowed on man and his help-meet so ample a

dower of opposites, that they are in no danger of
falling victims to the dulness of monotony: but
Nature's opposites, when conducted wisely, all blend
together into harmony; while the artificial unlike-
nesses of habits, pursuits, &c., would, almost unavoid-
ably produce discord, even if they could exist with
true love.

When I have next the pleasure of being in com-
pany with a phrenologist, I will beg the favour to be
informed whether the organ of devotion (of veneration,
I believe I should say) is not strikingly de-
veloped in woman; for she can love her God with all
her heart, yet prays

—"to be forgiven for the sin
Of loving aught on earth with such a love,"

as overflows the same heart for that being, whom,
next to her God, she "looks up to;"—for this is the
very essence of woman's love. Surely then, with
such feelings, she would unconsciously abandon her
former pursuits, tastes, and habits, for his—nay,
her very thoughts and opinions would be apt to re-
ceive from his, new impressions.

You have given us a very beautiful story, in No.
56, of "true love." Will you accept a *pendant* to
it, that will defend me from the charge of being
a theorist:—But your story is of true love *before*
marriage—mine is, of true, and, thank God, living
wedded love.

While I was staying with my sister and her hus-
band, some few years ago, I spent the greatest part
of a day from their happy home. On my return,
when all the children were put to bed, my sister and
I sat ourselves to talk over, as sisters are wont, 'the
hours of absence—and I had an incident to relate,
which we examined minutely; trying it by all the
severe tests of *ifs* and *buts*—and we ended by assur-
ing each other, that our opinions entirely coincided.
My brother-in-law had been dining out, and, though
he returned late, my little story was told and dis-
cussed anew, and his opinion was directly opposite to
my sister's and mine. To this moment I think he
was mistaken—but my sweet sister turned her bright
and loving smile from her husband's face to me, say-
ing, in the softest tone of gentle decision, "Well, a-
fter all, I'm sure P—must be right." I threw
my arms round her neck, exclaiming—"Delightful!"
and ran off to bed.

We hear of the unhappy marriages; but the sound
of the multitude of happy ones seldom passes beyond
their own atmosphere of bliss.

FEMINA.

* * This letter (of which, with a horrible self-
denial, we have been obliged to leave out a passage,
engraved in our heart) is worth a hundred ordinary
disquisitions on some of the questions agitated re-
specting marriage, and the relative claims of the
sexes. That there will be great improvements in all
the conditions of society, as knowledge and justice
advance together, we doubt not; and that in the
mean time, marriages are too often unhappy, will be
denied by no one. But as our fair Correspondent
says, it is in the nature of unhappy marriages to
make a noise and be heard of, while the happy ones
are less known, by reason of their very quiet. The
charming sisterly anecdote, so honourable to all par-
ties,—with the running off to bed, and the father of
several children still so implicitly beloved—is like a
scene in Wycherly or Congreve, with innocence
added to the gaiety.—En.

TABLE TALK.

SPECIMEN OF THE FAMOUS SOCRATIC MODE OF
PUZZLING A DISPUTANT.

In the latter, he attacks the fastness of pagan priest-
craft; and reduces Euthyphron, who maintains that
there are duties peculiarly due to the gods, and
who is engaged on this principle in the prosecution
of his own father for a murder, to a nonplus. The
toil is thus artfully spread. Euthyphron, on Socra-
tes' pretended wish for information, lays down, that
what is pleasing to the gods is sacred, what is other-
wise, profane: a position he is obliged to abandon
on considering the acknowledged difference of senti-
ment among the gods: when he adopts, at Socrates'
suggestion, the amendment, that what is pleasing to
all the gods is sacred, what is displeasing to all pro-

* See the British Magazine for January 1835.

fame, and the not indifferent. On which, Socrates, who has apparently gained little advantage in this first round, but the credit of giving his antagonist a fall and setting him on his legs again, proceeds to involve him in perplexity in this way. As when any thing acts or suffers, it is active and passive because it acts and suffers, and does not act and suffer because it is active and passive; so when anything pleases, it is pleasing because it pleases, and does not please because it is pleasing; but that which is sacred confessedly pleases the gods, because it is sacred, and is not sacred because it pleases the gods; therefore, that which pleases the gods cannot be sacred, nor that which is sacred pleasing to the gods, the one being pleasing because it pleases, while the other pleases because it is pleasing:—an entangling subtlety, which can hardly be exhibited but in Greek; and which we might wish, perhaps, with Johnson, not difficult merely, but impossible of exhibition in any language. Socrates then leads Euthyphron to assert or to allow, that sanctity is a part of duty; that it is that part which relates to the service of the gods; that it consists in rightly giving and rightly taking: and that it may be regarded consequently as a sort of commerce between heaven and earth. But in commerce, what is useful is given for what is useful. Do we give for their favours what is *useful* to the gods? Euthyphron, with a sort of pious horror, instantly rejects this idea, and says,—not what is useful, but what is agreeable. He is then brought round to the point from whence they started, since what is agreeable is synonymous to what is pleasing: and, feigning an awkward excuse, abruptly breaks up the conference. There is in all this, surely, much solemn trifling—a childish attempt to puzzle and confound, by considerations entirely foreign from the merits of the question; and the best apology for Socrates, if justly reported on this occasion by Plato, is, that he fought the sophists with their own weapons, and endeavoured, in a good cause, to—win his way by yielding to the tide.—*Diary of a Lover of Literature.*

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

"All individuals have but a certain portion of love in their composition, and it is a pity to exhaust it at once. Who are the persons with whom we remain on good terms to our old age?—why those whom we never cared about."—"What a selfish idea!" exclaimed Madame de Merveur.—"I am only speaking the

truth, which, to be sure, I might have put into finer words. Had I talked of inconstancy, the misery of unreciprocated feelings, of love enduring as love never yet endured, both yourself and Signora Carrara would have been equally charmed and touched. Ay, ay, merge the selfishness in the sentiment, and it will be sure to take; people will be so thankful to you for a decent excuse."—"Have you, then, no belief," asked Madame de Merveur, "in disinterested and lasting attachment?"—"Passe pour cela," exclaimed the chevalier, "I will not answer for all the vain beliefs that may have passed through that receptacle of confusion the human mind; but this I will say, that the causes of inconstancy are much misunderstood. It is commonly said, that love never lasts. Now, that is not so much from change or that it exhausts itself, as that it is mixed up with the paltry cares and daily interests of life; thus losing its ideality, which constitutes its great charm. Two lovers begin by reading poetry, and end by casting up bills together. The reason why an unfortunate attachment outlasts the one more happy, is that it is less confounded with the commonplace of existence."—"I must say," cried the Duc de Merveur, "you are the very last person I should have suspected of subtilising on sentiment."—"Ah!" replied De Joinville, "the truth is, that nobody knows anything about anybody. Our nearest and dearest friends have a thousand thoughts and feelings which we have never even suspected. We look in them only for what reflects our own. Our very sympathy is egotism."—"Nay," said Francesca, "there is nothing which appears to me so exaggerated as the common exclamations about the selfishness of human nature. We are a great deal better than we make ourselves out to be."—"If Mademoiselle Carrara speaks from her own personal experience, I, for one, will not contradict her."—"Nay," answered she, "I will not be complimented out of my position; mine was a general position. Kind and generous impulses are rife in our nature. Look at the pity which springs, spontaneously, at the sight of affliction—witness the admiration, so ready, to welcome any great action; and call to mind the thousand slight acts of kindness almost unmarked, because of such daily occurrence."—"I felicitate you, on your experience," said the Chevalier, rising, "and will now depart, and, at least, try to preserve so grateful an impression."—"True enough was the Chevalier's assertion, that we know but little of even our most intimate friends—and yet this does not originate from want of sympathy;

it is rather owing to the extreme sensitiveness of all our more imaginative feelings. How many emotions are in every heart, which we never dream of communicating! They are too fine, too fragile, for expression, like those delicate hues on the atmosphere, which never yet could painter embody. Moreover, there is an odd sort of satisfaction which we take in making ourselves other than we are. This is a species of deception which defies analysis and is yet universally practised. Some make themselves out better, some worse, than they really are, but none give themselves their exact likeness. Perhaps it is, that the ideal faculty is so strongly developed in us, that we cannot help exercising it, even upon the reality of ourselves.—*Francesca Carrara.*

MILTON'S EGOTISM.

In the 'Paradise Lost'—indeed in every one of his poems—it is Milton himself whom you see; his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve—are all John Milton; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in reading Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit.—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not know whether to be most delighted with the letter of our warm-hearted Correspondent of Croydon, or most to regret that she should take a different view from our own, of any matter. But we fear the selfish part of the dilemma predominates; and that we are so pleased, we cannot be generous enough to feel the becoming amount of sorrow.

The American vessel, so obligingly alluded to by our fair friend of "Auld Lang Syne," conveyed kindred of the person in question, but not the person himself.

Various Correspondents will oblige us by looking at the last number of our Journal but one.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

LIFE OF KEAN.

The Life of Edmund Kean. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 260 and 280. London. Moxon. 1835.

NATURALLY connected, and in some sort dependent upon each other as the two often are, how different in all things are the positions of a great author [and a great actor! Take the case in which each fills while alive a large space in the public eye. Yet, whatever may be an author's popularity in his lifetime, and even the influence which he exercises over his fellow-men, his true fame and dominion begin only after his death, and lie in that boundless future which he may not behold, save with the eye of hope or prophetic anticipation. Being dead, he yet liveth in his immortal books; and no comparison can be drawn between that unripe and every way limited power which he wields, even in the most favourable cases, for some dozen or score of years over a portion of his contemporaries, and the universal empire which becomes his inheritance after the consenting voices of successive generations have ratified his claims, and the world looks up to him as one of its fixed and permanent lights as naturally and believingly as it does to the stars in the firmament of heaven. To the actor there is no future. Remembered he may be, and, if great enough, will be, long after his death; but of his power over the minds and hearts of men he will not, and cannot, retain one particle, let him have been as great as you choose. His life is merely in the breath of his nostrils;—he is the man of his own times, and no more.

There is one way, however, in which persons eminent only during their lives may bequeath something of themselves to posterity; and in that they have often the advantage over those whose chief eminence comes

after death. As men exclusively of the present, it will generally happen that they have played a more bustling and conspicuous part within that narrow circle, than the others, whose more real existence is in the time to come. Their personal history, therefore, will often be more varied and striking,—more interesting, and even more instructive;—and that they may leave behind them. It may be written and given to the world, we mean, either by themselves or others. In this way the name which is now nothing but a name, may be made at least "to point a moral or adorn a tale"—the proper duty in such cases made and provided.

Among lives of this sort, the lives of actors are apt to be not the least curious. The world in which they professionally move is, to be sure, a sufficiently circumscribed one, and so peculiar withal, that it has scarcely any attraction at all for the more catholic, which are also the deepest and most intense, of our human sympathies; but this is of little consequence. Biography is interesting not for the events of extensive importance with which the career of the hero may be connected—such things, extinguishing the individual in the act and its consequences, make rather the interest of history—but for what he is in himself, and for what he does and suffers that affects only his own fortunes or displays his own character. Let the narrative be only rich in incidents and manifestations of the latter kind, and we are satisfied. Give us strength of mind, or of passion, earnestness in the pursuit of any object, and something in adventure out of the common straight and level rail-road of existence, and we are sure to be carried along, up hill and down dale, with the subject of the story, be he who or what he may. Now, whatever else there

may be either not in players which we like, or in them which we do not like, they usually have at least enthusiasm in abundance, and their dance through life is often fantastic to the wildest degree. Accustomed as they are to represent or mimic all sorts of fictitious wonders, they would seem to have a right to live more poetically or dramatically than other people, and to encounter more plentifully in their eccentric course those realities which are even stranger than fiction.

We have not for a long time met with a book that has absorbed us more completely than this 'Life of Kean.' It is the production of Mr Procter (better known by his poetical name of Barry Cornwall) and its literary merits, of course, are in many respects of a very superior order. The narrative, for the most part, is admirably well given, in a style equally forcible and easy; and the criticism is just and eloquent; though we think the author might have omitted the dissertations on the Shakspearian characters in the second volume, which will be the less desired in proportion to the interest Mr Procter has excited in his story. What we regret more however is, that our author should have thought it necessary to elevate himself so much above his subject. The tone which prevails throughout the work of something not certainly amounting to contempt on the part of the author for his subject, but yet of indifference towards it, or, as we have already said, of superiority to it, is not agreeable. We suppose, for one thing, it offends our self-love that a writer should affect himself to despise, or at least not to care for, what he nevertheless evidently expects that we, his readers, shall take an interest in, and what in fact we feel does interest us a great deal.

attainable Swansea! The cold boiled leg of mutton and cider which they that evening ate down before, in the boat-house, and ate with an appetite surpassed only by those who were shut up in the Tower of Famine, existed like a splendid and happy vision in their memories for more than twenty years.

"We have extended the account of this journey somewhat beyond what we originally intended, in order that 'all young readers' (as good Mr Newberry's books say—or used to say) may see how one of the high and crowned kings of tragedy was accustomed to travel: before they resolve irrevocably to enrol themselves under those ragged and tawdry colours which float above the English Drama—a sign and prophecy of the player's fortunes!"

Kean's first child, a boy, to whom he gave the name of Howard, was born at Swansea, on the 13th of September 1809. About two years after, his second son, the present Mr Charles Kean, was born at Waterford. By this time the habits of the husband and father seem to have become those of a confirmed drunkard; the friends which he made by his talents he constantly lost by his misconduct; and the misery of the wretched family was now greater than ever.

"It is needless (proceeds our author) to repeat the every-day wants and troubles which the poor actor and his family, day after day, encountered in this and other peregrinations. Their long journeys, in all weathers,—their arrivals, weary and foot-sore, at the squalid public-houses where they put up,—their scanty meals,—their visits to the pawnbroker and the Jew,—their hopeless appeals to the public taste,—the cries of the children (from fatigue or want of food),—the tears of the woman, and the curses of the man,—all these, fifty times repeated, would make but an unprofitable and tedious history. We content ourselves with giving a few facts, illustrative of our hero's forlorn condition; without exhibiting, at every turn, the poverty and wretchedness of his course. At York, as we have said, he arrived, utterly destitute. So extreme was his need, that he wished to enlist as a common soldier, and actually presented himself, for that purpose, to an officer attached to a regiment at York, who very good-naturedly dissuaded him from his design. He was, perhaps, as desperate of attaining the objects of his ambition, at this particular time, as at any period of his chequered life. And with his despair, his wife's despondency naturally kept pace. She saw no hope of extricating her infants from the load of misery and want which oppressed them. More than once, she has knelt down by the side of her bed, in which the two half-famished children lay, and prayed that they and herself might at once be released from their sufferings. Happily, they were relieved by the intervention of a friend. The wife of a Mr Nokes (then a dancing-master at York), heard of their extreme distress, and went with a heart brimful of benevolence to their aid. She was shown up to the room where Mrs Kean and the children were, and after having ascertained the truth of the report concerning their condition, she spoke kindly to them all, put something in Mrs Kean's hand, wished her good morning, and left the house. On her departure, Mrs Kean opened the paper which this excellent woman had left, and discovered that she had given her a five pound bank note! She threw herself on her knees, and fainted. They had been rescued from absolute starvation."

At last, in the summer of 1813, while Kean was sitting at Teignmouth, he attracted the notice of Dr Drury (formerly head-master of Harrow) and this eventually led to his introduction to the committee of management at Drury Lane. But some of the hardest sufferings of his life had still to be undergone on the very eve of his triumphant conquest of fame and fortune. So poor was he at this time, that having sent forward his wife and their eldest child, who was ill, in the coach, from Barnstable to Dorchester, on their way to London, he was himself obliged to follow on foot with the youngest on his back. At Dorchester he sustained a terrible blow by the death of the poor little boy Howard, who seems to have been a child of much promise, and was the pride and darling of his father. And then when he at last found himself in London, a misunderstanding with the authorities at Drury Lane suddenly dashed the cup of hope to the ground, while he had it at his lips. The negotiation which had been begun was broken off, and he was left, without an engagement, to starve. After giving a long letter, which he wrote to Dr Drury, detailing the usage he had met with, the author proceeds:—

"From the 6th of November 1813, to the 26th of January, 1814, Kean remained at his lodgings,

No. 21 Cecil street, in the Strand, in much the same state of commotion that he appears to have been in at the time of writing the foregoing letter. During this period, he did not receive a single shilling from the theatre (except the sum of 8*l.* before alluded to, which was sent to Dorchester), and he neither earned nor borrowed money from any other quarter. He lived—he, his wife, and child—in the most penurious way; sometimes disposing of a few clothes; sometimes, and not unfrequently, being indebted for their food to the untiring kindness of the Misses Williams, with whom they lodged; and occasionally undergoing a course of starvation. They had meat once a week, if possible; but their aliment was generally of the poorest sort, and taken in the slenderest quantities. The necessity of supporting the child as tenderly as might be, doubled their difficulties; and something of that pride "which flesh is heir to," prevented their acknowledging the extremity of their distress to their excellent hostesses. These ladies, with a generous delicacy, forbore to ask them for any rent during the first three months of their residence in London, and even resorted to expedients to furnish them with a meal, now and then, when the desperate condition of the poor players became too manifest for concealment. When Mrs Kean apologised for the rent being still unpaid, Miss Williams (instead of adopting the landlord's usual remedy, and ejecting her debtors promptly into the street) cheered her up; told her that they could wait; and prophesied, good-naturedly as to the future renown and prosperity of her husband. 'There is something about Mr Kean, Ma'am,' said she, 'which tells us he will be a great man.'

At last, the state of affairs at Drury constantly getting worse, induced the Committee to turn their attention once more to Kean. The result was that he was announced for the part of Shylock, on Wednesday the 26th of January 1814. We wish we had room to quote our author's animated and cordial account of the public events of that night, so celebrated in the annals of the stage. We must content ourselves with giving a part of its still more interesting domestic history. That day Kean had had, what he had not always, a dinner. "His courage," says our author, "was to be braced, and his voice strengthened, by a little generous diet. Accordingly, his wife produced before him, (by the usual alchemy, we suppose, some rapid conversion of velvet or satin into silver,) a beef-steak and a pot of porter." On this he dined heartily. "After dinner," the narrative goes on, "Kean prepared for the awful evening. His stock of 'properties' was very scanty. He tied up his wig and collar, however, and an old pair of black silk stockings, in a pocket-handkerchief, thrust them into his great-coat pocket, and trudged through the snow to Drury Lane." During the hours of performance Mrs Kean had remained waiting the result at home.

"It may be imagined," proceeds the author, "how much anxiety must have prevailed, when not only the fame of her husband, but the very existence of himself and family hung on the event. For, to be damned in London is to be damned in the country; and the actor who once earned his humble crust in the provinces, whilst satiated at the fastidious bar of the metropolis, is by no means sure of regaining his old position, if, on being tried, he should be found wanting. The hours, therefore, passed gloomily enough. At last, about half-past ten o'clock, the Misses Williams, also Mr Hewan and Mr Watts (two artists who lodged in the house), returned. "The first comer was Mr Hewan, in reply to whose knock, Mrs Kean ran down to the door, and, in breathless haste, demanded to know their fate."

The announcements of Mr Hewan and Mr Watts were all that could be desired; but we must pass them over.

"Next followed the Misses Williams, exulting in the accomplishment of their prophecies; and, finally, about eleven o'clock, arrived the hero of the night himself. He ran up stairs, wild with joy, and cried out, 'Oh, Mary! my fortune's made: now you shall ride in your carriage.' A mighty change had been wrought in a brief period. Four or five hours before, he said, on quitting the house, that he wished he was going to be shot. Now, all the gloom of the morning dissipated and forgotten, he seemed to tread on air. He told his wife, indeed, that when he found the audience 'going with him,' he was inspired and exalted to such a degree, that 'he could not feel the stage under him.' His sensations had now sunk a little,—almost to a rational level. In order, however, that everyone might be a partaker of the new happiness, even the child (the present Mr Charles Kean) was taken out of his cradle and

kissed by his father, who said, 'Now, my boy, ye shall go to Eton.' Kean had always been ambitious that his son should have an aristocratic education and the project seemed now no longer improbable. During the remainder of the night, and, indeed, until four o'clock in the morning, Kean and his wife sat together, congratulating each other on their good fortune; he talking of what he would do, what he would play next, and forming schemes of all sorts for the future. Once, indeed, his mind was touched with a melancholy recollection; for he said, 'Oh! that Howard was alive now!—but he is better where he is.' With this exception there was nothing to cast a shade over his golden dreams."

During the remainder of this season Kean appeared in Richard III, in Hamlet, and in Othello—and, by his wonderful success, brought a gain to the treasury of the theatre of not less than twenty thousand pounds. For his happiness, as well as for his glory, he ought to have died now. The latter part of his history is only a sad and sickening tale of blackguardism, disgrace, and ruin. The evil of his nature seems at this period to have completely overpowered and extinguished whatever was good in him. Such an utter abandonment to brutality and selfishness is scarcely on record; though the philosophic reader will set off against it the frightful disadvantages, in a moral point of view, of a poor, fatherless, half-owned, vagabond childhood. For the partisans, we must send our readers to the work itself, from which we have already extracted much more largely than with our limited space we should be excused in doing, except in the case of a publication of unusual interest.

LORD BROUGHAM ON NATURAL THEOLOGY.

A Discourse of Natural Theology. By Henry Lord Brougham. Post 8vo. C. Knight.

[Concluded from No. 62.]

We now proceed to place before our readers a few more extracts from this interesting work. The very powerful chapter in which Lord Brougham contends for the separate existence of the mind, independently of the body, supplies so much matter of great interest, that we hardly know what to select. Perhaps the following passage on the phenomena of dreams may be most acceptable to our Readers.

"The bodily functions are in part suspended during sleep, that is, all those which depend upon volition. The senses, however, retain a portion of their acuteness; and those of touch* and hearing, especially, may be affected without awakening the sleeper. The consequence of the cessation which takes place of all communication of ideas through the senses, is that the action of the mind, and, above all, of those powers connected with the imagination, becomes much more vigorous and uninterrupted. This is shown in two ways—first, by the celerity with which any impression upon the senses, strong enough to be felt without awaking, is caught up and made the groundwork of a new train of ideas, the mind instantly accommodating itself to the suggestions of the impression, and making all its thoughts chime in with that; and, secondly, by the prodigiously long succession of images that pass through the mind, with perfect distinctness and liveliness, in an instant of time.

"The facts upon this subject are numerous, and of undeniable certainty, because of daily occurrence. Every one knows the effect of a bottle of hot water applied during sleep to the soles of the feet: you instantly dream of walking over hot mould, or ashes, or a stream of lava, or having your feet burnt by coming too near the fire. But the effect of falling asleep in a stream of cold air, as in an open carriage, varies this experiment in a very interesting, and, indeed, instructive manner. You will, instantly that the wind begins to blow, dream of being upon some exposed point, and anxious for shelter, but unable to reach it; then you are on the deck of a ship, suffering from the gale—you run behind a sail for shelter, and the wind changes, so that it still blows upon you—you are driven to the cabin, but the ladder is removed, or the door locked. Presently you are on shore, in a house with all the windows open, and endeavour to shut them in vain; or, seeing a smith's forge, you are attracted by the fire, and suddenly a hundred bellows play upon it, and extinguish it in an instant, but fill the whole smithy with their blast, till you are as cold as on the road. If you from time to

* The common classification of the senses which makes the touch comprehend the sense of heat and cold, is here adopted; though, certainly, there seems almost as little reason for ranging this under touch, as for ranging sight, smell, hearing, and taste under the same head.

time awake, the moment you fall asleep again, the same course of dreaming succeeds in the greatest variety of changes that can be rung on our thoughts.

"But the rapidity of these changes, and of the succession of ideas, cannot be ascertained by this experiment: it is most satisfactorily proved by another. Let any one who is extremely overpowered with drowsiness—as after sitting up all night, and sleeping none the next day—lie down, and begin to dictate: he will find himself falling asleep after uttering a few words, and he will be awakened by the person who writes repeating the last word, to show he has written the whole; not above five or six seconds may elapse, and the sleeper will find it at first quite impossible to believe that he has not been asleep for hours, and will chide the amanuensis for having fallen asleep over his work—so great apparently will be the length of the dream which he has dreamt, extending through half a lifetime. This experiment is easily tried: again and again the sleeper will find his endless dream renewed; and he will always be able to tell in how short a time he must have performed it. For suppose eight or ten seconds required to write the four or five words dictated, sleep could hardly begin in less than four or five seconds after the effort of pronouncing the sentence; so that, at the utmost, not more than four or five seconds can have been spent in sleep. But, indeed, the greater probability is, that not above a single second can have been so passed; for a writer will easily finish two words in a second; and suppose he has to write four, and half the time is consumed in falling asleep, one second only is the duration of the dream, which yet seems to last for years, so numerous are the images that compose it."

From these and other facts, the author is disposed to conclude that we only dream during the moment of transition into and out of sleep. The following passage, from the same chapter, will be very cheering to our more aged readers.

"The changes which the mind undergoes in its activity, its capacity, its mode of operation, are matter of constant observation, indeed of every man's experience. Its essence is the same; its fundamental nature is unalterable; it never loses the distinguishing peculiarities which separate it from matter; never acquires any of the properties of the latter; but it undergoes important changes, both in the progress of time, and by means of exercise and culture. The development of the bodily powers appears to affect it, and so does their decay; but we rather ought to say, that, in ordinary cases, its improvement is contemporaneous with the growth of the body, and its decline generally is contemporaneous with that of the body, after an advanced period of life. For it is an undoubted fact, and almost universally true, that the mind, before extreme old age, becomes more sound, and is capable of greater things, during nearly thirty years of diminished bodily powers; that, in most cases, it suffers no abatement of strength during ten years more of bodily decline; that, in many cases, a few years more of bodily decrepitude produce no effect upon the mind; and that, in some instances, its faculties remain bright to the last, surviving the almost total extinction of the corporeal endowments. It is certain that the strength of the body, its agility, its patience of fatigue, indeed all its qualities, decline from thirty at the latest; and yet the mind is improving rapidly from thirty to fifty; suffers little or no decline before sixty; and therefore is better when the body is enfeebled, at the age of fifty-eight or fifty-nine, than it was in the some of the corporeal faculties thirty years before. It is equally certain, that while the body is rapidly decaying, between sixty or sixty-three and seventy, the mind suffers hardly any loss of strength in the generality of men; that men continue to seventy-five or seventy-six in the possession of all their mental powers, while few can then boast of more than the remains of physical strength; and instances are not wanting of persons who, between eighty and ninety, or even older, when the body can hardly be said to live, possess every faculty of the mind unimpaired. We are authorised to conclude, from these facts, that unless some unusual and violent accident interferes, such as a serious illness or a fatal contusion, the ordinary course of life presents the mind and the body running courses widely different, and in great part of the time in opposite directions; and this affords strong proof, both that the mind is independent of the body, and that its destruction in the period of its entire vigour is contrary to the analogy of nature."

The consideration that the phenomena of mind afford ample and almost untouched evidence of design in the Creator, frequently brings Lord Brougham into contact with the materialists, whose fundamental positions are demolished in passing, in a few nervous passages of reasoning and illustration which, in other hands, might have formed the basis of several volumes. The following extract contains what the author himself describes as "the strongest of all the

arguments both for the separate existence of mind, and for its surviving the body," and as being "drawn from the strictest induction of facts."

"The body is constantly undergoing change in all its parts. Probably no person at the age of twenty has one single particle in any part of his body which he had at ten; and still less does any portion of the body he was born with continue to exist in or with him. All that he before had has now entered into new combinations, forming parts of other men, or of animals, or of vegetable or mineral substances, exactly as the body he now has will afterwards be resolved into new combinations after his death. Yet the mind continues one and the same, "without change or shadow of turning." None of its parts can be resolved; for it is one and single, and it remains unchanged by the changes of the body. The argument would be quite as strong though the change undergone by the body were admitted not to be so complete, and though some small portion of its harder parts were supposed to continue with us through life.

"But observe how strong the inferences arising from these facts are, both to prove that the existence of the mind is entirely independent of the existence of the body, and to shew the probability of its surviving! If the mind continues the same while all or nearly all the body is changed, it follows that the existence of the mind depends not in the least degree upon the existence of the body; for it has already survived a total change of, or, in the common use of the words, an entire destruction of that body. But again, if the strongest argument to shew that the mind perishes with the body, nay, the only argument be, as it is indubitably derived from, the phenomena of death, the fact to which we have been referring affords an answer to this. For the argument is that we know of no instance in which the mind has ever been known to exist after the death of the body. Now here is exactly the instance desiderated, it being manifest that the same process which takes place on the body more suddenly at death is taking place more gradually, but as effectually in the result, during the whole of life, and that death itself does not more completely resolve the body into its elements and form it into new combinations than living fifteen or twenty years does destroy, by like resolution and combination, the self-same body. And yet after those years have elapsed, and the former body has been dissipated and formed into new combinations, the mind remains the same as before, exercising the same memory and consciousness, and so preserving the same personal identity as if the body had suffered no change at all. In short, it is not more correct to say that all of us who are now living have bodies formed of what were once the bodies of those who went before us, than it is to say that some of us who are now living at the age of fifty have bodies which in part belonged to others now living at that and other ages. The phenomena are precisely the same, and the operations are performed in like manner though with different degrees of expedition. Now all would believe in the separate existence of the soul if they had experience of its existing apart from the body. But the facts referred to prove that it does exist apart from one body with which it once was united, and though it is in union with another, yet as it is not adherent to the same, it is shown to have an existence separate from, and independent of, that body. So all would believe in the soul surviving the body, if after the body's death its existence were made manifest. But the facts referred to prove that after the body's death, that is, after the chronic dissolution which the body undergoes during life, the mind continues to exist as before. Here, then, we have that proof so much desiderated—the existence of the soul after the dissolution of the bodily frame with which it was connected. The two cases cannot, in any soundness of reasoning, be distinguished; and this argument, therefore, one of pure induction, derived partly from physical science, through the evidence of our senses, partly from psychological science by the testimony of our consciousness, appears to prove the possible Immortality of the Soul almost as rigorously as "if one were to rise from the dead."

The distinct existence of mind, and its continued existence after the dissolution of the body having been affirmed, the reader will naturally be curious to know what Lord Brougham has to say on the subject of a future state. He speaks, of course, with distinctness as to the existence of such a state; but on its formal nature and circumstances, he expresses himself with a reserve and diffidence more truly characteristic of a logical and well-disciplined mind, than the most refined or elevated speculation could be. From any other way of considering the subject he was, indeed, precluded not only by the nature of the subject, but by the principles of the inductive philosophy of which the whole of the present volume is so fine an exemplification. The following is the passage in question,

"Upon the particulars of a future state—the kind of existence reserved for the soul—the species of its occupations and enjoyments—Natural Theology is, of course, profoundly silent; but not more silent than Revelation. We are left wholly to conjecture, and in a field on which our hopelessness of attaining any certain result is quite equal to our interest in the success of the search. Indeed, all our ideas of happiness in this world are such as rather to disqualify us for the investigation, or what may more fitly be termed the imagination. Those ideas are, for the most part, either directly connected with the senses, or derived from our condition of weakness here, which occasions the formation of connexions for mutual comfort and support, and gives to the feeblery the feeling of allegiance, to the stronger the pleasure of protection. Yet may we conceive that, hereafter, such of our affections as have been the most cherished in life shall survive and form again the delight of meeting those from whom death has severed us—that the soul may enjoy the purest delights in the exercise of its powers, above all, for the investigation of truth—that it may expatiate in the full discovery of whatever has hitherto been most sparingly revealed, or most carefully hidden from its view—that it may be gratified with the sight of the useful harvest reaped by the world from the good seed which it helped to sow. We can only conjecture or fancy. But these, and such as these, are pleasures in which the gross indulgences of sense have no part, and which are even removed above the less refined of our moral gratifications: they may, therefore, be supposed consistent with a pure and faultless state of spiritual being."

"Perhaps the greatest of all the difficulties which we feel in forming such conjectures, regards the endless duration of an immortal existence. All our ideas in this world are so adapted to a limited continuance of life—not only so moulded upon the scheme of a being incapable of lasting beyond a few years, but so inseparably connected with a constant change even here—a perpetual termination of one stage of existence and beginning of another—that we cannot easily, if at all, fancy an eternal, or even a long-continued, endurance of the same faculties, the same pursuits, and the same enjoyments. All here is in perpetual movement—ceaseless change. There is nothing in us or about us that abides an hour—nay, an instant. Resting-place there is none for the foot—no haven is provided where the mind may be still. How then shall a creature, thus wholly ignorant of repose—unacquainted with any continuation at all in any portion of his existence—so far abstract his thoughts from his whole experience as to conceive a long, much more a perpetual, duration of the same powers, pursuits, feelings, pleasures? Here it is that we are the most lost in our endeavours to reach the seats of the blessed with our imperfect organs of perception, and our inveterate and only habits of thinking."

The second part of the "Discourse" is much shorter than that to which our attention has been hitherto confined. It is divided into three sections, the first of which treats of the pleasures which attend the study of Natural Theology in common with all other scientific pursuits; the second describes the pleasures and improvement peculiar to the study which forms the main subject of the work; and the third explains the connection between natural and revealed religion, showing the service which natural theology renders to the doctrines of revelation. The length to which our notice has already extended, only leaves us room to extract one short passage from the second section of this portion of the work.

"The universal recurrence of the facts on which Natural Theology rests, deserves to be regarded as increasing the interest of this science. The other sciences, those of Physics at least, are studied only when we withdraw from all ordinary pursuits, and give up our meditations to them. Those which can only be prosecuted by means of experiment, can never be studied at all without some act of our own to alter the existing state of things, and place nature in circumstances which force her, by a kind of question, as Lord Bacon phrases it, to reveal her secrets. Even the sciences which depend on observation have their fields spread only here and there, hardly ever lying in our way, and not always accessible when we would go out of our way to walk in them. But there is no place where the evidences of Natural Religion are not distributed in ample measure. It is equally true, that those evidences continually meet us in all the other branches of science. A discovery made in these almost certainly involves some new proofs of design in the formation and government of the universe."

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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

STRAWBERRIES.

If our article on this subject should be worth little (especially as we are obliged to be brief, and cannot bring to our assistance much quotation or other helps) we beg leave to say, that we mean to do little more in it than congratulate the reader on the strawberry-season, and imply those pleasant interchanges of conventional sympathy, which give rise to the common expressions about the weather or the state of the harvest,—things which everybody knows what everybody else will say about them, and yet upon which everybody speaks. Such a charm has sympathy, even in its commonest aspect.

A.—A fine day to-day.

B.—Very fine day.

A.—But I think we shall have rain.

B.—I think we shall.

And so the two speakers part, all the better pleased with one another merely for having uttered a few words, and those words such as either of them could have reckoned upon before-hand, and has interchanged a thousand times. And justly are they pleased. They are fellow-creatures living in the same world, and all its phases are of importance to them, and themselves to one another. The meaning of the words is—"I feel as you do"—or "I am interested in the same subject, and it is a pleasure to me to let you see it." What a pity that mankind do not vent the same feelings of good-will and a mutual understanding on fifty other subjects! And many do;—but all might;—and as Bentham says, "with how little trouble!"

There is *Strawberry weather*, for instance, which is as good a point of the weather to talk about, as rain or sun. If the phrase seems a little forced, it is perhaps not so much as it seems; for the weather, and fruit, and colour, and the birds, &c. &c., all hang together; and for our parts, we would fain think, and can easily believe, that without this special degree of heat (while we are writing) or mixture of heat and fresh air, the strawberries would not have their special degree of colour and fragrance. The world answers to the spirit that plays upon it, as musical instruments to musician; and if cloud, sunshine, and breeze (the fine playing of nature) did not descend upon earth precisely as they do at this moment, there is good reason to conclude, that neither fruit, nor anything else, would be precisely what it is. The cuckoo would want tone, and the strawberries relish.

Do you not like, reader, the *pottle* of strawberries? And is it not manifest, from old habit and association, that no other sort of basket would do as well for their first arrival? It "carries" well: it lies on your arm like a length of freshness; then there is the slight paper covering, the slighter rush tie, the inner covering of leaves; and when all these give place, fresh, and fragrant, and red lie the berries,—the best, it is to be feared, at the top. Now and then comes a half-mashed one, sweet in its over-ripeness; and when the fingers cannot conveniently descend further, the rest, urged by a beat on the flat end, are poured out on a plate; and perhaps agreeably surprise us with the amount.—

[From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney-street.]

Meantime the fingers and nails have got coloured as with wine.

What matter of fact is this! And how everybody knows it! And yet, for that very reason, it is welcome; like the antiquities about the weather. So abundant is Nature in supplying us with entertainment, even by means of simply stating that anything *is* what it *is*! Paint a strawberry in oil, and provided the representation be true, how willing is everybody to like it! And observe, even in a smaller matter, how Nature heaps our resources one upon another,—first giving us the thing, then the representation of it, or power of painting it, (for art is nature also), then the power of writing about it, the power of thinking, the power of giving, of receiving, and fifty others. Nobles put the leaves in their coronets. Poets make them grow for ever, where they are no longer to be found. We never pass by Ely-place, in Holborn, without seeing the street there converted into a garden, and the pavement to rows of strawberries.

"My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them"—

quoth Richard the Third to the Bishop, in that scene of frightful calmness and smooth-speaking, which precedes his burst of thunder against Hastings. Richard is gone with his bad passions, and the garden is gone; but the tyrant is converted into poetry, and the strawberries also; and here we have them both, equally harmless.

Sir John Suckling, in his richly-coloured portrait of a beautiful girl in the tragedy of *Brennoralt*, has made their dying leaves precious:—

"Eyes full and quick,
With breath as sweet as double violets,
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries."

Strawberries deserve all the good things that can be said of them. They are beautiful to look at, delicious to eat, have a fine odour, and are so wholesome, that they are said to agree with the weakest digestions, and to be excellent against gout, fever, and all sorts of ailments. It is recorded of Fontenelle (as was mentioned some weeks ago in the *LONDON JOURNAL*), that he attributed his longevity to them, in consequence of their having regularly cooled a fever which he had every spring; and that he used to say, "If I can but reach the season of strawberries." Boerhave (Mr Phillips tells us in his *'History of Fruits,'*) looked upon their continued use as one of the principal remedies in cases of obstruction and viscosity, and in putrid disorders: Hoffman furnished instances of obstinate disorders cured by them, even consumptions; and Linnæus says that by eating plentifully of them, he kept himself free from the gout. They are good even for the teeth.

A fruit so very useful and delightful deserves a better name; though the old one is now so identified with its beauty, that it would be a pity to get rid of it. Nobody thinks of *straw*, when uttering the word strawberry, but only of colour, fragrance, and sweetness. The Italian name is *Fragola*,—fragrant. The English one originated in the custom of putting straw between the fruit and the ground, to keep it dry and clean; or perhaps, as Mr Phillips thinks, of a still older practice among children, of threading the wild berries upon straws of grass. He says, that this is still a custom in parts of England where they abound, and that so many "straws of berries" are sold for a penny.

One of the most luxurious of simple dishes is *strawberries and cream*. The very sound of the word seems to set one's page floating like a bowl. But there is an Italian poet, who has written a whole poem upon strawberries, and who, with all his love of them, will not hear of them without sugar. He invokes them before him in all their beauty, which he acknowledges with enthusiasm, and then tells them, like some capricious sultan, that he does not chuse to see their faces. They must hide them, he says;—put on their veils,—to wit, of sugar. "Strawberries and sugar" are to him what "sack and sugar" was to Falstaff, the indispensable companions, the sovereign remedy for all evil—the climax of good. He finds fault with Moliere's *'Imaginary Sick Man'* for not hating them; since, if he had eaten them, they would have cured his hypochondria. As to himself, he talks of them as Fontenelle would have talked, had he written Italian verse:—

"Io per me d'esse, a boccon ricchi e doppi
Spesso rigonfio, e rinconforto il seno;
E brontolando per dispetto scoppi
Quel vecchio d' Ippocrasso e di Galeno,
Che i giulebbi, l'essenzie, ed i sciloppi
Abborro, come l'ostico veleno;
E di Fragole un' avida satolla
Mi purga il sangue, e avviva ogni midolla."

For my part, I confess I fairly will
And stuff myself with strawberries: and abuse
The doctors all the while, draught, powder, and
pill,
And wonder how any sane head can chuse
To have their nauseous jalaps, and their bill,
All which, like so much poison, I refuse.
Give me a glut of strawberries; and lo!
Sweet through my blood, and very bones, they go.

Almost all the writers of Italy who have been worth anything, have been writers of verse at one time or another.—Prose-writers, historians, philosophers, doctors of law and medicine, clergymen,—all have contributed their quota to the sweet art. The poet of the strawberries was a Jesuit, a very honest man too, notwithstanding the odium upon his order's name, and a grave, eloquent, and truly christian theologian, of a life recorded as "evangelical." It is delightful to see what playfulness such a man thought not inconsistent with the most sacred aspirations. The strawberry to him had its merits in the creation, as well as the star; and he knew how to give each its due. Nay, he runs the joke down, like a humourist who could do nothing else but joke if he pleased, but gracefully withal, and with a sense of Nature above his Art, like a true lover of poetry. His poem is in two cantos, and contains upwards of nine hundred lines, ending in the following bridal climax, which the good Jesuit seems to have considered the highest one possible, and the very cream even of strawberries and sugar. He has been apostrophising two young friends of his, newly married, of the celebrated Venetian families Mocenigo and Loredano, and this is the blessing with which he concludes, pleasantly smiling at the end of his gravity:—

"A guesta coppia la serena pace
Eternamente intorno scherzi e voli:
E la ridente sanità vivace
La sua vita longhissima consoli;
E la felicità, pura e verace,
Non dal suo fianco un solo di s' involi;
E a dire che ogni cosa lieta vada,
Su le Fragole il zucchero le cada."

Around this loving pair may joy serene
On wings of balm for ever wind and play;
And laughing health her roses shake between,
Making their life one long, sweet, flowery way;
May bliss, true bliss, pure, self-possessed of much,
Be absent from their side, no, not a day;
In short, to sum up all that earth can prize,
May they have sugar to their strawberries.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

MILTON.

MILTON is always interesting; but the new edition of his works by Sir Egerton Brydges gives a new gloss to him at the moment, like a shower of rain upon a laurel-tree; and, as Sir Egerton, in the Life which constitutes his first volume, has dealt rather in a certain fondness of criticism (with which, and his antiquarian reminiscences, we strongly sympathise) than in the usual routine of biography, we here extract Mr Todd's account of the person and manners of the great poet.

We think there can be little doubt, that Milton, however estimable and noble at heart, was far from perfect in his notions of household government, and exacted somewhat too much submission to be loved as he wished. His wife (a singular proceeding in the bride of a young poet) absented herself from him in less than a month after their marriage, that is to say, during the very honeymoon; and stayed away the whole summer with her relations: he made his daughters read to him in languages which they did not understand; and in one part of his works he piques himself, like Johnson, on being a good hater. Now "good haters," as they call themselves, are sometimes very good men, and hate out of zeal for something they love; neither would we undervalue the services which such haters may have done mankind. They may have been necessary; though a true christian philosophy proposes to supersede them, and certainly does not recommend. But as all men have their faults, so these men are not apt to have the faults that are least disagreeable, even to one another; for it is observable that good haters are far from loving their brethren, the good haters on the other side; and their tempers are apt to be infirm and overbearing. In the most authentic portraits of Milton, venerate them as we must, we cannot but discern a certain uneasy austerity,—we fear, even a peevishness,—a blight of something not sound in opinion and feeling.

"Milton, in his youth, is said to have been extremely handsome. He was called the Lady of his College; an appellation which Mr Hayley says he could not relish; and I may add, that he might be less inclined to be pleased with the title, as, at that period, the appearance of effeminacy was attacked from the pulpit. 'We live in an age,' says Bishop Lake, 'wherein it is hard to say, whether in clothes men grow more womanish, or women more mannish!' Milton had a very fine skin and fresh complexion. His hair was of a light brown; and, parted on the forehead, hung down in curls upon his shoulders. His features were regular; and when turned of forty, he has himself told us, he was generally allowed to have had the appearance of being ten years younger. He has also represented himself as a man of moderate stature, neither too lean nor too corpulent; and so far endued with strength and spirit, that as he always wore a sword, he wanted not, while light revisited his eyes, the skill or the courage to use it. His eyes were of a greyish colour; which, when deprived of sight, did not betray their loss. At first view, and at a small distance, it was difficult to know that he was blind. The testimony of Aubrey respecting the person of Milton is happily expressed:—'His harmonical and ingenious soul did lodge in a beautiful and well-proportioned body.' Milton's voice was musically sweet, as his ear was musically correct. Wood describes his deportment to have been affable, and his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness. Of his figure in his declining days, Richardson has left the following sketches:—'An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr Wright, found John Milton, in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk-stones. He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality.'

"His domestic habits were those of a sober and temperate student. Of wine, or any strong liquors, he drank little. In his diet he was rarely influenced by delicacy of choice. He once delighted in walking and taking exercise, and appears to have amused himself in botanical pursuits; but after he was confined by age and blindness, he had a machine to swing in for the preservation of his health. In summer he then rested in bed from nine to four, in winter to five. At these hours, he was not disposed to rise, he had a person by his bedside to read to him. When he first rose, he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and commonly studied till twelve; then used some exercise for an hour; then dined; afterwards played on the organ or bass-viol, and either sung himself or made his wife sing, who, he said, had a good voice but no ear. It is related, that, when educating his nephews, he made them songsters, and sang from the time they were with him. No poet, it may be observed, has more frequently or more powerfully commended the charms of music than Milton. He wished, perhaps, to rival, and he has successfully rivalled, the sweetest descriptions of a favourite bard, whom the melting voice appears to have often enchanted,—the tender Petrarch. After his regular indulgence in musical relaxation, he studied till six; then entertained his visitors till eight; then enjoyed a light supper; and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, retired to bed.

"It has been observed by Dr Newton, that all who had written any accounts of the life of Milton, agreed that he was affable and instructive in conversation, of an equal and cheerful temper; 'yet I can easily believe,' says the learned biographer, 'that he had a sufficient sense of his own merits, and contempt enough for his adversaries.' Milton acknowledges his own honest *haughtiness* and *self-esteem*; with which, however, he professes to have united a becoming 'modesty.' Aubrey notices that he was 'satirical.'

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XII.—HENRY V.

HENRY V is a favourite monarch with the English nation, and he appears to have been also a favourite with Shakspeare, who labours hard to apologise for the actions of the king, by showing us the character of the man, as "the king of good fellows." He scarcely deserves this honour. He was fond of war and low company:—we know little else of him. He was careless, dissolute, and ambitious;—idle, or doing mischief. In private, he seemed to have no idea of the common decencies of life, which he subjected to a kind of regal licence; in public affairs, he seemed to have no idea of any rule of right or wrong, but brute force, glossed over with a little religious hypocrisy and archiepiscopal advice. His principles did not change with his situation and professions. His adventure on Gadshill was a prelude to the affair of Agincourt, only a bloodless one; Falstaff was a puny prompter of violence and outrage, compared with the pious and politic Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave the king *carte blanche*, in a genealogical tree of his family, to rob and murder in circles of latitude and longitude abroad—to save the possessions of the church at home. This appears in the speeches in Shakspeare, where the hidden motives that actuate princes and their advisers in war and policy are better laid open than in speeches from the throne or woolpack. Henry, because he did not know how to govern his own kingdom, determined to make war upon his neighbours. Because his own title to the crown was doubtful, he laid claim to that of France. Because he did not know how to exercise the enormous power, which had just dropped into his hands, to any one good purpose, he immediately undertook (a cheap and obvious resource of sovereignty) to do all the mischief he could. Even if absolute monarchs had the wit to find out objects of laudable ambition, they could only "plume up their wills" in adhering to the more sacred formula of the royal prerogative, "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," because will is only then triumphant when it is opposed to the will of others, because the pride of power is only then shown, not when it consults the rights and interests of others, but when it insults and tramples on all justice and all humanity. Henry declares his resolution "when France is his, to bend it to his awe, or break it all to pieces"—a resolution worthy of a conqueror, to destroy all that he cannot enslave; and what adds to the joke, he lays all the blame of the consequences of his ambition on those who will not submit tamely to his tyranny. Such is the history of kingly power, from the beginning to the end of the world;—with this difference, that the object of war formerly, when the people adhered to their allegiance, was to depose kings; the object latterly, since the people swerved from their allegiance, has been to restore kings, and to make common cause against mankind. The object of our late invasion and conquest of France was to restore the legitimate monarch, the descendant of Hugh Capet, to the throne; Henry V in his time made

war on and deposed the descendant of this very Hugh Capet, on the plea that he was a usurper and illegitimate. What would the great modern catspaw of legitimacy and restorer of divine right have said to the claim of Henry and the title of the descendants of Hugh Capet? Henry V, it is true, was a hero, a king of England, and the conqueror of the king of France. Yet we feel little love or admiration for him. He was a hero, that is, he was ready to sacrifice his own life for the pleasure of destroying thousands of other lives: he was a king of England, but not a constitutional one, and we only like kings according to law; lastly, he was a conqueror of the French king, and for this we dislike him less than if he had conquered the French people. How then do we like him? We like him in the play. There he is a very amiable monster, a very splendid pageant. As we like to gaze at a panther or a young lion in their cages in the Tower, and catch a pleasing horror from their glistening eyes, their velvet paws, and dreadless roar, so we take a very romantic, heroic, patriotic, and poetical delight in the boasts and feats of our younger Harry, as they appear on the stage and are confined to lines of ten syllables; where no blood follows the stroke that wounds our ears, where no harvest bends beneath horses' hoofs, no city flames, no little child is butchered, no dead men's bodies are found piled on heaps and festering the next morning—in the orchestra!

So much for the politics of the play; now for the poetry. Perhaps one of the most striking images in all Shakspeare is that given of war in the first lines of the Prologue.

"O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment."

Rubens, if he had painted it, would not have improved upon this simile.

The conversation between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely relating to the sudden change in the manners of Henry V, is among the well-known *Beauties* of Shakspeare. It is indeed admirable both for strength and grace. It has sometimes occurred to us that Shakspeare, in describing "the reformation" of the Prince, might have had an eye to himself—

"Which is a wonder how his grace should gleam fit,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity."

ELZ. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness, which no doubt
Grew like the summer-grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty."

This is at least as probable an account of the progress of the poet's mind as we have met with in any of the 'Essays on the Learning of Shakspeare.'

Nothing can be better managed than the caution which the king gives the meddling Archbishop, not to advise himself rashly to engage in the war with France; his scrupulous dread of the consequences of that advice, and his eager desire to hear and follow it.

"And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not native colours with the truth.
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn your person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the
swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism."

Another characteristic instance of the blindness of human nature to everything but its own interests is the complaint made by the king of "the ill neighbourhood" of the Scot in attacking England when she was attacking France.

"For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs."

It is worth observing that in all these plays, which give an admirable picture of the spirit of the good old times, the moral inference does not at all depend upon the nature of the actions, but on the dignity or meanness of the persons committing them. "The eagle England" has a right "to be in prey," but "the weasel Scot" has none "to come sneaking to her nest," which she has left to pounce upon others. Might was right, without equivocation or disguise, in that heroic and chivalrous age. The substitution of right for might, even in theory, is among the refinement and abuses of modern philosophy.

To be concluded next week.

FINE ARTS.

Wanderings through North Wales. By Thomas Roscoe, with Engravings by W. Radclyffe after Cox, Creswick, and Cattermole. Part III. Tilt. Simpkin and Marshall.

An amusing number. The illustrations are, we think, an improvement on the former numbers. Though still rather hard, they are broader in the effect. "Bolingbroke's false homage to Richard II" is one of Cattermole's best designs; the attitudes, it is true, bear too obvious an appearance of study, and Richard is not young enough, nor is the levity of his character sufficiently marked; but there is his weakness; and Bolingbroke's mixed deference and indifference tell the story well. The lovely "Flower of Dolbadern" is very pleasingly shadowed forth by Creswick; "Cader Idria, from Kinsamer Abbey," by Cox, is a rare union of majesty and beauty; mountains never look so beautiful as when they are seen over trees.

Gallery of Portraits. Part XXXVII. Charles Knight.

CONTAINS three very different but familiar names, beginning with a head of the energetic and acute Herschell, with a fine, successful, happy look about his face, and an habitual contractedness between the brows. Next is the melancholy and sensitive countenance of the good Romilly; Lawrence seldom put so much sentiment in his pictures as he has in this. Lastly, there is the head of all heads, the inexhaustible head of Shakespeare. The engraving is from the Chandos head. We must own we, however, we prefer the monument, which bears the most probable show of authenticity.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., with Imaginative Designs by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Vol. I. Macrone.

A very handsome volume. We cannot, however, say much for the illustrations. The head of Milton is a very poor version of the fine portrait with which we are all familiar; and the design in the title-page is in Turner's worst manner. There is a certain shining splendour in it, but neither imagination nor common sense; the worlds look like so many balloons, or like a luminous erry at the theatre; and the "heavenly host" is a very human concourse of rickety individuals—it is like a "chorus of knights" at the Opera House.

Ancient Picture.—We saw a picture, the other day, at Messrs Paul and Bartleys', Bucklersbury, which lies at their house, for sale. Lionardo da Vinci is claimed as the artist; but, we should think, unadvisedly. One of the heads, Joseph of Arimathea, is certainly in his manner; but the very imperfect drawing of parts, and the deficiency of an effective chiaroscuro, of which he was the father, render us very doubtful of his having had any share in it. Nor will the elaborate colour and finish allow us to suppose it a young work. In Da Vinci's paintings, too, there is an unceasing action in all the figures, almost amounting to restlessness, which we do not perceive in this. For these reasons, in spite of the monogram, we cannot but doubt that the painter of it is as yet to be identified. Indeed monograms are so obscure and arbitrary, that it requires much additional evidence to establish a picture; they did not always even consist of the initials of the artist's name, and, if they did, Lionardo is not the only painter with L. D. V. to his initials. There was a Spanish painter, for instance, Luis de Vargas, who flourished

about the same time; or rather later. And is the picture decidedly Italian? The colouring of the whole figure of the Virgin, the white drapery on her head, and the drapery about the middle of the body, in harsh, small folds, are very like what we have seen in Spanish pictures.

Be it Italian, Spanish, or of any other country, it is a fine picture, and old, and, we doubt not, really valuable. The gilt background is not necessarily the addition of some repairer, as a cotemporary has imagined; but was in use among early painters; if we mistake not, even Titian has used it. The finish, as we have observed, is most elaborate and minute, and yet the effect is broad and solid, and the colour bold and powerful.

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. III.—CHAUCER (CONTINUED.)

HIS PATHOS.

CHAUCER's pathos is true nature's: it goes directly to its object. His sympathy is not fashioned and clipped by modes and respects; and herein, indeed, he was lucky in the comparatively homely breeding of his age, and in the dearth of books. His feelings were not rendered critical and timid. Observe the second line, for instance, of the following verses. The glossaries tell us that the word "*swell*" means *fainted*—*died*. There may be a Saxon word with such a meaning,—but luckily for nature and Chaucer, there is another Saxon word, *swell*, of which *swell'd* is the past tense, and most assuredly this is the word here; as the reader will feel instantly. No man, however much in love, faints "full oft a day;" but he may *swell*, as the poet says,—that is to say, heave his bosom and body with the venting of his long-suspended breath, and say, Alas! The fainting is unnatural; the sigh and the heaving is most natural, and most admirably expressed by this homely word. We have, therefore, spelt it accordingly, to suit the rest of the orthography.

THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

(From the *Knight's Tale*.)

When that Arcite to Thebes comen was,
Full oft a day he *swell'd*, and said, Alas!
For see his lady shall be never mo. (1)
And shortly to concluden all his woe,
So muckle sorrow had never creature!
That is, or shall be, while the world may dure.
His sleep, his meat, his drink is him beraft,
That lean he wax'd, and dry as is a shaft,—
His eyen hollow, and grisly to behold,
His hue sallow, and pale as ashes cold;
And solitary he was, and ever alone,
And wailing all the night, making his moan;
And if he heardé song or instrument,
Then would he weep; he might not be stant.

that, is, could not be stopped; the wilful, washing, self-pitying tears would flow. This touch about the music is exquisite.

Dryden, writing for the court of Charles the Second, does not dare to let Arcite weep, when he hears music. He restricts him to a gentlemanly sigh—

He sighs when songs or instruments he hears.

The cold ashes, which have lost their fire (we have the phrase still, "as pale as ashes") he turns to "sapless boxen leaves" (a classical simile); and far be it from him to venture to say "*swell*." No gentleman ever "*swell'd*;" certainly not with sighing, whatever he might have done with drinking. But instead of that, the modern poet does not mind indulging him with a good canting common-place, in the style of the fustian tragedies.

He raved with all the madness of despair:

He raved, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.

And then we must have a solid, sensible reason for the lover's not weeping:

Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For wanting nourishment, he wanted tears!

It was not sufficient, that upon the principle of extremes meeting, the excess of sorrow was unable to

(1) *Mora*. "Mo" is still to be found in the old version of the *Parson's*.

weep,—that even self-pity seemed wasted. When the fine gentlemen of the court of Charles the Second, and when Charles himself, wept, (see Pepys) it was when they grew maudlin over their wine, and thought how piteous it was that such good eaters and drinkers should not have everything else to their liking. But let us not run the risk of forgetting the merits of Dryden, in comparing him with a poet so much the greater.

THE SAME LOVER DYING.

Alas the woe! alas the paines strong
That I for you have suffer'd, and so long!
Alas the death! alas mine Emily!
Alas, departing of our company!
Alas mine heart's queen! Alas my wife!

Alas, it is to be observed, was the common expression of grief in those days; and all these repetitions of it only shew the loud, wilful, self-commiseration natural to dying people of a violent turn of mind, as this lover was. But he was also truly in love, and a gentleman. See how he continues:

Mine heart's lady, ender of my life!
What is this world? What asken men to have?
Now with his love, now in his cold grave:
Alone,—withouten any company.

How admirably expressed the difference between warm social life, and the cold solitary grave! How piteous the tautology—"Alone—withouten any company!"

Farewell, my sweet;—farewell, mine Emily
And soft—take me in your arm's away
For love of God, and hearken what I say.

He has had an unjust quarrel with his rival and once beloved friend, Palamon:—

I have here, with my cousin Palamon,
Had strife and rancour many a day agone,
For love of you, and for my jealousy;
And Jupiter so wis my soule gie, (1)
To speken of a servant (2) properly
With all circumstances truly
That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthood,
Wisdom, humblés, estate, and high kindred,
Freedom, and all that longeth to that art, (3);
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.

SIMILE OF A MAN LED TO EXECUTION.

(From the *Man of Law's Tale*.)

The virtuous Constance, wrongfully accused, stands pale, and looking about her, among a king's courtiers.

Have ye not see, sometime, a pale face
(Among a press) (4) of him that hath been led
Toward his death, where as he getteth no grace,
And such a colour in his face hath had,
They mighten know him that was so bested
Amongst all the faces in that rout;
So stant Custance, and looketh her about.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD PUT TO THE MERCY OF THE OCEAN.

The same Constance, accused by the king's mother of having produced him a monstrous child, is treated as above, against the will of the Constable of the realm, who is forced to obey his master's orders.

Weepen both young and old in all that place,
When that the king this cursed letter sent,
And Custance, with a deadly pale face,
The fourth day, toward the ship she went;
But natheless she tak'th in good intent
The will of Christ, and kneeling on the strand
She said, "Lord, aye welcome be thy sond. (5)
He that me kepte from the false blame
Whiles I was in the land amongstes you,
He can me keep from harm, and she from shame,
In the salt sea, although I see not how.
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now.
In him trust I, and in his mother dear
That is to me my sail, and eke my steer."
Her little child lay weeping in her arm;
And kneeling piteously, to him she said,
"Peace, little son, I will do thee no harm;"
With that, her kerchief off her head she braid,
And over his little eyes she it laid,
And in her arm she balleth it full fast,
And into the heav'n her eyes up she cast.

(1) So surely guide my soul.

(2) A lady's servant, or lover.

(3) The art of truly serving.

(4) In a multitude.

(5) Thy sending—the lot thou sendest.

Mother (quoth she) and maiden bright, Mary!
Sooth is, that thorough womanna's eggment (1)
Mankind was born, and damn'd aye to die,
For which thy child was on a cross yrent: (2)
Thy blissful eyes saw all his torment;
Then is there no comparison between
Thy woe and any woe man may sustain.

The true piteous emphasis on the words in this line is not to be surpassed.

Thou saw'st thy child yslain before thine eyes,
And yet now liveth my little child, parlay. (3)
Now, Lady bright! to whom all woeful cries,
Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May!
Thou haven of refuge, bright star of day.
Rue on my child, that of thy gentleness
Ruest on every rueful in distress.

O little child, alas! what is thy guilt,
That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie?
Why will thine hard father have thee spilt?
O mercy, dearé Constable (quoth she)
As let my little child dwell here with thee;

The silence of the pitying constable, here hurriedly passed over by poor Constance, as if she would not distress him by pressing him for what he could not do, is a specimen of those eloquent powers of omission, for which great masters in writing are famous. Constance immediately continues:—

An' if thou dar'st not saven him from blame,
So kiss him on's (4) in his father's name.

Therewith she looketh backward to the land,
And said, "Farewell, husband ruthelous!"
And up she rose, and walketh down the strand
Toward the ship: her followeth all the press:
And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace,
And tak' th' her leave.

The mixture of natural kindness, bewildered feeling, and indelible good-breeding in this perpetual leave-taking, is excessively affecting.

And with a holy intent
She bleaseth her, and into the ship she went.

Glorious, sainted *Griselda* next week.

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|------------------|-----------|
| (1) Incitement. | (2) Torn. |
| (3) By my faith. | (4) Once. |

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXV.—HEAD-SENSE WANTING HEART-WISDOM.

WE extract this account of a well-known character from a new and highly-respectable magazine, called the 'Literary Union.' It would not have appeared in these pages (nor assuredly in those of our authority) had anything like scandal attached to it; but Mr Colton persisted in making his own want of sympathy so public, appears to have been so unconnected with any one who could feel in pain for his memory, and indeed must be looked upon as so manifest a specimen of a clever lunatic, originally defective in his nature, and therefore a subject rather for the physiologist than the preacher (unless the latter preached a little more physiology, which would not be amiss) that, with this caveat against misconception, we can have no hesitation in adding him to our list of "Romances." It may be as well to add, that clever as he was, his talents have been highly over-rated. He got a little more head-knowledge than ordinary, by dint of not caring where he went for it, or what he did; but for the same reason, he was totally deficient in profundity and real wisdom. His best thoughts are from others; and his cleverest trick was his having a style that made them pass for his own—a style, however, betraying its trickery. See his regular set out of *ables* in the bit of sophistry about suicide. The poor man was absolutely turning a sentence, while meditating his last act of self-reference and egotism, though in the shape of a tragedy. "When life is unbearable (says he), death is desirable, and suicide justifiable;"—and so poor, clever, flaring, silly fellow! he goes off, like a man on the stage, with a fine line in his mouth, and thinks he will have made a profound sensation on us. But life is seldom unbearable, except by want of imagination and an outrageous egotism; and suicide, to be justifiable, except in the eyes of melancholy charity, should be preceded by nothing that renders it formidable to the survivors, or avoidable by medicine, or by patience.

"It was in the year 1826, if memory serves (says the writer in the 'Literary Union'), that we first saw the Rev. C. Colton in Paris; he had then just arrived from America, sported a splendid cab and tiger, and lived in dashing style. He derived his means from certain visits to *Frescati's* gaming-house, and No. 113, *Palais Royal*, whence he usually returned laden with gold. He played upon system, and the fame of his plan reaching England, two speculators with plenty of cash, (whose names it were well not to mention), were tempted to leave London for Paris, and adopt his mode of play. A short time after their arrival, Colton joined them—an arrangement having been made that they should find cash, and he science—and he was then to be met with at the *Salon-au-dessus du Café Anglais*, corner of the *Place des Italiens*, every evening; fortune favoured him for some years, and all went merrily; but, during this period, which was his meridian, we never saw one generous or praiseworthy action, never met with a recorded trait of charity or goodness; avarice was his ruling passion, and to gratify this he would stick at nothing. About this time, not content with the rapidity with which he gained money at the table, the thought took possession of him that he was a first-rate judge of pictures, and with his dominant idea in view, that of duping others in the re-sale, he purchased a great number: but, as Colton discovered to his cost, this is a trade that requires some apprenticeship; he was imposed upon in every way, and paintings for which he had paid as much as 150,000 francs, scarcely produced, after his death, as many centimes. Fortune now began to turn tail at the table, and Colton found it was much easier to talk of breaking the bank, as he had so often boasted he could do by his system, than to effect it. He fell as rapidly as he had risen; he had saved no money—few do who live by chance; they put implicit faith in the fickle goddess, and fancy she is never to desert them—so that his distress was great in the extreme. Without other resource, (for having no money, the table was closed to him,) he adopted the singular expedient of advertising in *Galignani's Journal*, that a clerical gentleman was willing, for a certain sum, to teach an unfailling method by which the bank might be broken at *Rouge et Noir*: like the alchemist of old, who was willing, nay desirous, to sell for a trifle the means of making gold in quantities unlimited. There are always gulls to be found when a clever rascal will give himself the trouble to seek for them; the bait took, and for some little time Colton lived well upon the flats thus caught. At every opportunity he would venture to his old haunts with the trifle he could spare, nay, sometimes with that which he could not, and occasionally would have a run of luck; we used then to meet him at 'Poole's,' an English tavern, in the *Rue Favart*, near the *Boulevard Italien*, in all the pomp and pride of worn-out velvet, mock jewelry, and dirty hands; on these occasions, when the sun-shine of circumstance had, for an instant, dispelled the fogs usually enveloping him, his conversation was sparkling and delightful, and his arrival was hailed as the promise of amusement. Colton possessed a most retentive memory, as his *Lacon*—which is perhaps more remarkable for the terseness of style, in which an amazing number of the opinions of others are expressed, than for any great originality or depth of thought—will abundantly testify; he had a smattering of most of the sciences, and an amazing fund of amusing anecdote. To a stranger—more especially if unlearned, for this would insure from him an elaborate display—he must have appeared a man of immense and varied talent, (he loved to be a lion, and thus unrestrainedly to rule the roast,) but when in the company of really scientific men, men who had drunk deeply where he had only sipped, his consequence was considerably lessened. Arrogance and conceit often drew from him off-hand opinions upon subjects of which he knew but little; and his pride compelled him to maintain them to the last, however absurd, however wrong; but if his adversary proved too powerful for him, he would suddenly quit the field for his stronghold, anecdote, carry off the laugh on his side, and thus rid himself of what he termed, with strange blindness, "the d—st bore in life—an obstinate man;" this, however, would not always succeed; and we well remember him, among other instances, to have been roughly handled and exposed by Mr Charles M—n, a young man of talent, (related to one of the most eminent performers of the day) who failed as an actor, some few seasons past, in London.

"Colton's appearance was singular in the extreme; he painted his cheeks, and was usually bedecked with mock jewels and gilded chains. With his pockets filled with eatables, a market basket in his hand, crammed with vegetables, fish, &c., most incongruously, and an octavo volume of some fashionable work under his arm, he might be sometimes met walking the streets of Paris, the very picture of eccentricity, nearly of madness. Thus equipped, he one morning called in at Mr T—n's, a noted *Pâtissier*, in the *Rue St Honoré*: 'I say T—n, I have called to give you a good recipe for curing hams; my mother has just now sent me some over, which I shall cure myself; and, damme, Sir, they shall beat your Strasburgs to H—.' He did cure them himself, and invited some of his friends to meet him at Poole's to taste; as might have been expected, however, the moment he entered the room with his basket on his arm, containing the precious *morceaux*, all were convinced of the

failure of his recipe; the odour was intolerable, but this, with unyielding gravity, he argued, proceeded merely from the substitution of brown sugar for treacle: from treacle he went to metaphysics; and, being somewhat humbled by the previous event, never were we better pleased with his society than on that evening.

"At this period of his career, Colton had for hanger-on, or rather associate in his projects for raising the wind, one H—n, a well educated man of good family, but bad principles; pupils in the occult science were becoming rare, and he now endeavoured to obtain a living by a series of begging letters. Colton forged the darts, and H—n launched them. Every person of wealth resident in Paris, or stranger visiting it, was waited upon by H—n; and the plea of an unfortunate divine, in embarrassed circumstances, a broken down author, or a distressed widower with six children, as the case might be, produced for sometime a supply of cash. Colton, of course, would never allow that he derived any benefit from this proceeding; it was for his poor friend, his protégé, H—n; and he was thus enabled to plead, with all his eloquence, in H.'s behalf, and so increase the share which was to go into his own pocket. He did not, however, confine himself to this; and one example of his mode of proceeding may not be uninteresting:—A young Englishman, D—, with more money than wit, arrived at Paris, and was introduced to Dr Colton, as he was sometimes called in common parlance, by one B—, from whom we have the trait; and, proud of having formed an acquaintance with the noted author of 'Lacon,' he feasted and flattered him to his heart's content. Colton, finding money was plentiful, began to interest D— in behalf of his poor friend H—n, and succeeded in raising within his breast a desire to serve him. One day, after dining together at *Vefeur's*, they retired to the *Café de l'Univers*, one of Colton's usual resorts; while ascending the staircase, Colton drew from his pocket a large brooch, showed it to D—, said it was the property of a gentleman in distress, who wished to dispose of it, and managed to let him guess that this gentleman was H—n; and then regretted it was not within his means to purchase so valuable a stone as that, which he termed a Brazilian diamond, and said that for the first time in his life he envied D— the means he possessed of doing good. This was attacking him in the right place, D— bought the jewel, gave him the price he asked, 175 francs, and then politely presented it to Mr Colton, as a token of his friendship. This same brooch Colton had repeatedly displayed at Poole's, previous to the above transaction, and did so many times afterwards, always declaring it to be worth some hundreds of pounds—this was generally believed; but after his death, when the few miserable remnants of his property were sold by auction, it was bought by Mr T—n, beforementioned, for the astounding sum of two shillings and eleven-pence, English money!!

"These schemes, however, would not last for ever, and Colton gradually fell lower and lower. B—d, the celebrated horse-dealer, was now his constant companion, and together they dragged out a miserable existence in the *Faubourg St Germain*; it could hardly be said they lived: occasionally Colton would visit Poole's, bringing with him his scanty pittance, usually accompanied by a jug of milk; and his appearance at this time was miserable indeed. Colton had strong prejudices, more especially with respect to his own country; 'd—n France, d—n Frenchmen, and d—n their very dogs,' he would often say—alas, he had good reason to abuse their dogs; one unlucky evening, we shall never forget it, poor Colton entered Poole's, 'H—l take France, dogs and all.'—'What is the matter, Parson?'—'Why, gentlemen, an infernal dog has followed me this last half hour, snapping continually at my pocket; there was no driving him away; at last he made a nibble, and with success, for, in throwing him off, the thief bolted with the skirt of my coat, containing my supper.' It was not to be wondered at; his pocket, which had been the repository of many similar loads, was so saturated with grease, that it must have proved a most tempting bait to a hungry dog. That evening he was doomed to be unfortunate, for, scarcely had he placed his milk between his feet upon the floor—its usual situation—than, forgetting in the heat of conversation to secure it, a dog upset the can, and when Colton remembered his milk, his four-footed friend was revelling in that, which to him was a disaster.

"Colton had been afflicted for many years with a violent disease, for which he was several times operated upon, and his sufferings had been so dreadful, that we have little doubt his intellect was affected by them; whether this was so or not, when the cholera raged so fearfully in Paris, he fled in the utmost alarm to Fontainebleau to avoid it, and there, as a novel method of avoiding contagion, and radically curing the disease with which he was tormented, he blew out his brains. Previous to the fatal act, strange, wayward being that he was, he made a will, by which he left property he did not possess to a Mr G., one of his associates; and upon a secretaire in the room was found this apothegm, the last he ever wrote: 'When life is unbearable, death is desirable,

and suicide justifiable,' thus contradicting in his last moments, both by word and deed, what he had previously printed in 'Lacon;' where he says, speaking of a gamester, that 'If he die a martyr to his profession, he is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss; and, by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven!!'

Very good people have committed suicide, owing to some access of frenzy, acting upon a morbid temperament, or to the "last feather that breaks the horse's back;" but self-slaughter is so unnatural, that in general a certain violence, and hardness of character, are necessary to enable a man to go through it. Strong will in his own purposes, and little sympathy with other people, except inasmuch as they bend to it, will, in most instances, be found at the bottom of a suicide's character.

TABLE TALK.

HONEST AND GOOD TASTE IN GARDENS.

I know nothing more pleasant than the half kitchen—half flower-garden;—the few trees that extend a light shade—either the apple, with its spring shower of fair blossoms, tinted with the faintest crimson, and its summer show of fruit, reddening every day; or the cherry, with its scarlet multitude, berries more numerous than leaves. Below, long rows of peas put forth their white-winged flowers, tempting the small butterflies to flutter round their inanimate likenesses; or else of beans, whose fresh, sweet odour, when in bloom, might challenge competition with the sea-gales of the spice islands. Then the deep glossy green of the gooseberry is so well relieved by the paler shade of the currant bush; and alongside, spreading the verdant length of the strawberry bed, so beautiful in its first wealth of white blossoms—pale omens of the blushing fruit,

which so soon hides beneath its large and graceful leaves. The strawberry is among fruits what the violet is among flowers. Then, I do so like the one or two principal walks, neatly edged with box, cut with most precise regularity, keeping guard over favourite plants: columbines, pink and purple, bending on their slender stems; rose-bushes covered with buds enow to furnish roses for months; pinks, with their dark eyes; and the orient glow of the marigold. And there are the spots planted with thyme, so sweet in its crushed fragrance; the sage, with that touch of hoar frost on its leaves, which, perhaps, has gained for it its popular name of wisdom; the sprig of lavender, with its dim and deep blue blossom, so lastingly sweet; and the emerald patches of the rapidly springing mustard and cress. I would not give a common garden like this, with the free air tossing its boughs, and the sun laughing upon its flowers, for all that glass and gardener ever brought from a hot-house. Many a quiet hour did Guido pass in that honey-sucked harbour, lulled by the murmuring bees, whose hives stood in the covert of a large old beech, the only tree not a fruit-tree in the chosen patch of ground.—*Francesca Carrara*.—[We wish Miss Landon would give us a whole novel, full of these charming pieces of candour and sweetness; or at least, with an overbalance of them, compared with the melancholy. We suspect we are a little unreasonable when we object so much to the darkness in which she seems to delight; but it is out of the very impatience of our sympathy and respect for her that we speak; and she is of a nature the very sorrows of which ought to turn into pleasure for others, and pleasure, too, not of an uneasy or perplexing description. Her very tears, produced by whatsoever clouds they may have been, belong to a generous soil, and should refresh it like the brooks, and make flowers and music for the world.]

NATURAL MISGIVING OF A MANY-THOUGHTED MIND.

On Sunday we used to assemble, my companions and I, to communicate our essays to each other. But I was soon disquieted by a singular apprehension. My own poetical lucubrations, of course, always appeared to me to be the best; but I soon remarked that my companions, who often brought very wretched compositions, thought no less highly of them than I did of mine. Another circumstance which also occupied my meditations, was the self-delusion of a young scholar, who was totally incapable of making verses. He used to get them composed by his master, and it is no wonder they seemed to him excellent: but he would persuade himself, at last, that he had made them; and although we were so intimately acquainted, he wished me to believe it likewise. Struck with the ridiculous folly of this conceit, I began to fear that I might be my own dupe also, and appear to him as foolish as he did in my eyes. This idea rendered me very uneasy. My judgment could not be decided by any irrefragable rule. I became discouraged. But the natural levity of my age, an internal consciousness, and the praises of my masters and relations, at length restored my confidence.—*Goethe's Life*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr Landon on 'Purity of Language' &c. next week.

There are some of our poetical Correspondents, to whom we are very loth to say (but we must), that Chaucer and Shakspeare, at present, leave us no room whatever for the verses of others.

We shall gladly avail ourselves of the kind communications of a LOVER OF LONDON AND ITS JOURNAL.

Many thanks again to R. A.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

Criminal Trials. Vol. II. (Library of Entertaining Knowledge Parts 53 and 54). Pp. 416.

THIS new volume of Mr Jardine's interesting and able work—unquestionably one of the most valuable contributions that have been lately made to English history—is entirely occupied with one of the most famous transactions in our annals, 'The Gunpowder Plot.' Not only from the extent and fullness of the narrative, and the great pains that have been bestowed in investigating and weighing the facts and evidence, but, from the large quantity of hitherto unpublished matter which it contains, the present account of that affair must supersede every other that has yet appeared; and indeed the extraordinary opportunities which the author has enjoyed of access not only to the State Paper Office, and the other depositories of information under the control of the government, but to documents in the hands of private individuals, together with the great diligence with which he has manifestly pursued his researches, make it extremely improbable that any more complete work upon the subject will be soon produced.

The source, he states in his preface, from which his chief materials have been drawn, is the collection of original documents respecting the plot, at the State Paper Office, arranged and indexed some years ago by Mr Lawson. These documents contain a large proportion of the depositions of more than five hundred witnesses and real or supposed confederates, which were taken during an enquiry of nearly six months by the Commissioners of the Privy Council, together with numerous contemporary letters and papers. Although partial extracts from this large mass of evidence have been published at different times, the whole has never till now been digested and arranged into a connected narrative. Other documents that are here printed have been obtained from the *Baga de Secretis*, preserved in the Crown Office. "The *Baga de Secretis*," says Mr Jardine, "is a depository for records of

attainers, convictions, and other matters, chiefly relating to the title of the Crown to forfeited lands. From ancient usage, the most scrupulous care has always been observed in the custody of these records; the bag (which is in reality a large press, filled with records) being secured by three separate locks, the keys of which are separately kept by the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, and the Custos Brevium, and being never in practice opened without the concurrent authority of these officers. In consequence of this extreme caution in the custody of records supposed to affect the revenues of the Crown, permission has rarely been granted to open the *Baga de Secretis*, and consequently its contents have never been used for historical purposes." The Bodleian Library has also been ransacked, and has supplied some documents that are missing in the collections preserved in the public offices. Among the private manuscripts which have been used, one from which some of the most interesting details have been taken, is the relation by Father Greenway, in the possession of Dr Lingard, by whom it has been much referred to in his *History of England*. This narrative (the object of which is to exculpate Greenway and his brother Jesuit, Garnet, from the charge of having been among the number of the conspirators) is in the Italian language, but is evidently a translation from an English original. Another of the authorities of this description has a curious history.

"Much information," says the author, "respecting the family connexions of the conspirators, and the domestic history of the catholics shortly before the period of the Gunpowder Plot, has been derived from a mass of papers lately discovered in a singular manner at Rushton, in Northamptonshire. In the early part of the year 1832, on the removal of a lintel over an ancient doorway in the old mansion of the Treshams, at Rushton, a handsomely-bound breviary fell out upon the workmen. On further search, an opening was discovered in a thick stone wall, of about five feet long and fourteen or fifteen inches wide, almost filled with bundles of manuscripts, and containing about twenty Catholic books in excellent preservation. The contents of the manu-

scripts were various; consisting of historical note by Sir Thomas Tresham, rolled up with building bills, deeds, and farming contracts, of no interest and importance, and also of a portion of the domestic correspondence of the Tresham family between the years 1590 and 1605. The paper of the latest date is a memorandum, without a signature, of certain bonds, therein stated to have been delivered up to Mrs Tresham on the 28th of November 1605, by the writer of the memorandum. In all probability, therefore, this was about the period when these books and papers were enclosed. Sir Thomas Tresham died in September 1605, and his estates upon that event descended to Francis Tresham, his eldest son, the conspirator in the Gunpowder Plot. Upon his apprehension, which took place on the 14th of November, it is natural to suppose that his papers at Rushton would be destroyed or concealed by his friends. From the almost total absence of letters of a political tendency amongst the papers thus discovered, it is probable that all such were destroyed. By the liberality of Mr Hope, the present proprietor of Rushton, we have been favoured with a perusal of these papers; and though there is nothing among them specifically relating to the Gunpowder Plot, they contain much valuable information upon the condition and domestic history of the Catholics at that period, their expectations from James I, and their grievous disappointment on his accession; and they throw great light upon the causes which led to the conspiracy."

Having thus introduced the Tresham family to the reader's acquaintance, we may as well begin our extracts from the body of the work with an interesting passage relating to the father of the conspirator, who appears to have been a character of a very different mould and metal from his son. It occurs near the commencement of the work, in the course of a very striking exposition of the oppression endured by the Catholics in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

"Sir Thomas Tresham, the father of Francis Tresham, one of the most conspicuous characters in the Gunpowder Treason, belonged to a family who, from very early times, had possessed a princely estate in Northamptonshire. On the restoration of the Knights Hospitallars of St John of Jerusalem by Queen Mary, his grandfather had been made Lord-Prior of that order. Sir Thomas Tresham himself was originally

a Protestant, and was knighted by Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1577; three years afterwards, when the first missionary priests came into England, he was converted by Campion and Parsons to the Catholic faith, and reconciled to the Church of Rome.* From the time of his conversion until his death, in 1606, he was constantly the subject of persecution. Shortly after Campion's apprehension in 1580, he was arrested and sent to the Fleet on suspicion of having harboured the missionaries; on his refusal to swear before the Council that Campion had not been at his house, he was prosecuted in the Star-Chamber, together with Lord Vaux, Sir William Catesby, and several other Catholics, and sentenced by the Court to pay a heavy fine, and to be imprisoned in the Fleet until he swore as required by the Council. Under this sentence Sir Thomas Tresham languished in close imprisonment for several years. He was afterwards repeatedly imprisoned, on the ground of his religion, in the Fleet and at Banbury Castle, for long periods of time, and also at Ely, which he terms, in some of his letters, his 'familiar prison.'† It appears also from the receipts at the Exchequer, that for more than twenty years he constantly paid 260*l.* per annum into the Treasury, being the statutory penalty of 20*l.* per lunar month for recusancy.‡ In a letter of his, dated the 7th of October 1604, he says that 'he had undergone full twenty-four years' term of restless adversity and deep disgrace, only for testimony of his conscience.' The resolute devotion of the old man to his religion appears from a letter to Lord Henry Howard, in July 1603, in which he says, that 'he has now completed his triple apprenticeship of one and twenty years in direct adversity, and that he should be content to serve a like long apprenticeship to prevent the foregoing of his beloved, beautiful, and graceful Rachel; for it seemed to him but a few days for the love he had to her.§'

In negotiations with the Catholic leaders before he came to the throne, and even for a short period after his accession, James perfidiously encouraged the hopes of the Catholics, that the new reign would bring them a new era. Mr Jardine has completely established this charge. By the summer of 1604, however, the true character and intention of the royal promises became evident; and at this period the author conceives that 'the design of blowing up the House of Lords with gunpowder, at the opening of Parliament, and thus destroying, at a single blow, the King, the Lords, and the Commons, first presented itself to the mind of Robert Catesby.' The gradual introduction into the dark project of the other conspirators is then minutely traced. The following is part of the notice of the individual of the number who has gained the greatest popular notoriety:—

"Guido, or Guy Fawkes, whose name has been more generally associated with this Plot than that of any of the other conspirators, in consequence of the prominent part he undertook in the execution of it, was a gentleman of good family, and respectable parentage in Yorkshire. His father, Edward Fawkes, was a notary at York, and held the office of Registrar and Advocate of the Consistory Court of the Cathedral Church there. He died in 1558, leaving a large family. Of the education and early history of Guy Fawkes nothing is known; but having spent the little property he derived from his father, he enlisted as a soldier of fortune in the Spanish army in Flanders, and was present at the taking of Calais, by the Archduke Albert, in 1598. He was well known to the English Catholics, and had been despatched by Sir William Stanley and Owen, from Flanders, to join Christopher Wright on his embassy to Philip II, immediately after Queen Elizabeth's death. Father Greenway, who knew all the conspirators intimately, describes him as 'a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of mild and cheerful demeanour, an enemy of broils and disputes, a faithful friend, and remarkable for his punctual attendance upon religious observances.' His society is stated, by the same authority, to have been 'sought by all the most distinguished in the Archduke's camp for nobility and virtue.' If this account of his character is correct, we are to look upon this man, not according to the popular notion, as a mercenary ruffian, ready for hire to perform the chief part in any tragedy of blood, but as an enthusiast whose understanding had been distorted by superstition, and in whom fanaticism had conquered the better feelings of nature. His conduct after the discovery of the Plot is quite consistent with the character of a fanatic."

The narrative of the progress of the operations which follows forms a tale of deep and fearful interest. Everything at this time conspired to throw the English Catholics into utter despair. The persecution of the government was becoming more active and unsparring

every day, and the treaty of peace concluded in the autumn of 1604 with Spain, in which that power, upon whose influence and exertions great expectations had rested, had abandoned their cause almost without making an effort in their behalf, took from them their last hope. In May (as appears from the original agreement, dated the 24th of that month, which is preserved in the State Paper Office), a house next to the Parliament House, which was occupied by one Ferris, as tenant to Wionheard, the keeper of the king's wardrobe, was taken in the name of Thomas Percy, one of the conspirators. The design was to drive a mine from this house through the wall of the Parliament House, and in that way to place a large quantity of gunpowder immediately under the House of Lords. Fawkes, who was not known in London, was to keep possession of the house, under the assumed name of Johanson, as Percy's servant. Parliament, in the meantime, had been adjourned till the 7th of February 1605; and the conspirators, the better to prevent suspicion, separated and went to the country. Soon after, however, another house was taken at Lambeth, at which the powder might be collected in small quantities at a time, and afterwards removed by night to the house at Westminster. The custody of this house was given to a person of the name of Robert Keyes, after he had been sworn, and received as an associate in the plot. About the end of October, the conspirators again met in London; and it was now determined to proceed at once with the mine. But although a large quantity of powder had been already collected, they were obliged to defer the commencement of their operations by a singular incident. It was found that the Parliamentary Commissioners for arranging the union then proposed between England and Scotland, had appointed to hold their meetings in the house taken by Percy. It was therefore agreed to wait for another month. The narrative then proceeds:—

"Catesby and his confederates assembled together in London, according to their previous arrangement, about the 11th of December, at which time the conspirators, with the exception of Keyes, who remained at first at Lambeth, entered the house late at night. They had provided themselves with tools fit for making their excavation, and had taken with them a quantity of hard eggs, baked meats, and pasties, in order to avoid exciting suspicion by going frequently abroad for provisions. They began their work immediately by carrying a mine up to the stone-wall which separated the house in which they were from the Parliament House; this wall proved to be three yards in thickness, and finding their undertaking to be one of much greater labour and difficulty than they had anticipated, they first sent for Keyes from Lambeth, and then enlisted into their party Christopher, a younger brother of John Wright, to assist at the work. 'All which seven,' says Fawkes, 'were gentlemen of name and blood; and not any was employed in or about this action (no, not so much as in digging and mining) that was not a gentleman. And while the others wrought, I stood as sentinel to desory any man that came near; and when any man came near the place, upon warning given by me, they ceased until they had again notice from me to proceed; and we seven lay in the house, and had shot and powder, and we all resolved to die in that place before we yielded or were taken.' All day long they worked at the mine, carrying the earth and rubbish into a little building in the garden behind the house, and at night they removed it from the building into the garden, spreading it abroad, and covering it carefully over with turf. In this manner these determined men worked without intermission until Christmas-eve; and during the whole of that time not one of them showed himself in the upper part of the house, or was ever seen by the neighbours or passengers, excepting Fawkes, who was supposed to be keeping the house for his master Percy. Their principal reason for keeping close was to avoid raising a suspicion (which if so many notorious Catholics had been observed resorting to one house, would naturally have occurred) that they assembled there for religious purposes; and in that case a diligent search might have been instituted for the priest, which would at once have discovered the scheme."

While they were thus at work, the Parliament was again suddenly prorogued to the 3rd of October. On this they agreed to suspend their labours till after the Christmas holidays. Having met again at the time appointed, they had succeeded, by the beginning of February, in piercing about half through the stone wall.

* Fawkes's Examination, 8th November.—State-Paper Office.

"Father Greenway," proceeds the author, "observes that 'it seemed almost incredible that men of their quality, accustomed to live in ease and delicacy, could have undergone such severe labour; and especially that, in a few weeks, they should have effected much more than as many workmen would have done, who had been all their lives in the habit of gaining their daily bread by their labour.' In particular, he remarks that 'it was wonderful how Percy and Catesby, who were unusually tall men, could endure for so long a time the intense fatigue of working day and night in the stooping posture, which was rendered necessary by the straitness of the place.' Greenway also relates an incident which occurred while they were at work, and which is perhaps worth repeating, as an instance of the gross superstition of the times, and also as evincing the workings of conscience on the minds of the conspirators as they proceeded with their design. They were one day surprised by the sound of the tolling of a bell, which seemed to proceed from the middle of the wall under the Parliament House; all suspended their labour, and listened with alarm and uneasiness to the mysterious sound. Fawkes was sent for from his station above; the tolling still continued, and was distinctly heard by him as well as the others. Much wondering at this prodigy, they sprinkled the wall with holy water, when the sound instantly ceased. Upon this they resumed their labour, and after a short time the tolling commenced again, and again was silenced by the application of holy water. This process was repeated frequently for several days, till at length the unearthly sound was heard no more."

It was soon after this that, one morning while at work, they suddenly heard a rushing noise in a cellar, nearly above their heads. They at first thought that they had been discovered; but it turned out that the noise was occasioned by a person of the name of Bright, to whom the cellar belonged, selling off his coals, in order to remove. This cellar was found to be immediately under the House of Lords; and the conspirators now determined to abandon their mine, and hiring the cellar in Percy's name, at once to deposit their gunpowder here. Accordingly, about twenty barrels were immediately brought from Lambeth, and placed in the cellar, which was then locked up. This was about the beginning of May.

The parliament was afterwards once more prorogued till the 5th of November. As that day approached, the conspirators held frequent consultations for the final arrangement of their plans. Among other things, it was determined upon "that Fawkes, as a man of approved courage and of experience in emergencies, should be intrusted to set fire to the mine. This he was to do by means of a slow burning match, which would allow him full a quarter of an hour for his escape before the explosion took place. He was instantly to embark on board a vessel in the river, and to proceed to Flanders with the intelligence of what had been done."

A matter which from the first had given rise to much difference of opinion among the conspirators, was the arrangement of means by which certain persons should be saved from the intended destruction. They could neither agree upon who those persons should be, nor upon the plan that should be adopted to give them warning of the danger.

"In his own mind, Catesby had probably little compunction on this point, as he was heard to declare, that 'he made account of the nobility as of Atheists, fools, and cowards, and that lusty bodies would be better for the commonwealth than they.' In order, however, to allay the anxieties of those who had relations and friends in this dangerous predicament, he assured them that he had already ascertained that several of the Catholic peers would not be present at the meeting of Parliament; that he had spoken with Lord Montague, and had persuaded him to make suit to be absent from the Parliament altogether, on the ground that his single voice would not avail against the making of more penal laws against the Catholics; with respect to Lord Mordaunt, he declared that 'he would not for the chamber full of diamonds acquaint him with the secret, for that he knew that he could not keep it';† but that he was assured that his lordship would not take his seat until the middle of the Parliament, because he objected to sitting in his robes in the Parliament House while the King was at church. He also declared that he had good reason to believe that Lord Stourton would not come to town till the Friday after the meeting of Parliament. He further assured them that he wished, as much as they could do, that 'all the nobles that were Catholics might be preserved, and that

* Keyes's Examination, 26th November, 1605.—State-Paper Office.

† Keyes's Examination, 26th November, 1605.—State-Paper Office.

* More's Historia Societatis Jesu, p. 74.

† Rushton Papers. See note in p. 54.

‡ Lansdowne MSS. No. 152, p. 126.

§ Rushton Papers.

tricks should be put upon them to that end; but, said he, 'with all that, rather than the project should not take effect, if they were as dear unto me as mine own son, they also must be blown up.'"

Everybody is aware of the manner in which the conspiracy is said to have been detected, by means of an anonymous letter received by Lord Montague at his mansion at Hoxton, on Saturday the 26th of October, ten days before the intended meeting of Parliament. Mr Jardine's examination of this part of the story is in the highest degree curious and interesting; but it is impossible for us to attempt to follow him even in the most meagre abstract. He shows it to be extremely probable that the letter to Lord Montague was merely a feint to conceal the manner in which and the individual by whom the communication was really made to the government. That person, also, contrary to the common opinion of later writers, he all but proves, by an induction of numerous particulars, to have been Francis Tresham, the eldest son and heir of Sir Thomas Tresham already mentioned, who had been received among the number of the conspirators only a few weeks before. His motives appear to have been partly a desire to save his intimate friend and relation Lord Montague and other persons in whom he was interested, partly a strong misgiving as to the chance of success, and, in consequence of that, an eager anxiety to shake himself free from an enterprise with which he regretted he had ever had anything to do. He seems to have been of an infirm and pusillanimous character, and his fidelity had been suspected by some of his associates from the moment of his joining the confederacy.

That the detection might be the more complete, nothing was done to interrupt the proceedings of the conspirators till their scheme should be matured. At length, shortly before midnight, on the eve of the fifth of November, Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster, accompanied by several assistants, having suddenly repaired to the spot, found Fawkes just leaving the house, and on proceeding to examine the cellar, discovered thirty-six barrels of powder, in casks and hogheads, under a heap of billets. A dark lantern (still preserved in the Bodleian Library) was also found, with a light in it, in a corner behind the door, and a watch, with slow matches and touchwood, was taken from Fawkes, who was immediately bound and carried before the council at Whitehall.

"It was now about one o'clock in the morning. Such of the Council as slept at Whitehall were called, and the others who were in town summoned; and the doors and gates being secured, all assembled in the King's bedchamber. Fawkes was brought in and questioned. Undismayed by the suddenness of his apprehension, or by the circumstances of his nocturnal examination before the King and Council, this resolute fanatic behaved with a Roman firmness of nerve, which filled the minds of all who were present with astonishment, and his cool audacity naturally suggested a comparison with the conduct of Mutius Scaevola when brought before King Porcenna. To the impatient and hurried questions which were put to him with some violence and passion, he answered calmly and firmly. He said that 'his name was John Johnson, and that he was a servant of Thomas Percy;' he further declared 'that when the King had come to the Parliament House that day, and the Upper House had been sitting, he meant to have fired the match, and fled for his own safety before the powder had taken fire; and that if he had not been apprehended that night, he had blown up the Upper House, when the King, Lords, Bishops, and others had been there.' Being asked if his purpose had taken effect, what would have been done with the Queen's Majesty and her royal issue, he replied that 'if they had been there he could not have helped them.' Being further asked who were party or privy to this conspiracy, he answered that 'he could not resolve to accuse any.' Being asked by the King how he could conspire against his children and so many innocent souls, he answered, 'Dangerous diseases require a desperate remedy;' and when questioned as to his intentions by some of the Scotch courtiers, he told them that 'one of his objects was to blow them back into Scotland.' After a great part of the night had been spent in examination, Fawkes was sent with a guard to the Tower; where for the present we leave him, in order to trace the fortunes of his companions.

"Immediately after Fawkes had given notice of the visit of the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Montague to the cellar, Catesby and John Wright fled; Percy and Christopher Wright waited till they ascertained that Fawkes was seized, and then left London; but Rookwood and Keyes, who dwelt in the same lodging, and whose persons were not known in London, determined to remain till they received more conclusive intelligence. On going abroad the next morning they perceived amazement and terror in the countenances of all they met; the news of Fawkes's apprehension, and exaggerated rumours of a frightful plot discovered, were spread in every direction; guards of soldiers were placed not only at the palace gates, but at all the streets and avenues in the neighbourhood, and no person was allowed to pass. Upon this, being convinced that all was known, they also determined to fly. Keyes went away from London immediately; but Rookwood, who had placed relays of horses all the way to Dunchurch, lingered to the last moment, in order that he might be able to convey to his confederates in Warwickshire the latest intelligence of what had taken place in London. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon he also took horse and rode hastily away. About three miles beyond Highgate he came up with Keyes, in whose company he rode on for some distance. It does not distinctly appear what became of Keyes from this time until he was apprehended in Warwickshire several days afterwards. It is clear that he parted from Rookwood in Bedfordshire, and it may therefore be fairly conjectured that he went to Lord Mordaunt's house at Turvey, where his wife resided. Rookwood rode on to Brickhill, near which place he overtook first Catesby and John Wright, and shortly afterwards Percy and Christopher Wright; and from thence all five rode together with the utmost speed to Ashby St Legers, in Northamptonshire. The astonishing rapidity with which they travelled appears from the fact that Rookwood left London at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon and reached Ashby at six in the evening of the same day, a distance of nearly eighty miles. He says himself that 'he rode thirty miles of one horse in two hours,' and that 'Percy and John Wright cast off their cloaks and threw them into the hedge to ride the more speedily.'"

But we cannot further pursue the story of the fugitives, although their wild flight, their agitated consultations, their subsequent desperate attempt to excite a rising of the country in their support, the rapid desertion of their few followers, their terror and misery while hunted like beasts of prey, the stand which some of them made at last, and the butchery that ensued, the escape for the moment of others, their skulking in mysterious recesses within the walls of old mansions, and under trap-doors in the floor, their sufferings during their concealment, and their eventual discovery and capture, have all the interest of romance. The narrative as here given is enriched by numerous facts that have never before appeared in print.

Upon the trials themselves also we cannot enter. Suffice it to say, that they have never before been detailed with anything approaching to the minuteness and accuracy with which Mr Jardine has here extracted them from the original documents. The whole account of Garnet, the Jesuit, in particular, his concealment at Hendlip Hall, his singular connexion with Anne Vaux, the daughter of Lord Vaux, his discovery, his confinement in the Tower, his trial, his execution, the miracles that were alleged to follow his death, the spring of oil that was said to have broken out on the spot where he suffered, at the west-end of St Paul's Cathedral, and the ear of corn on which his effigy appeared depicted, and which stirred to so extraordinary a degree the superstition of the times,—all this will be found in the high heat degree curious and instructive. The long disquisition which follows on the question, as to the extent to which the Jesuits in particular, and the Catholics generally were probably implicated in the plot, distinguished as it is by good sense and perfect freedom from prejudice, will probably be considered by most readers as setting this question at rest. It is at any rate by far the most impartial, as well as the most masterly examination which the subject has yet received. We prefer, however, closing our notice, by quoting the following remarks from the earlier part of the work:—

"In a legal point of view, the only observations which suggest themselves respecting the trials of the chief conspirators are such as are common to all the

state prosecutions of the time. The evidence appears to have consisted entirely of the written declarations of the several prisoners, and of a servant of Sir Everard Digby, and it is evident, from the report of the proceedings, that no witness was orally examined. Of the guilt of all the prisoners there could not be the shadow of a doubt; indeed all of them, as appears from the several examinations above given, had fully and circumstantially confessed their guilt before the trials, and though they all, excepting Sir Everard Digby, pleaded not guilty, no attempt was made by any of them to deny a full participation in all the villany of the plot. That the project amounted to high treason is unquestionable; the design of blowing up the Parliament House, when the King and Prince were there, was compassing and imagining the death of the King and the heir-apparent to the crown, within the literal meaning of the statute of treasons; while the conduct of the conspirators who assembled in Warwickshire, after the apprehension of Fawkes, and rode armed through the country in warlike array, in defiance of the established government, and exciting others to insurrection, was nothing short of open rebellion, and clearly constituted a 'levying of war against the King in his realm,' within the words of another clause of the same statute. In legal consideration, therefore, the justice of their conviction and sentence is too plain for discussion; and in a moral point of view, the most scrupulous objector to capital punishments will hardly consider the loss of life as too severe a retribution for an offence of such unexampled barbarity. The political situation of the Catholics,—resentment of the oppression and contumely which they had suffered,—the dread of further persecution, and, above all, perhaps, indignation at the faithless conduct of the King, were sufficient motives to insurrection; but the inhuman contrivance of the Gunpowder Plot can only be ascribed to the baneful influence of superstition; and it may be doubted whether there is any other engine by which the natural feelings of the human heart could be so far distorted and deadened, that the indiscriminate slaughter of several hundreds of persons could be considered as a laudable and pious undertaking.

"One of the most singular features of the history of this conspiracy was the character and description of the persons engaged in it. Dissolute and needy adventurers have been, at all times, the ready instruments in any scheme calculated to raise a storm on the surface of society, and produce confusion and uproar. Such characters may possibly gain by disturbance and revolution, and have, at all events, nothing to lose. Thus Catiline, at Rome, registered in his desperate band all the ruined spendthrifts; the disgraced, the idle, and the hopeless prodigals, who wander up and down a populous city, prepared alike for plunder or for outrage, as the opportunity presents itself. '*Semper in ciuitate,*' says Sallust, '*quibus opes nulla sunt, videri odere, nova exoptant; odio suarum rerum mutari omnia student; turbidæque seditionibus sine curâ aluntur, quantum egestas facili habetur sine damno.*' But in the case of the Gunpowder Treason, many of the conspirators, such as Robert Winter, Rookwood, Digby, Tresham, and Grant, were men of large possessions; others again, such as Percy, Fawkes, and Keyes, were engaged in useful and honourable occupations which raised them far above the temptation of want; not one of them but Catesby was in pecuniary difficulty, and his motive was clearly a religious one. In another respect also we find in this conspiracy men not usually acting in the ranks of insurrection;—men of mild and amiable manners, unaccustomed to tumult, and dwelling quietly in the midst of their respective families. It must have been a much more powerful motive than any of those that usually influence the actions of mankind, which could induce such persons to do violence to their nature and their usual habits, and produce strange delusion that, in committing a barbarous murder,—'a murder,' as it has been termed, 'of a whole nation in their representatives,'—they were performing an action by which they secured to themselves the approbation of Heaven.

"Notwithstanding the occasional misgivings suggested by humanity and conscience to the minds of the conspirators, it is clear that they were really actuated by a mistaken sense of duty, and that many of them maintained to the last a conviction that their project was not only justifiable, but in the highest degree meritorious in the sight of God. Father Greenway relates, that as Rookwood was being drawn to the place of execution, his lady stood at an open window in the Strand, giving him words of comfort as he passed, and calling upon him to be of good courage, inasmuch as he suffered for a great and noble cause. In the conversation between Fawkes and Robert Winter in the Tower, above related, the latter says, 'Nothing grieves me, but there is not an apology made by some to justify our doings in this business; but our deaths will be a sufficient justification of it, and it is for God's cause.' Casaubon, in his Epistle to Fronto Ducaeus, which we shall have occasion to notice more fully hereafter in the case of Garnet, mentions the following fact respecting another of the conspirators. 'John Grant,' says he, 'once

* Keyes's Examination, *ubi supra*.

+ John Johnson's Examination, 5th November, 1605.—State-Paper Office.

‡ M^r. Letter of Sir Edward Hoby to Sir Thom. Edmondes.

* Rookwood's Examination, 2nd December, 1605.—State-Paper Office. See *post* p. 150.

the traitors, on the very day when he was to be executed for his share in this plot, was entreated by a pious and learned clergyman, to entertain, at the last, a proper sense of his situation, and duly reflecting upon the magnitude of his crime, with hearty penitence to seek for pardon from Heaven." Grant replied, with a cheerful countenance, and full of confidence, 'I am satisfied that our project was so far from being sinful, that I rely entirely upon my merits in bearing a part of that noble action, as an abundant satisfaction and expiation for all sins committed by me during the rest of my life.'

LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées, et Paysages, pendant un Voyage en Orient (1832-1833), ou Notes d'un Voyageur. Par M. Alphonse de Lamartine, Membre de l'Académie Française. En deux volumes. Tome I. London. Reprinted for Edward Churton.

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, &c. &c. By Alphonse de Lamartine, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. London. Richard Bentley.

UNDER a slight change of title the latter of these two works is a translation of the former one, which appeared lately at Paris, and is now in the course of republication in London. The reprint, which bears Mr Churton's name, is exceedingly well got up, with good paper and type, and, as far as we have examined, with a very correct text; it is also remarkably cheap, as the volume contains as much as two of the volumes of the French edition, and only costs six shillings. Another volume which, we believe, is nearly ready, will complete the work. The entire translation, published by Mr Bentley, is done in a superior manner, and will, no doubt, prove very acceptable to the many who cannot read the original. The three volumes are elegantly printed, and the first contains a portrait of the author. Having done this justice to our English publishers, we will now say a few words about M. de Lamartine (who has long been esteemed one of the first of the living poets of France) in his new capacity of traveller.

No one acquainted with this writer's character, or his preceding works, will expect that these volumes should contain much accurate statistical information, or any detailed descriptions of the countries passed through, with their manners, customs, and habits. De Lamartine has not the turn of mind necessary for such subjects. He has travelled as a poet, and his work is rather a prose poem on feelings suggested by the objects he saw, than a book of travels. We confess, that to us, his strain of sentimentality seems somewhat too long drawn out and unvaried, but we have been occasionally delighted by its tone, and doubt not that many will relish the whole of the melody. The book which it most resembles is Chateaubriand's well-known 'Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem.' M. de Lamartine, however, after his peregrinations in the Holy Land, went on to Smyrna and Constantinople; and, after staying some time in the Turkish capital, returned homewards by land, passing in his way through Servia, on which very imperfectly known country he has collected some highly interesting notes. We are not quite sure that these notes are not the best part of the work; but the large majority of readers will probably be more delighted with the author's musings and speculations in the city of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood. M. de Lamartine is a sentimentally-religious man, and a lover of kings, and he seems to think that these things must go together, and that no one can be religious without being a royalist, or have any veneration for the scenes of Scripture unless he have an awful respect for the scenes of courts. We need scarcely look into this naked fallacy. Milton, who was a religious man, and one of the greatest poets that ever lived, did not love kings. And who would have trod the soil of Palestine with such reverential feet as Milton?—or who, like him, ever doted in imagination on the secret tops of Oreb and Sinai, on the hill of Sion, and

"Silos's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God?"

Among the things which have least pleased us in these volumes is M. de Lamartine's account of a visit he paid to Lady Esther Stanhope, who, after spending nearly the whole of her fortune in vain attempts to rival the splendour of the oriental princes of the Arabian nights, now lives cooped up among the druses of Mount Lebanon, figuring away as a conjuror and fortune-teller, and keeping a bay mare on which the new Messiah (when he comes) is to ride into reconquered Jerusalem, and a spotless white mare on which she (Lady E. S.) is to ride by his side. The poor woman is notoriously crazed, and much to be pitied; but we have no patience with de Lamartine, who mystified common sense, and writes in such a manner as to invest her wretched hallucinations with an air of solemnity, and a shadowy, awful mysteriousness.

The same thing was attempted a few years ago by an English traveller; and between Doctor Madden, who, it is suspected, never saw the lady in question, and Monsieur de Lamartine, insanity has been made strikingly picturesque, and poor Lady Esther converted into a heroine of romance. We cannot help thinking that our French friend was slightly infected with the malady of the place when he wrote what he has written about his aristocratic birth, his glory, his verses, and his foot.

"You will go back to Europe," she said, "but you will not long delay your return to the East. It is your country."

"It is, at least, Lady Esther, the country of my imagination."

"Do not laugh," she said, "it is your true country; it is the country of your forefathers; I am sure of it—look at your foot."

"I see nothing there," said I, "but the dust of your roads which covers it, and of which I should be ashamed in a drawing-room of old Europe."

"That is not it!" she answered hastily, "look at your foot."

"I had never before observed myself what she was going to say about my high instep."

"Look!" she continued, "your instep is very high; there is a space between your heel and your toes when your foot is on the ground, sufficient to let water run through it without wetting the sole. (Query—Did Monsieur wear Parisian boots, which are apt to be very high in the heel?) It is the foot of the Arab—the foot of the East. You are a child of these climates, and the day is approaching, when every man shall return to the land of his fathers. We shall see each other again."

We turn with pleasure from such balderdash as this, which does not often disgrace the volumes before us, to give a specimen of de Lamartine's beautiful scenic descriptions.

"This city (Jerusalem) is not, as it has been represented, an unshapely and confused mass of ruins and ashes, over which a few Arab cottages are thrown, or a few Bedouin tents pitched; neither is it like Athens, a chaos of dust and crumbling walls, where the traveller seeks in vain the shadow of edifices, the trace of streets, the phantom of a city;—but it is a city shining in light and colour! presenting nobly to view her intact and battlemented walls, her blue mosque with its white colonades, her thousand resplendent domes, from which the rays of the autumnal sun are reflected in a dazzling vapour; the façades of her houses, tinted by time and heat, of the yellow and golden hue of the edifices of Pæstum or of Rome; her old towers, the guardians of her walls, to which neither one stone, one loophole, nor one battlement is wanting; and above all, amidst that ocean of houses, that cloud of little domes which cover them, is a dark elliptical dome, larger than the others, overlooked by another and a white one. These are the churches of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary; from hence they are confounded and appear drowned in the labyrinth of domes, edifices, and streets, which encompass them; and one finds it difficult to credit such a situation for Calvary and the Sepulchre; which, according to the ideas we derive from the gospel history, should be placed on a separate hill without the walls, and not in the centre of Jerusalem. The city, confined on the side of Mount Sion, has no doubt enlarged herself on the north to embrace within her circuit those two sites which make her shame and glory, that of the murder of the just man, and the resurrection of the incarnate Deity!

Such is the city from the height of the Mount of Olives! She has no horizon behind her to the west nor to the north. The line of her walls and her towers, the points of her numerous minarets, the arches of her shining domes, stand out in bold relief against the deep blue of an orient sky; and the town, thus exhibited on its broad and elevated platform, seems again to shine in all the antique splendour of its prophecies, or to be only waiting the word to

rise in dazzling glory from its seventeen successive ruins, and to be transformed into that New Jerusalem which is to come out of the bosom of the desert, radiant with brightness.

The view is the most splendid that can be presented to the eye, of a city that is no more; for she still seems to exist as one full of life and youth; but on contemplating the scene with more attention, we feel that it is really no more than a fair vision of the city of David and Solomon. No noise arises from her squares and streets, no roads lead to her gates from the east or from the west, from the north or from the south, except a few paths winding among the rocks, on which you meet only half-naked Arabs, some camel-drivers from Damascus, or women from Bethlehem or Jericho, carrying on their heads a basket of raisins from Engaddi, or a cage of doves, to be sold on the morrow under the trebinthus beyond the city gates.—No one passed in or out; no mendicant even was seated against her curbstones; no sentinel showed himself at her threshold; we saw, indeed, 'no living object, heard no living sound; we found the same void, the same silence, at the entrance of a city containing thirty thousand' souls, during the twelve hours of the day, as we should have expected before the entombed gates of Pompeii or Herculaneum.

We saw nothing pass the gate of Damascus, except four funeral processions, silently winding their way along the walls to the Turkish cemetery; nor the gate of Sion, while we were within view, except a poor Christian, who died in the morning of the plague, and was carried by four grave-diggers to the Grecian burial-place."

In his appendix, M. de Lamartine gives a curious chapter of 'Political Reflections;' in which he speculates on the imminent fall of the empire of the Turks, and on the proper mode of disposing of their territory. We cannot go into these matters, but they are of the greatest importance; and although our author's scheme of forming Russia, Austria, England, and France, into four protectorates, each of which is to hold a certain portion of Turkey, does not seem to be at present of very easy accomplishment, we think it merits attention, while the eloquence with which it is set forth cannot fail in affording some gratification.

The appendix is further enriched by a very curious narrative of the residence of a certain Fatalla Sayeghir among the wandering Arabs of the great desert, which has been collected and translated by the care of Monsieur de Lamartine.

COWPER'S WORKS.

The Works of William Cowper. His Life and Letters. By William Hayley, Esq. Now first completed, by the Introduction of Cowper's Private Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A.M., Rector of Burton, Northamptonshire, &c. &c. Vols. I, II, III, IV. Small 8vo. London, Saunders and Otley.

WILLIAM COWPER is 'one of the most delightful of our domestic poets, and, probably, the very best letter-writer in our language.—For familiar, epistolary correspondence, which ought to be as free and as flowing as one's conversation, all prescribed models are dangerous;—but we think nobody can study Cowper's letters without advantage, and without finding that all their charm lies in the presence of nature and simplicity, and the absence of all affectation, and effort, prescription, and imitation. His works, altogether, are well suited to the people at large; and we are glad to see them brought out in this cheap and elegant edition, which is embellished with views of the different places where the poet and recluse resided, and the scenes he celebrated in his beautiful verses.

Another edition, to be issued like this in monthly volumes, was announced some time ago, but has not as yet begun to make its appearance. There is, however, good room for both, and we wish them both success. In the present edition there are above a hundred letters, chiefly on religious topics, which, although they have appeared before in another form, are the copy-right of the publishers, and cannot be included in any other edition of Cowper.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS, THEIR MEMORIES AND GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.—(Concluded.)

LEICESTER SQUARE AND ST MARTIN'S LANE.

St Martin's lane, and Leicester square.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Hogarth.—Sir Isaac Newton.

ST. MARTIN'S LANE (see Charing Cross, for a notice of the church) was once as famous for artists as Newman street has been since. In Salisbury court and in St Martin's lane the Royal Academy may be said to have originated, for in those places successively its original members first came together as a society established by themselves. Perhaps there was not a single artist, contemporary with Sir Joshua, who was unconnected with St Martin's lane, either as a lodger, student, or visitor. Old Slaughter's coffee-house in the same lane, became celebrated on the same account, and as a resort of the contemporary wits, especially Hogarth, who may be said to have amalgamated in his works the wit and the painter. St Martin's lane and Leicester square are the head-quarters of the memory of English art. In the annals of the former we meet with the names of Wilson and Gainsborough: in the latter flourished and died, Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Sir Joshua's house in Leicester square was on the eastern side, four doors from Sydney's alley. It was there he kept a handsome table, and was visited by Johnson and Goldsmith, and had the whole round of the fashionable world fluttering before him, and steadying itself to become immortal in his pictures: if, indeed, immortal they are to be, in the ordinary meaning of that word; for out of certain misgivings which perhaps argued a want of perfect claim to that destiny, he dabbled in experiments upon colour, which have failed; and his pictures, though but of yesterday, already look old and worn out, while Titian's are as blooming as Apollo.

Hogarth, the greatest name in English art, lived in one of the two houses which now form Sabloniere's hotel. It was the one to the north. He was a little bustling man, with a face more lively than refined, a sort of knowing, jockey look; and was irritable and egotistical, but not ungenerous. As a painter, he did what no man ever did before or since,—brought out the absurdities of artificial life,

"Showed vice her own features, scorn her own image,"

and fairly painted even goods and chattels with a meaning! His intentions were less profound than his impulses; that is to say, he sometimes had a professed common-place in view, as in the instance of the Industrious and Idle Apprentice, while the execution of it was full of much higher things and profounder humanities. As to the rest, if ever there was a wit on canvass, it was he. To take one instance alone, his spider's web over the poor's box is a union of remote ideas, coalescing but too perfectly.*

* For masterly criticisms on Hogarth, see the 'Works of Charles Lamb,' vol. II, p. 88, and the 'Picture Galleries of England,' p. 181.

Leicester square, formerly Leicester fields, was not built upon till towards the restoration of Charles II. It took its name from a family mansion of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, which stood on the north side, on the site of the present houses and of Leicester place. "It was for a short time," says Pennant, "the residence of Elizabeth, daughter of James I, the titular Queen of Bohemia, who, on February 13th, 1661, here ended her unfortunate life. It has been tenanted for a great number of years. It was successively the pouting-place of princes. The late King [George II], when Prince of Wales, after he had quarrelled with his father, lived here several years. His son Frederic followed his example, succeeded him in his house, and in it finished his days."

"Behind Leicester House," the same author informs us, "stood, in 1658, the Military-yard, founded by Henry Prince of Wales, the spirited son of our peaceful James. M. Faubert afterwards kept here his academy for riding and other gentleman-like exercises, in the reign of Charles II, which, in later years, was removed to Swallow street, opposite the end of Conduit street. Part is retained for the purpose of a riding-house; the rest is converted into a work-house for the parish of St James's."

But the glory of the neighbourhood of Leicester fields is in St Martin's street, where the house is still remaining which was occupied by the great Newton.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

CHARING CROSS AND WHITEHALL.

Contents:—Old Charing Cross, and New St Martin's Church.—Statue of Charles I.—Execution of Regicides.—Ben Jonson.—Wallingford House, now the Admiralty.—Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; Sir Walter Scott's account of him.—Misrepresentation of Pope respecting his death.—Charles's horse a satirist. Locket's Ordinary.—Sir George Etherege.—Prior and his uncle's tavern.—Thompson.—Spring Gardens.—Mrs Centlivre.—Dorset place, and Whitcomb street, &c., formerly Hedge Lane.—The wits and the bailiffs. Suffolk street.—Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh.

In the reign of Edward I, on the country road from London to Westminster, stood the hamlet of Charing; a rustic spot, containing a few houses, and the last cross set up by that Prince in honour of the resting-places of his wife's body on its way to interment in the Abbey. The Cross was originally of wood, but afterwards of stone. The reader may see it in the old map of London by Aggas. He will there observe, that towards the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, Charing Cross was united with London on the Strand side, and at little intervals with Whitehall; but Spring gardens was then, and long after, what its name implies; and, in the reign of Charles II, Hedge lane (now Whitcomb street) and the Haymarket, were still real lanes and passages into the fields. In Elizabeth's time you might set out from the site of the present Pall-mall, and

leaving St Giles in the Fields on the right hand, walk all the way to Hampstead without encountering perhaps a dwelling place. Lovers plucked flowers in Cranbourne alley, and took moonlight walks in St James's market.

On this spot, in Dr Johnson's opinion, is to be found the fullest "tide of human existence" in the metropolis. We know not how that may be at present when the tide is so full everywhere; but Charing Cross has long been something the reverse of a rural village, and is now exhibiting one of the newest and grandest evidences of an improving metropolis. By way of north front, the Mews (formerly the mews of the King's falcons), is giving way to a palace for the Fine Arts; on the west is a very handsome edifice, including the new college of Physicians; on the east, St Martin's church has obtained its long desired opening; and in the midst of these buildings and of the Strand-end, is to be a new square, named after the greatest of our naval victories.

"In the reign of Henry VIII," says Pennant, speaking of St Martin's, "a small church was built here at the King's expense, by reason of the poverty of the parishioners, who possibly were at that period very poor. In 1607 it was enlarged because of the increase of buildings. In 1721 it was found necessary to take the whole down, and in five years from that time this magnificent temple was completed at the expense of near thirty-seven thousand pounds. This is the best performance of Gibbs, the architect of the Ratsliffe Library. The steeple is far the most elegant of any of that style which I named the pepper-box; and with which (I beg pardon of the good people of Glasgow) I marked their boasted steeple of St Andrew."

Our lively biographer seems chiefly to admire the steeple of this church. The Corinthian portico, we believe, is the usual object of praise. Both of them may deserve praise separately; nor, indeed, will their size and situation allow them to be regarded with indifference in conjunction; but the elevation of the steeple on the neck of the church, or without any apparent or proper base to rest upon, is a fault not to be denied; and Mr Pennant perhaps would not have been in the wrong, had he found an ill name for steeples in general, as well as for the species which he "peppered." Steeples, however noble, and porticos, however Greek, can never truly coalesce. The finest steeple with a portico to it is but an excrescence and an anomaly, a horn growing out of the church's neck. The Italians felt this absurdity so much, that they have often made a separate building of the steeple, converting it into a beautiful tower aloof from the church, as in the instances of the famous Hanging Tower in Pisa, and the Campanile in Florence. Suppose a shaft like the Monument, in a space near St Martin's church, and the church itself a proper building with a portico, like St Paul's, Covent garden, and you have an improvement in the Italian style. The best thing to say for

— sharpened steeples high shot up in air

* Pennant, p. 120.

(as the poet calls them) is, that they seem to be pointing to heaven, or running up into space like an intimation of interminability. An idea of this kind is supposed to have given rise to them. But they always have a meagre, incongruous look, considered in their union with the body to which they are attached. Their best appearance is at a distance, and when they are numerous, as in the view of a great city; but even then, how inferior are they to the massive dignity of such towers as those of Westminster Abbey, or to a dome like that of St Paul's! The origin of the word Charing is unknown. The cross was destroyed during the Reformation. The spot where it stood is occupied by the statue of Charles I, originally the property of the Earl of Arundel, for whom it was a cast by Le Scur in 1633. It was not placed in its present situation till the decline of the reign of Charles II. The pedestal is the work of Grinling Gibbons. The statue had been condemned by parliament to be sold and broken in pieces; "but John River, the brazier who purchased it," says Pennant, "having more taste or more loyalty than his masters, buried it unutilized and shewed to them some broken pieces of brass in token of his obedience. M. D'Archenholz gives a diverting anecdote of this brazier, that he cast a vast number of handles of knives and forks in brass, which he sold as made of the broken statue. They were bought with great eagerness by the loyalists, from affection to their monarch; by the rebels as a mark of triumph over the murdered sovereign." The sovereign now faces Whitehall as if in triumph: yet behind the Banqueting house lurks a statue of another of this unfortunate race, who lost his throne for attempting to renew the dictatorial spirit which cost his ancestor his head. The omission of the horse's girth in this statue has been thought a singular instance of forgetfulness in the artist. But it is hardly possible he could have forgotten it. Most likely he took a poetical license, and rejected what might have hurt the symmetry of his outline.

Charles's memory, like this life, was destined to be connected with tragedies. On this spot, before the statue was erected, a number of the regicides were executed with tortures; and till of late years it was a place for the pillory. Harrison died there, Scrope, Colonel Jones, Hugh Peters, and others of those extraordinary men, who, in welcoming a bloody death, gave the last undoubted proof that they were real patriots as well as bigots. The spirit in which they died (bold and invincible, though, in the very glow and loquacity evincing that lingering love of life which is so effecting to one's own mortality) had such an effect on the public that the king was advised not to have any more such executions near the court, and the scaffold was accordingly removed to Tyburn. A ghastly story is related of Harrison;—that after he was cut down alive (according to his sentence) and had his bowels removed and burnt before his face by the executioner, he rose up and gave the man a box on the ear. He had behaved with great patience before this half-death; so that there appears to have been something of delirium in this action,—the action, perhaps, of a being feeling himself to be no longer under the ordinary condition of his species.

The particular sort of religious enthusiasm evinced by these men is now as obsolete as some of the absurdities which they fought against, and others which they would have upheld; but there are passages of lasting interest in the account of their last moments which the reader will perhaps expect to see.

As Harrison was going to suffer, "one in derision called to him and said, 'where is your Good Old Cause?' He with a cheerful smile clapt his hand on his breast, and said 'Here it is, and I am going to seal it with my blood!' And when he came to the sight of the gallows, he was transported with joy, and his servant asked him how he did; he answered 'Never better in my life!' His servant told him, Sir, there is a crown of glory ready prepared for you. O yes, said he, I see. When he was taken off the sledge, the

hangman desired him to forgive him. I do forgive thee, said he, with all my heart, as it is a sin against me; and told him he wished him all happiness. And further said, Alas, poor man, thou dost it ignorantly; the Lord grant that this sin may not be laid to thy charge! And putting his hand into his pocket gave him all the money he had, and so parting with his servant, hugging of him in his arms, he went up the ladder with an undaunted countenance.

"The people observing him to tremble in his hands and legs, he, taking notice of it, said:—

"Gentlemen, by reason of some scoffing that I do hear, I judge that some do think I am afraid to die, by the shaking I have in my hands and knees; I tell you, no, but it is by reason of much blood I have lost in the wars, and many wounds I have received in my body, which caused this shaking and weakness in my nerves; I have had it this twelve years: I speak this to the praise and glory of God; he hath carried me above the fear of death; and I value not my life, because I go to my Father, and am assured I shall take it again.

"Gentlemen, take notice, that for being instrumental in that cause, and instrument of the Son of God, which hath been pleaded amongst us, and which God hath to my appeals and wonderful victories, I am brought to this place to suffer death this day, and if I had ten thousand lives, I could freely and cheerfully lay them down all, to witness to this matter."

The time of Colonel Jones's departure being come, "this aged gentleman," says the account, "was drawn in one sledge with his aged companion Scrope, whose grave and graceful countenances, accompanied with courage and cheerfulness, caused great admiration and compassion in the spectators, as they passed along the streets to Charing Cross, the place of their execution; and after the executioner had done his part upon three others that day, he was so drunk with blood, that, like one sarfeited, he grew sick at stomach; and not being able himself, he set his boy to finish the tragedy upon Col. Jones." The night before he died he "told a friend he had no other temptation but this, lest he should be too much transported, and carried out to neglect and slight his life, so greatly was he satisfied to die in that cause."

"The day he suffered, he grasped a friend in his arms, and said to him with some expressions of endearment, Farewell: I could wish thee in the same condition with myself, that thou mightest share with me in my joys."

The famous Hugh Peters, the commonwealth preacher, whom Burnet speaks of as an "enthusiastical buffoon," and a very "vicious man," is thought by a greater loyalist (Burke) to have had "hard measure dealt him at the Restoration." He calls him a "poor good man." Peters was afraid at first he should not behave himself with the proper courage, but rallied his spirits afterwards, and according to the account published by his friends (and all the accounts, it should be observed, emanate from that side), no man appears to have behaved better. Burnet says otherwise, and that he was observed all the while to be drinking cordials to keep him from fainting, and Burnet's testimony is not to be slighted, though he seems too readily to have taken upon trust some evil reports of Peters's life and manners, which the "poor man" expressly contradicted in prison. Be this as it may, "Being carried," says the account, "upon the sledge to execution, and made to sit thereon within the rails at Charing Cross to behold the execution of Mr Cook, one comes to him, and upbraided him with the death of the King, bidding him (with opprobrious language) to repent: he replied, Friend, you do not well to trample upon a dying man; you are greatly mistaken, I had nothing to do in the death of the King.

"When Mr Cook was cut down and brought to be quartered, one they called Colonel Turner, called to the Sheriff's men to bring Mr Peters near that he might see him; and by and by the hangman came to him all besmeared in blood, and rubbing his bloody hands together, he tauntingly asked, 'Come, how do you like this, how do you like this work?' To whom he re-

plied, 'I am not, I thank God, terrified at it; you may do your worst.'

"When he was going to his execution, he looked about and espied a man to whom he gave a piece of gold (having bowed it first), and desired him to go to the place where his daughter lodged, and to carry that to her as a token from him, and to let her know that his heart was as full of comfort as it could be, and that before that piece should come into her hands he should be with God in glory.

"Being upon the ladder, he spake to the Sheriff, saying, Sir, you have here slain one of the servants of God before mine eyes, and have made me to behold it on purpose to terrify and discourage me; but God hath made it an ordinance to me for my strengthening and encouragement.

"When he was going to die, he said, What! Seest thou unwilling to go to God through the fire and jaws of death? Oh (said he), this is a good day, he is come that I have long looked for, and I shall be with him in glory; and so smiled when he went away.

"What Mr Peters said farther at his execution, either in his speech or prayer, it could not be taken, in regard his voice was low at that time, and the people uncivil."

Ben Jonson is supposed to have been born in Hartshorn lane, Charing Cross, where he lived when a little child. "Though I cannot," says Fetter, "with all my industrious inquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorn lane, Charing Cross, when his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband. He was first bred in a private school in St Martin's court; then in Westminster school." But we shall have other occasions of speaking of him elsewhere.

The famous reprobate Duke of Buckingham, William, the second of that name, was born in Wallingford house, which stood on the site of the present Admiralty. "The Admiralty Office," says Pennant, "stood originally in Duke street, Westminster: but in the reign of King William was removed to the present spot, to the house then called Wallingford, I believe from its having been inhabited by the Knollys, Viscounts Wallingford. From the roof the pious Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, then living here with the Countess of Peterborough, was prevailed on to take the last sight of his beloved master Charles I. when brought on the scaffold before Whitehall. He sank at the horror of the sight, and was carried in a swoon to his apartment." Wallingford house was often used by Cromwell and others in their consultations.

"The present Admiralty office," continues Pennant, "was rebuilt in the late reign, by Ripley: it is a clumsy pile, but properly veiled from the street by Mr Adam's handsome screen." Where the poor Archbishop sank in horror at the sight of the misguided Charles, telegraphs now ply their dumb and far-seen discourses, like spirits in the guise of mechanism, and tell news of the spread of liberty and knowledge all over the world. Of the Villierses, Dukes of Buckingham, who have not heard? The first one was a favourite not unworthy of his fortune, open, generous, and magnificent; the second, perhaps because he lost his father so soon, a spoiled child from his cradle, wilful, debauched, unprincipled, but witty and entertaining. Here, and at York house in the Strand, he turned night into day, and pursued his intrigues, his concerts, his dabbings in chemistry and the philosopher's stone, and his designs on the crown: for Charles's character, and the devices of Buckingham's fellow quacks and astrologers persuaded him that he had a chance of being king. When a youth, he compounded with Cromwell, and married Fairfax's daughter;—he was afterwards all for the king, when he was not "all for rhyming" or outsting him;—when an old man, or near it (for these prodigious possessors of animal spirits have a trick of lasting a long while), he was still a youth in improvidence and dissipation, and his whole life was a dream of uneasy pleasure. He is now best known from Dryden's masterly portrait of him in the 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

"A man so various, that he seemed to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;

• Pennant, p. 112. He quotes Archenholz's *Traité de l'Angleterre*, l. 163.

• *State Trials*, vol. v., p. 1294.
† *Id.* pp. 1294, 1295.

• *State Trials*, vol. v. p. 1292.

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blind madmen! who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or devil.*
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, or wise Achitophel;†
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

"This inimitable description," observes Sir Walter Scott, in a note on the subject, "refers, as is well known, to the famous George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, son of the favourite of Charles I. who was murdered by Felton. The Restoration put into the hands of the most lively, mercurial, ambitious, and licentious genius who ever lived, an estate of 20,000*l.* a year, to be squandered in every wild scheme which the lust of power, of pleasure, of license, or of whim could dictate to an unrestrained imagination. Being refused the situation of President of the North, he was suspected of having favoured the disaffected in that part of England, and was disgraced accordingly. But in 1666 he regained the favour of the King, and became a member of the famous administration called the Cabal, which first led Charles into unpopular and arbitrary measures, and laid the foundation for the troubles of his future reign. Buckingham changed sides about 1675, and becoming attached to the country party, made a most active figure in all proceedings which had relation to the Popish plot; intrigued deeply with Shaftesbury, and distinguished himself as a promoter of the bill of exclusion. Hence, he stood an eminent mark for Dryden's satire; which we may believe was not the less poignant, that the poet had sustained a personal affront, from being depicted by his graven under the character of Bayes in the 'Rehearsal.' As Dryden owed the Duke no favour, he has shown him none. Yet even here the ridiculous rather than the infamous part of his character is touched upon; and the unprincipled libertine, who slew the Earl of Shrewsbury while his adulterous countess held his horse in the disguise of a page, and who boasted of caressing her before he changed the bloody clothes in which he had murdered her husband, is not exposed to hatred, while the spendthrift and castle builder are held up to contempt. So just, however, is the picture drawn by Dryden, that it differs little from the following sober historical account.

"The Duke of Buckingham was a man of great parts, and an infinite deal of wit and humour; but wanted judgment, and had no virtue, or principle of any kind. These essential defects made his whole life one train of inconsistencies. He was ambitious beyond measure, and implacable in his resentments; these qualities were the effects or different faces of his pride; which, whenever he pleased to lay aside, no man living could be more entertaining in conversation. He had a wonderful talent in turning all things into ridicule; but, by his own conduct, made a more ridiculous figure in the world, than any other he could, with all his vivacity of wit and turn of imagination, draw off others. Frolic and pleasure took up the greatest part of his life: and in these he had neither any taste nor set himself any bounds; running into the wildest extravagances and pushing his debaucheries to a height, which even a libertine age could not help censuring as downright madness. He inherited the best estate which any subject had at that time in England; yet his profuseness made him always necessitous, as that necessity made him

grasp at everything that would help to support his expenses. He was lavish without generosity, and proud without magnanimity; and though he did not want some bright talents, yet no good one ever made part of his composition; for there was nothing so mean that he would not stoop to, nor anything so flagrantly impious but he was capable of undertaking."

"Buckingham's death," concludes the commentator, "was as awful a beacon as his life. He had dissipated a princely fortune and lost both the means of procuring and the power of enjoying the pleasures to which he was devoted. He had fallen from the highest pinnacle of ambition into the last degree of contempt and disregard." His dying scene, in a paltry inn, in Yorkshire, has been immortalized by Pope's beautiful lines:—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung;
The floors of plaister and the walls of dung;
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies! Alas! how changed from him!
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim;
Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove;
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring.
Of mimicked statesmen and a merry king;
No wit to flatter left of all his store,
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more;
There victor of his health, of fortune, friends,†
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!"*

"The worst inn's worst room," however, is a poetical fiction. Buckingham died at the house of one of his tenants at Kirby Mallory, where he was overtaken with illness. He had wasted his fortune to a comparative nothing; but was not reduced to such necessity as the poet would imply.†

Andrew Marvel makes the statue of Charing Cross the speaker in one of his witty libels on Charles and his brother. There was an equestrian statue of Charles II. at Woolchurch, the horse of which is made to hold a dialogue with this other. The poet fancies that the riders, "weary of sitting all day," stole off one evening, and the two horses came together. The readers at Will's must have been a little astonished at the boldness of such passages as the following:—

"Quoth the marble horse, It would make a stone speak,
To see a Lord Mayor and a Lombard street beak,
Thy flounder and mine, to cheat one another,
When both knaves agreed to be each other's brother.
Here Charing broke forth, and thus he went on—
My brass is provoked as much as thy stone
To see church and state bew down to a —
And the King's chief ministers holding the door,
The money of widows and orphans employed,
And the banker's quite broke to maintain the —'s pride.

WOOLCHURCH. To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the throne.

And the King's wicked life says God there is none.

CHARING. That he should be styled Defender of the Faith

Who believes not a word what the word of God saith.

WOOLCHURCH. That the Duke should turn Papist, and that church defy,
For which his own father a Martyr did die.

CHARING. Tho' he changed his religion, I hope he's so civil,

Not to think his own father is gone to the Devil,

CHARING. Pause brother, awhile, and calmly consider

What thou hast to say against my royal rider.

* Scott's Edition of 'Dryden,' vol. ix., p. 270.

† See the life of him by his retainer Fairfax, and the account of him on his death-bed in the 'Collection of Letters of several Persons of Quality and others.'

WOOLCHURCH. Thy priest-ridden King turned desperate fighter

For the surplice, lawn-sleeves, the cross, and the mitre;

THU at last on the scaffold he was left in the lurch,
By knaves, who cried themselves up for the church,
Archbishops and bishops, archdeacons and deans.

CHARING. Thy king will ne'er fight unless for his queens.

WOOLCHURCH. He that dys for ceremonies, dys like a fool.

CHARING. The king on thy back is a lamentable tool.

WOOLCHURCH. The goat and the lion I equally hate,

And freemen alike value life and estate:

Tho' the father and son be different rods,

Between the two scourgers we find little odds;

Both infamous stand in three kingdoms' votes,
This for picking our pockets, that for cutting our throats.

What is thy opinion of James Duke of York?

CHARING. The same that the frogs had of Jupiter's stork.

With the Turk in his head, and the Pope in his heart,

Father Patrick's disciples will make Englewood smart.

If e'er he be king, I know Britain's doom,

We must all to a stake, or be converts to Rome.

Ah! Tudor, Ah! Tudor, of Stuarts enough;

None ever reigned like old Bess in the ruff.

WOOLCHURCH. But canst thou devise when things will be mended?

CHARING. When the reign of the line of the Stuarts is ended."

And these very lampoons had a great hand in ending them.

In the days of Buckingham there was a famous house of entertainment in Charing Cross, called Locket's Ordinary. Where it exactly stood is no longer known: we suspect ourselves by the great Northumberland Coffee-house. "It is often mentioned," says a manuscript in Birch's collection, "in the plays of Gibber, Vanburgh, &c. where the scene sometimes is laid. It was much frequented by Sir George Etherege, as appears from the following anecdotes, picked up at the British Museum. Sir George Etherege and his company, 'provoked by something amiss in the entertainment or attendance, got into a violent passion and abused the waiters. This brought in Mrs. Locket: We are so provoked, said Sir George, that even I could find in my heart to pull the nose-gay out of your bosom, and throw the flowers in your face.' This turned all their anger into jest.

"Sir G. Etherege discontinued Locket's Ordinary, having run up a score, which he could not conveniently discharge. Mrs. Locket sent one to dun him, and to threaten him with a prosecution. He bid the messenger tell her that he would kiss her if she stirred a step in it. When this answer was brought back, she called for her hood and scarf, and told her husband, who interposed, that 'she'd see if there was any fellow alive who had the impudence.' 'Pr'ythee, my dear, don't be so rash,' said her husband, 'you don't know what a man may do in his passion.'"

The site of the tavern is now also unknown, where Prior was found, when a boy, reading Horace. It was called the Rummer. Mr. Nichols has found that in the year 1685, it was kept by "Samuel Prior," and that the "annual feasts of the nobility and gentry living in the parish of St. Martin" was held there, October 14, in that year. "Prior," says Johnson, "is supposed to have fallen, by his father's death, into the hands of his uncle, a vintner near Charing Cross, who sent him for some time to Dr. Beaby, at Westminster; but, not intending to give him any education beyond that of the school, took him when he was well educated in literature, to his own house, where the Earl of Dorset, celebrated for patronage of genius, found him by chance, as Burnet relates, reading Horace, and was so well pleased with

* MSS. Birch, 422, quoted in the Notes of the Tatler, *ut supra*, vol. i. p. 208.

his proficiency, that he undertook the care and cost of his academical education."⁶

It is doubtful, however, from one of Prior's epistles to Fleetwood Shepherd, whether the poet was more indebted to the Lord Dorset or to that gentleman for his first advancement in life, though the Earl finally became his great patron. He says to Shepherd,—

"Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my learning and my vittle.
Asked for me, from my lord, things fitting
Kind, as I'd been your own begetting,
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at six and seven,
As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen."

And again:—

"My uncle, rest his soul! when living,
Might have contrived me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cider to replenish
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish.
So, when for hock I drew pricked white-wine,
Swear 't had the flavour, and was right-wine.
Or sent me with ten pounds to Furni-
Val's inn, to some good rogue attorney;
Where now, by forging deeds and cheating,
I'd found some handsome ways of getting.
All this you made me quit to follow
That sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew
Of folks, I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
I add no more invectives to it,
You spoiled the youth to make a poet."

Johnson says, "A survey of the life and writings of Prior may exemplify a sentence which he doubtless understood well when he read Horace at his uncle's; 'the vessel long retains the scent which it first receives.' In his private relaxation he revived the tavern, and in his amorous pedantry he exhibited the college. But on higher occasions and nobler subjects, when habit was overpowered by the necessity of reflection, he wanted not wisdom as a statesman, or elegance as a poet." It is doubtful whether the general colour of everybody's life and character might not be found in that of his childhood; but there is no more reason to think that Prior's tavern propensities were owing to early habit than those of his patrician companions. No man was fonder of his bottle than Lord Dorset, and of low company than many a lord has been. According to Burke, who was a king's man, kings are naturally fond of low company. Yet they are no nephews of tavern-keepers. Nor does it appear that Prior did anything in his uncle's house but pass the time and read.

Thompson wrote part of his 'Seasons' in the room over the shop of Mr Egerton, bookseller, where he resided when he first came to London. He was at that time a raw Scotchman, gaping about town, getting his pocket picked, and obliged to wait upon great men with his poem of 'Winter.' Luckily his admiration of freedom did not hinder him from acquiring the highest patronage. He obtained an easy place, which required no compromise with his principles, and passed the latter part of his life in a dwelling of his own at Richmond, writing in his garden, and listening to nightingales. He was of an indolent constitution, and has been seen in his garden eating peaches off the trees, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets. But his indolence did not hinder him from writing. He had the luck to have the occupation he was fond of, and no man, perhaps, in his native country, with the exception of Shakespeare, has acquired a greater or more unenvied fame. His friends loved him, and his readers love his memory.

In Spring Gardens, originally a place of public entertainment, died Mrs Centlivre, the sprightly authoress of the 'Busy Body,' and the 'Bold Stroke for a Wife.' She was buried at St Martin's. She is said to have been a beauty, an accomplished linguist, and a good-natured, friendly woman. Pope put her in his 'Dunciad,' for having written (it is said) a ballad against his 'Homes' when she was a child!

⁶ Life of Prior in the 'Lives of the Poets.'

But the probability is that she was too intimate with Steele and other friends of Addison while the irritable poet was at variance with them. It is not impossible, also, that some raillery of hers might have been applied to him, not very pleasant from a beautiful woman against a man of his personal infirmities, who was actually jealous of not being well with the sex. Mrs Centlivre is said to have been seduced when young by Anthony Howard, Esq., father of the author of the 'Love Elegies,' who took her to Cambridge with him in boy's clothes. This did not hinder her from marrying a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox, who died a year afterwards; nor from having two husbands afterwards. Her second was an officer in the army, of the name of Carrol, who, to her great sorrow, was killed in a duel. Her third husband, Mr Centlivre, who had the formidable title of yeoman of the mouth, being principal cook to Queen Anne, fell in love with her when she was performing the part of *Alexander the Great*, at Windsor; for she appears at one time to have been an actress, though she never performed in London. Mrs Centlivre's dramas are not in the taste of Mrs Hannah More's, but the public seem to be very fond of them. They are still acted as often as if they had just come out. The reason is, that careless as they are in dialogue, and not very scrupulous in manners, they are full of action and good-humour.

Hedge lane retained its name till the other day, when, ceasing to be a heap of squalidity, it was new christened, and received the appellation of Dorset place. Part of it is merged in Pallmall East. It is now the handsomest end of the thoroughfare which runs up into Oxford road, and takes the successive names of Whitcomb, Princes, and Wardour streets. Not long ago the whole thoroughfare appears to have been called Hedge lane. It is related of Steele, Budgel, and Phillips, that issuing from a tavern one day in Gerrard street, they were about to turn into Hedge lane, when they were told that some suspicious persons were standing there as if in wait. "Thank ye!" said the wits, and hurried three different ways.

It is not pleasant to have old places altered which are connected with interesting recollections, even if the place or recollection be none of the pleasantest. When the houses were pulled down the other day in Suffolk street, we could not help regretting that the abode was among them in which poor Miss Vanhomrigh lived, who died for love of Swift. She resided there with her mother, the widow of a Dutch merchant, and had a small fortune. Swift, while in England, upon the affairs of the Irish church, was introduced to them, and became so intimate as to leave his best gown and cassock there for convenience. He found the coffee also very pleasant, and gradually became too much interested in the romantic spirit and flattering attentions of the young lady, whose studies he condescended to direct, and who, in short, fell in love with him at an age when he was old enough to be her father. Unluckily he was married; and most unluckily he did not say a word about the matter. It is curious to observe in the letters which he sent over to Stella (his wife), with what an affected indifference he speaks of the Vanhomrighs, and his visits to them, evidently thinking it necessary all the while to account for their frequency. When he left England, Miss Vanhomrigh, after the death of her mother, followed him, and proposed that he should either marry or refuse her. He would do neither.

At length both the ladies, the married and unmarried, discovered their mutual secret: a discovery which is supposed ultimately to have hastened the death of both. Miss Vanhomrigh's survival of it was short,—not many weeks. For what may remain to be said on this painful subject the reader will allow us to quote a passage from one of the magazines. "There was a vanity, perhaps, on both sides, though it may be wrong to attribute a passion wholly to that infirmity, where the object of it is not only a person celebrated, but one full of wit and entertainment. The vanity was certainly not the less on his side. Many conjectures have been made respecting the nature of this connexion of Swift's, as well as another more mysterious.

The whole truth, in the former instance, appears obvious enough. Swift, partly from vanity, and partly from a more excusable craving after some recreation of his natural melancholy, had suffered himself to take a pleasure, and exhibit an interest, in the conversation of an intelligent young woman, beyond what he ought to have done. An attachment on her part ensued, not greater, perhaps, than he contemplated with a culpable satisfaction as long as it threatened no very great disturbance of his peace, but which must have given him great remorse in after-times, when he reflected upon his encouragement of it. On the occasion of its disclosure his self-love inspired him with one of his most poetical fancies:—

"Cadenus many things had writ;
Vanessa much esteemed his wit,
And called for his poetic works:
Meantime the boy in secret lurks,
And while the book was in her hand
The urchin from his private stand,
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,
And deep transfixed her bosom too.
Some lines more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierced her breast,
And borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increased her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four,
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declined in health, advanced in years,
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young."

A reflection ensues which it is a pity he had not made before:—

"What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decayed?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a fallen oak?
As years increase she brighter shines,
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he must fall a prey to time
While she continues in her prime."

"If he had thought of this when he used to go to her mother's house in order to change his wig and gown and drink coffee, he would have avoided those encouragements of Miss Vanhomrigh's sympathy and admiration, which must have given rise to very bitter reflections when she read such passages as the lines that follow:—

"Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ
For pastime, or to show his wit."

"It was sport to him, but death to her. His allegations of not being conscious of anything on her part, are not to be trusted. There are few men whose self-love is not very sharp-sighted on such occasions,—men of wit in particular; nor was Swift, notwithstanding the superiority he assumed over fopperies of all sorts, and the great powers which gave a passport to the assumption, exempt, perhaps, from any species of vanity. The more airs he gives himself on that point, the less we are to believe him. He was fond of lords and great ladies, and loves, and canonicals, and of having the verger to walk before him. He saw very well, we may be assured, the impression which he made on the young lady; but he hoped, as others have hoped, that it would accommodate itself to circumstances in cases of necessity; or he pretended to himself that he was too modest to believe it a great one, or, sacrificing her ultimate good to her present pleasure and to his own, he put off the disagreeable day of alteration and self-denial till it was too late. There are many reasons why Swift should have acted otherwise, and why no man, at any time of life, should hazard the peace of another by involvements which he cannot handsomely follow up. If he does, he is bound to do what he can for it to the last."

⁷ 'New Monthly Magazine,' vol. xvii, p. 140.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

INSCRIPTION ON WATT'S MONUMENT.

NOT TO PERPETUATE A NAME
WHICH MUST ENDURE WHILE THE PEACEFUL
ARTS FLOURISH,
BUT TO SHOW
THAT MANKIND HAVE LEARNED TO HONOUR THOSE
WHO BEST DESERVE THEIR GRATITUDE,
THE KING,
HIS MINISTERS, AND MANY OF THE NOBLES
AND COMMONERS OF THE REALM,
RAISED THIS MONUMENT TO
JAMES WATT,
WHO, DIRECTING THE FORCE OF AN ORIGINAL GENIUS,
EARLY EXERCISED IN PHILOSOPHIC RESEARCH,
TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE STEAM ENGINE,
ENLARGED THE RESOURCES OF HIS COUNTRY,
INCREASED THE POWER OF MAN,
AND ROSE TO AN EMINENT PLACE
AMONG THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS FOLLOWERS OF SCIENCE
AND THE REAL BENEFACERS OF THE WORLD.
BORN AT GREENOCK, MDCCXXXVI.
DIED AT HEATHFIELD, IN STAFFORDSHIRE,
MDCCCXIX.

The above noble inscription, from the pen of Lord Brougham, has just been placed upon the base of Chantrey's statue of James Watt, in Westminster Abbey. Watt's remains, we believe, are deposited elsewhere;—the Baron Dupin (in his *Discours et Leçons sur l'Industrie, le Commerce, &c.*) speaks of them as lying in the obscure retirement of some unknown cemetery (*dans le réduit obscur de quelque cimetière ignoré*);—so that this monument is what the ancients would have called a cenotaph—that is, literally, an empty tomb, or a monument erected to the memory of one buried elsewhere. It stands in the middle of what is called St. Paul's Chapel, the Chapel between that of Henry VII. and that of Edward the Confessor, and, both from its great size and the brilliancy of the new marble, at once catches the visitor's eye, which a nearer inspection can hardly in any case fail to arrest. The attitude of the statue is probably familiar to most of our readers, from the frequent engravings that have been made of it. One is given in the 26th number of the 'Penny Magazine,' from a drawing taken by permission of Mr Chantrey, immediately before the statue was removed to the Abbey. Those who knew its illustrious subject admit that nothing can be truer than the representation which this statue conveys of the figure and aspect of the living man. As a work of art it is one of Chantrey's greatest performances—by its massive simplicity and repose, breathing the very spirit of Watt's clear, capacious, and philosophic intellect, and of his mild and beautiful moral nature.

Without entering upon the question of the comparative value to mankind of great mechanical inventions and great intellectual creations of a more perfectly spiritual character—upon the question, in other words, whether upon the whole the steam engine is or is not a greater boon to humanity than the 'Fairy Queen,' or 'Paradise Lost,' or the dramas of Shakspeare (upon which, although we should probably have the multitude against us, we might perhaps be inclined to come to a different conclusion from that intimated in the inscription, where this monument is contrasted with the others that fill our National Pantheon, as showing that mankind have learned to honour those who best deserve their gratitude)—without, we say, debating this matter at present, we can have no hesitation in admitting the claim of the inventor of the Steam Engine to all the honours which the gratitude and admiration of his country can lavish on his memory. No man of his time, no man of any time, has wrought such a metamorphosis upon at least the external circumstances of society as his genius has done. The present may be called emphatically the Age of the

Steam Engine; and it is he that has made it so. He called himself only the improver of this wonderful mechanical agent; but in every sense, except the merely literal sense of the term, he was its inventor. Steam had indeed been employed as a mechanical power before he arose; but it had been employed at most merely as a substitute for other mechanical powers, which, if they could not have done the same work quite as economically in all instances, could yet have done it, at a somewhat greater expense. Newcomen's Engine, which was in use before Watt's invention, could we believe, effect nothing which would have been of impossible accomplishment without it. It only made some operations easier or less expensive. Such a power never could have revolutionized, or greatly affected, the condition of society. At most, steam-power then, was what gas-light is now,—a means (but not nearly so extensively applied a means) of enabling us to do in one way, what we could do without its aid, though not quite so conveniently, in another. It did not, as Watt's Steam Engine is in this inscription truly said to have done, increase the power of man. It gave to man no new power, if by that is meant a power of doing something which he could not do before. It gave him no hitherto unpossessed mastery over nature. But Watt's invention may be said to have made him the King of new worlds. With it human industry, which crept before, now soars on wings. A poet would say that this invention has annihilated space and time. It has, in sober truth, vastly reduced the dimensions of both. It has enabled one man to do what a hundred could not have done before; it has made a few days or a few hours sufficient for what formerly would have been the work of many years. "When we would humble," says Dupin, in the work to which we have already referred, "the vain pride of certain modern structures, we immediately oppose to them the magnitude and duration of the edifices of Egypt. Let us choose from among the monuments of that country, the one which contains the greatest mass of materials, and of materials raised to the greatest height. The great Pyramid has been always ranked by the ancients among the wonders of their industry. The number of years and of workmen employed in the building of that monument, frightens our imagination; the account seems more like the exaggerations of fable than the fidelity of history. And yet, as I have ascertained by calculation, the numbers are much less exaggerated than their greatness would lead us to suppose. Be they what they may, let us propose to ourselves this question: How long time would it take the possessors of the steam-engines of England to raise all the stones of which the great Pyramid is composed, first from the deepest quarries to the surface of the ground, and then from the ground to the position which they occupy in the different strata of this lofty edifice? By a calculation, in which I have made a liberal allowance for whatever could diminish the advantage of the modern means, I have arrived at the following conclusion:—In order to execute a work representing the sum of all the manual efforts employed in the two great operations which have been mentioned, it would be sufficient to put in action the steam-engines of England for only eighteen hours." M. Dupin takes the power of the English steam-engines, at the time when he wrote, as equivalent to the power of about 320,000 horses. If all at work together, they would have, he says, employed the services of only 36,000 men at the most. This was in 1821, since which time the number of steam-engines in his country has immensely increased. Herodotus tells us that the Great Pyramid, without counting the time which it took to cut the stones into shape, to convey them from the quarry, and to make the subterranean abodes in which the men employed in these operations worked, was twenty years in building, and employed 100,000 men.

But there are some of the miracles of the steam-

engine, which no number of men, aided by all the mechanical contrivances previously in existence, could, in any length of time, have achieved. With much and long labour we might have built high enough into the air—where there is nothing to be got, were we ever so high;—but it is the steam-engine alone that has enabled us to penetrate to the depth to which we can now descend into the earth, where lie those treasures of iron and coal which now chiefly feed the power of this country, and the industry of the world. It is well known, that many of our most productive coal mines would have had to be abandoned long ago, had we not been enabled to drain them and keep them clear of water, by this machine, whose gigantic powers, it would seem that, no labour can over-task. And then think of its conquest over what used to be deemed the most untameable of all the elements—in the triumphing way in which it carries us through the waters, in the very face of that wind, without whose favour no navigation could heretofore proceed—thus more than realising the fiction of the phantom ship of the poet,—

"Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!"

And think, also, of that still swifter flight in which we are borne along, by this same potent agent, over our railways on land, where loads almost of the weight of mountains may be seen cleaving the air with the velocity of an arrow shot from a bow. An eminent lecturer stated, the other day, that he had been actually carried on a railroad at the rate of sixty miles an hour—and he expressed his confident expectation, that this flying speed would, probably at no distant day, become the ordinary rate of travelling. Can anything be imagined that would more completely transform this world, or go nearer to turn it into what we have been accustomed to dream a world might be, in which the powers of magic held sway, and people flitted about, like thought itself, almost without the intervention of space or time at all? The invention, be it remembered, which has done so much for us already, is but yet in its infancy,—at least it has only been in men's hands for a few years;—who shall say what, in course of time, it may not bring forth?

The erection of the monument to the genius of Watt, which now adorns Westminster Abbey, was determined upon at a great meeting held in the Freemasons' Hall, on Friday, the 18th of June, 1824. On this occasion the late Earl of Liverpool, then Prime Minister, was in the chair, and was supported by his colleagues, Mr Peel and Mr Huskisson. Mr Canning was also to have been present, but was detained by official business. The other principal speakers were Sir Humphry Davy, Mr Wilberforce, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr Brougham. Alas! what a sweep death has made since then of those brilliant ranks! With the exception of Mr Peel and Mr Brougham, all who that day vied with each other in paying their eloquent tributes to the genius of their recently-departed friend are now with him in the tomb; and of these, how many who might reasonably have expected to live to see the completion of the memorial which they met to found, suddenly cut off in the strength of their days, and the noon of their eminence! Davy, Canning, Huskisson, have all thus been snatched from us, the last by the instrumentality of the very power whose might he was at this meeting one of the most ardent in celebrating, but which, like all the other powers of nature, is as mighty for evil, if it be misdirected, or allowed to escape from control, as it is for good when properly managed and applied. Mackintosh, too, might have looked forward to many more days of honourable exertion in the cause of literature and patriotism, when his earthly career was brought to an end. And Lord Liverpool, though advanced in years, was yet unexpectedly removed from the high public station which he had so long filled. Wilber-

on the 'Mechanics of Law-making' in all its parts—and embraces not only the whole subject of the form and constituents of a law, but those also of the classification and consolidation of the statutes, and of institutional reforms connected with law-making.

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Vol. IV. Murray. 1885.

In this volume we have that singular being, Boswell, in all his glory; for his *Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides*, of which it consists, is really the richest portion of his wonderful biographical portraiture of Johnson, from the rest of which, it is strange that it should ever have been separated. We should say, indeed, of his portraiture of Johnson and himself together—for the one scarcely interests us more than the other. Scarcely was there ever a more effective contrast, either in dramatic scene, or other work of fiction. It is the next best thing of the kind we have to Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. In this *Journal*, however, as we have said, Boswell is still more Boswell, even than in his larger and better-known work. Here we have him making an exhibition of himself with a lavish honesty, compared to which, Montaigne, Rousseau, and all the other confessions in literature are affectation and concealment. It is the case of a man altogether incapable of thinking except aloud, and, as it were, under the necessity of printing and publishing everything, wise or foolish, that comes into his head. Even Pepys, with his short-hand, was reserve itself to such a loud and universal proclamation as 'this. Hear, for example, what he says in one place:—"Mr Tait, the clergyman, read prayers very well, though with much of the Scotch accent. He preached on 'Love your Enemies.' It was remarkable that, when talking of the connexions amongst men, he said that some connected themselves with men of distinguished talents; and since they could not equal them, tried to deck themselves with their merit by being their companions. The sentence was to this purpose. *It had an odd coincidence with what might be said of my connecting myself with Dr Johnson.*" Again, at Kingsburgh:—"He (Johnson) was rather quiescent to-night, and went early to bed. I was in a cordial humour, and promoted a cheerful glass. Honest Mr McQueen observed that I was in high glee, "my governor being gone to bed." Soon after, at Dunvegan:—"I was elated by the thought of having been able to entice such a man to this remote part of the world. A ludicrous, yet just, image presented itself to my mind, which I expressed to the company. I compared myself to a dog who has got hold of a large piece of meat, and runs away with it to a corner, where he may devour it in peace, without any fear of others taking it from him." Or, to quote only another instance: Johnson, in dilating upon the superior cleanliness of vegetable to animal substances had said, "I have often thought that, if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear linen gowns or cotton;" on which the narrative thus proceeds:—"To hear the grave Dr Samuel Johnson, 'that majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom,' while sitting solemn in an arm-chair in the Isle of Sky, talk, *ex-cathedra*, of his keeping a seraglio, and acknowledge that the supposition had often been in his thoughts, struck me so laughably with ludicrous contrast, that I could not but laugh immoderately. He was too proud to submit even for a moment, to be the object of ridicule, and instantly retaliated with such keen, sarcastic wit, and such a variety of degrading images, of every one of which I was the object, that, though I can bear such attacks as well as most men, I yet found myself so much the sport of the company, that I would gladly expunge from my mind every trace of this severe retort." What other writer has ever reported of himself to the world in this style? 'Boswell's Tour' had become rather a scarce book, till it was re-printed, a few years ago, and incorporated, for the first time, with the 'Life of Johnson,' in Mr Croker's edition of that work. The present edition,

though founded upon Mr Croker's, is both decidedly superior to that, and also much cheaper. The volume is ornamented with a very striking view (by the burine of E. Finden, after a drawing by Stanfield,) of St Andrew's, the ancient ecclesiastical capital of Scotland—now a city of ruins—and by a tasteful vignette of Loch Lomond, by the same artists. It is also furnished with a map of the Tour.

GIGOUX'S EDITION OF GIL BLAS.

Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane. Par Le Sage. Vignettes par Jean Gigoux. Paris. Paulin. London. H. Hooper, Pall-mall, East.

THIS is a beautifully illustrated edition of Le Sage's immortal work, forming part of a collection of French classics which is to be published from time to time in parts. The elegance of the letter-press will recommend it to all purchasers of French books; but what we have especially to notice is, the rare spirit, humour, and grace of the vignette etchings. In their way we have seldom seen cleverer things than these. The lively, witty, versatile spirit, with which the author was brimful, has descended freely, and without stint, on the artist.

A hundred years of admiration and fame which the work has enjoyed in all the civilized countries of the world, render it unnecessary to say a single word as to the merits of 'Gil Blas,' but we are induced to mention one little fact which some of our readers may not be acquainted with. The scenes of the tale, it will be remembered, are fixed wholly in Spain, and the numerous characters introduced are all Spanish. Now, struck with the truth and nature of these characters, and the correctness of these descriptions, the Spaniards have long insisted that none but a native could have written the book, and that the witty, far-seeing Frenchman must have stolen all the matter it contains from some unknown Spanish writer. So strong is this impression, that the most popular Spanish editions of the work bear on the title-page "Gil Blas de Santillana, robbed from the Spaniards by M. Le Sage, and here restored (not translated) to its original Spanish."—The most circumstantial details in the literary history of France, place, however, the original authorship of Le Sage beyond the reach of a doubt, and the assumption of the Spaniards is a striking tribute to his genius. Like the 'Don Quixote' of Cervantes, and the 'Tom Jones' of our own Fielding, 'Gil Blas' will continue to delight remote ages and all classes and conditions of men. It would be difficult, we fancy, to find any reader unacquainted with the work. The number of editions, in a great variety of languages, already spread about the world, is immense, but we are glad to see the press employed in multiplying them, and truly delighted with the impression now under our notice.

A graceful edition is to a favourite author what a good frame is to a picture, and something more.

BROCKEDON'S ROAD BOOK.

Road Book from London to Naples. By William Brockedon, F.R.S., author of 'The Passes of the Alps,' &c. &c. Illustrated with twenty-five views, from drawings by Stanfield, Prout, and Brockedon. Engraved by W. E. Finden. 1 vol. 8vo. London. John Murray.

THE engravings in this volume are, almost without an exception, exceedingly beautiful, and the letter-press may be found useful to such travellers as are altogether new on the continent, although the work is far from being so good a guide as Mrs Starke's well-known book. In the post-chaise or diligence it may be a different matter, but looking over Mr Brockedon's work in the calm abstraction of the study, we cannot help being risibly affected by the contrast between the beauty and poetry of his views and sketches, and the homeliness of his hints about lodgings, houses, hotels, bills, soda-powders, drugs, English medicines, &c. &c. For our own part we should prefer seeing these good engravings bound up in Forry's or Matthew's Tour, which have both been

recently republished, each in one convenient and elegant octavo volume.

We are sorry to see that Mr Brockedon, whose short stay in the country and very imperfect knowledge of their language must have prevented him from forming any correct notion on the subject, has hazarded one or two hasty remarks on the character of the Italian people.

The frontiers of the Neapolitan kingdom have always been infested by a certain number of banditti, but to set down all the peasantry as brigands and objects of disgust and horror, is the unwise and untrue; and instead of saying that the squalid people as Fondi looked as if they all regretted that they had not had the opportunity of robbing him and cutting his throat, he ought to have said they looked as if they had all had the malaria fever. Place a colony of handsome, healthy, open-countenanced English peasants in the neighbourhood of the same rank swamps, and put them on the same miserable diet, and they will soon either die outright, or look just as "villanously" as the poor Neapolitans now at Fondi.

SAFETY DURING THUNDER STORMS.

Directions for Insuring Personal Safety during Storms of Thunder and Lightning. By John Leigh, jun. Esq. London. Ridgway. 1885. 12mo. Pp. 44.

ALTHOUGH the superstitions, and also the nervous terrors felt by many persons during a thunder storm, are foolish enough, there is no denying that there is some real danger on such an occasion to be guarded against. The annual number of fatal accidents from lightning in this country is indeed very inconsiderable—perhaps smaller than that of those arising from any other common danger to which human life is exposed. The number of persons killed by lightning bears, we should suppose, no proportion, for instance, to that of those who are destroyed either by the burning of dwelling-houses, or by being run down by or thrown out of carriages, or by drowning. With regard to most of these other accidents by flood and field, however, timid people have probably a feeling that they have it more completely in their power to keep out of their way than in the case of lightning. Thus, if I am very much afraid of being drowned, I need never venture on the water, and I shall be tolerably secure of a dry death. If I have a great dread of coach accidents, I may keep myself pretty much at ease by determining never to ride. And even the risk of being burned by your house catching fire from any ordinary cause, may be reduced nearly to nothing by proper attention and caution. But the electric fluid is an enemy so mysteriously sudden and subtle that it seems to set all preparation, all circumsppection, at defiance. The feeling, too, of the instant effect that is sure to follow the stroke, naturally bewilders and baffles the mind in attempting to guard against it. To those who are apt to be made miserable by such sensations, and intending to others also, we recommend Mr Leigh's undepending little publication. The facts stated, and the directions given in it, are so much useful knowledge which every body should be familiar with. As a specimen we give the following short passage:—

"Some persons, who are shocked during thunder storms, will open all the doors in a house, and shut the windows; others open the windows, and shut the doors; and some are silly enough to keep open both doors and windows. Now all these little contrivances are of no use. You cannot bow the lightning in at one end of the room, and out at another. You cannot shut up lightning in a box; and if it comes down the chimney, as it usually does, you cannot, either by leaving the door or window open, direct it to pass through: it will always follow the best conductors. Concern yourself only about your situation in the room. Sit as far removed from the wall as circumstances permit, and not very near the fire-place; for, besides there being so much metal about the fire-place, which would attract the lightning towards it, by whatever means it might enter the room, it is usually found, that, when a house is struck, the lightning has descended by one of the chimneys, probably owing to their prominent situation, rising some feet above the rest of the building. After arriving at a fire place in an upper room, it will frequently pass through the floor, attracted by the metal around the fire place in the room beneath.

When it has once entered a room, it will leave traces of having passed over almost everything of a metallic nature near at hand. It runs round the gilded frames of pictures, strikes along the metallic rods from which curtains are hung, the strips of gilt wood running along the tops of wainscoting, and bell wires, which are usually melted. If no metallic conductor is at hand, it will pass round the walls of a room, conducted by the paste between the paper and the walls, if at all damp, or even without such assistance. Unbattened walls, and the walls of most cottages and out-buildings, contain more or less moisture, which facilitates the passage of the electric fluid around them; and it is therefore very dangerous to be in contact with them. Under any circumstances, walls form imperfect conductors, whether they are supposed to be damp or dry, and whether they are outside or inside. A position in a room immediately adjoining the walls, is always therefore to be particularly avoided."

"Since a current of air will in some measure conduct lightning, a position between a door and window, if open, or window and chimney, should be avoided. The door-way of a house, or a passage, is not so safe as the middle of a room, through which there is no similar current of air.

"A bed is one of the safest places a person can be in; and it would be rendered more secure still, if removed a little from the walls; and if provided with wooden curtain-rods instead of metal, and if there was no bell wire immediately over-head. Under ordinary circumstances, it may, however, be considered a tolerably safe situation."

The pamphlet also contains some directions, which seem to be the product of good sense and acquaintance with the subject, for the right application of conductors to houses and other buildings.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

It may be necessary to state for the information of our new readers, that under this title the *PRINTING MACHINE* when a separate publication was accustomed to give a weekly record of the progress of popular instruction, embracing notices of the proceedings of *Mechanics' Institutes*, *Schools of Art*, and other associations for kindred objects in all parts of the country. It is intended, as was stated in the notice announcing the incorporation of the two Journals, to continue this register in our *Monthly Supplements*; but as the space that can now be afforded to the subject is comparatively limited, it will be necessary to confine the notices principally to such matters as have not only a local but also a general interest. We hope, however, to be able to insert all facts relating to the subject that have much novelty or importance.

Statistics of Public Education.—At a late meeting of the Statistical Society, a paper was read from Thomas Vardon, Esq., containing a table founded on the parochial returns to the House of Commons, obtained on the motion of the Earl of Kerry, of the numbers of children receiving instruction in the different Infant, National, Public, and Private Schools in England and Wales. The total number of young persons receiving daily instruction is stated to be 1,222,000. This number includes all those educated at the various colleges, with the exception of the members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The number of children under fifteen years of age in the kingdom may be estimated at about 4,000,000, and deducting from this amount those who are under two years of age, or about 500,000, there will remain 3,500,000 of the proper age for attending school. If the number of those who receive private instruction be further deducted, and these be estimated at 500,000, there are still 3,000,000 to be provided for. *The existing means of instruction, therefore, do not provide for nearly one half of the existing want.* The number of children taught at Sunday Schools is stated to be 1,359,719; but these Schools, although justly to be considered valuable auxiliaries in the formation of religious habits, cannot be considered to impart education. The principal part of the children receiving their instruction at Sunday Schools also, are in the habit of attending day schools, although it must be noted that there are 908 Sunday Schools, containing upwards of 40,000 children, in places where no other description of School exists. The Infant Schools, also where the children leave at the age of seven years, can only be considered as auxiliaries. Considering the great benefit that has resulted from the annual Parliamentary grant of 20,000*l.* for aiding in the erection of School-houses, Mr Vardon expresses a hope that the grant may not only be continued, but increased.

Charitable Institutions for the purposes of Education.—In Mr. Harvey's speech, on the 11th of June, in the House of Commons, in moving for a Select Committee to inquire into the Public Charities of England, with a view to render them more efficient for the education of the people, the following particulars were stated:—

The inquiries respecting these institutions commenced in 1818, and have been continued down to 1834. The commission has presented the 24th volume of its labours, each volume averaging about 800 folio pages. The expense of printing each volume, has been, on an average, about 600*l.* or 700*l.* In round numbers, the Commission of Inquiry has cost about a quarter of a million sterling. The charities of twenty-eight English counties have been inquired into, and it has appeared that they contain 26,751 charities or endowments, having property of various descriptions connected with them. There are six other counties, the charities of which have been partially investigated, and they amounted to 1,734. In twenty-four counties, (these counties being twenty-four out of the twenty-eight in which the investigation was perfected) the actual amount of the charitable incomes arising from land and houses was 331,703*l.* a year. In connection with these charities, confined to these twenty-four counties, there was actually money in the Funds, on mortgages, and in various convertible securities, amounting to 2,228,513*l.* Mr Harvey, after detailing various cases in which legal proceedings had been taken, and the progress which has been made, moved that a Select Committee be appointed to examine and consider the evidence in the several reports presented to the House of Commons by the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the charities of England and Wales, which motion was agreed to by the House.

North of England Schoolmasters' Association.—The annual meeting of this association was held in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 8th of June. The society is in a flourishing state. The twelfth anniversary of the Hull, East Riding, and North Lincoln Schoolmasters' Association was held in Hull. The benefits of the society are already enjoyed by several pensioners, and the accumulated funds amount to upwards of 900*l.*, the greater part of which is placed out on approved securities.

Edinburgh Model Infant School.—The exhibition of this institution took place on the 30th of May, at the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh. Lord Cockburn was in the chair, in the room of the Lord Justice Clerk, who was detained in Court. There were present Lords Jeffrey and Medwyn, Sheriffs L'Amey and Matheson, Professor Pillans, Messrs Scott, Spence, Combe, Simpson, Dr Spittal, and many other persons, who are well known as taking a warm interest in the cause of education. The day being fine, the children came in procession, bearing nosegays and coloured diagrams, and attracted much attention. The meeting was much gratified by the interesting exhibition.

Edinburgh Association for procuring Instruction in the Useful and Entertaining Sciences.—This institution has been in full vigour during the winter. A voluntary course of six lectures on sideral astronomy was delivered by the Rev. J. P. Nicholl, which was attended by crowded audiences.

South Shields Mechanics' Institution.—This institution entered upon the occupation of its new building on the 10th of June, when there was a general meeting of the members, Dr Winterbottom, V.P., in the chair. The building is a spacious hall, 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 18 feet high, lighted with gas, and furnished with ornamental fittings. The library, consisting of 1400 volumes, is at one end.

Leeds Library.—The annual general meeting of the subscribers to the Leeds Library was held on June 1st. The committee reported plans and estimates for increasing the means of arranging the rapidly accumulating stores of the Institution; and they were authorised by the meeting to lay out a sum not exceeding 300*l.* in the erection of additional galleries in the library room.

West Riding Proprietary School, Wakefield.—The annual meeting of the friends of this Institution was held on the 10th June, and was numerously attended. Letters were read from Earls Fitzwilliam and Mexborough, and from Lord Morpeth, and one or two other members of Parliament, apologising for inability to attend. The Vicar of Halifax was in the chair. The Principal's Report stated that the termination of the first year's labours was very satisfactory—that the parents of the pupils continued to express high satisfaction with the progress of their children—that the numbers were increasing so rapidly as to render it difficult to procure a nomination—and that there was a confident assurance that the Institution was based on a solid and firm foundation. The report also adverted to some remarks in the *Quarterly Journal of Education*, in which, while praising the general management of the school, the writer condemned the retention of corporal punishment, even for immoral and flagrant offences, and contrasted the school with the Bristol College. The Principal contended for flogging, as occasionally indispensable in a large school, though to be sparingly resorted to. The report of the Directors stated, that the number of pupils was 175, and that there was a prospect of an immediate and large increase to this number—that additional masters for the school had been appointed—that owing to the expenses incurred in completing the buildings, grounds, &c. the Institution was 1800*l.* in debt—that towards liquidating this debt, a saving of 300*l.* would be effected in the expenses of the year, and that there was every prospect of its being cleared off in four years. But in order to get rid of the incumbrance at once, the Directors proposed the creation of sixty additional shares, raising the number from

240 to 300, a resolution to effect which was proposed and adopted.

Liverpool Mechanics' Institute.—It has been for some time contemplated to erect an appropriate building for the use of this Institution, and it is now stated that the arrangements for effecting this object are so far completed, that plans have been called for, in order that the building may be proceeded with. The new building will occupy one thousand nine hundred square yards, and will comprise a lecture-room capable of containing from one thousand to one thousand two hundred persons; a comfortable house for the keeper; an apparatus room; a laboratory and chemical class-room; a class-room for the English language, capable of containing from eighty to one hundred and twenty persons; one for writing and arithmetic, for from one hundred and sixty to two hundred persons; one for mathematics, for from eighty to one hundred and twenty persons; one for receiving musical instruction, for from forty to fifty persons; one for figure-drawing, for from eighty to one hundred and twenty persons; one for landscape, perspective, and architectural drawing, for from one hundred and sixty to two hundred persons; one for mechanical drawing, for from sixty to eighty persons; one for geography, use of maps, globes, &c., for from fifty to sixty persons; one for the study of the French language, for from fifty to sixty persons; one for other Continental languages, for from thirty to forty persons; making, in all, eleven class-rooms, capable of containing about one thousand pupils, and affording the opportunity of instructing, at the same time, this large number, in eleven different branches of knowledge and art. Besides this accommodation, there will be a library and reading-room, a committee-room, a museum-room for casts, models, &c.; and cellaring will be constructed, from which the committee deem it probable that they may derive an annual rent.

Royal Naval School.—The annual meeting of this institution, (which is established for the purpose of educating, at a small expense, the sons of naval officers not in affluent circumstances) was held on June 9th, at the rooms of the Horticultural Society, Regent street, Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B., in the chair. It appeared from the report of the council, that the funds were in a flourishing state.

Society of Arts.—The ceremony of distributing the rewards adjudged by this society during the present session to successful essayists in matters connected with the arts, manufactures, and commerce, took place in the large room at Exeter Hall, on June 8th. The room was filled by a most respectable and fashionable company;—Sir E. Coddington in the chair, in the absence of the president of the society, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Among the receivers of rewards were a number of ladies.

Glasgow Educational Society.—The Sub-Committee of this Society state that, in visiting the parochial and private schools of Glasgow and its vicinity, they were forcibly struck with the unequal excellence of the schools. In some might be seen the utmost activity and intelligence in masters and scholars, with the most recent improvements in operation; but in the same city, nay in the same street, might be seen a school conducted on the worst possible methods, whose master knew little, and could impart little, save the mechanical arts of reading and writing, and even these in a slovenly manner. The Committee press strongly the necessity of attending to the education of schoolmasters, in preparing them for their profession.

Sunday Schools.—The twentieth anniversary of the Leeds Sunday School Union was celebrated on June 9th. The teachers and scholars to the number of 6,000 or 7,000, assembled in the Coloured Cloth Hall Yard, Leeds, and then proceeded to their respective places of worship. In the evening the meeting for business was held. The number of schools in the Union is 78; teachers 2,174; scholars 9,941. In Sheffield, on the same day, the children of the Sunday School Union assembled to the number of 10,000; those of the National school to the number of 3,000; and the Wesleyans to the number of 5,000.

On the 9th, the twelfth annual festival of the Newcastle Sunday School Union was celebrated. The children of 54 schools, amounting to 4,065, and accompanied by 538 teachers, assembled. The Worcester Sunday Schools assembled, as usual, on Whit-Monday, when about 2,700 children were present. On the same day, the Bristol Methodist School Society held its thirty-first anniversary, at which 2,500 children, accompanied by 400 teachers, appeared.

Manchester Sunday Schools.—The children belonging to the schools of the various societies in Manchester were assembled during the Whitsun holidays, to celebrate their anniversaries. The schools of the Establishment Society assembled 2,400 children; the Society for Children of all Denominations about 6,000; and the Catholic School Society about the same number. The number of children assembled by the Methodists, Unitarians, &c. is not stated.

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CHARLES KNIGHT, 23 LUDGATE STREET.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL

AND
THE PRINTING MACHINE.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1835.

No. 66.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WHY SWEET MUSIC PRODUCES SADNESS.

SWEET music, that is to say, "sweet" in the sense in which it is evidently used in the following passage,—something not of a mirthful character, but yet not of a melancholy one,—does not always produce sadness; but it does often, even when the words, if it be vocal music, are cheerful. We do not presume to take for granted, that the reason we are about to differ with, or perhaps rather to extend, is Shakspeare's own, or that he would have stopped thus short, if speaking in his own person; though he has given it the air of an abstract remark;—but Lorenzo, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' says, that it is because our "spirits are attentive."

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music,"
says pretty Jessica.

"The reason is, your spirits are attentive,"
says her lover;—

"For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music."

How beautiful! But with the leave of this young and most elegant logician, his reason is, at least, not sufficient; for how does it account for our being moved even to tears, by music which is not otherwise melancholy? All attention, it is true, implies a certain degree of earnestness, and all earnestness has a mixture of seriousness; yet seriousness is not the prevailing character of attention in all instances, for we are attentive to fine music, whatever its character; and sometimes it makes us cheerful, and even mirthful. The giddier portions of Rossini's music do not make us sad; Figaro does not make us sad; nor is sadness the general consequence of hearing dances, or even marches.

And yet, again, on the other hand, in the midst of any of this music, even of the most light and joyous, our eyes shall sometimes fill with tears. How is this?

The reason surely is, that we have an instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things,—of beauty, of youth, of life, of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality.

We do not, it is true, say this to ourselves. We are not conscious of the reason; that is to say, we do not feel it with *knowingness*; but we do feel it, for the tears are moved. And how many exquisite criticisms of tears and laughter do not whole audiences make at plays, though not one man in fifty hall be able to put down his reason for it on paper.

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY EGBERTON WHELAN.

No. V.

THE fourth and fifth propositions remain to be considered.

"4th. That it" (the exclamation naturally accompanying the first sight of a new object) "is for the most part purely capricious and accidental, admitting of no critical inquiry, except as concerns the superior facility of utterance of certain syllables or sounds."

If the vulgar observer is apt to make too light of the *rationale* of language, and not sufficiently to consider the steps by which it has been put together, it is perhaps the fault of the etymologist, on the other hand, that he over-does conjecture, running into the extreme of believing that every fact in language is to be accounted for. He conceives his rudest forefather to have been as deliberate and orderly a man as himself, as full of method, and as fond of analogy. He will not believe him capricious, he cannot think he would be guilty of inconsistency, but he conceives he must uniformly have been guided by the most reasonable considerations, and the most unexceptionable motives. Hence every present anomaly is a corruption, every defalcation a perfection lost, and all that is contradictory in language is regarded as a deflection from a certain original model of simplicity and good sense—which never existed. Perhaps no philologist was more guilty of this error than Horne Tooke. It may be suspected that the contempt in which he held the greater part of his fellow-labourers contributed not a little to dispose him to it, since their foolish perplexities are rendered more odious in our eyes when they are represented to us as wilfully obscuring some fair and perspicuous archetype; we visit the confusion of Mr Harris, not with pity, but with something like abhorrence, when we believe that with his web of sophistries he conceals from our view some fine and simple image of truth. But verily such happy vision did never bless human sight, but—like the golden age—may serve for a topic of discourse,—perhaps frighten a few sinners into a penitent regard for lucid phraseology, or convert an occasional dissenter from the dictionary,—nothing more. It can never reform us altogether, because it cannot itself be realized. And with respect to the metaphysical elaboration—the *κακόζηλον*—of such men as Harris, if it is indeed "confusion worst confounded"—as no one will now dispute—it is so in this sense only, viz. that they, by a perverse ingenuity, further confounded that which was already, and in its own nature, confusion. But this disposition to ascribe method and order to the remotest beginnings of things, among other results, produced that belief in the imitative origin of language which has been discussed. Philosophers—influenced by the pleasure they receive in discovering fixed processes—cannot endure to attribute anything to chance. Firmly believing in the existence of a regular course for every natural phenomenon, they imagine it only remains for them to discover the clue. And diligently they seek, and often think they find, this clue, which we as often following up, when we fancy we are being inducted to the promised truths, perceive ourselves to be only more and more involved in error. They will believe in a chaos for matter, but not in a chaos for language. They will not believe in a riotous composition of the first elements. It does not

flatter philosophy enough—it seems to take away its occupation. These first elements being given, there was no trouble in accounting for the rest; but to account for these—in which they could derive no possible assistance from their usual friend, Analogy,—that was the task. Accordingly, the doctrine of imitation was eagerly caught hold of, because it looked like something substantial and satisfactory; it seemed to put the finishing stroke to the revelations of philology, and to crown it handsomely as a science. I am afraid, however, that in this case (as in most cases—by your leave—Philosophy) that which is least satisfactory is most true; that is to say, that in the formation of the first elements of speech,

"Chance governed all."

If it be true that the first ejaculations of a man or a child, in a state of nature, would not be imitative, the question is—by what principle would they be directed? Let us then manfully avow, that they would be directed by no principle at all—unless that one circumstance, of which I am about to take notice, is to be considered as a principle of direction. We have seen that the chattering of babies is a mere effusion of spirit. But though the voice, here, has no definite course marked for it, one thing is certain—it will of itself seek the easiest channels; like a stream of water, it will pass at one side all the rocky points, but issue gladly over a level bed. Therefore, though you cannot tell what sounds an infant may utter in its prattling moments, you may very safely declare what sounds it will not utter, by considering the condition of the organs in childhood. In the same way the ejaculations of the savage, which, as I think, will be equally devoid of any legitimate significance, will so far, at least, be under regulation that they will always depend on the power of the organs to pronounce given sounds with more or less facility. I am not going into a dry discussion on the principles of pronunciation, though I believe the subject to be full of conclusions favourable to these views; but I may, perhaps, be allowed to make one or two observations which occur to me. Assuredly those consonants are the most easy of utterance which we pronounce with our lips. To be convinced of this, listen to a person whispering, or, still better, listen to one who is trying to say something, when he is half asleep; you will find the labial letters, to the very last, almost perfect, when the gutturals, dentals, &c. have long since been *hors de combat*. Besides, we know that these are the letters which infants earliest acquire. I was surprised, therefore, to meet with the following in one of the *Encyclopædias** (from what source gathered, I do not know).

"It is natural to suppose that the first languages were, for the greater part, spoken from the *throat*; that what consonants were used to vary the cries were mostly *guttural*;" (and more to the same purpose.)

Now, I have always fancied, to the contrary of this, that an analysis of the Hebrew language would exhibit a proportion for the guttural letters greatly below that of any other kind, and I am still convinced of it. For the want of a more copious abstract—which would be a work of great time and labour—take the following, made from the two first Psalms, according to the text of Leusden. I have divided the letters, for the sake of simplicity, into four kinds only—labials, linguals, gutturals, and sibilants. Many objections, no doubt, may be found to this division, as not being sufficiently dis-

* Good and Gregory, Art. Language.

inctive; but a greater number of distinctions would only embarrass us and lead us into tiresome length, without contributing, in any essential degree, to the present purpose. If any one shall further remark, that the pronunciation of the Hebrew letters is not with certainty known to us, he too will be right; but not in thinking that this circumstance need invalidate our conclusions. If the question were as to the relative value of the cognate letters, it would indeed be futile, but there is very little to prevent us from ascertaining with accuracy the proportions of the different kinds of letters. Thus, whether is to be considered as having had the power of a B, or a P, or both, it is certain, at least, that it was a *labial*. According, then, to the most generally received scheme of Hebrew pronunciation, let us consider M, B, P, and *Faw* (incipient) as labials; L, R, Th, N, D, and T as linguals; C, Ch, K, and G as gutturals; and S, Sh, *Tsade*,* and Z as sibilants. The two first Psalms will be found to exhibit these in the following proportions:—

	First.	Second.	Total.
Linguals . .	70	+ 72	= 142
Labials . .	59	+ 48	= 107
Sibilants . .	26	+ 33	= 59
Gutturals . .	24	+ 30	= 54

In round numbers these proportions will be—linguals 28, labials 21, sibilants 12, gutturals 11. (I cannot pledge myself for perfect accuracy in this calculation, but it is as accurate as three or four trials can make it.) Here then we see, that in these two specimens—which confirm one another in all respects—so far from the language being “mostly guttural,” as it was “natural to suppose,” the guttural division of it is so much below the rest, as to be exceeded in a proportion of two to one in one case, and two and a half to one in another. I have remarked that the labial letters are the easiest to utter. I do not mean by this that they are therefore most numerous. It may, indeed, be justly supposed that their number, from the circumstance of this facility, will have been considerable in all early languages—in the earliest, perhaps, preponderant; but from the greater variety of movements which the tongue can make, and the greater number of shapes it assumes, it would soon come to pass that the offspring of the latter would multiply beyond that of the lips, which have performed all the evolutions they are capable of when they have closed and unclosed, thrust themselves outward, or retreated upon the teeth. All that the above calculation is intended to prove is, the small relative proportion of the guttural letters in the Hebrew, contrary to the opinion which supposes them to have predominated in early languages.

With respect to that division of the letters into *Dentals*, which our orthoepists usually adopt, it will be seen that I have rejected it altogether from the foregoing plan. In fact, I am glad of an opportunity of doing so, and of showing my ill-will to that division, because I think it a very foolish one. What in the world, for instance, do they mean, by calling L a dental? If L is a dental, then it would be pleasant to know, how it happens that infants pronounce that letter quite well, *before they have cut their teeth*, to say nothing of old men, after they have lost theirs? In pronouncing L very briskly, the tongue may possibly just tip the teeth in coming away from the roof of the mouth; you may likewise be able to produce it from the teeth at once, if you purposely endeavour it; but the natural and ordinary way is quite independent of teeth. The teeth, by throwing up a wall all round the tongue, act as an important auxiliary to it in its different operations, preventing the escape of more breath than the tongue desires to liberate, and in many cases completing some necessary figure of the mouth which the tongue has begun. But in all these, and any other cases, let me ask, which is the principal operator—tongue or teeth? D is a dental, says Walker; yet, without a tooth in my head, I would undertake to tell Walker he was a dull dog for saying so;—without a tongue I could not. The fact is, there is not a single letter in the alphabet that merits this name of dental, if you except the two sounds of Th, in which the teeth perform so conspicuous a part, as perhaps to justify the distinction. Most of the other letters

usually classed as dentals are pronounced by an appulse of the tongue against the upper gums, and perhaps it was from the reluctance of orthodox linguists to coin a new word for the occasion that these letters came to be called dentals,—“teeth” seeming the best way of saying “gums,” I suppose, in the absence of the appropriate word. Booth, in his *Analytical Dictionary*, is not content with fewer than ten dental consonants, viz. D, L, N, R, S, T, Th, (soft and hard), Y, and Z! Now with the exception only of the two Th's, there is not one letter among all these but what a man might very well pronounce “sans teeth, sans everything”—but the tongue. Walker talks of “mute dentals” and “hissing dentals,” and “lispings dentals,” and “dento-gutturals,” and dento-liquids,” and “dento-nasal-liquids,” and, so talking, seems not to have the slightest suspicion that he wags his tongue all the while. If he had called F and V dento-labials or labio-dentals, (he calls them “hissing labials”) there would have been an obvious propriety in such a compound; he might also have called Th a dento-lingual; but in the above compounded terms, he gives the most prominent place to the least prominent, as if he had said “Walker, John,” or “published by Co. Brown, Orme, Rees, and Longman.” For the teeth, in short, are in every case the inferior partners of the firm, the undistinguishable “Co.” whom nobody should inquire for—Tongue, Lips, and Co. I cannot conceive what objection orthoepists have to recognise the claims of that lively organ, the tongue; but if they desire a different distinction for those so-called dentals, above named, let me propose a new term. What think you, gentlemen, of the *Gingival*, or the gum letters? Better be laughed at and understood, than wondered at and found perplexing. At any rate, *gums are not teeth*.

In inventing a name for anything, I conceive the rule should be, to memorialise its most conspicuous quality or circumstance, as by this it will best be known and recognised. In pronouncing such letters as D, L, N, &c. the tongue is the chief agent; therefore, those letters ought to be called linguals. In C, K, G, &c. the tongue also plays a part, but the thick sound which the throat contributes forms the stronger characteristic; therefore these are properly called gutturals. The letters S, Sh, &c. would require to be numbered with the linguals, but that peculiar hissing sound which accompanies them constitutes so striking a feature in spoken language as to seem to merit a distinctive name. It is this which is considered to characterise English in so remarkable a degree, and we shall presently see what proportion it bears in our language,—“the language of serpents,” as it has been called.

* *Gingival*, with the accent on the second syllable. Catullus has a poem on one Egnatius who, having white teeth, smiled incessantly. A line in this poem, which represents the hero as rubbing his gums with a very odd kind of tooth powder (see the Latin), discovers to us the proper pronunciation of the word *gingiva*, as above marked, what the grammarians call an antithetichus;

“*russum defricare gingivam.*”

But if the dictionaries cannot stomach such an uncouth word, let them go to the Greeks, who have a much prettier one at their service,—*δύλον* or *ἐνδύλον*—as if to say *tender part*, from *δύλος* tender. The *enonic* consonants!

ASSOCIATION OF PERSONS AND THINGS DURING DREAMS.

To the Editor of the LONDON JOURNAL.

SIR, — I beg to relate to you a curious instance of the association of real events with the fictions of sleep, which occurred to me a short time since; for I think that the clear manner in which I was enabled, on waking, to trace the things that I had dreamed, to sources which had a true existence, renders them sufficiently interesting to be recorded; since no published facts are fewer in extent, than those which afford materials for constructing a good “theory of dreaming.” A perusal of the article at page 157 of your Number for May 20, has induced me to write to you.

As I rode into London one morning, some months since, I suddenly met a gentleman who, a few months before, had left England to enter on the duties of a

foreign medical appointment. Knowing that the station was acceptable to him, I was astonished to see him again in London, but the wanness of his appearance, and a something peculiar about his teeth, which had the character of those of a man who is in mental and bodily distress, who resorts to fluid stimulants, and who does not consume much solid food;—teeth not closely united; looking worn, unhealthy, and not firm and perpendicular in the jaw,—these things told me in an instant the history of his journey and his return, which I need not detail now. Subsequent conversations (a month after) confirmed my impressions. The nature of these is of no moment to my story.

In the course of the afternoon I was examining a manuscript which contained the words “hunger and the mange,” under circumstances that rendered them particular objects of note to me.

In the evening I wrote a letter to a gentleman, conveying to him an appointment which had previously been held by a friend of my own, and was vacated by the latter on his leaving Europe for India.

This friend had now been so long away from the shores of England without writing to me, that I was much troubled about his fate, and begun to fear that some untoward accident of flood, climate, or field, had carried him from this world of trials. At night, in my dreams, the mystery was thus solved by the creative power of the brain,—a solution which I should premise was not a true one. I relate the events for no accomplishment of a prophecy, no rare coincidence, but simply as evidence of a distinct combination of ideas which occurred in one state of the mind, with events which occupied the mind when in another state. Such combinations occur, I believe, during every dream, but the difficulty is to trace them. There are causes for all things: even the vagaries of the mind during sleep are not purely inventive.

My dream on this occasion turned on my friend in India, because I had written on the previous day to the gentleman who had obtained the appointment which my Indian friend formerly held. I thought he came into my study the picture of wretchedness—sallow, wan, emaciated, and with marks of eruptive disease on the skin. Surprise filled me, and I questioned him as I should have done if awake; whereupon he told me a heart-rending tale of his voyage, of which the chief event was supplied by the rustling of those two day words in my brain, “hunger and the mange.” The captain of the ship, he said, had not taken out a sufficient stock of provisions, and all the miseries of starvation visited the unhappy crew and passengers. The last meal on board was made from candles, and debility had brought forth an eruption on the passengers which was like the mange of dogs, and his hunger had been such, that involuntarily attempts to supply the reality of eating by the imaginative process of grinding food, had worn his teeth to stumps; to prove which he took me to the light of the window, threw back his head, opened wide his mouth, and showed me the miserable remnants of those instruments. I had seen their fellows in the morning, unintentionally displayed, in the mouth of the physician in the street. “Alas,” said I, “dear and suffering friend, why did you not return a few hours sooner. I have but this day conveyed an appointment of the post you held to another person, and you again might have had it.” He afterwards detailed to me the cause of his long silence and absence,—the eagerness with which he left the provisionless ship for one that was homeward bound, and the perils and delays he had met with on his return.

So powerfully did the fiction move me, that I woke with the agony which the affecting and truly natural character of the relation had excited. I at once distinctly traced the connexion between the series of events, including many that I have not here given, and cannot now fully recollect. The voyage of the physician whom I had met in the morning, was plainly the parent fact to the voyage which occupied my attention in the dream. The parties connected

* Supposed to have the sound of French j.

with the events, and the dream, all belonged to the same profession.

This class of phenomena of the brain will bear more investigation than I have time to give them, but I feel pleasure in contributing them to your highly interesting Journal, for the reflection of your readers,

And remain, Sir,
Your well-wisher and humble servant,
G. I. M.

Essex-street, May 24th, 1835.

EPITAPH ON LUDLOW.

SUCH of our readers as are acquainted with the *LONDON JOURNAL* from its commencement will bear us testimony, that we have been as good as our word in keeping it free from politics. But we have always considered that very freedom as giving us a special right, nay, as imposing upon us the duty, of honouring the memory of noble spirits of all parties,—the true Christians, whether among orthodox or heterodox,—the true martyrs to a sense of right, whether mistaken or otherwise,—the Hookers and the De Sales, the Falklands, Ludlows, and Hutchinsons,—the royalist who built up his king out of the princeliness of his own heart, and the republican who thought all the world fit to govern themselves, because love and knowledge had given him generous self-government. We shall therefore make no apology, even to the most Tory part of the humanists among our readers for giving them an opportunity, furnished us by a friend, of doing honour to the spirit common to all the honourable, in the person of the famous Parliamentary officer Ludlow, one of the most undeniably honest men that ever existed. The gentleman alluded to, who has favoured us with this inscription, copied it himself from Ludlow's tomb at Vevay, and has added an interesting particular or two respecting his house. The people there, it seems, are still proud of the memory of the virtuous exile.

We have given a version of the epitaph, in obedience to the wishes of the lady who forwarded our communicant's information, and who justly asks in what respect a "finite mind" can rise higher, than in conscientiously adhering, as Ludlow did, to the opinions he thought right, through all trials?

It may not be generally known, says our correspondent, that the house where the patriot lived still remains, and is called by his name. On the stone over the door, is an inscription difficult to render in English, because of a play upon the words *patria* and *patrie*, but implying that every soil is the country of a brave and high-minded fellow-creature. The back of the house is only separated from the lake of Geneva by a small grassy mound and perpendicular tier of rock, now not more than fifteen feet in depth, with winding steps cut into it, that lead down to the water. And there, the inhabitants told our traveller, the boat had been moored, as related by Ludlow in his memoirs; and they pointed out a spot close by, where some of the poor wretches were concealed, that were employed to put an end to him and his companions.

The inscription on Ludlow's tomb is in the principal church at Vevay, and runs as follows. His widow, with a pardonable enthusiasm, has exaggerated a little in giving him the title of "conqueror of Ireland" (in which country however he really did set an important and effective part); and her own merits are sufficiently set forth, if we are to suppose that this part of the inscription was of the same date as the other. But most probably some learned native wrote it for her; and if she did not alter it, a little excess of pride in the love and fortunes of such a man may be forgiven to the wife that adhered to him in all hours.

Stato gradum, et respice.

Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow, Anglus Natione, Provincie Wiltoniensis. Filius Henrici Equestris Ordinis. Senatorique Parliamenti, cujus quoque fuit

ipse membrum. Patrum stemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propria nobilior, Religione Protestans, et insigni pietate cœruens; ætatis annæ 28 Tribus Militum, paulo post exercitus Prætor Primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugna intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens et mansuetus, patriæ Libertatis Defensor, et Potestatis Arbitrarius Propugnator acerrimus; cuius causâ ab eadem patriâ 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ dignus apud Helvetios se recepit; ibique ætatis anno 73 moriens sui desiderium relinquens, sedes æternas lætus advolavit.

Hunc Monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et sinceræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus strenua et mæstissima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio, cœrens dilectissima; quæ animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est. Anno Dom. 1693.

[TRANSLATION.]

Stop, and consider.

HERE lieth Edmund Ludlow, Englishman, of the county of Wiltshire, son of Sir Henry Ludlow, Member of Parliament, of which house himself was a member; noble by his descent, nobler by his own virtues; in his religion a Protestant, in piety a shining light. He commanded a regiment at the age of twenty-three, and not long afterwards was appointed Major-General. Conqueror of Ireland, intrepid in action, and scornful of his life; in victory, clement and merciful; he was the defender of the liberties of his country, and the untiring foe of arbitrary power; in which cause, though worthy of a better fortune, he betook himself into an exile of thirty-two years standing in Switzerland, where dying in the seventy-third year of his age, he left his friends longing for him, and flew joyful to his eternal abode.

This monument, in everlasting testimony of true and sincere wifely affection, was raised to his memory by Elizabeth Thomas, his courageous, grieving, and beloved consort, the partner alike of his joys and his sorrows, who, in the greatness of her spirit and the strong force of conjugal love, was his constant companion to the day of his death. In the year of our Lord 1693.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXVI.—THE SHEPHERD-LORD.

WITH A WORD ON SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, AND ON THE NAME OF BROUGHAM.

THE following extract from the Memoirs written by the celebrated Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, (herself a romance—we must give her Character in a future number) we take from the '*Censura Literaria*' of Sir Egerton Brydges, a book counted as dry as dust by some, but erroneously, for the dust is often precious,—now disclosing some curious old book of poetry, now some gorgeous shield &c., like the ruins of an ancient scholarly monastery; and now and then we meet the figure of Sir Egerton himself, walking in his melancholy, and brooding over fallen greatness,—a little beyond the necessity perhaps, but earnestly, and with a faith; and all earnestness is interesting to us, especially in a poetical shape. Sir Egerton, after his fashion, and by no means the least touching fashion, is original; and of how few claimants of the public attention can this be said?

At the close of his extract in the '*Censura*' are three sonnets by him upon the subject, not his best, though not uninteresting; and he has quoted passages from Mr Wordsworth's beautiful poem, 'On the Restoration of Lord Clifford to the Mansion of his Ancestors, Brougham Castle,' with some verses of which we shall close this article. They are like the festal echo of its walls, followed by their every-day silence. It will not be uninteresting to a reader in these, or after times, to know that Brougham Castle derives its name from the Ham or Village, now town, on the little river Brough, which town gives the fa-

mily name to its present illustrious possessor, the descendant of its ancient lords.

"Henry Lord Clifford, born 1454, (says the Countess, his descendant) was between six and seven years of age at his father's death; for whose act, (the killing the young Earl of Rutland, Edward IV's brother, somewhat unmercifully, in battle,) the family was soon after attainted. He was one of the examples of the variety of fortunes in the world; for, at seven years old, he was put into the habit of a shepherd's-boy, by the care and love of an industrious mother, to conceal his birth and parentage; for had he been known to have been his father's son and heir, in all probability he would either have been put in prison, or banished, or put to death; so odious was the memory of his father for killing the young Earl of Rutland, and for being so desperate a commander in battle against the house of York, which then reigned.

"So in the condition of a shepherd's-boy at Lanesborough, where his mother then resided for the most part, did this Lord Clifford spend his youth till he was about fourteen years of age, about which time, his mother's father, Henry Bromfiel, Lord Vesey, died.

"And a little after his death it came to be murmured at court, that his daughter's two sons were alive, about which their mother was examined; but her answers were, that she had given directions to send them beyond seas, to be bred there, and she did not know whether they were dead or alive; which equivocation of hers did the better pass, because presently after her husband's death, she sent both her sons away to the sea-side; the younger of which, called Richard Clifford, was indeed transported into the seas over the Low Countries, to be bred there, where he died not long after; so as his elder brother, Henry, Lord Clifford, had, after his restitution, the enjoyment of that little estate that this Richard, his younger brother, should have had, if he had lived.

"But her eldest son, Henry Lord Clifford, was secretly conveyed back to Lanesborough again, and committed to the hands of shepherds as aforesaid, which shepherds' wives had formerly been servants in that family, as attending the nurse who gave him suck, which made him, being a child, more willing to that mean condition, where they infused into him that belief, that he must either be content to live in that manner, or be utterly undone.

"And as he did grow to more years he was still more capable of this danger, if he had been discovered; and, therefore, presently after his grandfather, the Lord Vesey, was dead, the said murmur of his being alive being more and more whispered at the court, made his said loving mother, by means of her second husband, Sir Lancelot Thirkeld, to send him away with the said shepherds and their wives to Cumberland, to be kept as a shepherd there, sometimes at Thirleot, and amongst his father-in-law's kindred, and sometimes on the borders of Scotland, where they took land purposely for these shepherds who had the custody of him, where many times his father-in-law came purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly.

"By this mean kind of breeding this inconvenience befel him—that he could neither read nor write; for they durst not bring him up in any kind of learning, for fear, lest by it, his birth should be discovered; yet after he came to his lands and honours he learned to write his name only.

"And after this Henry Lord Clifford had lived twenty-four or twenty-five years in this obscure manner, and that himself was grown to be about thirty-one or thirty-two years of age, Henry VII. then obtaining his crown did, in the first part of his reign, in 1486, restore him in blood and honour, and to all his baronies and castles.

"This Henry Lord Clifford did, after he came to his estate, exceedingly delight in astronomy and the contemplation of the stars, which it was likely he was seasoned in during the time of his shepherd's life. He built a great part of Barden tower, which is now much decayed; and there he lived much, which it is thought he did rather, because in that place he furnished himself with materials and instruments for that study.

"He was a plain man, and lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to the court or to London, but when he was called thither to sit in them, as a peer of the realm, in which parliament it is reported he behaved himself wisely and nobly, like a good Englishman.

"He died when he was sixty-nine or seventy years old, 28d April, 1523."

"He retired," says Wiltaker, "to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself."

CONCLUSION OF MR WORDSWORTH'S 'SONG AT THE
FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE.'

The poet is repeating the song of his ancient predecessor, the Minstrel; which, after describing the shepherd-state of his lord, thus terminates, followed by the modern Minstrel's comments:—

"Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his Halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;—
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance,—
'Bear me to the heart of France,'
Is the longing of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his Ancestors restored
Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the Flock of War!"

"Alas! the fervent Harper did not know,
That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

*Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The subsistence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.*

In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the valea, and every cottage hearth;
The Shepherd-Lord was honoured more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
'The Good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

CORBET, THE FACTIOUS BISHOP IN THE TIME OF
CHARLES I.

CORBET was a man of wit, whose poems have survived in the collections. His constitutional vivacity was so strong, as hardly to have been compatible with episcopal decorum; but times and manners must be taken into consideration; and, though he would have been compelled, had he lived now, to be more considerate of place and occasion, there is no reason to doubt that he took himself for as good a churchman as he was an honest man. And liberties are sometimes taken by such men with serious objects of regard, not so much of a light consideration, as from the confidence of love. Had Corbet lived in later times, he would, perhaps, have furnished as high an example of elegant episcopacy as any of the Rundles or Shipleys. As it was, he was a sort of everlasting college-boy, who never grew old. Yet his appearance is described as "venerable;" and he could be serious enough on occasion, especially in behalf of Christian charity.

"His person, if we may rely upon a fine portrait of him in Christ Church, Oxford," says Mr Gilchrist (from whose edition of his Poems we make the following extracts) "was dignified, and his frame about the common size: one of his companions says he had

'A face that might heaven to affection draw;'

and Aubrey says he had heard that 'he had an admirably grave and venerable aspect.'

"In no record of his life is there the slightest trace of malevolence or tyranny: 'he was,' says Fuller, 'of a courteous carriage, and no destructive nature to any who offended him, counting himself plentifully repaid with a jest upon him.' Benevolent, generous, and spirited in his public character; sincere, amiable, and affectionate in private life; correct, eloquent, and ingenious as a poet; he appears to have deserved and enjoyed, through life, the patronage and friendship of the great, and the applause and estimation of the good.

"But the predominant faculty of his mind was wit, which he employed with most success when employed ironically; to this 'The Address to the Ghost of Wisdom,' and 'The Distracted Puritane,' are memorable examples. Indeed, he was unable to overcome his talent for humour, even when circumstance and character concurred to repress its indulgence. Of this propensity the following anecdotes, copied verbatim from Aubrey's MSS. in Mrs Ashmole, are curious proofs.

"After he was doctor of divinity, he sang ballads at

the crosse at Abingdon; on a market day he and some of his comrades were at the tavern by the crosse (which, by the way, was then the finest of England; I remember it when I was a freshman; it was an admirable curious Gothicque architecture, and fine figures in the niches: 'twas one of those built by king Edward for his queen.) The ballad-singer complained he had no custom—he could not put off his ballads. The jolly doctor puts off his gowne, and puts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and, being a handsome man and a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many, and had a great audience.

"After the death of Dr Goodwin he was made dean of Christ Church. He had a good interest with great men, as you may find in his poems; and that with the then great favourite, the Duke of Bucks, his excellent wit 'twas ever of recommendation to him. I have forgot the story; but at the same time Dr Fell thought to have carried it, Dr Corbet put a pretty trick on him, to let him take a journey to London for it, when he had already the graunt of it.

"His conversation was extreme pleasant. Dr Stubbins was one of his cronies; he was a jolly, fat doctor, and a good housekeeper. As Dr Corbet and he were riding in Lob lane, in wet weather ('tis an extraordinary drep, dirty lane), the coach fell, and Corbet said that Dr S. was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins.

"One time, as he was confirming, the countrie people pressing in to see the ceremonie, said he, 'Beare off there! or I'll confirm ye with my staff.' Another time, being to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplaine, and said, 'Some dust, Lushington,' to keep his hand from slipping. There was a man with a great, venerable beard; said the bishop, 'You behind the beard!'

"This chaplaine, Dr Lushington, was a very learned and ingenious man, and they loved one another. The bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain would go and lock themselves in, and be merry; then, first he lays down his episcopal hood, 'There layes the doctor,' then he puts off his gowne, 'there layes the bishop; then 'twas, 'here's to thee, Corbet; 'here's to thee, Lushington.'"

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Somerset House.

(Continued.)

In the Antique Academy all classification is lost, and pictures of every kind, in all sorts of material, are crowded together in almost inextricable confusion. Among the mass, however, there are few that call for more than a passing glance. 418, 'The Lord's Prayer,' designs by Flaxman, R. J. Lane, A. E., is an engraving of some very chaste and graceful sketches. The illustrations are not always literally typical of the text; but it is not possible to represent every separate limb of a sentence which has only a moral reference. Chalon is in his best condition this year. His portraits are, it is true, mere sketches, coloured after an arbitrary mode, rather serving as hints for the complexion of the originals, than positively imitating and conveying their actual appearance; but there is a life and spirit in what he does,—a united delicacy and freedom, which are perfect of their kind. There are several female heads in the Antique Room, which are excellent; witness the 'Portrait of Lady Agnes Byng' (561), and the 'Portrait of Lady Augusta Baring' (580).

There are some very good flower pieces in the room. Barbank's 'Fable of the Lily and the Rose' (512), Spry's 'Study of Holyoaks' (517), and 537, 'Fogcloves,' by Mrs Harrison, are the best. 458, 'Fruit and Flowers,' is not equal to Bartholomew's usual performances. 518, 'Group of Foreign Birds,' A. Pelletier, is a lively bit of colour. 583, 'The Mosque and Mausoleum of Sheik Nizam-ud-diin Aoulid, at Delhi,' W. Daniell, is a nice sketch of a most elegant and splendid building.

The Sculpture Room appears to us very full; but we cannot say we found there much that we thought interesting. 1045, 'Devotion,'—a statue in marble, R. Westmacott, R. A.; a female figure, kneeling (not particularly beautiful,) is devout certainly as to her action, according to conventional forms; but there is no corresponding expression in the countenance. It is rather a face of care-worn patience; it might more fitly have been named *Resignation*. Either we have seen 1048, 'Group, in marble, of a Mother and Child,' E. H. Bailey, R. A., or it is marvellously like something we have before seen. It is a graceful representation of a popular subject; but

we think something equivocal. Is maternity meant to be the principal characteristic of the female? or captivating beauty? Were not Venus and Cupid in Mr Bailey's head when he designed it? We confess they were in ours when we saw it, till we were corrected by the title in the catalogue. 1048, 'A Sleeping Shepherd Boy, a statue in marble,' J. Gibson, A., is elegant; but the action wants probability; there is a want of something to support the sleeping body; we are anxious lest he should fall from his seat, and therefore the feeling of repose is broken in upon. 1047, 'Marble Statue of Diana,' R. J. Wyatt, is spirited and beautiful; but not original. 1060, 'Alto Relievo,' J. Henning, Jun., is full of action and energy, and very well composed. The horse, particularly the head, is admirable; so is the stag; and the figures all look busy and interested in their work. The figure on the right is the only exception; a thick-set fellow, who seems too indolent to work hard. 1081, 'Statue in Marble, of George, the eldest son of Mr and Lady Agnes Byng,' R. Westmacott, Jun., very simply and feelingly designed. The child is in the attitude of prayer; the expression of the face is grave, but not sorrowful; confiding in his destiny. The action is perfectly easy and natural, and the head is really finely modelled. 1096, 'St George and the Dragon,' E. Corbould, is imperfect in the execution, but extremely spirited. The start sideways of the horse, the action of the warrior Saint, thrusting his lance with both hands down the Dragon's throat; the monster, on his back, grappling with a huge claw the horse's flank,—the whole design is original and stirring. It would have been better if we could have seen the Dragon's other paw; we should always see both hands of the principal figures in any design. 1134, 'Part of a Monument to the Memory of the late — Palmer, Esq.,' H. W. Sievier, including a portrait of the deceased, with a female holding the bible to him, is designed with feeling, though the combination of the usual costume of the gentleman and the classic habiliments of the female are rather a startling, though not an uncommon, licence.

Society in Staines for the Promotion of Science and Literature.—An association has been formed for the promotion of science and literature in Staines and its vicinity; the first season of which was closed by an address from the Rev. Dr. Jones, vicar of Bedfont, on the 28th of April last. The same gentleman delivered an address at the opening of the society, and both addresses have been printed. The evening meetings of the first season were held in the National School-room: but the society, feeling the inconvenience of preparing the room each evening for the lectures, as well as the want of other permanent accommodation, have resolved on erecting a suitable building for their purposes, to accomplish which, a sum of 1000*l.* has been subscribed, in shares of 25*l.* each. The number of Members of the Society is eighty-one; at the close of the season, the amount of subscriptions and collections from non-subscribers was 58*l.* 1*s.*; the disbursements were 27*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*, leaving a balance in the hands of the Treasurer of 30*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*

In the address of the Rev. Dr. Jones, the following passage occurs—it may serve as a specimen.

"If the last age did yield more erudite scholars than this, we in our turn, may boast of a more general diffusion of knowledge—let me add, of a truer estimate of its worth. What we lecturers advocate, and what we disseminate, may appear superficial in the estimation of one, armed cap-à-pié with pedantic prescription, or living in the enchanted circle of fashionable adulation; but to us every-day people, with common minds, humble hopes, and daily cares, it is a privilege to catch even a glimpse of better things. The mere notice of such subjects casts a halo of blessedness around the toils and bereavements of life. It is the rainbow in the shower. It unlocks the springs of intellect—it engenders and enlivens inquiry—it teaches at least the alphabet of science, and leaves to the option of the hearer its further combination. Nay, the very lecture-day, on which we meet as friends and neighbours for the promotion of an object, innocent, intellectual, social, and benevolent, is expected with anxiety, and hailed with delight; and I confess I cannot depreciate—I cannot question the utility or virtue even of this: I am not one of those who would cast a blight upon the very patches of verdure, that do occur in the cloudy and cheerless wilderness of human existence."

MUSIC.

THE other day we spent the afternoon at M. Herz's morning concert; a morning concert which dawned at two o'clock, and terminated an hour or two before sunset. As might be supposed, there was a preponderance of pianoforte music; but it was agreeably varied with other kinds, and we spent our post-meridian morning very pleasantly, although doomed to benumb the alternate leg where there was "no room for standing, mis-called standing-room."

Grisi and Lablache sang the duet, 'Guardate che figura,' from *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, and startled the sober lifeness of the concert room with a burst of animal spirits and dramatic humour truly delightful. In the same style was 'Se Fiato in corpo avete,' from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, sung by Tamburini and Lablache. The subject of the duet is identical with the well-known scene between *Sterling* and *Sir John*, in the 'Clandestine Marriage,' which some of us remember in the 'School Speaker,' but how dry, literal, and tiresome the English dialogue, compared with the exuberant spirits and humour of the duet. Lablache was the calculating father, Tamburini the liberal bargainer for the younger sister; and each entered freely into the feeling of his part, and made us laugh again—first at the squabble, then at the joyous conclusion of the bargain.

Malibran was there, and gave us an air, 'Ombra adorata aspetta,' in fine potent style; and, what we preferred, two little French romances at the pianoforte. Ivanhoff dispensed his sugary notes, but he should vary his subject more; there is a sameness in his style, which should be relieved by variety in the music. Mr Boehsa exhibited on the harp with amazing skill; but he affords a prominent instance of the tiresomeness of mere mechanical excellence when it is uninformed by feeling. A Mr Cottignies made his first appearance in public, in a solo on the flute, a dreary composition of his own, with some strange noises in the harmonics. We could not see anything in the performance to relieve the tedium of so subjectless a piece of writing.

One of the things that pleased us much was Miss Woodyatt's execution of a little ballad. Her voice is rich and mellow, and she sings with her heart in her mouth; and if she assiduously cultivate the former, and keep the latter in that very unusual place, and unspoilt by a mistaken wisdom, which imagines art greater than the nature that has made it, she will be that rare creature, a fine English singer.

De Beriot played a 'Fantasia' in chaste and severe mastery: he is truly a fine performer; but why will some of his admirers force him into a comparison with Paganini? In attempting to exalt their favourite by speaking in derogatory terms of the Italian, they do not show their admiration of him more vividly, but rather less; since if they are so incapable of perceiving the unspeakable beauties of the one, the best things of the other are likely not to be rightly understood. It is confounding reason and passion; comparing Dryden to Dante; a mortal working with his clay-moulded hands to one who hath a devil.

It is not our cue to give the first place to practical excellence, however refined; but as high as manual skill, a great tact for the power of his instrument, and knowledge of its effects, and considerable taste, may exalt an artist, so high must we rank M. Herz. 'A grand concerto in D minor' was full of brilliant effects, and handled in masterly style. The 'Duet Concertante' (à la Handel) by Moscheles, performed by the composer, and M. Herz, on two pianofortes, abounds in striking passages; but we could not recognize in it much resemblance to the Michelangelo of music. 'Brilliant Variations di Bravura,' (Herz,) was an amazing assemblage of feats of manual difficulty, not without elegance in the composition, and played with consummate skill. Of the 'Grand Characteristic Fantasia,' we cannot say we much approve. The numerical reduplication of the pianoforte serves but the more to betray its essential defect of a certain flippant poverty of tone and manner. It is an instrument to

which we have all just reason to be grateful, for the command it gives to one or two pair of hands in an easy and accessible form, so to speak of a whole band in itself. It gives to the head and hands of one performer, the compass and range of many. But it does this at the expense of the power and richness of the individual instruments. Moreover its peculiar quality, the beating unsustained effect of its sound, makes it very unprofitable to multiply it to any extent. Eight performers, on four instruments, as in the present instance, may make more noise; but the effect is no grander, the tone no richer; while the *staccato* style to which the instrument is confined becomes more obtrusive. The result is somewhat analogous to very large engravings, which approach no nearer to the richness and depth of a picture, but, on the contrary, look poor and flat, and distress one with the confusion of hard, unblending lines.

The room, as we have already hinted, was extremely full, and the proportion of ladies greater than usual; their bonnets, of all the colours, looked like a perfect bed of artificial flowers.

TABLE TALK.

— Vain people are not the most indulgent to vanity.
The Wife.

PLEASANT LETTER OF MACCHIAVELLI.

"I can tell you that, on the arrival of your messenger, with a bow to the ground, and a declaration that he was sent express and in haste, every one arose with so many bows and so much clamour, that all things seemed turned topsy-turvy. Many persons asked me the news; and I, to increase my importance, said that the Emperor was expected at Trent, that the Swiss were assembling a new diet, and that the King of France was going to have an interview with the King of England; so that all stood open-mouthed and cap in hand to hear me. I am surrounded by a circle now, while writing, who, seeing me occupied upon so long a letter, wonder and regard me as one possessed; and I, to excite their surprise, pause now and then, and look very wise; and they are deceived. If they knew what I was writing, their wonder would increase. Pray send one of your men again; and let him hurry, and arrive in a heat, so that these people may be more and more astonished; for thus you will do me honour, and the exercise will be good for the horse at this season of the year. I would now write you a longer letter, if I were willing to tire out my imagination; but I wish to preserve it fresh for to-morrow. Remember me; and farewell.

"Your servant,

"NICOLO MACCHIAVELLI,

"Ambassador to the Minor Friars."

THE SONNET.

In the sonnets of most great poets, we almost always find traces of the violent impressions which agitated them; and these little pieces seem essentially adapted to convey a transient emotion, which perhaps would have been lost for ever, had not a few verses sufficed to express its vivacity, or its sorrow.—*Literature of Portugal—Fraser's Magazine.*

GOETHE'S EARLY READING (FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY).

I pursued my studies with zeal. Geography, universal history, and mythology occupied me by turns. I read Ovid's *Metamorphoses* with avidity. I studied the first book with an attention almost peculiar. My youthful head was filled with a multitude of marvellous facts, images, and events. I was seldom idle, and I employed myself only in fixing and combining in my mind the knowledge I had acquired. The study of these antiquities was not unattended with fatigue, nor wholly suitable to my age. A book which produced a much better effect on me was Fenelon's *Telemachus*. Notwithstanding the imperfection of the translation, I imbibed from this work sentiments of pure morality and piety. In Robinson Crusoe, the faithful picture of a reduced man to lead a solitary life for a long period, fixed my attention with equal force. I never could have fancied that there is no such place as the Isle of Felsenberg. I found in Lord Anson's voyages the merit and interest of truth combined with all the charms of the marvellous, such as they might have been invented by the most fertile imagination. We traversed, in idea, the whole world with that great seaman. We took pleasure in tracing out his course on the globe with the finger. But I soon had a harvest of another kind in hand. The warehouse, or rather manufactory, of the books which afterwards became so celebrated, under the title of *Contes Bleus*, was at Frankfurt. As there was an immense demand for these books, they were printed from plates which were preserved, but on very bad paper, and in almost illegible characters. It was a great happiness to us to be able to exchange a few pieces of coin daily at a bookstall for these inestimable relics of the middle ages. It

was, however, impossible for us to feel their actual interest; but they did not prevent our being delighted with the book of Facetiae, the *Quatrefits Aimon*, the *Fair Melusine*, the *Fair Blaguelonne*, the *Emperor Octavian*, *Fortunatus*, and the *Wandering Jew*.

AN AUTHOR MORE BIG THAN GREAT.

Schlömer wished to avail himself of his residence at Leipsic, in order to get acquainted with persons of celebrity. I introduced him to those whom I knew. We also visited some with whom I was not acquainted at that time. I shall never forget our introduction at Gottsched's; it was characteristic of the man. He lived in a handsome first floor at the Golden Bear; old Breithof had given him these apartments for life, in consideration of the benefits arising to his bookselling business from the translations and other works of his guest. We were announced. The servant told us his master would be with us immediately, and showed us into a spacious room. Perhaps we did not comprehend a sign he made us. We thought he was directing us into an adjoining chamber, on entering which we witnessed a whimsical scene. Gottsched appeared at the same instant at an opposite door. He was enormously corpulent. He wore a damask robe-de-chambre lined with red taffety. His monstrous bald head was bare, contrary to his intention, for his servant rushed in at the same instant by a side door, with a long wig in his hand, the curls of which descended below the shoulders. He presented it to his master with a trembling hand. Gottsched, with the greatest apparent serenity, took the wig with his left hand, with which he dexterously fitted it to his head, whilst with the right he gave the poor devil a most vigorous box on the ear, which sent him to the door in a pirouette, like a valet in a play; after which, the old pedagogue, turning to us with an air of dignity, requested us to be seated, and conversed with us very politely for a considerable time.—*Goethe's Life.*

ANCESTORS AND DECENDANTS.

Young gentlemen! let not the highest of you who hear me this evening be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was originally a greater or better man than the lowest here. He willed it, and became it. He must have stood low; he must have worked hard; and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning. He waved and whistled off ten thousand strong and importunate temptations; he dashed the dice-box from the jewelled hand of Chance; the cup from Pleasure; and trod under foot the sorceries of each; he ascended steadily the precipices of Danger, and looked down with intrepidity from the summit; he overawed arrogance with sedateness; he seized by the horn and overleaped low Violence; and he fairly swung Fortune round. * * * This is not the doctrine, my friends, of the silk-enly and lawnly religious; it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforward under it. In speaking now more particularly to you amongst us, upon whom God hath laid the encumbrance of wealth. The sweets whereof bring teasing and poisonous things about you, not early sent away. What now are your pretensions under sacks of money? or your enjoyments under the shade of genealogical trees? Are they rational? Are they real? Do they exist at all? Strange inconsistency! to be proud of having as much gold and silver laid upon you as a mule hath, and yet to carry it less composedly. The mule is not answerable for the conveyance and discharge of his burthen: you are. Stranger infatuation still, to be proud of an excellent thing done by another than by yourselves, supposing any excellent things to have actually been done; and, after all, to be more elated on his cruelties than his kindnesses, by the blood he hath spilt than by the benefits he hath conferred; and to acknowledge less obligation to a well-informed and well-intentioned progenitor than to a lawless and ferocious barbarian. Would stocks and stumps, if they could utter words, utter such gross stupidity? Would the apple boast his crab origin? or the peach of his prune? Hardly any man is ashamed of being inferior to his ancestors, although it is the very thing at which the great should blush, if, indeed, the great in general descended from the worthy. I did expect to see the day, and although I shall not see it, it must come at last, when he shall be treated as a madman or an impostor who dares to claim nobility or precedence, and cannot show his family name in the history of his country. Even he who can show it, and who cannot write his own under it in the same or as goodly characters, must submit to the imputation of degeneracy, from which the lowly and obscure are exempt. He alone who maketh you wiser, maketh you greater; and it is only by such an implement that Almighty God himself affects it. When he taketh away a man's wisdom, he taketh away his power over himself and over others. What help of him, then! He may sit idly and swell his spleen, saying—*Who is this? who is that?* and at the question's end the spirit of inquiry dies away in him. It would not have been so, if, in happier hour he had said within himself—*Who am I? What am I?* and had prosecuted the search in good earnest.—*Landor's Examination of William Shakespeare.*

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

ITALY AND ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Italy and Italian Literature. By Charles Herbert, Esq. 8vo. London: Sherwood and Co.

AMONG all the modern absurdities in prose and rhyme, in tours, essays, novels, and romances, that have been published about Italy, we dread taking up a new book which professes to treat of that country. We are quite sure we speak within compass when we say we could fill one large quarto volume with the palpable mistakes, and another with the gross misrepresentations, of these shameless writers. A set of men and women brimful of prejudice, generally ignorant of the language, and in a tremendous hurry, run from the Alps as far as Naples, see the public sights, the churches, the operas, the picture and statue galleries, the ruins, and the outsides of the houses, and then running back again, print a book to tell the good people at home all about all Italy, one of the corners and small states of which would require the residence and observation of many months in order to be correctly appreciated. If these flying tourists would be satisfied like the good people in the *Fair of Wakefield* with talking about "Shakespeare and the musical-glasses," and confine themselves to blundering about antiquities and subjects of *virtù*, we should not so much mind them. But far from this moderation, with the half-effaced recollection of the rapid bird's-eye glance they have taken, they set themselves to pass judgment on the character and morals of a nation, and will damn you ten or twelve millions of Italians into a brace of sentences.

It is much to be regretted that even the best of our tourists,—men of high acquirements and abilities, like Forsyth and Henry Matthews, saw very little of Italian society. Hence, though their remarks on the fine arts, on scenery, and out-of-door life, are admirable, their broad notions about men and manners are, for the most part, perfectly absurd.

There are several reasons why the generality of Englishmen, even if they were to stay longer than they do in the country, should not become acquainted with the in-door life and real character of the Italians. With a few exceptions, the nobility of the country have been impoverished by many successive changes and revolutions; and entertaining, as they do, a high, and in many instances, an exaggerated notion of English wealth, pomp, and lordliness, they do not like to expose their interior establishments and the comparative narrowness of their own circumstances to the chances of a foreigner's contempt. The middle class, including professional men, untitled landed proprietors, and the like, and among whom is to be found by far the larger share of Italian talent, education and virtue, are very seldom the persons addressed by writers of introductory letters for *nobili viaggiatori inglesi*; and the Italians generally, though good-natured, easy and affable, have a certain pride, or self-respect, which prevents them from being over-forward, or forcing their acquaintance, or, at least, their intimacy, upon those who do not seek for it.

What Englishman is there out of the host that have written about them, who has ever been domesticated in half a dozen, nay, in one single noble Italian family—who has seen them at all times and under all circumstances—in all their relations of private life—in joy and sorrow, and without the artificial mask we all wear, more or less, in society? What Englishman has associated freely, not for weeks and months, but for years, with Italian lawyers, doctors, professors, merchants, and country-gentlemen, dining at their tables, joining their small family parties, and frequenting them familiarly both in the provinces and the capital cities? What Englishman among all these posting tourists has lived for ever so short a time with the farmers, the peasantry (*il popolo*), properly so called? We answer confidently not one!

Yet until the pen falls into the hands of some one

who has had these advantages, and who possesses besides a clear, liberal, and discerning spirit, we shall never have a correct *rendre* of the domestic habits, the virtues, the vices, the strong parts, and the weak parts, of the Italian character; which, be it said, (and let it be remembered) varies exceedingly in different parts of the peninsula.

If we could rely on our own experience and observation, we should say decidedly that the result of such a general process of examination as we have alluded to, would be, on the whole, highly favourable to the Italians. Of one thing we are sure—it would be made evident that the dissoluteness—the disregard to the marriage tie, which is now commonly attributed to all classes, obtains only (and that now far from universally) among the highest class—that the middling class, particularly that large portion of it living away from the great cities, is mainly correct, and that the peasants, and the very lowest or poorest class, entertain more strict notions on this particular point than are to be found in almost any other country in Europe. If among our own peasantry and labouring people, fathers and brothers felt the sting of dishonour inflicted by a daughter's or a sister's shame but half so acutely as the poor Calabrians or Sicilians, their females' virtue would be better preserved, and the obnoxious clause in the new Poor-laws' Bill no longer thought a severity.

We are sorry we cannot make an exception to the rule we have laid down in favour of Mr Herbert. Judging from his book, though liberally and kindly disposed, he seems to have scarcely any knowledge of the Italian character, and very little indeed of Italian literature. As we suspect he is a young man, we will not be severe, but give a few not unfavourable specimens from his volume.

The following is his description of an *Improvisatore*, or poet that chaunts verses, in all sorts of rhyme, and all sorts of subjects, *improvisu*.

"To the no small satisfaction of our party, we learnt that the celebrated improvisatore, who happened to be on a provincial tour, had been prevailed on to delight the joyous inhabitants, *for that night only*, by the display of his extraordinary talents. This exhibition having the charm of novelty for most of us, was thankfully received at fortune's hands.

"We were all punctual, therefore, to the appointed hour, and carefully secured our seats in the small but neat theatre, which was soon to be graced by the presence of the bard. After a considerable interval employed in impressive preparation, a practice common with great men, adopted probably in the hope of rendering their appearance more imposing, the long looked-for hero presented himself. His air was rather prepossessing, and his person most scrupulously adorned to the nicest point of fashion. After having read over, in a slow and solemn manner, the rules to be observed in this poetic exhibition, he called for a subject worthy of his muse. The theme selected by one of the audience, Napoleon at Elba, was received with perfect composure, and with all the gravity of a parish clerk, was duly committed to paper; then slowly rising, and reading it over carefully, he proceeded to pace the boards with melancholy steps and slow, while, "his brow like to a tragic leaf," he ruminated over the delphic sheet which he held in his hand.

"One moment, as if suddenly seized by the poetic flatus, he marched with rapid strides; in the next, slightly starting, he halted, as if his muse had met with some unusual obstacle; to clear away this impediment, he drew a perfumed handkerchief from his pocket, and by applying it soothingly to his nose, he seemed to succeed in propitiating her. Again he slackened his pace to take a pinch of snuff, and lastly, applying his forefingers forcibly to his forehead, to support it under the throes of the forthcoming birth, he, in a most monotonous tone of voice, gave utterance to her inspirations, sawing the air all the while with his extended arm. His poetic effusions flowed pretty rapidly, and were honoured with due applauses. On the conclusion of the first exhibition of his powers, he sat down, apparently rather exhausted, and afterwards retired for a short interval to recruit his strength.

"The next performance consisted of the composition of a series of lines, a certain number of which terminated with given syllables. This task, which must have required considerable practice, was also completed to the general satisfaction. On the whole, our poet, though at no period of his improvisation, like some

modern Corinna, affected to tears, (nor indeed was his audience,) seemed to understand his trade well. Far, however, from trembling under the inspirations of the god, like the Pythian priestess of old, our Magnus Apollo never once lost himself; nor do I believe that any consideration, either human or divine, could have diverted him from his subject; to it he most tenaciously adhered; he gave all he bargained for, but not a title beyond."

The next short extract we shall give relates to a mysterious state manoeuvre, touching which we should have been greatly obliged to the author for any information. What he says about Misley and his mission is merely the vague, popular report.

"There is no petty sovereign of Italy more heartily disliked by his subjects than the Duke of Modena. A capricious and arbitrary exercise of authority, heavy taxation, and a harassing system of espionage, are the very sufficient causes of this unpopularity. Probably, this mean-souled ruler is thus endeavouring to re-establish himself in the good graces of Austria, for his former questionable conduct towards that state, in having organized, through the agency of a Mr Misley, and the promised support of the French liberals, a revolutionary project, the end of which was to make himself monarch of Italy. His excuse, on the failure of this scheme, for betraying his associates, and even seeking the life of his prime agent, Misley, that he was himself betrayed by the French King to Metternich, is but a poor defence of his ungenerous and unworthy conduct. But this is not all: there is a mixture of vindictiveness and of refined selfishness in the mode in which he himself visits his own misdeeds in the eyes of his superiors, the Austrians, upon his unfortunate hereditary subjects."

This Mr Misley, who is descended from an English family that settled in Upper Italy, had interviews with other European sovereigns than Louis Philippe, and counted on the assistance of people very different from the French liberals. If we have been correctly informed, he went both to Berlin and St Petersburg, and that more than once; and performed almost as many journeys to win converts to his employer's wild views, as that distinguished conspirator of the middle ages, John of Procida, undertook, for the purpose of driving the princes of the house of Anjou and the French out of Sicily. As soon as the futility of the whole plan was felt, the Duchino, as a matter of course, cast off and disavowed his agent—and these people expected that Misley, from feelings of pique and revenge, would make one of the richest of political exposures, and proclaim the plots and the counterplots of the ambitious little Duke of Modena together with the measure of countenance or discountenance he, as the Duke's secret envoy, had met with at the different continental courts. Misley, however, did nothing of the sort; but, retiring to Paris, he merely published a volume on the abuses, oppression, and unpopularity of the Austrian government in Italy—a subject about which he had nothing new to offer to the world. By the latter course he might think he was still serving his old master, whose starting point was the necessity of a native dynasty and national government for the peninsula; and it is possible that Misley and the Duke are better friends than it is convenient for them to appear to be. We hear that this active, secret agent is now in Portugal. Can there be any connexion between his sojourn in that country and Dom Miguel's recent intimacy with the Duke of Modena, whose daughter, it is reported, the Portuguese prince is to marry?

Our concluding extract may be read with some interest, as it relates to one who was once the Empress of France and Queen of Italy, though now only Duchess of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla. The author's observations are mainly correct, but he should have mentioned that Maria Louise's extravagance, her frequent and stately journeys to Vienna, her gifts to her favourites, &c. have battered the little States with a very heavy debt. She has, however, built a fine bridge across the Po, and erected one or two useful and ornamental public edifices in Parma.

"Under the mild government of this princess, Parma enjoys as much happiness as any of the minor Italian

states. Her constant residence, with her little court around her, and the desire she evinces to encourage industry, according to the best of her judgment, deserve praise. She allows a municipal body to regulate the taxes; but the power of this assembly is nearly nominal, every thing being finally under the authority of the prime minister. The greatest bars to industry and improvement arise from the impolitic and vexatious restrictions imposed on the freedom of commercial intercourse, by each of these different little states: in this, indeed, they do but ape the greater European powers; but the consequences to a limited population of a few hundreds of thousands are felt in an immeasurably greater degree than where millions are concerned. Maria Louisa is generally and deservedly in much better odour as a sovereign than the Modenese tyrant. She has always visited with milder penalties than any other Italian sovereign, the unfortunate patriots, who rose in the two last revolutions; giving them, in many instances, the choice between voluntary exile to a foreign country, and imprisonment at home. She has *one failing*, which seemed hereditary in the family with which she became connected, and which appears to exist among the collateral branches of her own house. It would surely have been becoming in the wife, now the widow of Napoleon, to have played the part of Penelope; but this she has not done."

PHILOSOPHY OF MANUFACTURES.

The Philosophy of Manufactures. By Andrew Ure, M.D. London. 1835. 8vo. Pp. 492.

THE author explains in his Preface the purpose for which this volume has been undertaken and prepared. He says, "Were the principles of the manufactures exactly analyzed, and expounded in a simple manner, they would diffuse a steady light to conduct the masters, managers, and operatives, in the straight paths of improvement, and prevent them from pursuing such dangerous phantoms as flit along in the monthly patent lists. Each department of our useful arts stands in need of a guide-book to facilitate its study, to indicate its imperfections, and to suggest the most probable means of correcting them." The present volume, introductory to a series of works in more ample detail, is submitted to the public as a specimen of the manner in which the author conceives technological subjects should be discussed."

This work, then, is intended to introduce, by an exposition of the general principles of manufacturing industry, and also of the leading peculiarities which distinguish the application of these principles in each different department, a set of treatises which are to follow, forming each a complete account of a separate branch of our factory system. Under that name Dr Ure comprehends only our textile manufactures, namely, those of cotton, wool, flax, and silk. In the body of the work he says:—

"The term *Factory*, in technology, designates the combined operation of many orders of work-people, adult and young, in tending with assiduous skill a system of productive machines continuously impelled by a central power. This definition includes such organizations as cotton-mills, flax-mills, silk-mills, woollen-mills, and certain engineering works; but it excludes those in which the mechanisms do not form a connected series, nor are dependent on one prime mover. Of the latter class, examples occur in iron-works, dye-works, soap-works, brass-foundries, &c. Some authors, indeed, have comprehended, under the title *Factory*, all extensive establishments wherein a number of people co-operate towards a common purpose of art; and would therefore rank breweries, distilleries, as well as the workshops of carpenters, turners, coopers, &c., under the factory system. But I conceive that this title, in its strictest sense, involves the idea of a vast automaton, composed of various mechanical and intellectual organs, acting in uninterrupted concert for the production of a common object, all of them being subordinated to a self-regulated moving force. If the marshalling of human beings in systematic order for the execution of any technical enterprise were allowed to constitute a factory, this term might embrace every department of civil and military engineering, a latitude of application quite inadmissible."

The exposition is divided into four books; the subject of the first of which is, the "General Principles of Manufactures;" that of the second, the "Scientific Economy of the Factory System;" that of the third, the "Moral Economy of the Factory System;" and that of the fourth, the "Commercial Economy of the Factory System."

Dr Ure states, that in the course of the last summer he spent several months in the factory districts

of Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, &c., all the principal establishments of which he had the best opportunities of inspecting and examining. Being accompanied on his tour by a clever draughtsman, who had particularly directed his attention to the delineation of mechanical contrivances, he was enabled to carry away with him drawings executed under his own eye of as much as he pleased of the wonderful machinery that fell under his observation. On the part of the proprietors of the factories, nearly without exception, he experienced an absence of all mystery and reserve, in the highest degree honourable to their intelligence and liberality. Indeed, he has not occasion, we believe, in the course of his work, to refer to a single instance of any indisposition to afford him whatever information he wished, while he repeatedly notices the kind attention of individuals, who accompanied him in his inquiries, assisted him with their explanations, and in various other ways showed their anxiety to promote his views.

The 'General view of Manufacturing Industry,' which forms the first Chapter of Book I. of the present work, is undoubtedly the most complete and masterly exposition which the subject has yet received. It is distinguished alike by extensive views, and by minute technical knowledge—by knowledge implying a perfect familiarity both with the principles of mechanical and chemical science, and with their practical application in the various processes described. Within the space to which we must confine ourselves, we cannot attempt any abstract, however rapid, of this interesting and admirable review; but we will notice one or two of the points in the reasoning with which we have been most struck.

The most remarkable circumstance developed in the progress of our manufactures is, their tendency to assume every day more and more of an automatic or self-acting character. This is particularly the case with such as are carried on entirely or chiefly by machinery; but even those that depend upon other agencies, show something of the same tendency.

"A mechanical manufacture being commonly occupied with one substance, which it conducts through metamorphoses in regular succession, may be made nearly automatic; whereas, a chemical manufacture depends on the play of delicate affinities between two or more substances, which it has to subject to heat and mixture under circumstances somewhat uncertain, and must, therefore, remain, to a corresponding extent, a manual operation. The best example of pure chemistry on self-acting principles which I have seen, was in a manufacture of sulphuric acid, where the sulphur being kindled and properly set in train with the nitre, atmospheric air, and water, carried on the process through a labyrinth of compartments, and supplied the requisite heat of concentration, till it brought forth a finished commercial product. The finest model of an automatic manufacture of mixed chemistry, is the five-coloured calico machine, which continuously, and spontaneously, so to speak, prints beautiful webs of cloth with admirable precision and speed. It is, in a cotton-mill, however, that the perfection of automatic industry is to be seen; it is there that the elemental powers have been made to animate millions of complex organs, infusing into forms of wood, iron, and brass, an intelligent agency."

Let the reader now mark the practical importance of the tendency thus described, as afterwards illustrated by the following account of one of its results:—

"The constant aim and effect of scientific improvement in manufactures are philanthropic, as they tend to relieve the workmen either from noisiness of adjustment which exhausts his mind, and fatigue his eyes, or from painful repetition of effort which distorts or wear out his frame. At every step of each manufacturing process described in this volume, the humanity of science will be manifest. New illustrations of this truth appear almost every day, of which a remarkable one has just come to my knowledge. In the woollen-cloth trade there is a process between carding and spinning the wool, called *slubbing*, which converts the spongy rolls, turned off from the cards, into a continuous length of fine porous cord. Now, though carding and spinning lie within the domain of automatic science, yet slubbing is a handicraft operation, depending on the skill of the slubber, and participating therefore in all his irregularity. If he be a steady, temperate man, he will conduct his business regularly, without needing to harass his juvenile assistants, who join together the series of card-rolls, and thus

feed his machine; but if he be addicted to liquors, and passionate, he has it in his power to exercise a fearful despotism over the young pieceners, in violation of the proprietor's benevolent regulations. This class of operatives, who, though inmates of factories, are not, properly speaking, factory workers, being independent of the moving power, have been the principal source of the obloquy so unparingly cast on the cotton and other factories, in which no such capricious practices or cruelties exist. The wool slubber, when behind hand with his work after a visit to the beer-shop, resumes his work with violence, and drives his machine at a speed beyond the power of the pieceners to accompany; and if he finds them deficient in the least point, he does not hesitate to lift up the long wooden rod from his slubbing-frame, called a billy-roller, and beat them unmercifully. I rejoice to find that science now promises to rescue this branch of the business from handicraft caprice, and to place it, like the rest, under the safeguard of automatic mechanism. The details of this recent invention will be given in describing the woollen manufacture."

Dr Ure considers Arkwright to have been the true founder of the Factory System of Great Britain, and in that title he conceives the real glory of this celebrated person, to consist rather than in any of those mechanical inventions, his claim to which has been the subject of so much controversy. We must pass over the glowing description which is given of the general consequences of the great change thus effected by the ingenuity and perseverance of a single individual; but one of its results, here mentioned, is in so high a degree curious and important, that we must make room for a short statement of it. Having remarked that when Adam Smith wrote, automatic machinery being hardly known, he was properly led to regard the division of labour as the grand principle of manufacturing improvement, our author proceeds:—

"The principle of the factory system then is, to substitute mechanical science for hand skill, and the partition of a process into its essential constituents, for the division or gradation of labour among artisans. On the handicraft plan, labour, more or less skilled, was usually the most expensive element of production—*Materiam superabat opus*; but on the automatic plan, skilled labour gets progressively superseded, and will, eventually, be replaced by more overlookers of machines.

"By the infirmity of human nature it happens, that the more skilful the workman, the more self-willed and intractable he is apt to become, and, of course, the less fit a component of a mechanical system, in which, by occasional irregularities, he may do great damage to the whole. The grand object, therefore, of the modern manufacturer is, through the union of capital and science, to reduce the task of his work-people to the exercise of vigilance and dexterity, —faculties, when concentrated to one process, speedily brought to perfection in the young. In the infancy of mechanical engineering, a machine-factory displayed the division of labour in manifold gradations—the file, the drill, the lathe, having each its different workmen in the order of skill: but the dexterous hands of the filer and driller are now superseded by the planing, the key-groove cutting, and the drilling machines; and those of the iron and brass turners, by the self-acting slide-lathe. Mr Anthony Strutt, who conducts the mechanical department of the great cotton factories of Belper and Milford, has so thoroughly departed from the old routine of the schools, that he will employ no man who has learned his craft by regular apprenticeship; but in contempt, as it were, of the division of labour principle, he sets a plough-boy to turn a shaft of, perhaps, several tons weight, and never has reason to repent his preference, because he infuses into the turning apparatus a precision of action, equal, if not superior, to the skill of the most experienced journeyman.

"An eminent mechanician in Manchester told me, that he does not choose to make any steam-engines at present, because, with his existing means, he would need to resort to the old principle of the division of labour, so fruitful of jealousies and strikes among workmen; but he intends to prosecute that branch of business whenever he has prepared suitable arrangements on the equalization of labour, or automatic plan. On the graduation system, a man must serve an apprenticeship of many years before his hand and eye become skilled enough for certain mechanical feats; but on the system of decomposing a process into its constituents, and embodying each part in an automatic machine, a person of common care and capacity may be entrusted with any of the said elementary parts after a short probation, and may be transferred from one to another, on any emergency, at the discretion of the master. Such translations are utterly at variance with the old practice of the division of labour, which fixed one man to shaping the head of a pin, and another to sharpening its

point, with most irksome and spirit-wasting uniformity, for a whole life."

What a field for speculation does this statement open! "It is, in fact," as the author afterwards observes, "the constant aim and tendency of every improvement in machinery to supersede human labour altogether, or to diminish its cost, by substituting the industry of women and children for that of men; or that of ordinary labourers for trained artisans." What, then, will be the final results of the process which is thus going on? While the unskilled labourer, be it observed, is supplanting the skilled labourer, the dead machine is supplanting both. That, therefore, will remain the conqueror in the end; in so far as it is possible in the nature of things, there will be no labour done but by machinery. The consequence then will be, some one exclaims, that all human labourers must starve; for if they do no work, they will earn no wages. Must starve! Why, it will be something beyond that; they will, in so far as their place is filled by machinery, be annihilated altogether. Suppose that all the cotton cloth that is now made by the labours of some hundreds of thousands of spinners, and weavers, and other artisans, were to be manufactured by machines, without any human assistance, save that of a few hundreds of superintendents. The inevitable effect would be, that the hundreds of thousands of artisans in question would pass away altogether—they would cease to exist: that is to say, they would cease to exist as artisans employed in the cotton manufacture; and if all the other industrious arts were to run the same course of advancement, they would cease to exist as labourers at all. But they would not cease to exist as human beings. There is no reason whatever to anticipate that if such a state of things as we have now supposed were to arrive, the actual number of people in the world would be lessened. The only difference would be, that there would be less manual labour than there now is, which is the same thing with saying that there would be fewer manual labourers. In other words, that portion of the community who now labour with their hands, would not have so to labour any longer. Would this be an evil? The misapprehension with which some persons frighten themselves upon this subject, arises from confounding two things which are altogether different. They see that when an individual labourer loses his employment, he loses his means of living; and on this they conclude, that employment, or labour, and the means of living, are the same thing. Whereas, they are actually two things only, occasionally conjoined by accident. Even in the present state of society, it is obviously by no means an universal truth, that the man who has no employment has no means of living. There are already thousands of people in every country who live very well without resorting to manual labour, and many who so live without working in any way. But these are rich men, you say; these are capitalists. Be it so; would it be any terrible misfortune that all men should become so far 'rich that they should be enabled to live without labouring with their hands? Suppose a thousand working people now employed in one of the factories in Lancashire were to find out some means of making all the operations of the establishment go on just as they now do, while they, instead of superintending and assisting the machinery, as they do at present, sat all day with their hands folded, or went abroad and amused themselves in the fields, or remained at home reading books and cultivating their minds;—would that be a thing to be deplored, either for their sakes, or for that of the community at large? Suppose all the work-people in the country were to discover they could,—by some process of magic, if you will,—thus free themselves from toil, while they still performed their tasks, and of course entitled themselves to their wages, where (excepting the magic) would be the harm? Now machinery, if it do what we have been speaking of,—if it at last supplant, or nearly supplant, all labour in manufactures—will have done precisely the same thing which we here suppose to be done by magic. The hundreds of thousands of artisans now employed in these manufactures will be so employed no longer; but the

quantity of production will be the same as before, and, therefore, the earth will be able to maintain the same number of inhabitants as ever. No doubt, were the change to take place in an instant, and not by any such magical operation as has been supposed, but by merely some sudden development of new powers in machinery, which would leave the whole advantage in the hands of the present possessors of machinery, or of other capitalists able to purchase it, the working population would be exposed to great inconvenience. But that is not the way in which the thing will happen. The movement towards the point we have been imagining, be the distance to be gone over long or short, will unquestionably be a gradual one. The actual possessors of machinery and capital, at any one moment, may have their share of the accruing benefit, but they will not monopolise it all. The process will be one which will carry forward the whole system of society. The numbers whom it may from time to time detach from the ranks of the labouring population, it will be all the while also providing room for elsewhere, and elevating to a higher condition. If machinery could be made to produce by its own unassisted action all those things which the consumption of the world requires, and which now demand the labour of so many hands, there is certainly no reason why human beings could not then be maintained in the same numbers as well without anybody labouring as they are at present. We might have been required to labour for a great many more things than we do labour for. The water we drink might have been made as costly as the bread we eat. Or suppose the Creator had ordained that the labour of a large portion of the race should have been constantly necessary, in order to procure for all a sufficiency of fresh air. Would not that have been a heavy curse? Wages would of course have been paid for that labour, as for all other labour. It would, in the popular phrase, have been the support of many of our fellow creatures. But are we not, for all that, infinitely better without it? Does not the earth maintain at least as large a population without this so-called means of supporting people, as it would have done had such a means existed? And would not the same thing be true of any other kind of labour?

The subject of the second chapter of Book I. is the Arrangement and Connexion of Manufactures; and the third presents a Sketch of the Topography and Statistics of the British Factory System. Both, the former especially, are full of valuable and luminously arranged information; which, however, we must pass over, as well as the whole of Book II., in order that we may have room for a single extract from the latter part of the work, which is occupied with the Moral Economy of the Factory System. The following is one of several similar accounts of well-regulated manufacturing establishments, which the author gives from his own observation:—

"I paid an unexpected visit to Hyde, in order to view the factories of Thomas Ashton, Esq., uncle to the amiable youth who was shot dead sometime ago near his father's door, by assassins who had hired themselves during the ferment of the spinners' strikes, to murder mill-owners at the rate of ten pounds for each. This lamented victim of violence was not a proprietor, was personally unknown to the assassins, and had never given offence to the operatives. It was an unprovoked murder, which impressed every heart with horror, and has cast upon Unions a bloody stain which they will never wash away.

"Mr T. Ashton and four of his brothers possess, in their five independent establishments in the township of Hyde, 4000 power-loom, with all the subsidiary spinning machinery, and expend fully 4000*l.* weekly in wages. At the period of my visit, the work-people were paid 1000*l.* per diem in these several factories of Hyde, a district which consisted, not many years ago, of cold clay land, ill-cultivated and thinly peopled. Along with the adjoining small townships of Duckenfield and Stayley-bridge, it contains now upwards of 60,000 inhabitants, all comfortably employed and fed.

"Mr T. Ashton's cotton-works are agreeably grouped together on a gentle declivity, which is traversed by a little tributary stream of the Mersey. This supplies the condensing power to his steam-engines, while their expansive force is furnished from rich coal-measures immediately under the factory lands. This is the motive-element which pervades and animates the region all around. The houses occupied by his work-people lie

in streets, are built of stone, and are commodious; consisting each of at least four apartments in two stories, with a small back-yard and a mews lane. The rent for a good lodging, containing an improved kitchen-grate, with boiler and oven, is only 8*l.* per annum, and good fuel may be had for 9*s.* a ton. I looked into several of the houses, and found them more richly furnished than any common work-people's dwelling which I had ever seen before. In one I saw a couple of sofas, with good chairs, an eight-day clock in a handsome mahogany case, several pictures in oil on the walls, freshly painted for the family, a representation of one of the younger daughters like a smart peasant girl carrying a basket on her arm, one of the Virgin and Child at Bethlehem, and another of Christ crowned with thorns, all creditable to the travelling artist. In another house I observed a neat wheel barometer, with its attached thermometer, suspended against the snow-white wall. In a third there was a piano, with a little girl learning to play upon it.

"My notice was particularly attracted to a handsome house and shop, in one of the streets where Mr T. Ashton's operatives dwell. On asking who occupied it, I learned it was a spinner, who having saved from his earnings, 200*l.*, had embarked this capital in a retail business, now managed by his wife, a tidy-looking person, while the husband continued to pursue his profitable avocations in the mill.

"Many of the factory youths of both sexes cultivate their musical tastes. The proprietor having erected a handsome school-house, the workers subscribed spontaneously among themselves 160*l.*, and bought a good organ, now set up in the gallery of the large hall of the school. It is played upon on the Sundays at divine service, and on certain evenings through the week alternately, by certain of the girls employed at the power-loom. One of them, only seventeen years of age, is said to be a tolerable organist. So much nonsense has been uttered about the deformities and diseases of factory children, that I may hardly be credited by some of my readers, when I assert that I have never seen, among a like number of young women of the lower ranks in any country, so many pleasing countenances and handsome figures, as I saw in Mr Ashton's nine power-weaving galleries. Their light labour and erect posture in tending the looms, and the habit which many of them have in exercising their arms and shoulders, as if with dumb-bells, by resting their hands on the lay or shuttle-bearer, as it oscillates alternately backwards and forwards with the machinery, opens their chest, and gives them generally a graceful carriage. Many of them have adopted tasteful modes of wearing neat handkerchiefs on their heads, and have altogether not a little of the Grecian style of beauty. One of them, whose cheeks had a fine rosy hue, being asked how long she had been at factory work, said nine years, and blushed from bashfulness at being so slightly spoken to. The female figures sketched in the engraving of a loom-shed at the end of this volume, are by no means fancy forms of the painter, but realities, to be seen every day at Hyde, and in many other factory districts."

The whole of the chapter from which this extract is taken, well merits perusal. The author has embodied in it, in addition to the facts he has himself collected, a mass of information from the evidence of other witnesses, and especially from the reports of the Factory Commissioners and Inspectors, some of the most interesting and valuable matter contained in which we are glad to see thus published in a generally accessible form. Upon the whole, this examination of the moral economy of the Factory system must be considered as an effective refutation of many gross calumnies with which the public ear has been of late abused. By every unprejudiced and right-minded person it will be felt to be a most gratifying and cheering representation; and that, even although it may be admitted that, in the position of an advocate of a particular side of the question into which the writer has been almost necessarily thrown, he has coloured some parts of his picture a little too bright. He has, in a manner, been driven to take up a tone of defence, and even of retaliation, by the manner in which the controversy has been waged on the other side. Let us hope, however, that this angry jealousy which has hitherto divided the manufacturing and agricultural interests will, ere long, give way to that mutual respect and attachment which, dependent as they really are upon each other, ought to unite them, and to that amicable competition, which shall see in the prosperity of either the support and benefit of both.

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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

A DUSTY DAY.

AMONG the "Miseries of Human Life," as a wit pleasantly entitled them, there are few, while the rascal is about it, worse than a Great Cloud of Dust, coming upon you in street or road, you having no means of escape, and the carriages, or flock of sheep, evidently being bent on imparting to you a full share of their besetting horror. The road is too narrow to leave you a choice, even if it had two pathways; which it has not:—the day is hot; the wind is whisking; you have come out in stockings instead of boots, not being aware that you were occasionally to have two feet depth of dust to walk in:—now, now the dust is on you,—you are enveloped,—you are blind; you have to hold your hat on against the wind; the carriages grind by, or the sheep go pattering along, baaing through all the notes of their poor gamut; perhaps carriages and sheep are together, the latter eschewing the horses' legs, and the shepherd's dog driving against your own, and careering over the woolly backs:—Whew! what a dusting! What a blinding! What a whirl! The noise decreases; you stop; you look about you; gathering up your hat, coat, and faculties, after apologising to the gentleman against whom you have "lumped," and who does not look a bit the happier for your apology. The dust is in your eyes, in your hair, in your shoes and stockings, in your neck-cloth, in your mouth. You grind your teeth in dismay, and find them gritty.

Perhaps another carriage is coming; and you, finding yourself in the middle of the road, and being resolved to be master of, at least, this inferior horror, turn about towards the wall or paling, and propose to make your way accordingly, and have the dust behind your back instead of in front; when lo! you begin sneezing, and cannot see. You have taken involuntary snuff.

Or you suddenly discern a street, down which you can turn, which you do with rapture, thinking to get out of wind and dust at once; when, unfortunately, you discover that the wind is veering to all points of the compass, and that instead of avoiding the dust, there is a ready-made and intense collection of it, then in the act of being swept into your eyes by the attendants on a—dust-cart!

The reader knows what sort of a day we speak of. It is all dusty;—the windows are dusty; the people are dusty; the hedges in the roads are horribly dusty,—pitifully,—you think they must feel it; shoes and boots are like a baker's; men on horseback eat and drink dust; coachmen sit screwing up their eyes; the gardener finds his spade slip into the ground, fetching up smooth portions of earth, all made of dust. What is the poor pedestrian to do?

To think of something superior to the dust,—whether grave or gay. This is the secret of being master of any ordinary, and of much extraordinary trouble:—bring a better idea upon it, and it is hard if the greater thought does not do something against the less. When we meet with any very unpleasant person, to whose ways we cannot suddenly reconcile

ourselves, we think of some delightful friend, perhaps two hundred miles off,—in Northumberland, or in Wales. When dust threatens to blind us, we shut our eyes to the disaster, and contrive to philosophize a bit, even then.

"Oh, but it is not worth while doing that."

Good. If so, there is nothing to do but to be as jovial as the dust itself, and take all gaily. Indeed, this is the philosophy we speak of.

"And yet the dust is annoying too."

Well—take then just as much good sense as you require for the occasion. Think of a jest; think of a bit of verse; think of the dog you saw just now, coming out of the pond, and frightening the dandy in his new trousers. But at all events don't let your temper be mastered by such a thing as a cloud of dust. It will show, either that you have a very infirm temper indeed, or no ideas in your head.

On all occasions in life, great or small, you may be the worse for them, or the better. You may be made the weaker or the stronger by them; aye, even, by so small a thing as a little dust.

When the famous Arbuthnot was getting into his carriage one day, he was beset with dust. What did he do? Damn the dust, or the coachman? No; that was not his fashion. He was a wit, and a good-natured man; so he fell to making an epigram, which he sent to his friends. It was founded on scientific knowledge, and consisted of the following pleasant exaggeration:—

ON A DUSTY DAY.

The dust in smaller particles arose,
Than those which fluid bodies do compose.
Contraries in extremes do often meet;
It was so dry, that you might call it wet.

Dust at a distance sometimes takes a burnished or tawny aspect in the sun, almost as handsome as the great yellow smoke out of breweries; and you may amuse your fancy with thinking of the clouds that preceded armies in the old books of poetry,—the spears gleaming out,—the noise of the throng growing on the ear,—and, at length, horses emerging, and helmets, and flags,—the Lion of King Richard, or the Lilies of France.

Or you may think of some better and more harmless palm of victory, "not without dust" (*palma non sine pulvere*); dust, such as Horace says the horse-men of antiquity liked to kick up at the Olympic games, or as he more elegantly phrases it, "collect" (*collegisse juvat*);—which a punster of our acquaintance translated, "kicking up a dust at college"; or if you are in a very philosophic vein indeed, you may think of man's derivation from dust, and his return to it, redeeming your thoughts from gloom by the hopes beyond dust, and by the graces which poetry and the affections have shed upon it in this life, like flowers upon graves,—lamenting with the tender Petrarch, that "those eyes of which he spoke so warmly," and that golden hair, and "the lightning of that angel smile," and all those other beauties which made him a lover "marked out from among men,"—a being abstracted "from the rest of his species,"—are now "a little dust, without a feeling"—

"*Poca polvere son che nulla sente*"—

or repeating that beautiful lyric of the last of the

Shakspearian men, Shirley, which they say touched even the thoughtless bosom of Charles the Second:—

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
*Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.**

Most true;—but with the leave of the fine poet (which he would gladly have conceded to us), Death's conquest is not "final;" for Heaven triumphs over him, and Love too, and Poetry; and thus we can get through the cloud even of his dust, and shake it, in aspiration, from our wings. Besides, we know not, with any exactitude, what, or who, Death is, or whether there is any such personage, even in his negative sense, except inasmuch as he is a gentle voice, calling upon us to go some journey; for the very dust that he is supposed to deal in, is alive; is the cradle of other beings and vegetation; nay, its least particle belongs to a mighty life;—is planetary,—is part of our star,—is the stuff of which the worlds are made, that roll and rejoice round the sun.

Of these or the like reflections, serious or otherwise, are the cogitations of the true pedestrian composed;—such are the weapons with which he triumphs over the most hostile of his clouds, whether material or metaphorical; and, at the end of his dusty walk, he beholdeth, in beautiful perspective, the towel, and the basin and water, with which he will render his eyes, cheeks, and faculties, "as cool and fresh, as if no dust had touched them; nay, more so, for the contrast. Never forget that secret of the reconcilments of this life: to sit down, newly washed and dressed, after a dusty journey, and hear that dinner is to be ready "in ten minutes," is a satisfaction—a crowning and "measureless content"—which we hope no one will enjoy who does not allow fair play between the harmless lights and shadows of existence, and treat his dust with respect. We defy him to enjoy it, at any rate, like those who do. His ill-temper, somehow or other, will rise in retribution against him, and find dust on his saddle of mutton.

* See p. 76 of the first volume of 'Songs of England and Scotland,' edited by Mr Cunningham, jun.; a welcome book, and of hereditary promise. But it might have been much improved. We ought to have had more of Sedley, Suckling, Herrick, and others, and a great deal more of Beaumont and Fletcher (the truest lyricists in the language), and other old dramatists; also more of Dibdin, Barry Cornwall, and various writers "about town" in the last century. There is even an O'Keefe,—a great omission in a song-book. His muse was as fresh as a dairymaid.

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF
THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. IV.—CHAUCER (CONTINUED.)

STORY OF GRISELDA.

THE famous story of Griselda, or Patient Grisel, who supposes her husband to kill her children and to dismiss her finally from his bed under circumstances of the greatest outrage, and yet behaves meekly under all, was not long since the most popular story in Europe, and still deeply affects us. Writers have asserted that there actually was some such person. In vain has the husband been pronounced a monster, and the story impossible. In vain have critics in subsequent time, not giving sufficient heed to the difference between civilized and feudal ages, or to the beauties with which the narrative has been mingled, declared it to be no better than the sight of a "torment on the rack." The story has had shoals of narrators, particularly in old France, and been repeated and dwelt upon by the greatest and tenderest geniuses,—Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer. The whole heart of Christendom has embraced the heroine. She has passed into a proverb; ladies of quality have called their children after her, the name surviving (we believe) among them to this day, in spite of its grisly sound; and we defy the manliest man, of any feeling, to read it in Chaucer's own consecutive stanzas (whatever he may do here) without feeling his eyes moisten.

How is this to be accounted for? The husband is perfectly monstrous and unnatural;—there can be no doubt of that;—he pursues his trial of his wife's patience for twelve years, and she is supposed to love as well as to obey him all the time;—him, the murderer of her children! This, also, is unnatural,—impossible. A year, a month, a week, would have been bad enough. The lie was bad in itself. And yet, in spite of that utter renouncement of the fiction, to which civilization finally brings us, we feel for the invincibly obedient creature; we are deeply interested; we acknowledge instinctively, that the story had a right to its fame; nay (not to speak it profanely), that like other permanent and popular stories, of a solemn cast, it is a sort of revelation in its way, at once startling us with contrasts of good and evil, and ending in filling us with hope and exaltation. How is this?

The secret is, that a principle—the sense of duty—is set up in it above all considerations;—that the duty, once believed in by a good and humble nature, is exalted by it, in consequence of its very torments, above all torment, and all weakness. We are not expected to copy it, much less to approve or be blind to the hard-heartedness that fetches it out; but the blow is struck loudly in the ears of mankind, in order that they may think of duty itself, and draw their own conclusions in favour of their own sense of it, when they see what marvellous effect it can have even in its utmost extravagance, and how unable we are to help respecting it, in proportion to the very depth of its self-abasement. We feel that the same woman could have gone through any trial which she thought becoming a woman, of a kind such as we should all admire in the wisest and justest ages. We feel even her weakness to be her strength,—one of the wonderfullest privileges of virtue.

We are travelling, at present, far out of the proposed design of these specimens, which were intended to consist of little more than extracts, and the briefest possible summary of the author's characteristics. But the reader will pardon an occasional yielding to temptations like these. Our present number shall consist of as brief a sketch as we can give, of the successive incidents of Chaucer's story, which are managed with a skill exquisite as the feeling; and whenever we come to an irresistible Specimen, it shall be extracted.

At Saluzzo in Piedmont, under the Alps,

Down at the root of Vesulus the cold,
there reigned a feudal lord, a Marquis, who was beloved by his people, but too much given to his amusement, and an enemy of marriage; which alarmed them lest he should die childless, and leave his in-

heritance in the hands of strangers. They therefore, at last, sent him a deputation which addressed him on the subject, and he agreed to take a wife, on condition that they should respect his choice whatsoever it might fall.

Now among the poorest of the Marquis's people

There dwelt a man
Which that was holden poorest of them all,
But highé God somtyme senden can.
His grace unto a little ox's stall;
Janicola, men of that thorp him call:
A daughter had he fair enough to sight,
And Grisildis this youngé maiden hight.

Tender of age was "Grisildis" or "Grisilda" (for the poet calls her both) but she was a maiden of a thoughtful and steady nature, and as excellent a daughter as could be, thinking of nothing but her sheep, her spinning, and her "old poor father," whom she supported by her labour, and waited upon with the greatest duty and obedience.

Upon Grisild', this pooré créature,
Full often with this Marquis set his eye,
As he on hunting rode paraventure;
And when it fell that he might her espy,
He not with wanton looking of folly
His eyen cast on her, but in sad wise
Upon her cheer he would him oft avise.

The Marquis announced to his people that he had chosen a wife, and the wedding-day arrived, but nobody saw the lady; at which there was great wonder. Clothes and jewels were prepared, and the feast too; and the Marquis, with a great retinue, and accompanied by music, took his way to the village where Griselda lived.

Griselda had heard of his coming, and said to herself, that she would get her work done faster than usual, on purpose to stand at the door, like other maidens, and see the sight; but just as she was going to look out, she heard the Marquis call her, and she set down a water-pot she had in her hand, and knelt down before him with her usual steady countenance.

The Marquis asked for her father, and going in doors to him, took him by the hand, and said, with many courteous words and leave-asking, that he had come to marry his daughter. The poor man turned red, and stood abashed and quaking, but begged his lord to do as seemed good to him; and then the Marquis asked Griselda if she would have him, and vow to obey him in all things, be they what they might; and she answered trembling, but in like manner; and he led her forth and presented her to the people as his wife.

The ladies, now Griselda's attendants, took off her old peasant's clothes, not much pleased to handle them, and dressed her anew in fine clothes, so that the people hardly knew her again for her beauty.

Her hairés have they comb'd that lay untresséd
Full rudely, and with their fingers small
A coronne on her head they have ydressed,
And set her full of nouches, (1) great and small.

Thus Walter lowly, nay but royally,
Wedded with fortunate honesty,

and Griselda behaved so well, and discreetly, and behaved so kindly to everyone, making up disputes, and speaking such gentle and sensible words,

And couldé so the people's heart embrace,
That each her lov'th that looketh on her face.

In due time the Marchioness had a daughter, and the Marquis had always treated his consort well, and behaved like a man of sense and reflection; but now he informed her that his people were dissatisfied at his having raised her to be his wife; and, reminding her of her vow to obey him in all things, told her that she must agree to let him do with the little child whatsoever he pleased. Griselda kept her vow to the letter, not even changing countenance; and shortly afterwards an ill-looking fellow came, and took the child from her, intimating that he was to kill it. Griselda asked permission to kiss her child ere it died, and she took it in her bosom, and

1 Nouches—nuts?—buttons in that shape made of gold & jewellery?

blessed and kissed it with a sad face, and prayed the man to bury its "little body" in some place where the birds and beasts could not get it. But the man said nothing. He took the child and went his way; and the Marquis bade him carry it to the Countess of Pavia, his sister, with directions to bring it up in secret.

Griselda lived on, behaving like an excellent wife, and four years afterwards she had another child, a son, which the Marquis demanded of her, as he had done the daughter, laying his injunctions on her at the same time to be patient. Griselda said she would, adding, as a proof nevertheless what bitter feelings she had to control,

I have not had no part of children twain,
But first, sickness; and after, woe and pain.

The same "ugly sergeant" now came again, and took away the second child, carrying it like the former to Bologna; and twelve years after, to the astonishment and indignation of the poet, and the people too, but making no alteration whatsoever in the obedience of the wife, the Marquis informs her, that his subjects are dissatisfied at his having her for a wife at all, and that he had got a dispensation from the Pope to marry another, for whom she must make way, and be divorced, and return home; adding insultingly, that she might take back with her the dowry which she brought him. Woefully, but ever patiently, does Griselda consent, not, however, without a tender exclamation at the difference between her marriage day and this; and as she receives the instruction about the dowry as a hint that she is to give up her fine clothes, and resume her old ones, which she says it would be impossible to find, she makes him the following exquisite prayer and remonstancé.—If we had to write for only a certain select set of readers, never should we think of bespeaking their due reverence for a passage like the following, and its simple, primitive, and most affecting thoughts and words. But a journal must accommodate itself to the chances of perusal in all quarters, either by alteration or explanation; and, therefore, in not altering any of these words, or daring to gainsay the sacred tenderness they bring before us, we must observe, that as there is not a more pathetic passage to be found in the whole circle of human writ, so the pathos and the pure words go inseparably together, and his is the most refined heart, educated or uneducated, that receives them with the delicatest and profoundest emotion.

"My Lord, ye wot that in my father's place
Ye did me strip out of my pooré weed,

[How much, by the way, this old and more lengthened pronunciation of the word poor, pooré (French, pauvre), adds to the piteous emphasis of it.]

And richely ye clad me of your grace;
To you brought I nought elles out of drede, (2)
But faith, and nakedness, and 'womanhede';
And here again your clothing I restore,
And eke your wedding ring, for evermore.
"The remnant of your jewels ready be
Within your chamber", I dare it safely sain.
Naked out of my father's house (quoth she)
I came, and naked I must turn again.

[How beautifully is the Bible used here!]

All your pleasauncé would I follow fain;
But yet I hope it be not your intent
That I smockless out of your palace went.

"Ye could not do so dishonest a thing
That thilke (3) womb, in which your children lay,
Shouldé before the people in my walking
Be seen all bare; wherefore, I you pray,
LET ME NOT LIKE A WORM GO BY THE WAY:
Remember you, mine owen Lord so dear,
I was your wife, though I unworthy were.

"Wherefore in guerdon of my 'womanhede,'
Which that I brought and 'yet' again I bear,
As vouchésafe to give me to my need
But such a smock as I was wont to wear,
That I therewith may wrie (4) the womb of her
That was your wife. And here I take my leave
Of you, mine owen Lord, lest I you grieve."

"The smock," quoth he, "that thou hast on thy
back,
Let it be still, and bear it forth with thee."
But well unnethés (5) thilke word he spake,

2 Out of drede—without doubt.
3 Wrie—cover.

3 Thilke—this.
5 Unnethés—scarce.

But went his way for ruth and for pittie.
Before the folk herselven strippeth she,
And in her smock, with foot and head all bare,
Toward her father's house, forth is she fare.

The people follow her weeping and wailing, but she went ever as usual, with staid eyes, nor all the while did she speak a word. As to her poor father, he cursed the day he was born. And so with her father, for a space, dwelt "this flower of wifely patience," nor showed any sense of offence, nor remembrance of her high estate.

At length arrives news of the coming of the new Marchioness, with such array of pomp as had never been seen in all Lombardy; and the Marquis, who has, in the meantime, sent to Bologna for his son and daughter, once more desires Griselda to come to him, and tells her, that as he has not women enough in his household to wait upon his new wife, and set everything in order for her, he must request her to do it; which she does, with all ready obedience, and then goes forth with the rest, to meet the new lady. At dinner, the Marquis again calls her, and asks her what she thinks of his choice. She commends it heartily, and prays God to give him prosperity; only adding, that she hopes he will not try the nature of so young a creature as he tried hers, since she has been brought up more tenderly, and perhaps could not bear it.

And when this Walter saw her patience,
Her gladdé cheer, and no malice at all,
And he so often had her done offence,
And she aye sad (6) and constant as a wall,
Continuing aye her innocence over all,
This sturdy marquis 'gan his heart dress
To rue upon her wifely steadfastness.

He gathers her in his arms, and kisses her; but she takes no heed of it, out of astonishment, nor hears anything he says; upon which he exclaims, that as sure as Christ died for him, she is his wife, and he will have no other, nor ever had;—and with that, he introduces his supposed bride to her as her own daughter, with his son by her side; and Griselda, overcome at last, faints away.

When she this heard, aswoon'd down she falleth
For piteous joy; and after her swooning
She both her youngé children to her calleth,
And in her arms, piteously weeping,
Embrace them, and tenderly kissing
Full like a mother, with her salté tears
She bathed both their visage and their hairs.

O, which a piteous thing it was to see
Her swooning, and her humble voice to hear!
"Grand mercy! Lord, God thank it you (quoth she)

That ye have savéd me my children dear:
Now reck (7) I never to be dead right here,
Since I stand in your love and in your grace,
No force of death, (8) nor when my spirit pace.

"O tender, O dear, O youngé children mine!
Your woful mother weened steadfastly
That cruel houndés or some foul vermin
Had eaten you; but God of his mercy
And your benigné father tenderly
Hath done you keep;" and in that samé stound
All suddenly she swapp'd adown to ground.

And in her swoon so sadly holdeth she
Her children two, when she 'gan them embrace,
That with great slaight and great difficulty
The children from her arm they 'gan arrace. (9)
O! many a tear on many a piteous face
Down ran of them that stoodén her beside;
Unnethe aboutén her might they abide.

That is, they could scarcely remain to look at her, or stand still.—And so, with feasting and joy, ends this divine, cruel story of Patient Griselda; the happiness of which is superior to the pain, not only because it ends so well, but because there is ever present in it, like that of a saint in a picture, the sweet, sad face of the fortitude of woman.

6—Sad—composed in manner—unaltered.

7—Reck—care. 8. No force of death—no matter for death.

9—Arrace—(French, *arracher*) pluck.

—The worst mistake of morbid feelings is supposing one's own individual fate harder than any other in the world.—*The Wife*.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXVII.—SANDY WRIGHT, AND THE PUIR ORPSON.

(Abridged from Mr Miller's 'Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland'.)

EARLY in the month of April 1734, three Cromarty boatmen, connected with the Custom house, were journeying along the miserable road which at this period winded along between the capital of the Highlands, and that of the kingdom. They had already travelled since morning more than thirty miles through the wild Highlands of Inverness-shire, and were now toiling along the steep side of an uninhabited valley of Badenoch.

The gloom of evening, deepened by a coming snow storm, was closing round them as they entered one of the wildest recesses of the valley, an immense precipitous hollow, scooped out of the side of one of the hills: the wind began to howl through the cliffs, and the thickening flakes of snow to beat against their faces. The house in which they were to pass the night was still ten miles away. "It will be a terrible night, lads, in the Moray frith," said the foremost traveller, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-looking man of about five feet eight; "I would ill like to have to beat up through the drift along the rough shores of Cadboll. It was in just such a night as this, ten year ago, that old Walter Hogg went down in the Red Sally." "It will be as terrible a night, I'm feared, just where we are, in the black strath of Badenoch," said one of the men behind, who seemed much fatigued: "I wish we were a' safe in the clachan." "Hoot, man," said Sandy Wright, the first speaker. "It canna now be muckle mair nor sax miles afore us, an' we'll hae the tail of the glosmin for half an hour yet.—But gude save us! what's that?" he exclaimed, pointing to a little figure that seemed sitting by the side of the road, about twenty yards before him, "it's surely a fairy." The figure rose from its seat, and came up staggering, apparently from weakness, to meet them. It was a boy, scarcely more than ten years of age. "O, my puir boy," said Sandy Wright, "what can hae taken ye here in a night like this?" "I was going to Edinburgh to my friends," replied the boy; "for my mother died, and left me among the fremie: but I'm tired, and canna walk farther; and I'll be lost, I'm feared, in the yowndrift." "That ye winna, my puir bairn, if I can help it," said the boatman; "gi'e a baud o' your han'," grasping, as he spoke, the extended hand of the boy; "dinna tane heart, an' lean on me as muckle's ye can." But the poor little fellow was already exhausted, and after a vain attempt to proceed, the boatman had to carry him on his back. The storm burst out in all its fury, and the travellers half suffocated, and more than half blinded, had to grope onwards along through the rough road, still more roughened by the snow-wreaths that were gathering over it. They stopped at every fiercer blast, and turned their backs to the storm to recover breath; and every few yards they advanced, they had to stoop to the earth to ascertain the direction of their path, by catching the outline of the nearer objects between them and the sky. After many a stumble and fall, however, and many a groan and exclamation from the two boatmen behind, who were well nigh worn out, they all reached the clachan in safety, about two hours after nightfall.

The inmates were seated round an immense peat fire, placed, according to the custom of the country, in the middle of the floor. They made way for the travellers, and Sandy Wright, drawing his seat nearer the fire, began to chaff the hands and feet of the boy, who was almost insensible from cold and fatigue. "Bring us a mitchkin o' brandy here," said the boatman, "to drive out the cold fra our hearts; an' as the supper canna be ready for a while yet, get me a piece for the boy. He has had a narrow escape, puir little fellow: an' may be there's some that would miss him, lanerly as he seems. Only hear how the win' roars on the gable, an' rattles at the winnocks and the door. O! it's an awfu' night in the Moray frith!"

Sandy Wright shared with the boy his supper and his bed, and on setting out the following morning, he brought him along with him, despite the remonstrances of the other boatmen, who dreaded his proving an incumbrance. The story of the little fellow, though simple, was very affecting. His mother, a poor widow, had lived, for the five preceding years, in the vicinity of Inverness, supporting herself and her boy by her skill as a sempstress. As early as his sixth year, he had shown a predilection for reading; and with the anxious solicitude of a Scottish mother, she had wrought early and late to keep him at school. But her efforts were above her strength, and after a sore struggle of nearly four years, she at length sunk under them.

"One day," said the poor little boy, "when she was sick, two neighbour women came in, and she called me to her, and told me that when she should be dead, I would need to go to Edinburgh, for I had no friends anywhere else. Her own friends were there, she said, but they were poor, and couldna do muckle for me; and my father's friends were there too, and they were poor, and couldna do muckle for me."

wadna' own her. She told me no to be feared by the way, for that Providence kent every bit o't, and that he would make folk be kind to me. I have letters to show me the way to my mither's friends when I reach the town, for I can read and write."

Throughout the whole of the journey, Sandy Wright was as a father to him. He shared with him his meals and his bed, and usually for the last half dozen miles of every stage, he carried him on his back. On reaching the Queensferry, however, the boatman found that his money was well nigh expended. I must just try and get him across, thought he, without paying the fare. Sandy Wright does so, with much difficulty. "An' now my boy," said he, as they reached the head of what is now Leith walk, "I hae business to do at the Custom-house, an' some money to get: but I must first try and find out your friends for ye. Look at your letters, and tell me the street an' the number where they put up."—The boy untied his little bundle, and named some place in the vicinity of the Grassmarket, and in a few minutes they were both walking up the High street.

"O, yonder's my aunt," exclaimed the boy, to a young woman who was coming down the street, "yonder's my mither's sister:" and away he sprang to meet her. She immediately recognised and welcomed him, and he introduced the boatman to her, as the kind friend who had rescued him from the snow-storm and the ferryman. She related, in a few words, the story of the boy's parents. His father had been a dissipated young man, of good family, whose follies had separated him from his friends; and the difference he had rendered irreconcilable by marrying a low-born, but industrious and virtuous young woman, who, despite of her birth, was deserving of a better husband. "Two of his brothers," said the woman, "who are gentlemen of the law, were lately inquiring about the boy, and will, I hope, interest themselves in his behalf." In this hope the boatman cordially joined. "An' now, my boy," said he, as he bid him farewell, "I have just one groat left yet:—here it is; better in your pocket than wi' the gruff carle at the ferry. It's an honest groat, any how, an' I'm sure I wish it luck."

Fifteen years elapsed before Sandy Wright again visited Edinburgh. He had quitted it a robust, powerful man of forty-seven, and he returned to it a gray-headed old man of sixty-five. His humble fortunes too, were sadly in the wane. His son William, a gallant young fellow, who had risen in a few years on the score of merit alone, from the fore-castle to a lieutenantcy, had headed, under Admiral Vernon, some desperate enterprise, from which he never returned; and the boatman himself, when on the eve of retiring on a small pension from his long service in the custom-house, was dismissed without a shilling, on the charge of having connived at the escape of a smuggler. He was slightly acquainted with one of the inferior clerks in the Edinburgh custom-house, and in the slender hope that this person might use his influence in his behalf, and that that influence might prove powerful enough to get him reinstated, he had now travelled from Cromarty to Edinburgh, a weary journey of near two hundred miles. He had visited the clerk, who had given him scarcely any encouragement, and he was now waiting for him in a street near George's square, where he had promised to meet him in less than half-an-hour. But more than two hours had elapsed, and Sandy Wright, fatigued and melancholy, was sauntering slowly along the street, musing on his altered circumstances, when a gentleman, who had passed him with the quick, hurried step of a person engaged in business, stopped abruptly a few yards away, and returning at a much slower pace, eyed him steadfastly as he repassed. He again came forward and stood. "Are you not Mr Wright?" he enquired. "My name, sir, is Sandy Wright," said the boatman, touching his bonnet. The face of the stranger glowed with pleasure, and grasping him by the hand, "Oh, my good, kind friend, Sandy Wright!" he exclaimed, "often, often have I enquired after you, but no one could tell me where you resided, or whether you were living or dead. Come along with me: my house is in the next square. What! not remember me! ah, but it will be ill with me when I cease to remember you. I am Hamilton, an advocate—but you will scarcely know me as that."

The boatman accompanied him to an elegant house in George's square, and was ushered into a splendid apartment, where sat a young lady engaged in reading. "Who of all the world have I found," said the advocate to the lady, "but good Sandy Wright, the kind brave man who rescued me when perishing in the snow, and who was so true a friend to me when I had no friend besides." The lady welcomed the boatman with one of her most fascinating smiles, and held out her hand. "How happy I am," she said, "that we should have met with you. Often has Mr Hamilton told me of your kindness to him, and regretted that he should have no opportunity of acknowledging it." The boatman made one of his best bows, but he had no words for so fine a lady.

The advocate enquired kindly after his concerns, and was told of his dismissal from the Custom House, and made application on his behalf, keeping him in the meantime in his house, and treating him with the attentions of a son, in which he was joined by his lovely wife.

A fortnight passed away very agreeably to the boatman; but at length he began to weary sadly of what he termed the life of a gentleman. He sighed after his little smoky cottage, and the "puir auld wife." "Just remain with us one week longer," said the advocate, "and I shall learn in that time the result of my application. You are not now quite so active a man as when you carried me ten miles through the snow, and frightened the tall ferryman, and so I shall secure for you a passage in one of the Leith traders." In a few days after, the advocate entered the apartment, his eyes beaming with pleasure, and a packet in his hand. "This is from London," he said, as he handed it to his lady. "It intimates to us that one Alexander Wright, a custom-house boatman, is to retire from the service on a pension of twenty pounds per annum."

But why dwell longer on the story? Sandy Wright parted from his kind friends, and returned to Cromarty where he died in the spring of 1789, in the eighty-second year of his age. "Folk hae aye to learn," he used to say, "an for my own part, I was a sixty-year old scholar afore I kent the meaning of the verse, 'Cast thy bread on the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.'"

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

BARROW, THE CELEBRATED MATHEMATICIAN AND DIVINE.

THE sermons of this excellent man and accomplished scholar are still in great estimation. Many a time have we heard them read in our childhood, but we cannot speak to them from later knowledge. The humour and address manifested in the famous dialogue with Lord Rochester, here given, are exquisite:—

"Barrow (his biographers tell us) was low of stature, lean, and of a pale complexion, and negligent of his dress to a fault; of extraordinary strength, a thin skin, and very sensible of cold; his eyes grey, clear and somewhat short-sighted; his hair, a light brown, very fine, and curling. He was of a healthy constitution, very fond of tobacco, which he used to call his panpharmakon or universal medicine, and imagined it helped to compose and regulate his thoughts. If he was guilty of any intemperance, it seemed to be in the love of fruit, which he thought was very salutary. He slept little, generally rising in the winter months before day. His conduct and behaviour were truly amiable; he was always ready to assist others, open and communicative in his conversation, in which he generally spoke to the importance, as well as truth, of any question proposed; facetious in his talk upon fit occasions, and skilful to accommodate his discourse to different capacities; of indefatigable industry in various studies, clear judgment on all argument, and steady virtue under all difficulties; of a calm temper in factious times, and of large charity in mean estate; he was easy and contented with a scanty fortune, and with the same decency and moderation maintained his character under the temptations of prosperity.

"Several good anecdotes are told of Barrow, as well of his great integrity, as of his wit, and bold intrepid spirit and strength of body. His early attachment to fighting, when a boy, is some indication of the latter; to which may be added the two following anecdotes: in his voyage between Leghorn and Smyrna, already noticed, the ship was attacked by an Algerine pirate, which, after a stout resistance, they compelled to sheer off, Barrow keeping his post at the gun assigned him to the last. And when Dr Pope in their conversation asked him 'Why he did not go down into the hold, and leave the defence of the ship to those to whom it did belong?' he replied, 'It concerned no man more than myself: I would rather have lost my life, than to have fallen into the hands of those merciless infidels.'

"There is another anecdote told of him, which showed not only his intrepidity, but an uncommon goodness of disposition, in circumstances where an ordinary share of it would have been probably extinguished. Being once on a visit at a gentleman's house in the country, where the necessary was at the end of a long garden, and consequently at a great distance from the room where he lodged; as he was going to it before day, for he was a very early riser, a fierce mastiff, that used to be chained up all day, and let loose at night for the security of the house, perceiving a strange person in the garden at that unusual time, set upon him with great fury. The Doctor caught him by the throat, grappled with him, and, throwing him down, lay upon him; once he had a mind to kill him; but he altered his resolution on recollecting that this would be unjust, since the dog did only his duty, and he himself was in fault for rambling out of his room before it was light. At length he called out so loud, that he was heard by

some of the family, who came presently out, and freed the Doctor and the dog from the danger they both had been in.

"Among other instances of his wit and vivacity, they relate the following rencontre between him and the profligate Lord Rochester. These two meeting one day at court, while the Doctor was King's Chaplain in ordinary, Rochester, thinking to banter him, with a flippant air and a low formal bow, accosted him with, 'Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie.' Barrow, perceiving his drift, returned the salute with, 'My Lord, I am yours to the ground.' Rochester on this, improving his blow, quickly returned it with, 'Doctor, I am yours to the centre;' which was as smartly followed up by Barrow with, 'My Lord, I am yours to the antipodes.' Upon which, Rochester, disdaining to be foiled by a musty old piece of divinity, as he used to call him, exclaimed, 'Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell;' upon which, Barrow, turning upon his heel, with a sarcastic smile, archly replied, 'There, my Lord, I leave you.'

LANGUAGE AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your zeal to maintain the purity of our language is my motive in writing to you. Yet I would rather any other should undertake the business, because nine in ten will honestly think me fantastical in my ideas on this subject; and the tenth, who does not think it, will politely acquiesce in their opinion; people are grown so candid, so open to conviction, so averse to dissent, so shy and coy with one person, so modest with the multitude. In my *Imaginary Conversations* I have been censured, I hear, for attempts at innovation in orthography. I never defend myself. I never answer, and seldom know of any remark against me; but I may vindicate the wisdom of my betters. I am unconscious that I have presumed to innovate in a single instance. I have followed my leaders at due distance through their grander scenery, setting up, at my own expense, a cross in those places where the traveller was likely to go astray, and more significantly where wanton violence had been committed against analogy.

At the Restoration of Charles II., something disorderly and slovenly was thought necessary to distinguish the man of fashion. Even the interjections were novel and affected. Whoever looks into the comedies of those times will discover at once the full meaning of this observation. Waller and indeed Cowley bore upon them some of the plague-spots in the general corruption; yet they appear to have been indifferent to the treatment their orthography was to experience from the press. Milton, and Jonson, and Spenser, were more solicitous about it. Spenser was not followed as an authority, because it was believed that he always wrote in the language of an earlier age,—which is not true; nor Milton and Jonson, because they were thought scholastic and pedantic. The reigns of William and Anne have been celebrated for the purification of our literature. I have not been able to discover any accession of strength or grace. What is beautiful in Addison and Steele exists not in the language itself, but in that which the language conveys. They are less correct, less fluent, less forcible, and less varied, than Dryden and than Cowley. Throughout the reigns of the two first Georges, innovation in the manners of men and the style of authors, was continued. Nobody wished to be thought a writer by profession: and those who wrote for their bread, ate it with more contentment and complacency for having displayed what appeared to them the carelessness of gentlemen. But carelessness is just as inconsistent with good breeding as with good writing: they rather incline to the opposite extreme, fastidiousness. A rare instance of propriety, in regard to style, was exhibited by Daniel de Foe. His powerful genius left him alone with Nature. I know not whether any human work is likely to produce so great an effect on the formation of character as 'Robinson Crusoe;' and the 'History of the Plague in London' is the only piece of history that the moderns can oppose to the ancients. It is deplorable that so mighty a mind should have been compelled by poverty to enter the ranks of party; and that the wisest minister who hath ever presided over the counsels of England should have undertaken the office of Paymaster

General to perverted pens. But, if Walpole gave sometimes to the unworthy, never has the obloquy been cast against him of turning the royal bounty from the worthy into the craws of domestic cravers. Totally free from the stupidity of pride, he had too much within him to be arrogant, and was too clear-sighted to be selfish; nevertheless, he left behind him a large fortune, and a name for political sagacity that will increase in proportion to the capacity of men for comprehending it. At present, it appears to be half covered by the mischievous gang of Lilliputians, partly under his own banners, and partly under his adversary's.

Is somebody pulling my skirts? Yes; and whispers that I am wandering from my proper object. It is Daniel de Foe! What says he? Believe me, sir, he has been entreating me to mention him in particular, lest he should be mistaken for Confucius. He tells me that the 'x' in his name is the very last thing belonging to him. He then adds, "and pray, out of christian charity, throw in a word for poor Robinson Crusoe." Amid all his mishaps, never "was he in more imminent danger."

Let us try, sir, what we can do. The artificial flowers are removed from the chimney-piece: let us bring fresh ones from the garden and the field. We have swept into another room the frippery of Gibbon, the inflexible plush that overloaded the distorted muscles of Johnson, and the broken trinkets, the inextricable inanities, the ancient dust and recent cobweb, of Harris and Monboddo. We come again into the open air and see Old England all around us. Thanks to Goldsmith! thanks to Southey! thanks in the highest Heavens to Charles Lamb! The *Essays of Elia* will afford a greater portion of pure delight to the intellectual and the virtuous, to all who look into the human heart for what is good and graceful in it, whether near the surface or below, than any other two prose volumes, modern or ancient. Deep as was the reading of Charles Lamb in the list of our early writers, and warm as was his admiration of them, he could not be unaware that a reference to them on many occasions might improve our style, and in some correct our orthography. For myself, since I cannot be a reformer, I would fain be a conservative. Now do not imagine, my dear sir, that you are hearing any well-known voice at Westminster; here I am, under Fiesole; yet even here my country, and particularly the best part of her, the language, interests me deeply. In my scanty reading, for scanty it has truly been of late, I find innovations in the spelling which displease me. Our authors appear to have left it entirely at the mercy of those who by more than courtesy, are called *Printer's Devils*. The printers, I know not whether with any exception, surely have hired the idlest, the most ignorant, and the most presumptuous, for an office which requires accuracy, fidelity, and patience. This is not the case, I believe, in any other country. It is well when the errors of the press lead only to nonsense; generally they give sense perverted, sense different from the author's. I have remarked that we are more prodigal of our commas than other nations are, and that we always hedge round with them *perhaps, indeed, &c.* I find in all new books the word *was* printed *wo*. We have ceased to have *toes* for many years, otherwise they too would be sadly cramped and curtailed.

Wishing you a fair riddance of all your *fo's*,

I am, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ATTENTION to our friend THOS. D.

Thanks to ARGUS; but does he not confound the two words, *parental* and *paternal*?

The wishes of Mr L. and Mr R. H. have been complied with.

The MS. of Mr J. F. shall be attended to.

In answer to two friendly readers, who have written to us respecting the merits of the late amiable Kirke White, we will refresh our acquaintance with his poems, and see whether we ought not to rate him higher than our memory had led us to do; for we had not forgotten him among the births that do honor to the blue-vested trade.

We shall at any time be glad to hear from Mr G. J. M., especially as an observer of his philosophic turn will not take it amiss, that in consequence of the overflow of matter under our new system, we must request him to be as brief in his communications as may not do them injustice.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

NEW SHAKSPEARIANA.

New Facts Regarding the Life of Shakspeare. By J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. 8vo. Rodd. pp. 55.

It is, as has been remarked, one of the strongest proofs of the high, and especially of the essentially dramatic, nature of Shakspeare's genius, that in all his poetry he has told us so little of himself. Speaking of the proofs or promises of genius furnished by his earliest productions, Coleridge says ('*Biographia Literaria*,' vol. ii.), "I have found that where the subject is taken immediately from the author's personal sensations and experiences, the excellence of a particular poem is but an equivocal mark, and often a fallacious pledge, of genuine poetic power. We may perhaps remember the tale of the statuery, who had acquired considerable reputation for the legs of his goddesses, though the rest of the statue accorded but indifferently with ideal beauty; till his wife, elated by her husband's praises, modestly acknowledged that she herself had been his constant model. In the *Venus and Adonis*, this proof of poetic power exists even to excess. It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more inventive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement, which had resulted only from the energetic fervour of his own spirit in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and so profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured from these poems, that even then, the great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him." It is indeed this power of wholly forgetting and going out of himself, that constitutes the dramatist's distinguishing attribute. His very business is to cast off altogether his own feelings and passions, that he may successively enter into, and clothe himself with those of each character he brings upon the scene. For want of this power several writers of high poetical genius have either entirely failed as dramatists, or have only succeeded on the very narrow ground which the drama affords to the display of that egotistical propensity which is often the soul of other poetry. Milton and Byron may be mentioned as two remarkable examples. 'Both have written dramas; but of Milton's two, the '*Comus*' is merely a beautiful poem in dialogue, with almost nothing of the true dramatic character, and the '*Sampson Agonistes*' derives its chief inspiration from the principal personage being in fact the representative of the author himself. The tone even of Milton's epic poetry is throughout egotistical, that is to say, it constantly keeps you in recollection of the mighty writer as an individual; and in this respect it is strikingly contrasted with what (if we might take the liberty to coin a word) we would call the universalism of the Homeric poetry, in reading which the human artist is never thought of, but everything sounds like the voice of nature herself. There are some admirable observations upon this subject in the '*Specimens of Coleridge's Table Talk*' lately published. Byron, again, we need not remark, has in everything that he has written, by whatever name he calls it, drawn only one character—himself. He has presented sometimes one part of it, indeed, and sometimes another—and from this fragmentary delineation he has contrived to produce an outside semblance of variety; but the variety is really nothing more than the result of the writer's incapacity to present at any one time a complete whole. Shakspeare, for instance, would have given us '*Childe Harold*' and '*Don Juan*' in one; but that Byron could not do. He had so little of the peculiar dramatic faculty that, so far from being able to go out of himself into another being, he could not easily and

naturally pass from one to another of the phases of his own single character, and so comprehend and exhibit the whole in one picture. The drama is the highest region of poetry principally because it demands in the highest degree the exercise of this peculiar faculty, itself again plainly the highest exercise of the imagination, since it implies the most entire escape from and triumph over all the impediments of materialism and selfishness. But it requires to be united to other powers in order to form the great dramatist—to passion, to sensibility, to subtle apprehension of character and of the secret springs of conduct and events, in short, to that very intenseness of sympathy with all things human which would seem to be the thing of all others the most remote from its own spirituality and detachment from the bonds of personality and clay. It is the difficulty of this combination that makes the great dramatic poet the rarest and greatest of all poets.

Shakspeare has not only told us nothing of himself; so thoroughly dramatic, (that is, indifferent to self) was the character of his mind and nature, that he has not even left us the ordinary means of inferring or conjecturing the facts of his history. Of his wonderful works, after they had been produced, he seems to have taken no more care or thought than mother earth herself does of the herbage and flowers that spring from her bosom, and which she leaves to wither and die where they sprang. Had it depended upon himself, this, the most extraordinary man that ever lived, would actually have left the earth without leaving behind him any memorial of his existence. To others we are indebted for gathering up a few of those Sibylline leaves which he was wont to scatter around him to the winds. Even as it is, we cannot satisfactorily ascertain the time and the order of the appearance of those productions which we now place at the head of the world's literature. We have no text of any one of them which we are sure that the author himself revised as it was passing through the press. Many of them, there is every reason to believe, he never saw in print. How many others may be lost we know not. Thus, even that which makes in almost all other cases a sure portion of an author's biography, the history of his works, is, with the exception of a few conjectural and for the most part disputed dates, a blank here. And the works themselves, as we have said, precious as they are in other respects, convey not one tittle of information respecting the author. We cannot except even the *Sonnets*, at least till the mystery of their meaning be somewhat better cleared up. They rather puzzle, than inform us. Except merely his poetry, we possess nothing whatever of Shakspeare. His countenance, for instance, from the diversity of the several portraits, and the doubts that exist as to all of them, can hardly be said to be known to us. Of Milton's countenance, on the other hand, in accordance with the more egotistical character of his genius, we have representations at three or four different periods of his life, of unquestioned authenticity. Of the manuscripts of Milton, again, we have volumes; of the handwriting of Shakspeare we have not one line, save the last, probably, he ever traced, the half-illegible signatures to his will.

As for the incidents of his life, they were for the first time collected from tradition, about a century after his death, by Rowe, and to his meagre narrative, made up as it is in the greater part of what is fabulous or doubtful, scarcely anything has since been added. The chief thing that has been done by Shakspeare's more recent biographers has been to disprove or dispute what Rowe had advanced. So that now, with the exception, as we said before, of a few dates, the life of our great dramatist has been nearly all volatilized away into matter of scepticism at the best, if not of utter disbelief.

In a former work, the '*History of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage*,' Mr Collier gave to the world

several previously unknown particulars respecting Shakspeare, which he considered to rest on good evidence. He has since pursued his curious researches with great enthusiasm, and has been fortunate enough to discover a few additional facts, which he now communicates in a letter to Thomas Amyot, Esq., the Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries. Only a very limited number of copies of the letter have been printed.

The principal source of his discoveries has been the manuscript collections of Lord Ellesmere, the Keeper of the Great Seal and Lord Chancellor in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Lord Ellesmere's manuscripts are preserved at Bridgewater House; and Mr Collier was permitted to inspect them by the kindness of Lord Francis Egerton. "The Rev. H. I. Todd," he says, "had been there before me, and had classed some of the documents and correspondence; but large bundles of papers, ranging in point of date between 1581, when Lord Ellesmere was made Solicitor-General, and 1616, when he retired from the office of Lord Chancellor, remained unexplored, and it was evident that many of them had never been opened from the time when, perhaps, his own hands tied them together." Among these papers, "in a most unpromising heap," as he calls it, "chiefly of legal documents," the author found most of the new facts which he here announces. These we shall now proceed to notice in the order in which they are given.

Shakspeare, in all probability, came to London in 1586 or 1587, when he was in his twenty-second or twenty-third year. Although, however, there is reason to believe that he began to write for the stage so early as 1590 or 1591, no mention of his name in connection with the theatre had hitherto been discovered before 1596. The mention of him under that year occurs in a petition to the Privy Council, respecting the Blackfriars theatre, which was, for the first time, printed by Mr Collier in his former work. Among the Ellesmere papers, however, is a petition, addressed apparently to the Privy Council, and dated November 1589, in which Shakspeare appears as the twelfth in a list of sixteen persons, described as "all of them sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse." "This information," says the author, "seems to me to give a sufficient contradiction to the idle story of Shakspeare having commenced his career by holding horses at the playhouse door; had such been the fact, he would hardly have risen to the rank of a sharer in 1589." So that we see the present contributor of '*New facts regarding the life of Shakspeare*' must also signalise himself, like his predecessors, by demolishing so much of the biography commonly received. Although we admit, however, that this new fact is of some weight in reference to the point on which he brings it to bear—that it

"may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly,"

we do not think the reasoning quite so conclusive as Mr Collier conceives it to be. Shakspeare's rise in his profession was tolerably rapid after this, and we cannot be quite sure at what rate he may have advanced in the first instance also. In 1589, as we have seen, he was the twelfth of sixteen sharers in the theatre; in 1596, as appears by the other document printed by Mr Collier in his former work, he was the fifth of eight sharers; and, in 1608, he was second in a new patent granted by King James on his accession.

The next document which our author brings forward, is a paper which appears to have been drawn up in the course of a negotiation entered into with the Blackfriars Company by the Corporation of the City, who, after a series of unsuccessful attempts to shut up the play-house by the exercise of their municipal authority, had at last resorted to the plan of

buying up the interest of the several proprietors. This paper is an account of the claims made by the latter, and, although it seems to be without a date, is referred by Mr Collier (by inference, we suppose, from other papers found along with it), to the year 1608. One of the entries (the third) in this inventory, is as follows:—

"W. Shakspeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same play-house, 500*l.*, and for his four shares, the same as his fellows, Burbage and Fletcher; viz. 98*9*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*"*

"Hence, we learn," our author remarks, "that Shakspeare's property in the Blackfriars Theatre, including the wardrobe and properties, which were exclusively his, was estimated at more than 1400*l.* which would be equal to between 6000*l.* and 7000*l.* of our present money. Burbage was even richer, as the owner of what is called "the fee" of the play-house, and perhaps he or his father had bought the ground on which it stood, as well as the building."

"Till now, all has depended upon conjecture, both as to the value of theatrical property generally in the time of Shakspeare, and as to the particular sum he may be supposed to have realised as an author of plays, and as an actor of them. Malone "suspected that the whole clear receipt of a theatre was divided into forty shares" ('Shakspeare,' by Boswell, iii, 170), and proceeds to guess at the mode in which the money was distributed. Here we have positive proof that, at the Blackfriars at least, the profits were divided into twenty shares. Of these

Burbage had	4 shares,
Fletcher	3 shares,
Shakspeare	4 shares,
Hemmings	2 shares,
Condell	2 shares,
Taylor and Lowen	3 shares,
Four other Actors	2 shares.

"Burbage and Shakspeare, therefore, in the number of their shares, were upon equal terms: the former, as the owner of the fee, was probably paid the rent of the theatre; which I shall hereafter show, from a document of a subsequent date, was then 50*l.* per annum; and the latter, as the owner of the wardrobe and properties, no doubt obtained as large a sum for the use of them. Though they are only estimated at half the value of the fee, yet wear and tear is to be taken into the account. We are to presume that the materials for this statement were derived from the actors, and that they made out their loss as large as it could well be shown to be, with a view to gaining full compensation; but if each share produced on an average, or (to use the terms of the document) "one year with another," 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, the twenty shares would net an annual sum of 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, or somewhat less than 3,400*l.* of our present money. Shakspeare's annual income, from the receipts at the Blackfriars theatre, without the amount paid him for the use of the wardrobe and properties, would therefore be 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* It is possible, however, that there might be a deduction for his proportion of the rent to Burbage, and of the salaries to the "hired men," who were always paid by the sharers. To this income would be to be added the sums he received for either new or altered plays. At about this date it appears that from 12*l.* to 25*l.* were usually given for new dramatic productions. Much would of course depend upon the popularity of the author.

"We have a right to conclude that the Globe was at least as profitable as the Blackfriars: it was a public theatre, of larger dimensions, and the performances took place at a season when, probably, playhouses were more frequented; if not, why should they have been built so as to contain a more numerous audience? At the lowest computation, therefore, I should be inclined to put Shakspeare's yearly income at 300*l.*, or not far short of 1,500*l.* of our present money. We are to recollect that, in 1608, he had produced most of his greatest works, the plausible conjecture being, that he wrote only five or six plays between that year and his final retirement from London. In what way, and for what amount, he previously disposed of his interest in the Blackfriars and Globe theatres, it is useless to attempt to speculate."

In another document, however, which is given immediately after, we have a warning that these estimates of the value of their property, by the players themselves, are not to be implicitly relied upon. This is a report on the value of this very theatre of Blackfriars, made by the Aldermen of the Ward, and two other magistrates, in 1633, when the Privy Council entertained the plan of removing the playhouse, and of making compensation to the parties. "It seems by this document," to borrow our author's words, "that the company first put a gross sum of 16,000*l.* upon the Blackfriars theatre and its appurtenances—that, being called upon for particulars, they advanced their claim to 21,900*l.*; but that the magistrates, extraordinary as it may seem,

subsequently reduced the whole demand to only 2900*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*" The magistrates state, too, that they had made this valuation "with their (the players) own consent."

Mr Collier's next document is merely an agreement, preserved among the Fines, at the Charter-house, Westminster, between Shakspeare and one Hercules Underhill, for the purchase, in 1603, by the former from the latter, of a messuage, with barn, granary, garden, and orchard, at Stratford-upon-Avon, for 60*l.*

The next document that is produced, is, if its genuineness, and the interpretation here put upon it, could be depended on, much more curious. It is a copy of a letter (marked "Copia Vera"), signed H. S., written on half a sheet of paper, and without direction or date; "but the internal evidence it contains," says Mr Collier, "shows that, in all probability, it refers to the attempt at dislodgment, made in the year 1608; and it was in the same bundle as the paper giving a detail of the particular claims of Burbage, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and the rest."

The initials, H. S., subscribed to this letter, Mr Collier considers to be those of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the early and constant patron of Shakspeare. The letter begins, "My very honoured Lord," and certainly has the appearance of having been addressed to Lord Ellesmere, in whose hands Mr Collier thinks there can be little doubt that the original was placed by Burbage or Shakspeare, when they waited upon him together. It is a warm recommendation of the Blackfriars players to the protection and good offices of his lordship, in consequence of their being "threatened," as the writer states, "by the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the destruction of their means of livelihood, by the pulling down of their play-house, which is a private theatre, and hath never given occasion of anger by any disorders." The bearers of the letter are described as "two of the chief of the company." Of Burbage, it is said, in Shakspeare's own well-known phrase, "that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word, and the word to the action most admirably." The letter then proceeds: "The other is a man no whit less deserving favour, and my especial friend, till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English plays, which, as your lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queen Elizabeth, when the company was called upon to perform before her Majesty at court, at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Majesty King James, also, since his coming to the crown, hath extended his royal favour to the company in divers ways, and at sundry times. This other hath to name William Shakspeare, and they are both of one county, and, indeed, almost of one town; both are right famous in their qualities, though it longeth not to your lordship's gravity and wisdom to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the public ear. Their trust and suit now is, not to be molested in their way of life, whereby they maintain themselves and their wives and families (being both married, and of good reputation), as well as the widows and orphans of some of their dead fellows."

We have divested this letter of its antique spelling—and thus presented, it has to us, we confess, a most suspicious air of modern imitation. Is it possible, from the appearance of the manuscript, or the circumstances attending its discovery, that Mr Collier should, in this instance, have been deceived by a cunning forgery? Can any one have imposed upon his well-known enthusiasm, by throwing in his way another of those fabricated Shakspearian relics, by which so many of his brethren have ere now been taken in? Is it not strange, too, that a copy should have been taken of such a letter, which, whatever may be the interest attaching to it now, could scarcely, at the time when it was written, have been considered of much importance? Besides, is the signature that which Lord Southampton would have used?

Mr Collier himself, however, appears to have no doubt of the genuineness of the letter. He says, "When first I obtained permission to look through the Bridgewater MSS. in detail, I conjectured that it would

be nearly impossible to turn over so many state papers, and such a bulk of correspondence, private and official, without meeting with something illustrative of the subject to which I have devoted so many years; but I certainly never anticipated being so fortunate as to obtain particulars so new, curious, and important, regarding a poet who, above all others, ancient or modern, native or foreign, has been the object of admiration. When I took up the copy of Lord Southampton's letter, and glanced over it hastily, I could scarcely believe my eyes, to see such names as Shakspeare and Burbage in connection with a manuscript of the time. There was a remarkable coincidence, also, in the discovery, for it happened on the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth and death."

Our author's next documents are, an item in an original Entry Book of Patents and Warrants for Patents, kept by William Tutbill, "the riding clerk," containing lists of all that had passed the Great Seal, while it was in the hands of Lord Ellesmere, in 1609; and a draft, either for a patent or privy seal;—both relating to the licensing of Robert Daborne and others, "to bring up and practice children in plays, by the name of the children of the Queen's Revels, for the pleasure of her Majesty." In the draft, which is dated 4th of January 1609, Shakspeare is mentioned as the first of the three other persons whom it was proposed to associate with Daborne in this grant. Mr Collier seems to assume that it appears "on the face of the draft, that it was never carried into effect as far as regards Shakspeare;" but we must confess that we cannot perceive any evidence to that effect in the document as here given. It may, however, be true, as he afterwards remarks, that "there can be little doubt" that Shakspeare was not eventually one of Daborne's partners, "Then it may be asked," he proceeds, "how it happens that the name of Shakspeare is found in the draft? This answer may be given, and perhaps it is the true one:—That the destruction of the Blackfriars Theatre was about this date, or a very little earlier, contemplated; and that Shakspeare projected the transference of his interest, or part of it, to a different dramatic concern; because, although the Blackfriars is specifically mentioned, the words 'or elsewhere within our realm of England,' are added, so that the children of the Queen's Revels might, in fact, perform in any English Theatre. When, however, it turned out that the corporation of London could not succeed in their design of expelling the King's servants from the privileged precinct of the Blackfriars, Shakspeare might resolve, as long as he remained in London, to continue his old connexion, as we know that he did to the last."

Our author's last document relating to Shakspeare is a letter to Lord Ellesmere, from Samuel Daniel, the poet (author of 'The Civil Wars'), thanking his Lordship for his recent appointment to the office of Master of the Queen's Revels. This letter, which, like the other papers, is preserved at Bridgewater House, has no date; but, as Daniel's appointment took place on the 30th of January, 1603, it may be presumed to have been written very shortly afterwards. The writer says—"I cannot but know that I am less deserving than some that sued by other of the nobility unto her majesty for this room; if M. Drayton, my good friend, had been chosen, I should not have murmured, for sure I am he would have filled it most excellently; but it seemeth to mine humble judgment that one who is the author of plays now daily presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gains, and moreover himself an actor in the King's Company of Comedians, could not with reason pretend to be Master of the Queen's Majesty's Revels, forasmuch as he would sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his own writings. Therefore he, and more of like quality, cannot justly be disappointed, because, through your Honour's gracious interposition, the chance was haply mine."

There can be no doubt, we think, that Mr Collier is right in considering the portion of the above passage which we have printed in Italics, to refer to Shakspeare. The description, he remarks, could apply to no other person than a member of the King's Company of Players, except Shakspeare. Ben Jonson is known to have quitted the stage before the date to which the

letter must be assigned; and, besides, instead of being them "the possessor of no small gains," he appears to have been living in poverty upon one of his friends.

Such are the "new facts regarding the life of Shakspeare" with which Mr Collier has here favoured us. They are somewhat minute, it will perhaps be said; but here, to a lover of literary antiquities, the smallest accession to our previous knowledge is precious. The volume also, besides its contributions to the biography of Shakspeare, contains a great deal of curious information, which we have not been able to notice, respecting the plays, playhouses, players, and theatrical affairs generally, of the times with which it is occupied. The author, in these matters, has all the zeal of an apostle. "I shall offer no other apology," he thus addresses his brother antiquary, on concluding the detail of his discoveries, "for the length of this letter, than by saying that, if I had consulted my own inclination, I should have made it at least four times as long, by adding a great deal of other new matter relating to Shakspeare, his works, and his fellow dramatists and actors. I wish a few other people had half your knowledge of, and half your liking for such details; but perhaps, after all, you may only have a temporary escape." For our own parts, we shall be glad to hear whatever more Mr Collier may have to tell us, and that as soon as it shall suit his convenience.

MR BECKFORD'S NEW WORK.

Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha. By the Author of 'Vathek.' 1 vol. 8vo. London: Bentley.

We have been spell-bound while reading this remarkable book. We have felt as if we were in the presence of a potent magician, sneering at his own might, and yet every moment drawing wider and more impassable circles around us—every moment brightening the atmosphere on one side with more than oriental splendour, and darkening it on the other with worse than Cimmerian gloom, from which there is no possibility of escape or retreat. The relater of his own adventures, revels, and voluptuous enjoyments, stands forth at once like Solomon in his prime, at the height of pomp, pleasure, and luxury, and Solomon in old age and satiety, who has brought home the conviction to his void and desolate heart, that all these enjoyments, as everything else the beautiful world can give, are all vanity. After describing all the material luxuries of this life—the beauty and voluptuousness of women—the banquet where all the senses are gratified at the same time—the garden, grove, and bower, and the exquisite sleeping-chamber, where art and elegance have almost etherealized the grossness of corporeal enjoyments, he pauses for a moment to concentrate them all, and then turns round and sneers at them. This too, he does with a tact, a force, and an exquisiteness of language which were probably never surpassed. If that laughing devil Mephistopheles, who deceives others with the exhibition of earthly pleasures and pomp, could once be deluded by his own bait, the manner in which he would chuckle over the self-delusion might be an apt parallel to Mr Beckford's general tone of writing. He composed that wonderful eastern tale 'Vathek' in the days of his youth, drawing its dazzling and yet saddening materials from the mysterious mine of his own heart;—he has been a sort of Oriental Caliph, without the cares of a throne, ever since, and for a long time his enormous wealth allowed him to realize nearly every scene of eastern magnificence, ease, and luxury.

When Lord Byron in his introduction to 'Childe Harold,' spoke of the fulness of satiety—the Paphian girls that sang and smiled,—“the gathered revellers from far and near,”—and of “his goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,” he did very little more than draw from his imagination, for Byron was poor, and Newstead then, a bare and desolate place. But the halls of Cintra, the perfumed galleries of Mr Beckford's quinta of San José, saw, indeed, if reports speak truly, more than a realisation of what the author of 'Childe Harold' only dreamed of, or what was only a poetical exaggeration of common enough revels.

There probably never was an Englishman (we suppose the fact, seeing in what it all ended, rather in pity than in envy) who to such ample means of gratifying it, united such a gusto, or what we may call such a genius for the enjoyment of pleasure. Apart from the more sordid gratifications, he loved and relished everything that was material and beautiful—the works of art, the works of nature, pictures and statues, flowers, trees, and gliding streams; but he loved all these things as a voluptuary, and glowed in the presence of lovely woods and rivers as if they were blooming hamadryades, or exquisitely delicate Naiads, whom he could fold in his arms and transfer to his own harem. But if this was voluptuousness, it was the very sublimity and perfection of the thing, and the fineness and fastidiousness of Mr Beckford's taste would have made him expire under a week's probation of the life led by young men of pleasure, commonly so called. We believe it is *Boniface* in the 'Beaux's Stratagem,' who, in speaking of a country squire of a century and a half ago, says, "Oh! he is a man of pleasure! he will smoke his pipe twelve hours at a time, and drink strong ale by the gallons!" As this squire stood at about the lowest point of a refined luxury, so did Mr Beckford stand at about the very highest. We will not take upon ourselves to determine which of the two might have the more egotistical heart, but Mr B.'s egotism is certainly as strongly displayed in the volume before us, as it was in his 'Travels in Spain, Portugal and Italy,' which we reviewed last year. Both these books are highly characteristic of the man, and both little more than variations upon the original theme, and a filling up of the half-angelic, half-demoniac harmony of the 'Caliph Vathek,' in which tale the way to hell lies over a mosaic pavement of luxuries and sneers, pleasures and sarcasms, and people move about in the hall of audience of his infernal majesty, as if they were in very good company, smiling and as much at their ease as courtiers at a merely mortal king's levée—only every man among them has his hand in his left breast, and underneath that hand his heart is burning with unquenchable fire.

We are sure nobody will take up the brief volume now more immediately under our notice without reading it to the end, or being haunted by its recollection long after reading it.

We need not point out the obvious moral our readers may derive from it, but, recommending it to their perusal, we will endeavour to give them some idea of the contents of the volume.

Being at Lisbon in the month of June of the year 1794 (*ahen! fugaces!* just forty-one years ago) Mr Beckford was warmly recommended to pay a visit to the monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, by the prince regent of Portugal, who appointed two voluptuous dignitaries of the church, the grand prior of Avis, and the prior of St Vincent's, to be his conductors and companions. Accordingly at an early day, this well assorted trio set out on their journey, from Beckford's quinta or villa of San José, travelling in *dormousses* or the most convenient of carriages, and taking with them a complete army of attendants, most conspicuous among whom were the admirable, the divine Monsieur Simon, the English Caliph's French cook, Franchi, his confidant and pianofortist, and Ehrhart, his physician, who was to cure indigestions and mend broken bones, should any of the latter occur in traversing the rough roads of the interior.

High-bred led-horses for the saddle, both Arabian and English, followed close in the rear, and Franchi's well-packed and well-tuned piano went with him wherever he went. His companions, the rosy friars, though enormously rich for Portuguese, were poor compared with "England's wealthiest son;" yet did they almost rival him in the stateliness and completeness of their travelling appointments.

"As my right reverend companions had arranged not to renounce one atom of their habitual comforts and conveniences, and to take with them their confidential acolytes and secretaries, as well as some of their favourite quadrupeds, we had in the train of the latter-mentioned animals a rare rabble of grooms, ferradors, and mule-drivers. To these, my usual followers being added, we formed altogether a caravan which,

camels and dromedaries excepted, would have cut no despicable figure even on the route of Mecca or Mesched-Ali!

A page or two farther on Mr Beckford gives other details as to the plan of his luxurious journey—a plan which seems to have been adhered to with admirable precision.

"We were to proceed, or rather creep along, by short and facile stages; stopping to dine, and sup, and repose, as delectably as in the most commodious of homes. Everything that could be thought of, or even dreamed of, for our convenience or relaxation, was to be carried in our train, and nothing left behind but Care and Sorrow; two spectres, who, had they dared to mount on our shoulders, would have been driven off with a high hand by the Prior of St Vincent's, than whom a more delightful companion never existed since the days of those polished and gifted canons and cardinals who formed such a galaxy of talent and facetiousness round Leo the Tenth."

In this manner, eating and drinking of the best, reposing in the coolest and most picturesque spots, and taking their fill of every pleasure, this Anacreontic party, in four days, contrived to reach the regal monastery of Alcobaca, the burying-place of the ancient Kings of Portugal, where Pedro, surnamed the Just, after having indulged his grief and revenge almost beyond mortal limits, interred his beautiful wife Inez, who had been murdered by his father's orders. The gloom of these old recollections did not overcloud the arrival of our travellers.

"The first sight of this regal monastery is very imposing; and the picturesque, well-wooded and well-watered village, out of the quiet bosom of which it appears to rise, relieves the mind from a sense of oppression the huge domineering bulk of the conventual buildings inspires.

"We had no sooner hove in sight, and we loomed large, than a most tremendous ring of bells of extraordinary power announced our speedy arrival. A special aviso, or broad hint from the secretary of state, recommending these magnificent monks to receive the Grand Prior and his companions with peculiar graciousness, the whole community, including fathers, friars, and subordinates, at least four hundred strong, were drawn up in grand spiritual array on the vast platform before the monastery to bid us welcome. At their head the Abbot himself, in his costume of High Almoner of Portugal, advanced to give us a cordial embrace.

"It was quite delectable to witness with what coolings and comfortings the Lord Abbot of Alcobaca greeted his right reverend brethren of Avis and St Vincent's—turtle-doves were never more fondlesome, at least in outward appearance. Preceded by these three graces of holiness, I entered the spacious, massive, and somewhat austere Saxon-looking church. All was gloom, except where the perpetual lamps burning before the high altar diffused a light most solemn and religious—(inferior twinkles from side chapels and chantries are not worth mentioning). To this altar my high clerical conductors repaired, whilst the full harmonious tones of several stately organs, accompanied by the choir, proclaimed that they were in the act of adoring the real Presence.

"Whilst these devout prostrations were performing, I lost not a moment in visiting the sepulchral chapel, where lie interred Pedro the Just and his beloved Inez. The light which reached this solemn recess of a most solemn edifice was so subdued and hazy, that I could hardly distinguish the elaborate sculpture of the tomb, which reminded me, both as to design and execution, of the Beauchamp monument at Warwick, so rich in fretwork and imagery.

"Just as I was giving way to the effecting reveries which such an object could not fail of exciting in a bosom the least susceptible of romantic impressions, in came the Grand Priors hand in hand, all three together. 'To the kitchen,' said they in perfect unison,—'to the kitchen, and that immediately; you will then judge whether we have been wanting in zeal to regale you.'

"Such a summons, so conveyed, was irresistible; the three prelates led the way to, I verily believe, the most distinguished temple of gluttony in all Europe. What Glastonbury may have been in its palmy state, I cannot answer; but my eyes never beheld in any modern convent of France, Italy, or Germany, such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly-groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivolet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish. On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into an hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.

"My servants, and those of their reverend excellen-

cies the two Priors, were standing by in the full glee of witnessing these hospitable preparations, as well pleased, and as much flushed, as if they had been just returned from assisting at the marriage at Cana in Galilee. "There," said the Lord Abbot, "we shall not starve: God's bounties are great, it is fit we should enjoy them." (By the bye, I thought this allegro, contrasted with the pensive of scarecrow convents, quite delightful.)—"An hour hence supper will be ready," continued the Lord Abbot; "in the meanwhile, let me conduct you to your apartment."

We cannot venture to quote the description of the monastic feasting and banqueting which followed in the splendid saloon, which was "covered with pictures, and lighted up by a profusion of wax-torches, in sconces of silver." It would be a tantalizing or an insulting of those who are condemned to plain beef and mutton. So thoroughly had these monks of Alcobaca refined on the art of ingeniously gormandizing, that they did not take their dessert in the same saloon where they ate their dinners. The extract which follows is curious in more ways than one:

"Confectionery and fruits were out of the question here; they awaited us in an adjoining still more spacious and sumptuous apartment, to which we retired from the effluvia of viands and sauces.

"In this apartment we found Franchi and the Grand Prior of Aviz's secretary, the Prior of St Vincent's acolyte, and ten or twelve principal personages of the neighbourhood, most eager to enjoy a stare at the stranger whom their lordly Abbot delighted to honour. The table being removed, four good-looking novices, lads of fifteen or sixteen, demure even to primness, came in, bearing cassioles of Goa filigree, steaming with a fragrant vapour of Calambac, the finest quality of wood of aloes.

"This pleasing ceremony performed, the saloon was cleared out as if for dancing. I flattered myself we were going to be favoured with a bolero, fandango, or perhaps the fofa itself,—a dance as decent as the ballets exhibited for the recreation of Muley Liezit, his most exemplary Marrochese Majesty. A crowd of clarionet and guitar players, dressed in silk dominoes like the serenaders in Italian burlettas, followed by a posse of young monks and young gentlemen in secular dresses as stiff as buckram, began an endless succession of the most decorous and tiresome minuets I ever witnessed, ten times longer, and alas! ten times less ridiculous, than even the long minuet at Bath.

"Tired to death of remaining motionless, and desirous of exhibiting something a little out of the common way, I gently hinted a wish to dance, and that I should have no objection were one of the three right reverend Priors to take me out. It would not do—they kept their state. Yawning piteously, I longed for the hour when it should become lawful to retire to bed; which I did right gladly when the blessed hour came, after good-nighting and being good-nighted with another round of ceremony."

The narrative of the time spent in this remarkable monastery, strikingly exhibits the author's inimitable vein of description, his humour, taste, and his passion for objects of *virtu*, and is well worthy of repeated perusal.

From Alcobaca the party travelled in the same pompous and luxurious manner to Batalha, another celebrated but much poorer monastery, at the distance of an easy day's journey; during which they all drank copiously of the wine of Aljubarota, "the perfumed, ethereal, divine Aljubarota!" compared with which Monsieur Simon swore the Clos de Vougeot of France was mere ditch-water. It was a fine moonlight night when they arrived in front of Batalha, within whose walls, among other illustrious dead, repose John the first of Portugal and his generous-hearted wife, Philippa—"linked hand in hand in death, as fondly as they were in life."

"My eyes being fairly open, I beheld a quiet solitary vale, bordered by shrubby hills; a few huts, and but a few, peeping out of dense masses of foliage; and high above their almost level surface, the great church, with its rich cluster of abbatial buildings, buttresses, and pinnacles, and fretted spires, towering in all their pride, and marking the ground with deep shadows that appeared interminable, so full and so wide were they stretched along. Lights glimmered here and there in various parts of the edifice; but a strong glare of torches pointed out its principal entrance, where stood the whole community waiting to receive us.

"Whilst our sumpter-mules were unloading, and ham and pies and sausages were rolling out of plethoric hampers, I thought these poor monks looked on rather enviously. My more fortunate companions—no wretched cadets of the mortification family, but the

true elder sons of fat mother church—could hardly conceal their sneers of conscious superiority. A contrast so strongly marked amused me not a little.

"The space before the entrance being narrow, there was some difficulty in threading our way through a labyrinth of panniers, and coffers, and baggage,—and mules, as obstinate as their drunken drivers, which is saying a great deal, and all our grooms, lackeys, and attendants, half asleep, half muddled.

"The Batalha Prior and his assistants looked quite astounded when they saw a gauze-curtained bed, and the Grand Prior's fringed pillow, and the Prior of St Vincent's superb cover-lid, and basins, and jewels, and other utensils of glittering silver, being carried in. Poor souls! they hardly knew what to do, to say, or be at—one running to the right, another to the left—one tucking up his flowing garments to run faster, and another rebuking him for such a deviation from monastic decorum.

"At length, order being somewhat established, and some fine painted wax tapers, which were just unpacked, lighted, we were ushered into a large plain chamber, and the heads of the order presented by the humble Prior of Batalha to their superior mightinesses of San Vicente and Aviz. Then followed a good deal of gossiping, endless compliments, still longer litanies, and an enormous supper.

"One of the monks who partook of it, though almost bent double with age, played his part in excellent style. Animated by ample potations of the very best Aljubarota that ever grew, and which we had taken the provident care to bring with us, he exclaimed lustily, 'Well, this is as it should be—rare doings! such as we have not witnessed at Batalha since a certain progress that great king, John the Fifth, made hither more than half a century ago. I remember every circumstance attending it as clearly as though it had taken place last week. But only think of the atrocious impudence of the gout! His blessed Majesty had hardly sat down to a banquet ten times finer than this, before that accursed malady, patronized by all the devils in hell, thrust its fangs into his toe. I was at that period in the commencement of my novitiate; a handsome lad enough, and had the much-envied honour of laying a cloth of gold cushion under the august feet of our glorious sovereign. No sooner had the extremities of his royal person come in contact with the stiff embroidery, than he roared out as a mere mortal would have done, and looked as black as a thunder-storm; but soon recovering his most happy benign temper, gave me a rouleau of fine, bright, golden coin, and a tap on the head—ay, on this once comely, now poor old shrivelled head. Oh, he was a gracious, open-hearted, glorious monarch,—the very King of Diamonds, and Lord of Hearts! Oh, he is in Heaven, in Heaven above! as sure—ay, as sure as I drink your health, most esteemed stranger.'

"So saying, he drained a huge silver goblet to the last drop, and falling back in his chair, was carried out, chair and all, weeping, puling, and worse than drivelling, with such maudlin tenderness that he actually marked his track with a flow of liquid sorrows."

That night our caliph was not disposed to sleep: a jumble of ideas and recollections fermented in his brain, springing, in part, from the indignant feelings which Donna Francesca's fervour for the monk of Alcobaca, and her coolness for himself, had inspired. Owing to this wakefulness, he heard something which strikingly contrasted with the maudling of the drunken friar at the supper-table.

"Seating myself in the deep recess of a capacious window which was wide open, I suffered the balsamic air and serene moonlight to quiet my agitated spirits. One lonely nightingale had taken possession of a bay-tree just beneath me, and was pouring forth its ecstatic notes at distant intervals.

"In one of those long pauses, when silence itself, enhanced by contrast, seemed to become still deeper, a far different sound than the last I had been listening to, caught my ear,—the sound of a loud but melancholy voice echoing through the arched avenues of a vast garden, pronouncing distinctly these appalling words—'Judgment! judgment! tremble at the anger of an offended God! Woe to Portugal! woe! woe!'

"My hair stood on end—I felt as if a spirit were about to pass before me; but instead of some fearful shape—some horrible shadow, such as appeared in vision to Eliphaz, there issued forth from a dark thicket, a tall, majestic, deadly-pale old man; he neither looked about nor above him; he moved slowly on, his eye fixed as stone, sighing profoundly; and at the distance of some fifty paces from the spot where I was stationed, renewed his doleful cry, his fatal proclamation:—'Woe! woe!' resounded through the still atmosphere, repeated by the echoes of vaults and arches; and the sounds died away, and the spectre-like form that seemed to emit them retired, I knew not how or whither. Shall I confess that my blood ran cold—that all idle, all wanton thoughts left

my bosom, and that I passed an hour or two at my window fixed and immovable."

The next morning the mystery was explained by the Prior of Batalha. For the better understanding of it our readers should be reminded that some thirty years before, a plot against Government, in which some of the high nobility and the monks of the order of St Ignatius (the Jesuits), were implicated, was discovered, or was pretended to have been discovered, and that this led to the perpetration of execrable cruelties, commanded by Pombal the prime minister and the Queen, whose remorse afterwards drove her mad. At the time of Mr Beckford's visit to Batalha, the first French revolution was running its career of atrocities; every despatch from France received in Portugal, was full of frightful intelligence, and every throne in Europe seemed threatened with destruction. The storm did not then reach the house of Braganza, but twelve years later it burst over their heads, and drove those princes into exile across the Atlantic. We now come to the Prior's explanation:—

"The being who uttered these dire sounds is still upon the earth, a member of our convent—an exemplary, a most holy man—a scion of one of our greatest families, and a near relative of the Duke of Aveiro, of whose dreadful, agonizing fate you must have heard. He was then in the pride of youth and comeliness, gay as sunshine, volatile as you now appear to be. He had accompanied the devoted Duke to a sumptuous ball given by your nation to our high nobility. At the very moment when splendour, triumph, and merriment were at their highest pitch, the executioners of Pombal's decrees, soldiers and ruffians, pounced down upon their prey; he too was of the number arrested—he too was thrown into a deep, cold dungeon; his life was spared; and in the course of years and events, the slender, lovely youth, now become a wasted, care-worn man, emerged to sorrow and loneliness.

"The blood of his dearest relatives seemed sprinkled upon every object that met his eyes; he never passed Belem without fancying he beheld, as in a sort of frightful dream, the scaffold, the wheels on which those he best loved had expired in torture. The current of his young, hot blood was frozen; he felt benumbed and paralysed; the world, the court, had no charms for him; there was for him no longer warmth in the sun, or smiles on the human countenance: a stranger to love or fear, or any interest on this side the grave, he gave up his entire soul to prayer; and to follow that sacred occupation with greater intenseness, renounced every prospect of worldly comfort or greatness, and embraced our order.

"Full eight-and-twenty years has he remained within these walls, so deeply impressed with the conviction of the Duke of Aveiro's innocence, the atrocious falsehood of that pretended conspiracy, and the consequent unjust tyrannical expulsion of the order of St Ignatius, that he believes—and the belief of so pure and so devout a man is always venerable—that the horrors now perpetrating in France are the direct consequences of that event, and certain of being brought home to Portugal, which kingdom, he declares, is foredoomed to desolation, and its royal house to punishments worse than death."

We had marked for extract several other splendidly written passages—particularly two or three descriptions of the gothic interior of the church, vaults, and Monastery of Batalha, but we can spare no more room, and have already given enough to enable our friends to judge of this extraordinary book.

Mr Beckford soon left Batalha for the wealthier and more luxurious Alcobaca, whence he returned with much the same state that he went, and in much the same humour; now describing a sumptuous dinner—now a sublime scene;—at one moment pouring forth the loftiest eloquence, and in the next indulging in withering sarcasm.

On the twelfth day after his departure from his quinta of San José he arrived at Queluz, in which royal palace he describes circumstances and a scene that would have suited the Hall of Eblis. We leave off the book, as we began it, by thinking of Vathek!

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CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET.

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TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

A WORD ON EARLY RISING.

As we are writing this article before breakfast, at an earlier hour than usual, we are inclined to become grand and intolerant on the strength of our virtue, and to look around us and say, "Why is not every body up? How can people lie in bed at an hour like this,—the cool, the fragrant?"

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?"

Thus exclaimed good-natured, enjoying Thomson, and lay in bed till twelve, after which he strolled into his garden at Richmond, and eat peaches off a tree, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets! Browzing! A perfect specimen of a poetical elephant or rhinoceros! But we have told this story before. Thomson, however, left an immortal book behind him, which excused his trespasses. What excuse shall mortality bring for hastening its end by lying in bed, and anticipating the grave? for of all apparently innocent habits, lying in bed is perhaps the worst; while on the other hand, amidst all the different habits through which people have attained to a long life, it is said that in this one respect, and this only, they have all agreed! No very long-lived man has been a late riser, Judge Holt is said to have been curious respecting longevity, and to have questioned every very old man that came before him, as to his modes of living; and in the matter of early rising there was no variation: every one of them got up betimes. One lived chiefly upon meat, another upon vegetables; one drank no fermented liquors, another did drink them; a fifth took care not to expose himself to the weather, another took no such care; but every one of them was an early riser. All made their appearance at Nature's earliest levee, and she was pleased that they valued her as soon as she waked, and that they valued her fresh air, and valued her skies, and her birds, and her balmy quiet; or if they thought little of all this, she was pleased that they took the first step in life, every day, calculated to make them happiest and most healthy; and so she laid her hands upon their heads, and pronounced them good old boys, and enabled them to run about at wonderful ages, while their poor senior juniors were tumbling in down and gout.

"A most pleasant hour it is certainly,—when you are once up. The birds are singing in the trees; everything else is noiseless, except the air, which comes sweeping every now and then through the sunshine, hindering the coming day from being hot. We feel it on our face, as we write. At a distance, far off, a dog occasionally barks, and some huge fly is loud upon the window-pane. It is sweet to drink in at one's ears these innocent sounds, and this very sense of silence, and to say to one's self, "We are up;—we are up, we are doing well;—the beautiful creation is not unseen and unheard for want of us." Oh, it's a prodigious moment when the vanity and the virtue can go together. We shall not say how early we write this article, lest we should appear im-

modest, and excite envy and despair. Neither shall we mention how often we thus get up, or the hour at which we generally rise,—leaving our readers to hope the best of us; in return for which we will try to be as little exalted this morning, as the sense of advantage over our neighbours will permit, and not despise them—a great stretch for an uncommon sense of merit. There for instance, is C.;—hard at it, we would swear; as fast asleep as a church:—of what value are his books now, and his subtleties, and his speculations? as dead, poor man, as if they never existed. What proof is there of an immortal soul in that face with its eyes shut, and its mouth open, and not a word to say for itself, any more than the dog's?—And W. there;—what signifies his love for his children and his garden, neither of which he is now alive to, though the child-like birds are calling him, hopping amidst their songs; and his breakfast would have twice the relish?—And the L.'s with their garden and their music?—the orchard has all the music to itself; they will not arise to join it, though Nature manifestly intends concerts to be of a morning as well as evening, and the animal Spirits are the first that are up in the universe.

Then the streets and squares. Very much do we fear, that for want of a proper education in these thoughts, the milkman, instead of despising all these shut-up windows, and the sleeping incapables inside, envies them for the riches that keep injuring their diaphragms and digestions, and that will render their breakfast not half so good as his. "Call you these gentlefolks?" said a new maid-servant, in a family of our acquaintance, "why, they get up early in the morning!—Only make me a lady, and see if I wouldn't lie a-bed."

Seriously speaking, we believe that there is not a wholesomer thing than early rising, or one which, if persevered in for a very little while, would make a greater difference in the sensations of those who suffer from most causes of ill-health, particularly the besetting disease of these sedentary times, indigestion. We believe it would supersede the supposed necessity of a great deal of nauseous and pernicious medicine, that pretended friend, and ultimately certain foe, of all impatient stomachs. Its utility in other respects everybody acknowledges, though few profit by it as they might. Nothing renders a man so completely master of the day before him; so gets rid of arrears, anticipates the necessity of haste, and insures leisure. Sir Walter Scott is said to have written all his greatest works before breakfast; he thus also procured time for being one of the most social of friends, and kind and attentive of correspondents. One sometimes regrets that experience passes into the shape of proverbs, since those who make use of them, are apt to have no other knowledge, and thus procure for them a worldly character of the lowest order. Franklin did them no good, in this respect, by crowding them together in 'Poor Richard's Almanack'; and Cervantes intimated the common-place abuse into which they were turning, by putting them into the mouth of Sancho Panza. Swift completed the ruin of some of them, in this country, by mingling them with the slip-slop of his 'Polite Conversation,'—a Tory libel on the talk of the upper ranks, to which nothing comparable is to be found in the Whig or Radical objections of modern times. Yet, for the

most part, proverbs are equally true and generous, and there is as much profit for others as for a man's self in believing that "Early to bed and early to rise, will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise;" for the voluntary early riser is seldom one who is insensible to the beauty as well as the uses of the spring of day; and in becoming healthy and wise, as well as rich, he becomes good-humoured and considerate, and is disposed to make a handsome use of the wealth he acquires. Mere saving and sparing (which is the ugliest way to wealth) permits a man to lie in bed as long as most other people, especially in winter, when he saves fire by it; but a gallant acquisition should be as stirring in this respect, as it is in others, and thus render its riches a comfort to it, instead of a means of unhealthy care, and a preparation for disappointment. How many rich men do we not see jaundiced and worn, not with necessary care but superfluous, and secretly cursing their riches, as if it were the fault of the money itself, and not of the bad management of their health? These poor, unhappy, rich people, come at length to hug their money out of a sort of spleen and envy at the luckier and less miserable poverty that wants it, and thus lead the lives of dogs in the manger, and are almost tempted to hang themselves: whereas, if they could purify the current of their blood a little, which, perhaps, they might do by early rising alone, without a penny for physic, they might find themselves growing more patient, more cheerful, more liberal, and be astonished and delighted at receiving the praises of the community for their public spirit, and their patronage of noble institutions. Oh, if we could but get half London up at an earlier hour, how they, and our colleges and universities, and royal academies, &c., would all take a start together; and how the quack advertisements in the newspapers would diminish!

But we must not pretend, meanwhile, to be more virtuous ourselves than frail teachers are apt to be. The truth is, that lying in bed is so injurious to our particular state of health, that we are early risers in self-defence; and we were not always such; so that we are qualified to speak to both sides of the question. And as to our present article, it is owing to a relapse! and we fear is a very dull one in consequence; for we are obliged to begin it earlier than usual, in consequence of being late. We shall conclude it with the sprightliest testimony we can call to mind in favour of early rising, which is that of James the First, the royal poet of Scotland, a worthy disciple of Chaucer, who, when he was kept in unjust captivity during his youth by Henry the Fourth, fell in love with his future excellent queen, in consequence of seeing her through his prison windows walking in a garden at break of day, as Palamon and Arcite did Emilia; which caused him to exclaim, in words that might be often quoted by others out of gratitude to the same hour, though on a different occasion,

"My custom was to rise
Early as day. Oh happy exercise,
By thee I come to joy out of torment!"

See the 'King's quair,' the poem he wrote about it. We quote from memory, but we believe with correctness.

FRANCONIAN TALES.

No. I.

THE SLEEP-WALKER.

About fifty years ago, there lived in the village of Windisch-Abtsdorf, an old bachelor, whose name was Sebastian Holzapfel. He carried on a small trade in iron, and, therefore, was commonly called Ironchops. So many wonderful things were whispered about, concerning his private doings, that people found it rather difficult to say what was true, and what was false. One thing is certain, that he often shut himself up in his room for days together, and then nobody could get access to him but his old servant-maid, who had been with him from a child. No one was able to find out, with any certainty, what he did when his door was locked. Many supposed that he was a coiner and gold-maker; for thick golden smoke often rose from his chimney, and his money was generally new and shining. Others were satisfied that he could raise and lay spirits, for in the evening a dull murmuring noise was often heard in his room, and a blue flame would suddenly start up. In addition to this, one moonshiny night, about twelve o'clock, they saw the figure of a man, with his shirt flickering about him, and his arms stretched out, standing on the gable of his house. Others again asserted, without the smallest hesitation, that he had made a covenant with the Evil One, (God be with us!) for he was often seen at his window with his face quite transformed, and of a blackish-blue colour—first large and then small, and wearing a grey hood, in which he probably hid a pair of horns; and, at other times again, with no head at all.

Now since Procopius, Recorder and Alderman of Constantinople, was not ashamed to accuse the great lawgiver, Justinian, of being no real man, but an incarnate devil, and to assert that his face frequently resembled a raw, shapeless piece of flesh, and that a horrible goblin would be seen in the seat that he had just left, and other neat things of the kind,* Sebastian the ironmonger at Windisch-Abtsdorf, might be proud of falling under the same suspicions as the great Greek Emperor.

On the other hand, persons were not wanting who liked Ironchops, and maintained that he was a God-fearing, excellent, kind-hearted man; that he hurt nobody, went regularly to church, listened to the sermon most attentively, and always put a bright sixpence into the poor's-box, not a red half-penny, like many rich miners; and was very charitable to the poor besides. The children, and pretty girls in particular, who were always very numerous at Windisch-Abtsdorf, would hear nothing against friend Holzapfel; for he would often give nice little children, that he saw in the street, a penny, or a few spice-cakes, from the pocket of his old-fashioned blue coat; and would gladden the heart of a merry girl with a crimson sash, or a silver schilling, from Würzburg. Hence these young folks were extremely grieved, when the news ran through the village one morning, that Ironchops had suddenly died, in the night, of an apoplectic fit. Those who had been wont to speak ill of him, immediately said, that they supposed the Evil One had twisted his neck. But the other party, especially the girls and the children, to whom he was now lost for ever, firmly maintained, that God had meant well with him, in taking him to himself, so quickly and so gently, and making an angel of him. Sebastian, dressed in a long white winding-sheet, with a lemon in his ashy hands, and a neat white cotton nightcap on his head, was now laid out in front of his house, and the priest, clerk, and school-boys, chanted the funeral hymn around his coffin; while his distant relations and smiling heirs, who were expecting good fat legacies, had the greatest difficulty to keep a proper portion of grief on their faces.

And when, after the burial and the funeral sermon, the cousins, friends, aunts, and pall-bearers had assembled in the house of mourning to take a funeral cup, each and every one soon forgot the deceased. They made themselves very comfortable with wine, cake, white bread, and Dutch cheese; and, to say the truth, nothing but fiddles and harps were wanting to make it a regular jollification.

* Procopius of Cæsarea's Secret History, Chap. 12.

But old Anna, the servant of him who was now at rest, took no part in the gaiety of this funeral banquet. She alone was really grieved at the departure of her master, for she alone knew who and what he was.

On the Sunday after the funeral, as Anna was sitting in the afternoon in her quiet and solitary room, she heard a knock at the door, and in came her old neighbours, Goody Kundel and the shoemaker's crooked wife, to console her, as well as to satisfy their curiosity about the life and doings of the deceased. Anna received them very kindly, and made ready for them the hot black drink, for which so many a female mouth waters. While they were comfortably employed in gulping it down, the conversation turned on Sebastian and his way of life. Much was said about him *pro* and *con*; at last, Anna could no longer resist her inclination to tell her tale, and so began as follows:—"You know that I have been in this house since I was a child, and was taken in by the mother of the deceased when I was a poor girl. Sebastian was then a child of three years old. I well remember his mother telling me in confidence that, one twilight evening, as she was softly stepping up to the cradle, in which the baby was sleeping, she saw an old and ugly woman standing by it, and touching its face with a fox's tail; but on her entering, the woman left the room and became invisible. From this very hour the child began to alter. He became very odd, grave, and covetous, had no more quiet sleep, and his features looked different from what they used to do. You must remember how he grew up and behaved when he was a young man; and therefore I need not give an account of it.

"When Sebastian's mother was upon her death-bed, she entreated me to stop with her son, who, as I well knew, could not marry; and to take care of him and watch over him as long as I lived. I promised with hand and with mouth that I would, and I have kept my word. I am aware that the wicked world thought and spoke evil of him; but I can assert with a good conscience, that he was neither a gold-maker, nor a coiner, nor a conjurer, nor a devil's playfellow. But you must know that he had the misfortune to be moonstruck, and a sleepwalker. As often as the first quarter of the moon showed itself, and its bright rays came down, Sebastian began to be disturbed in his sleep about midnight. This unquietness increased from night to night, and when the moon's broad face stood full and round in the sky, it was impossible to keep him in bed. He got up, put on his trowsers, wandered up and down his room without saying a word, opened his chests and boxes, and shut them again, without seeing or hearing. When the walking fit was very strong upon him, he would leave his room, and stray into all the passages and corners in the house, (while I followed him with a lamp in my hand) and very often went up the stairs leading to the loft. Here he would swing himself by his hands from one beam to another, and after jumping about for hours together boldly and safely, he would let himself down again as cautiously. Meantime I stood looking on these awful doings with fear and trembling, for certainly the boldest man, if awake, would not have dared the like. He once even slipped out upon the roof, got upon the gable, and stood there, without holding or stumbling, to the amazement of the few who were witnesses of it. But his walking and climbing did not always end without an accident; for the squeaking of a mouse, the flapping of an owl, or the creaking of a board, was able to rouse him out of his sleepy condition. He then was quite frightened and heartless, and often fell down from the rafters, so as to bruise his face and limbs. When he was asleep, and did these dreadful things, he used to shew the most prodigious strength, such as is told of Sampson in the Bible. He would carry several hundred-weight of iron rods on his shoulders out of the iron room, just as if they had been so many vine-props. The great safe that stands here full of heavy tinware, he once lifted up as if it had been a work-box, with one hand, and stuck it before the street door, so that the next morning we could not go out. I was obliged to empty it entirely, and then dragged it into its place with Sebastian's assistance.

"But when the moon began to wane, and his inclination for night-walking began to lessen with it, he felt himself weak and exhausted. He then shut himself up in his room, lay whole days in bed, and would speak to nobody but me. If he had hurt himself by a fall, so as to make his face all blue and yellow, he would pour some brandy into a great spoon, and set it on fire, making a bright blue flame, and then when it was out, and the liquor was cool, he would wash his face with it. He often tied a large cloth round his head, or when his weakness and imbecility were extremely great, he would even put an old carpet over the cloth, so that he seemed to have no head at all. He would then do a great number of strange odd things, and I was obliged to let him be busy his own way. He dealt particularly in old paper, carried great bundles into the kitchen, and made such an immense fire with it, that the yellow suffocating smoke filled the whole house.

"As soon, however, as the days of his fatigue and odd way of life were over, he dressed in his usual style, kept his shop, went out, and was cheerful and sociable. When he took a journey to Bamberg to buy iron, on his return he always brought home something new. He was specially pleased with Bamberg pennies, and Würzburg schillings and dreters, which he never spent, but always gave away, as you know, to boys and girls. He would willingly have married, as he was certainly no enemy to womankind, but he was ashamed of his condition, and afraid that no wife would stay with him. And thus we lived together for many a long year; until a few mornings ago, when, after a night spent in the greatest trouble, I found him dead in bed. May God give him everlasting bliss! He was not a wicked man, and the ill that was spoken of him you may explain to yourselves, from what I have just told you."

Here the talkative Anna ended her speech, to which her friends had listened with the greatest attention. They now thanked her, and took their leave, and Anna was once more alone, and waited for the things that were to happen.

After three days there appeared honest Mr. Moller, the bailiff of the village, the clerk of the court, with paper, ink, and pens, the cousins of Ironchops, and several other persons. The bailiff, after a short preface, sat down to table, and drew out a letter with three seals, telling them that this was the real will of the deceased Sebastian Holzapfel, and opened it. The clerk of the court then read aloud what follows:—

"I, Sebastian Holzapfel, having considered the perishableness of human life and my own weak state of health, and that nothing is more certain than death, or more uncertain than its time, have resolved and decided, I. To make my testament or last will, that I may know what is to become of my things when I am dead, and that no quarrel may arise about them. And what stands in my will is to be, and Mr. Bailiff is to take care that it is so.

"1. *Pro primo*, and in the first place, I bequeath my body, when it is dead, to the earth, and my soul to God Almighty, that he may receive it into his heavenly kingdom of grace.

"2. In the second place, as to what concerns the disposition of my temporal goods, I will, that Anna Susanne Höferin, my old maid servant, who has been with me many years, and has stayed with me and served me faithfully and truly, is to be the chief heirress of my property, and is to have my house, and all that is in it, and whatever else belongs to me, except what follows:—

"3. To God's house, or the Church of this place, in which I was baptized, and first went to the Lord's table, I leave one hundred light florins to make a silver communion cup, as a perpetual memorial of me.

"4. Our dear Vicar Mr. Westendorfer, who, as I hope, will hold a fine funeral discourse over me, is to have the lamb decata, that are with the other money in the iron chest placed in the great cupboard.

"5. I leave my Godfather, Sebastian Neumeister, the two pony ducats that are in the same place; and also my Sunday clothes, namely, my blue coat with metal buttons, the red waistcoats, and the black velvet

breeches. Although they are rather worn in front about the knees, he will be pleased with them. Also he is to have my silver shoe-buckles.

"6. My Godfather's aunt, Elisabeth Barbara Seemanna, who has so often come to me on a Sunday afternoon, and drunk coffee with me, is to have three of my six coffee spoons, and the coffee things; not the new set that I first brought with me from Bamberg a year ago, but the other, in which the milk pot has got a little crack at the top.

"7. To each of my three cousins Von Schnotzenbach, Zeubebried, and Ziegelsambach, I leave five good florins. They may be content with these; as they have not troubled themselves much about me, never invited me to their church ales, and only waited for my death.

"8. Lastly and to conclude, I should have liked to leave something to Mr Bailiff Moltzer, whom I have always held in great esteem, but I don't exactly know what—and I suppose that he will take, of himself, what pleases him.

"These special legacies are to be paid by Anna Susanna, and Mr Bailiff is to put everything in order.

"This is my last Will—Done at Wandisch-Abtsdorf, the 27th of August 1778. Signed by me, Sebastian Holzappel, manu propria."

When the clerk had read all this, the three cousins Schnotzenbach, Zeubebried, and Ziegelsambach made three long faces, and swore that they would not touch cousin Sebastian's beggarly legacy. But when old Anna gave them to understand, that if they thought proper, she was ready to pay five Franconian florins down on the nail, they consulted a bit with one another, pocketed the cash, drank off their ill-humour at a public-house, and returned to the place from whence they had come. Mister Bailiff put everything in order as he was desired, and old Anna enjoyed her well-earned inheritance for many years in peace and solitude. But the memory of Ironchops lives in Windisch-Abtsdorf even to this very day.

FINE ARTS.

1. *Portrait of Lady Blessington.* Painted by E. T. Parris; engraved by W. Giller. London: J. McCormick; Rittner and Goupil, Paris.

2. *Young Female.* Painted by E. T. Parris; engraved by Thomas Lupton. J. McCormick; E. Graves.

MR PARRIS is an artist of taste, with considerable feeling for what is beautiful and gentle; but he is apt to overlay the genuine graces of his subject with *finery* in the costume and accessories, and to blunt the effect of his design by some sentiment implied in the title, which the expression of the picture hardly bears out. The young female in the second of the engravings before us, is a gentle and kind-hearted looking young creature, extremely beautiful withal, caressing a letter; she seems tender and affectionate; but looks too conscious of having spectators, and the superscription we have observed upon some of the impressions demands more lurking passion in the expression. The head, however, is very pleasing, and most tastefully set forth; we wish our female friends would take the head-dress as a model. There are one or two defects in the drawing of the limbs, which injure what would otherwise be graceful. The right fore-arm, for instance, in the girl, is weak; as if it had no bone to support it; and the left arm is long.

The portrait of Lady Blessington is the handsomest we have seen; whether it is the most like we cannot say, never having had the good fortune to see the original. But where graces of mind and person unite, what result may not be expected? The accessories, which, though somewhat closely drawn round the figure, are not inappropriate, are very well touched in. The dress, in particular, is rich, but lightly and delicately handled. It is very nicely engraved.

The *Portrait of Horace Smith*, in the current volume of 'Colburn's Modern Novelists,' is drawn with feeling, and is undoubtedly like;—the benignity and amenity of the author of 'Brambletye House' are caught; but there is a want of the manly bearing of the original.

HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

No. X.

BORROWING AND LENDING PERIODICALS, BOOKS, AND UMBRELLAS. — SUGGESTION FOR RETURNING THE SALE OF A JOURNAL OR MAGAZINE. — BOOK-KEEPERS — LANGUAGE. — HINTS ABOUT A UNIVERSAL TONGUE.

THE other day I was requested by a friend to lend him the LONDON JOURNAL to read every week. As I professed to be an admirer and well-wisher of that work, he was astonished at my refusal so to do; and his astonishment swelled into the exclamation, "Indeed!"—when I told him that it was for that very reason I denied him a loan of the paper. Allow me, then, to make public the reasons which moved me to this course of conduct—and which were so effectual that they converted my friend from a borrower, to a buyer of the LONDON JOURNAL.

I have no doubt that many a clever work which would otherwise have had a fair chance of succeeding, and remunerating its conductors, has been ruined by its being borrowed and lent. Let those beneficent beings who are in the practice of regularly lending the periodicals they take in, to a small or large circle of acquaintances, just think, that for every individual to whom they lend a magazine, or journal, they are probably,—I will not say robbing or defrauding,—but certainly wrongfully depriving, the proprietors of that journal of the price thereof—especially if that price be confined within pence. This may appear hard doctrine to be inculcated in the pages of a Journal so full of the milk of human kindness, and so saturated with a desire for the improvement of mankind as yours; but certainly it is true and right. It may be said that it is with a hope of instilling virtue and promoting knowledge, that you lend such a journal; but it has been well said that we may "not do evil, that good may come." Again, it may be said that it is for the purpose of promoting the fame or sale of the journal. But neither of these effects can ensue from the lending system. As to fame, how do you promote it, when by lending, you deprive the journalist of that which is wanted to procure the best matter for his pages? The labourer in the vineyard of literature is as worthy of his hire as the tiller of the earth; and, wherewithal is the overseer to pay the workmen, if those who derive benefit or pleasure from the work, give not the price in exchange thereof? As to the sale—there are few so disinterested, so independently-minded, as to pay for what they can get at the expense of as much breath as will utter a "Thank ye!"

There is a mode of lending which may have a tendency to promote the sale of a work, if judiciously managed. By allowing a friend, for instance, to peruse a first number or so, to tempt him to become a regular subscriber; or by lending a number containing some particularly amusing or well written article, or the first part of some intensely interesting tale, so that he may be induced to buy the following numbers to ascertain the conclusion. A real friend to a periodical would manœuvre in this way to extend its circulation, which would be more effectual than all the plaudits he could bestow upon it. As the curiosity of the ladies is said to be very great (though a friend whispers me he has known men quite as curious), the manœuvre of the unconcluded tale, breaking off just as a dagger is uplifted to pierce some innocent bosom, is the most effectual; they would be dying to know whether the god of romance permitted the weapon to strike, or called forth some champion to arrest the assassin's hand; they would count the hours till the next day of publication to know the event. Nor would such a friend of a periodical labour without his reward. If the work gives him pleasure or information, then will it be for his advantage that it be continued. This may be called honourable selfishness, as it is leavened with the leaven of a desire for the welfare or pleasure of his fellow readers. I hope the readers of the new married pair will take into consideration what I have said, and act as their judgment may suggest.

I would not have my prohibition against lending

periodicals extend to the magazines and reviews of high price; there are thousands, indeed the greatest number of readers are, in my opinion, to be found amongst those who cannot spare half-a-crown, three-and-sixpence, or six shillings, but who would willingly, because easily, expend any sum per week within the pence.

Books and umbrellas are two things most frequently borrowed, and least frequently returned; and which remissness is least evilly thought of by the world. If a little more probity were observed in respect both of books and umbrellas, it would manifestly be for the benefit of society in general; for unquestionably a great many more books and umbrellas would be lent, nay, pressed upon the borrower. I cannot help thinking that the case must have been of the latter description in the days of the philanthropist, who inscribed over his library, "*Mine and my friends.*" Now-a-days a communion of books would quickly separate into a variety of small individual libraries. Even the benevolent-minded Sir Walter Scott, who seldom spoke ill of anyone, characterized his friends as "good book-keepers."

When I have happened to be in a speculative mood, it has often occurred to me, that circumstances are revolving towards the establishment of a universal language,—a tongue, different from any that at present exist, yet composed of the essence of them all.

The different modes of expressing thought now used by the different nations of the earth, is the great bar to the general spread of knowledge and civilization; and as the confusion of tongues was the means of scattering mankind, may we not infer that a return to one language will be the precursor of universal happiness, and the re-union of the human race into one great and amicable family?

Several facts have occurred to me as warranting such a conclusion. I may mention, as one, the constant endeavour of conquerors to supersede the language of the vanquished by their own. Also, that wherever the civilized nations of Europe have established colonies, they have engrafted their language. Thus are the few European tongues gradually spreading over the globe, and we may reasonably conclude that these few may, in process of time, amalgamate into one. English, French, and German are so generally spoken, that with a knowledge of the three a man may make himself understood in any civilized part of the world. In the United States of America, the East Indies, and the West India Islands, the English, and very partially, the French and Dutch languages, are the mediums of communication. It is when the traveller enters savage regions, and amongst uncivilized tribes, that the difficulty of communication is found; and then he makes it as great a point of endeavour to leave the natives a knowledge of his language, as for himself to acquire theirs.

The question whether all languages diverged from one source, I conceive to be of less utility than an inquiry into the likelihood of their meeting again. There is good reason to believe this will eventually be the case. The English has been called poor in its powers of expression, and it is also acknowledged that it is made up of many other languages; but if this latter be the case, any one at a loss to express himself in received English has a right to appropriate any foreign word that may answer his purpose. This extensive admixture also renders it most useful as a general means of communication; from which we may infer that it is the beginning of a universal tongue. Since the days of Johnson, thousands of words have been introduced into our language from others, and have been added to the Dictionary by subsequent editors; and there are still thousands which have never been received within the logical pale, but which, nevertheless, are in very extensive use. We may note the gradual amalgamation of languages in the borders of nations; how little difference there is on the two immediate sides of the Tweed, and what a mongrel dialect of English and French is spoken in the Channel Islands. All this

tends to support my position; but I leave it to be more fully discussed by those who may be better able to treat the subject argumentatively and philologically. I merely throw out the suggestion, because I have never met with the speculation in any works I have read upon languages.

BOOKWORM.

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. V.—CHAUCEER (CONTINUED).

FURTHER SPECIMENS OF HIS PLEASANTRY AND SATIRE.
THE FAIRIES SUPERSEDED BY THE FRIARS.

CHAUCEER was one of the Reformers of his time, and like the celebrated poets and wits of most countries, Catholic included, took pleasure in exposing the abuses of the church; not because he was an ill-natured man, and disliked the church itself (for no one has done greater honour to the true christian pastor than he, in a passage already quoted), but because his very good-nature and love of truth, made him the more dislike the abuses of the best things in the most reverend places. He measures his satire, however, according to its desert, and is severest upon the severe and mercenary,—the holders of such livings as give no life but rather take it. In the following exquisite banter, he rallies the mere jovial and plebeian part of the church, the ordinary begging-friars, with a sly good-humour. And observe how he contrives to sprinkle the passage with his poetry. The versification also is obviously good, even to the most modern ears.

In oldé dayés of the King Artour,
Of which that Britons spoken great honour,
All was this land fulfill'd of Faéry;
The Elf-queen with her jolly company
Dancéd full oft in many a greene mead,
This was the old opinion as I read;
I speak of many hundred years ago,
But now can no man see none elvés mo;
For now the greaté charity and prayers
Of limiters and other holy freres,
That searchen every land and every stream,
As thick as motte in the sunné beam,
Blessing hallés, chambers, kitchenés, and bowers,
Cities and boroughs, castles high and towers,
Thorpes and barnés, shepénés and dairies,
This maketh that there be no Faeries:
For there as wont to walken was an elf,
There walketh now the limiter himself
In undermealés and in morrowings,
And saith his matins and his holy things
As he go'th in his limitation.
Women may now go safely up and down;
In every bush, and under every tree,
There is no other Incubus but he.

AN IMPUDENT DRUNKEN SELLER OF PARDONS AND INDULGENCES CONFESSES FOR WHAT HE PREACHES.

Lordings, quoth he, in churché when I preach
I painé me to have an hautein speech,

(I do my best to speak out loud.)

And ring it out, as round as go'th a bell,
For I can all by roté that I tell;

(I learn all I say by heart.)

My theme is always one, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.

"Covetousness is the root of all evil." Chauceer has fitted his Latin capitally well in with the measure,—a nicety singularly ill observed by poets in general.

First I pronouncé whennés that I come,
And then my bullés

(the Pope's bulls)

shew I, all and some;
Our liegé lord's seal on my patent,
That shew I first, my body to warrant,
That no man be so bold, nor priest, nor clerk,
Me to disturb in Christ's holy work:
And after that, then tell I forth my tales;
Bullés of Popés and of Cardinales,
Of Patriarchs, and of Bishopés, I shew,
And in Latin I speak a wordés few,
To saffron with my predication,

To give a colour and relish to his sermon, like saffron in pastry)—

And for to steer men to devotiön.

The preacher here banter his own relics, and then proceeds with the following ludicrous picture and exquisitely impudent avowal:—

Then pain I me to stretchén forth my neck,
And east and west upon the people I beek,
As doth a dove sitting upon a barn:
My handés and my tongué gone so yearn—

(Go so briskly together)—

That it is joy to see my business.
Of avarice and of such cursedness
Is all my preaching, for to make them free
To give their pence, and NAMELY,—UNTO ME.
For mine intent is nought but for to win,
And nothing for correction of sin;
I reek never, when that they be buried,
Though that their soulés gone a black-berried.

(That is,—though their souls go by bushels into the lower regions, like so many black-berries.)

Therefore—

(repeats he, at the end of the next paragraph, varying the note a little like a relishing musician,—)

Therefore my theme is yet, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.

IRONICAL BIT OF TRANSLATION.

In the story of the Cock and the Fox, the gallant bird, who has been alarmed by the fox, is complimenting his favourite wife, and introduces some Latin, the real purport of which is that the fair sex are the "confusion of mankind," but which, he informs her, signifies something quite the reverse. Sir Walter Scott admired this passage.

But let us speak of mirth, and stint all this.

(Stop all this)—

Madamé Partelot, so have I bliss,
Of one thing God hath sent me largé grace,
For when I see the beauty of your face.
Ye be so scarlet red about your eyen,
It maketh all my dreadé for to dien
For all so siker as

(As sure as—)

"In principio

Mulier est hominis confusio;
Madam, the sentence of this Latin is,
"Woman is mannés joy, and mannés bliss."

In principio, *mulier est hominis confusio*—Woman, from the first, was the confusion of man. "In principio," observes Sir Walter, in a note on the passage in his edition of 'Dryden,' refers to the beginning of Saint John's Gospel. And in a note on the word *confusio*, he says it is taken from a fabulous conversation between the Emperor Adrian and the philosopher Secundus, reported by Vincent de Beauvais, in his 'Speculum Historiale.' *Quid est mulier? Hominis confusio: insaturabilis bestia, &c.* What is woman? The confusion of man, &c. "The Cock's polite version (he adds) is very ludicrous."

How pleasant to hear one great writer thus making another laugh, as if they were sitting over a table together, though five centuries are between them. But genius can make the lightest as well as gravest things the property of all time. Its laughs, as well as its sighs, are immortal.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXVIII.—REAL HISTORY OF THE "DUCHESS OF C."

Of which Madame de Genlis has made an episode in her 'Adelaide and Theodore.'

MADAME DE GENLIS saw this lady at Rome, where she was present, for a quarter of an hour, at an entertainment given to a Princess of the House of Bourbon; retiring at the expiration of that time, on account of the shattered state of her health. Though she was but forty-six years old, she looked ten years older; her head and eyes were inclined to the ground, and from time to time she had "attacks of shuddering."

This last circumstance, and the one noticed in Italy at the conclusion of the following account, are affecting evidences of the sufferings she had gone through.

"The Duchess of Cerifalco," says Madame de Genlis, "had the mildness and the piety of an angel. She never knew, nor could any one ever discover,

why her barbarous spouse shut her up in the cave. Religion, which is always useful in all things, was the means of saving her life; for the monster, who still preserved some religious sentiments, did not dare to poison her; and when he himself was on his death-bed, he confided to his valet the secret, that for family reasons he had confined in a subterraneous cavern a woman who was at once mad and criminal. He did not acknowledge that this woman was his own wife, who was believed to have been dead for nine years. The valet-de-chambre, on receiving the key of the cavern, went to succour the unfortunate woman, who had wanted food for two days; he knocked in vain at the door—she did not come to receive her bread and water,—she had fainted; the servant entered, gave her the necessary assistance to enable her to get up, recognized her, left her nourishment for several days, and gave her the key of the cavern; but being obliged to remain with the Duke, he sent a courier to Rome to the Prince of Palestrina, with a note from the Duchess, who, in four lines and a half, acquainted him with her existence, and demanded his aid. The Prince, followed by all the members of his family, went to the King of Naples, and related the melancholy history. The King gave him a regiment to escort him to the château of the Duke, in case force should be found necessary. When the Prince of Palestrina arrived, the Duke was still living; he was told, on the part of the Prince, that his crime was known, and that his victim was about to be released; the Duke expired a few hours afterwards. The Prince had preserved most preciously his daughter's note; at my earnest entreaty he showed it me; I gazed a long time at this little bit of paper; the handwriting, the expressions, the words, almost all of which wanted the last syllable—all was precious in my eyes."

Madame de Genlis adds a remark, which she believes has never been before made; to wit, that "in cases where the memory has been lost without any change in the reasoning faculty, it is always the last syllables of the words that are forgotten." She says, that this was the case with Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe; and that she had observed the same phenomenon in a young person who had been blind for fourteen years.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

BURNET, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

BURNET was a good and hearty-natured man, though somewhat ostentatious of his clerical and political importance, and perhaps too active in politics for a divine. He was tall and stoutly built,—a circumstance which Dryden has turned to his disadvantage in his picture of him as King Buzzard in 'Absalom and Achitophel':—

"A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seemed a son of Anak, for his height,
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer,
Black-brow'd and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter,
Broad-back'd and brawny-built."

According to more friendly observers, his personal conduct was an epitome of all that was becoming in the episcopal character. "His time, we are told, was employed in one regular and uniform manner: he was a very early riser, seldom in bed later than five or six o'clock in the morning. Private meditation took up the two first hours, and the last half hour of the day. His first and last appearance to his family was at the morning and evening prayers, which he always read himself, though his chaplains were present. He took the opportunity of the tea-table to instruct his children in religion, and in giving them his own comment upon some portion of Scripture. He seldom spent less than six, often eight hours a day, in his study. He kept an open table, in which there was plenty without luxury: his equipage was decent and plain; and all his expenses generous, but not profuse. He was a most affectionate husband to his wives; and his love to his children expressed itself, not so much in boarding up wealth for them, as in giving them the best education. After his sons had perfected themselves in the learned languages, under private tutors, he sent them to the University, and afterwards abroad, to finish their studies at Leydeh. In his friendships he was warm, open-hearted, and constant; and though his station and principles raised him many enemies, he always endeavoured, by the kindest good offices, to repay all their injuries, and overcome them by returning good for evil. He was a kind and bountiful master to his servants, and obliging to all in employment under him. His charities were a principal article of his expense. He gave a hundred pounds at a time for the augmentation of small livings: he bestowed constant pensions on poor clergymen and their widows, on students for their education at the Universities, and on industrious, but unfortunate families: he contributed frequent sums towards the repairs or building of churches and parson-

age-houses, to all public collections, to the support of charity schools (one of which, for fifty children at Salisbury, was wholly maintained by him), and to the putting out apprentices to trades. Nor were his aims confined to one nation, sect, or party; but want and merit in the object were the only measures of his liberality. He looked upon himself, with regard to his episcopal revenue, as a mere trustee for the church, bound to expend the whole in a decent maintenance of his station, and in acts of hospitality and charity; and he had so faithfully balanced this account, that, at his death, no more of the income of his bishopric remained to his family than was barely sufficient to pay his debts."

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XIX.—HENRY V.

[Continued.]

A more beautiful rhetorical delineation of the effects of subordination in a commonwealth can hardly be conceived than the following:—

"For government, though high and low and lower, Put into parts, doth keep in one consent, Congruing in a full and natural close, Like music.

Therefore heaven doth divide The state of man in divers functions, Setting endeavour in continual motion; To which is fixed as an aim or butt, Obedience: for so work the honey bees— Creatures that by a rule in nature, teach The art of order to a peopled kingdom. They have a king, and officers of sorts Where some, like magistrates, correct at home; Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad; Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings, Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds; Which pillage they with merry march bring home To the tent-royal of their emperor; Who, bustled in his majesty, surveys The singing mason building roofs of gold, The civil citizens kneading up the honey, The poor mechanic porters crowding in Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate; The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum, Delivering o'er to executors pale The lazy yawning drone. I this infer, That many things, having full reference To one consent, may work contrariously: As many arrows, loosed several ways, Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town; As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea; As many lines close in the dial's centre; So may a thousand actions, once a-foot, End in one purpose, and be all well borne Without defeat."

Henry V is but one of Shakespeare's second-rate plays. Yet by quoting passages, like this, from his second-rate plays alone, we might make a volume "rich with his praise."

"As is the oozy bottom of the sea With sunken wrack and sumless treasures."

Of this sort are the king's remonstrance to Scroop, Grey, and Cambridge, on the detection of their treason, his address to the soldiers at the siege of Harfleur, and the still finer one before the battle of Agincourt, the description of the night before the battle, and the reflections on ceremony put into the mouth of the king.

"O hard condition; twin-born with greatness, Subjected to the breath of every fool, Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect, That private men enjoy? and what have kings, That privates have not too, save ceremony? Save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers? What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth! What is thy soul, O adoration? Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form, Creating awe and fear in other men? Wherein thou art less happy, being feared, Than they in fearing. What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness, And bid thy ceremony give thee cure! Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out With titles blown from adulation? Will it give place to flexure and low bending? Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream, That play'st so subtly with a king's repose, I am a king, that find thee: and I know, 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The enter-tissu'd robe of gold and pearl, The farmed title running 'fore the king, The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp That beats upon the shore of the world— No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestical, Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave; Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread, Never sees horrid night, the child of hell; But, like a laquey, from the rise to set, Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn, Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse; And follows so the ever-running year With profitable labour, to his grave: And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep, Has the forehand and vantage of a king. The slave, a member of the country's peace, Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots, What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace, Whose hours the peasant best advantages."

Most of these passages are well known: there is one which we do not remember to have seen noticed, and yet it is no whit inferior to the rest in heroic beauty. It is the account of the deaths of York and Suffolk.

"EXETER. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. HENRY. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour, I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting; From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXETER. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie,

Larding the plain; and by his bloody side (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds) The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York all haggled o'er, Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd, And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes, That bloodily did yawn upon his face; And cries aloud—Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! My soul shall thine keep company to heaven: Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast; As, in this glorious and well-foughten field, We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up: He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand, And, with a feeble gripe, says—Dear my lord, Commend my service to my sovereign. So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips; And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd A testament of noble-ending love."

But we must have done with splendid quotations. The behaviour of the king, in the difficult and doubtful circumstances in which he is placed, is as patient and modest as it is spirited and lofty in his prosperous fortune. The character of the French nobles is also very admirably depicted; and the Dauphin's praise of his horse shows the vanity of that class of persons in a very striking point of view. Shakespeare always accompanies a foolish prince with a satirical courtier, as we see in this instance. The comic parts of 'Henry V' are very inferior to those of 'Henry IV.' Falstaff is dead, and without him, Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph, are satellites without a sun. Fluellen the Welshman is the most entertaining character in the piece. He is good-natured, brave, choleric, and pedantic. His parallel between Alexander and Harry of Monmouth, and his desire to have "some disputations" with Captain Macmorris on the discipline of the Roman wars, in the heat of the battle, are never to be forgotten. His treatment of Pistol is as good as Pistol's treatment of his French prisoner. There are two other remarkable prose passages in this play: the conversation of Henry in disguise with the three centinels on the duties of a soldier, and his courtship of Katherine in broken French. We like them both exceedingly, though the first savours perhaps too much of the king, and the last too little of the lover.

TABLE TALK.

THE VENERABLE DOUBLES.

The climate of Montreux is the softest in Switzerland; and of all the churchyards we had ever seen in our wanderings, no one overlooks such various and delicious scenery. It is not more distinguished for the attraction of its site, than for the singular excellence of the aged minister who has so long exercised in it his pastoral care. Monsieur — the learned

curé of the village, is ninety-six years of age, and still preaches every Sabbath in his secluded church, with an eloquence that the approach to a century of years has not abated. He has resided many years in England, as tutor to a lady of high rank; and about fifty years since he returned to take charge of his present flock. Patronage has been heaped on him from England; but though his income is handsome, he preserves the utmost simplicity of life, and a charm and amiableness of manners that seem to belong to a purer age and scene than to the valley of tears through which he has nearly passed. His hair is not thin, and as white as the snow of his own mountains; and his large light eye is yet full of fire; nor is its sight dim. The power of his memory is but little impaired, as is evident by the animation that spreads over his impressive features, when engaged in conversation that interests him. To relieve the wants of his people, and to labour for their spiritual good, are the chief pleasures of this curé. It is a singular circumstance that Monsieur — has a twin brother, who is also a minister and preacher, and bears his age of ninety-six with equal vigour, though of a less strong and accomplished mind than the pastor of Montreux. They are so exactly alike in size and feature, that even their friends have sometimes been at a loss to distinguish one from the other. The most ludicrous scenes have sometimes occurred from this strange resemblance. When one brother has taken a walk along the high-road to the neighbouring town or villages, peasants, who were perfect strangers to the two curés, have been struck by meeting so venerable and impressive a personage, and in the course of a few miles after, have beheld, apparently, the same being, with the same dress, features, and manner, as the one who had previously passed, advancing full upon them. They have sometimes looked on in mute terror, or else taken to their heels out of the way, while the pastor passed on to join his relative.—*Carné's Letters from Switzerland and Italy*, p. 164.

PETRARCH A DANDY IN HIS YOUTH.

Petrarch and his brother resided at Avignon, and became the favourites and companions of the ecclesiastical and lay nobles who formed the papal court, to a degree which, in aftertimes, excited Petrarch's wonder; though the self-sufficiency and ardour of youth then blinded him to the peculiar favour with which he was regarded. His talents and accomplishments were, of course, the cause of this distinction; besides that his personal advantages were such as to prepossess everyone in his favour. He was so handsome as frequently to attract observations as he passed along the streets. His complexion was between dark and fair; he had sparkling eyes, and a vivacious and pleasing expression of countenance. His person was rather elegant than robust; and he increased the gracefulness of his appearance by a sedulous attention to dress. "Do you remember," he wrote to his brother Gerard, many years after, "our white robes, and our chagrin when their studied elegance suffered the least injury, either in the disposition of their folds, or in their spotless cleanliness? Do you remember our tight shoes, and how we bore the tortures which they inflicted, without a murmur? and our care lest the breezes should disturb the arrangement of our hair?"—*Lives of Eminent Italians*.

MOORISH LITERARY RE-UNIONS.

In the winter time the evening parties are more frequent and more regular than in summer. A learned alfaquir of Toledo was accustomed in the months of December and January to assemble thirty or forty men of letters every evening. In the centre of this hall there was a great vase of the height of a man, full of burning charcoal, and all around were spread carpets and cushions of silk and wool, and the walls were lined with figured stuffs. Each sat at the distance he best liked from the fire, and a hispe or verse from the Koran, or some new and favourite poem, was read and discussed. Meantime perfumes were handed round and rose-water sprinkled on the guests; after which a table was brought in, on which were various dishes of mutton and kid, and stews, with oil: then followed different preparations of milk, boiled or frothed, butter, sweetmeats, and fruit. The drink of such as did not transgress the Koran, was sherbet of various kinds. The most usual was that like our lemonade; but it was often flavoured with other fruits besides lemons, and even flowers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ATTENTION shall be paid to the address mentioned by Mr B. in his obliging letter. We have not seen the posthumous paper he speaks of.

We shall insert with pleasure the 'Dialogue between a Customer and a Sculptor,' provided we have leave to omit one or two passages not quite congenial with our very considerate pages.

The book has been left at Mr Hooper's for Mr P., as desired.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

SKETCHES OF BERMUDA.

Sketches of Bermuda. By Susette Harriet Lloyd, with maps and plates. 1 vol. 8vo. London. Cochrane and Co.

This little volume is the production of a young lady, who, in addition to very amiable feelings, has some talent for observation and description. She does not tell us all we should wish to know on the subject, but our recent information respecting the Bermudas is so scanty, that we feel thankful for any addition to it. Miss Lloyd sailed from England in the summer of 1829, and seems to have remained eighteen months among the islands. Though small and comparatively obscure, and out of the high roads of navigation, this group has been singularly fortunate in poetical associations, which have a power to make even barren rocks beautiful. Shakespeare speaks of the islands in the 'Tempest,' as "the still vexed Bermoothes," for in his time they had not been long discovered, and seamen incorrectly described them as being vexed by continual storms or violent currents; the mellifluous Waller, who seems to have lived some time upon them, much improved their character, and devoted many verses to them under the name of the 'Summer Isles;' and nearly at the same period the honest old patriot, and good old poet, Andrew Marvel, sang of

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom."

In our own days, Mr Thomas Moore has resided there, and celebrated the islands in some of the sweetest of his verses. Now all this we call being in luck. Miss Lloyd thus describes the situation and general form of the Bermudas:—

"They lie in 32° 20' N. Lat. 64° 50' W. Long.; and are between six and seven hundred miles from Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, the nearest point of land.

"They form an isolated Archipelago, which rises like a speck in the Atlantic, and are the work of that industrious little island-building zoophyte, the coral worm, which, by its unwearying perseverance, has accomplished works of such vast magnitude. Above this coral foundation lies a thick stratum of sand and shells, which, by the operation of the air, forms the indurated sand-stone of which the surface of the island is chiefly composed. They are encircled by an elliptical belt of coral reefs, which at its inner circumference measures about twenty-seven miles at the largest axis, and fourteen at the smallest. It is said that there are as many islands as there are days in the year, but of these the greater number are so small, that they have neither name nor inhabitants.

"The principal are St George's, the chief military station of the colony, and formerly the capital; Bermuda, or the main island, the present seat of government; Somerset, and Ireland, in which last are the dock-yards, convict-ships, &c. These, with very little interruption, form a continued chain, which runs from north-east to south-west, in the outline of a shepherd's crook, the convex side of which lies towards the S.W. and W. The whole occupies a space of fifteen to twenty miles in a straight line, but it is considerably more measured round the curve. St George's is three miles and a half in length, Bermuda fifteen, Somerset three, and Ireland three. The breadth of the chain, in its widest part, is two miles, and in the narrowest, not above one-eighth of a mile. Of this chain, St George's lies at the eastern, and Somerset and Ireland at the western extremity.

"The minor islands are St David's, Cooper's, Smith's, Longbird, Nonesuch, &c., and they everywhere form numerous picturesque creeks and bays, some of which are very large and deep, such as the Great Sound, Castle Harbour, Harrington Sound &c."

Upon this narrow ridge, which has been slowly raised above the level of the mighty ocean, and then partially covered with soil, grass, herbs, fruit trees, and lofty cedars, there exists a prosperous, fixed population of more than eleven thousand souls, independently of fifteen hundred convicts, and the troops in garrison, which are changed from time to time. At the period of Miss Lloyd's visit, the slave inhabitants amounted to 3,920, which was rather more than half of the number of the white and free-coloured fixed population. She did not

think that there were above three or four native Africans among the slaves, all the rest being born in Bermuda. From a charge delivered by the Chief Justice, in May 1830, it appeared that there were four hundred inhabitants for every square mile. Our authoress found the character of the Bermudians to be kind and humane, and (for slavery had not then been most nobly abolished), she says that their slaves enjoyed many advantages and comforts, which the poor of our own country are frequently destitute of. The poor negroes have always fared worst where there are mines or sugar plantations:—in Bermuda there are neither; and consequently they were employed in light agricultural or mechanical labour, but principally as domestic servants. They seem to be a merry set—very fond of music, and by no means stupid. We should enjoy, of all things, to hear one of these sable Chansoniens sing 'I'd be a butterfly!'

"Their Gombey parties are preceded by really tolerable bands, composed of negroes dressed in a neat white uniform with scarlet facings. These musicians are all self-taught, and play many favourite airs with great accuracy. This is the more surprising since they do not know a single note in music. They learn and play everything by ear, and certainly have great natural taste and love for music. When engaged about their work, or walking along the road, they generally beguile the time with a song; and in the evening you frequently hear the sounds of a flute or violin from a negro cottage. Many also possess the talent of extemporaneous composition, which they exercise in finding words for *Di piacer*, and various Italian airs. Others content themselves with singing the last new song, and 'I'd be a butterfly,' and 'Oh, no, we never mention her,' were beginning to be general favourites."

"There is a black woman here who ranks high as an improvisatrice; every important event, everyone who is so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure, is made the subject of her verse. * * * These verses are, of course, very uncouth, but possess a great deal of wit."

We would gladly give up the reading, for a twelvemonth, of all the poetry that may appear in magazines, annuals, and albums, provided we could but have our ears tickled with some of this negro improvisation,—some of these Africa-English verses. A few years ago, the Bible Society, not much to the credit of their own good judgment, seeing that the effect they thereby produced was altogether different from what they proposed, presented to the world most copious printed specimens of Negro-English prose, which was certainly the funniest and most irresistibly laughable hybrid of a language it was ever our fortune to meet with!

In spite of strong prejudices, and a certain degree of opposition on the part of the white Bermudians, even in Miss Lloyd's time they had begun to impart the blessings of education to the negroes and half castes, and had established free-schools and infant-schools for them. She says,—

"This blessing is now imparted to nearly a thousand persons, in which number I do not include those who are educated in the schools under the dissenters, some of which are very flourishing."

On occasion of the visitation of a Bishop from our American colonies, Miss Lloyd saw the examination of one of these Negro schools.

"On Wednesday, after examining a White free-school in our parish, the Bishop visited our Negro-infant school, accompanied by Doctor Spencer and Mr Wix, Archdeacon of Newfoundland. It presented a spectacle no less interesting to the eye than gratifying to the heart. Above seventy children were present, some not more than two years old, all arranged in classes. The girls wore their neat pink frocks, with a gaily coloured handkerchief tastefully folded round the head, while their dark expressive eyes and sable countenances, added a high degree of interest to their appearance in the eyes of the European. The school-room was prettily ornamented with flowering branches of the pride of India and Palmetto: and when this little band joined in the morning hymn, and knelt down to receive the good Bishop's benediction, I cannot describe the feelings which this scene excited. The children went through their lessons extremely well, and his

lordship expressed himself delighted with their proficiency, and with the novelty of the system, this being the first infant-school he had ever seen."

We hope Miss Lloyd makes some mistake in saying the Bishop had never seen an infant school before; but, to continue, in her own words:—

"I feel an encouraging hope, that this, and similar institutions, will lead to a gradual, but sure amelioration in the condition and character of the negro and coloured population, and prepare them for a right use of that emancipation, which all feel cannot be far distant." (*This, it must be remembered, was written in 1830*) * * * "But there is a shade that dims this pleasing picture, which, I trust, will gradually vanish before the enlightening influence of instruction—I mean the petty pilfering which is so common among the negroes, and which, until lately, was looked upon by very many as a perfectly venial offence. There is, however, an increasing conviction of its guilt, and the open effrontery with which it was formerly practised, and the systematic prevarication to which the negroes resorted, when detected, are now everyday becoming less frequent. I was pleased to hear from the Bishop, that he had been assured by persons, who formerly considered it a matter of course that a large portion of their poultry would be stolen from them, that in the last three years, during which period greater attention had been paid to the instruction of the slaves, they had not lost a single fowl. * * * I can only say, that I have never missed a single article of any description, though my room was so situated as to be accessible to anyone who might feel disposed to enter the open door, and carry off whatever might be lying about."

Well! thanks to the principles and exertions of the more liberal of our two great political parties which has predominated during the last four or five years, the great measure of Negro emancipation has been carried, and evidently sooner than our authoress expected. We thank her for showing how the slaves were being prepared to take their rank as free-men, but we wish that she had staid longer, and could have told us from her own experience and observation, how they have behaved themselves since they were suddenly made free. We are the more particular in this wish, as there are peculiar circumstances attending the measure in the Bermudas, where the emancipation was indeed sudden, and carried into full effect at once; it having been determined to discard altogether the system of apprenticeship, and to give entire and unconditional freedom to the whole body of slaves. Miss Lloyd says in her preface,

"The local legislature was enabled to take so decisive a step with confidence and safety, partly because the mitigated form of slavery which prevailed here, could not generate such reciprocal feelings of acrimony or distrust as may have been awakened in the sugar colonies, and also because experience had proved that a judicious system of moral and religious instruction had exercised a beneficial influence on the character and conduct of the slaves."

Perhaps the fair authoress ought to have mentioned the relative numbers of blacks and whites as among the facilitating causes. In the Bermudas, without counting the garrison, there are about two whites to one black; in several of the West Indian islands there are two and more blacks to one white, including the soldiery from Europe, and all other classes; and in Jamaica the slaves are to the rest of the population as seven to one.

Miss Lloyd's account of the productions of the island, its trade, its exports and imports, is rather incomplete, and, we have reason to believe, in some respects incorrect. On the other hand, her sketches of the beautiful scenery, whether done by pen or pencil, are very graceful and pleasing. The three views introduced in her volume are executed in a style very superior to that of the generality of small aqua-tinta plates, and give a delicious notion of the prospects of the narrow islands in which water is always blended with land, snow-white sails with luxuriantly green trees. Above all things, we most admire the delightful, sweet-smelling Bermuda cedar, which timber is so abundant that they build ships, and boats, and houses of it, and burn it in their do-

metlic fires. Miss Lloyd says that it is impossible to conceive anything more delicious than a cedar fire!

"The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires;
The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn;
Their private roofs, on od'rous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn."

WALLER.

SOMETHING NEW IN POETRY.

Poems by Albius. London. Churton. 1835. 12mo. pp. 26.

'THE Poems of Albius,' to adopt the title which the author places at their head, are productions as unlike ordinary modern poetry, as Albius is unlike the generality of modern names. To judge both by this appellation which he has assumed, and by the subjects on which he has expended his greatest efforts, the author seems to intend that we should take him for a sort of modern addition to the Delphin Classics, or one of the old Romans come alive again, rather than a bard properly belonging to these degenerate times. We may remark, too, that although he has thought proper, in partial accommodation to existing usages, to write in a modern dialect, his English, or what seems to be such, is of a singularly original description, and might really pass very well for that of a person who had merely acquired a little of the language by a few week's practice, after having dropt from the clouds, or lain in his grave for the last two thousand years.

The first of the 'Poems of Albius' is entitled an 'Elegy to Sappho,' and opens in the following striking manner:—

"Famed Heloise, by all the world admired,
The Maidens influenced, and the Bards inspired,
To laud her merit, and inscribe her tomb,
Pity the Lovers, and lament their doom.

Then why is Sappho's 'well-known name' to sleep
With her lost frame in the Leucadian deep?—
Is it because no Abelard could raise
A column worthy to record her praise?
Or is it that her soul, too rashly brave,
Preferred a watery to an earthly grave?"

The reasons here suggested to account for the oblivion into which "Sappho's well known name" is assumed to have fallen, are all but as capital in their way as that assumption itself. In particular, the reader will admire the poetic invention displayed in the novel notion that a monumental column was raised to Heloise by Abelard, who died more than twenty years before her.

In the next lines, the agitation of both the verse and the grammar finely betrays the poet's growing fervour:—

"No abbey she aspired to raise, no solemn state,
No maidens govern, or harsh rules dictate;
No mitred preachers to extol her fame,
Her deeds to gloss, and sanctify her shame;
But a great soul that meanness did disdain,
And thus neglected, sought the Lesbian main."

This, however, is merely preparatory. The author having thus cleared his throat, now takes up his story from the beginning, and proceeds to inform us that Sappho, "by nature gifted with a noble mind, and splendid talents with the same combined," "at length became the slighted object (as he poetically phrases it, for *subject*) of a fatal flame." The inspiration now comes very strong upon him. "Apollo's temple," he exclaims, in a strain of sublimity, in which we confess he soars far beyond our power of accompanying him, —

"now her image bears,
And Lesbos still her sable garment wears.
Leucadian rocks shall mourn her hapless fate,
And my inscription shall record the date."

Above twenty lines are then devoted to a most emphatic assertion of the fact, that this great poetess has never yet had her epitaph written. The following are half-a-dozen of them:—

"Many centuries now have passed away,
Long tedious nights, and each revolving day,
Without a line on the wide earth to state
Her early doom, or to perpetuate
A name renowned in all the works of art,
As skilled in music as in learning great."

This, by the by, seems to be precisely Albius's own case. The skill in the music of verse shown in this last couplet, would almost entitle us to say that he is "himself the great sublime he draws." That he is "as skilled in music as in learning great," the conclusion of the Elegy again abundantly proves:—

"The task shall hence be my peculiar care.
This little merit Albius now will claim,
And raise a tablet to her honoured fame.

(An ordinary writer, for the sake both of the rhyme and the reason, would have said *fame* here; but the other word is more characteristic of the *curiosa felicitas* of our author.)

And soon shall Phaon climb Leucadia's height,
To seek his Sappho in the realms of night;
Soon shall regret his proud and cruel disdain,
And join his mistress in the watery main."

The word *cruel*, commonly reckoned a dissyllable, is, we believe, uniformly pronounced as a monosyllable by Albius. Thus, for instance, a few pages after:—

"Who cruelly (pronounce, *cruelly*) thus requites her
generous flame."

This line is taken from a long Epistle from Phaon to Sappho, of which, however, it must be our only sample. Nor can we do more than notice an intermediate effusion, entitled, 'Elegy to Hector, concluded with an Epitaph,' in which it is said of that hero, that

"His might and prowess everywhere proclaimed
The chief who only by a God was armed."

With a similar easy flow of metre, the Epitaph begins as follows:—

"— By Albius' hand was raised
This simple tablet to the hero's praise."

An Epistle from Dido to Æneas must also be passed over. The descriptive eloquence of the Carthaginian Queen is, in some passages, much too ardent for our sober pages. The letter, however, seems to have produced a powerful effect on the nerves of poor Æneas. In his answer (also here given) he screams out on sight of it in an agony of terror:—

"But what's this dread epistle which I see,
All stained with gore, and sent express from thee?
My Dido's name the superscription bears,
And harrows up my soul with conscious fears:
Its harsh contents my daring mind subdues,
Unfits me quite to meet my hostile foes."

After this comes an Epistle from Corinna to Ovid, dated Pisa, 3rd February 1830. She "concludes," says our author, "by expressing her unalterable attachment to him in the most glowing colours." Here is the glowingly-coloured passage in question:—

"If not, at least, my last request attend,
And on my tomb my mournful theme shall end:
'Here the wronged mistress of false Ovid lies,
By his disdain she fell a sacrifice
To dire despair, and all-consuming grief,
When him, and only him, could give relief:
But death more kind, did her complaint remove,
And sent her early to the ethereal grove."

An ode to (or rather, against) Achilles, which follows, ends with an inscription for the Statue in Hyde Park, which the pious and poetical author looks upon to be a very shocking performance indeed. "This massive pile," he indignantly exclaims,

"— is to commemorate
The savage hero of the Grecian state,
Whose brutal courage to the world is known,
And deeds ascribed that never were his own;
The indelicate posture of whose effigy,
And immodest state of shameless nudity,
Bespeak a want of common decency,
To grace or figure not the least pretence,
Devoid of meaning—still more void of sense."

Not satisfied with this torrent of eloquent verse, the writer resumes the subject in a long note in prose. "Ovid," he remarks, "in his writings on this subject, with the exception of myself, has been the only author who has yet dared to unmask this invincible son of Thetis." He will allow poor Achilles no merit in anything. "His sallying out at last," he argues, "to meet Hector, appears to have been wholly

instigated by a direful thirst of revenge for the loss of his friend Patroclus, who, according to the chances of war, was as liable to fall as another man, and which common occurrence a great mind would soon have reconciled." Nay, even the courage of this celebrated personage, Albius earnestly insists, was very far from being what it has been generally accounted. "His impenetrable armour," he argues, "and enormous spear gave him a decided advantage over his antagonist; for it appears that Hector's lance was broken in pieces, against the shield of Achilles, early in the contest, and consequently he had nothing but his side-arms left to defend himself against the unequal weapon of his exulting foe. During the martial glory and success of Hector, the 'great Pelides,' never once attempted to emulate his achievements, or put himself in his way, or I am fully persuaded that the fate of Greece would have terminated under less auspicious circumstances."

The hottest of our author's wrath, however, is poured out against what he calls the "preposterous statue." We decline transcribing all the strong expressions he uses on this subject—but his concluding accusation against the statue is so curious that we must give it. "It is," he says, after calling it every thing else best fitted to excite our aversion, "a complete outrage of public decency, by the pretended guardians of public morals, and but for which it is probable that this poem would never have appeared."

A sort of new Iliad and Æneid in one, which is next presented to us, under the title of 'The Siege of Troy, Destruction of Troy, and Foundation of the Roman Empire' is too long an affair for our examination at present. We can only state that the object of the Poem is, in the words of the author, "to more clearly and distinctly point out the cause and historical facts connected with the Trojan wars, than those recorded in the works of Homer."

The latter part of the volume contains a few pieces on modern subjects. One is called 'An Hour in Kensington Gardens,' and begins thus:—

"Majestic and neglected pile,
The monarch's famed retreat;
The fairest of the British isle,
And once the royal seat."

This is addressed to what the author calls "the venerable palace," in comparison with which he seems to think Windsor a very modern structure. "Forsaken," he goes on,

"Forsaken and deserted now
Are thy enchanting bowers;
Thy garland plucked to grace the brow
Of Windsor's lofty towers.

Altho' the wreck of former days,
By various tempests tost,
Thy ancient grandeur yet displays
The state thou then couldst boast."

If in future days, however, a good and great monarch should arise, and restore the state to its ancient happiness and grandeur, he prophesies that

"Then Kensington once more,
Her regal palace shall behold
In all its days of yore,"—

whatever that may signify.

'The Farewell and Departure of Albius,' the next of these pieces, is a somewhat ambitious performance, being no less than an attempt to throw into the shade the well-known 'Farewell' of Lord Byron—as is pretty plainly intimated in the opening lines:—

"Like that great bard, whom late the world admired,
Whose ardent mind seraphic subjects fired,
I little thought when first he said "farewell,"
That I myself should the same story tell:
When to his country last he bade adieu,
That I so soon should that farewell renew."

The cause that sent Albius abroad was, it seems, "great pecuniary losses, which he sustained by his purse and services to pretended friends," as he puts it in prose,—or, as he sings in still more impressive prosody:—

"At my own loss I've others' interests raised,
And my reward has been but empty praise."

To use his own language on another occasion, we should have thought that such a common occurrence as this was one "which a great mind would soon have

reconciled;" but he takes on about it in the most distressing way, pouring out his soul in the following, among other passionate exclamations:—

"No more my verse in tuneful numbers flow,
My lute's strung now to elegies of woe;
No more will I inscribe to fruitless Fame,
Though science henceforth may record my name.
Friendship, adieu! Society I disclaim,
And no more know mankind than by the name.
The sacred Nine already chide my stay,
My Goddess muse cries, "Albius haste away!"
Farewell, ye charming bightingales that sing
Notes to my verse, fair Goddess of the Spring!
I could have once sung out a summer's day,
But now the inspiring charm is done away;
My notes no longer will assist my rhyme,
And anguish quickens on the brink of time.
My numbers here in painful accents glide,
My song is done—my harp I lay aside.
Let those few friends who strove my wounds to heal,
Accept my thanks, and this, my last farewell:
Thro' stormy seas, to distant climes I'll rove,
And pace my journey to the ethereal grove."

This was in the end of 1825. However, by the very next poem, we find that, for all his melancholy resolves, our author's exile wanted the consolations neither of song nor of love. "Near Ingouville," he chants,

"within a grove
Where once I did retire,
The world to shun, in woods to rove,
And tune the sacred lyre;—

"The first and subject of my verse,
The country I had left," &c.

"When to the winds I told my tale," &c.

"Beneath the shade a goddess sat,
More fair than Venus she,
Who often listened to my lute,
And kindly smiled on me."

This kind lady, after a few fine speeches, fairly makes him an offer of her hand:—

"Accept the hand of an unknown fair,
Though stranger as thou art;
For ever live in quiet here,
And meet a generous heart."

We are sorry to have to relate so discreditable a termination to so interesting a love tale; but after telling us of the many pleasant days they continued to pass together after this frank declaration, our author adds:—

"But mortal joys are transient, vain," &c.

"For cruel fate had me forbade
This lovely fair to wed;
At length with grief the blissful shade,
The charming spot I fled."

We must say that, since the famous flight of Horace, we do not remember to have seen any running away so very coolly recorded.

But we must bring our account of this very remarkable volume to a close. The last poem we shall notice is entitled 'The Indispensable Requisites and Qualifications for an Accomplished Poet, with the best rules for acquiring that sublime study.' We may safely say, that nothing which had been previously written upon the art of poetry had anticipated anything we have here. The writer evidently looks to nature alone. In such lines as the following, with which we shall conclude our extracts, it is easy to see who has been his "great example":—

"No precept, rule, or beaten tracts of time
Can give the force and harmony of rhyme;
Untaught, untaught, is the poet's verse,
Who with the Muses only would converse."

"One timely bred to serve the Sacred Nine,
In verse instructed by a Bard divine:
Who from a sylvan Goddess dates his name,
And early traced the rugged paths of Fame:
In Science' temple his first theme begun,
And one acknowledged born the Muse's son.
(The bard without which his rank unjustly claim,
And only lives a poet by the name.)
One in whose breast the softest passions glow,
And soul from which the finest feelings flow;
A modest choice, mixt with a taste refined,
And talent far above the vulgar mind.
One who the Muses' honour will sustain,
Low wit contemn, and little minds disdain:
One whose chaste style and language both agree,
And such a being should the poet be."

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING.

An Encyclopedia of Gardening. By J. C. Loudon.
New Edition. 8vo. London. 1835. Pp. 1310.

If the ear should be struck with a momentary feeling of something like incongruity in the unaccustomed collocation of a name so redolent of nature and primitive life as Gardening, with so learned a term as Encyclopedia, let it be remembered that gardening is, after all, the eldest of the sciences, and, as such, is surely well entitled to be associated with the most learned term we can find for it. Till lately, indeed, in our foolish contempt for the "common things that round us lie," we did not recognize it as a science at all—hardly even as an art. It would have been thought strange to speak of the trainer of fruit-trees, or even of the disposer of parterres, as an artist. And the eldest of the sciences, in the orthodox creed, is not Gardening, but Astronomy. Yet, although both are no doubt of most respectable antiquity, we have no warrant either in prose or verse, for carrying the birth of the latter quite to so high a date as that of the former. When our first great ancestor in Eden inquired of the Archangel respecting the celestial motions, his curiosity, if we may trust the account of Milton, was rather repressed than encouraged:—

"Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above; him serve, and fear!
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise."

It was reserved for the shepherd sages of Chaldea, after the world was many ages old, to be the fathers of Astronomy; the father of Gardening was the father of mankind—aye, and its mother was also the mother of all of us—

"Eve
Rose and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
And touched by her fair tendance gladlier grew."

However, the two are not sciences that ought either to quarrel about precedence, or to have any other feelings towards each other than those of affection. They may be said to be of kin through the common blood of a poetry which is denied to the other sciences. For as the stars have been called "the poetry of heaven," so may the flowers, and the fruits too, of our gardens, be appropriately styled the poetry of earth. Of both sciences the nature and ends are mainly connected with those capacities of our being that yearn after something more and higher than either the necessary or the convenient. They both carry us away out of sense into sentiment—out of the visible into the visionary. Important as are some of the practical applications of Astronomy, such mere utilities respect only a small portion of the field of that vast science. Of by far the greater number of its soaring abstractions the whole result and purpose can only be described as being to exercise some of the noblest faculties of the intellect—to gratify the desire of knowledge for its own sake—to help the wings of the imagination, which in that endless starry maze, and those far depths of blue, finds one of the regions in the universe of thought in which it loves most to range and lose itself. The scope of the science of Gardening, it must be confessed, is not so lofty. The poetry that is in it is of a humbler and more familiar character. It has more to do with the affections than with the imagination. Yet the gardener is a poet of his kind, and every garden is a true poem, in which blossoms, and fragrance, and green leaves, not ill supply the place of glowing imagery and tuneful words. Even the smallest flower-plot beside the cottage door, is it not like a lamp of celestial light hung up to brighten the prose of ordinary life to parent and child, upon whom it smiles in their going out and in their coming in? And in all cases where a dwelling-house and a garden are associated, whatever the former—the creation as it is the shelter of our coarser needs and desires,—may suggest to the mind of what is more earthy in our humanity, is taken off and relieved by the less artificial character of the latter, by the predominance in it of the ornamental and the beautiful over mere physical serviceableness. In the house, grace and decoration, though by no means excluded, are yet throughout kept in subordination to the useful and

convenient; in the garden it is the reverse—here, as in every other poetical creation, beauty sits queen—in that spirit everything is shaped—by that everything is animated—the useful or commodious only comes in as supplementary, and where it does not interfere with the other which is the reigning principle.

As might have been expected from its high pretensions, Gardening has not been without its literature, either in other countries or in our own. But we believe we may safely say, that nothing has been written upon the subject in any country or language, that can be compared for completeness, for accuracy, for enlarged views, with the admirable work now before us. Indeed, we have few treatises upon any art or science that deserve to be placed beside this Encyclopedia of Gardening by Mr Loudon. It is evidently the production of a writer with whom his subject has been the study of his life, and who has made himself master of it in all its extent and details, both from books and from his own observation and experience. The success of a work, prepared with so much labour, ability, and real knowledge, could hardly have been doubtful from the first; and we rejoice to see successive impressions giving evidence of the public appreciation of its merits. The present edition, which has come out in twenty half-crown parts, is stated to have been revised throughout, and in many parts re-written. The wood-engravings, remarkable for their neatness and clearness, with which it is embellished and illustrated, now amount to upwards of 1,200, and of that number above 500 are entirely new.

"Part I, containing the 'History of Gardening,'" says the author, "is nearly all re-written; it has been enriched with a great number of new facts, and descriptions of gardens; and with numerous engravings of ground-plans, and views of garden and park scenery. In order to give a complete view of the present state of gardening throughout the world, nearly every book of travels, published since 1810, has been consulted, and the author made a tour (in 1829) for the purpose of personally examining the finest gardens in France and Germany." In Part II, containing the 'Science of Gardening,' the first book, which treats on Botany, has been entirely recomposed, so as to embrace the most approved modern opinions on Vegetable Physiology, and in other respects to harmonize with the present state of Botanical science. All the other books have been brought into similar harmony with the present state of knowledge and practice, and more particularly Book III, on the Mechanical Agents employed in Gardening. In this book are described and figured all the new implements, instruments, and machines, considered valuable, and all the improvements in the construction of hot-houses, and more especially the different modes of heating them by steam, and by hot water—the latter, the greatest improvement which has been made in Gardening since this Encyclopedia originally appeared. In Book IV, which treats of the operations of Gardening, the chapter on insects, vermin, and the enemies of gardens, has been entirely re-written and greatly enlarged, by an eminent Naturalist. It is illustrated by numerous new engravings, and will be found a most important addition to this department of the work. Part III, on 'Gardening as Practised in Britain,' has received most invaluable additions, more particularly in the descriptive catalogues of fruits and culinary vegetables, with their synonyms. For these we are indebted to the Committee of the Horticultural Society, who permitted us to consult on these subjects with their head gardener, Mr Munro, and with the gardener of their fruit department, Mr Thompson; and the result is that we are enabled to present such descriptive catalogues, and such selected lists for particular situations, and particular purposes, as could, at no former period, and even at this time from no other source, be produced. Under Floriculture, in most of the preceding editions, the tables of ornamental plants were comparatively meagre and imperfect, and in the first and second editions, full of orthographical errors. These tables were entirely recomposed by Mr George Don, for the edition of 1831, and then received copious additions: they have now been brought down to the present time, and for accuracy, we will venture to state that if they are equalled, they are not surpassed in any work whatever. Arboriculture has received those improvements in the details of transplanting, pruning, &c. which the advanced state of physiological knowledge required;—Landscape Gardening has also undergone revision. Throughout the Work, wherever the subject of insects and vermin has occurred, it has been corrected, or re-written, by the eminent naturalist above referred to; and advantage has been taken, as far as garden insects are concerned, of the more recent discoveries communicated to the 'Entomological Magazine,' and to the 'Magazine of Natural History.' The botanic names have been put in harmony with the nomenclature of our 'Hortus Britannicus,' preserving, however, the Linnaean, or popular synonyme where it has been considered advisable."

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL AND THE PRINTING MACHINE.

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No. 69.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WIT MADE EASY, OR A HINT TO WORD-CATCHERS.

A.—Here comes B., the liveliest yet most tiresome of word-catchers. I wonder whether he'll have wit enough to hear good news of his mistress.—Well, B., my dear boy, I hope I see you well.

B.—I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise you have lost your eye-sight.

A.—Good. Well, how do you do?

B.—How? Why as other people do. You would not have me eccentric, would you?

A.—Nonsense. I mean, how do you find yourself?

B.—Find myself? Where's the necessity of finding myself? I have not been lost.

A.—Incorrigible dog! come now; to be serious.

B.—(Comes closer to A. and looks very serious.)

A.—Well, what now?

B.—I am come, to be serious.

A.—Come now; nonsense, B.; leave off this. (Laying his hand on his arm.)

B.—(Looking down at his arm.)—I can't leave off this. It would look very absurd to go without a sleeve.

A.—Ah, ha? You make me laugh in spite of myself. How's Jackson?

B.—The deuce! How's Jackson! Well, I never should have thought that. How can Howe be Jackson? "Surname and arms," I suppose, of some rich uncle? I have not seen him gazetted.

A.—Good bye.

B.—(Detaining him.)—"Good Bye!" What a sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtuous man of the name of Bye! "Good Bye!"—To think of Ashton standing at the corner of the street, doating aloud on the integrity of a Mr Bye!

A.—Ludicrous enough. I can't help laughing, I confess. But laughing does not always imply merriment. You do not delight us, Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us; and tickling may give pain.

B.—Don't accept it then. You need not take everything that is given you.

A.—You'll want a strait-forward answer some day, and then—

B.—You'll describe a circle about me, before you give it. Well, that's your affair, not mine. You'll astonish the natives, that's all.

A.—It's great nonsense, you must allow.

B.—I can't see why it is greater nonsense than any other pronoun.

A.—(Is deppair.)—Well, it's of no use, I see.

B.—Excuse me: it is of the very greatest use. I don't know a part of speech more useful. It performs all the greatest offices of nature, and contains, in fact, the whole agency and mystery of the world. It rains. It is fine weather. It freezes. It thaws. It (which is very odd) is one o'clock. "It has been a very frequent observation." It goes. Here it goes. How goes it?—(which, by the way, is a translation from the Latin, *Eo, is, it; Eo, I go; is, thou goest; it, he or it goes.* In short—

A.—In short, if I wanted a dissertation on it, now's the time for it. But I don't; so, good bye.—(going)—I saw Miss M. last night.

B.—The devil you did! Where was it?

A.—(To himself)—Now I have him, and will revenge myself. Where was it? Where was it, eh? Oh you must know a great deal more about it than I do.

B.—Nay, my dear fellow, do tell me. I'm on thorns.

A.—On thorns! Very odd thorns. I never saw a thorn look so like a pavement.

B.—Come now, to be serious.

A.—(Comes close to B. and looks tragic.)

B.—He, he! Very fair, egad. But do tell me where was she? How did she look? Who was with her?

A.—Oh, ho! Hoo was with her, was he? Well, I wanted to know his name. I could not tell who the devil it was. But I say, Jack, who's Hoo?

B.—Good. He, he! Devilish fair! But now, my dear Will, for God's sake, you know how interested I am.

A.—The deuce you are! I always took you for a disinterested fellow. I always said of Jack B., Jack's apt to overdo his credit for wit; but a more honest disinterested fellow I never met with.

B.—Well, then, as you think so, be merciful. Where is Miss M.?

A.—This is more astonishing news than any. Ware is Miss M. I know her passion for music; but this is wonderful. Good Heavens! To think of a delicate young lady dressing herself in man's clothes, and going about as a musician under the name of Ware.

B.—Now, my dear Will, consider. I acknowledge I have been tiresome; I confess it is a bad habit, this word-catching; but consider my love.

A.—(Falls into an attitude of musing.)

B.—Well.

A.—Don't interrupt me. I am considering your love.

B.—I repent; I am truly sorry. What shall I do?—(Laying his hand on his heart.)—I'll give up this cursed habit.

A.—You will?—upon honour?

B.—Upon my honour.

A.—On the spot.

B.—Now, this instant. Now and for ever.

A.—Strip away then.

B.—Strip? for what?

A.—You said you'd give up that cursed habit.

B.—Now, my dear A. for the love of everything that is sacred; for the love of your own love—

A.—Well, you promise me sincerely?

B.—Heart and soul.

A.—Step over the way, then, into the coffee-house, and I'll tell you.

Street-Sweeper.—Pleaze your honour, pray remember the poor swape.

B.—My friend, I'll never forget you, if that will be of any service. I'll think of you next year.

A.—What again!

B.—The last time, as I hope to be saved. Here, my friend; there's a shilling for you. Charity covers a multitude of bad jokes.

Street-Sweeper.—God send your honour thousands of them.

B.—The jokes or the shillings, you rascal?

Street-Sweeper.—Och, the shillings. Devil a bit the bad jokes. I can make them myself, and a shilling's no joke anyhow.

A.—What! really silent! and in spite of the dog's equivocal Irish face! Come, B., I now see you can give up a jest, and are really in love; and your mistress, I will undertake to say, will not be sorry to be convinced of both. Women like to begin with merriment well enough: but they think ill of a man who cannot come to a grave conclusion.

CELEBRATED SPECIMEN OF THE LETTER-WRITING OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE,

[FAMOUS for her wit and good-nature in the reign of Louis XIV, and her love for the daughter to whom she chiefly addressed her letters.]

A M. DE COULANGES.

A Paris, Lundi, 15 Décembre 1670.

Je m'en vais vous mander la chose du monde la plus étonnante, la plus surprenante, la plus merveilleuse, la plus miraculeuse, la plus triomphante, la plus étourdissante, la plus inouïe, la plus singulière, la plus extraordinaire, la plus incroyable, la plus imprévue, la plus grande, la plus petite, la plus rare, la plus commune, la plus éclatante, la plus secrète jusqu'à aujourd'hui, la plus brillante, la plus digne d'envie; enfin, une chose dont on ne trouve qu'un exemple dans les siècles passés, encore cet exemple n'est-il pas juste; une chose que nous ne saurions croire à Paris; comment la pourroit-on croire à Lyon? une chose qui fait crier miséricorde à tout le monde; une chose qui comble de joie Madame de Rohan et Madame d'Hauterive; une chose enfin qui se fera dimanche, où ceux qui la verront croiront avoir la *berlus*; une chose qui se fera dimanche, et qui ne sera peut-être pas faite lundi. Je ne puis me résoudre à vous la dire, devinez-la; je vous le donne en trois; jetez-vous votre langue aux chiens? Hé bien! il faut donc vous la dire. M. de Lausun épouse dimanche au Louvre, devinez qui? Je vous le donne en quatre, je vous le donne en six, je vous le donne en cent. Madame de Coulanges dit: Voilà qui est bien difficile à deviner; c'est Madame de la Vallière. Point du tout, Madame. C'est donc Mademoiselle de Retz? Point du tout, vous êtes bien provinciale. Ah! vraiment, nous sommes bien bêtes, dites-vous; c'est Mademoiselle Colbert. Encore moins. C'est assurément Mademoiselle de Créqui. Vous n'y êtes pas. Il faut donc à la fin vous le dire: il épouse dimanche au Louvre, avec la permission du Roi, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de Mademoiselle, devinez le nom; il épouse Mademoiselle, la grande Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, fille de feu Monsieur, Mademoiselle, petite fille de Henri IV, Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Mademoiselle, cousine germaine du Roi, Mademoiselle, destinée au trône, Mademoiselle, le seul parti de France qui fût digne de Monsieur. Voilà un beau sujet de discourir. Si vous criez, si vous êtes hors de vous-même, si vous dites que nous avons menti, que cela est faux, qu'on se moque de vous, que voilà une belle raillerie, que, cela est bien fade à imaginer; si enfin vous nous dites des injures, nous

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

SKETCHES OF BERMUDA.

Sketches of Bermuda. By Susette Harriet Lloyd, with maps and plates. 1 vol. 8vo. London. Cochrane and Co.

This little volume is the production of a young lady, who, in addition to very amiable feelings, has some talent for observation and description. She does not tell us all we should wish to know on the subject, but our recent information respecting the Bermudas is so scanty, that we feel thankful for any addition to it. Miss Lloyd sailed from England in the summer of 1829, and seems to have remained eighteen months among the islands. Though small and comparatively obscure, and out of the high roads of navigation, this group has been singularly fortunate in poetical associations, which have a power to make even barren rocks beautiful. Shakespeare speaks of the islands in the 'Tempest,' as "the still vexed Bermoothes," for in his time they had not been long discovered, and seamen incorrectly described them as being vexed by continual storms or violent currents; the mischievous Waller, who seems to have lived some time upon them, much improved their character, and devoted many verses to them under the name of the 'Summer Isles'; and nearly at the same period the honest old patriot, and good old poet, Andrew Marvel, sang of

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom."

In our own days, Mr Thomas Moore has resided there, and celebrated the islands in some of the sweetest of his verses. Now all this we call being in luck. Miss Lloyd thus describes the situation and general form of the Bermudas:—

"They lie in 32° 20' N. Lat. 64° 50' W. Long.; and are between six and seven hundred miles from Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, the nearest point of land.

"They form an isolated Archipelago, which rises like a speck in the Atlantic, and are the work of that industrious little island-building zoophyte, the coral worm, which, by its unwearying perseverance, has accomplished works of such vast magnitude. Above this coral foundation lies a thick stratum of sand and shells, which, by the operation of the air, forms the indurated sand-stone of which the surface of the island is chiefly composed. They are encircled by an elliptical belt of coral reefs, which at its inner circumference measures about twenty-seven miles at the largest axis, and fourteen at the smallest. It is said that there are as many islands as there are days in the year, but of these the greater number are so small, that they have neither name nor inhabitants.

"The principal are St George's, the chief military station of the colony, and formerly the capital; Bermuda, or the main island, the present seat of government; Somerset, and Ireland, in which last are the dock-yards, convict-ships, &c. These, with very little interruption, form a continued chain, which runs from north-east to south-west, in the outline of a shepherd's crook, the convex side of which lies towards the S.W. and W. The whole occupies a space of fifteen to twenty miles in a straight line, but it is considerably more measured round the curve. St George's is three miles and a half in length, Bermuda fifteen, Somerset three, and Ireland three. The breadth of the chain, in its widest part, is two miles, and in the narrowest, not above one-eighth of a mile. Of this chain, St George's lies at the eastern, and Somerset and Ireland at the western extremity.

"The minor islands are St David's, Cooper's, Smith's, Longbird, Nonessuch, &c., and they everywhere form numerous picturesque creeks and bays, some of which are very large and deep, such as the Great Sound, Castle Harbour, Harrington Sound &c."

Upon this narrow ridge, which has been slowly raised above the level of the mighty ocean, and then partially covered with soil, grass, herbs, fruit trees, and lofty cedars, there exists a prosperous, fixed population of more than eleven thousand souls, independently of fifteen hundred convicts, and the troops in garrison, which are changed from time to time. At the period of Miss Lloyd's visit, the slave inhabitants amounted to 3,920, which was rather more than half of the number of the white and free-coloured fixed population. She did not

think that there were above three or four native Africans among the slaves, all the rest being born in Bermuda. From a charge delivered by the Chief Justice, in May 1830, it appeared that there were four hundred inhabitants for every square mile. Our authoress found the character of the Bermudians to be kind and humane, and (for slavery had not then been most nobly abolished), she says that their slaves enjoyed many advantages and comforts, which the poor of our own country are frequently destitute of. The poor negroes have always fared worst where there are mines or sugar plantations:—in Bermuda there are neither; and consequently they were employed in light agricultural or mechanical labour, but principally as domestic servants. They seem to be a merry set—very fond of music, and by no means stupid. We should enjoy, of all things, to hear one of these sable Chansonniers sing 'I'd be a butterfly!'

"Their Gombey parties are preceded by really tolerable bands, composed of negroes dressed in a neat white uniform with scarlet facings. These musicians are all self-taught, and play many favourite airs with great accuracy. This is the more surprising since they do not know a single note in music. They learn and play everything by ear, and certainly have great natural taste and love for music. When engaged about their work, or walking along the road, they generally beguile the time with a song; and in the evening you frequently hear the sounds of a flute or violin from a negro cottage. Many also possess the talent of extemporaneous composition, which they exercise in finding words for *Di piacer*, and various Italian airs. Others content themselves with singing the last new song, and 'I'd be a butterfly,' and 'Oh, no, we never mention her,' were beginning to be general favourites."

"There is a black woman here who ranks high as an improvisatrice; every important event, everyone who is so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure, is made the subject of her verse. * * * These verses are, of course, very uncouth, but possess a great deal of wit."

We would gladly give up the reading, for a twelvemonth, of all the poetry that may appear in magazines, annuals, and albums, provided we could but have our ears tickled with some of this negro improvisation,—some of these Africa-English verses. A few years ago, the Bible Society, not much to the credit of their own good judgment, seeing that the effect they thereby produced was altogether different from what they proposed, presented to the world most copious printed specimens of Negro-English prose, which was certainly the funniest and most irresistibly laughable hybrid of a language it was ever our fortune to meet withal!

In spite of strong prejudices, and a certain degree of opposition on the part of the white Bermudians, even in Miss Lloyd's time they had begun to impart the blessings of education to the negroes and half castes, and had established free-schools and infant-schools for them. She says,—

"This blessing is now imparted to nearly a thousand persons, in which number I do not include those who are educated in the schools under the dissenters, some of which are very flourishing."

On occasion of the visitation of a Bishop from our American colonies, Miss Lloyd saw the examination of one of these Negro schools.

"On Wednesday, after examining a White free-school in our parish, the Bishop visited our Negro-infant school, accompanied by Doctor Spencer and Mr Wix, Archdeacon of Newfoundland. It presented a spectacle no less interesting to the eye than gratifying to the heart. Above seventy children were present, some not more than two years old, all arranged in classes. The girls wore their neat pink frocks, with a gaily coloured handkerchief tastefully folded round the head, while their dark expressive eyes and sable countenances, added a high degree of interest to their appearance in the eyes of the European. The school-room was prettily ornamented with flowering branches of the pride of India and Palmetto: and when this little band joined in the morning hymn, and knelt down to receive the good Bishop's benediction, I cannot describe the feelings which this scene excited. The children went through their lessons extremely well, and his

lordship expressed himself delighted with their proficiency, and with the novelty of the system, this being the first infant-school he had ever seen."

We hope Miss Lloyd makes some mistake in saying the Bishop had never seen an infant school before; but, to continue, in her own words:—

"I feel an encouraging hope, that this, and similar institutions, will lead to a gradual, but sure amelioration in the condition and character of the negro and coloured population, and prepare them for a right use of that emancipation, which all feel cannot be far distant." (*This, it must be remembered, was written in 1830*) * * * "But there is a shade that dims this pleasing picture, which, I trust, will gradually vanish before the enlightening influences of instruction—I mean the petty pilfering which is so common among the negroes, and which, until lately, was looked upon by very many as a perfectly venial offence. There is, however, an increasing conviction of its guilt, and the open effrontery with which it was formerly practised, and the systematic prevarication to which the negroes resorted, when detected, are now everyday becoming less frequent. I was pleased to hear from the Bishop, that he had been assured by persons, who formerly considered it a matter of course that a large portion of their poultry would be stolen from them, that in the last three years, during which period greater attention had been paid to the instruction of the slaves, they had not lost a single fowl. * * I can only say, that I have never missed a single article of any description, though my room was so situated as to be accessible to anyone who might feel disposed to enter the open door, and carry off whatever might be lying about."

Well! thanks to the principles and exertions of the more liberal of our two great political parties which has predominated during the last four or five years, the great measure of Negro emancipation has been carried, and evidently sooner than our authoress expected. We thank her for showing how the slaves were being prepared to take their rank as free-men, but we wish that she had staid longer, and could have told us from her own experience and observation, how they have behaved themselves since they were suddenly made free. We are the more particular in this wish, as there are peculiar circumstances attending the measure in the Bermudas, where the emancipation was indeed sudden, and carried into full effect at once; it having been determined to discard altogether the system of apprenticeship, and to give entire and unconditional freedom to the whole body of slaves. Miss Lloyd says in her preface,

"The local legislature was enabled to take so decisive a step with confidence and safety, partly because the mitigated form of slavery which prevailed here, could not generate such reciprocal feelings of acrimony or distrust as may have been awakened in the sugar colonies, and also because experience had proved that a judicious system of moral and religious instruction had exercised a beneficial influence on the character and conduct of the slaves."

Perhaps the fair authoress ought to have mentioned the relative numbers of blacks and whites as among the facilitating causes. In the Bermudas, without counting the garrison, there are about two whites to one black; in several of the West Indian islands there are two and more blacks to one white, including the soldiery from Europe, and all other classes; and in Jamaica the slaves are to the rest of the population as seven to one.

Miss Lloyd's account of the productions of the island, its trade, its exports and imports, is rather incomplete, and, we have reason to believe, in some respects incorrect. On the other hand, her sketches of the beautiful scenery, whether done by pen or pencil, are very graceful and pleasing. The three views introduced in her volume are executed in a style very superior to that of the generality of small aqua-tinta plates, and give a delicious notion of the prospects of the narrow islands in which water is always blended with land, snow-white sails with luxuriantly green trees. Above all things, we most admire the delightful, sweet-smelling Bermuda cedar, which timber is so abundant that they build ships, and boats, and houses of it, and burn it in their do-

mettle fire. Miss Lloyd says that it is impossible to conceive anything more delicious than a cedar fire!

"The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires;
The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn;
Their private roofs, on od'rous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn."

WALLER.

SOMETHING NEW IN POETRY.

Poems by Albius. London. Churton. 1835. 12mo. pp. 26.

'The Poems of Albius,' to adopt the title which the author places at their head, are productions as unlike ordinary modern poetry, as Albius is unlike the generality of modern names. To judge both by this appellation which he has assumed, and by the subjects on which he has expended his greatest efforts, the author seems to intend that we should take him for a sort of modern addition to the Delphic Classics, or one of the old Romans come alive again, rather than a bard properly belonging to these degenerate times. We may remark, too, that although he has thought proper, in partial accommodation to existing usages, to write in a modern dialect, his English, or what seems to be such, is of a singularly original description, and might really pass very well for that of a person who had merely acquired a little of the language by a few week's practice, after having dropt from the clouds, or lain in his grave for the last two thousand years.

The first of the 'Poems of Albius' is entitled an 'Elegy to Sappho,' and opens in the following striking manner:—

"Famed Heloise, by all the world admired,
The Maidens influenced, and the Bards inspired,
To laud her merit, and inscribe her tomb,
Pity the Lovers, and lament their doom."

Then why is Sappho's 'well-known name' to sleep
With her lost frame in the Leucadian deep?—
Is it because no Abelard could raise
A column worthy to record her praise?
Or is it that her soul, too rashly brave,
Preferred a watery to an earthly grave?"

The reasons here suggested to account for the oblivion into which "Sappho's well known name" is assumed to have fallen, are all but as capital in their way as that assumption itself. In particular, the reader will admire the poetic invention displayed in the novel notion that a monumental column was raised to Heloise by Abelard, who died more than twenty years before her.

In the next lines, the agitation of both the verse and the grammar finely betrays the poet's growing fervour;—

"No abbey she aspired to raise, no solemn state,
No maidens govern, or harsh rules dictate;
No mitred preachers to extol her fame,
Her deeds to gloss, and sanctify her shame;
But a great soul that meanness did disdain,
And thus neglected, sought the Lesbian main."

This, however, is merely preparatory. The author having thus cleared his throat, now takes up his story from the beginning, and proceeds to inform us that Sappho, "by nature gifted with a noble mind, and splendid talents with the same combined," "at length became the slighted object (as he poetically phrases it, for *subject*) of a fatal flame." The inspiration now comes very strong upon him. "Apollo's temple," he exclaims, in a strain of sublimity, in which we confess he soars far beyond our power of accompanying him. —

"now her image bears,
And Lesbos still her sable garment wears.
Leucadian rocks shall mourn her hapless fate,
And my inscription shall record the date."

Above twenty lines are then devoted to a most emphatic assertion of the fact, that this great poetess has never yet had her epitaph written. The following are half-a-dozen of them:—

"Many centuries now have passed away,
Long tedious nights, and each revolving day,
Without a line on the wide earth to state
Her early doom, or to perpetuate
A name renowned in all the works of art,
As skilled in music as in learning great."

This, by the by, seems to be precisely Albius's own case. The skill in the music of verse shown in this last couplet, would almost entitle us to say that he is "himself the great sublime he draws." That he is "as skilled in music as in learning great," the conclusion of the Elegy again abundantly proves:—

"The task shall hence be my peculiar care.
This little merit Albius now will claim,
And raise a tablet to her honoured fame."

(An ordinary writer, for the sake both of the rhyme and the reason, would have said *fame* here; but the other word is more characteristic of the *curiosa felicitas* of our author.)

And soon shall Phaon climb Leucadia's height,
To seek his Sappho in the realms of night;
Soon shall regret his proud and cruel disdain,
And join his mistress in the watery main."

The word *cruel*, commonly reckoned a dissyllable, is, we believe, uniformly pronounced as a monosyllable by Albius. Thus, for instance, a few pages after:—

"Who cruelly (pronounce, *cruelly*) thus requites her generous flame."

This line is taken from a long Epistle from Phaon to Sappho, of which, however, it must be our only sample. Nor can we do more than notice an intermediate effusion, entitled, 'Elegy to Hector, concluded with an Epitaph,' in which it is said of that hero, that

"His might and prowess everywhere proclaimed
The chief who only by a God was armed."

With a similar easy flow of metre, the Epitaph begins as follows:—

"— By Albius' hand was raised
This simple tablet to the hero's praise."

An Epistle from Dido to Æneas must also be passed over. The descriptive eloquence of the Carthaginian Queen is, in some passages, much too ardent for our sober pages. The letter, however, seems to have produced a powerful effect on the nerves of poor Æneas. In his answer (also here given) he screams out on sight of it in an agony of terror:—

"But what's this dread epistle which I see,
All stained with gore, and sent express from thee?
My Dido's name the superscription bears,
And harrows up my soul with conscious fears:
Its harsh contents my daring mind subdues,
Unfits me quite to meet my hostile foes."

After this comes an Epistle from Corinna to Ovid, dated Pisa, 3rd February 1830. She "concludes," says our author, "by expressing her unalterable attachment to him in the most glowing colours." Here is the glowingly-coloured passage in question:—

"If not, at least, my last request attend,
And on my tomb my mournful theme shall end:
'Here the wronged mistress of false Ovid lies,
By his disdain she fell a sacrifice
To dire despair, and all-consuming grief,
When him, and only him, could give relief:
But death more kind, did her complaint remove,
And sent her early to the ethereal grove."

An ode to (or rather, against) Achilles, which follows, ends with an inscription for the Statue in Hyde Park, which the pious and poetical author looks upon to be a very shocking performance indeed. "This massive pile," he indignantly exclaims,

"— is to commemorate
The savage hero of the Grecian state,
Whose brutal courage to the world is known,
And deeds ascribed that never were his own;
The indelicate posture of whose effigy,
And immodest state of shameless nudity,
Bespeak a want of common decency,
To grace or figure not the least pretence,
Devoid of meaning—still more void of sense."

Not satisfied with this torrent of eloquent verse, the writer resumes the subject in a long note in prose. "Ovid," he remarks, "in his writings on this subject, with the exception of myself, has been the only author who has yet dared to unmask this invincible son of Thetis." He will allow poor Achilles no merit in anything. "His sallying out at last," he argues, "to meet Hector, appears to have been wholly

instigated by a direful thirst of revenge for the loss of his friend Patroclus, who, according to the chances of war, was as liable to fall as another man, and which common occurrence a great mind would soon have reconciled." Nay, even the courage of this celebrated personage, Albius earnestly insists, was very far from being what it has been generally accounted. "His impenetrable armour," he argues, "and enormous spear gave him a decided advantage over his antagonist; for it appears that Hector's lance was broken in pieces, against the shield of Achilles, early in the contest, and consequently he had nothing but his side-arms left to defend himself against the unequal weapon of his exulting foe. During the martial glory and success of Hector, the 'great Pelides,' never once attempted to emulate his achievements, or put himself in his way, or I am fully persuaded that the fate of Greece would have terminated under less auspicious circumstances."

The hottest of our author's wrath, however, is poured out against what he calls the "preponderous statue." We decline transcribing all the strong expressions he uses on this subject—but his concluding accusation against the statue is so curious that we must give it. "It is," he says, after calling it every thing else best fitted to excite our aversion, "a complete outrage of public decency, by the pretended guardians of public morals, and but for which it is probable that this poem would never have appeared."

A sort of new Iliad and Æneid in one, which is next presented to us, under the title of 'The Siege of Troy, Destruction of Troy, and Foundation of the Roman Empire' is too long an affair for our examination at present. We can only state that the object of the Poem is, in the words of the author, "to more clearly and distinctly point out the cause and historical facts connected with the Trojan wars, than those recorded in the works of Homer."

The latter part of the volume contains a few pieces on modern subjects. One is called 'An Hour in Kensington Gardens,' and begins thus:—

"Majestic and neglected pile,
The monarch's famed retreat;
The fairest of the British isle,
And once the royal seat."

This is addressed to what the author calls "the venerable palace," in comparison with which he seems to think Windsor a very modern structure. "Forsaken," he goes on,

"Forsaken and deserted now
Are thy enchanting bowers;
Thy garland plucked to grace the brow
Of Windsor's lofty towers."

Altho' the wreck of former days,
By various tempests lost,
Thy ancient grandeur yet displays
The state thou then couldst boast."

If in future days, however, a good and great monarch should arise, and restore the state to its ancient happiness and grandeur, he prophesies that

"Then Kensington once more,
Her regal palace shall behold
In all its days of yore,"—

whatever that may signify.

'The Farewell and Departure of Albius,' the next of these pieces, is a somewhat ambitious performance, being no less than an attempt to throw into the shade the well-known 'Farewell' of Lord Byron—as is pretty plainly intimated in the opening lines:—

"Like that great bard, whom late the world admired,
Whose ardent mind seraphic subjects fired,
I little thought when first he said "farewell,"
That I myself should the same story tell:
When to his country last he bade adieu,
That I so soon should that farewell renew."

The cause that sent Albius abroad was, it seems, "great pecuniary losses, which he sustained by his purse and services to pretended friends," as he puts it in prose,—or, as he sings in still more impressive prosody:—

"At my own loss I've others' interests raised,
And my reward has been but empty praise."

To use his own language on another occasion, we should have thought that such a common occurrence as this was one "which a great mind would soon have

reconciled;" but he takes on about it in the most distressing way, pouring out his soul in the following, among other passionate exclamations:—

"No more my verse in tuneful numbers flow,
My lute's strung now to elegies of woe;
No more will I inscribe to fruitless Fame,
Though science henceforth may record my name.
Friendship, adieu! Society I disclaim,
And no more know mankind than by the name.
The sacred Nine already chide my stay,
My Goddess muse cries, "Albius haste away!"
Farewell, ye charming nightingales that sing
Notes to my verse, fair Goddess of the Spring!
I could have once sung out a summer's day,
But now the inspiring charm is done away;
My notes no longer will assist my rhyme,
And anguish quickens on the brink of time.
My numbers here in painful accents glide,
My song is done—my harp I lay aside.
Let those few friends who strove my wounds to heal,
Accept my thanks, and this, my last farewell:
Thro' stormy seas, to distant climes I'll rove,
And pace my journey to the ethereal grove."

This was in the end of 1825. However, by the very next poem, we find that, for all his melancholy resolves, our author's exile wanted the consolations neither of song nor of love. "Near Ingouville," he chants,

"within a grove
Where once I did retire,
The world to shun, in woods to rove,
And tune the sacred lyre;—

"The first sad subject of my verse,
The country I had left," &c.

"When to the winds I told my tale," &c.

"Beneath the shade a goddess sat,
More fair than Venus she,
Who often listened to my lute,
And kindly smiled on me."

This kind lady, after a few fine speeches, fairly makes him an offer of her hand:—

"Accept the hand of an unknown fair,
Though stranger as thou art;
For ever live in quiet here,
And meet a generous heart."

We are sorry to have to relate so discreditable a termination to so interesting a love tale; but after telling us of the many pleasant days they continued to pass together after this frank declaration, our author adds:—

"But mortal joys are transient, vain," &c.

"For cruel fate had me forbade
This lovely fair to wed;
At length with grief the blissful shade,
The charming spot I fled."

We must say that, since the famous flight of Horace, we do not remember to have seen any running away so very coolly recorded.

But we must bring our account of this very remarkable volume to a close. The last poem we shall notice is entitled 'The Indispensable Requisites and Qualifications for an Accomplished Poet, with the best rules for acquiring that sublime study.' We may safely say, that nothing which had been previously written upon the art of poetry had anticipated anything we have here. The writer evidently looks to nature alone. In such lines as the following, with which we shall conclude our extracts, it is easy to see who has been his "great example":—

"No precept, rule, or beaten tracts of time
Can give the force and harmony of rhyme;
Untaught, unstudied, is the poet's verse,
Who with the Muses only would converse."

"One timely bred to serve the Sacred Nine,
In verse instructed by a Bard divine:
Who from a sylvan Goddess dates his name,
And early traced the rugged paths of Fame:
In Science' temple his first theme begun,
And one acknowledged born the Muse's son.
(The bard without which his rank unjustly claim,
And only lives a poet by the name.)
One in whose breast the softest passions glow,
And soul from which the finest feelings flow;
A modest choice, mixt with a taste refined,
And talent far above the vulgar mind.
One who the Muses' honour will sustain,
Low wit contemn, and little minds disdain:
One whose chaste style and language both agree,
And such a being should the poet be."

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING.

An Encyclopedia of Gardening. By J. C. Loudon.
New Edition. 8vo. London. 1835. Pp. 1310.

If the ear should be struck with a momentary feeling of something like incongruity in the unaccustomed collocation of a name so redolent of nature and primitive life as Gardening, with so learned a term as Encyclopedia, let it be remembered that gardening is, after all, the eldest of the sciences, and, as such, is surely well entitled to be associated with the most learned term we can find for it. Till lately, indeed, in our foolish contempt for the "common things that round us lie," we did not recognize it as a science at all—hardly even as an art. It would have been thought strange to speak of the trainer of fruit-trees, or even of the disposer of parterres, as an artist. And the eldest of the sciences, in the orthodox creed, is not Gardening, but Astronomy. Yet, although both are no doubt of most respectable antiquity, we have no warrant either in prose or verse, for carrying the birth of the latter quite to so high a date as that of the former. When our first great ancestor in Eden inquired of the Archangel respecting the celestial motions, his curiosity, if we may trust the account of Milton, was rather repressed than encouraged:—

"Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above; him serve, and fear!
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise."

It was reserved for the shepherd sages of Chaldea, after the world was many ages old, to be the fathers of Astronomy; the father of Gardening was the father of mankind—aye, and its mother was also the mother of all of us—

"Eve
Rose and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
And touched by her fair tendance gladlier grew."

However, the two are not sciences that ought either to quarrel about precedence, or to have any other feelings towards each other than those of affection. They may be said to be of kin through the common blood of a poetry which is denied to the other sciences. For as the stars have been called "the poetry of heaven," so may the flowers, and the fruits too, of our gardens, be appropriately styled the poetry of earth. Of both sciences the nature and ends are mainly connected with those capacities of our being that yearn after something more and higher than either the necessary or the convenient. They both carry us away out of sense into sentiment—out of the visible into the visionary. Important as are some of the practical applications of Astronomy, such mere utilities respect only a small portion of the field of that vast science. Of by far the greater number of its soaring abstractions the whole result and purpose can only be described as being to exercise some of the noblest faculties of the intellect—to gratify the desire of knowledge for its own sake—to help the wings of the imagination, which in that endless starry maze, and those far depths of blue, finds one of the regions in the universe of thought in which it loves most to range and lose itself. The scope of the science of Gardening, it must be confessed, is not so lofty. The poetry that is in it is of a humbler and more familiar character. It has more to do with the affections than with the imagination. Yet the gardener is a poet of his kind, and every garden is a true poem, in which blossoms, and fragrance, and green leaves, not ill supply the place of glowing imagery and tuneful words. Even the smallest flower-plot beside the cottage door, is it not like a lamp of celestial light hung up to brighten the prose of ordinary life to parent and child, upon whom it smiles in their going out and in their coming in? And in all cases where a dwelling-house and a garden are associated, whatever the former—the creation as it is the shelter of our coarser needs and desires,—may suggest to the mind of what is more earthy in our humanity, is taken off and relieved by the less artificial character of the latter, by the predominance in it of the ornamental and the beautiful over mere physical servableness. In the house, grace and decoration, though by no means excluded, are yet throughout kept in subordination to the useful and

convenient; in the garden it is the reverse—here, as in every other poetical creation, beauty sits queen—in that spirit everything is shaped—by that everything is animated—the useful or commodious only comes in as supplementary, and where it does not interfere with the other which is the reigning principle.

As might have been expected from its high pretensions, Gardening has not been without its literature, either in other countries or in our own. But we believe we may safely say, that nothing has been written upon the subject in any country or language, that can be compared for completeness, for accuracy, for enlarged views, with the admirable work now before us. Indeed, we have few treatises upon any art or science that deserve to be placed beside this Encyclopedia of Gardening by Mr Loudon. It is evidently the production of a writer with whom his subject has been the study of his life, and who has made himself master of it in all its extent and details, both from books and from his own observation and experience. The success of a work, prepared with so much labour, ability, and real knowledge, could hardly have been doubtful from the first; and we rejoice to see successive impressions giving evidence of the public appreciation of its merits. The present edition, which has come out in twenty half-crown parts, is stated to have been revised throughout, and in many parts re-written. The wood-engravings, remarkable for their neatness and clearness, with which it is embellished and illustrated, now amount to upwards of 1,200, and of that number above 500 are entirely new.

"Part I, containing the 'History of Gardening,'" says the author, "is nearly all re-written; it has been enriched with a great number of new facts, and descriptions of gardens; and with numerous engravings of ground-plans, and views of garden and park scenery. In order to give a complete view of the present state of gardening throughout the world, nearly every book of travels, published since 1810, has been consulted, and the author made a tour (in 1829) for the purpose of personally examining the finest gardens in France and Germany." In Part II, containing the 'Science of Gardening,' the first book, which treats on Botany, has been entirely recomposed, so as to embrace the most approved modern opinions on Vegetable Physiology, and in other respects to harmonize with the present state of Botanical science. All the other books have been brought into similar harmony with the present state of knowledge and practice, and more particularly Book III, on the Mechanical Agents employed in Gardening. In this book are described and figured all the new implements, instruments, and machines, considered valuable, and all the improvements in the construction of hot-houses, and more especially the different modes of heating them by steam, and by hot water—the latter, the greatest improvement which has been made in Gardening since this Encyclopedia originally appeared. In Book IV, which treats of the operations of Gardening, the chapter on insects, vermin, and the enemies of gardens, has been entirely re-written and greatly enlarged, by an eminent Naturalist. It is illustrated by numerous new engravings, and will be found a most important addition to this department of the work. Part III, on 'Gardening as Practised in Britain,' has received most invaluable additions, more particularly in the descriptive catalogues of fruits and culinary vegetables, with their synonyms. For these we are indebted to the Committee of the Horticultural Society, who permitted us to consult on these subjects with their head gardener, Mr Munro, and with the gardener of their fruit department, Mr Thompson; and the result is that we are enabled to present such descriptive catalogues, and such selected lists for particular situations, and particular purposes, as could, at no former period, and even at this time from no other source, be produced. Under Floriculture, in most of the preceding editions, the tables of ornamental plants were comparatively meagre and imperfect, and in the first and second editions, full of orthographical errors. These tables were entirely recomposed by Mr George Don, for the edition of 1831, and then received copious additions: they have now been brought down to the present time, and for accuracy, we will venture to state that if they are equalled, they are not surpassed in any work whatever. Arboriculture has received those improvements in the details of transplanting, pruning, &c. which the advanced state of physiological knowledge required;—Landscape Gardening has also undergone revision. Throughout the Work, wherever the subject of insects and vermin has occurred, it has been corrected, or re-written, by the eminent naturalist above referred to; and advantage has been taken, as far as garden insects are concerned, of the more recent discoveries communicated to the 'Entomological Magazine,' and to the 'Magazine of Natural History.' The botanic names have been put in harmony with the nomenclature of our 'Hortus Britannicus,' preserving, however, the Linnæan, or popular synonyme where it has been considered advisable."

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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WIT MADE EASY, OR A HINT TO WORD-CATCHERS.

A.—Here comes B., the liveliest yet most tiresome of word-catchers. I wonder whether he'll have wit enough to hear good news of his mistress.—Well, B., my dear boy, I hope I see you well.

B.—I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise you have lost your eye-sight.

A.—Good. Well, how do you do?

B.—How? Why as other people do. You would not have me eccentric, would you?

A.—Nonsense. I mean, how do you find yourself?

B.—Find myself? Where's the necessity of finding myself? I have not been lost.

A.—Incorrigible dog! come now; to be serious.

B.—(Comes closer to A. and looks very serious.)

A.—Well, what now?

B.—I am come, to be serious.

A.—Come now; nonsense, B.; leave off this. (Laying his hand on his arm.)

B.—(Looking down at his arm.)—I can't leave off this. It would look very absurd to go without a sleeve.

A.—Ah, ha? You make me laugh in spite of myself. How's Jackson?

B.—The deuce! How's Jackson! Well, I never should have thought that. How can Howe be Jackson? "Surname and arms," I suppose, of some rich uncle? I have not seen him gazetted.

A.—Good bye.

B.—(Detaining him.)—"Good Bye!" What a sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtuous man of the name of Bye! "Good Bye!"—To think of Ashton standing at the corner of the street, doating aloud on the integrity of a Mr Bye!

A.—Ludicrous enough. I can't help laughing, I confess. But laughing does not always imply merriment. You do not delight us, Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us; and tickling may give pain.

B.—Don't accept it then. You need not take everything that is given you.

A.—You'll want a strait-forward answer some day, and then—

B.—You'll describe a circle about me, before you give it. Well, that's your affair, not mine. You'll astonish the natives, that's all.

A.—It's great nonsense, you must allow.

B.—I can't see why it is greater nonsense than any other pronoun.

A.—(Is deppair.)—Well, it's of no use, I see.

B.—Excuse me: it is of the very greatest use. I don't know a part of speech more useful. It performs all the greatest offices of nature, and contains, in fact, the whole agency and mystery of the world. It rains. It is fine weather. It freezes. It thaws. It (which is very odd) is one o'clock. "It has been a very frequent observation." It goes. Here it goes. How goes it?—(which, by the way, is a translation from the Latin, *Eo, is, it; Eo, I go; is, thou goest; it, he or it goes.* In short—

A.—In short, if I wanted a dissertation on it, now's the time for it. But I don't; so, good bye.—(going)—I saw Miss M. last night.

B.—The devil you did! Where was it?

A.—(To himself)—Now I have him, and will revenge myself. Where was it? Where was it, eh? Oh you must know a great deal more about it than I do.

B.—Nay, my dear fellow, do tell me. I'm on thorns.

A.—On thorns! Very odd thorns. I never saw a thorn look so like a pavement.

B.—Come now, to be serious.

A.—(Comes close to B. and looks tragic.)

B.—He, he! Very fair, egad. But do tell me where was she? How did she look? Who was with her?

A.—Oh, ho! Hoo was with her, was he? Well, I wanted to know his name. I could not tell who the devil it was. But I say, Jack, who's Hoo?

B.—Good. He, he! Devilish fair! But now, my dear Will, for God's sake, you know how interested I am.

A.—The deuce you are! I always took you for a disinterested fellow. I always said of Jack B., Jack's apt to overdo his credit for wit; but a more honest disinterested fellow I never met with.

B.—Well, then, as you think so, be merciful. Where is Miss M.?

A.—This is more astonishing news than any. Ware is Miss M. I know her passion for music; but this is wonderful. Good Heavens! To think of a delicate young lady dressing herself in man's clothes, and going about as a musician under the name of Ware.

B.—Now, my dear Will, consider. I acknowledge I have been tiresome; I confess it is a bad habit, this word-catching; but consider my love.

A.—(Falls into an attitude of musing.)

B.—Well.

A.—Don't interrupt me. I am considering your love.

B.—I repent; I am truly sorry. What shall I do?—(Laying his hand on his heart.)—I'll give up this cursed habit.

A.—You will?—upon honour?

B.—Upon my honour.

A.—On the spot.

B.—Now, this instant. Now and for ever.

A.—Strip away then.

B.—Strip? for what?

A.—You said you'd give up that cursed habit.

B.—Now, my dear A. for the love of everything that is sacred; for the love of your own love—

A.—Well, you promise me sincerely?

B.—Heart and soul.

A.—Step over the way, then, into the coffee-house, and I'll tell you.

Street-Sweeper.—Place your honour, pray remember the poor swape.

B.—My friend, I'll never forget you, if that will be of any service. I'll think of you next year.

A.—What again!

B.—The last time, as I hope to be saved. Here, my friend; there's a shilling for you. Charity covers a multitude of bad jokes.

Street-Sweeper.—God send your honour thousands of them.

B.—The jokes or the shillings, you rascal?

Street-Sweeper.—Och, the shillings. Devil a bit tha bad jokes. I can make them myself, and a shilling's no joke anyhow.

A.—What! really silent! and in spite of the dog's equivocal Irish face! Come, B., I now see you can give up a jest, and are really in love; and your mistress, I will undertake to say, will not be sorry to be convinced of both. Women like to begin with merriment well enough: but they think ill of a man who cannot come to a grave conclusion.

CELEBRATED SPECIMEN OF THE LETTER-WRITING OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE,

[FAMOUS for her wit and good-nature in the reign of Louis XIV, and her love for the daughter to whom she chiefly addressed her letters.]

A. M. DE COULANGES.

A Paris, Lundi, 15 Décembre 1670.

Je m'en vais vous mander la chose du monde la plus étonnante, la plus surprenante, la plus merveilleuse, la plus miraculeuse, la plus triomphante, la plus étourdissante, la plus inouïe, la plus singulière, la plus extraordinaire, la plus incroyable, la plus imprévue, la plus grande, la plus petite, la plus rare, la plus commune, la plus éclatante, la plus secrète jusqu'à aujourd'hui, la plus brillante, la plus digne d'envie; enfin, une chose dont on ne trouve qu'un exemple dans les siècles passés, encore cet exemple n'est-il pas juste; une chose que nous ne saurions croire à Paris; comment la pourroit-on croire à Lyon? une chose qui fait crier miséricorde à tout le monde; une chose qui comble de joie Madame de Rohan et Madame d'Hauterive; une chose enfin qui se fera dimanche, où ceux qui la verront croiront avoir la *berlus*; une chose qui se fera dimanche, et qui ne sera peut-être pas faite lundi. Je ne puis me résoudre à vous la dire, devinez-la; je vous le donne en trois: jetez-vous votre langue aux chiens? Hé bien! il faut donc vous la dire. M. de Lauzun épouse dimanche au Louvre, devinez qui? Je vous le donne en quatre, je vous le donne en six, je vous le donne en cent. Madame de Coulanges dit: Voilà qui est bien difficile à deviner; c'est Madame de la Vallière. Point du tout, Madame. C'est donc Mademoiselle de Retz? Point du tout, vous êtes bien provinciale. Ah! vraiment, nous sommes bien bêtes, dites-vous; c'est Mademoiselle Colbert. Encore moins. C'est assurément Mademoiselle de Créqui. Vous n'y êtes pas. Il faut donc à la fin vous le dire: il épouse dimanche au Louvre, avec la permission du Roi, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de Mademoiselle, devinez le nom; il épouse Mademoiselle, la grande Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, fille de feu Monsieur, Mademoiselle, petite fille de Henri IV, Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Mademoiselle, cousine germaine du Roi, Mademoiselle, destinée au trône, Mademoiselle, le seul parti de France qui fût digne de Monsieur. Voilà un beau sujet de discourir. Si vous criez, si vous êtes hors de vous-même, si vous dites que nous avons menti, que cela est faux, qu'on se moque de vous, que voilà une belle raillerie, que, *cela*, est bien fado à imaginer; si enfin vous nous dites des injures, nous

be broken on the wheel, opposite to the inn where he had perpetrated the murder, and his body to be exposed in the usual place of executions. On the 19th of June he was informed of his sentence, and on the 20th of the same month it was executed in all its points, in the presence of an innumerable multitude, who flocked from all parts to see his death.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXIX.—A MAN IMPRISONED IN ENGLAND FOR FORTY YEARS WITHOUT BEING DECLARED GUILTY.

THE story of Major Bernardi has been told at considerable length in the 'Biographia Britannica,' and we think also in the 'Lounger's Common-Place Book,' though we cannot find it on referring to that work. Probably it was in the additional volume subsequently printed, which we do not happen to have by us. The following abridgment is taken from the 'General Biographical Dictionary.' The Major's "courage" in venturing upon a second marriage we do not understand. The courage was rather on the side of the lady, in wedding a poor man and a prisoner. She appears to have been a noble-hearted woman, and to have met with a man that deserved her. But both the parties seem to have been truly attached, and, as far as the marriage union is concerned, what courage is there in having one's way under those circumstances? The biographer appears also to have been too hasty in calling the children "inheritors of misery and confinement," and assuming it as "probable" that they were left destitute. Why need he have assumed anything so melancholy of the children of two such people, happy with each other and in their own virtues, and therefore not likely to have had such a prospect to contemplate? The most likely thing is, that two people, so good and kind, had some reliance upon the future, of whatever nature, sufficient to warrant the calmness of their philosophy.

Major Bernardi's history is a puzzle, and of very doubtful credit to the energy of the government at that period, and its professed liberality. The probability, we think, is, that he was in possession of some state secret, which, out of a sense of duty to his old master, he refused to give up.

JOHN BERNARDI, says the biographer, usually called Major Bernardi, was born at Evesham, in 1657, and was descended from an honourable family which had flourished at Lucca in Italy, from the year 1097. His grandfather Philip, a count of the Roman empire, lived in England as resident from Genoa twenty-eight years, and married a native of this country. His father Francis succeeded to this office; but, taking disgust at some measures adopted by the senate at Genoa, resigned, and retiring to Evesham, amused himself with gardening, on which he spent a considerable sum of money, and set a good example in that science to the town. John, his son, the subject of this article, of a spirited and restless temper, having received some harsh usage from his father, at the age of thirteen ran away to avoid his severity, and perhaps without any determinate purpose. He retained, notwithstanding, several friends, and was for some time supported by them, but their friendship appears to have gone little farther; for soon after he enlisted as a common soldier in the service of the Prince of Orange. In this station he showed uncommon talents and bravery, and in a short time obtained a captain's commission in the service of the States. In April 1677, he married a Dutch lady of good family, with whom he enjoyed much conjugal happiness for eleven years. The English regiments in the Dutch service being recalled by James II, very few of them, but among these few was Bernardi's, would obey the summons, and of course, he could not sign the association, into which the Prince of Orange wished the regiments to enter. He thus lost his favour, and having no other alternative, and probably wishing for no other, he followed the abdicated James II into Ireland; who soon after, sent him on some commission into Scotland, from whence, as the ruin of his master now became inevitable, he once more retired to Holland. Venturing, however, to appear in London in 1695, he was committed to Newgate, March 25, 1696, on suspicion of being an abettor of the plot to assassinate king William; and although sufficient evidence could not be brought to prove the fact, he was sentenced and continued in prison by the express decree of six successive parliaments, with five other persons, where he remained for more than forty years. As this was a circumstance wholly without a precedent, it has been supposed that there was something in his character particularly dangerous, to induce four sovereigns and

six parliaments to protract his confinement, without either legally condemning or pardoning him.

In his confinement he had the courage to venture on a second marriage, which proved a very fortunate event to him, as he thus not only enjoyed the soothing converse of a true friend, but was even supported during his whole imprisonment by the care and industry of his wife. Ten children were the produce of this marriage, the inheritors of misery and confinement. In the mean time he is said to have borne his imprisonment with such resignation and evenness of temper, as to have excited much respect and love in the few who enjoyed his acquaintance. In the earlier part of his life he had received several dangerous wounds, which now breaking out afresh, and giving him great torment, afforded a fresh trial of his equanimity and firmness. At length he died Sept. 20, 1796, leaving his wife and numerous family probably in a destitute state; but what became of them afterwards is not known. Bernardi was a little, brisk, and active man, of a very cheerful disposition, and, as may appear from this short narrative, of great courage and constancy of mind.

SONNET.

INSCRIBED AFFECTIONATELY TO LUKE THOMPSON, ESQ., YORK.

[We violate a rule, under our new system, in giving insertion to the following Sonnet; but the circumstances which have come to our knowledge as giving rise to it, are so creditable to all parties, that we could not but do it such honour as lay in our power. Readers, however, must still be good enough to bear in mind, for all sakes, that we are obliged to decline elegancies of the like nature in general.—Ed.]

STILL in this glen, deep-channelled in the woods,
Untrod by pilgrim now, fair RIVAUX! stands,
Though bruised and broken by Time's serpent-folds,
The glorious fabric once of pious hands—
In splendid ruin! What a thrilling scene
Of solitude, of grandeur, of decay,—
With stream and woodland graced, and meadows
green,
Where Peace unchallenged holds perennial sway!
Yet doubly dear to me, since yonder cot,
Yon modest home of independent worth,
To holiest duties aye a welcome spot,
Saw Hope delighted wait upon the birth
Of him, whom Friendship, without slight of other,
Gave me to love instead of a young brother.

JOHN ATKINSON.

Old May Day, 1835.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM MAZLITT.

XX.—HENRY VI. IN THREE PARTS.

DURING the time of the civil wars of York and Lancaster, England was a perfect bear-garden, and Shakspear has given us a very lively picture of the scene. The three parts of Henry VI. convey a picture of very little else; and are inferior to the other historical plays. They have brilliant passages; but the general ground-work is comparatively poor and meagre, the style "flat and unraised." There are few lines like the following:—

"Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperses to nought."

The first part relates to the wars in France after the death of Henry V. and the story of the Maid of Orleans. She is here almost as severely treated as in Voltaire's Pucelle. Talbot is a very magnificent sketch: there is something as formidable in this portrait of him, as there would be in a monumental figure of him, or in the sight of the armour which he wore. The scene in which he visits the Countess of Auvergne, who seeks to entrap him, is a very spirited one, and his description of his own treatment while a prisoner to the French is not less remarkable.

"SALISBURY. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wast entertained."

TALBOT. With scoffs and sneers, and contumelious terms.

In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all.
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my naked digg'd stones out of the ground,

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly,
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great a fear my name amongst them spread,
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces poets of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had:
They walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

The second part relates chiefly to the contests between the nobles during the minority of Henry, and the death of Gloucester, the good Duke Humphrey. The character of Cardinal Beaufort is the most prominent in the group: the account of his death is one of our author's master-pieces. So is the speech of Gloucester to the nobles on the loss of the provinces of France by the King's marriage with Margaret of Anjou. The pretensions and growing ambition of the Duke of York, the father of Richard III. are also very ably developed. Among the episodes, the tragi-comedy of Jack Cade, and the detection of the impostor Simcox are truly edifying.

The third part describes Henry's loss of his crown: his death takes place in the last act, which is usually thrust into the common acting play of *Richard III.* The character of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard, is here very powerfully commenced, and his dangerous designs and long-reaching ambition are fully described in his soliloquy in the third act, beginning, "Ay, Edward will use women honourably." Henry VI. is drawn as distinctly as his high-spirited Queen, and notwithstanding the very mean figure which Henry makes as a king, we still feel more respect for him than for his wife.

We have already observed that Shakspear was scarcely more remarkable for the force and marked contrasts of his characters than for the truth and subtlety with which he has distinguished those which approached the nearest to each other. For instance, the soul of Othello is hardly more distinct from that of Iago than that of Desdemona is shewn to be from Emilia's; the ambition of Macbeth is as distinct from the ambition of Richard III. as it is from the meekness of Duncan;—the real madness of Lear is as different from the feigned madness of Edgar* as from the babbling of the fool;—the contrast between wit and folly in Falstaff and Shallow is not more characteristic though more obvious than the gradations of folly, loquacious or reserved, in Shallow and Silence;—and again, the gallantry of Prince Henry is as little confounded with that of Hotspur as with the cowardice of Falstaff, or as the sensual and philosophic cowardice of the Knight is with the pitiful and cringing cowardice of Parolles. All these several personages were as different in Shakspear as they would have been in themselves: his imagination borrowed from the life, and every circumstance, object, motive, passion, operated there as it would in reality, and produced a world of men and women as distinct, as true and as various as those that exist in nature. The peculiar property of Shakspear's imagination was this truth, accompanied with the unconsciousness of nature: indeed, imagination to be perfect must be unconscious, at least in production; for nature is so.—We shall attempt one example more in the characters of Richard II. and Henry VI.

The characters and situations of both these persons were so nearly alike, that they would have been completely confounded by a common-place poet. Yet they are kept quite distinct in Shakspeare. Both were kings, and both unfortunate. Both lost their crowns owing to their mismanagement and imbecility; the one from a thoughtless, wilful abuse of power, the other from an indifference to it. The manner in which they bear their misfortunes corresponds exactly to the causes which led to them. The one is always lamenting the loss of his power, which he has not the spirit to regain; the other seems only to regret that he had ever been king, and is glad to be rid of the power with the trouble; the effeminacy of the one is that of a voluptuary,—proud, revengeful, impatient of contradiction, and inconsolable in his misfortunes; the effeminacy of the other is that of an indolent, good-natured mind, naturally averse to the turmoils of ambition and the cares of greatness, and who wishes to pass his time in monkish indolence and contemplation.—Richard bewails the loss of the kingly power only as it was the means of gratifying his pride and luxury; Henry regards it only as a means of doing right, and is less desirous of the advantages to be derived from possessing it, than afraid of exercising it wrong. In knighting a young soldier, he gives him ghostly advice—

"Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right."

Richard II. in the first speeches of the play betrays his real character. In the first alarm of his pride, on hearing of Bolingbroke's rebellion, before his presumption has met with any check, he exclaims—

* There is another instance of the same distinction in Hamlet and Ophelia. Hamlet's pretended madness would make a very good real madness in any other author.

"Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall faultier under proud rebellious arms.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly man cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,
To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the
right."

Yet, notwithstanding this royal confession of faith,
on the very first news of actual disaster, all his conceit
of himself as the peculiar favourite of Providence
vanishes into air.

"But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride."

Immediately after, however, recollecting that "cheap
defence" of the divinity of kings which is to be found
in opinion, he is for arming his name against his
enemies.

"Awake, thou coward Majesty, thou sleep'st;
Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name: a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory."

King Henry does not make any such vapouring resistance
to the loss of his crown, but lets it slip from off
his head as a weight which he is neither able nor
willing to bear; stands quietly by to see the issue of
the contest for his kingdom, as if it were a game at
push-pin, and is pleased when the odds prove against
him.

When Richard first hears of the death of his favourite,
Bushy, Bagot, and the rest, he indignantly rejects
all idea of any further efforts, and only indulges in
the extravagant impatience of his grief and his despair, in
that fine speech which has been so often quoted:—

"AUMERLE. Where is the duke my father, with
his power?"

K. RICHARD. No matter where: of comfort no
man speak.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow in the bosom of the earth!
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's.
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossessed;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd!—for within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp!
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends, like you;—subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?"

There is as little sincerity afterwards in his affected
resignation to his fate, as there is fortitude in this ex-
aggerated picture of his misfortunes before they have
happened.

When Northumberland comes back with the message
from Bolingbroke, he exclaims, anticipating the result,—

"What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? O' God's name let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an alm's-man's gown;
My stirr'd goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave—
A little, little grave, an obscure grave."

How differently is all this expressed in King Henry's
soliloquy during the battle with Edward's party:—

"This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down;
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my Queen and Clifford too
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both
They prosper best of all whence I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so.
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times;
So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece;
So many minutes, hours, weeks, months, and years
Past over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O yes! it doth, a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherds homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treasons wait on him."

This is a true and beautiful description of a naturally
quiet and contented disposition, and not, like the former,
the splenetic effusion of disappointed ambition.

In the last scene of Richard II. his despair lends
him courage: he beats the keeper, slays two of his
assassins, and dies with imprecations in his mouth
against Sir Pierce Exton, who "had staggered his royal
person." Henry, when he is seized by the deer-
stealers, only reads them a moral lecture on the duty of
allegiance and the sanctity of an oath; and, when
stabbed by Gloucester in the Tower, reproaches him
with his crimes, but pardons him his own death.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

(Continued from No. LXII.)

There was something so peculiarly characteristic, and
(for lack of a better word) *interesting*, in the per-
sonal appearance of Charles Lamb, that the want of
an adequate portrait of him is greatly to be regretted.

It is a remarkable fact, that we have no tolerable
portraits, much less any adequate ones, of nine-tenths
of the distinguished men of our own day. Though,
upon the whole, Art was never in so creditable a con-
dition among us as it has been during the last quarter
of a century—and especially the portrait department
of it—yet we may look in vain for anything like
worthy effigies of the men who have illustrated that
period to a degree that was never before equalled in
our annals. And this while the press literally teems
with *imaginary* portraits, culled from every possible
source, and executed in a manner that leaves nothing
to wish for—except the only thing worth wishing for
at all in a portrait—the truth! At the moment, we
do not call to mind a single worthy representation of
any one of our great poets or prose writers, other
excepting Boxall's portrait of Wordsworth, engraved
in mezzotint by Bromley. The only means which
the general public have, whereby to judge of the out-
ward appearance of their most popular writers and
instructors, are the various series of mere *ébauches*,
which have appeared in certain of the periodical works
of the day; and even of those, half have been, in a
great degree, as "imaginary" as the 'Byron Beau-
ties' or the 'Gallery of the Graces'; and of the other
half, many have been mere caricatures, and not a few,
mere "historical recollections" of what the originals
were, before anybody cared anything about them!

Of Lamb there have been three or four miserable
attempts at portraiture: the last (that in 'Fraser's
Magazine') the most miserable of all. By many
degrees the best—or rather the least unsatisfactory—
was one that appeared in the Suffolk street Exhi-
bition, some five or six years ago, by an artist named
(I think) Meyer. There was a general resemblance

to the form and look of the face—what is called by
courtesy a "likeness;"—but as to the high and various
intellectual characteristics of it, they were wholly
wanting, no less than the general and individual ex-
pressions; and in their place we had one of those
amiable nonentities, so aptly described as "portrait
of a gentleman." Let those who have ever seen
Charles Lamb "in his habit as he lived," conceive
him figuring in a public exhibition, under the above
designation!

Those who have not seen him, and who neverthe-
less know enough of him, through his exquisite writ-
ings, to feel an interest in these desultory recollections,
will doubtless expect me to describe his person. But
I fear that when I have done so as distinctly as I can,
they will know not much more about him than they
may have learned by looking on the would-be effigies
of him alluded to above. But at least they will
learn something different; so I will make the at-
tempt.

I do not know whether Lamb had any oriental
blood in his veins; but I cannot help thinking, that
by far the most marked characteristic of his head
was a *Jewish* look, which pervaded every part of it,
even to the sallow and uniform complexion, and
the black and crisp hair standing off loosely from
the head, as if every single hair was independent of
the rest. His nose, too, was large and slightly
hooked, and his chin rounded and elevated to corre-
spond. Thus much of form merely. For intellec-
tual character and expression a finer face was never
seen, or one more fully, however vaguely, correspond-
ing with the mind whose features were marked upon it.
There was something *Rabbinical* about it, yet
blended with a mingled sadness and sweetness, which
gave to it an effect quite peculiar, yet in all respects
pleasing. There was the gravity of learning and
knowledge, without the slightest tinge of their usual
assumption and affectation; the intensity and the
elevation of genius, without any of its pretension or
its oddity; there was the sadness of high thought
and baffled aspirations, but none of the severity and
the spirit of scorning and contempt that these are so
apt to engender. Above all, there was a pervading
sweetness and gentleness of general expression, which
went straight to the heart of everyone who looked on
it; and not the less so, perhaps, that it bore about it
an air, a something, seeming to tell that it was,—not
put on—for nothing would be more unjust than to
charge Lamb with assuming anything, even a virtue,
which he did not feel,—but preserved and persevered
in, spite of opposing and contradictory feelings within,
that struggled (in vain) for mastery. It was some-
thing to remind you of the painful smile that disease
and agony will sometimes put on, to conceal their
pangs from the observance of those they love.

I feel it a very difficult and delicate task to speak
of this peculiar feature in Lamb's physiognomy; and
the more so that (from not having seen or heard it
noticed by others) I am by no means sure of meeting
with an accordance in the opinions, or rather the
feelings, of those who knew him as well, or even bet-
ter, than I did. But I am sure that the peculiarity
I speak of was there, and therefore I venture to per-
severe in alluding to it for a moment longer, with a
view to its seeming explanation. The truth then is,
that Lamb was what is by no means so contradictory
or so uncommon a character as the inobedient may
deem it: he was a most gentle, amiable, and tender-
hearted—*misanthrope*! He hated or despised men
with his mind and judgment, in proportion as (and
precisely because) he loved and yearned towards them
in his heart; and, individually, he loved those best
whom everybody else hated. He generally through
life had two or three especial *pets*, who were always
the most disagreeable people in the world—to the
world; and to be taken into his favour and pro-
tection, you had only to get discarded, defamed, and
shunned by everybody else. If I may venture so to
express myself, there was, in Lamb's eyes, a sort of
virtue in sin and its ill consequences to the sinner.
He seemed to open his arms and his heart to "the
rejected and reviled of men," in a spirit kindred at
least with that of the Deity himself.

Returning to the description of Lamb's personal
appearance—his head, which I have endeavoured to
characterise, might have belonged to a full-sized per-
son; but it was set upon a figure so *petite*, that it
acquired an appearance of inappropriate largeness by
the comparison. This was the only striking pecu-
liarity in the *ensemble* of his figure. In other respects
it was well formed, though so slight and delicate as
to bear the appearance of extreme spareness, as if
that of a man air-fed, instead of one rejoicing in an
avowed predilection for roast pig! Its only defect
was, that the legs were even too slight for the slight
body; and that was only observable from the pecu-
liar costume of the owner.

Lamb had laid aside his *snuff-coloured* suit before
I knew him; and during the last ten years of his
life, he was never seen in anything but a suit of uni-
form black, with knee breeches, and (sometimes, not
always) gaiters of the same to meet them. Probably
he was induced to admit this innovation by a sort
of compromise with his affection for the colour of
other years;—for though his dress was "black" in

name and nature, he always contrived that it should exist only in a state of rusty brown. I can scarcely account for his having left off his suit of the latter colour, especially as he had stuck to it through the daily ordeal, for twenty years, of the Long Room of the East India House. He abandoned it, I think, somewhere about the time his friend Wordsworth put forth his *ideal* of the personal appearance of a poet; which may perchance have been drawn, in part, from Lamb himself,—so exact is the likeness in several leading particulars.

"But who is he, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown,
Who murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own?"

"He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove;
And you must love him e'er to you
He will seem worthy of your love," &c. &c.

Now Lamb did not like to be taken for a poet, or for anything else; so, latterly, he always dressed in a way to be taken, by ninety-nine people out of every hundred who looked upon him, for a Methodist preacher! the last person in the world that he really was like! This was one of his little wilful contradictions.

* See 'A Poet's Epitaph,' in the 'Lyrical Ballads.'

FINE ARTS.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by Sir E. Brydges. With Imaginative Illustrations by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Vol. II. Macrone.

WHY Mr Turner's illustrations are so particularly described as imaginative it is difficult to guess. Any designs are to be supposed to possess some amount of imagination, inasmuch as they fulfil a part of the poet's creation that is beyond the means with which he works—the visible image; for if the artist do not to a certain extent partake in the poet's inspiration, his *bodying forth* will not coincide with the author's, and will be no illustration, but only an incumbrance to the text. Just as an artist must see something of the same country with a traveller whose works he would illustrate; or, unless he copies other men, he will be quite at sea, and give us, perhaps, English, French, or Dutch figures to illustrate travels in Asia.

It is therefore tautological to talk of *imaginative* designs, unless, indeed, the artist takes up some matter of fact text, and runs a commentary of fanciful designs upon it, not obviously suggested by the language itself. But is this the way to treat the work of a great poet? or has Mr Turner so treated the *Paradise Lost*? On the contrary, imagination is the most glaring deficiency in the design before us—'The Expulsion from Paradise!' There is, it is true, prodigious effort, and a bold defiance of the ordinary rules for making a fine picture furnished by all theory and practice; no attempt at unity or concentration; on the other hand, no attempt at size or aggrandizing mystery. The only power exhibited is that of obtaining a considerable effect of brilliancy; and thus a bright flood of light is thrown upon a crowded, disorderly assemblage of petty details, too distinct and pretty for even a spurious grandeur, too vague and careless for truth. We have spoken of the 'Expulsion from Paradise,' with regard to the whole scene. As a design it is difficult to handle, it is so scattered and fragile: a splendid gateway is the groundwork of the grouping, not so large or magnificent but that some luxurious Emperor might have had the like to his pleasure-grounds; below are the expelled pair driven forth by a *quasi* angel; above is the flaming sword, looking very little and pretty, and out of place, in a cabinet-maker's style of ornament; and there are a few angels, male and female, helmeted and robed in most theatrical style, suitable to a burlesque at the Olympie, but most unfit to bind up with the gigantic, severe sublimities of the *Paradise Lost*. The good thing in the design is the landscape behind, which is *manseered*, but certainly a beautiful scene, not unlike the view from Richmond Terrace.

Romney's design of 'Milton dictating to his Daughters' is impressive, from the broad light and shade, and the simplicity of the general treatment.

The figure of Milton is disposed a little too much in the melodramatic fashion, with a mantle shouldered up to the chin; and the girls' countenances, perhaps, answer too well to certain apocryphal traditions of their having been far from agreeable; but nothing can be better than the simplicity of the grouping, and the broad and solemn masses of light and shade. The artist felt the character of the poem while he thus depicted its creation. This is to illustrate.

Brambletye House. By Horace Smith. Vol. II. Colburn.

The two illustrations in this number are clever, but the execution of the engraving is such as to mar them considerably; it is black, heavy, and cut up. The old man in the vignette is very good; and the frontispiece, in a design which very aptly tells the story, includes a faithful portrait of that thoughtless old child, Isaac Walton. We omitted to mention in our notice of the first volume of this new edition of 'Brambletye House,' that Mr Horace Smith has given an interesting account of his first acquaintance with Mr Colburn as a publisher, highly honourable to both parties.

History of British Fishes. By W. Yarrell, F.L.S. Parts IV. V. Longman and Co.

This excellent work as much delights us with the beautiful execution of its many wood-cuts as it did at first. We are particularly pleased with the variety in the *manner*; the style of execution being chosen that is best adapted to the imitation of the immediate object of each; the bright, sharp, firm surface of the Lead, the dowdy John Dory, and the black, slippery Blackfish, and the spectral Vagmæ, are capital instances of this variety of execution, and of the spirit and delicacy of all.

In part V. the tail-pieces are more numerous and more varied; and are highly amusing and pleasant. The sly connoisseur in fish, at page 288, the fish-woman, burly and lax-gowned, the view on the Arun, so calm and solitary, and the fishermen and boats, at page 229, are so many piquant and agreeable amplifications of the text, supplying, as illustrations should do, little bits of collateral information as we go.

TABLE TALK.

— There is nothing more allied to the barbarous and savage character, then sullenness, concealment, and reserve.—*Godwin.*

CRITICISM ON MRS RADCLIFFE'S 'ITALIAN.'

Finished the 'Italian.' This work will maintain, but not extend, Mrs Radcliffe's fame as a novelist. It has the same excellences and defects as her former compositions. In the vivid exhibition of the picturesque of nature, in the delineation of strong and dark character, in the excitation of horror by physical and moral agency, I know not that Mrs R. has any equal; but she languishes in spinning the thread of the narrative on which these excellences are strung; natural characters and incidents are feebly represented; probability is often strained without sufficient compensation; and the development of those mysteries which have kept us so long stretched on the rack of terror and impatience (an unthankful task at best) is lame and impotent. Eleanor and Vivaldi, either in their separate character or mutual attachment (a wire drawn theme), touched me but little; but I confess myself to have been deeply and violently impressed by the midnight examination of the corpse of Bianchi; by the atrocious conference of Schedoni and the Marchesa, in the dim twilight of the church of San Nicolo; and, above all, by what passed in Spalatro's solitary dwelling on the sea-shore.—*Diary of a Lover of Literature.*—[This striking romance is now to be had entire, in Mr Limbird's edition, for two abillings! with wood-cuts to boot.]

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

The tomb of the Mantuan poet is situated on the height of Pausilippo: it consists of a small structure shaped like a rude hut, but evidently of ancient date. It is overgrown with rich vegetation; the wild aloe and prickly pear issue from its clefts, and ivy and other parasites climb up its sides, and cling thickly to its summits. A dark rock rises immediately before; it is shut in, secluded and tranquil: but at the distance of only a few yards, a short ascent leads to the top of the hill, where the whole of the bay of Naples opens itself to the eye. The exceeding beauty of this scene fills every gazer with delight; the wide-

spread sea is adorned by various islands, and by picturesque promontories which shut in secluded bays; the earth is varied by hills, dells, and lakes, by towering heights and woody ravines; the sky, serenely though darkly blue, imparts matchless hue to the elements beneath. Nature presents her most enchanting aspect; and the voice of human genius breathing from the silent tomb, speaks of the influence of the imagination of man, and of the power which he possesses to communicate his ideas in all their warmth and beauty to his fellow-creatures.—*Lives of Eminent Italians.*

THE RAISER OF THE FAMILY.

[Now that people wear their hair plain, there is something ludicrous as well as touching in the incident of the hair-powder. But Nature carries everything before it; and the old grandmother is venerable and affecting.]—Towards evening Wilhelm took his son to walk in the fields. He spoke much with him on his past and future fate, just in the manner of old Stilling; so that his son was penetrated with reverence. At length Wilhelm said, "Hear me my son; thou must visit thy grandmother; she suffers much from the rheumatism, and will not live much longer. She very often speaks of thee, and wishes to converse with thee once more before her end." The next morning, therefore, Stilling rose and went to Tiefenbach. How he felt when he saw the old castle, *der hitzige Stein*, the Giller, and the village itself! His sensations were inexpressible; he examined himself, and found, that if he were able, he would gladly exchange his present state for that of his youth. He arrived in a short time, at the village; all the people ran out, so that he came, as it were, in a crowd, to the venerable house of his father. He felt a thrill through him as he entered, just as if he had been entering some ancient temple. His aunt Elizabeth was in the kitchen; she ran to him, gave him her hand, and led him into the parlour; there lay his grandmother, *Margaret Stilling*, in a neat little bed by the wall, near the stove; her chest was drawn upwards, the joints in her hand were swollen, and the fingers stiff and turned inwards. Stilling ran to her, took hold of her hand, and said with tears in his eyes, "How are you, my dear grandmother? It rejoices my soul to see you again." She strove to raise herself up, but sank powerless back again. "Ah!" cried she, "I can still hear and feel thee before my bed; come nearer to me, that I may feel thy face again!" Stilling bent himself towards her; she felt his forehead, and in doing this her stiff fingers came in contact with his hair, and she felt the powder. "So," said she, "thou art the first of our family that has worn powder; but be not the first to forget integrity and the fear of God!"—*Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling.*

A PIECE OF TRUE CRITICISM.

Here, I see, is a landscape of Ruysdael; how different from his ordinary subjects, and yet how completely in his best style! Unnumbered times that prospect has haunted me. Could you have conceived, without seeing it, that there is so much beauty in a flat extent of meadow, with a pool at one corner, and a humble church in the distance? How often does everyone look at a similar landscape, and turn away from it with indifference! A man of genius sees in it at a glance all that it really involves of beauty; and when he has created it anew upon his canvass, it remains for ever a portion of the more splendid region, towards which our thoughts habitually journey. Who can forget that glow of emerald in the centre, (where the sunshine escapes out of the clouds) that glimmer on the water, and the clear tranquil shades over the rest of the prospect, through which the grey steeple lifts itself! That unpretending expanse of verdure belongs, does it not, Isabel? to the Eden, the Meru, the Isles of Asphodel, and the Fairy-land, which hover like evening clouds above our actual earth, and to which we constantly recur as to our evening home. To say so much of Claude is comparatively nothing; for by his enchanted seas, and sculptured palaces, and spiritual atmosphere, and fields visited of the gods, he evidently designed to produce this impression. But here is a fog-encircled Dutchman, snatching, he knew not wherefore, at every shred of natural beauty within his reach; and who, when he has gazed upon a patch of green grass, and a sky of broken cloud, exalts it into a province of the mind's imperishable kingdom.—*Arthur Co-ningsby.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPECIMENS of the English Poets, No. VI, next week.

We are obliged to PHILOMATH, but if we inserted a paper of the kind sent us, we should hurt the feelings of many Correspondents, by the necessity of declining many similar to it.

If J. S. is a very young beginner indeed in Logic, he might commence with 'Pinnock's Catechism,' and afterwards go to the treatise by Dr Watts.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

NEW EDITION OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith, LL.D.; with a Commentary by the Author of 'England and America.' In six vols. Vol. I. 12mo. London. 1865. Pp. 329. 5s.

If this were nothing more than a reprint of 'The Wealth of Nations,' the appearance of such a work in the cheap and popular mode of publication by periodical volumes, which has been hitherto employed almost exclusively in the case of works of light reading and entertainment, would be an event in literature worthy of notice, and that, considered as an indication, might afford some matter for remark. But at present we must give our attention not to Adam Smith, but to his new commentator. All that we shall say of the reprint is, that it is beyond comparison the handsomest, as well as the most easily read and handled of any we have. The bulk and form of the volume are those of a manual, or a book for the pocket, and the type, both of text and commentary, is as large and clear as any eye can desire. This edition of 'The Wealth of Nations' also contains Dugald Stewart's able and interesting account of the life and writings of the author, not abridged, as usual, but printed at length, together with a translation of the Abbé Garnier's useful little treatise, entitled 'A short view of the Doctrine of Smith compared with that of the French Economists.' Prefixed to the volume is a portrait of Smith, engraved by Holl, from Tassie's medallion, the only original likeness that exists of this distinguished writer.

The commentary is given in the form of notes appended to the several chapters, and its quantity in the present volume is not much less than half that of the text.

In several respects this commentary is one of the most remarkable works the science of Political Economy has ever produced: in one respect it is, perhaps, the most remarkable. It will do more than even Adam Smith's great work to ventilate and dust the science. In his Preface the writer makes the following frank declaration, which will doubtless shock many, and startle more, but which the perusal of the volume will, we apprehend, abundantly justify to most people: "I am humbly, but very sincerely, of opinion, that the science of Political Economy is yet in its infancy. Even the alphabet of the science, —the meaning of every common term, whether used by the vulgar or by the most learned professors, is still unsettled. There is scarcely a term of any weight which is not employed by different persons, and even by the same person, to express different meanings; while the known principles of the science leave unexplained some of its most important phenomena." And let us add, that this is the case with every one of the moral sciences, without exception.

What havoc might we not make on any system of ethics or metaphysics in existence by the application of this test of important phenomena which it leaves unexplained! In conformity with the expressions we have just quoted, the author afterwards says, in enumerating five objects he has particularly had in view in this commentary:—"My fourth object has been to warn the student in political economy against implicit faith in the doctrines of a science which yet wants a complete alphabet; to show how imperfect that science is, after all that has been done for it; and to indicate some questions of great moment, as it appears to me, concerning which next to nothing has been done. I offer the parts of my commentary which relate to this object, as a humble contribution towards the improvement of the science."

In matters of practical morality at least, the answer to the great question, what is Truth or Right? is almost universally, if not universally, 'The middle

term between two errors. Or more correctly, every truth produces two errors, flying off from it in opposite directions, and keeping at equal distances on each side of it. That is to say, to speak in the language of the mechanicians, the case is one, not of the combination, but of the resolution of forces; the middle line of truth is not the resultant diagonal of the parallelogram, but the two diverging sides are the produce of that middle line. Although, however, the errors may thus be said, in one sense, to be the offspring of the truth (just as every illusion must be the effect of something real), yet, in human speculation, the errors most frequently make their appearance first, and the truth seems to be produced or struck out, that is to say, is eventually discovered, by their opposition and collision. It is easy to see why this should be the case. The discovery of the error, that is of the partial truth, requires that only one side or half of the whole truth should be perceived. But the curious part of the process is the way in which the error or deviation on the right hand, giving rise in the first instance to an equivalent error on the left, brings men's minds eventually to the middle truth, and fixes them there. It seems to happen usually in this way. The first error shooting out from the truth, so as to form an angle with it, the farther its line is pursued, carries men farther away from the light, till they find themselves at length left half in the dark. It becomes plain, now, that they have been proceeding in a wrong direction,—and they very wisely abandon the track. But not quite so wisely, though perhaps naturally enough,—seeing that in all moral speculation we are drifted by winds and currents of imagination and passion, as well as guided by our reason,—having found that they were wrong in taking the path that led off to the right hand, they now, to mend the matter, set out anew in a correspondingly oblique direction towards the left;—because the north-east has failed them, they try the north-west. Using the terms with a popular latitude, as meaning, not the precise points of the compass technically so designated, but any points in the same quarters, there are numberless lines radiating in these lateral directions, but there is only one due north line. In other words, error is manifold, but truth is one. It is much more difficult to miss the former than to find the latter. Hence, in fact, the truth is in general only arrived at and discovered through a process of groping or gradual approximation—by the examination and rejection of one after another of errors lying on both sides of it, and, as it were, concealing it from our search.

There cannot be a better example of this common course which speculation takes, than is afforded by the history of what we may call the fundamental proposition of political economy, that which states what are the elements of production.

"The French economists, who invented the science of political economy," observes the author of the present commentary, (p. 233) "treated land as the only source of wealth: some of their successors in our day, carried away, it would seem, by Adam Smith's great discovery, that 'labour is the original purchase-money of all things,' have not even admitted land amongst the elements of production."

In fact, until very recently, the statement, or assumption, in all the modern treatises on Political Economy was, that the two and the only two elements of production were capital and labour. The author of the present commentary, in a former work, entitled 'England and America,' published only two or three years ago, was, we believe, the first who distinctly called attention to the importance of a third element, land, or, as he called it, by a more general expression, the field for the employment of capital. But the subject has nowhere been so systematically developed as it is in the volume before us. The deduction, as here given, is so perfect and beautiful,

that although we must injure it by the compression to which we are obliged to resort, we shall endeavour to lay an abstract of it before our readers.

The writer begins by stating that since the publication of the 'WEALTH OF NATIONS,' two principles or general truths have been discovered, which throw new and most important light on the subject of wages and profits.

The first of these is what is called the Principle of Population, which is, simply, that there is a tendency in population to increase beyond the means of subsistence.

The second principle is thus explained by the present writer; and we request the attention of the reader to the statement:—

"In the next place, during the process by which a society arrives at the utmost limit of its supply of food, a circumstance occurs, by which the amount of that part of the produce of capital and labour which is divided between capitalists and labourers, comes to be continually diminished. The owners of land, in a word, come to obtain a continually increasing portion of that produce. The continual increase of that share of the produce raised by capital and labour, which falls to the owners of land, will be explained by referring to what happens on one occasion, when more capital and labour are employed with less return. In consequence of a certain increase of capital and people, capitalists are ready to invest their property with a smaller return. He who used to raise a hundred quarters of corn with a thousand pounds, is now ready to invest two thousand pounds on raising a hundred and fifty quarters. The second thousand pounds will produce only fifty quarters. But if one capitalist is content with fifty quarters as the return for a thousand pounds, competition will make all capitalists of the same mind with respect to all their capital; and their competition for the use of land will induce them to pay to the owner of land whatever return their capitals may bring above the ordinary rate of fifty quarters for a thousand pounds. Thus he who did employ a thousand pounds in raising a hundred quarters, will now raise a hundred and fifty quarters with two thousand pounds, and pay fifty quarters to the landlord. He will pay so much to the landlord, because, if he did not, some other would. This principle has been called the Theory of Rent."

This, it is to be observed, is a more comprehensive statement of what is called the Theory of Rent than has been given by any preceding writer, even including those by whom the theory was first broached. It explains not only the origin and progress of rent, but also, what has been in modern times one of the great puzzles of political economy, the cause of the diminution of the profits of capital as society advances. In fact, as we shall see presently, it resolves all the questions that can be raised respecting both high and low profits, and high and low wages:—

"The four following cases will describe all the common conditions of society, which exhibit different rates of profit and wages.

"First, the case in which capital bears a large proportion to labourers, and a small proportion to the field of production. The United States and some old colonies are the example. In this case, wages are high in share, and in amount; profits being, though low in share, high in amount.

"Secondly, the case in which capital bears a large proportion to labour, and also a large proportion to the field of production. High wages and low profits will be the result. The principle of population forbids that this should be a very common case, but it has occurred nevertheless; as, for example, in France, towards the close of the revolutionary war, when the conscription had rendered labourers scarce, and in several countries after a pestilence.

"Thirdly, the case in which capital bears a small proportion to labourers, and also a small proportion to the field of production. Low wages and high profits will be the result; the produce divided being great, but the labourer's share very small. This is the case in nearly all countries where, with superabundance of labourers in proportion to capital, there is plenty of room for the employment of more capital without any decrease of productiveness. Bengal is a good example, where capital has obtained enormous profits, while wages were at the rate of about twopence a day. This case of high profits with low wages, and the preceding case of low profits with high wages, would be, if profits and wages depended on nothing but the division of produce, the only cases that could by possibility occur.

Lastly, the case in which capital bears a small proportion to labour, and a great proportion to the field of production. This case gives low wages, and low profits also; that part of the produce of industry which is divided between labourers and capitalists, being reduced to so small an amount, that the capitalist, after giving the labourer but just enough to provide him with a motive for working, reserves for himself but just enough to provide him with a motive for continuing to employ labourers. There have been many examples of this case, as in Genoa, Venice, and Holland, but never was there a more striking one than that of Great Britain at the present time.

"Without, however, bearing in mind that all these are cases of mere proportion; that wages and profits depend, not on any absolute quantities of people, capital, and land, but on various proportions, whether the absolute quantities be increasing or diminishing, amongst the three elements of production; without attending to the distinction between positive and relative, we shall not arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the present state of Great Britain with regard to wages and profits.

"Political economists, following Adam Smith, describe three different states of society—the progressive, the stationary, and the retrograde. They call progressive, that state of society in which the field of production, and capital, increase as fast as population can possibly increase; so that profits and wages, both, being constantly high, the people do actually increase as fast as possible. They call stationary, that condition of society in which there is no further room for the productive employment of industry; in which case profits and wages are constantly as low as possible. They call the retrograde state of society, that in which the field of production constantly decreases; in which case, not only are profits and wages constantly at the minimum, but every year some capitalists are reduced to the state of labourers; and yet the labouring class becomes less and less numerous. The Venetian republic, and some of the Hanseatic towns, while they were gradually losing the trade by which they had obtained food, were examples of this case. But there appears to be a fourth state of society which, though stationary as to profits and wages, is progressive as to the extent of the field of production, the amount of capital, and the number of people. The field, the capital, and the people may increase, yet if the enlargement of the field be not more rapid than the increase of capital, no alteration of profits will occur; nor any alteration of wages, unless the field be enlarged and capital increased, both at the same time, more rapidly than people shall increase. All the elements of wealth may increase absolutely, but without any change in their proportions to each other. Though, in such a state of society, both capitalists and labourers will increase in number, though new means of communication will be formed, though fresh towns will arise, though the increase of population and of national wealth may be striking, nevertheless the rate of profit may still be very low, the rate of wages but just sufficient to permit an increase of labourers, the majority of capitalists in a state of uneasiness, and the whole body of labourers miserable and degraded. Nay, along with increasing national wealth, the state of capitalists and labourers may grow worse, provided that the field of production be not extended at the same rate with the increase of people and capital. This appears to have happened in Great Britain during the last twenty years. War ceasing, great masses of capital were no longer wasted every year, but were accumulated at home; new modes of investment were discovered; the number of capitalists was visibly augmented; signs of increasing wealth appeared in all directions. But as the field of production was not enlarged so rapidly as capital increased, more and more competition amongst capitalists made the condition of the greater number worse than that of the smaller number. In like manner, with respect to the labouring classes, together with the peace, which removed one check to the increase of people, came great improvements in medicine, and especially in treating the diseases of children, which removed other checks, and thus the common people increased faster than the field of employment for increasing capital. This change in the proportion between two of the elements of production, and the third, or chief element, while all three were rapidly increasing, explains the coincidence of rapidly increasing national wealth, with the greater uneasiness of the middle class, and the greater misery of the bulk of the people. It accounts for the loud outcry about pauperism and distress, in the midst of wealth so great, as to be without a parallel in the history of the world."

From the fact, it is afterwards observed, of the superabundance of capital, not in proportion to labourers, but in proportion to the means of profitable investment, some conclusions of the utmost practical moment may be deduced.

"If all the British men and money that were wasted during the last war; if, further, the hundreds of millions of capital which have been lent to Foreign Governments and lost in distant speculations during the peace, together with the hundreds of thousands of people who have emigrated from Britain during the last twenty years; if this prodigious mass of capital and people

should be suddenly recalled, what would become of it? Inevitably, considering that the English field of production is full to overflowing,—so full, that every year witnesses the departure to other countries of a great amount of capital, and a great number of people,—somehow or other, an amount of capital and a number of people equal to the mass which had been recalled, must be speedily destroyed; but not, let us observe, until after a period of aggravated suffering amongst the whole body of small capitalists, and the whole of the labouring class. In what way, by what process would take place the destruction of that portion of capital for which there was no profitable employment? By means of investment without profit, or rather with loss; by means of undertakings in which the capital would be what is called "sunk;" by means of "selling at less than prime cost." Then should we see a terrible aggravation of that process by which, even at present, profit is turned into loss, and capital is effectually kept down to the limit of investment. If the national debt of Britain were paid off with available capital, by tribute from foreign countries, and if the amount of available capital were further increased by a total remission of taxes, the competition of British capitalists, one with another, would be more severe than ever; and along with so great an increase of national wealth, there would be more and more "distress;" in that case, it seems probable that the supposition of Mr Mill would come to pass, and "none but the owners of large masses of capital would be able to derive from it the means of subsistence." In that case, however, the people of Britain would see the true cause of their "distress;" we should hear no more of the burthen of taxation, and of relieving this or that interest by the repeal of some tax; the Chancellor of the Exchequer would no longer gravely talk of the fairness of relieving tiles, after having relieved bricks, and of doing something for soap, after having done so much for beer and leather. Nor would the town and country interests—on one side the farmers, on the other the manufacturers and dealers—be diverted, by the eager pursuit on either side of some peculiar but impossible relief, from seeking a general remedy for general uneasiness. In that case, provided, that is, the whole burthen of taxation were removed, and Britain were richer than at present by eight hundred millions, all classes would see what was, and therefore what had been, the cause of their distress. But what is the cause of the present low rate of profit in all employments alike, may be discovered by investigation without a miracle. If the view here taken of that cause should turn out to be correct, all the industrious classes of Britain will combine to raise the general rate of profit, by enlarging the field of employment for British capital and labour."

Dr. Chalmers, who has lately pointed out the inconveniences arising from a superabundance of capital, in a most striking manner, in his work entitled, *On Political Economy in connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society*—a work which, as the present writer remarks, "so abounds in novel and important speculations, that no one who has derived his knowledge from other books on political economy can truly suppose that he has mastered that science, even in its present imperfect state"—has proposed as a check upon the growth of the evil in question, that capitalists should, individually, save less and spend more. He urges that, as the labouring classes can only effectually resist the decline of wages by refraining from over-population, so capitalists can only resist the decline of profits by refraining from over-speculation—by each, as he elsewhere expresses it, expending more of his capital on personal or family indulgences, and reserving less of it for additional outlay on his business. In this parallel, however, and the proposal deduced from it,—which, in the work before us, is approved of as being "not only a reasonable one, but the only one which points out a way of escape from the pauperism of labourers and the distress of capitalists—the only one, that is, provided there be no way of causing the field of employment for capital and labour to increase as fast as population and capital"—an important distinction seems to be overlooked, which exists between superabundance of population and superabundance of capital. Whatever inconveniences the latter may bring upon the community at large, an individual is certainly, in all cases, better off with a large capital than with a small one. A capital, however large, is never a burthen to its possessor, as a large family may be. We want altogether, therefore, in regard to capital, the motive which we may reasonably expect to act upon individuals in inducing them to refrain from over-population. That imprudence brings along with it a punishment to the individual committing it; the rapid production and accumulation of capital, what-

ever inconveniences it may entail upon the state, entails upon the producer and accumulator none. The larger his capital, and the faster he can increase it, the better for him, always.

The views of the present writer look in a different direction,—to the possibility, namely, of enlarging the field for the employment of capital and labour. Provided the means of such enlargement exist, he remarks, "and may be readily employed, all will allow that the time is not yet come for seeking to diminish either capital or population. The two means which do exist for enlarging the field of employment for British capital and labour, are Colonization, and the Importation of Food. Whether those measures are likely to prove adequate, as means to the end in view, will be considered in another place."

Next to this inquiry into the elements of production, which occurs in the latter part of the volume, the most important portion of the present commentary is the note on Smith's first chapter, the well known dissertation on the principle which he has called the Division of Labour. With more precision of phraseology, the author of the note prefers to call the principle the Division of Employments,—reserving the term labour to denote, not the operation, which Smith often uses it for, but the power actually exerted by the agent. In this use of the terms it is evident that in manufactures and all the other operations of an advanced state of society, there is both a division of employments, and a combination of labour. The present writer thinks that from his unfortunate adoption of the term "labour" in the less exact sense, Smith was led nearly to overlook the latter of these two things, which, however, is really the more important of the two, and is, moreover, that which gives rise to the division of employments. The practical conclusions to be drawn from a consideration of the principle of co-operation are here developed in a most ingenious and striking manner. We can only now afford to extract one or two paragraphs from the disquisition,—though we wish we had room for the whole. The following is the first conclusion stated:—

"1. The inhabitants of England, it may be presumed, obtain more and better food than the inhabitants of France; yet all the food of England is said to be raised by the labour of less than one-third of the people, while more than two-thirds of the people of France are supposed to be engaged in raising food for the whole. If it be so, then, in France, only three people are supported by the labour of two cultivators, while, in England, the labour of two cultivators supports six people; English agriculture is twice as productive as French agriculture. To what are we to attribute this remarkable difference? It has been attributed, and with much appearance of truth, to the French law of division, which, at the death of a French proprietor, separates his land into properties as numerous as his children, and which has thus established, in the greater part of France, a system of agriculture resembling that which is practised in the greater part of Ireland, where agricultural industry does not appear to be more productive than it is in France. In both countries, the greater part of the land is divided into very small farms, or rather separate fields. But this division of the land into small holdings does not in any degree affect its natural fertility; nay, the soils of France and Ireland are considered to be more fertile than the soil of England. In what way, then,—by what process is it, that this division of the land into a great number of small holdings, has so injurious an effect on the productiveness of agricultural labour in Ireland and France? By means, it would appear, of dividing the greater part of the agricultural labour of those countries into fractions as numerous as the labourers. A small cultivator in France, like a cottier in Ireland, works by himself, or at most with no other assistance than that of his children. Not only is his labour separated from that of all other workmen, but it is necessarily divided again amongst the several employments, few though they be, which must be pursued before the scanty wants of his family can be supplied: he practises the very reverse of the two great causes of improvement in the productiveness of labour, which are—combination of labour and division of employments; he divides labour into the smallest fraction into which it can be divided, viz., a single pair of hands; and he combines as many different employments as he has time to engage in. Only a portion of his labour is bestowed on agriculture, so that he wants the skill of one, the whole of whose labour is applied, by means of the division of employments, to a single object; and that portion of his unskilful labour, never being assisted by the labour of any other person, is always as weak as possible. The result is, that he produces but little, if

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

NEW EDITION OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith, LL.D.; with a Commentary by the Author of 'England and America.' In six vols. Vol. I. 12mo. London. 1865. Pp. 329. 5s.

If this were nothing more than a reprint of 'The Wealth of Nations,' the appearance of such a work in the cheap and popular mode of publication by periodical volumes, which has been hitherto employed almost exclusively in the case of works of light reading and entertainment, would be an event in literature worthy of notice, and that, considered as an indication, might afford some matter for remark. But at present we must give our attention not to Adam Smith, but to his new commentator. All that we shall say of the reprint is, that it is beyond comparison the handiest, as well as the most easily read and handled of any we have. The bulk and form of the volume are those of a manual, or a book for the pocket, and the type, both of text and commentary, is as large and clear as any eye can desire. This edition of 'The Wealth of Nations' also contains Dugald Stewart's able and interesting account of the life and writings of the author, not abridged, as usual, but printed at length, together with a translation of the Abbé Garnier's useful little treatise, entitled 'A short view of the Doctrine of Smith compared with that of the French Economists.' Prefixed to the volume is a portrait of Smith, engraved by Holl, from Tassie's medallion, the only original likeness that exists of this distinguished writer.

The commentary is given in the form of notes appended to the several chapters, and its quantity in the present volume is not much less than half that of the text.

In several respects this commentary is one of the most remarkable works the science of Political Economy has ever produced: in one respect it is, perhaps, the most remarkable. It will do more than even Adam Smith's great work to ventilate and dust the science. In his Preface the writer makes the following frank declaration, which will doubtless shock many, and startle more, but which the perusal of the volume will, we apprehend, abundantly justify to most people: "I am humbly, but very sincerely, of opinion, that the science of Political Economy is yet in its infancy. Even the alphabet of the science, —the meaning of every common term, whether used by the vulgar or by the most learned professors, is still unsettled. There is scarcely a term of any weight which is not employed by different persons, and even by the same person, to express different meanings; while the known principles of the science leave unexplained some of its most important phenomena." And let us add, that this is the case with every one of the moral sciences, without exception.

What havoc might we not make on any system of ethics or metaphysics in existence by the application of this test of important phenomena which it leaves unexplained! In conformity with the expressions we have just quoted, the author afterwards says, in enumerating five objects he has particularly had in view in this commentary:—"My fourth object has been to warn the student in political economy against implicit faith in the doctrines of a science which yet wants a complete alphabet; to show how imperfect that science is, after all that has been done for it; and to indicate some questions of great moment, as it appears to me, concerning which next to nothing has been done. I offer the parts of my commentary which relate to this object, as a humble contribution towards the improvement of the science."

In matters of practical morality at least, the answer to the great question, what is Truth or Right? is almost universally, if not universally, 'The middle

term between two errors. Or more correctly, every truth produces two errors, flying off from it in opposite directions, and keeping at equal distances on each side of it. That is to say, to speak in the language of the mechanicians, the case is one, not of the combination, but of the resolution of forces; the middle line of truth is not the resultant diagonal of the parallelogram, but the two diverging sides are the produce of that middle line. Although, however, the errors may thus be said, in one sense, to be the offspring of the truth (just as every illusion must be the effect of something real), yet, in human speculation, the errors most frequently make their appearance first, and the truth seems to be produced or struck out, that is to say, is eventually discovered, by their opposition and collision. It is easy to see why this should be the case. The discovery of the error, that is of the partial truth, requires that only one side or half of the whole truth should be perceived. But the curious part of the process is the way in which the error or deviation on the right hand, giving rise in the first instance to an equivalent error on the left, brings men's minds eventually to the middle truth, and fixes them there. It seems to happen usually in this way. The first error shooting out from the truth, so as to form an angle with it, the farther its line is pursued, carries men farther away from the light, till they find themselves at length left half in the dark. It becomes plain, now, that they have been proceeding in a wrong direction,—and they very wisely abandon the track. But not quite so wisely, though perhaps naturally enough,—seeing that in all moral speculation we are drifted by winds and currents of imagination and passion, as well as guided by our reason,—having found that they were wrong in taking the path that led off to the right hand, they now, to mend the matter, set out anew in a correspondingly oblique direction towards the left;—because the north-east has failed them, they try the north-west. Using the terms with a popular latitude, as meaning, not the precise points of the compass technically so designated, but any points in the same quarters, there are numberless lines radiating in these lateral directions, but there is only one due north line. In other words, error is manifold, but truth is one. It is much more difficult to miss the former than to find the latter. Hence, in fact, the truth is in general only arrived at and discovered through a process of groping or gradual approximation—by the examination and rejection of one after another of errors lying on both sides of it, and, as it were, concealing it from our search.

There cannot be a better example of this common course which speculation takes, than is afforded by the history of what we may call the fundamental proposition of political economy, that which states what are the elements of production.

"The French economists, who invented the science of political economy," observes the author of the present commentary, (p. 233) "treated land as the only source of wealth: some of their successors in our day, carried away, it would seem, by Adam Smith's great discovery, that 'labour is the original purchase-money of all things,' have not even admitted land amongst the elements of production."

In fact, until very recently, the statement, or assumption, in all the modern treatises on Political Economy was, that the two and the only two elements of production were capital and labour. The author of the present commentary, in a former work, entitled 'England and America,' published only two or three years ago, was, we believe, the first who distinctly called attention to the importance of a third element, land, or, as he called it, by a more general expression, the field for the employment of capital. But the subject has nowhere been so systematically developed as it is in the volume before us. The deduction, as here given, is so perfect and beautiful,

that although we must injure it by the compression to which we are obliged to resort, we shall endeavour to lay an abstract of it before our readers.

The writer begins by stating that since the publication of the 'WEALTH OF NATIONS,' two principles or general truths have been discovered, which throw new and most important light on the subject of wages and profits.

The first of these is what is called the Principle of Population, which is, simply, that there is a tendency in population to increase beyond the means of subsistence.

The second principle is thus explained by the present writer; and we request the attention of the reader to the statement:—

"In the next place, during the process by which a society arrives at the utmost limit of its supply of food, a circumstance occurs, by which the amount of that part of the produce of capital and labour which is divided between capitalists and labourers, comes to be continually diminished. The owners of land, in a word, come to obtain a continually increasing portion of that produce. The continual increase of that share of the produce raised by capital and labour, which falls to the owners of land, will be explained by referring to what happens on one occasion, when more capital and labour are employed with less return. In consequence of a certain increase of capital and people, capitalists are ready to invest their property with a smaller return. He who used to raise a hundred quarters of corn with a thousand pounds, is now ready to invest two thousand pounds on raising a hundred and fifty quarters. The second thousand pounds will produce only fifty quarters. But if one capitalist is content with fifty quarters as the return for a thousand pounds, competition will make all capitalists of the same mind with respect to all their capital; and their competition for the use of land will induce them to pay to the owner of land whatever return their capitals may bring above the ordinary rate of fifty quarters for a thousand pounds. Thus he who did employ a thousand pounds in raising a hundred quarters, will now raise a hundred and fifty quarters with two thousand pounds, and pay fifty quarters to the landlord. He will pay so much to the landlord, because, if he did not, some other would. This principle has been called the Theory of Rent."

This, it is to be observed, is a more comprehensive statement of what is called the Theory of Rent than has been given by any preceding writer, even including those by whom the theory was first broached. It explains not only the origin and progress of rent, but also, what has been in modern times one of the great puzzles of political economy, the cause of the diminution of the profits of capital as society advances. In fact, as we shall see presently, it resolves all the questions that can be raised respecting both high and low profits, and high and low wages:—

"The four following cases will describe all the common conditions of society, which exhibit different rates of profit and wages.

"First, the case in which capital bears a large proportion to labourers, and a small proportion to the field of production. The United States and some old colonies are the example. In this case, wages are high in share, and in amount; profits being, though low in share, high in amount.

"Secondly, the case in which capital bears a large proportion to labour, and also a large proportion to the field of production. High wages and low profits will be the result. The principle of population forbids that this should be a very common case, but it has occurred nevertheless; as, for example, in France, towards the close of the revolutionary war, when the conscription had rendered labourers scarce, and in several countries after a pestilence.

"Thirdly, the case in which capital bears a small proportion to labourers, and also a small proportion to the field of production. Low wages and high profits will be the result; the produce divided being great, but the labourer's share very small. This is the case in nearly all countries where, with superabundance of labourers in proportion to capital, there is plenty of room for the employment of more capital without any decrease of productiveness. Bengal is a good example, where capital has obtained enormous profits, while wages were at the rate of about twopence a day. This case of high profits with low wages, and the preceding case of low profits with high wages, would be, if profits and wages depended on nothing but the division of produce, the only cases that could by possibility occur.

Lastly, the case in which capital bears a small proportion to labour, and a great proportion to the field of production. This case gives low wages, and low profits also; that part of the produce of industry which is divided between labourers and capitalists, being reduced to so small an amount, that the capitalist, after giving the labourer but just enough to provide him with a motive for working, reserves for himself but just enough to provide him with a motive for continuing to employ labourers. There have been many examples of this case, as in Genoa, Venice, and Holland, but never was there a more striking one than that of Great Britain at the present time.

"Without, however, bearing in mind that all these are cases of mere proportion; that wages and profits depend, not on any absolute quantities of people, capital, and land, but on various proportions, whether the absolute quantities be increasing or diminishing, amongst the three elements of production; without attending to the distinction between positive and relative, we shall not arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the present state of Great Britain with regard to wages and profits.

"Political economists, following Adam Smith, describe three different states of society—the progressive, the stationary, and the retrograde. They call progressive, that state of society in which the field of production, and capital, increase as fast as population can possibly increase; so that profits and wages, both, being constantly high, the people do not actually increase as fast as possible. They call stationary, that condition of society in which there is no further room for the productive employment of industry; in which case profits and wages are constantly as low as possible. They call the retrograde state of society, that in which the field of production constantly decreases; in which case, not only are profits and wages constantly at the minimum, but every year some capitalists are reduced to the state of labourers; and yet the labouring class becomes less and less numerous. The Venetian republic, and some of the Hanseatic towns, while they were gradually losing the trade by which they had obtained food, were examples of this case. But there appears to be a fourth state of society which, though stationary as to profits and wages, is progressive as to the extent of the field of production, the amount of capital, and the number of people. The field, the capital, and the people may increase, yet if the enlargement of the field be not more rapid than the increase of capital, no alteration of profits will occur; nor any alteration of wages, unless the field be enlarged and capital increased, both at the same time, more rapidly than people shall increase. All the elements of wealth may increase absolutely, but without any change in their proportions to each other. Though, in such a state of society, both capitalists and labourers will increase in number, though new means of communication will be formed, though fresh towns will arise, though the increase of population and of national wealth may be striking, nevertheless the rate of profit may still be very low, the rate of wages but just sufficient to permit an increase of labourers, the majority of capitalists in a state of uneasiness, and the whole body of labourers miserable and degraded. Nay, along with increasing national wealth, the state of capitalists and labourers may grow worse, provided that the field of production be not extended at the same rate with the increase of people and capital. This appears to have happened in Great Britain during the last twenty years. War ceasing, great masses of capital were no longer wasted every year, but were accumulated at home; new modes of investment were discovered; the number of capitalists was visibly augmented; signs of increasing wealth appeared in all directions. But as the field of production was not enlarged so rapidly as capital increased, more and more competition amongst capitalists made the condition of the greater number worse than that of the smaller number. In like manner, with respect to the labouring classes, together with the peace, which removed one check to the increase of people, came great improvements in medicine, and especially in treating the diseases of children, which removed other checks, and thus the common people increased faster than the field of employment for increasing capital. This change in the proportion between two of the elements of production, and the third, or chief element, while all three were rapidly increasing, explains the coincidence of rapidly increasing national wealth, with the greater uneasiness of the middle class, and the greater misery of the bulk of the people. It accounts for the loud outcry about pauperism and distress, in the midst of wealth so great, as to be without a parallel in the history of the world."

From the fact, it is afterwards observed, of the superabundance of capital, not in proportion to labourers, but in proportion to the means of profitable investment, some conclusions of the utmost practical moment may be deduced.

"If all the British men and money that were wasted during the last war; if, further, the hundreds of millions of capital which have been lent to Foreign Governments and lost in distant speculations during the peace, together with the hundreds of thousands of people who have emigrated from Britain during the last twenty years; if this prodigious mass of capital and people

should be suddenly recalled, what would become of it? Inevitably, considering that the English field of production is full to overflowing,—so full, that every year witnesses the departure to other countries of a great amount of capital, and a great number of people,—somehow or other, an amount of capital and a number of people equal to the mass which had been recalled, must be speedily destroyed; but not, let us observe, until after a period of aggravated suffering amongst the whole body of small capitalists, and the whole of the labouring class. In what way, by what process would take place the destruction of that portion of capital for which there was no profitable employment? By means of investment without profit, or rather with loss; by means of undertakings in which the capital would be what is called "sunk;" by means of "selling at less than prime cost." Then should we see a terrible aggravation of that process by which, even at present, profit is turned into loss, and capital is effectually kept down to the limit of investment. If the national debt of Britain were paid off with available capital, by tribute from foreign countries, and if the amount of available capital were further increased by a total remission of taxes, the competition of British capitalists, one with another, would be more severe than ever; and along with so great an increase of national wealth, there would be more and more 'distress': in that case, it seems probable that the supposition of Mr Mill would come to pass, and 'none but the owners of large masses of capital would be able to derive from it the means of subsistence.' In that case, however, the people of Britain would see the true cause of their 'distress'; we should hear no more of the burthen of taxation, and of relieving this or that interest by the repeal of some tax; the Chancellor of the Exchequer would no longer gravely talk of the fairness of relieving tiles, after having relieved bricks, and of doing something for soap, after having done so much for beer and leather. Nor would the town and country interests—on one side the farmers, on the other the manufacturers and dealers—be diverted, by the eager pursuit on either side of some peculiar but impossible relief, from seeking a general remedy for general uneasiness. In that case, provided, that is, the whole burthen of taxation were removed, and Britain were richer than at present by eight hundred millions, all classes would see what was, and therefore what had been, the cause of their distress. But what is the cause of the present low rate of profit in all employments alike, may be discovered by investigation without a miracle. If the view here taken of that cause should turn out to be correct, all the industrious classes of Britain will combine to raise the general rate of profit, by enlarging the field of employment for British capital and labour."

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The views of the present writer look in a different direction,—to the possibility, namely, of enlarging the field for the employment of capital and labour. Provided the means of such enlargement exist, he remarks, "and may be readily employed, all will allow that the time is not yet come for seeking to diminish either capital or population. The two means which do exist for enlarging the field of employment for British capital and labour, are Colonization, and the Importation of Food. Whether those measures are likely to prove adequate, as means to the end in view, will be considered in another place."

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"1. The inhabitants of England, it may be presumed, obtain more and better food than the inhabitants of France; yet all the food of England is said to be raised by the labour of less than one-third of the people, while more than two-thirds of the people of France are supposed to be engaged in raising food for the whole. If it be so, then, in France, only three people are supported by the labour of two cultivators, while, in England, the labour of two cultivators supports six people; English agriculture is twice as productive as French agriculture. To what are we to attribute this remarkable difference? It has been attributed, and with much appearance of truth, to the French law of division, which, at the death of a French proprietor, separates his land into properties as numerous as his children, and which has thus established, in the greater part of France, a system of agriculture resembling that which is practised in the greater part of Ireland, where agricultural industry does not appear to be more productive than it is in France. In both countries, the greater part of the land is divided into very small farms, or rather separate fields. But this division of the land into small holdings does not in any degree affect its natural fertility; nay, the soils of France and Ireland are considered to be more fertile than the soil of England. In what way, then,—by what process is it, that this division of the land into a great number of small holdings, has so injurious an effect on the productiveness of agricultural labour in Ireland and France? By means, it would appear, of dividing the greater part of the agricultural labour of those countries into fractions as numerous as the labourers. A small cultivator in France, like a cottier in Ireland, works by himself, or at most with no other assistance than that of his children. Not only is his labour separated from that of all other workmen, but it is necessarily divided again amongst the several employments, few though they be, which must be pursued before the scanty wants of his family can be supplied: he practises the very reverse of the two great causes of improvement in the productiveness of labour, which are—combination of labour and division of employments; he divides labour into the smallest fraction into which it can be divided, viz., a single pair of hands; and he combines as many different employments as he has time to engage in. Only a portion of his labour is bestowed on agriculture, so that he wants the skill of one, the whole of whose labour is applied, by means of the division of employments, to a single object; and that portion of his unskilful labour, never being assisted by the labour of any other person, is always as weak as possible. The result is, that he produces but little, if

any, more food, than is sufficient for the support of his own family, even according to the miserable way in which such families are generally supported.

"In England, on the other hand, the greater part of the land is held in such large pieces, that the cultivation of each piece requires the employment of a considerable number of hands. On an English farm, speaking generally, many labourers help each other, not only in those simple operations where all the work is alike, but in those complex ones which admit of division of employments. On an English farm, therefore, labour is applied not only with the maximum of power, but also with the maximum of skill; and the quantity of food raised consequently is, in proportion to the number of labourers, as great as our present knowledge of agriculture permits. It is by means of co-operation, one cannot repeat it too often, that the agricultural labour of England is twice as productive as that of France or Ireland; or, to reverse the proposition, it is by means of a minute division of labour that the agricultural labour of France or Ireland is but half as productive as that of England.

"Two-thirds of the people of France or Ireland being engaged in agriculture, only one-third is set free, as it were, to engage in other occupations; whereas in England, all the food of the people being produced by one-third of their number, two-thirds of the people may be occupied in pursuits not agricultural. The obvious superiority of England to France or Ireland, in respect to general wealth, is thus satisfactorily explained. This consideration also explains by what process it is, that the foreign commerce of England—her power of exchanging objects of home production for useful or agreeable objects, which are produced in distant countries—is so very much greater, having regard to numbers in each country, than that of Ireland or France.

"But what are the useful conclusions that we are here to draw from observing in France some of the bad effects of division of labour, and in England some of the admirable effects of co-operation? They are, in the first place, that a constant misapplication of the term 'division of labour,' seems to have kept out of sight a more important principle than that of the division of employments; and that the sooner we can learn to use the term 'division of labour' in its proper sense, the sooner shall we perceive all the value of the principle of co-operation. Secondly, that in one respect, at least, it is in the power, and seems to be within the province of legislation, to interfere with the operations of political economy; in so far, that is, as to prevent or correct the hurtful effects on the production of national wealth, which arise from a minute subdivision of landed property, whether held in fee or on lease."

The author's second conclusion is, that "the division of landed property, or any other cause that produces a minute subdivision of labour, tends to check the intellectual and moral improvement of the people who are governed by it." This proposition is illustrated by a reference to the present condition of the great mass of the people in France and Ireland, as well as in China and Turkey.

"In all those countries," it is observed, "the greater part of society consists of a mere multiplication of one grower of food. Such monotonous, ignorant, and stagnant masses, in which whatever affects one man affects all in the same way, are well suited to be governed by one central, and, as regards them, wholly irresponsible authority. At the present time, a single man leads or governs the greater part of the Irish people,—those of them who are precisely like each other,—as if he held them all by one unbroken string. The facility with which the central and irresponsible governments of China, Turkey, and France, are carried on, as well as the passionate but unreasoning love of equality which, in Turkey and France, at least, seems to be not inconsistent with a slavish respect for the worst kind of authority, may be traced, it would appear, to the operation of causes in political economy. Here is one proof amongst many, that political economy is not, as it has been termed by a modern poet and novelist of reputation, "a material science;" it is a science which relates to the intellectual and moral condition of nations, as well as to their physical enjoyments; to philosophy in general, as well as to the useful arts; to the state of literature as well as of manufactures; to the character of men and governments, as well as to objects of a purely material kind. This is the useful conclusion that may be drawn from the above enquiry; for if it were generally admitted to be true, the first chapter in the book of science would be given to political economy."

The writer next proceeds to consider several of the popular projects, or privaterotchets, which have been lately brought forward in various countries of Europe, and in our own more especially, for bettering the condition of the majority of the people—such as an agrarian law, spade husbandry, the allotment system, home colonies, and what he calls the very curious scheme of Mr Robert Owen." "Against all these

proposals," he observes, "the principle of combination of labour furnishes a conclusive argument." We cannot, however, give his illustrations. For the other conclusions deduced from the principle, we must also refer our readers to the volume itself. They will find the discussion respecting the origin and progress of Slavery, and the conditions necessary for its abolition, especially curious and important.

THE LATE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

A History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament, and Ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster. By John Britton and Edward W. Brayley. 8vo. London. 1835.

We have received six numbers of this interesting publication, which has been called forth by the fire that so lately reduced so large a portion of the ancient buildings it illustrates to ruins, and swept away the walls and towers on which hung so many historic recollections. The lovers of our national antiquities are indebted to the present writers for the promptitude with which they have come forward to supply, as far as it can be done, the loss thus sustained, by preserving accurate representations of the edifices and apartments that have been destroyed, both as they existed immediately before the conflagration, and in the state in which their remains now appear. This is the best thing that can be done in the case of that which it is not possible actually to restore. Where the thing lost, indeed, although substantial and palpable, was only inanimate, the effigy is no bad substitute for the reality. In one respect the former has greatly the advantage; inasmuch as the pleasure of contemplating what is beautiful or interesting, is, by means of the pencil and the graver, made common to an infinitely greater number of persons than could have had an opportunity of beholding the actual object. It is transferred to those living at ever so great a distance from the object, either in place or in time. No fire or other calamity can ever obliterate the Chapel of St Stephen, or the Painted Chamber, we have before us here. The printing press has placed these venerable halls, as it places everything else which it touches, beyond the reach of destruction or decay. In this new form of existence, the ancient palace of Westminster will be the same in all its parts a thousand years hence, as it is now.

The present work when completed is to contain forty plates, of which twenty-five are given in the six numbers already published. Of these the following is a list, in the order in which they have been published: 1. Title-page, being part of the 'Interior of St Stephen's Chapel.' 2. 'Niche from the Oratory in the Cloister,' and 'Effigies from the Hall.' 3. 'View in the Upper Cloister in St Stephen's Chapel.' 4. 'View in the Painted Chamber, looking West.' 5. 'Westminster Hall,' compartment at the S E angle. 6. 'Plan of the Palatial, Parliamentary, and other Public Buildings.' 7. 'Three Windows in the South end of the Court of Requests.' 8. 'View of East End of St Stephen's Chapel.' 9. 'View of Vestibule, West End of ditto.' 10. 'Section of St Stephen's Chapel,' and 'Crypt as fitted up for the House of Commons, 1834.' 11. 'Painted Chamber, looking East.' 12. 'Stairs at South East angle of ditto.' 13. 'Exterior of ditto,' and 'South side of St Stephen's Chapel.' 14. 'Plan of the South half of the Crypt,' and 'Plan of the Northern half of St Stephen's Chapel.' 15. 'View of the Long Gallery in ruins, looking North.' 16. 'View of the South Walk of the Cloisters.' 17. 'View of the Exterior of the House of Lords, &c., after the fire.' 18. 'Interior of St Stephen's Chapel, looking East.' 19. 'New House of Commons, March 1835.' 20. 'Ground Plan of Chantry Chapel,' and 'Part of Cloister, St Stephen's Chapel.' 21. 'Section of ditto from North to South.' 22. 'View of Buttress and part of East side of Westminster Hall.' 23. 'View in the Star Chamber.' 24. 'View of the Chantry Chapels, Cloister, &c., in St Stephen's Chapel.' 25. 'View of Cloister up-stairs to Speaker's apartments.'

All these engravings, we believe, are from original drawings, and they seem to us, as far as we have the means of judging, to be in general very faithful as well as spirited representations of their subjects. The authors have not announced what their remaining embellishments are to be; but both the Hall and the Courts of Law will, we suppose, easily furnish sufficient materials. As views have been given of the present Houses of Lords and Commons, the late Houses should also be introduced. And, if it be not too late, we would recommend, as essential to the understanding of much of the history, the insertion of a ground-plan of the palatial and legislative buildings as the apartments were distributed before the Lords were removed to their late place of meeting in the old Court of Requests. Such a plan, taken from Roque's 'Plan of London,' was published a few years ago in a little work, entitled 'A Faithful Account of the Coronation of the Kings and Queens of England, by Richard Thomson' (Major, 1820). The information contained in the letter-press of

the present work appears to have been collected with very commendable industry, and a considerable portion of it is from unpublished documents. The history, however, which, according to the title-page, is to extend "from the Anglo-Saxon dynasty to the final arrangement of the National, Parliamentary, and Legal Courts, at the same place," has only as yet been brought down to the year 1341, the fifteenth of Edward III. This portion occupies 160 of the 400 pages, of which the whole is to consist. The volume, which will only cost twenty shillings when completed, deserves to be recommended for its cheapness, as well as for its other qualities.

The latter numbers of the work contain some very curious accounts and other details, now extracted for the first time from manuscripts in the office of the King's Remembrancer of the Exchequer and elsewhere. Such accounts, as illustrating the rates of wages in former times, are always acceptable contributions to a most interesting chapter in our social history. The following, being an account of the payments made during the week ending the 13th of August, 1307 (the first of Edward II.), for the works that were then carrying on at Westminster, is extracted from an ancient manuscript on vellum, now in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., who purchased it in January, 1890, for seventy guineas, at the sale of the late Craven Ord, Esq., who had been first secondary in the King's Remembrancer's Office. There can scarcely be a doubt, the writer observes, that this manuscript had belonged to the Exchequer.

"To the Master Mason.—To Master Richard de Wightham, the mason assigned by the Treasurer to superintend and direct each of the works of building, and to be the master in the same office, in all the foregoing places; for his wages for the preceding week, receiving the money by his own hands - - - 7s.

"To the Stonecutters.—To William of Abydone, Adam of Pippinge, William of Banbury, Simon of Banbury, Robert of Tychemerche, John of Berkhamstede, Alexander of Hoghton, Milo of Stachese, and John of Coumbe, nine masons employed in cutting large Caen stones—'grossas petras de Cadamo'—for the said works, as task-work, taking for 100 feet 4s., for 480 feet thus cut, receiving the money by the hands of William of Abydone and Adam of Pippinge - - - 19s. 2½d.

"To the Master Workman.—To Master James de Leuesham, the workman appointed to oversee the several operations of workmanship in all the before-mentioned places. Mem. that nothing was paid to him here, but at the Exchequer, by the Chamberlain, by his writ of *Liberate*.

"To one Workman, 5d. a day.—To Alan of Leuesham, workman, for repairing the hearths or fireplaces [*astras*] in the structure of the Palace, and doing other things necessary; for four days and a half, receiving the money by his own hands - - - 22½d.

"To the inferior Labourers, 2½d. a day.—John de Tyngri, [and thirty-four other labourers, whose names are mentioned], for carrying timber, stones, plaster, boards, &c. from the King's Bridge to the Palace, and for divers other necessary kinds of work, for four days and a half, receiving the money by the hands of William de Laddrede and Nigel de Cornubis, to each 1½d. - - - 32s. 9½d.

"To the inferior Labourers, 2½d. a day.—To Adam Coleman and others, in all eleven inferior labourers, for cleansing divers houses and divers places in the Palace, and for carrying filth even to the Thames, receiving the money each by his own hands, for four days 10d. - - - 9s. 2d.

"For different purchases, chiefly of small articles, as keys, sieves, latches, and other things, in all 3s. 1½d.

"For Carriage.—To John Wisman, carrier, for the carriage of seven thousand of tiles, from East Smithfield, near the Tower of London, to the Palace, reckoning for the carriage of 1000, 6d., receiving the money by his own hands, 3s. 6d.—Item, to Henry de Schipman, lighterman, for seven boat-loads of sand, from the Thames, for making mortar, reckoning for a boat-load 6d., receiving the money by his own hands, 3s. 6d. - - - 7s.

"For Portage.—To Henry Godale, porter, and his associates, for the portage and carriage of two barge-loads of Caen freestone, from the King's Bridge to the Palace, receiving the money by his own hands - - - 14d.

"For the scaffolds 3d. a day.—To William de Laddrede and Richard de Blithelan, scaffold-makers, for work done about the scaffolds for the masons, for six days, to each 18d. - - - 3s.

"Sum total of the first payments
for wages - - - 0 73 0½
Of the purchases - - - 0 3 11
For carriages and portage - - - 0 8 2

£4 5 2½"

* This sum exceeds the true amount by about two shillings, as may be seen on reckoning up the different totals.

LONDON:
CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET.

From the *Summa-Fructus* of C. & W. RUTWELL, Little Palace-street.

Monthly Supplement to LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL AND THE PRINTING MACHINE,

JULY 31, 1835.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS,

THEIR MEMORIES AND GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.—(Concluded.)

CHARING CROSS AND WHITEHALL.

Contents:—*Calves' Head Club, and the riot it occasioned.*
—*Scotland Yard.*—*Pleasant Advertisement.*—*Beau Fielding and his eccentricities.*—*Vanbrugh.*—*Desperate Adventure of Lord Herbert of Chisbury.*

THE famous Calves' Head Chub (in ridicule of the memory of Charles I) was held at a tavern in Suffolk street; at least the assembly of it was held there which made so much noise a hundred years back, and produced a riot. At this meeting it was said that a bleeding calf's head had been thrown out of the window, wrapt up in a napkin, and that the members drank damnation to the race of the Stuarts. This was believed till the other day, and has often been lamented as a disgusting instance of party spirit. To say the truth, the very name of the club was disgusting, and a dishonour to the men who invented it. It was more befitting their own heads. But the particulars above mentioned are untrue. The letter has been set right by the publication of 'Spence's Anecdotes,' at the end of which are some letters to Mr Spence, including one from Lord Middlessex, giving the real account of the affair. By the style of the letter the reader may judge what sort of heads the members had, and what was reckoned the polite way of speaking to a waiter in those days:—

"Whitehall, Feb. 5th 9th, 1735.

"Dear Spanco,

"I don't in the least doubt but long before this time the noise of the riot on the 30 of Jan. has reached you at Oxford, and though there has been as many lies and false reports raised upon the occasion in this good city as any reasonable man could expect, yet I fancy even those may be improved or increased before they come to you. Now that you may be able to defend your friends (as I don't in the least doubt you have an inclination to do) I'll send you the matter of fact literally and truly as it happened, upon my honour. Eight of us happened to meet together the 30th of January, it might have been the 10th of June, or any other day in the year, but the mixture of the company has convinced most reasonable people by this time that it was not a designed or premeditated affair. We met, then, as I told you before, by chance upon this day, and after dinner, having drank very plentifully, especially some of the company, some of us going to the window unluckily saw a little nasty fire made by some boys in the street, of straw I think it was, and immediately

cried out, 'damn it, why should not we have a fire as well as anybody else?' Up comes the drawer, 'damn you, you rascal, get us a bonfire.' Upon which the imprudent puppy runs down, and, without making any difficulty (which he might have done by a thousand excuses, and which if he had, in all probability, some of us would have come more to our senses), sends for the faggots, and in an instant behold a large fire blazing before the door. Upon which some of us, wiser, or rather soberer than the rest, bethinking themselves then, for the first time, what day it was, and fearing the consequences a bonfire on that day might have, proposed drinking loyal and popular healths to the mob (out of the window), which by this time was very great, in order to convince them we did not intend it as a ridicule upon that day. The healths that were drank out of the window were these, and these only:—The King, Queen, and Royal Family, the Protestant Succession, Liberty and Property, the present Administration. Upon which the first stone was flung, and then began our siege; which, for the time it lasted, was at least as furious as that of Philipsborough; it was more than an hour before we got any assistance; the more sober part of us, during this, had a fine time of it, fighting to prevent fighting; in danger of being knocked on the head by the stones that came in at the windows; in danger of being run through by our mad friends, who, sword in hand, swore they would go out, though they first made their way through us. At length the justice, attended by a strong body of guards, came and dispersed the populace. The person who first stirred up the mob is known; he first gave them money, and then harangued them in a most violent manner; I don't know if he did not fling the first stone himself. He is an Irishman and a priest, and belonging to Imberti, the Venetian Envoy. This is the whole story from which so many calves' heads, bloody napkins, and the lord knows what has been made; it has been the talk of the town and the country, and small beer and bread and cheese to my friends the Garretters in Grub street, for these few days past. I, as well as your friends, hope to see you soon in town. After so much prose, I can't help ending with a few verses:—

O had I lived in merry Charles's days,
When dull the wise were called, and wit had praise;
When deepest politics could never pass
For aught, but surer tokens of an ass;
When not the frolics of one drunken night
Could touch your honour, make your fame less bright,
Tho' mob-form'd scandal rag'd, and Papal spight.

"MIDDLESSEX."

The author of a 'Secret History of the Calves' Head Club, or the Republicans unmasked,' (sup-

posed to be Ned Ward, of ale-house memory,) attributes the origin to Milton and some other creatures of the Commonwealth, in opposition to Bishop Juxon, Dr Sanderson, and others, who met privately every 30th of January, and had compiled a private form of service for the day, not very different from that now in use. "After the Restoration," says the writer, "the eyes of the government being upon the whole party, they were obliged to meet with a great deal of precaution; but in the reign of King William they met almost in a public manner, apprehending no danger." The writer farther tells us, he was informed that it was kept in no fixed house, but that they moved as they thought convenient. The place where they met when his informant was with them was in a blind alley near Moorfields, where an axe hung up in the club-room, and was revered as a principal symbol in this diabolical sacrament. Their bill of fare was a large dish of calves' heads, dressed several ways, by which they represented the king and his friends who had suffered in his cause; a large pike, with a small one in his mouth, as an emblem of tyranny; a large cod's head, by which they intended to represent the person of the king singly; a boar's head with an apple in its mouth, to represent the king by this as bestial, as by their other hieroglyphics they had done foolish and tyrannical. After the repeat was over, one of their elders presented an *Icon Basilike*, which was with great solemnity burnt upon the table, whilst the other anthems were singing. After this, another produced Milton's *Defensio Populi Anglicani*, upon which all laid their hands, and made a protestation in form of an oath for ever to stand by and maintain the same. The company only consisted of Independents and Anabaptists, and the famous Jeremy White, formerly Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, who no doubt came to sanctify with his pious exhortations the ribaldry of the day, said grace. After the table-cloth was removed, the anniversary anthem, as they impiously called it, was sung, and a calf's skull filled with wine, or other liquor, and then a brimmer went about to the pious memory of those worthy patriots who had killed the tyrant and relieved their country from his arbitrary sway: and, lastly, a collection was made for the mercenary scribbler, to which every man contributed according to his zeal for the cause and ability of his purse."

"Although no great reliance," says Mr Wilson, from whose life of De Foe this passage is extracted, "is to be placed upon the faithfulness of Ward's narrative, yet, in the frightened mind of a high-flying churchman, which was continually haunted by such scenes, the caricature would easily pass for a likeness." "It is probable," adds the honest biographer of De Foe,

"that the persons thus collected together to commemorate the triumph of their principles, although in a manner dictated by bad taste, and outrageous to humanity, would have confined themselves to the ordinary methods of eating and drinking, if it had not been for the ridiculous farce so generally acted by the royalists upon the same day. The trash that issued from the pulpit in this reign, upon the 30th of January, was such as to excite the worst passions in the breasts. Nothing can exceed the grossness of language employed upon these occasions. Forgetful even of common decorum, the speakers ransacked the vocabulary of the vulgar for terms of vituperation, and hurled their anathemas with wrath and fury against the objects of their hatred. The terms rebel and fanatic were so often upon their lips, that they became the reproach of honest men, who preferred the scandal to the slavery they attempted to establish. Those who could profane the pulpit with so much rancour, in the support of senseless theories, and deal it out to the people for religion, had little reason to complain of a few absurd men who mixed politics and calves' heads at a tavern; and still less, to brand a whole religious community with their actions."

Scotland Yard is so called from a palace built for the reception of the Kings of Scotland when they visited this country. Pennant tells us that it was originally given to King Edgar, by Kenneth, prince of that country, for the purpose of his coming to pay him annual homage, as Lord Paramount of Scotland. Margaret, widow of James V. and sister of Henry VIII., resided there a considerable time after the death of her husband, and was magnificently entertained by her brother on his becoming reconciled to her second marriage with the Earl of Angus. When the Crowns became united, James I. of course waived his right of abode in the homage-paying house, which was finally deserted as a royal residence. We know not when it was demolished. Probably it was devoted for some time to government offices. Scotland Yard was the place of one of Milton's abodes during the time he served the government of Cromwell. He lost an infant son there. The eccentric Beaumont Fielding died in it at the beginning of the last century, and Vanbrugh a little after him. There was a coffee-house in the yard, which seems by the following pleasant advertisement to have been frequented by good company:—

"Whereas, six gentlemen (all of the same honourable profession), having been more than ordinarily put to it for a little pocket-money, did, on the 14th instant, in the evening, near Kentish Town, borrow of two persons (in a coach) a certain sum of money, without staying to give bond for the repayment: And whereas, fancy was taken to the hat, peruke, cravat, sword, and cane, of one of the creditors, which were all lent as freely as the money: these are therefore to desire the said six worthies, how fond soever they may be of the other loans, to un-fancy the cane again and send it to Well's Coffee House in Scotland Yard; it being too short for any such proper gentlemen as they are to walk with, and too small for any of their important uses; and withal, only valuable as having been the gift of a friend."

Beau Fielding was thought worthy of record by Sir Richard Steele as an extraordinary instance of the effects of personal vanity upon a man not without wit. He was of the noble family of Fielding, and was remarkable for the beauty of his person, which was a mixture of the Hercules and the Adonis. It is described as having been a real model of perfection. He married to his first wife the dowager

Cousins of Parbock; followed the fortunes of James II., who is supposed to have made him a major-general and perhaps a count; returned and married a woman of the name of Wadsworth, under the impression that she was a lady of fortune; and discovering his error, addressed or accepted the addresses of the notorious Duchess of Cleveland, and married her, when, on discovering her mistake in turn, indicted him for bigamy and obtained a divorce. Before he left England to follow James, "Handsome Fielding," as he was called, appears to have been insane with vanity. On his return, he had added, to the natural absurdities of that passion, the indecency of being old; but this only rendered him the more perverse in his folly. He always appeared in an extraordinary dress: sometimes rode in an open tumbril, of less size than ordinary, the better to display the nobleness of his person; and his footmen appeared in liveries of yellow, with black feathers in their hats, and black sashes. When people laughed at him, he refuted them, as Steele says, "by only moving." Sir Richard says he saw him one day stop and call the boys about him, to whom he spoke as follows:—

"Good youths—Go to school and do not lose your time in following my wheels: I am loth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own offspring: hark ye, you sirrah with the white hair, I am sure you are mine, there is half-a-crown for you. Tell your mother, this, with the other half-crown I gave her * * *, comes to five shillings. Thou hast cost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before?" "Never such a one as you, noble general," replied a truant from Westminster. "Sirrah, I believe thee: there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman." Swift puts him in his list of Mean Figures, as one who at fifty years of age, when he was wounded in a quarrel upon the stage, opened his breast and shewed the wound to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing. "His vanity, which does not appear to have been assisted by courage, sometimes got him into danger. He is said to have been cained and wounded by a Welsh gentleman, in the theatre in Lincoln's Inn fields; and pressing forward once at a benefit of Mrs Oldfield's, 'to shew himself,' he trod on Mr Fulwood, a barrister, who gave him a wound twelve inches deep. His fortune, which he ruined by early extravagance, he thought to have repaired by his marriage with Mrs Wadsworth, and endeavoured to do so by gambling; but succeeded in neither attempt, and after the short-lived splendour with the Duchess of Cleveland, returned to his real wife, whom he pardoned, and died under her care. During the height of his magnificence, he carried his madness so far, according to Steele, as to call for his tea 'by beat of drum;' his valet got ready to shave him by a trumpet to horse; and water was brought for his teeth, when the sound was changed to boots and saddle." If this looks like a jest, there is no knowing how far vanity might be carried, especially when the patient may cloak it from himself under the guise of giving way to a humour.*

* See 'State Trials,' *et supra*, 'Barton's Memoirs of Mrs Oldfield,' 'Swift's Great and Mean Figures,' vol. xvii. 1765; and the History of Orlando the Fair, in the 'Tatler,' as above, Nos. 50 and 51. "The author of Memoirs of Fielding in the Select Trials," says a note on the latter number, "admits, that for all the ludicrous air and pleasantry of this narration (Steele's), the truth of facts and character is in general fairly represented."

Vanbrugh, comic poet, architect, and herald, was comptroller of the royal works. His house in Whitehall, built by himself, was remarkable for its smallness. Swift compared it to a goose-pie. On the other hand, his Blenheim and public buildings are ridiculed for their ponderous hugeness. Dr Evans's epitaph upon him is well known:

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

When he was made Clarencieux king-at-arms, Swift said he might now "build houses." The secret of this ridicule was, that Vanbrugh was a Whig. Sir Joshua Reynolds has left the following high encomium on his merits as an architect. "In the buildings of Vanbrugh, who was a poet as well as an architect, there is a greater display of imagination than we shall find, perhaps, in any other; and this is the ground of the effect we feel in many of his works, notwithstanding the faults with which many of them are charged. For this purpose, Vanbrugh appears to have had recourse to some principles of the Gothic Architecture, which, though not so ancient as the Grecian, is more so to our imagination, with which the artist is more concerned than with absolute truth." "To speak of Vanbrugh (adds Sir Joshua) in the language of a painter, he had originality of invention; he understood light and shadow, and had great skill in composition. To support his principal object, he produced his second and third groups, or masses. He perfectly understood in his art, what is the most difficult in ours, the conduct of the back-ground, by which the design and invention are set off to the greatest advantage. What the back-ground is in painting, in architecture is the real ground on which the building is erected; and no architect took greater care that his work should not appear crude and hard, that is, that it did not abruptly start out of the ground without expectation or preparation. This is a tribute which a painter owes to an architect who composed like a painter, and was defrauded of the due reward of his merit by the wits of his time, who did not understand the principles of composition in poetry better than he, and who knew little or nothing of what he understood perfectly, the general ruling principles of architecture and painting. Vanbrugh's fate was that of the great Perrault. Both were the objects of the petulant sarcasms of factious men of letters, and both have left some of the fairest monuments which, to this day, decorate their several countries;—the façade of the Louvre; Blenheim, and Castle Howard." Perrault, however, had a worse fate than Vanbrugh, for the Frenchman was ridiculed not only as an architect but as a man of letters, whereas our author's pretensions that way were acknowledged.

In the front of Scotland Yard an extraordinary adventure befell Lord Herbert of Chisbury—(see Queen street, Lincoln's-inn-fields), who relates it in a strain of coxcombry (particularly about the ladies) which would have brought discredit upon such a story from any other pen. There is no doubt, however, that the story is true.

"There was a lady," says his Lordship, "wife to Sir John Ayres, knight, who finding some means to get a copy of my picture from Larkin, gave it to Mr Isaac, the painter, in Blackfriars, and desired him to draw it in little, after his manner; which being done, she caused it to be set in gold and enamelled, and so wore it about her neck so low that she hid it under her breasts, which I conceive, coming afterwards to the knowledge of Sir John Ayres, gave him more cause of jealousy than needed, had he known how innocent I

* "Discourses delivered at the Royal Academy," Sharpe's Edition vol. ii. p. 112, 113.

* 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of De Foe,' 1829, vol. ii. p. 116.

† Pennant, p. 116.

‡ Extracted from Salisbury's Flying Post, of October 27, 1824, in Michael's Memoirs and Quizzes of London, for the year 1826, vol. i. p. 206.

was from pretending to anything that might wrong him or his lady, since I could not so much as imagine that either she had my picture, or that she bore more than ordinary affection to me; it is true that as she had a place in court, and attended Queen Anne, and was beside of an excellent wit and discourse; she had made herself a considerable person; howbeit, little more than a common civility ever passed betwixt us, though I confess I think no man was welcomer to her when I came, for which I shall allege this passage:—

“Coming one day into her chamber, I saw her through the curtains lying upon her bed with a wax candle in one hand, and the picture I formerly mentioned in the other. I coming thereupon somewhat boldly to her, she blew out the candle and hid the picture from me: myself thereupon being curious to know what that was she held in her hand, got the candle to be lighted again, by means whereof I found it was my picture she looked upon with more earnestness and passion than I could easily have believed, especially since myself was not engaged in any affection towards her. I could willingly have omitted this passage, but that it was the beginning of a bloody history which followed: howsoever, yet I must before the eternal God clear her honour. And now in court a great person sent for me divers times to attend her; which summons, though I obeyed, yet God knows I declined coming to her as much as conveniently I could without incurring her displeasure; and this I did not only for very honest reasons, but, to speak ingenuously, because that affection passed between me and another lady (who I believe was the fairest of her time) as nothing could divert it. I had not been long in London when a violent burning fever seized upon me, which brought me almost to my death, though at last I did by slow degrees recover my health; being thus upon my amendment, the Lord Lisle, afterwards Earl of Leicester, sent me word that Sir John Ayres intended to kill me in my bed, and wished me to keep guard upon my chamber and person; the same advertisement was confirmed by Lucy, Countess of Bedford, and the Lady Hobby, shortly after. Hereupon I thought fit to entreat Sir William Herbert, now Lord Powis, to go to Sir John Ayres and tell him that I marvelled much at the information given me by these great persons, and that I could not imagine any sufficient ground hereof; howbeit, if he had anything to say to me in a fair and noble way, I would give him the meeting as soon as I had got strength enough to stand on my legs; Sir William hereupon brought me so ambiguous and doubtful an answer from him, that, whatsoever he meant, he would not declare yet his intention, which was really, as I found afterwards, to kill me any way that he could.” The reason, Lord Herbert tells us, was, that Sir John, though falsely, accused him of having seduced his wife. “Finding no means thus to surprise me,” continued the noble lord, “he sent me a letter to this effect; that he desired to meet me somewhere, and that it might so fall out as I might return quietly again. To this I replied, that if he desired to fight with me on equal terms, I should, upon assurance of the field and fair play, give him meeting when he did any way specify the cause, and that I did not think fit to come to him upon any other terms, having been sufficiently informed of his plots to assassinate me.

“After this, finding he could take no advantage against me, then in a treacherous way he resolved to assassinate me in this manner:—hearing I was to come to Whitehall on horseback with two lacquies only, he attended my coming back in a place called Scotland Yard, at the hither end of Whitehall, as you come to it from the Strand, hiding himself here with four men armed to kill me. I took horse at Whitehall gate, and, passing by that place, he being armed with a sword and dagger, without giving me so much as the least warning, ran at me furiously, but instead of me, wounded my horse in the brisnet, as far as his sword could enter for the bone; my horse hereupon starting aside, he ran him again in the shoulder, which, though it made the horse more timorous,

yet gave me time to draw my sword: his men thereupon encompassed me, and wounded my horse in three places more; this made my horse kick and fling in that manner, as his men durst not come near me, which advantage I took to strike at Sir John Ayres with all my force, but he warded the blow both with his sword and dagger; instead of doing him harm, I broke my sword within a foot of the hilt; hereupon, some passenger that knew me, and observing my horse wounded in so many places, and so many men assaulting me, and my sword broken, cried to me several times, ‘Ride away, ride away;’ but I scorned a base flight upon what terms soever, instead thereof alighted as well as I could from my horse; I had no sooner put one foot upon the ground than Sir John Ayres, pursuing me, made at my horse again, which the horse perceiving, pressed on me on the side I alighted, in that manner, that he threw me down, so that I remained flat upon the ground only one foot hanging in the stirrup, with that piece of a sword in my right hand. Sir John Ayres hereupon ran about the horse, and was thrusting his sword into me, when I, finding myself in this danger, did with both my arms reaching at his legs pull them towards me, till he fell down backwards on his head; one of my footmen hereupon, who was a little Shropshire boy, freed my foot out of the stirrup, the other, who was a great fellow, having run away as soon as he saw the first assault; this gave me time to get upon my legs and to put myself in the best posture I could with that poor remnant of a weapon; Sir John Ayres by this time likewise was got up, standing betwixt me and some part of Whitehall, with two men on each side of him, and his brother behind him, with at least twenty or thirty persons of his friends, or attendants on the Earl of Suffolk; observing thus a body of men standing in opposition against me, though to speak truly I saw no swords drawn but Sir John Ayres’ and his men, I ran violently against Sir John Ayres, but he, knowing my sword had no point, held his sword and dagger over his head, as believing I could strike rather than thrust, which I no sooner perceived but I put a home thrust to the middle of his breast, that I threw him down with so much force, that his head fell first to the ground and his heels upwards; his men hereupon assaulted me, when one Mr Mansel, a Glamorganshire gentleman, finding so many set against me alone, closed with one of them; a Scotch gentleman also, closing with another, took him off also: all I could well do to these that remained was to ward their thrusts, which I did with that resolution that I got ground upon them. Sir John Ayres was now got up a third time, when I making towards him with intention to close, thinking that there was otherwise no safety for me, put by a thrust of his with my left hand, and so coming within him, received a stab with his dagger on my right side, which ran down my ribs as far as my hips, which I feeling did with my right elbow force his hand, together with the hilt of the dagger so near the upper part of my right side, that I made him leave hold. The dagger now sticking in me, Sir Henry Carey, afterwards Lord of Falkland, and Lord Deputy of Ireland, finding the dagger thus in my body, snatcht it out; this while I, being closed with Sir John Ayres, hurt him on the head and threw him down a third time, when kneeling on the ground and bestriding him, I struck at him as hard as I could with my piece of a sword, and wounded him in four several places, and did almost cut off his left hand; his two men this while struck at me, but it pleased God even miraculously to defend me, for when I lifted up my sword to strike at Sir John Ayres, I bore off their blows half a dozen times; his friends now finding him in this danger, took him by the head and shoulders and drew him from betwixt my legs, and carrying him along with them through Whitehall, at the stairs whereof he took boat. Sir Herbert Croft (as he told me afterwards) met him upon the water vomiting all the way, which I believe was caused by the violence of the first thrust I gave him; his servants, brother, and friends, being now retired also, I remained master of the place and his weapons, having first wrested his dagger from him, and afterwards struck his sword out of his hand.

“This being done, I retired to a friend’s house in the Strand, where I sent for a surgeon, who, searching my wound on the right side, and finding it not to be mortal, cured me in the space of some ten days, during which time I received many noble visits and messages from some of the best in the kingdom. Being now fully recovered of my hurts, I desired Sir Robert Harley to go to Sir John Ayres, and tell him, that though I thought he had not so much honour left in him, that I could be in any way ambitious to get it, yet that I desired to see him in the field with his sword in his hand; the answer that he sent me was (repeating the charge above mentioned) ‘that he would kill me with a musket out of a window.’

“The Lords of the Privy Council, who had at first sent for my sword, that they might see the little fragment of a weapon with which I had so behaved myself, as perchance the like had not been heard in any credible way, did afterwards command both him and me to appear before them; but I, absenting myself on purpose, sent one Humphrey Hill with a challenge to him in an ordinary, which he refusing to receive, Humphrey Hill put it upon the point of his sword, and so let it fall before him and the company then present.

“The Lords of the Privy Council had now taken order to apprehend Sir John Ayres, when I, finding nothing else to be done, submitted myself likewise to them. Sir John Ayres had now published everywhere that the ground of his jealousy, and consequently of his assaulting me, was drawn from the confession of his wife, the Lady Ayres. She, to vindicate her honour, as well as free me from this accusation, sent a letter to her aunt, the Lady Crook, to this purpose:—that her husband, Sir John Ayres did lie falsely, * * * but most falsely of all did lie when he said he had it from her confession for she had never said any such thing.

“This letter the Lady Crook presented to me most opportunely, as I was going to the Council table before the Lords, who, having examined Sir John Ayres concerning the cause of his quarrel with me, found him still to persist on his wife’s confession of the fact; and now, he being withdrawn, I was sent for, when the Duke of Lennox, afterwards of Richmond, telling me that was the ground of his quarrel, and the only excuse he had for assaulting me in that manner, I desired his Lordship to peruse the letter, which I told him was given me as I came into the room; this letter being publicly read by a clerk of the Council, the Duke of Lennox then said, that he thought Sir John Ayres the most miserable man living, for his wife had not only given him the lie, as he found by the letter, but his father had disinherited him for attempting to kill me in that barbarous fashion, which was most true, as I found afterwards;—for the rest, that I might content myself with what I had done, it being more almost than could be believed, but that I had so many witnesses thereof; for all which reasons, he commanded me in the name of his majesty, and all their Lordships, not to send any more to Sir John Ayres, nor to receive any message from him, in the way of fighting, which commandment I observed: howbeit, I must not omit to tell, that some years afterwards Sir John Ayres, returning from Ireland by Banmaris, where I then was, some of my servants and followers broke open the doors of the house where he was, and would, I believe, have cut him into pieces, but that I hearing thereof came suddenly to the house and recalled them, sending him word also that I scorned to give him the usage he gave me, and that I would set him free of the town, which courtesy of mine (as I was told afterwards) he did thankfully acknowledge.”

* *Life of Lord Herbert of Chesham, in the ‘Autobiography,’ p. 19.*

(To be continued.)

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

OUTRE-MER.

Outre-Mer: or a Pilgrimage to the Old World—By an American. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley.

THIS is another choice, summer-holiday book, fit for the gay season, and full of light and delectable reading. The author of it, Professor Longfellow, is widely known and admired among his countrymen for the purity of his taste and the benevolence of his heart. Some few years ago, leaving his own magnificent native land, he crossed the Atlantic to our old world, and visited with the devout steps of a pilgrim some of the most interesting parts of France, Spain, and Italy. His recollections of these places, and the feelings and associations they called up in his young mind, are the main topics of the volume before us, for he has not attempted to write what is called a book of travels, and seldom describes the usual objects of art and antiquity, or dwells long either on scenery or national manners.

His impressions partake largely of that freshness, vivacity, and single-mindedness of youth, which few of us experience, save during one short period of our lives, while too many go through the world without ever being susceptible of it at all. There be some among us, of the earth earthy, who, properly speaking, are never young and never old—who never know the glowing aspirations, the heart and eye worship, the confiding hopes of youth, or the calm resignation, the expansive benevolence, and charitable moderation of age; who are morally fixed in "one eternal now," like Coleridge's ancient mariner—who are "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" in the statu-quoism of selfishness and worldly-mindedness—

"Getting and spending they lay waste their hours,
"They've given their hearts away—a sordid boon."

To such minds the feelings of the young American, when he first found himself at Granada, and within ken of the romantic ruins of the Alhambra, will be unintelligible, if not ridiculous—

"Is this reality, and not a dream? Am I, indeed, in Granada? Am I indeed within the walls of that earthly paradise of the Moorish Kings? How my spirit is stirred within me! How my heart is lifted up! How my thoughts are rapt away on the visions of other days!

"Ave Maria purissima! It is midnight. The bell has tolled the hour from the watch-tower of the Alhambra; and the silent street echoes only to the watchman's cry. Ave Maria purissima! I am alone in my chamber—sleepless—spell-bound by the genius of the place—entranced by the beauty of the star-lit night. As I gaze from my window, a sudden radiance brightens in the east. It is the moon rising behind the Alhambra. I can faintly discern the dusky and indistinct outline of a massive tower, standing amid the uncertain twilight, like a gigantic shadow. It changes with the rising moon, as a palace in the clouds, and other towers and battlements arise every moment more distinct—more palpable, till now they stand between me and the sky, with a sharp outline, distant, and yet so near, that I seem to sit within their shadow.

"Majestic spirit of the night, I recognize thee! Thou hast conjured up this glorious vision for thy votary. Thou hast baptized me with thy baptism. Thou hast nourished my soul with fervent thoughts and holy aspirations, and ardent longings after the beautiful and the true. Majestic spirit of the past, I recognize thee! Thou hast bid the shadow go back for me upon the dial-plate of time. Thou hast taught me to read in thee the present and the future—a revelation of man's destiny on earth. Thou hast taught me to see in thee the principle that unfolds itself from century to century in the progress of our race, the germ in whose bosom lie enfolded the bud, the leaf, the tree. Generations perish, like the leaves of the forest, passing away when their mission is completed; but at each succeeding spring, broader and higher spreads the human mind unto its perfect stature, unto the fulfilment of its destiny, unto the perfection of its nature. And in these high revelations, thou hast taught me more,—thou hast taught me to feel that I, too, weak, humble, and unknown—feeble of purpose and irresolute of good, have also my mission to accomplish upon earth—like the falling leaf, like the passing wind, like the drop of rain. O glorious thought! that lifts me above the power of time and chance, and tells me that I cannot pass away, and leave no mark of my existence. I may not know the purpose of my being—the end for which an all-wise

Providence created me as I am, and placed me where I am; but I do know—for in such things faith is knowledge—that my being has a purpose in the omniscience of my Creator, and that all my actions tend to the completion, to the full accomplishment of that purpose. Is this fatality? No. I feel that I am free, though an infinite and invisible power overrules me. Man proposes and God disposes. This is one of the many mysteries in our being which human reason cannot find out by searching.

"Yonder towers that stand so huge and massive in the midnight air, the work of human hands that have long since forgotten their cunning in the grave, and once the home of human beings immortal as ourselves, and filled, like us, with hopes and fears, and powers of good and ill,—are lasting memorials of their builders; inanimate material forms, yet living with the impress of a creative mind. These are land-marks of other times. Thus, from the distant past, the history of the human race is telegraphed from generation to generation, through the present to all succeeding ages. These are manifestations of the human mind at a remote period of its history, and among a people who came from another clime,—the children of the desert. Their mission is accomplished, and they are gone; yet leaving behind them a thousand records of themselves and of their ministry, not as yet fully manifest, but seen through a glass darkly, dimly shadowed forth in the language, and character, and manners, and history of the nation, that was by turns the conquered and the conquering. The Goth sat at the Arab's feet; and athwart the cloud and storm of war streamed the light of oriental learning upon the western world,

"As when the autumnal sun,
Through travelling rain and mist,
Shines on the evening hills."

It is a pleasant matter of reflection to consider how much admiration, how fervent a worship has been paid to these splendid Moorish remains by two Americans—by two citizens of a great and rising country which lay hid behind the waves of the west, when these piles first rose, and these stones and marbles were laid upon each other, and whose existence was a mystery and a problem in the mind of the great Columbus, even, when after long years of glory, the last dynasty of the Moors in Spain was driven back into Africa, and the Cross substituted for the Crescent on the walls of Alhambra.

These two Americans (long may they both live as honours and ornaments of their country!) are our friend Washington Irving, and the author of 'Outre-Mer,' whose musings will be read with pleasure even by those in whose recollection Mr Irving's descriptions are still fresh:—

"This morning I visited the Alhambra, an enchanted palace, whose exquisite beauty baffles the power of language to describe. Its outlines may be drawn,—its halls and galleries, its court-yards and its fountains numbered; but what skillful limner shall portray in words its curious architecture, the grotesque ornaments, the quaint devices, the rich tracery of the walls, the ceilings inlaid with pearl and tortoise-shell? What language paint the magic hues of light and shade, the shimmer of the sunbeam as it falls upon the marble pavement, and the brilliant panels inlaid with many-coloured stones? Vague recollections fill my mind,—images dazzling but undefined, like the memory of a gorgeous dream. They crowd my brain confusedly, but they will not stay; they change and mingle like the tremulous sunshine on the wave, till imagination itself is dazzled—bewildered—overpowered.

"What most arrests the stranger's foot within the walls of the Alhambra, is the refinement of luxury which he sees at every step. He lingers in the deserted bath,—he pauses to gaze upon the now vacant saloon, where, stretched upon his gilded couch, the effeminate monarch of the East was wooed to sleep by softly-breathing music. What more delightful than this secluded garden, green with the leaf of the myrtle and the orange, and freshened with the gush of fountains, beside whose basin the nightingale still woos the blushing rose? What more fanciful—more exquisite—more like a creation of oriental magic, than the lofty tower of the Tocaror,—its airy sculpture resembling the fretwork of wintry frost, and its windows overlooking the romantic valley of the Darro; and the city with its gardens, domes, and spires, far, far below? Cool through this lattice comes the summer wind, from the icy summits of the Sierra Nevada. Softly in yonder fountain falls the crystal water, dripping from its alabaster vase with never-ceasing sound! On every side comes up the fragrance of a thousand flowers, the murmur

of innumerable leaves; and overhead is a sky where not a vapour floats—as soft, and blue, and radiant, as the eye of childhood!

"Such is the Alhambra of Granada; a fortress—a palace—an earthly paradise; a ruin, wonderful in its fallen greatness."

Our American traveller stopped at the eternal city long after the mighty reflux of fashionable visitors had swept through its gates, and left it to its natural solemnity and comparative solitude. In some parts of the town, there is to be sure, a risk of catching the malaria fever, but *then* is the time to see Rome to advantage, without the danger of being annoyed wherever you go by sneering, tittering fine people, and by staring, wondering, blundering, very fine coarse people. Then you shall not be made to shudder at hearing Lady Eleanor lip that Raphael's divine Transfiguration is "a very pretty sort of thing," or my Lord giggling at the horns on the head of Michael Angelo's sublime statue of Moses. Then you shall be spared the pang of meeting

"Shameless men who shuffle cards at noon"

in the classical Villa Doria, nor shall you be driven mad, or into misanthropy, by hearing one fat man puffing and blowing, saying he has seen St Peter and thanking God that job's over, or another swearing that the Colosseum would look a precious sight better for a coat of whitewash! Then, too, you shall be saved the wear and tear of body and mind—the wasting away of all your better spirits—incidental to the late dinner parties, drums, and routes, of those who transfer the fashionable extravagances of St James's and May Fair to the banks of the Tiber and the foot of the Capitol, and persevere in keeping up their aristocratic distinctions, their conventional pomps and ceremonies, just as if they did not stand among the ruins of a glorious and mighty empire, and the tombs and the shades of a still more awful republic. Yes! with a good lodging, high up one of the "Seven immortal hills," and with a little quinine to drive away the fever, midsummer, or early autumn, is the time to enjoy Rome. The following choice extracts are from our author's section called "Rome in Midsummer:—"

"On the eastern slope of the Janiculum, now called, from its yellow sands, Montorio, or the Golden Mountain, stands the fountain of Acqua Paola, the largest and most abundant of the Roman fountains. It is a small Ionic temple, with six columns of reddish granite in front, a spacious hall and chambers within, and a garden with a terrace in the rear. Beneath the pavement, a torrent of water from the ancient aqueducts of Trajan, and from the lakes of Bracciano and Martignano, leaps forth in three beautiful cascades, and from the overflowing basin rushes down the hill-side to turn the busy wheels of a dozen mills.

"The key of this little fairy palace is in our hands, and as often as once a week we pass the day there amid the odour of its flowers, the rushing sound of its waters, and the enchantments of poetry and music. How pleasantly the sultry hours steal by! Cool comes the summer wind from the Tiber's mouth at Ostia. Above us is a sky without a cloud; beneath us the magnificent panorama of Rome and the Campagna, bounded by the Abrozzi and the sea. Glorious scene! one glance at thee would move the dullest soul,—one glance can melt the painter and the poet into tears!

"In the immediate neighbourhood of the fountain are many objects worthy of the stranger's notice. A bow-shot down the hill side towards the city, stands the convent of San Pietro in Montorio; and in the cloister of this convent is a small round Doric temple, built upon the spot which an ancient tradition points out as the scene of St Peter's martyrdom. In the opposite direction the road leads you over the shoulder of the hill, and out through the city-gate to gardens and villas beyond. Passing beneath a lofty arch of Trajan's aqueduct, an ornamented gateway on the left admits you to the villa Pamfili-Doria, built on the western declivity of the hill. This is the largest and most magnificent of the numerous villas that crowd the immediate environs of Rome. Its spacious terraces, its marble statues, its woodlands and green alleys, its lake and waterfalls and fountains, give it an air of courtly splendour and of rural beauty, which realizes the beau ideal of a suburban villa.

"This is our favourite resort when we have passed the day at the fountain, and the afternoon shadows begin to fall. There we sit on the broad marble steps of

the terrace, gaze upon the varied landscape stretching to the misty sea, or ramble beneath the leafy dome of the woodland and along the margin of the lake,

"And drop a pebble to see it sink
Down in those depths, so calm and cool."

"TORQUATO TASSO OSSA HIC JACENT—here lie the bones of Torquato Tasso—is the simple inscription upon the poet's tomb, in the church of St Onofrio. Many a pilgrimage is made to the grave. Many a bard from distant lands comes to visit the spot,—and as he passes the secluded cloisters of the convent where the poet died, and where his ashes rest, muses on the sad vicissitudes of his life, and breathes an orison for the peace of his soul. He sleeps midway between his cradle at Sorrento and his dungeon at Ferrara.

"The monastery of St Onofrio stands on the Janiculum, overlooking the Tiber and the city of Rome; and in the distance rise the towers of the Roman Capitol, where, after long years of sickness, sorrow, and imprisonment, the laurel crown was prepared for the epic poet of Italy. The chamber in which Tasso died is still shown to the curious traveller; and the tree in the garden under whose shade he loved to sit. The feelings of the dying man, as he reposed in his retirement, are not the vague conjectures of poetic revery. He has himself recorded them in a letter which he wrote to his friend Antonio Constantini, a few days only before his dissolution. These are his melancholy words:—

"What will my friend Antonio say when he hears of the death of Tasso? Ere long, I think, the news will reach him; for I feel that the end of my life is near; being able to find no remedy for this wearisome indisposition, which is superadded to my customary infirmities, and by which, as by a rapid torrent, I see myself swept away, without a hand to save. It is no longer time to speak of my unyielding destiny, not to say the ingratitude of the world, which has longed even for the victory of driving me a beggar to my grave: while I thought that the glory which, in spite of those that will it not, this age shall receive from my writings, was not to leave me thus without reward. I have come to this monastery of St Onofrio, not only because the air is commended by physicians, as more salubrious than any other part of Rome, but that I may, as it were, commence in this high place, and in the conversation of these devout fathers, my conversation in heaven. Pray God for me; and be assured that as I have loved and honoured you in this present life, so in that other and more real life will I do for you all that belongs to charity unfeigned and true. And to the Divine mercy I commend both you and myself."

If our readers fancy that all our author's book is made up of such sentimental and serious matter as we have just quoted, they are very much mistaken. Mr Longfellow has a great deal of the jolly fellow about him, and indulges in fun, story, and piquant remark. What sensible person, like ourselves, has ever travelled over the continent without meeting with specimens of both the following classes of tourists:—

"I met with an odd character at Florence,—a complete humourist. He was an Englishman of some forty years of age, with a round, good-humoured countenance, and a nose that wore the livery of good company. He was making the grand tour through France and Italy, and home again by the way of the Tyrol and the Rhine. He travelled post, with a double-barrelled gun, two pair of pistols, and a violin without a bow. He had been in Rome without seeing St Peter's,—he did not care about it; he had seen St Paul's in London. He had been in Naples without visiting Mount Vesuvius; and did not go to Pompeii, because "they told him it was hardly worth seeing—nothing but a parcel of dark streets and old walls." The principal object he seemed to have in view was to complete the grand tour.

"I afterwards met with his counterpart in a countryman of my own, who made it a point to see everything which was mentioned in the guide-books; and boasted how much he could accomplish in a day. He would dispatch a city in an incredibly short space of time. A Roman aqueduct, a Gothic cathedral, two or three modern churches, and an ancient ruin or so, were only a breakfast for him. Nothing came amiss; not a stone was left unturned. A city was like a Chinese picture to him—it had no perspective. Every object seemed of equal magnitude and importance. He saw them all; they were all wonderful.

"Life is short, and art is long; yet spare me from thus travelling with the speed of thought; and trotting from daylight until dark, at the heels of a cicerone, with an umbrella in one hand, and a guide-book and a plan of the city in the other."

Appertaining to the first of these classes, we once knew an Englishman who determined to go all the

way from Naples, through the wild province of Apulia, as far as Gallipoli. He was told of the dangers of the journey by land, for, at that time the Vardarelli brigands were in their highest feather, and the plague was raging at the town of Noja. But he was not to be deterred, and he went. And why did he go? Was he curious to see a rarely visited country—was he anxious to stand on the plain of Cannæ, by the ancient port of Brundisium, or amidst the ruins of Tarentum? Was he moved by a laudable desire of investigating the pastoral and agricultural industry of Apulia, or the great oil trade of Gallipoli? No, not he! He neither knew nor cared about these things, and, according to his own confession, all that he wanted was to be able to say, when he got back to England, that he had been from one end of Italy to the other! The story of Tom Sheridan and the coal-pit occurred to us, and we could have repeated to him old Sheridan's remonstrance with his son—"Why couldn't you have said you had been there, without giving yourself the trouble of going?" The motive of our quondam acquaintance is a very common one. It is this feeling that leads wheezing cockney tourists to the top of Mont Blanc, and makes harum-scarum sailors drink punch on the giddy top of Pompey's Pillar. It is only in order to be able to say on their return home that they have *done it*. And talking of *doing* brings us to our second class of flying travellers.

We have met hundreds of Englishmen like Mr Longfellow's American, who made a point to see everything set down in the vulgar guide-books, and who would brag how much they could *do* in a day. At Rome we have heard unblushing fellows of this kidney boast, in the fashion we might expect from a mower talking of acres of grass, that he had *done* St Peter's, and the Vatican, and the Pantheon, and the Coliseum, all in one day. But at Naples, in a house of public refectory, hight a "*trattoria*," where these people did most consort, it was still more painful to hear them compare notes and propose running races with each other over some of the most beautiful and interesting spots upon earth. Sometimes dropping in in the evening to a late dinner, we have heard snatches of conversation like the following:—

"Well, Stokes, how much have you done to-day?"

"Oh! Nokes, I have done Mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia, and to-morrow I shall turn over to t'other side, and do Virgil's Tomb, Posilipo, the Grotta, the Grotta del Cane, Pozzuoli, Baia, Avernus, and the rest of the lakes and ruins, and then back to Rome!"

And lucky were we when the name of each of these places was not wofully barbarized, and Posilipo not converted into Paw'slip, and Pozzuoli into Pitt's-hole, and so on with the rest. On one occasion we remember meeting a party of this kind at Pæstum. They had come above sixty English miles to see the magnificent ancient temples, which are three in number, and only a few hundred yards from each other; but merely going up to the first of these, and measuring its columns with their Belcher pocket-handkerchiefs, they turned back, got into their carriage, and drove off, saying they supposed the other two temples were just like the first. These impious men had, however, gained their object: they could say they had been at Pæstum!

Here we stop; not for any lack of such anecdotes, but because we must have a few words of courteous leave-taking with the agreeable author of '*Outre-Mer*.'

His volumes contain sundry other matters besides those we have alluded to; and in some of these essays he shows himself well versed in our old poets and the old English school of writers generally, as well as in the ancient Spanish ballads and romances. He is also a versifier of no mean merit himself, as the reader will find by looking over his translation of the '*Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique*,' beginning—

"O, let the soul her slumbers break."

Both in the humorous and the pathetic stories he introduces, Mr Longfellow reminds us of Washington Irving; and, indeed, throughout his style bears

a general resemblance to that of the author of '*The Sketch-Book*,' without being, however, a servile imitation of it. Martin Franc, and the Monk of St Anthony, The Sexagenarian, and the Notary of Périgueux, are capital little stories.

We are always glad when we can recommend a work, and we can honestly do so by these pleasant, well-intentioned volumes

THE INTERIOR OF GUIANA.

AMONGST the smoke and troubled crowding of our cities and our house-pent fields, there is no reading more refreshing to the body, through the mind's refreshment, than to read of wild uninhabited lands, where the air is free and unburdened with strange, unnatural gases, where the waters run clear and fresh, unlike that squalid factory drudge, poor old Father Thames; where the land is broken and various, without walls or hedges, flower-beds or cabbage-beds; where all the riches of the earth are given in new and unexpected forms, and profuse commixture; where, unlike the close-roomed toil of the work-shop, the counting-house, or the study, labour is health, and industry riches fineless. But of all lands, America is the one that gives the most glorious contrast to our huddled condition here. There all nature seems new and untired, all its elements are large, lusty, and of a primeval grandeur. Wide are its open plains, pathless its far-stretched forests; its winds unpoisoned. Its mighty rivers baffle the notions of such poor Old-Wordly men as ourselves, who call by the same name such wriggling little creatures as our over-tasked old friend of London, the Seine and the Arno, that scarce can dribble down its summer course; and we think these great too, because we compare them with so-called rivers which we may leap across, even in flood-time,—such as the Fiesolaia, Africo, or "sullen Mole," or the Wandle, tributary to the mighty Thames.

Reading of such places as these the spirit seems to expand; the physical part of our imagination seems refreshed and invigorated, and we entertain with delight the idea of living always among its healthful pleasures, feeding on its varied, never-failing fruits, and labouring in its cultivation, our well-paid labour returning plenty, peace, and health. In the beautiful of such a scene we have lately been living by the help of Dr Hancock's highly interesting little book of Guiana.*

Hitherto, it should seem, that Guiana has suffered material injustice in the opinion formed of its salubrity and natural resources. The coast alone has been generally visited, the interior remaining almost unknown; and the unfavourable climate and soil of the smaller part of the country has been taken as a sample of the whole. Dr Hancock, who has lived long in the country, and travelled two thousand miles, backwards and forwards, in the interior, makes us think it a perfect paradise;—so pleasant and healthy is the climate, so abundant and so delicious its native food; and even its localities seem purposely to have arranged themselves for the convenience of traffic. The Doctor's account, though perhaps a little tinged with that bigotry to which men with a favorite object are liable, is vivid and clear-headed; and seems written with an enthusiasm equally inspired by admiration of the stupendous resources of the country, and the desire to benefit his fellow-creatures, by pointing out the abode of so much natural riches. The following is the most extractable portion of Doctor Hancock's work; but we can assure our readers that what remains is no less important or interesting. We might especially refer to the chapter on the nosology of the country, and the means of preserving the health of new comers.

"Guiana presents a great diversity of soil, but the following are the principal:—1st, the clayey or allu-

* Observations on the climate, soil, and productions of British Guiana, and on the advantages of Emigration to, and Colonizing the Interior of, that Country; together with incidental remarks on the diseases, their treatment and prevention; founded on a long experience within the tropics. By John Hancock, M.D. &c. &c. London, James Fraser; John Hatchard and Son; George Mann.

vial marshy land of the coast, which extends usually some six or eight miles aback from the sea; 2dly, the hills of sand and gravel, with some intervening morasses, extending to the falls; and 3dly, the deep soil of the interior. Below the falls, indeed, are many fertile spots; but these are of limited extent. Unfortunately, both the Dutch and English planters have heretofore confounded this intermediate district with the primitive soil of the interior, or mountainous regions, and they continue to judge of the latter from what they observe below the falls, notwithstanding the great geological disparity.

"The coast lands, being an alluvial deposit from the sea and great rivers, have indeed, when rendered mellow by labour (the sea being kept out), been found rich and productive, and they are still so on the Essequibo coast, one of the richest slips of land on the earth. To windward of this, however, the soil is in a great measure exhausted, so that numerous plantations (hundreds probably) are abandoned in Demerara and Berbice, as giving no adequate return for the labour required to keep up the cultivation, especially since the slave trade was abolished.

"The mountainous country, on the contrary, presents to view divers coloured ochres, indurated clays, and volcanic products which repose on the granite, with various mixtures of loamy earth and vegetable mould to a vast extent. Beyond this we meet with extensive savannahs or prairies, chiefly clay and gravel, affording pasture for cattle.

"The seasons are divided into wet and dry, which, inland, are very regular, but less so on the coast; and there is a perpetual verdure throughout the year. In the intermediate levels between the ridges of the falls of Essequibo, the river annually overflows its banks: when this occurs, it never fails to leave a fertilizing deposit, such as gives a perennial verdure to the banks of the Nile, and like that of the *intervals* lands so termed, or fertile meadows of the river Connecticut in its course, especially between New Hampshire and Vermont.

"Most planters have considered the labour of slaves to be indispensable to successful cultivation on the coast; and with reason, perhaps, as heretofore conducted. It is certain, indeed, that the cultivation of the coast cannot be continued unless it be by the means suggested—by the introduction of emigrants, and the use of animal labour. In proof of this, we might instance the island of Hayti, where, notwithstanding the endeavours of despotic chiefs, the cultivation has so declined, that there is not now a sufficiency of sugar produced for the use of the inhabitants.

"None but Hollanders could ever, on such a continent, have thought of robbing the sea, or fencing it out from a swampy coast with such immense labour, as is found occasionally necessary to keep up the cultivation. The original Dutch colonists, indeed, seem to have sought, in this country, only another Holland, and they, in a district boundlessly rich and uncultivated, set, at an early period, about gaining land from the sea! They accordingly planted themselves on the muddy lands of the sea-shore, where they had the comforting reflection that they must necessarily be drowned by the sea on one side, or by the *bush water* on the other, unless they were protected by dykes.

"In some instances, however, the Dutch at first cultivated the lands up the rivers; but, in addition to their aquatic propensities, their attention was directed to the coast,—1st, by the facility then existing of procuring slaves in abundance, and at a very trifling expense, from the coast of Africa; 2dly, by the necessity of keeping a military force inland to overawe the Caribbees; and 3dly, by the immediate contiguity to the shipping.

"The first two motives have, by the course of events, since been removed, by the abolition of the slave trade, and by the conciliation of the native tribes, who are no longer to be dreaded. The third consideration is unworthy of regard in a country watered, as is Guiana, by numerous large rivers. But the planters, in the meantime, appear to be unaware of the advantages of the interior, and continue plodding on in the old system, not knowing how to avert that destruction which awaits them; notwithstanding there lies not far off a soil rich in fertility, boundless in extent, and requiring only some improvements as to water-carriage and roads, to render it more accessible and speedily productive.

"On the cultivation of the interior, what I am now about to state I vouch for from personal observation in various parts of Interior Guiana, on the Essequibo and Parime, as well as on the Orinoko, where I had the opportunity for more than three years of observing the avails of agriculture, and of seeing persons of no pecuniary funds becoming rich with very slight industry.

"It was also exemplified amongst those tribes who, as Mr Humboldt says, 'inhabit the country so little known between the sources of the Orinoko and those of the rivers Essequibo, Carony, and Parime,' of which we may say with the Abbé de Pradt, 'Let us not dispute the fact, but candidly confess that, as yet, America is only discovered in name, and geographically. The treasures it contains are still buried riches, which its freedom alone can discover to the Old World.'

"In further illustration of this, I may observe that there is, or was not long since existing, a coffee-field

up the Essequibo (at Oroposary, about forty leagues inland), which has been planted at a period unknown, supposed to be about the first settlement of the Dutch, and this is found to continue bearing in abundance,—nature alone, on this fertile soil, keeping up a reproduction of the trees! It is a fact, that these interior lands will produce far more sugar, coffee, cocoa, &c., than the sea coast, and that with half the labour! Of this I have had the fullest demonstration up the Orinoko, where the most abundant crops of cocoa and coffee are produced, equal to those of Caracas.

"The planters are not aware of this; and when, in regard to sugar in particular, I remarked to them the size of the canes, and that they often exceeded thirty feet in length, it was thought quite impossible. On the coast they commonly grow upright, and to the height of six or eight feet; but inland their growth is so luxuriant, that they often fall and stretch to a great length on the ground. I may add too, that these enormous growths are found almost in a state of nature, or without any weeding, trenching, or labour of drainage; and besides, they contain a more pure saccharine juice, without that impregnation of sea-salt which, in new lands on the coast, impedes the granulation of the sugar.

"The inland tribes, moreover, are fond of agriculture, and there the plough would be used with vast advantages. The use of the plough was introduced with astonishing effect among the Cherokees, the Creek, and the Seminole Indians of North America.

"The lands alluded to are not only best adapted for the staple articles of sugar, coffee, cocoa,* cotton, and indigo, but equally so for numerous others, which will not thrive on the coast. No soil can be more congenial for the produce of dates, figs, olives, and grapes of superior quality, as proved by the Friars of Carony; as well as for the various aromatics and spices, such as the nutmeg, cloves, ginger, allspice, and cinnamon. From the illiberal policy of the Spanish Government, and Old Spain being the country of grapes and olives, the cultivation of these and various other products was prohibited in Spanish Guiana. This is the natural soil of the odoriferous vanilla, which has been taken to Martinique, and sold at from fourteen to twenty dollars per pound. Dyeing woods, cochineal, wild honey, gum copal, &c., abound in the forests, beside a multitude of treasures unknown to Europeans.

"Many of our most valuable and expensive medicines, moreover, could be cultivated here with facility; as opium and ipecacuanha, which would give a quick return. The more humid parts would likewise produce the invaluable *Sarsa de Rio Negro* (*Smilax siphilitica*), which doubtless, with a little research, might be found growing wild.

"It is not improbable that some of the more febrifuge species of cinchona (Peruvian bark tree) would be found on the mountain Mackerapan, or others of the elevated range of Parime. But whether found indigenous or not, this would afford a proper soil for its cultivation, which would be desirable, now that the cinchona forests on the declivity of the Andes are becoming exhausted.

"The Rubiceous plants are especially numerous in Guiana. There are several different species of coffee growing wild in the interior parts, as well as of the *Cephalus* genus, of which the true ipecacuanha is one; and there can be no doubt that the cinchona will likewise be found, all these being of the same natural family. Another tree (of a new genus perhaps) found in Pomeroun, and described by the writer, affords a tonic and febrifuge bark, not inferior to cinchona.—See Med. and Phys. Journal for January, 1833.

"Besides all this, no country in the world abounds more in valuable timber-trees for ship building, cabinet-work, &c. It is here worthy of remark, that the forest trees do not impede those of humbler growth. The coffee, vanilla, and various others, even require the shade of other trees. In this respect the tropical regions differ from those of higher latitudes, although this fact has hitherto scarcely been known or appreciated, and we see the most valuable timber and fruit trees wantonly sacrificed in clearing the lands in equinoctial America.

"The nutritive vegetables too, I must now observe, are grown in great abundance in the interior; as yams, cassada, plantains, sweet potatoes, Indian corn. Of the latter there is one sort called *Maiz de dos Mies*, which, as its name imports, yields in two months from the time it is committed to the ground. The return of Indian corn is often 2000 to one amongst the Macoosis.

"The domestic animals of the interior also are kept with extraordinary facility; as horses, mules, hogs, goats, fowls, &c., and horned cattle multiply so much as to run wild on the savannahs. Indeed, cattle were often killed for their hides and horns, and the flesh left to the vultures for want of salt; and, notwithstanding milk was rich and abundant no butter or cheese was made, whilst two or three shillings per pound were given for foreign butter: this marked the state of enterprise and industry amongst the Portuguese. Would British commerce and industry be thus effete in a country so

* It is strange, indeed, that this valuable production, requiring no little labour, should have been so neglected on a soil the most congenial to it, especially by those who are aware of the grateful and restorative properties of *cacao* or the chocolate nut, well named by the great Swedish naturalist, *Theobroma*—food of the gods.

unboundedly rich? On the Parime (beyond the western source of the Essequibo), the beef was one halfpenny per pound, whilst it cost in Demerara a guilder or eighteen pence the pound. Besides this, the interior abounds in wild animals, which afford the most delicate and wholesome nourishment; as bush hogs, deer, mypoories, lapas, the great river turtles, and their delicious eggs, as also the manatee, with fish and fowls innumerable. We experienced no want of fish and game in going up the falls, although our party numbered upwards of thirty people.

"The rocks afford in the dry season the means of drying and preserving fish, which are caught in vast abundance amongst the falls, especially the *pacu*, one of the most delicious articles of food, of which the teeth are formed like those of a sheep, and which feeds entirely on grass and vegetables. The *lau-lau* (*Silurus* sp.) also is amongst the finest as well as the largest of the freshwater fishes, which abound in these rivers: it grows to about ten feet in length, weighing upwards of two hundred pounds. Here is also another extraordinary fish, of very large size, scarcely known to naturalists, called *arapaima*, or *warapaima*, with scales as large as a half-crown piece, and beautifully striped with crimson."

"The grapes grown in the interior are most delicious, and as much sweeter than those of Europe as the seasons are warmer. Wheat, potatoes, and all the European fruits, no doubt, would flourish on the mountains of Mackerapan, where a cool climate might be attained in a few hours from the banks of Essequibo."

ANONYMOUS THEOLOGY FROM THE NORTH.

Letters on the Nature and Duration of Future Punishment. 12mo. London. Longman. 1835. Pp 482.

We transcribe the title of this book with no intention of entering upon the discussion of the high question with which it professes to be occupied. But independently of that matter altogether, it has about it certain features of singularity and attraction which induce us to notice it. Nothing can be more void of pretension than the appearance of the volume; the copy that has been sent to us—huddled up in the plainest and most primitive, not to say rudest, of whitely-brown pasteboards—looks rather like a bundle of unread proofs stitched together, than a book finished for publication or sale. Although the name of a London house appears on the title-page, the book is stated to have been printed at Aberdeen. The author, indeed, expresses himself as *earing little*, or not at all, whether it sell or not. "As he writes," he says, "solely to employ (if not to improve) the leisure hours of retirement, and invites none to purchase, he hopes he may without unpardonable presumption gratify the harmless (and not uncommon) weakness of giving his thoughts to the printer, albeit none may be found adventurous enough to disturb their repose on the shelves of the bookseller, or per-adventure, inconsiderate enough to risk a shilling, for a production of so dubious a character and so forbidding an aspect." Respecting the author, nothing more is intimated than that he is "a private gentleman, who has not always sauntered in the groves of Academus." In one place (p. 388) he speaks of having been in India, at Bombay. He also occasionally refers to a former work which he appears to have published, under the title of '*Notes on Religious, Moral, and Metaphysical Subjects.*'

The present work displays rather an extensive range of reading, both in modern and ancient literature; and the style, betokening in its general character the scholar and the gentleman, occasionally rises to considerable fervour of eloquence. It is also full of peculiar and ingenious thoughts, and of speculations which, if not altogether new, are such at least as ordinary readers and thinkers are but little familiar with. To those, therefore, who are fond of metaphysical theology, it offers no common treat. But the charm of the book is the spirit in which it is written. The scrupulously orthodox will no doubt deem it too daring; but never certainly was fearlessness in pursuit of the truth united with more ardent or more humble piety, with greater simplicity of heart, with more perfect tolerance and candour. The convictions of the writer are those of a devoted believer in Christianity, but his belief, we may be certain, is not the worse for its having evolved itself

out of a spirit of not indifferent, but meditative and anxious scepticism, and for its recognition of occasionally recurring doubts and fears as making a necessary part of the being of all mortal belief. Without presuming to pronounce any judgment upon his main argument—that the economy of the Deity will terminate in the production of a state not of partial, but of universal virtue and happiness—(a conclusion, however, which surely is not more daring than the doctrine inculcated in one of the popular Calvinistic manuals of Scotland (Brown's Catechism), in which to the question, "What shall the wicked for ever do in hell?" it is dauntlessly answered, "They shall roar, curse, and blaspheme God")—without, we say, expressing ourselves either opposed to or in favour of our author's views upon this subject, we recommend his work to all who love the qualities we have characterised it as possessing—and that the more strongly, seeing that from the manner of its publication it is not very likely of itself to attract the notice of the generality of the buyers or readers of new books. We add one or two extracts.

"I think it is Lord Shaftesbury and Beame Jenyns who argue that the generalities of scripture—the universal benevolence recommended—preclude the exercise of friendship, or rather tacitly destroy it, independently of the fact that nowhere is it enjoined in the gospel. And here we may again observe Scripture speaking to our reason, addressing us by generalities, yet exhibiting a specific and practical instance for our example, leaving us to draw and apply the inference to any particular occasion. The broad principle of Christianity on this point, as laid down by our Saviour, is to love one another—to love our neighbours as ourselves—whatever things, in short, we could reasonably wish to receive from others, the same ought we to do to them. But we must remember, at the same time, that our Saviour did not abrogate the original and moral law of our nature—that which knit the hearts of Damon and Pythias, before the gospel was heard of; and the general injunctions of universal charity and good-will are to be controlled in so far by the dictates of this original law, as evidenced in the striking instances afforded at the close of his life. It might, at first sight, unquestionably be argued, that these universal obligations, being apparently incompatible with the more concentrated nature of private friendship, so amiable and so beneficial in influence, so productive of human happiness, could not be claimed for Christianity; but the instance of our Saviour, who went about doing good to all, and who died for all, yet had a friend to whom, in the moment of dissolution, he recommended the dearest object of his affections, is in point to prove the contrary; and seems decisive in showing, by his example on earth, which he left for our imitation, that in the assembly of the spirits of men made perfect hereafter, and like to him in heaven, this sublime disposition (which otherwise he had not recommended in his practice on earth) shall be fully developed. Believing, as we do, that Almighty God is a Being of infinite goodness and uncontrolled mercy, we hold it to be unanswerable, that in no one stage of our progress here or hereafter, will any enjoyment be withheld that can be safely conceded or granted to augment our permanent happiness; and considering it equally certain that the tendencies of things observable now, and the character forming in us by the discipline of this life will be completed in the next, necessarily without prejudice to the identity and individuality of the creature, we find it impossible to separate this identity and individuality, which thus remain distinct as to ourselves, from the knowledge of a similar individuality, as it must exist in others. Since the affectionate remembrance of the dead continues with us in this life after the object is removed, we conclude that the friendships and attachments begun here are only suspended to be fully developed in a future state of being. Since we pass into futurity with the ever-aching memory of the dead whom we have loved warm upon us, can we imagine that this emotion is suffered to outlive its object here merely to delude us hereafter; or that, when by the dissolution of this corporal frame, we are prepared to grasp the reality, we are then, and not till then, to discover the mockery and illusion—to find that, although existing like ourselves, as we and the departed must do, in their and our proper identity, still the power of perception and the memory of that identity is destroyed? Living in the strength of our spiritual and individuating energy, can we be utterly unknown to each other, and utterly devoid of all sympathetic and intellectual communion? If the soul exists as an accountable entity hereafter, we cannot entertain this inference, or suppose, we conceive, that a benevolent Deity could suffer an affection to be continued after the object of it is removed, to no purpose, save to impose on us in this life the cruel memory of separation, and the pains of unceasing regrets.

'It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulph,
Yet cling to being's severing link.

Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart, the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs."

The same subject is resumed in a note at the end of the volume.—

"It may be said this is all very pleasing, but very delusive. Perhaps not entirely so. Much has been said of the delights of friendship even in this life, and after all that can be said, still will it fall short of the reality. Who is not subject to moments of weakness—to hours of sorrow and of sadness—and where is the error we may have committed, or the sorrow we may have suffered, that might not have been, the former perhaps avoided, the latter certainly alleviated, by the sweet counsel of a friend. And are we to conclude that this most solid and substantial consciousness—this most intimate and affectionate knowledge—this essence and concentration of all the best affections of the soul, shall be dissolved and evaporated by the disruption of the body, in which it was not and the escape of the soul in which it was and had its being. If reality can be said to attach to anything, it is to that which is unseen; all external things are *visibly shadowy*. The paper now before me, and on which I write, is, in a popular sense, and I believe it is, because I see it, and can touch it, and can feel it—but I have only to satisfy myself that the form in which it appears to me, is an unreal mockery, by exposing it to the action of flame, when it will escape the cognizance of my senses. In short, all body is but optical illusion—unreal forms gliding before the mind's eye across the avenue of our senses, exhibiting the passing shape, yet temporary and evanescent appearance of a thing of permanence and reality. But mind rests on the evidence of its effects, and the intuitive consciousness of being; and, above all, the evidence of the existence of a God is clear to demonstration. We see in truth that body is only a sort of phantasmagoria, and the material world but a kind of kaleidoscope, perpetually amusing the eye with various and often beautiful changes and relations. We can apply no such palpable negation to mind. It assuredly exists here, why may it not exist hereafter? We see it not even changed or evaporated—nay, it seems to escape, while in this life, out of the body, can visit distant countries with the speed of its own thoughts, can penetrate distant bosoms, transact business in foreign lands, and communicate its wishes to absent friends, by embodying its invisible desires in palpable and significant figures. The soul can confine its energies within the compass of the frame which envelopes it, or it can concentrate them in the creation of power, and make itself be heard and felt through its inventions in the remotest corner of the earth: yet, when about to be relieved of the body by death, it seems to acquire a brilliancy hitherto unknown, and to bound with the elasticity of recovered and coming freedom from the flesh, in which through this life it had staggered on. And shall this immaterial principle, this unseen energy, this individuating power, which commingled with its kindred minds here, in all the most excellent offices of its nature—be deprived of this intercourse, and driven from this communion hereafter, and shut out from that knowledge of another's breast which is even here partially enjoyed? Shall the perfect identity in which we must exist, if we exist at all, assume another and an unknown shape not to be recognised? Can we be another and yet the same self—to receive the things done in the body; another, and yet the same self, and still utterly unknown to each other. We humbly conclude that if the soul is to exist at all after death, as an accountable being for the deeds of a previous state, it must be in its veriest identity—and if in its identity, it is utterly inconceivable that our knowledge of our individuality shall be lost."

The following is from another of the notes:—

"The reader will perhaps advert to one of the most specious arguments of Hume—that we can only judge of the future from the present, and that, since the distribution of happiness and misery is promiscuous here, it will be so hereafter—or the idea of futurity is a chimera. This reasoning is not overlooked in the Introduction to these pages—yet the inference of Hume is not deduced from the whole of the present state of things, but from a partial and confined view of it. And I need only remind the reader that happiness is not even in this life altogether promiscuous, although it appears to be so in degree, as this state is confessedly not one of retribution but of preparation. We touch each other on all sides in this world, and certainly the virtuous must often suffer for the wicked in a scene of preparatory discipline, where the general import must frequently interrupt individual happiness, and control the individual case. Still the effects are not promiscuous, but the result of specific causes; although we neither can ascertain nor separate them in their exact consequences, and the balance is yet largely on the side of virtue, on the whole account, even here. But it is not from this seeming confusion alone—this partial view of the pre-

sent scene, that any sound inference can be adduced; without taking into calculation the positive bearing of the unseen faculties of the mind, which lead us out of, and beyond, this world, to eternity in truth, and enable us to ascend in our moral and longing advancement to a more perfect destiny. Were these faculties given us to no purpose, or rather to worse than none, only to render us dissatisfied with the present, if there be nothing beyond it; or can we imagine that a Deity, confessedly good, would have made of us a sort of malicious game here, to be terminated by a painful death, and a still more painful and eternal separation hereafter? With equal truth might we affirm that the human teeth, which lie within the gums of the infant until they are wanted—the eye which is buried until the rays of light have access to it—the lungs of the foetus which have no play in the womb—with equal truth might we, I say, conclude, that these are not prospective contrivances of intelligence, or that the human mind, gifted with the surpassing faculties it cannot fully develop here, shall find no sphere for their action hereafter; or that the happiness of the creation, which is certainly the end in view—the tendency of all preparatory discipline, and the uncontrollable intention, benevolence, justice, and mercy of the Deity, shall be displayed in their effects by their contraries—obduracy and misery. And are the laws of the physical creation of God to be remembered, as evidencing his power and goodness on earth, while the laws of our moral being, and of his unchangeable nature, are to be forgotten when they point to an hereafter for their exercise and display?"

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

National School Society.—The following is an abstract of some of the principal points in the twenty-fourth Annual Report of the National School Society, 1835.

The National School Society was established in the year 1811, and incorporated in the year 1817. It is patronized by his Majesty; the president is the Archbishop of Canterbury; and the committee comprises all the prelates of the English church, including also the Bishops of Nova Scotia and Quebec, and many noblemen and gentlemen. The Society is supported by voluntary subscriptions and donations, but its efforts have recently been greatly aided by sharing in the Parliamentary grants.

Of the first 20,000, granted by Parliament in 1833, for the purposes of education, this Society received, on application, the sum of 11,187. 14s.; and of the second grant, in 1834, the sum of 13,610. has been awarded. The details of the cases, the number of which in 1833 was 66, and in 1834, 122, in which these sums of money were granted, are given in the report.

The following statement exhibits what the Society assumes to have done in the work of education:—

"It is known that in 1833 circulars were issued from the office of the Secretary for the Home Department, to the overseers throughout the kingdom, in order to ascertain the actual amount of children under education. Two volumes of an abstract, formed out of the replies from thirty-three counties of England, containing a population of 10,117,800 souls, have just appeared. This is very little less than three-fourths of the kingdom; and, if an average be formed from this large proportion, it will appear that the total number of children (including the returns of endowed schools, infant schools, village and preparatory schools, and every kind of week-day schools) who are receiving daily instruction, is about 1,277,000, and the total number receiving Sunday instruction is about 1,548,000. But, unfortunately, the abstract does not enter sufficiently into particulars to make it appear to what extent duplicate entries have occurred, in regard to the daily and Sunday school returns; and all which can be stated on this matter amounts to this, viz. that in the returns of the thirty-three counties there are comprised 115,305 daily scholars, who are also Sunday scholars, and are known to create duplicate entries; and 34,051 Sunday scholars, in places which have no other school, and cannot produce duplicate entries. The Committee, therefore, have not any sufficient data for ascertaining the exact amount of children now under a course of instruction in England and Wales. The gross total of these scholars, according to the abstract, must be somewhere between the amount of Sunday scholars (1,548,000), and the joint amount of Sunday and daily scholars (2,825,000), diminished by the daily scholars who are known to be comprised and reported in the Sunday school returns. But the nearest approximation to this latter number will be obtained by taking the daily scholars, who are Sunday scholars also, from the National Society's report (for the children receiving Sunday and daily instruction in National schools are 824,305; whereas, in the returns from which the abstract is formed, they are only stated at 115,305); but, with the aid of this document, it can only be determined that the children receiving instruction are certainly more than 1,548,000 Sunday scholars, and less than 2,500,000 Sunday and daily scholars together.

"There do not appear to be any means of deciding

how far the higher amount (2,500,000) may be occasioned by duplicate entries; though, on the other hand, it appears in the abstract, that daily schools, particularly those of a private description, are omitted to a considerable extent in many large and populous places. The circumstance, however, which must be chiefly gratifying to the friends of the National Society is this, viz. that whilst the abstract states the gross increase of schools between the years 1818, when the last Parliamentary inquiry was made, and 1835, to have been, in the thirty-three counties, 1,276,706 out of 2,014,144, or somewhat above 100 per cent., an examination of the accounts of the Society, at the same interval, shows that National schools have been advancing at the rate of above 300 per cent. In fact, that the work of education in the Society's hands has been carried forward with an acceleration three times greater than that which has been created by the exertions of the public at large.

"At the period of the Society's incorporation in 1817, the amount of children in national schools was 117,000; and allowing for the increase which was made in the subsequent year, and comparing these with the amount to which the society's scholars have now arrived, at the present time, viz. 516,181, the Committee feel no difficulty in establishing this fact.

"But great as the progress of schools has been, and much as the public have reason to be gratified with the result, a great deal more remains to be done. There are yet multitudes of populous and other places to be provided with schools, being utterly destitute of any means of instruction for the children of the poor; there are also many in which the means of education need greatly to be enlarged, and others again in which the character and description of the education given requires to be materially improved."

In March, 1835, the number of Sunday, and Sunday and daily schools, united either directly or indirectly with the National School Society, was as follows:—

Places containing schools	-	-	3,642
Sunday and daily schools	-	-	3,861
Sunday schools	-	-	1,698
Total number of schools	-	-	5,559
Sunday and daily scholars, viz.—			
Boys	-	-	178,740
Girls	-	-	145,305
Sunday scholars, viz.—			
Boys	-	-	93,929
Girls	-	-	98,207
Total number of scholars	-	-	516,181

Out of 424 places from which returns have been recently made, directly to the Society in London, upon the state of the schools situated in them, it appears that 381 have the benefit of regular visitors; in 238 cases the children make small weekly payments for their instruction; and in 116, the salaries of the masters and mistresses are variable according to the condition of the schools. Works of industry are introduced into twenty-eight boys' schools, and 241 girls' schools; and in 139 cases the children have the benefit of a leading library, the books of which they carry home for the information and improvement of their parents and friends.

Respecting teachers, it is stated, that "the difficulty always experienced by the Society has been that of providing salaries for teachers, not that of finding well-educated persons who were willing to enter into training, and devote their time to the education of the young. Such persons are never wanting where adequate salaries are provided. But if the qualifications and abilities of teachers were to be raised by means of any system of training, without at the same time raising the remuneration which they receive, it is not probable that the experiment would proportionably benefit the schools. The temptation to accept the same, or a better reward, for some other employment, at a more easy rate of exertion, would be constantly diminishing the numbers of those who had been prepared, with much expense and care, for the business of superintending schools. And this view of the subject is not merely theoretical, but it has been found to exist in practice; and within the last few years, persons who have been sent to London at the expense of the managers of country schools, have, after making considerable progress in the central schools, relinquished their situations for others of higher value, for which they had been rendered competent by the training and instruction they had there received."

Glasgow Mechanics' Institution.—The twelfth annual report of the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution gives a detail of the proceedings of the association for the late session, 1834-5. The lectures on botany were attended by 159 individuals, of whom a large proportion were ladies. A course on phrenology, which extended to twenty-two lectures, was attended by ninety-nine ladies and gentlemen, and seventy-eight occasional visitors. The principal courses, viz. Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, were continued for six months, and to these, and to the Library, twenty-three apprentices of good character, who were unable to purchase tickets, received gratuitous admissions. A course on Anatomy and Physiology was attended by sixty-eight students; it embraced a general view of the structure and

functions of the human body, and the application of the principles of Physiology to the preservation of health.

The report further states, that "The opportunities which have been afforded by the Institution to the public, for procuring information on these interesting and important subjects from eminent and well qualified lecturers, are not its only means of disseminating knowledge. Its Library now exceeds 3,200 volumes, of which 360 have been added this year. That it is efficiently operative for that purpose is shown by the fact, that during the last six months, 7,778 volumes have been issued to 399 readers.

"The increase of the Library since the Institution moved to its present premises (800 vols.), having rendered the accommodation for the books inadequate, whilst a like inconvenience was felt from the insufficient size of the Apparatus room, the Committee, after mature deliberation, entered into a lease for additional accommodation. The Library has now been moved, and it is gratifying to the Committee to observe that, whilst securing the additional space it required, they have also secured additional comfort to the readers whilst receiving the books. The old Library and Apparatus rooms have been thrown into one apartment, which alteration affords, at the same time, the increased accommodation required and facility for its inspection."

The following extract speaks for itself; it is worthy of the attention of all who have any control over young men, and who feel interested in the cause of the education of the people:—

"Messrs W. Richmond and Co, and J. Richmond and Son, have, for some years, been in the habit of purchasing tickets for the young men in their employment. As attendance was necessary in the warehouse during the time of the lectures, a part of them attended the Natural Philosophy, and the others the Chemistry class,—thus, by mutually doing the work of each other, all have had an opportunity of improving themselves."

On the 22d of April last, a meeting was held, for the distribution of gold medals, and other prizes, to such of the students as had distinguished themselves, which rewards were offered by various gentlemen who are anxious for the prosperity of the institution, and its real usefulness. At this meeting the Lord Provost of Glasgow presided, and awarded the prizes to the successful competitors.

The following statement, though long, is exceedingly interesting:—

"There is another mode besides direct gifts by which the prosperity of the Institution may be advanced, and as it is one by which its aims can at the same time be accomplished, the committee hope the example will be extensively followed. Mr Murray, of the Caledonian Pottery, with a view of improving the character of his work-people, induced thirty-two of his workmen to contribute a certain proportion of the price of tickets for the mechanical and chemical classes, he himself making up the deficiency. Soon afterwards, at the expense of the workers, a reading-room was opened in the work, in which they spent part of their leisure hours. Then an evening school was opened for the benefit of those employed in the work, which has been in operation for four months, affording instruction, by two eminently qualified teachers, to ninety-seven pupils, who would not otherwise have enjoyed the benefits of instruction; and who are by these means not only kept from idleness and immorality, but are directed to, and led into the paths of knowledge and virtue. The advantages felt from the lectures and library of the institution, the reading-room and the school, suggested to the enterprising and zealous employer the formation of a library. In this scheme he has, as in the others, been heartily seconded by the employed, and a small library is now formed, which cannot fail to prove beneficial. Nor has the zeal of master and servants paused here. In the humble and ungarished cellar, where, during the week, the uninformed meet to receive instruction, and the more advanced read the news of the day, or the works of science or literature, is on the Sabbath a chapel, from which may be heard ascending the voice of praise and prayer to the great Creator; and there his word may be heard expounded and enforced by a chaplain, supported at their own cost. A result so gratifying to the philanthropist, taking its rise as it did from this Institution, speaks volumes in answer to the objections of those who, with assumed reverence for religion, raise the cry that its progress is endangered by the spread of knowledge."

Liverpool Mechanics' Institution.—The foundation stone of the new building in Mount street, Liverpool, for the purposes of the Mechanics' Institution, was laid by Lord Brougham on the 20th of July, in the presence of an immense assemblage. The building, when finished, will be the largest and most complete of its kind of any in the kingdom. This Institution affords a striking instance of what may be accomplished by individual energy and perseverance. A few years ago it was in a sinking state, the funds in an extremely low condition, and the whole affair seemed likely to expire from mere exhaustion. From this state it has been raised by the almost unaided exertions of two successive honorary secretaries, John Leyland and J. S. Radcliffe, Esqrs. The number of members now amounts to about 1200, and the Institution has attained a high degree of efficiency and usefulness. Amongst the donations to the building fund, have been two of 500l. each, from R. V.

Yates and James Mullenex, Esqrs., and also 100l. from an unknown friend.

London University.—On June 27, the distribution of the prizes to the students who have most distinguished themselves during the session of 1834-35, in the London University, took place, Lord Brougham presiding. The theatre was crowded in every part, a great number of ladies being present. After the business of the day was over, the chairman addressed the meeting, and, at the close of his speech, announced a donation of a thousand guineas by an individual whose name was concealed, and who, on a former occasion, had given a similar sum.

King's College, London.—On the same day a similar exhibition took place in King's College, London, the Bishop of London in the chair. It was announced at this meeting that a separate Professorship of English Literature and History was now established, its duties having been previously discharged by two of the other professors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the letter signed E. S. H., in reference to our review of Lord Brougham's 'Natural Theology,' and have to thank the writer both for the terms in which he expresses himself on the subject of the criticisms in the *PRINTING MACHINE* generally, and for the trouble he has taken in stating the points on which he differs from the writer of the particular article in question. We apprehend, however, that, even if we had space for the controversy into which his remarks would lead us, the discussion would not have much interest for the great mass of our readers. E. S. H.'s objections would, we conceive, be more fitly addressed to the author of the treatise, than urged in the form of a reply to the slight notice in the *PRINTING MACHINE*, which aimed chiefly at giving an account of the ground gone over in the work, and some specimens of its execution, and did not profess to enter into any elaborate examination of either the originality or the correctness of the opinions or arguments advanced in it.

The following letter, which refers to the article on *WATT*, in our last *SUPPLEMENT*, relates to a matter of fact, which we presume can be easily determined; and we therefore give the statement in the form in which it has come into our hands.

To the Editor of the *PRINTING MACHINE*.

SIR,—With every respect for the genius of the late Mr Watt, permit me to correct an error in your account of his achievements in your last number. His real merits are so great that he needs no praise but what is strictly his due. The real fact is, that Trevethick's engine, the immediate predecessor of Bolton and Watt's, has been applied to all those purposes, whose attainment you ascribe as the peculiar distinction of the other. Watt's grand improvement, where he substituted the pressure of the atmosphere for the pressure of steam, gave safety and convenience to what before was a dangerous machine; but the first steam carriages for rail-roads and the first steam-vessels were propelled by Trevethick's, or the high-pressure engine, and within a few years (if not at the present day) engines of this construction were used in Cornwall for pumping water from some of the deepest mines. Indeed this engine has some advantages, particularly for land carriages, where a stream for condensation is less conveniently procured; but the danger of getting hob-nob with an explosive power, acting on a surface of many feet with the force of from one to two hundred pounds on every square inch, would have always proved a pretty effectual bar to its general use. All of us of a certain age must remember the frequent explosions in the infancy of steam navigation, when these engines were very generally used.

I remain, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
JUSTITIA.

LONDON:
CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET.

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Palace-street.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL

AND

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1835.

No. 70.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

A RAINY DAY.

"Pour! Pour! Pour! There is no hope of its leaving off;"—says a lady, turning away from the window; "you must make up your mind, Louisa, to stay at home, and lose your romps, and have a whole frock to sit in at dinner, and be very unhappy with mamma."

"No, mamma, not that; but don't you think it will hold up? Look—the kennels are not quite so bad; and those clouds—they are not so heavy as they were. It is getting quite light in the sky."

"I am afraid not," says the lady, at once grave and smiling; "but you are a good girl, Louisa; give me a kiss. We will make the day as happy as we can at home. I am not a very bad play-fellow, you know, for all I am so much bigger and older."

"Oh mamma, you know I never enjoy my cousin's company half so much, if you don't go with me; but (here two or three kisses are given and taken, the lady's hands holding the little girl's cheeks, and her eyes looking fondly into hers, which are a little wet)—but—don't you think we really shall be able to go—don't you think it will hold up?" And here the child returns to the window.

"No, my darling; it is set in for a rainy day. It has been raining all the morning; it is now afternoon, and we have, I fear, no chance whatever."

"The puddles don't dance quite as fast as they did," says the little girl.

"But hark!" says the lady; "there's a furious dash of water against the panes."

"T! t!" quoth the little girl against her teeth; "dear me! It's very bad indeed; I wonder what Charles and Mary are thinking of it."

"Why, they are thinking just as you are, I dare say; and doing just as you are, very likely,—making their noses flat and numb against the glass."

The little girl laughs, with a tear in her eye, and mamma laughs and kisses her, and says, "Come; as you cannot go to see your cousins, you shall have a visitor yourself. You shall invite me and Miss Naylor to dinner, and sit at the head of the table in the little room, and we will have your favourite pudding, and no servant to wait on us. We will wait on ourselves; and I will try to be a very great, good, big little child, and behave well; and you shall tell papa, when he comes home, what a nice girl I was."

"Oh dear mamma, that will be very pleasant—What a nice, kind mamma you are, and how afraid I am to vex you, though you do play and romp with me."

"Good girl! But—Ah, you need not look at the window any more, my poor Louisa. Go, and tell cook about the pudding, and we will get you to give us a glass of wine after it, and drink the health of your cousins, so as to fancy them partaking it with us; and Miss Naylor and I will make fine speeches, and return you their thanks; and then you can tell them about it, when you go next time."

"Oh dear, dear, dear mamma, so I can; and how very nice that will be; and I'll go this instant about the pudding; and I don't think we could go as far as

Welland's now, if the rain did hold up; and the puddles are worse than ever."

And so, off runs little fond-heart and bright-eyes, happy at dining in fancy with her mother and cousins all at once, and almost feeling as if she had but exchanged one holiday for another.

The sight of mother and daughter has made us forget our rainy day.—Alas! the lady was right, and the little child wrong, for there is no chance of to-day's clearing up. The long-watched and interesting puddles are not indeed "worse than ever"—not suddenly hurried and exasperated, as if dancing with rage at the flogging given them: they are worse even than that, for they are everlastingly the same:—the same full, twittering, dancing, circle-making overflowings of gutter, which they have been ever since five in the morning, and which they mean to be, apparently, till five to-morrow.

Wash! wash! wash! The window-panes, weltering, and dreary, and rapid, and misty with the rain, are like the face of a crying child who is afraid to make a noise, but who is resolved to be as "aggravating" as possible with the piteous ostentation of his wet cheeks,—weeping with all his might, and breathing, with wide-open mouth, a sort of huge, wilful, everlasting sigh, by way of accompaniment. Occasionally, he puts his hand over to his ear,—hollow,—as though he feared to touch it, his master having given him a gentle pinch: and at the same moment, he stoops with bent head and shrugged shoulders, and one lifted knee, as if in the endurance of a writhing anguish.

You involuntarily rub one of the panes, thinking to see the better into the street, and forgetting that the mist is made by the rain on the other side.—On goes the wet as ever, rushing, streaming, running down, mingling its soft and washy channels; and now and then comes a clutter of drops against the glass, made by a gust of wind.

Clack, meantime, goes the sound of patters; and when you do see, you see the street almost deserted,—a sort of lay Sunday. The rare carriages drive as fast as they can; the hackney-coaches lumber along, glossy (on such occasions only) with the wet, and looking as old and rheumatic as the poor coachmen, whose hat and legs are bound with straw;—the rain-spouts are sputtering torrents; messengers dart along in oil-skin capes; the cry of the old shrimp-seller is hoarse; the postman's knock is ferocious.

If you are out of doors, woe betide you, should you have gone out unprepared, or relying on a coach. Your shoes and stockings are wet through, the latter almost as muddy as the dog that ran by just now without an owner; the rain washes your face, gets into the nape of your neck, makes a spout of your hat. Close by your ears comes roaring an umbrella, the face underneath it looking astonished at you. A butcher's boy dashes along, and contrives to come with his heel plump upon the exact spot of a loose piece of pavement, requisite for giving you a splash that shall embrace the whole of your left leg. To stand up under a gateway is impossible, because in the state you are in, you will catch your "death o' cold;" and the people underneath it look at you amazed, to think how you could have come out "such a day, in such a state." Many of those who are standing up, have umbrellas; but the very umbrellas are wet through. Those who pass by the

spot, with their oil or silk-skirts roaring, as above (a sound particularly distressing to the non-possessors) show that they have not been out of doors so long. Nobody puts his hand out from under the gate-way, to feel whether it is still raining. There can be no question of it. The only voluntary person visible in the street is a little errand-boy, who, because his mother has told him to make great haste, and not get wet feet, is amusing himself with double rest, by kicking something along through the gutter.

In private streets the pavement is washed clean; and so it is, for the moment, in public: but horrible will be the mud to-morrow. Horses are splashed up to the mane; the legs of the rider's overalls are as if he had been sitting in a ditch; poor girls with handboxes trip patiently along, with their wet curls over their eyes, and a weight of skirt. A carriage is coming down a narrow street; there is a plenitude of mud between you and the wheels, not to be eschewed; on dash they, and give you three beauty spots, one right on the nose.

Swift has described such a day as this, in lines which first appeared in the 'Tatler,' and which hearty, unenvying Steele introduces as written by one, "who treats of every subject after a manner that no other author has done, and better than any other can do." [In transcribing such words, one's pen seems to partake the pleasure of the writer.] Swift availing himself of the license of a different age, is apt to bring less pleasant images among his pleasant ones, than suit every body now; but here follows the greater part of his verses:—

"Careful observers may foretell the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower:
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine,
A coming shower your shooting corns pressage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damps the climate, and complains of spleen.

"Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings.

Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aloope;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean.
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust,
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?—
His only coat,—where dust confused with rain,
Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain?

"Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the dragged females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, with every spout abroad
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
There various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the bean impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;

• A sedan.

And ever-and-anon with frightful din,
The leather sounds; *he* trembles from within.

"So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen ran them through),
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear."

The description concludes with a triumphant account of a gutter, more civic than urbane.

How to make the best of a bad day has been taught by implication in various pages throughout our Journal, especially in those where we have studied the art of making everything out of nothing, and have delivered immense observations on rain-drops. It may be learnt in the remarks which appeared a few weeks ago on a 'Dusty Day.' The secret is short and comprehensive, and fit for trying occasions of all sorts. *Think of something superior to it*;—make it yield entertaining and useful reflection, as the rain itself brings out the flowers. Think of it as a benignant enemy, who keeps you in-doors, or otherwise puts your philosophy to a trial, for the best of purposes,—to fertilize your fields, to purify your streets against contagion,—to freshen your air, and put sweets upon your table,—to furnish life with variety, your light with a shadow that sets it off, your poets with similes and descriptions. When the summer rains, Heaven is watering your plants. Fancy an insect growling at it under his umbrella of rose-leaf. No wiser is the man who grumbles under his gateway; much less over his port wine. Very high-bred ladies would be startled to learn that they are doing a very vulgar thing (and hurting their tempers to boot) when they stand at a window, peevishly objecting to the rain with such phrases as "Dear me! how tiresome!"—My lady's maid is not a bit less polite, when she vows and "purtests," that it is "*quite contrary*";—as if heaven had sent it on purpose to thwart her ladyship and her waiting-woman! By complaint we dwindle and subject ourselves, make ourselves little-minded, and the slaves of circumstance. By rising above an evil, we set it at a distance from us, render it a small object, and live in a nobler air.

A wit, not unworthy to be named in the same page with the Dean of St Patrick's, has given a good lesson on the subject,—Green, in his poem on the "Spleen,"—a teacher the fittest in the world to be heard upon it, because he was subject to what he writes about, and overcame it by the cultivation of sense and good-temper. Some bookseller with a taste,—Mr Pickering, or Mr Van-Voorst,—should give us a new edition of this poem, with engravings. Mr Wilkie, Mr Mulready, and others, might find subjects enough to furnish a design to every page.

"In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
*Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest when their wings are wet,*
In such dull weather so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky
That's fit for simile deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books;
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in windows dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the *manna of the day*,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather;
Then seek good-humoured tavern-chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguiled by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heaven to be serene;
Pain, hell; and purgatory, spleen."

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. VI.—CHAUCER (CONCLUDED).

Miscellaneous Specimens of his Description, Portrait-Painting, and Fine Sense.

BIRDS IN THE SPRING.

Full lusty was the weather and benign;
For which the fowls against the sunné sheen
(What for the season and the youngé green)
Full loudé sungen their affection:
Them seeméd had gotten them protection
Against the sword of winter, keen and cold.

Squire's Tale.

PATIENCE AND EQUAL DEALING IN LOVE.

For one thing, Sirs, safely dare I say,
That friendes ever each other must obey,
If they will longé holden company:
Love will not be constrain'd by mastery:
When mastery cometh, the god of Love anon
BEATETH his wings, AND FAREWELL! HE IS GONE.

[Compare the ease, life, and gesticulation of this—the audible suddenness and farewell of it—with the balanced and formal imitation by Pope—

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."]

Love is a thing, as any spirit, free.
Women of kind desiren liberty,
And not to be constrained as a thrall;
And so do men, if soothly I say shall.
Look, who that is most patient in love,
He is at his advantage all above.

(he has the advantage over others that are not so.)

Patience is a high virtue certain,
For it vanquisheth, as these clerkée sain,
Things that rigour never should attain;
For every word men should not chide or plain.
Learne to suffer—

(learn to suffer)

or, so may I gone,

(so may I prosper)

Ye shall it learn, whether ye will or non.

The Franklin's Tale.

INABILITY TO DIE.

Three drunken rioters go out to kill Death, who meets them in the likeness of a decrepid old man, and directs them to a treasure which brings them to their destruction. The old man only is given here.

When they had gone not fully half a mile,
Right as they would have trodden o'er a stile,
An old man and a pooré with them met:
This oldé man full meekely them gret,
And saide thus; "Now, Lordes, God you see!"
The proudest of these riotours three
Answered again; "What? churl, with sorry grace,
Why art thou all forwrappéd save thy face?
Why livest thou so long in so great age?"
This oldé man 'gan look in his visage,
And saide thus; "For I ne cannot find
A man, though that I walkéd into Ind,
Neither in city nor in no village,
That wouldé change his youthe for mine age;
And therefore must I have mine agé still
As longé time as it is Goddés will.
Ne Death, alas! ne will not have my life:
Thus walk I, like a restéless caitiff,
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knocké with my staff early and late,
And say to her, 'Levé mother, let me in.
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin.
Alas! when shall my bonés be at rest?
Mother, with you would I change my chest,
That in my chamber longé time hath be,
Yea, for a hairy clout to wrap in me.'"

(That is, for a coffin and a winding-sheet of hair-cloth.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE COCK,

(In the story of the "Cock and the Fox.")

*His comb was redder than the fine coral,
Embattled as it were a castle wall;
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone,
Like azure were his legges and his tone;*

(His toes)

*His nailés whiter than the lily flower,
And liké the burnéd gold was his colour,*

Compare the above verses (taking care of the accent) with the most popular harmonies of Pope, and see into what a flowing union of strength and sweetness the "old poet" could get, when he chose.

He flew down from his beam,
For it was day, and eke his hennés all;
And with a chuck he 'gan them for to call,
For he had found a coorn lay in the yard;
Royal he was, he was no more afraid.

(He had been frightened by a fox.)

He looketh, as it were a grim léoun,

(Lion)

*And on his toes he roameth up and down;
He deigneth not to set his foot to ground;
He shucketh when he hath a coorn yfound,
And to him runnen then his wivés all.*

PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE.

This is in the pure, unfaltering style of the old Italian painters. The simile in the third line is one of the quaintnesses of an age in which books were rare,—the key to almost all the quaintnesses of Chaucer. The rest of them are connected with his adherence to the originals from which he translated, and only appear strange from difference of time or national customs. A want of consideration to this effect led Mr Hazlitt into an error, when he instanced that pleasant, scornful admonition to the sun in Troilus and Creseida, (to go and sell his light to them that "engrave small seals") as an evidence of Chaucer's minuteness and particularity.

The original of Troilus and Creseida was by an Italian; and in Italy the seal-engravers of those times were famous, and in great employ; nor was anything more natural for a lover, angry with the day-time, than to tell the sun to go and give his light to those that so notoriously needed it.

Among those other folk was Creseida
In widow's habit black; but nathéless
Right as our first letter is now an A,
In beauty first so stood she makéless;

(Matchless)

*Her goodly looking gladdéd all the press;
N'as never seen thing to be praised so dear,
Nor under cloude black so bright a star,*

[What a pity this fine line did not terminate with a full stop! but he goes on—]

As was Creseid, they saiden evereach one
That her behelden in her blacké weed;
And yet she stood full low and still alone,
Behind all other folks in little brede,

(In small space)

And nigh the door, aye under shamés drede,

(that is, not shame-faced, but apprehensive of being put to shame,—put out of her self-possession)

*Simple of attire and debonnair of cheer;
With full-assured looking and mannere.*

Troilus thus seeing her for the first time, looks hard at her, like a town-gallant; and she, being town-bred herself, for all her unaffectedness, thinks it necessary to let him understand that he is not to stare at her.

She n'as not with the most of her stature,

(her stature was not of the tallest)

But all her limbés so well answering
Weren to womanhood, that creature
Was never lessé mannish in seeming,
And eke the puré wise of her meaning
She shewed well

(her manner was so correspondent with her meaning)

— that man might in her guess
Honour, estate, and womanly nobles.
Then Troilus, right wonder well withal,
'Gan for to like her meaning and her cheer,
Which somedéal deignous was,

(was a little haughty)

— for she let fall
Her look a little aside, in such mannere
Accounes—"What! may I not standen here?"
And after that her looking 'gan she light;

(began to lighten—to restore to its former ease)

That never thought him see so good a sight.

Chaucer is very fond of painting these womanly portraits, especially the face. Here is—

ANOTHER,

introduced to us with a piece of music. The succession of adverbs at the end of the first five lines, makes a beat upon the measure, analogous to the dance he is speaking of—

I saw her dance so comely,
Carol and sing so sweetly,
And laugh and play so womanly,
And looke so debonairely,
So goodly spea and so friendly,
That certés I trow that evermore
N'as seen so blisful a treasure.
For every hairé on her head,
Me soth to say it was not red,
Ne neither yellow, nor brown it n'as;
Methought most like to gold it was.
And which eyen my lady had,
Debonaire, good, and glad, and sad;

(sad is in earnest)

Simplé, of good muchel, not too wide;
Thereto her look was not asidé
Nor overhawl, but beset so well,
It drew and took up every deal,

(entirely)

All which that on her 'gan behold;
Her eyen seemed anon she would
Have mercy. Folly weenden so,
But it was ne'er the rather do;

(She looked so good-natured, that folly itself thought she was at its service; though folly was much mistaken.)

It was no counterfeited thing;
IT WAS HER OWN PURE LOOKING.

A charming couplet! And he need not have said any more; but he was so fond of the face, he could not help going on:—

Were she ne'er so glad,
Her looking was not foolish spread.

Though dullness itself, he tells us, was absolutely "afraid of her style of life, it was so cheerful."

I have no wit that can suffice
To comprehend her beauty.

(To describe it comprehensively.)

But thus much I dare say, that she
Was white, ruddy, fresh, lively buéd,
And every day her beauty newéd.
* * * * * Be it ne'er so dark
Me thinketh I see her evermo;

(If all they, says the poet)

That ever lived were now alive,
Ne would they have found to describe
In all her face a wicked sign,
For it was sad, simple, and benign.
The Book of the Duchess.

And there is a great deal more of the description.

GOING TO SLEEP IN HEARING OF A NIGHTINGALE.

A nightingale upon a cedar green,
Under the chamber wall there as she lay,
Full lond ysung again the mooné sheen,
Par' venture, in his birdé wise, a lay
Of love, that made her hearté fresh and gay;
That hearkenéd she so long in good intent,
Till at the last the deadé sleep her hent.

Troilus and Cresida.

EXQUISITE COMPARISON OF A NIGHTINGALE, WITH CONFIDENCE AFTER FEAR.

And as the new abashed nightingale,
That stineth first, when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any herdé take,

(herdsman counting his flock)

Or in the hedges any wight stirring;
And after, eikar both her voice out ring;

(Siker is securely)

Right so Cresidé, when that her aread stent,
Opened her heart, and told him her intent.

We conclude this long article very unwillingly (having to omit a hundred beautiful passages), with a specimen of Chaucer's philosophy, particularly fit to honour the pages of THE LONDON JOURNAL.

For thilké ground that beareth the weedés wick

(wicked or poisonous)

Bear'th eke these wholesome herbés as full oft;
And next to the foul nettle, rough and thick,
The rose ywaxeth softe, and smooth, and soft;
And next the valley is the hill aloft;
And next the darke night is the glad morrow,
And also joy is next the fine of sorrow.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXX.—TRAGICAL DEATH OF A TRAGICAL WRITER.—MEMOIR OF THE ABBÉ PREVOT.

It was curious that the Abbé Prevot, the gloomiest of romance writers, should accidentally have met with a death as strange and ghastly as any that he could have well conceived. Nor is it the only romance in the history of this singular genius. He was born at a town in Artois, in the year 1697, and he studied with the Jesuits, most probably for the church. The Jesuits he left to go into the army; then left the army to return to them; again left them to return to the army, in which he became a distinguished officer; left the army a third time, in consequence of an unhappy love-adventure, became a Benedictine monk, and finally broke his monastic vows and became a writer. This monk and gloomy novelist (who, under the circumstances of those times, could not well either appear to be liable to the charge with impunity, or even openly marry) was accused of being a favourite of the ladies, one of whom left the country to follow him to England during a temporary sojourn there. He defended himself from the charge in the following manner, more ingenious than candid:—

"This Medoro," says he, speaking of himself, "so favoured by the fair, is a man of thirty-seven, or thirty-eight, who bears in his countenance and in his humour the traces of his former chagrin; who passes whole weeks without going out of his closet; and who every day employs seven or eight hours in study; who seldom seeks occasion for enjoyments, who even rejects those that are offered, and prefers an hour's conversation with a sensible friend, to all those amusements which are called pleasures of the world and agreeable recreations. He is, indeed, civil, in consequence of a good education, but little addicted to gallantry; of a mild but melancholy temper; in fine, sober, and regular in his conduct."

The truth is, he was most likely really in love on this occasion, and not "in gallantry;" nor will any lady, in these more reasonable times, wonder that he should either love or be loved, when it is considered, not only that he was a man of intelligence and sensibility, but the author of one of the most striking stories of a devoted passion that ever was written,—the celebrated novel of 'Manon L' Escaut.' And the less such a man cared for gallantry, or the more he out-lived it, the more he would care for love. He was in the habit of being in earnest; which is half the secret of acceptability of any kind; and though gloomy in his books, he does not appear to have been so in his intercourse, but possessed only of that milder melancholy, which is even-tempered and easily runs into the pleasantness it stands in need of; and this willingness to please and be pleased is the other half.

On his return to Paris, our author assumed the habit of an Abbé, and lived tranquilly under the protection of the Prince of Conti, who gave him the title of his Almoner and Secretary, with an establishment that enabled him to pursue his studies. "By the desire of Chancellor d'Aguesseau, he undertook a general history of voyages, of which the first volume appeared in 1745. The success of his works, the favour of the great, the subsiding of the passions, a calm retreat, and literary leisure, seemed to promise a serene and peaceful old age. But a dreadful accident put an end to his tranquillity, and the fair prospect which had opened before him was closed by the hand of death. To pass the evening of his days in peace, and to finish in retirement three great works which he had undertaken, he had chosen and prepared an agreeable recess at Firmin near Chantilly. On the 23rd November, 1768, he was discovered by some peasants in an apoplectic fit, in the forest of Chantilly. A magistrate was called in, who unfortunately ordered a surgeon immediately to open the body, which was apparently dead. A loud shriek from

the victim of their culpable precipitation, convinced the spectators of their error. The instrument was withdrawn, but not before it had touched the vital parts. The unfortunate Abbé opened his eyes and expired."

Prevot is accounted the second best of the French novelists, ranking next to Marivaux. He is known to the readers of our circulating libraries, not only for his 'Manon L' Escaut,' but as the author of the 'Dean of Coleraine,' of the 'History of Mr Cleveland,' and the 'History of Margaret of Anjou.' His countrymen are indebted to him also, among many other things, for translations of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and 'Clarissa.'

Imagine him thinking of the fictitious catastrophes of his novels, while realizing so frightful a one in his own death! What a fate,—to open his eyes from an apoplexy, and feel himself slaughtered:—

"To wake and find those visions true!"

ENGLISH AND FRENCH FRUIT DESSERTS.

The more general use of dessert fruit among the middling classes is another requisite wanting for the improvement of horticulture in Scotland and Ireland. If fruit, physiologically considered, is less wholesome after dinner than before it (which is questionable), it is at least more so than where drinking is substituted in its place. To prolong the period of eating, and the conversation of female society, are not only objects which afford immediate satisfaction; but, by moderating the use of stimulating liquors, tend to insure future health. Even in England, where a dessert is universal among the independent classes, there is a great want of nicety of taste: fruit is valued by many only as a symptom of the presence of wine: others contentedly use pears and plums that would be rejected at the most common French *déjeuné*; and many rest satisfied with melons and grapes, who, at scarcely any additional expense, might have pine-apples. Wherever the litter of four horses is at command, pine-apples may be grown in pits with very little trouble to the gardener, and, indeed, at much less trouble than very early cucumbers or melons. But why speak of pines, when not one family in a hundred is properly supplied with mushrooms, which ought to be on the table, in some form, every day in the year? On a small scale, the grand secret is to employ a gardener who knows his business; and to direct his attention less to raising ordinary productions at extraordinary seasons, than to raising first-rate crops of every thing in due season. On a larger scale, all ordinary and extraordinary things should be attempted that art and wealth can accomplish.—*London's Encyclopedia of Gardening.*

ROMANTIC LEGEND OF HAROUN AL RESCHID.

We are told by Khondemir, that the Khaliph saw in a dream at Rakha, before he departed from that place, a hand over his head, full of red earth, and at the same time heard the voice of a person pronouncing these words, "See the earth in which Haroun is to be interred." Upon which he demanded where he was to be buried? and was instantly answered by the same voice, "at Tus." This warning greatly decomposing him, he communicated the dream to his chief physician Gabriel, the son of Bakhtishua, who told him that this ought to give him no manner of concern, as dreams were only phantoms produced by the fumes which the humours of the body sent into the brain; and that the expedition to Khorasan, in order to extinguish the rebellion of Rafé Ebu Al Seith, he was upon the point of undertaking, had given place to this imagination. He added, that no better remedy could be thought of to dissipate his melancholy, than to pursue some favourite diversion that might draw his attention another way. The Khalif, therefore, by his physician's advice, prepared a magnificent entertainment for his principal courtiers, which continued several days. He afterwards put himself at the head of his troops, and advanced to the confines of Jorjân, where he was attacked by the distemper; which increasing, he found himself obliged to leave the army and retire to Tus. He sent for his physician, Gabriel Ebu Bakhtishua, and said to him, "Do you remember, Gabriel, my dream at Rakha? We are now arrived at Tus, the place, according to what was predicted in that dream, of my interment. Send one of my eunuchs to fetch me a handful of the earth in the neighbourhood of the city." One of his favourite eunuchs, named Masrur, was immediately dispatched to bring a little of the soil of the place to the Khalif; who soon returned, and brought a handful of red earth, which he presented to Haroun with his arm half bare; at sight of which, the Khalif cried out, "In truth this is the earth, and that the very arm, that I saw in my dream." His spirits falling him, and his malady increasing, he died three days after this explanation, and was buried in the same place.—*Universal History.*

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY IGERTON WERRE.

No. VI.

THE relative proportions of the letters of the alphabet, according to the general division of them into four sorts, which I have adopted, have so far been exhibited only in the Hebrew language; and if the conclusions which it is sought to establish from them, rested on no other evidence, they might be thought of doubtful authority. But when we find nearly the same scale of proportions resulting from every new experiment, whether we make an ancient or a modern, a northern or a southern language, the subject of analysis, it is impossible not to perceive that in so much uniformity there subsists a principle. That principle may not be one of much philological importance; but yet it is interesting, inasmuch as it shows us the materials or stuff of which languages have been made, in what quantities compounded, how combined; and so gives us, as it were, a receipt for languages; not failing to impress us, further, with that fact which is equally true in the culinary science and the science of speech,—that, with an infinite diversity of productions, the component parts are few and unaltered, and that the most striking differences often proceed from some very inconsiderable variation in the proportion of the same ingredients.

You can hardly bring under view four languages more differently characterized than the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English. Their united features may serve as a universal face, in which to peer for information as to the spirit, scope, end, and purpose of human speech. The thing in which they all consent may be safely pronounced law, and any facts to the contrary regarded as contumacious.* They represent all principal historical epochs, and a sufficient variety of geographical situations; connecting the East with the West, the South with the North, and the remotest antiquity with the "current month." Let us see, then, how they stand related to one another. The Hebrew has been considered. The following table shows the proportions of the letters as they appear in the Greek, Latin, and English. I believe that thirty lines of a language are as good as a thousand for exhibiting any general fact relative to its external structure; and I have seen printers make the nicest calculations, in questions not very dissimilar, on much smaller data. I have therefore been content to take this number of lines, from the beginning of the 'Iliad,' and again from the beginning of the 'Æneid,' for the Greek and Latin languages; and, for the English, the lines were picked at hazard, from the 'Paradise Lost,' and begin with

"But who I was, or where, or from what cause,"

which is in the middle of the eighth book. But as the English heroic line differs much as to length from the Greek and Latin, it was proper to make a corresponding addition to this portion. Our heroic line consists of ten syllables; in the hexameter the average is fifteen. The passage from the 'Paradise Lost' is therefore extended to forty-five lines, to equal the others of thirty each.

* Such is that fact related by Dr Jonathan Edwards respecting the language of the Muhhekaneen Indians, as quoted by Booth in his Dictionary (classification of letters) viz. that it does not contain a single labial, inasmuch that after the Lord's prayer, when they try to say *Amen*, the nearest they can come to it is *Awen*, "from an aversion to shutting the lips."

Relative proportions of the consonants in the Greek, Latin, and English languages* :—

	Greek.	Latin.	English.
Lingual .	263	263	347
Labial .	70	132	176
Sibilant .	76	81	98
Guttural .	63	69	86
Total . .	472	565	637

Some of these proportions, I think, will rather surprise the reader. He will not, for example, be prepared to find that our language—that same

"—harsh, northern, grunting, guttural, Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all,"—

is so far from possessing guttural consonants in excess, that these are both infinitely below the number of any other kind of letters in English, and in a proportion of nearly one to two to the gutturals in those dead languages, with which we are used to think English not worthy to be put in comparison, in any question relating to euphony. What then can be the reason that the Greek and Latin languages, with nearly double the number of this sort of letters, are yet more tuneful than our own; and that the latter, though not justifying, as we see, those opprobrious epithets of the poet, "grunting, guttural," is certainly of the "sputtering" kind, and rude of mouth? Our figures must explain it. It will be seen from these that, taking the consonants of all kinds, the total amount in the English language greatly exceeds the amount in the Latin and Greek, and it is therefore from this thick succession of consonants, which we are continually doubling, trebling, and quadrupling, and, in some words, even quintupling (as in the word *songstress*), and not from the peculiar preponderance of any of the harder sort, that our language exhibits those harsh features which have given it an ill name amongst the poets. The Latin contains a very large proportion of hard consonants, yet is far more musical than the English, being far more vocal; and in about the same degree in which the Latin surpasses the English for purity and vocality, the Greek surpasses the Latin; the proportion of consonants in the three languages respectively, being as nearly as possible represented by the figures 7, 6, and 5, as a division of the above amount by nine will show. It seems to be a truth almost universally attested, that

* These calculations must be taken with the same exceptions as the former. In our ignorance of a lost pronunciation, we must lay our account with many errors. Nevertheless, where each particular evidence is so striking and confirmatory, we need not scruple to form a few general inferences; more than this, it is true, would be presumptuous. I have sometimes thought that a good deal might be done towards rescuing ancient pronunciation from oblivion by any one with a *Walkerly* genius, who chose to read carefully through the classics with this view, sedulously considering the harmony of words and sentences, and noting all such passages—and they are not few, especially among the more artificial writers of the age of Nero and Domitian, the poetical declaimers and declaiming poets,—as furnish evidence of a particular intention in the arrangement of the words as to their result in sound, and so, in fact, weighing the language with all nicety of ear and with a constant reference to the probable designs of the writer. As an example of what I mean, I will add a sentence from Cicero, which, it seems to me, would prove quite satisfactorily, if we had no other evidence, that the C in the word *dicere* should sound hard like K: "Tum docere, tum *dicere* vellet, tum audire, tum *dicere*." (He would wish to be teaching something, and anon to be learning, at one time to listen, at another to speak.) Now if the C were soft (as we pronounce it) in these two words *dicere* and *dicere*, it is evident that they would both have sounded alike, as if written *dicere*; and though the vowel sound were long in one and short in the other, still the characteristic letter would be the same; and, in such case, nothing can be conceived more exquisitely clumsy and *anti-Ciceronian* than this sentence, in which the above words do not merely encounter but stand in direct antithesis to one another. It is, therefore, as certain as if Cicero himself had told us of it, that these two words were *differently pronounced*; and we cannot for a moment doubt [that the difference of pronunciation lay—where? id id in the spelling—in the S, which being prefixed to the C in one, and not in the other word, gave that necessary distinction in sound, without which the nice ear of Cicero could never have been satisfied with the sentence.—"Tum docere, tum *dicere* vellet, tum audire, tum *dicere*."

the languages of cold countries are full of consonants, while those of warmer regions are progressively more vocal; and it is evident that the cause lies in the climate, because, under a warm sun and in a state of physical enjoyment, the mouth loves to have its liberty, and opens as naturally as a cottage window on a summer's morning, and so it forms a habit of spacious utterance, and a free and flowing enunciation, in which consonants are only keys on which to play all sorts of graceful and melodious variations of sound; they come of necessity at last, when the mouth closes. But, in a latitude where the fear may be lest in opening the lips the tongue should freeze, what is to be expected but that the mouth, like a besieged fortress, should economize all its resources, and hold out as long as possible against the enemy, never unfolding its obdurate gates but when it becomes necessary at last to gasp at some brief vowel? And it may be added, that the same cause which accounts for the thickness of northern languages explains to us also why those who speak them generally render them still more gross, by a lazy and slovenly manner of speaking,—and why they are monotonous,—and why they are unimpassioned; for all these sins proceed from "a climate too cold." Fancy a Laplander saying *ελιου* (e-el-i-oi-o!) Why, he would get his death of cold before he reached the third syllable! In this word we have seven letters, of which six are vowels, and only one a consonant; in our word *strength* there are eight letters, of which seven (to speak according to common acceptation) are consonants, and only one a vowel. What a contrast! Yet both are fine; for what other word in the English language is so strong as *strength*, which seems as if you must say it with a clenched fist? And, on the other hand, what can be more musical than *ελιου*, which Homer, by a happy licence draws out to this tuneful length from *ελις* (eliou), throwing in vowel after vowel, on one pretence or another, as the modern Italians in their poetry scruple not to do, led by the same fine ear and taste?

Another fact which the above table exhibits, will perhaps also take some people by surprise. This is the proportion of the *sibilant*, or hissing letters. It might be expected that the English, from its known peculiarity, would show a much greater force in this division; whereas of those three sorts which exceed in quantity the corresponding sorts in the other languages, this is precisely the *lowest* in its excess. The "language of serpents," therefore, if it merit this its bad distinction, which no doubt it does, suffers not from an over-proportion of the sibilant letters, as is universally imagined, but from the fact that the quality of those letters is so remarkable, that any, the slightest, addition to their number is felt at once as an annoyance, whether accompanied by others of a different kind or not. Our language, as we have seen, is altogether more densely populated with consonants; therefore the sibilant family, though in its proportion less, is in its actual number more numerous than in the Latin or the Greek; and therefore it is, that by its peculiar faculty of overpowering the other letters of the alphabet, and making itself heard wherever it comes, this serpent-voiced enemy of ours has got us our nickname. As for *proportion*, however, Greek just as much deserves to be called the "language of serpents" as English, measured in this way;—yes, even our adored Greek! How exceedingly—how troublesomely—abounding the letter S is in the Greek; that line in Euripides is a ludicrous instance—

"Ἰσασά σ' ὡς ἴσασιν ἑλλήνων ὄσοι,"
(*Isosa s'hos issasin hellenon osoi.*)

a line which was so much ridiculed by the comic poets, and which in the Athenian theatre was *kissed* for its *hissing*. This line is not to be considered as an example of intentional alliteration on the part of the poet, but as an unhappy accident, the consequence of the abundance of the letter S. Indeed, Caninius, who speaks especially with reference to the Greek language,* says, "E consonantibus nulla est crebrior" (none of the consonants is more frequent), and he instances this verse of Euripides.

* Hellenism. Alphab.

Judging from the results of my own observation, however, I cannot agree with Caninius to this extent. But the frequency of the letter is unquestionable; and if, as we are told, Pindar wrote an ode in which he contrived not to have a single S, it must have been a triumph of ingenuity; perhaps he fixed on that letter indeed, because he knew that the omission of it would be the most difficult and surprising to accomplish.

The Latin is not a whit less beset with this hissing grievance, and thus we find the old Roman poets, in the golden age of the Latin language (that is to say, not the age of Augustus), and when poetry—as yet no science—took to itself every liberty of speech that seemed fitting to the purpose of the moment—we find them, I say, at this period, often throwing S overboard, when they thought some line carried too much weight; * and Quintilian tells us (*Instit. Lib. ix. c. 4*) that this licence was the subject of some dispute among the critical—"reprehendit Lauraninus, Messala defendit;" but why it should have been grudged, one cannot perceive, since the letter M—a most inoffensive letter in comparison—continued to be at all times liable to a virtual banishment, and from what Quintilian says, who abuses it most unmercifully, calling it *magis litera* (the *loving* letter), (*Lib. xii. c. 10*), &c., we may conclude that its supposed variance with harmonious composition had much to do with this banishment. It is certain that this letter was not subject to elision in the earlier periods of Roman literature;† and if that elision came afterwards in the shape of a refinement—an improvement in euphony—it is a proof that its former fulness of expression in the face of a vowel was deemed unpleasant, though no doubt a certain natural shortness and obscurity of sound which it had in that position, may have had a principal share in occasioning its expulsion from quantity.‡

[In my last chapter I remarked on the usual distribution of the consonants into *dentals*, and was rather wroth with our orthoepists for adopting a dis-

* Many of the fragments of the elder Roman poets contain examples of this practice. See *Cic. Orat. Quintil. ubi supra*. J. G. Vossii *Proodia Latina*. But various examples occur also in Lucretius, from whom Vossius gives the following:—

"Usque adeo largos haustus de fontibus magnis;"

and in the works of still later poets. Sometimes, however, the S was expressed, although followed by a consonant; as in this line of a fragment of Lucilius:—

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cedar. In the large rooms there were large fountains, where the waters played in basins and shells of porphyry or marble; and in the hall, called the caliph's, there was a jasper fountain, in the midst of which a golden swan of exquisite workmanship spouted water from its mouth; and from the marble dome of the canopy above it was suspended the extraordinary pearl which the Greek emperor had presented to the caliph. Contiguous to the palace were the gardens, where the fruit trees were divided by thickets of laurels, myrtles, and bays, with winding pools that reflected in their clear waters the beauties of the place. In the midst of the gardens, on a knoll, whence they might all be seen, was the caliph's pavilion, where, in a porphyry basin, a fountain of quicksilver played, and reflected the sunbeams in a surprising manner. In various parts of the garden there were baths of marble of great beauty, and all the curtains and screens were of tissue of gold and silk, wrought in natural figures of animals, fruits, and flowers. "In short, within and without the palace there were compressed all the riches and worldly delights which could flatter a powerful monarch." The place was named Azahrâ, after a beautiful slave whom the caliph loved, and for whose sake he broke the express command of the Koran, which forbids the making of any statue, lest it should lead the people to idolatry. He caused her statue in white marble to be placed over the gateway leading into the garden.—*Mrs Calcott's 'History of Spain'*.

VIRTUE HAS A CORNER IN EVERY HEART.

Do you recollect a story my nurse told us of a Sicilian bandit, the terror of the country? how he saved a young child from a cottage on fire, brought it up delicately, and far removed from his own pursuits; while, at his execution, his chief regret was the future provision for that boy?—*Francesca Carrara*.

STRIKING REMARK.

The existence and operations of mind, supposing it to exist, will account for all the phenomena which matter is supposed to exhibit. But the existence and action of matter, vary it how we may, will never account for one of the phenomena of the mind. We do not believe more firmly in the existence of the sensible objects around us when we are well and awake, than we do in the reality of those phantoms which the imagination conjures up in the hours of sleep or the season of derangement. But no effort, produced by material agency, ever produced a spiritual existence, or engendered the belief of such an existence; indeed, the thing is almost a contradiction in terms.—*Lord Brougham on Natural Theology*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We omitted to mention, in our last Number, that the Editor's first article, entitled 'Wit made Easy,' had appeared some years ago in the 'New Monthly Magazine.' The mention is of no consequence in one respect; but as it is understood that every article at the head of this Journal is original (such as it is), and hitherto unpublished, unless accompanied with an avowal to the contrary, the Editor does not like to break through a plan of sincerity, which serves to aid what little value his writings may possess. Besides, the acknowledgment is due to the liberality of the proprietor of the Magazine (Mr Colburn), who permits these republications under circumstances which give him a right to do otherwise.

Mr BARWARD's letter next week. And the one on 'Statues.'

We are obliged to CONSTANS. The error he notices shall be seen into and corrected. With regard to the writer he alludes to, we suppose he is jesting. The spirit of the remarks is surely very intelligible.

'On Reading Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy,' shall appear the first opportunity.

Our Lancashire friend SCRIBER attributes to us a great deal of merit which is not our own, in those articles he speaks of in various publications. The paper on 'Cavanagh' was by Mr Hazlitt; and the articles in the 'London Magazine' (we conclude) by the present editor of the *Examiner*. We heartily wish we had the metaphysical discernment of the one writer, or the overflowing wit of the other.—With respect to the good-natured pains which S. proposes to take for us, we are truly obliged to him; but we already abound in the same kind offers.

Circumstances render it inconvenient to say "Yes" to one part of Mr J. N.'s request; but the Editor hopes he may nevertheless be able to do what he wishes on the other, should he write to him on the subject.

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY LEIGHTON WHEAT.

No. VI.

THE relative proportions of the letters of the alphabet, according to the general division of them into four sorts, which I have adopted, have so far been exhibited only in the Hebrew language; and if the conclusions which it is sought to establish from them, rested on no other evidence, they might be thought of doubtful authority. But when we find nearly the same scale of proportions resulting from every new experiment, whether we make an ancient or a modern, a northern or a southern language, the subject of analysis, it is impossible not to perceive that in so much uniformity there subsists a principle. That principle may not be one of much philological importance; but yet it is interesting, inasmuch as it shows us the materials or stuff of which languages have been made, in what quantities compounded, how combined; and so gives us, as it were, a receipt for languages; not failing to impress us, further, with that fact which is equally true in the culinary science and the science of speech,—that, with an infinite diversity of productions, the component parts are few and unaltered, and that the most striking differences often proceed from some very inconsiderable variation in the proportion of the same ingredients.

You can hardly bring under view four languages more differently characterized than the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English. Their united features may serve as a universal face, in which to peer for information as to the spirit, scope, end, and purpose of human speech. The thing in which they all consent may be safely pronounced law, and any facts to the contrary regarded as contumacious.* They represent all principal historical epochs, and a sufficient variety of geographical situations; connecting the East with the West, the South with the North, and the remotest antiquity with the "current month." Let us see, then, how they stand related to one another. The Hebrew has been considered. The following table shows the proportions of the letters as they appear in the Greek, Latin, and English. I believe that thirty lines of a language are as good as a thousand for exhibiting any general fact relative to its external structure; and I have seen printers make the nicest calculations, in questions not very dissimilar, on much smaller data. I have therefore been content to take this number of lines, from the beginning of the 'Iliad,' and again from the beginning of the 'Æneid,' for the Greek and Latin languages; and, for the English, the lines were picked at hazard, from the 'Paradise Lost,' and begin with

"But who I was, or where, or from what cause,"

which is in the middle of the eighth book. But as the English heroic line differs much as to length from the Greek and Latin, it was proper to make a corresponding addition to this portion. Our heroic line consists of ten syllables; in the hexameter the average is fifteen. The passage from the 'Paradise Lost' is therefore extended to forty-five lines, to equal the others of thirty each.

* Such is that fact related by Dr Jonathan Edwards respecting the language of the Muhhekaneen Indians, as quoted by Booth in his Dictionary (classification of letters) viz. that it does not contain a single labial, inasmuch that after the Lord's prayer, when they try to say *Amen*, the nearest they can come to it is *Awen*, "from an aversion to shutting the lips."

Relative proportions of the consonants in the Greek, Latin, and English languages* :—

	Greek.	Latin.	English.
Lingual .	263	283	347
Labial .	70	132	176
Sibilant .	76	81	98
Guttural .	63	69	36
Total .	472	565	657

Some of these proportions, I think, will rather surprise the reader. He will not, for example, be prepared to find that our language—that same

"—harsh, northern, grunting, guttural, Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all,"—

is so far from possessing guttural consonants in excess, that these are both infinitely below the number of any other kind of letters in English, and in a proportion of nearly one to two to the gutturals in those dead languages, with which we are used to think English not worthy to be put in comparison, in any question relating to euphony. What then can be the reason that the Greek and Latin languages, with nearly double the number of this sort of letters, are yet more tuneful than our own; and that the latter, though not justifying, as we see, those opprobrious epithets of the poet, "grunting, guttural," is certainly of the "sputtering" kind, and rude of mouth? Our figures must explain it. It will be seen from these that, taking the consonants of all kinds, the total amount in the English language greatly exceeds the amount in the Latin and Greek, and it is therefore from this thick succession of consonants, which we are continually doubling, trebling, and quadrupling, and, in some words, even quintrupling (as in the word *songstress*), and not from the peculiar preponderance of any of the harder sort, that our language exhibits those harsh features which have given it an ill name amongst the poets. The Latin contains a very large proportion of hard consonants, yet is far more musical than the English, being far more vocal; and in about the same degree in which the Latin surpasses the English for purity and vocality, the Greek surpasses the Latin; the proportion of consonants in the three languages respectively, being as nearly as possible represented by the figures 7, 6, and 5, as a division of the above amount by nine will show. It seems to be a truth almost universally attested, that

* These calculations must be taken with the same exceptions as the former. In our ignorance of a lost pronunciation, we must lay our account with many errors. Nevertheless, where each particular evidence is so striking and confirmatory, we need not scruple to form a few general inferences; more than this, it is true, would be presumptuous. I have sometimes thought that a good deal might be done towards rescuing ancient pronunciation from oblivion by any one with a *Walterly* genius, who chose to read carefully through the classics with this view, sedulously considering the harmony of words and sentences, and noting all such passages—and they are not few, especially among the more artificial writers of the age of Nero and Domitian, the poetical declaimers and declaiming poets,—as furnish evidence of a particular intention in the arrangement of the words as to their result in sound, and so, in fact, weighing the language with all nicety of ear and with a constant reference to the probable designs of the writer. As an example of what I mean, I will add a sentence from Cicero, which, it seems to me, would prove quite satisfactorily, if we had no other evidence, that the C in the word *dicere* should sound hard like K: "Tum docere, tum *discere* vellet, tum audire, tum *dicere*." (He would wish to be teaching something, and anon to be learning, at one time to listen, at another to speak.) Now if the C were soft (as we pronounce it) in these two words *discere* and *dicere*, it is evident that they would both have sounded alike, as if written *disere*; and though the vowel sound were long in one and short in the other, still the characteristic letter would be the same; and, in such case, nothing can be conceived more exquisitely clumsy and *anti-Ciceronian* than this sentence, in which the above words do not merely encounter but stand in direct antithesis to one another. It is, therefore, as certain as if Cicero himself had told us of it, that these two words were *differently pronounced*; and we cannot for a moment doubt that the difference of pronunciation lay—where it lay—in the spelling—in the S, which being prefixed to the C in one, and not in the other word, gave that necessary distinction in sound, without which the nice ear of Cicero could never have been satisfied with the sentence.—"Tum docere, tum *discere* vellet, tum audire, tum *dicere*."

the languages of cold countries are full of consonants, while those of warmer regions are progressively more vocal; and it is evident that the cause lies in the climate, because, under a warm sun and in a state of physical enjoyment, the mouth loves to have its liberty, and opens as naturally as a cottage window on a summer's morning, and so it forms a habit of spacious utterance, and a free and flowing enunciation, in which consonants are only keys on which to play all sorts of graceful and melodious variations of sound; they come of necessity at last, when the mouth closes. But, in a latitude where the fear may be lest in opening the lips the tongue should freeze, what is to be expected but that the mouth, like a besieged fortress, should economize all its resources, and hold out as long as possible against the enemy, never unfolding its obdurate gates but when it becomes necessary at last to gasp at some brief vowel? And it may be added, that the same cause which accounts for the thickness of northern languages explains to us also why those who speak them generally render them still more gross, by a lazy and slovenly manner of speaking,—and why they are monotonous,—and why they are unimpassioned; for all these sins proceed from "a climate too cold." Fancy a Laplander saying *ἑλιου* (e-el-i-oi-o!) Why, he would get his death of cold before he reached the third syllable! In this word we have seven letters, of which six are vowels, and only one a consonant; in our word *strength* there are eight letters, of which seven (to speak according to common acceptation) are consonants, and only one a vowel. What a contrast! Yet both are fine; for what other word in the English language is so strong as *strength*, which seems as if you must say it with a clenched fist? And, on the other hand, what can be more musical than *ἑλιου*, which Homer, by a happy licence draws out to this tuneful length from *ἑλίε* (*eliou*), throwing in vowel after vowel, on one pretence or another, as the modern Italians in their poetry scruple not to do, led by the same fine ear and taste?

Another fact which the above table exhibits, will perhaps also take some people by surprise. This is the proportion of the *sibilant*, or hissing letters. It might be expected that the English, from its known peculiarity, would show a much greater force in this division; whereas of those three sorts which exceed in quantity the corresponding sorts in the other languages, this is precisely the *lowest* in its excess. The "language of serpents," therefore, if it merit this its bad distinction, which no doubt it does, suffers not from an over-proportion of the sibilant letters, as is universally imagined, but from the fact that the quality of those letters is so remarkable, that any, the slightest, addition to their number is felt at once as an annoyance, whether accompanied by others of a different kind or not. Our language, as we have seen, is altogether more densely populated with consonants; therefore the sibilant family, though in its proportion less, is in its actual number more numerous than in the Latin or the Greek; and therefore it is, that by its peculiar faculty of overpowering the other letters of the alphabet, and making itself heard wherever it comes, this serpent-voiced enemy of ours has got us our nickname. As for *proportion*, however, Greek just as much deserves to be called the "language of serpents" as English, measured in this way;—yes, even our adored Greek! How exceedingly—how troublesomely—abounding the letter S is in the Greek; that line in Euripides is a ludicrous instance—

"Ἔσασθ' ὡς ἴσασιν ἑλλήνων ὄσοι,"
(*Eosai s'hos issasin hellenon osoi.*)

a line which was so much ridiculed by the comic poets, and which in the Athenian theatre was *hissed* for its *hissing*. This line is not to be considered as an example of intentional alliteration on the part of the poet, but as an unhappy accident, the consequence of the abundance of the letter S. Indeed, Caninius, who speaks especially with reference to the Greek language, says, "E consonantibus nulla est crebrior" (none of the consonants is more frequent), and he instances this verse of Euripides.

* Hellenism. Alphab.

Judging from the results of my own observation, however, I cannot agree with Caninius to this extent. But the frequency of the letter is unquestionable; and if, as we are told, Pindar wrote an ode in which he contrived not to have a single S, it must have been a triumph of ingenuity; perhaps he fixed on that letter indeed, because he knew that the omission of it would be the most difficult and surprising to accomplish.

The Latin is not a whit less beset with this hissing grievance, and thus we find the old Roman poets, in the golden age of the Latin language (that is to say, not the age of Augustus), and when poetry—as yet no science—took to itself every liberty of speech that seemed fitting to the purpose of the moment—we find them, I say, at this period, often throwing S overboard, when they thought some line carried too much weight; * and Quintilian tells us (*Instit. Lib. ix. c. 4*) that this licence was the subject of some dispute among the critical—"reprehendit Lauraninus, Messala defendit;" but why it should have been grudged, one cannot perceive, since the letter M—a most inoffensive letter in comparison—continued to be at all times liable to a virtual banishment, and from what Quintilian says, who abuses it most unmercifully, calling it *magis litera* (the *lowing* letter), (*Lib. xii. c. 10*), &c., we may conclude that its supposed variance with harmonious composition had much to do with this banishment. It is certain that this letter was not subject to elision in the earlier periods of Roman literature,† and if that elision came afterwards in the shape of a refinement—an improvement in euphony—it is a proof that its former fulness of expression in the face of a vowel was deemed unpleasant, though no doubt a certain natural shortness and obscurity of sound which it had in that position, may have had a principal share in occasioning its expulsion from quantity.‡

[In my last chapter I remarked on the usual distribution of the consonants into *dentals*, and was rather wroth with our orthoepists for adopting a dis-

* Many of the fragments of the elder Roman poets contain examples of this practice. See Cic. *Orat. Quintil. ubi supra*. J. G. Voësi *Proædia Latina*. But various examples occur also in Lucretius, from whom Voësius gives the following:—

"Usque adeo largos haustus de fontibus magni;"

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LUXURIES OF ARABIAN TALES REALIZED.

In the year 936, Abdulrahman finished the palace of Azahrâ, which he had built on a beautiful spot, where he was accustomed to pass the spring and autumn, on the banks of the Gandalguiver, five miles below Cordova. It was surrounded by pleasant meadows, enclosed by a thick wood, close to which the palace was erected. His friendly intercourse with the Greek emperors enabled him to command the marbles and the workmen of the East, and the architects of Cordova had long been famous for their taste and ingenuity. There were in the new building four thousand three hundred columns of precious marble, beautifully wrought; the pavements were of the same material, and the walls within were encrusted with it. The wood-work was of carved

cedar. In the large rooms there were large fountains, where the waters played in basins and shells of porphyry or marble; and in the hall, called the caliph's, there was a jasper fountain, in the midst of which a golden swan of exquisite workmanship spouted water from its mouth; and from the marble dome of the canopy above it was suspended the extraordinary pearl which the Greek emperor had presented to the caliph. Contiguous to the palace were the gardens, where the fruit trees were divided by thickets of laurels, myrtles, and bays, with winding pools that reflected in their clear waters the beauties of the place. In the midst of the gardens, on a knoll, whence they might all be seen, was the caliph's pavilion, where, in a porphyry basin, a fountain of quicksilver played, and reflected the sunbeams in a surprising manner. In various parts of the garden there were baths of marble of great beauty, and all the curtains and screens were of tissue of gold and silk, wrought in natural figures of animals, fruits, and flowers. "In short, within and without the palace there were compressed all the riches and worldly delights which could flatter a powerful monarch." The place was named Azahrâ, after a beautiful slave whom the caliph loved, and for whose sake he broke the express command of the Koran, which forbids the making of any statue, lest it should lead the people to idolatry. He caused her statue in white marble to be placed over the gateway leading into the garden.—*Mrs Calcott's 'History of Spain'*.

VIRTUE HAS A CORNER IN EVERY HEART.

Do you recollect a story my nurse told us of a Sicilian bandit, the terror of the country? how he saved a young child from a cottage on fire, brought it up delicately, and far removed from his own pursuits; while, at his execution, his chief regret was the future provision for that boy?—*Francesca Carrara*.

STRIKING REMARK.

The existence and operations of mind, supposing it to exist, will account for all the phenomena which matter is supposed to exhibit. But the existence and action of matter, vary it how we may, will never account for one of the phenomena of the mind. We do not believe more firmly in the existence of the sensible objects around us when we are well and awake, than we do in the reality of those phantoms, which the imagination conjures up in the hours of sleep or the season of derangement. But no effort, produced by material agency, ever produced a spiritual existence, or engendered the belief of such an existence; indeed, the thing is almost a contradiction in terms.—*Lord Brougham on Natural Theology*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We omitted to mention, in our last Number, that the Editor's first article, entitled 'Wit made Easy,' had appeared some years ago in the 'New Monthly Magazine.' The mention is of no consequence in one respect; but as it is understood that every article at the head of this Journal is original (such as it is), and hitherto unpublished, unless accompanied with an avowal to the contrary, the Editor does not like to break through a plan of sincerity, which serves to aid what little value his writings may possess. Besides, the acknowledgment is due to the liberality of the proprietor of the Magazine (Mr Colburn), who permits these republications under circumstances which give him a right to do otherwise.

Mr BARNARD's letter next week. And the one on 'Statues.'

We are obliged to CONSTANS. The error he notices shall be seen into and corrected. With regard to the writer he alludes to, we suppose he is jesting. The spirit of the remarks is surely very intelligible.

'On Reading Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy,' shall appear the first opportunity.

Our Lancashire friend SCRIBE attributes to us a great deal of merit which is not our own, in those articles he speaks of in various publications. The paper on 'Cavanagh' was by Mr Hazlitt; and the articles in the 'London Magazine' (we conclude) by the present editor of the *Examiner*. We heartily wish we had the metaphysical discernment of the one writer, or the overflowing wit of the other.—With respect to the good-natured pains which S. proposes to take for us, we are truly obliged to him; but we already abound in the same kind offers.

Circumstances render it inconvenient to say "Yes" to one part of Mr J. N.'s request; but the Editor hopes he may nevertheless be able to do what he wishes on the other, should he write to him on the subject.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

WELSH POETRY.

Translations into English Verse, from the Poems of Davyth Ap Gwilym. 12mo. London, 1834. pp. 171. 8s.

THESE specimens of the productions of a Welsh bard, who was a contemporary of Chaucer's, would be a curiosity, if they were nothing more. But even under the disguise of translation, Davyth Ap Gwilym is not to be mistaken for anything else than a true poet. After the lapse of nearly five hundred years, there is still in what he has written the freshness of immortal song.

Davyth Ap Gwilym's is not a heroic lay, like that of Taliesin and the other elder bards of his country. The conquest of Wales by Edward I. extinguished for ever the light of that first inspiration. But after some time the poetical genius of the land again broke forth, though in a different fashion. The age of this revival was that in which Davyth Ap Gwilym appeared,—about the middle of the fourteenth century. "The Welsh minstrel," says the present translator, "was now content to tune his harp to themes of love and social festivity, and sportive allusions to objects of nature, and to the picturesque manners of that interesting period, were made to supply the place of lays in celebration of martial achievements. Whatever may have been lost in fire and sublimity by this transition, was perhaps more than compensated by the superior polish, vivacity, and imaginativeness, which distinguish the bards of the new school."

It is wonderful what a resemblance there is in many points between the general character of this Welsh poetry and that of Chaucer. The spirit of the same age evidently animates both—the spirit of an age in which, while on the one hand the memory and the vestiges of a by-past state of society and manners were still rife, on the other the influx of a hitherto unknown wealth, luxury, and splendour, had come like a moral day-break upon men's minds, stirring them with new feelings, speculations, and hopes. Historically, there is a considerable general resemblance between the times of Edward III. and those of Elizabeth, or rather of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, which came two centuries later. In each the nation made a decided step in advance, and must have felt conscious of a progress. Hence, in both ages, a buoyancy and hilarity in the popular mind, favourable both to the enjoyment and the production of poetry, and of every other sunny influence. But we were not prepared to find that the intellectual renovation had spread itself to the extent it would appear from these poems to have done, over the outlying portions of the kingdom. The intellect of Wales, indeed, was fitted by peculiar advantages for being easily quickened by the touch of the new light. The poetry that now sprung out afresh there was only the re-opening of a fountain that had flowed abundantly some centuries before; and in this respect the Welsh bards were differently situated from their English contemporaries, who had no similar old native spring at which to drink inspiration. There was a good deal of poetry written in England, indeed, before the time of Chaucer, both in the Saxon language, and in the mongrel English that immediately succeeded it; but no connection, or hardly any, can be traced between that poetry and Chaucer's. Its authors lived and wrote in the same country with him; but that is all. He did not even write the same language with them; and in all other respects—in the style and spirit of his poetry—he is of altogether another blood and lineage. What lessons Chaucer took in the art of poetry, he received from his immediate predecessors and contemporaries in France and Italy; and perhaps he was also somewhat indebted to an acquaintance with a few of the ancient Latin writers. He certainly, at any rate, had more foreign learning than his Welsh contemporary. It is supposed from one passage in his writings, that Davyth Ap Gwilym was acquainted with Ovid; but

there can be no doubt that the only literature with which he was generally familiar, was that of his native country. This circumstance establishes one important difference between the poetry of Chaucer and the much less enriched and varied minstrelsy of the Welsh bard; but (making allowance for great inferiority of genius, as well as of reading, knowledge, and industry on the part of the latter) most of the distinguishing poetical qualities of the one writer may be found in a degree in the other. The poetry of Davyth Ap Gwilym, as well as that of Chaucer, is remarkable for its truth, vigour, and animation; its simplicity and straightforwardness; the natural and healthy flow of feeling that runs through it; its festive good-humour and merriment; its keen satiric power; the picturesque fancy by which it is irradiated in its ordinary course; and the grander imaginative painting, and tone of deeper passion which it occasionally displays.

A summary of the life of the bard is prefixed to the present translation; but upon that we shall not spend our time. The following extract will convey a sufficient conception of what we suspect must be accounted Davyth's genuine character, although the writer attempts to make out that he was in reality a man of a very different stamp,—a personage, indeed, of high moral pretension. The general strain of the poetry, to our mind, far best accords with the traditional account.

"When Davyth Ap Gwilym grew up to manhood, his handsome person and accomplishments rendered him a great favourite with the fair, in every part of the country. According to traditional accounts, recorded in the age of Elizabeth, he was tall and of a slender make, with yellow hair flowing about his shoulders in beautiful ringlets; and he says himself that the girls, instead of attending to their devotion, used to whisper at church, that he had his sister's hair on his head. His dress was agreeable to the manner of the age, long trousers, close jacket, tied round with a sash, suspending a sword of no inconsiderable length, and over the whole a loose flowing gown trimmed with fur, with a round cap or bonnet on his head; these he took pains to make showy, for he was inclined to vie in that respect with the beaux of his time. Thus accomplished, he thought himself happier than the old Welsh princes, though they enjoyed the possession of a mansion in every district in Wales, as he fancied he might secure the affection of every beautiful maid. Everyone, says our bard, has his favourite toy; and on a whimsical occasion he tells us he was 'the toy of the fair,' and his temper, full of ardour and levity as it was, naturally disposed him to make an extravagant use of the high esteem in which he stood with his countrywomen. Tradition has preserved a ludicrous instance of his frolics in this respect, which, whether authentic or not, is perfectly consistent with the powerful but reckless vein of humour that pervades his poems. The following is a brief detail of this incident.

"Davyth Ap Gwilym—so runs the tale—paid his addresses to no fewer than twenty-four damsels at the same time. Having an inclination, on a particular occasion, to divert himself at their expense, he made an appointment with each, unknown to the rest, to meet him under a certain tree, at a specified hour, fixing the same time for all. Our poet himself took care to be on the spot before the period of meeting, and, having ascended the tree, he had the satisfaction of finding that not one of his faithful innamorates failed in her engagement. When they were all assembled, feelings of inquisitive wonder took the place of the gentler emotions, to which, it is probable, they had before yielded; and when at length the stratagem, of which they had been the dupes, became known, the only sentiment that inspired the group was that of indignant vengeance against the unfortunate bard, which they failed not to vent in reproaches loud and long. The author of the plot, who, from his ambuscade above, had perceived the gathering storm, had recourse to his muse for an expedient to allay it, or, at least, to divert its fury from the object to which it was at first directed. Emerging partially from the foliage in which he had been enveloped, he replied to the menaces of the disappointed fair ones—which even extended to his life—in an extemporary stanza, of which the following translation will convey some idea:—

'Oh, let the fair and gentle one I
Who oft by the summer sun,
To meet me in these shades was won—
Let her strike first, and she will find
The poet to his fate resigned!'

The effect was such as our poet had, perhaps, anticipated. Taunts and recriminations were bandied about by the exasperated assembly, who forgot their common resentment against the bard in this new cause for commotion. The tradition adds, that the contriver of the stratagem had the good fortune to escape unmolested in the confusion of the conflict, being thus indebted to his muse for his protection from a catastrophe of no very agreeable nature."

The first of the poems we shall transcribe is entitled a "Dialogue between the Bard and his shadow at sunset." It is full of force and archness, and contains, as the editor remarks, many sarcastic allusions to the religious orders—favourite objects of ridicule with the present writer, as they were with Chaucer. The curious way in which the lady mentioned at the beginning is distinguished, seems to indicate an extensive, as well as methodical admiration of the sex. The cool manner in which "the second Ellen" is spoken of, sounds as if we were to hear next of Ellen No. 5, or No. 6.

"As I lingered yesterday
Underneath the forest spray,
Waiting for the second Ellen,
Maid in loveliness excelling,
By the birch's verdant cowl
Shelter'd from the passing rain,
Lo! a phantom grim and fowl
(Bowing o'er and o'er again
Like a vastly courteous man)
Right across my pathway ran—
I with ague tremour faint,
With the name of ev'ry saint,
Crossed myself, and thus began
To accost the polished man:

BARD.

If thou art of mortal mould,
Tell me who thou art?

SHADOW.

Behold
In this spectre form thy shade—
Why then, gentle bard, afraid?

BARD.

By the Virgin, tell me true,
On what errand?

SHADOW.

To pursue!
Thus all nakedly to glide,
Lovely poet! by thy side,
Is my task—my heart's desire—
I have felt that never tire;
And am bound by secret spell,
All thy wanderings to tell;
To spy each wile and art,
Fairest jewel of my heart!

BARD.

Vagrant, without home and shelter,
Man of limbs all helter skelter!
Crooked, lank-shanked, luckless shade—
Shape of rainbow, hue of mire,
Art thou then a bailiff paid,
By the wolf-tongued Eithig's hire,
Into all my paths to pry?
Skulking mercenary spy!

SHADOW.

That, Sir Minstrel, I deny!

BARD.

Whence then art thou, giant's child?
Shape of darkness, huge and wild;
Bald of brow as aged bear,
Bloated uncouth form of air;
More like images that scud
Through our dreams, than flesh and blood;
Shaped like stork on frozen pool,
Thin as palmer, (wand'ring fool!)
Long-shanked as a crane that feeds
Greedily among the reeds;
Like a black and shaven monk
Is thy dark and spectral trunk,
Or a corpse in winding-sheet.—

SHADOW.

I have followed sure and fleet
On thy steps—were I to tell
But one half—thou knowest well—

BARD.

Thou may'st tell, and thou may'st scan,
Pitcher-necked censorious man!
Nought of me thou can'st disclose
More than ev'ry neighbour knows;
I have never falsely sworn
In the Cwmwd court, or torn
Lambs to death—have never thrown
At the hens with pebble-stone;

Never have the spectre play'd,
To make little babes afraid;
Never yet have terrified
Stranger maid, or stranger's bride!

SHADOW.

Gentle bard, were I to tell
Half thy tricks—thou knowest well,
Soon the dainty bard might be
Swinging from the gallows' tree!"

As a specimen of what the volume contains of poetry of a higher order, we add the piece which the translator has entitled "The Thrush and the Nightingale officiating as Priests." We may mention, by the bye, that at the poet's own marriage with the lady here alluded to, he was actually obliged to resort to the aid of one of these ministers. "The bard and Morvyth," says the life, "were united in a manner not uncommon in those days; they repaired to the grove with their friend Madog Benfras, an eminent bard, who exercised the sacred functions on this occasion, in the presence only of the winged choristers of the woods; one of which, the thrush,—the bridegroom says, 'was the clerk.'" "This poem," the translator observes, "contains many beautiful and fanciful allusions to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. I have translated it into prose, and almost literally, as the best means of conveying the spirit of the original."

"In a place of ecstasy I was to-day,
Under the mantles of the splendid green hazels,
Where I listened, at the dawn of day,
To the song of the thrush, an adept in music,
From a distant country, without delay or weariness.
On a long journey my mottled love-messenger had come,
He had travelled here from the narrow county of Chester
At the request of my golden sister (i. e. Morvyth);
A noble bell (to those who love bells) was rung;
Its sound reached to the roof of the dingle.
His robe, from his slender waist, was
Of a thousand delicately branching flowers;
His cassock you might imagine to be
Of the wings of the ardent flapping wind.
The altar there was covered
With nothing but gold:
Morvyth had sent him,
(Metrical singer, foster-son of May!)
I heard him in brilliant language
Prophecy without ceasing,
And read to the parish
The gospel without stammering!
He raised for us on the hills there
The sacred wafer made of a fair leaf:
And the beautiful nightingale, slender and tall,
From the corner of the glen near him,
Priest of the dingle! sang to a thousand;
And the bells of the mass continually did ring,
And raised the host
To the sky, above the thicket,
And sang stanzas to our Lord and Creator,
With sylvan ecstasy and love!
I am enraptured with the song
Which was matured in the birchin grove of the woods."

We regret that we cannot extend our quotations. Of the translation we have only space to remark that it is manifestly executed with very considerable talent.

GOCHRAHE'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Gochrahe's Foreign Quarterly Review. No. II.
London. Whittaker and Co.

This is a very good number of a periodical, for which, as well as for its editor, whom we only know in his literary capacity, we entertain no common degree of respect. The articles are judiciously varied, and some of them exceedingly interesting and well written. The first of them, on the National System of Education in France, contains some striking facts, and is well calculated to draw attention to what must soon become the greatest of our own national questions. The second is the review of a new History of England, written by a learned German, Von J. M. Lappenberg; the third treats of a strange dramatic poem, called *Ahasuerus*, written by a Frenchman (M. Quinet), after the manner of Goethe's *Faust*; the fourth analyses the History of the Reformation, the League, and the Reign of Henry IV of France, by M. Capéfigue, and the History of the French, by Siemond; the fifth is amusingly learned and acute

on the subject of Proverbs and Popular Sayings, playing vengeance with Mr Ballenden Ker's theory on popular phrases and nursery rhymes, and yet doing its spiriting gently; the sixth is an instructive analysis of an unpublished book on Madrid, and the state of Spain in 1834; the seventh takes up the curious topic of the Courts of Love in the Middle Ages; and the eighth and last is devoted to the recent books of travels in the East, by Messrs Michaud, Poujoulat, and De Lamartine, and Dr Hogg.—We trust this bill of fare will tempt our readers.

We are not quite sure that our own estimation of De Lamartine as a traveller differs very materially from his, but we think the reviewer has been rather too severe. Of Dr Hogg's book about the East, he speaks so very favourably, that we shall take an early opportunity of examining it; and this we shall do the more earnestly, as we have heard the same opinion expressed of it by persons whose lives have been nearly spent in the Levant.

ORNITHOLOGICAL PICTURES AND DIALOGUES.

The Boy and the Birds: By Emily Taylor, with Designs by Thomas Landseer. London. Darton and Harvey. 1835. Square 12mo, Pp. 194.

IN so far as the drawing of the birds is concerned, there is considerable spirit in most of the designs by which this little book is embellished. We cannot say as much, however, for the accessories of the principal figures. In the very first cut, for instance, that of the skylark, the bird soaring high in the air being drawn fully half as large as the boy looking up to it from the ground, we must suppose ourselves viewing the whole from the immediate neighbourhood of the former. Odd as such a point of view may be thought, something may perhaps be said in vindication of it in the present case, from the desirableness of exhibiting the bird in as ample dimensions as possible. But then the boy, so seen, ought not to be made to appear, as he is here, about twice or three times as tall as the trees and church towers which compose the rest of the scene that is looked down upon. Or, on the other hand, if the whole is to be conceived as seen from the neighbourhood of the boy, and not of the bird, the latter is at least a dozen or twenty times as large as it ought to be. In short, taking the boy, the bird, and the distant terrestrial scenery, as so many distinct portions of the representation, we submit that there is no point from which they can all three be seen as they are here drawn. A still more remarkable example of the same kind of absurdity is furnished by the last cut in the book,—that of the Gyr Falcon. Had the bird stood alone, this would have deserved the praise of being perhaps the most spirited design in the book. But here again the accompanying human figure spoils all. The latter, this time, is a boy dressed in a bonnet and philabeg, intimating that the scene is in the Highlands of Scotland; and from the story, which makes the two hold converse together, while standing on the ground,—the look and attitude of each—and above all, from the distinctness with which the features of the boy's face are given—the one must be understood to be very nearly as close to the spectator as the other. Now, the Gyr Falcon is, no doubt, rather a large bird, but we never heard of a specimen the mere body of which was twice the size of either a man or a boy, or whose entire figure, when the wings were expanded, would have screened from view above half a dozen of even the most minute of our species that ever stood upright either in kilt or in trowsers. Yet the creature we have here is of no less portentous dimensions. Making all allowance for a slight elevation upon which it is placed, the length of its body, if its head were raised, would be about twice that of the boy, upon whom it is represented as looking down as if it were about to pounce upon him and swallow him up. The size of the latter altogether is not much more than twice that of one of the bird's legs, which looks, indeed, as if it could sweep the puny piece of humanity away with a touch from the tip of its wing

—of that immense wing, which sweeps over his head at nearly three times his own height from the ground.

As for the book itself, the plan of it is to make the birds one after another describe themselves in so many dialogues held with the boy. In vindication of this method, the authoress quotes Cowper's well-known lines, in which he contends that birds have always been able "to hold discourse at least in fable," whether they actually confabulate or no. But in dialogues in which birds take part, as well as in other dialogues, we are entitled to expect that some exhibition of character shall be attempted. This makes the distinction between a dialogue and a mere catechism. Miss Taylor's dialogues have certainly as little of the dramatic spirit as any we ever perused. But to do her justice, she shows no partiality in this respect; her boy is as unnatural as her birds. He makes his speeches as it were out of a book, just as they do. Indeed this is sometimes true in a more literal sense. Thus, Mr Mudie, in his 'Feathered Tribes of Britain,' having said of the lark, "It twines upwards like a vapour—its course is a spiral gradually enlarging—and seen on the side it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke," &c.,—Miss Taylor's boy commences his got-up recitation as follows:—"You merry, merry creature—you elegant creature! twining up to the sky, more like a curling wreath of smoke, or the mist from a mountain stream, than anything else," &c. One variation, indeed, is here introduced—the smile about the mist from the mountain stream—but, although the sound of the passage may be thereby improved, its sense certainly is not, for the ascent of the lark has about as much resemblance to mist rising from a stream as it has to the price of corn rising at Mark Lane. The boy addresses the lark, and the two hold a colloquy together; but most of the other birds discharge their histories upon him of their own accord, without ever being asked a question, or eliciting a remark from him any more than if he were dumb, or had fallen asleep under their prattle. Thus, the lark having withdrawn, the puffin comes forward, and immediately breaks out: "Well, I know I am an odd-looking-bird; you need not say anything about it. The puffin family has a character of its own. We are all respectable people—very:—there is something of the steady old housekeeper-look about us," and so forth, in a manner in which surely neither man nor beast ever went on, in the circumstances. This is the writer's familiar style; she has also, however, one of a grander and more poetical kind. The Golden Eagle is made to make itself ridiculous in the following fashion:—

"Must I come too? Must even the proud golden eagle stoop down from his eyrie on the ledge of the steep sea-cliff, and submit to be questioned by a child? You have been looking towards me, I know, good part of the day. I have seen your curious eye vainly trying to spy out my ways and my doings; but the sea blinded you, and the distance was too much for you; and though I have had you before me the whole time, you have scarcely been able to say you have seen me yet. Yes, I will come down; for what harm can you do me, poor little child; and why should not you learn what you desire? But the rushing of my wings, if I were to descend with all my force near you, would be a startling thing, and you shall first see me sail in my majesty over the valley.

"There! Am not I indeed a noble creature? How I ride in the high air, gliding in my might! I am not thinking of my prey now; I am only sailing idly along for your amusement and my own, enjoying the calm sky, and this bright sun, and caring nothing for what is doing upon earth. Must you see me in my terrible hour," &c. &c.

The book, however, is, we have no doubt, very well intended, and will be found amusing by young people, who will not read it through without gaining a considerable acquaintance with the ways of some of the most interesting of the winged tribes. The birds described are the Sky-lark, the Puffin-Auk, or Coulterneb, the Chimney Swallow, the Great Tit, the Little Blue Tit, the Long-tailed Tit, the Golden Eagle, the Fish-Hawk, or Osprey, the Rook, the Willow Wren, the Golden-crested Wren, the Woodpecker, the Robin Red Breast, the Cuckoo, the Little Brown Wren, the Fern Owl, the Eider Duck, and the Gyr-Falcon.

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It is wonderful what a resemblance there is in many points between the general character of this Welsh poetry and that of Chaucer. The spirit of the same age evidently animates both—the spirit of an age in which, while on the one hand the memory and the vestiges of a by-past state of society and manners were still rife, on the other the influx of a hitherto unknown wealth, luxury, and splendour, had come like a moral day-break upon men's minds, stirring them with new feelings, speculations, and hopes. Historically, there is a considerable general resemblance between the times of Edward III. and those of Elizabeth, or rather of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, which came two centuries later. In each the nation made a decided step in advance, and must have felt conscious of a progress. Hence, in both ages, a buoyancy and hilarity in the popular mind, favourable both to the enjoyment and the production of poetry, and of every other sunny influence. But we were not prepared to find that the intellectual renovation had spread itself to the extent it would appear from these poems to have done, over the outlying portions of the kingdom. The intellect of Wales, indeed, was fitted by peculiar advantages for being easily quickened by the touch of the new light. The poetry that now sprung out afresh there was only the re-opening of a fountain that had flowed abundantly some centuries before; and in this respect the Welsh bards were differently situated from their English contemporaries, who had no similar old native spring at which to drink inspiration. There was a good deal of poetry written in England, indeed, before the time of Chaucer, both in the Saxon language, and in the mongrel English that immediately succeeded it; but no connection, or hardly any, can be traced between that poetry and Chaucer's. Its authors lived and wrote in the same country with him; but that is all. He did not even write the same language with them; and in all other respects—in the style and spirit of his poetry—he is of altogether another blood and lineage. What lessons Chaucer took in the art of poetry, he received from his immediate predecessors and contemporaries in France and Italy; and perhaps he was also somewhat indebted to an acquaintance with a few of the ancient Latin writers. He certainly, at any rate, had more foreign learning than his Welsh contemporary. It is supposed from one passage in his writings, that Davyth Ap Gwilym was acquainted with Ovid; but

there can be no doubt that the only literature with which he was generally familiar, was that of his native country. This circumstance establishes one important difference between the poetry of Chaucer and the much less enriched and varied minstrelsy of the Welsh bard; but (making allowance for great inferiority of genius, as well as of reading, knowledge, and industry on the part of the latter) most of the distinguishing poetical qualities of the one writer may be found, in a degree in the other. The poetry of Davyth Ap Gwilym, as well as that of Chaucer, is remarkable for its truth, vigour, and animation; its simplicity and straightforwardness; the natural and healthy flow of feeling that runs through it; its festive good-humour and merriment; its keen satiric power; the picturesque fancy by which it is irradiated in its ordinary course; and the grander imaginative painting, and tone of deeper passion which it occasionally displays.

A summary of the life of the bard is prefixed to the present translation; but upon that we shall not spend our time. The following extract will convey a sufficient conception of what we suspect must be accounted Davyth's genuine character, although the writer attempts to make out that he was in reality a man of a very different stamp,—a personage, indeed, of high moral pretension. The general strain of the poetry, to our mind, far best accords with the traditional account.

"When Davyth Ap Gwilym grew up to manhood, his handsome person and accomplishments rendered him a great favourite with the fair, in every part of the country. According to traditionary accounts, recorded in the age of Elizabeth, he was tall and of a slender make, with yellow hair flowing about his shoulders in beautiful ringlets; and he says himself that the girls, instead of attending to their devotion, used to whisper at church, that he had his sister's hair on his head. His dress was agreeable to the manner of the age, long trowsers, close jacket, tied round with a sash, suspending a sword of no inconsiderable length, and over the whole a loose flowing gown trimmed with fur, with a round cap or bonnet on his head; these he took pains to make showy, for he was inclined to vie in that respect with the beaux of his time. Thus accomplished, he thought himself happier than the old Welsh princes, though they enjoyed the possession of a mansion in every district in Wales, as he fancied he might secure the affection of every beautiful maid. Everyone says our bard, has his favourite toy; and on a whimsical occasion he tells us he was 'the toy of the fair,' and his temper, full of ardour and levity as it was, naturally disposed him to make an extravagant use of the high esteem in which he stood with his countrywomen. Tradition has preserved a ludicrous instance of his frolics in this respect, which, whether authentic or not, is perfectly consistent with the powerful but reckless vein of humour that pervades his poems. The following is a brief detail of this incident.

"Davyth Ap Gwilym—so runs the tale—paid his addresses to no fewer than twenty-four damsels at the same time. Having an inclination, on a particular occasion, to divert himself at their expense, he made an appointment with each, unknown to the rest, to meet him under a certain tree, at a specified hour, fixing the same time for all. Our poet himself took care to be on the spot before the period of meeting, and, having ascended the tree, he had the satisfaction of finding that not one of his faithful innamorates failed in her engagement. When they were all assembled, feelings of inquisitive wonder took the place of the gentler emotions, to which, it is probable, they had before yielded; and when at length the stratagem, of which they had been the dupes, became known, the only sentiment that inspired the group was that of indignant vengeance against the unfortunate bard, which they failed not to vent in reproaches loud and long. The author of the plot, who, from his ambuscade above, had perceived the gathering storm, had recourse to his muse for an expedient to allay it, or, at least, to divert its fury from the object to which it was at first directed. Emerging partially from the foliage in which he had been enveloped, he replied to the menaces of the disappointed fair ones—which even extended to his life—in an extemporary stanza, of which the following translation will convey some idea:—

'Oh, let the fair and gentle one!
Who oft by the summer sun,
To meet me in these shades was won—
Let her strike first, and she will find
The poet to his fate resigned!'

The effect was such as our poet had, perhaps, anticipated. Taunts and recriminations were bandied about by the exasperated assembly, who forgot their common resentment against the bard in this new cause for commotion. The tradition adds, that the contriver of the stratagem had the good fortune to escape unmolested in the confusion of the conflict, being thus indebted to his muse for his protection from a catastrophe of no very agreeable nature."

The first of the poems we shall transcribe is entitled a "Dialogue between the Bard and his shadow at sunset." It is full of force and archness, and contains, as the editor remarks, many sarcastic allusions to the religious orders—favourite objects of ridicule with the present writer, as they were with Chaucer. The curious way in which the lady mentioned at the beginning is distinguished, seems to indicate an extensive, as well as methodical admiration of the sex. The cool manner in which "the second Ellen" is spoken of, sounds as if we were to hear next of Ellen No. 5, or No. 6.

"As I lingered yesterday
Underneath the forest spray,
Waiting for the second Ellen,
Maid in loveliness excelling,
By the birch's verdant cowl
Shelter'd from the passing rain,
Lo! a phantom grim and fowl
(Bowing o'er and o'er again
Like a vastly courteous man)
Right across my pathway ran—
I with ague tremour faint,
With the name of ev'ry saint,
Crossed myself, and thus began
To accost the polished man:

BARD.

If thou art of mortal mould,
Tell me who thou art?

SHADOW.

Behold
In this spectre form thy shade—
Why then, gentle bard, afraid?

BARD.

By the Virgin, tell me true,
On what errand?

SHADOW.

To pursue!
Thus all nakedly to glide,
Lovely poet! by thy side,
Is my task—my heart's desire—
I have feet that never tire;
And am bound by secret spell,
All thy wanderings to tell;
To espy each wile and art,
Fairest jewel of my heart!

BARD.

Vagrant, without home and shelter,
Man of limbs all helter skelter!
Crooked, lank-shanked, luckless shade—
Shape of rainbow, hue of mire,
Art thou then a bailiff paid,
By the wolf-tongued Eithig's hire,
Into all my paths to pry?
Skulking mercenary spy!

SHADOW.

That, Sir Minstrel, I deny!

BARD.

Whence then art thou, giant's child?
Shape of darkness, huge and wild;
Bald of brow as aged bear,
Bleated uncouth form of air;
More like images that scud
Through our dreams, than flesh and blood;
Shaped like stork on frozen pool,
Thin as palmer, (wand'ring fool!)
Long-shanked as a crane that feeds
Greedy among the reeds;
Like a black and shaven monk
Is thy dark and spectral trunk,
Or a corpse in winding-sheet.—

SHADOW.

I have followed sure and fleet
On thy steps—were I to tell
But one half—thou knowest well—

BARD.

Thou may'st tell, and thou may'st scan,
Pitcher-necked censorious man!
Nought of me thou can'st disclose
More than ev'ry neighbour knows;
I have never falsely sworn
In the Cwmwd court, or torn
Lambs to death—have never thrown
At the hens with pebble-stone;

Never have the spectre play'd,
To make little babes afraid;
Never yet have terrified
Stranger maid, or stranger's bride!

SHADOW.

Gentle bard, were I to tell
Half thy tricks—thou knowest well,
Soon the dainty bard might be
Swinging from the gallows' tree!"

As a specimen of what the volume contains of poetry of a higher order, we add the piece which the translator has entitled "The Thrush and the Nightingale officiating as Priests." We may mention, by the bye, that at the poet's own marriage with the lady here alluded to, he was actually obliged to resort to the aid of one of these ministers. "The bard and Morvyth," says the life, "were united in a manner not uncommon in those days; they repaired to the grove with their friend Madog Benfras, an eminent bard, who exercised the sacred functions on this occasion, in the presence only of the winged choristers of the woods; one of which, the thrush,—the bridegroom says, 'was the clerk.'" "This poem," the translator observes, "contains many beautiful and fanciful allusions to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. I have translated it into prose, and almost literally, as the best means of conveying the spirit of the original."

"In a place of ecstasy I was to-day,
Under the mantles of the splendid green hazels,
Where I listened, at the dawn of day,
To the song of the thrush, an adept in music,
From a distant country, without delay or weariness.
On a long journey my mottled love-messenger had come,
He had travelled here from the narrow county of Chester
At the request of my golden sister (i. e. Morvyth);
A noble bell (to those who love bells) was rung:
Its sound reached to the roof of the dingle.
His robe, from his slender waist, was
Of a thousand delicately branching flowers;
His casock you might imagine to be
Of the wings of the ardent flapping wind.
The altar there was covered
With nothing but gold:
Morvyth had sent him,
(Metrical singer, foster-son of May!)
I heard him in brilliant language
Prophecy without ceasing,
And read to the parish
The gospel without stammering!
He raised for us on the hills there
The sacred wafer made of a fair leaf:
And the beautiful nightingale, slender and tall,
From the corner of the glen near him,
Priest of the dingle! sang to a thousand;
And the bells of the mass continually did ring,
And raised the host
To the sky, above the thicket,
And sang stanzas to our Lord and Creator,
With sylvan ecstasy and love!
I am enraptured with the song
Which was matured in the birchin grove of the woods."

We regret that we cannot extend our quotations. Of the translation we have only space to remark that it is manifestly executed with very considerable talent.

COCHRANE'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Cochrane's Foreign Quarterly Review. No. II.
London. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is a very good number of a periodical, for which, as well as for its editor, whom we only know in his literary capacity, we entertain no common degree of respect. The articles are judiciously varied, and some of them exceedingly interesting and well written. The first of them, on the National System of Education in France, contains some striking facts, and is well calculated to draw attention to what must soon become the greatest of our own national questions. The second is the review of a new History of England, written by a learned German, Von J. M. Lappenberg; the third treats of a strange dramatic poem, called *Ahasuerus*, written by a Frenchman (M. Quinet), after the manner of Goethe's *Faust*; the fourth analyses the History of the Reformation, the League, and the Reign of Henry IV of France, by M. Capefigue, and the History of the French, by Sismondi; the fifth is amusingly learned and acute

on the subject of Proverbs and Popular Sayings, playing vengeance with Mr Bellenden Ker's theory on popular phrases and nursery rhymes, and yet doing its spiriting gently; the sixth is an instructive analysis of an unpublished book on Madrid, and the state of Spain in 1884; the seventh takes up the curious topic of the Courts of Love in the Middle Ages; and the eighth and last is devoted to the recent books of travels in the East, by Messrs Michaud, Poujoulat, and De Lamartine, and Dr Hogg.—We trust this bill of fare will tempt our readers.

We are not quite sure that our own estimation of De Lamartine as a traveller differs very materially from his, but we think the reviewer has been *rather* too severe. Of Dr Hogg's book about the East, he speaks so very favourably, that we shall take an early opportunity of examining it; and this we shall do the more earnestly, as we have heard the same opinion expressed of it by persons whose lives have been nearly spent in the Levant.

ORNITHOLOGICAL PICTURES AND DIALOGUES.

The Boy and the Birds: By Emily Taylor, with Designs by Thomas Landseer. London. Darton and Harvey. 1885. Square 12mo, Pp. 194.

IN so far as the drawing of the birds is concerned, there is considerable spirit in most of the designs by which this little book is embellished. We cannot say as much, however, for the accessories of the principal figures. In the very first cut, for instance, that of the skylark, the bird soaring high in the air being drawn fully half as large as the boy looking up to it from the ground, we must suppose ourselves viewing the whole from the immediate neighbourhood of the former. Odd as such a point of view may be thought, something may perhaps be said in vindication of it in the present case, from the desirableness of exhibiting the bird in as ample dimensions as possible. But then the boy, so seen, ought not to be made to appear, as he is here, about twice or three times as tall as the trees and church towers which compose the rest of the scene that is looked down upon. Or, on the other hand, if the whole is to be conceived as seen from the neighbourhood of the boy, and not of the bird, the latter is at least a dozen or twenty times as large as it ought to be. In short, taking the boy, the bird, and the distant terrestrial scenery, as so many distinct portions of the representation, we submit that there is no point from which they can all three be seen as they are here drawn. A still more remarkable example of the same kind of absurdity is furnished by the last cut in the book,—that of the Gyr Falcon. Had the bird stood alone, this would have deserved the praise of being perhaps the most spirited design in the book. But here again the accompanying human figure spoils all. The latter, this time, is a boy dressed in a bonnet and philabeg, intimating that the scene is in the Highlands of Scotland; and from the story, which makes the two hold converse together, while standing on the ground,—the look and attitude of each—and above all, from the distinctness with which the features of the boy's face are given—the one must be understood to be very nearly as close to the spectator as the other. Now, the Gyr Falcon is, no doubt, rather a large bird, but we never heard of a specimen the mere body of which was twice the size of either a man or a boy, or whose entire figure, when the wings were expanded, would have screened from view above half a dozen of even the most minute of our species that ever stood upright either in kilt or in trews. Yet the creature we have here is of no less portentous dimensions. Making all allowance for a slight elevation upon which it is placed, the length of its body, if its head were raised, would be about twice that of the boy, upon whom it is represented as looking down as if it were about to pounce upon him and swallow him up. The size of the latter altogether is not much more than twice that of one of the bird's legs, which looks, indeed, as if it could sweep the puny piece of humanity away with a touch from the tip of its wing

—of that immense wing, which sweeps over his head at nearly three times his own height from the ground.

As for the book itself, the plan of it is to make the birds one after another describe themselves in so many dialogues held with the boy. In vindication of this method, the authoress quotes Cowper's well-known lines, in which he contends that birds have always been able "to hold discourse at least in fable," whether they actually confabulate or no. But in dialogues in which birds take part, as well as in other dialogues, we are entitled to expect that some exhibition of character shall be attempted. This makes the distinction between a dialogue and a mere catechism. Miss Taylor's dialogues have certainly as little of the dramatic spirit as any we ever perused. But to do her justice, she shows no partiality in this respect; her boy is as unnatural as her birds. He makes his speeches as it were out of a book, just as they do. Indeed this is sometimes true in a more literal sense. Thus, Mr Mudie, in his 'Feathered Tribes of Britain,' having said of the lark, "It twines upwards like a vapour—its course is a spiral gradually enlarging—and seen on the side it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke," &c.,—Miss Taylor's boy commences his got-up recitation as follows:—"You merry, merry creature—you elegant creature! twining up to the sky, more like a curling wreath of smoke, or the mist from a mountain stream, than anything else," &c. One variation, indeed, is here introduced—the smile about the mist from the mountain stream—but, although the sound of the passage may be thereby improved, its sense certainly is not, for the ascent of the lark has about as much resemblance to mist rising from a stream as it has to the price of corn rising at Mark lane. The boy addresses the lark, and the two hold a colloquy together; but most of the other birds discharge their histories upon him of their own accord, without ever being asked a question, or eliciting a remark from him any more than if he were dumb, or had fallen asleep under their prattle. Thus, the lark having withdrawn, the puffin comes forward, and immediately breaks out: "Well, I know I am an odd-looking bird; you need not say anything about it. The puffin family has a character of its own. We are all respectable people—very;—there is something of the steady old housekeeper-look about us," and so forth, in a manner in which surely neither man nor beast ever went on, in the circumstances. This is the writer's familiar style; she has also, however, one of a grander and more poetical kind. The Golden Eagle is made to make itself ridiculous in the following fashion:—

"Must I come too? Must even the proud golden eagle stoop down from his eyrie on the ledge of the steep sea-cliff, and submit to be questioned by a child? You have been looking towards me, I know, good part of the day. I have seen your curious eye vainly trying to spy out my ways and my doings; but the sun blinded you, and the distance was too much for you; and though I have had you before me the whole time, you have scarcely been able to say you have seen me yet. Yes, I will come down; for what harm can you do me, poor little child; and why should not you learn what you desire? But the rushing of my wings, if I were to descend with all my force near you, would be a startling thing, and you shall first see me sail in my majesty over the valley.

"There! Am not I indeed a noble creature? How I ride in the high air, glorying in my might! I am not thinking of my prey now; I am only sailing idly along for your amusement and my own, enjoying the calm sky, and this bright sun, and caring nothing for what is doing upon earth. Must you see me in my terrible hour," &c. &c.

The book, however, is, we have no doubt, very well intended, and will be found amusing by young people, who will not read it through without gaining a considerable acquaintance with the ways of some of the most interesting of the winged tribes. The birds described are the Sky-lark, the Puffin-Auk, or Coulterneb, the Chimney Swallow, the Great Tit, the Little Blue Tit, the Long-tailed Tit, the Golden Eagle, the Fish-Hawk, or Osprey, the Rook, the Willow Wren, the Golden-crested Wren, the Woodpecker, the Robin Red Breast, the Cuckoo, the Little Brown Wren, the Fern Owl, the Eider Duck, and the Gyr-Falcon.

LONDON WATER.

THE four elements are attainable in very different degrees of excellence in this great city of London. Earth, as much as is wanted, may be procured in Covent-garden market, in choice condition, for the purpose of drawing-room agriculture. Air is not to be had at all in its best state for the oxygenation of our bloods, and is but indifferent for anything. Fire, the best of all kinds (excepting, perhaps, the volcanic, and the Greek, which we have lost,) is to be bought in various shapes and vehicles. But water! alas! water, though there is plenty, yet is there much difficulty in getting it good.

Water, water every where,
Yet not one drop to drink!

We are not, indeed, forbidden to drink. On the contrary, the bibbing of bad water rather meets with encouragement; but he who swallows water in this curious city,—this strange muddle of the worst and the best—must be content to engulph with the entering stream, the most horrible concourse of monsters and monstrosities, dead and living. The dead most shocking, inasmuch as they are dead; the living most horrible, because most opposed to our nature and propensities. To swallow a motley troop of microscopic jack-asses, horses, cows, dogs, cats, goats, sheep, deer, rats, mice, moles, badgers, foxes, weasels, polecats, hedgehogs, pigs, buffaloes, and the like, would be evil bad enough; but these, though a quaint sustenance, would be but little odious, in comparison with the monsters of the fourth element.

For all that here on earth we dreadful hold,
Be but as bags to scareen babes withal,
Compared to the creatures in the seas' entrail.

And 'like master, like man,'—like sea, like river,—the creatures of the liquid world, seem all the farthest remove from our own nature, the most repulsive and loathsome, be they great or small. Even our old acquaintance, that singular fellow whom we occasionally see, when the water has just been turned on, or the pump just repaired,—that semi-transparent, many-legged, restless individual, the whale of a glass of water, preying upon invisible shoals,—active though he be, industrious, independent, and in some sort beautiful withal,—even this respectable fisher we cannot think of between our jaws without a shudder, and a convulsive pressure of the tongue against the palate, as though we could not swallow even the thought of him. And yet these people, and even more loathsome still, not to mention exuviae and animal remains still more wretched to think of, thicken the water we daily drink, in our tea, in our soup, our beer, and in the simple draught; calling it to the sight, perverting its taste, making stale what should be fresh, lading it with a faint and disgusting scent, and poisoning what should be sweet and most wholesome.

Such is the water that haunts us in all parts of this most famous, most rich, most magnificent, and most noble city; where we may have anything for money; where pleasure and convenience start up at the touch of the golden talisman! Such is the water from which we must turn our thoughts if we would drink; or clean our teeth; or even wash. Did you ever, reader, meet with the water in which a leech had died? We have; and going to wash, or rinse our mouth, the identical and most hideous scent has often turned us with an unspeakable revulsion from the water.

Some years back, we saw a pamphlet entitled "The Dolphins," which exhibited, clearly enough, the evils of the Thames water, from which London is greatly supplied. We have been favoured lately with another called a "Prospectus of the Metropolis Pure Soft Spring-Water Company," which exhibits still more generally the unsuitness for all purposes, not merely, though principally of the Thames water, but also of all the water at present supplied to the public; excepting, of course, certain private wells and springs, which afford but a small fraction of the whole supply. The evidence against the water now in use, appears to be most clear and conclusive; and the only wonder is, that mere habit, and an ignorance of

the importance of the subject, have allowed the inhabitants of a place like London, to remain contented for so long a period with the vilest water. There are other places where the water is vitiated more obviously to our senses; but we do not remember ever to have heard of a city whose general supply is more polluted in fact. For the details of these evils we must refer the reader who consults the safety and well-being of his bodily tenement, to the pages of the prospectus.

But the pamphlet does not alone expose the ill; it proposes the remedy; and of all the projects for affording a better supply to the metropolis, their's appears to us the most ingenious, the most practicable, and the most complete in every way. Nor is the interest of the property already vested in other companies unconsidered; but things are to be so arranged that the new company will be able to supply them at a less expense than they now lay out on collecting the wretched stuff we use. And, last, and not least, we, the consumers, are to pay less for this excellent article, than we now expend on the poison for which we are at present so heavily taxed. We can only say, that if the committee succeed in realizing their expectations, they will deserve the thanks of the whole metropolis, as its best of benefactors.

We shall give an extract or two, to convey some idea of the plan proposed by the pamphlet; but we heartily recommend our readers to possess themselves of the whole at once.

"The Metropolis Pure Spring Water Company have reason to conclude, that every impediment will be removed, and water, free from animal and vegetable impurities, be obtained in any desirable quantity, without being liable to any of the causes of contamination to which water, as it is at present supplied, is and must continue to be liable.

"There will be no means of contamination from the action of the sun and air, nor from water drawn from under ice and snow, in which all sorts of deleterious substances are concentrated. The pure water may at once be served to the inhabitants, without the necessity of costly reservoirs, to produce partial subsidence of impurities, mechanically mixed with the water; the yet more costly filtering ponds, which leave all the noxious matters held in chemical solution, just as they were when the water was taken from its impure sources; nor the still greater expense of pumping the water into reservoirs, to be again pumped into mains for the use of the inhabitants.

"Respecting the quality of the soft spring water, there is no dispute. Its goodness is admitted by all who are acquainted with it, and its fame has led to the sinking of an immense number of wells, to obtain it for special uses, for which the river waters have been found too impure.

"Whenever the water has been mentioned by witnesses before the Commissioners and Parliamentary Committees, its superior qualities have, without a single exception, been admitted, and some direct and conclusive evidence of those qualities has been given.

"The question respecting quantity, alone remains to be decided; and this the Company will set at rest by experiment.

"It is well known, that whenever the bed of clay which overlays the chalk, which by geologists is termed the London clay, has been pierced or bored through, a bed of fine sand has been discovered, which separates the clay from the chalk beneath it. With this sand there is abundance of very pure soft water, suitable to all the purposes of life.

"Very extensive and valuable information respecting this water is given in the 'Outlines of Geology,' by Messrs Conybear and Phillips, among which it is observed, 'that the water afforded by the wells, which rises from the sands of the plastic clay formation, underlaying it, is very limpid and free from salts; it is, therefore, what is termed *soft* in a remarkable degree; is adapted to every domestic purpose, and never fails.'

"From the same authority, as well as from numerous observations and inquiries carefully made,

it appears that the water referred to rises to considerable heights, the least of which that has hitherto been examined, is the level of high water mark in the river Thames; while in some places it rises to between 300 and 400 feet above that level.

"The general distribution of this water over an immense space, is proved by the invariable success of the many attempts made to obtain it, whenever the operations have been properly conducted.

"The quantity appears to be unlimited, as is shown by the very great number of wells sunk by private individuals for their own use, by hotel and tavern keepers, by brewers, distillers, dyers, sugar refiners, and for the use of steam-engines, and other purposes in many manufactories and trade concerns, without any diminution of the supply.

"Deficiencies have, however, occurred, but when the causes have been sought, they have been found to have been occasioned by the choking of the orifices through which the water has been received into the wells, the orifices being usually of very small diameters: such, however, is the quantity, and such the force with which the water rises, that upwards of three hundred gallons per minute have been obtained, continuously through one of these orifices, the diameter of which was only *nine* inches.

"From a very great number of facts which have been noticed and recorded, it appears that generally throughout the district in which the water is found, upwards of one hundred gallons of water per minute, from a pipe of five inches diameter, may be taken as the minimum.

"The quantity obtained at any one place seems to be limited only by the size of the orifice through which it comes. If then this be taken as a rule, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be taken as a rule, *one* orifice, about six feet in diameter, will afford a supply equal to the whole quantity supplied to the Metropolis by all the Water Companies on both sides of the river, that quantity being estimated in excess at 38,000,000 of gallons daily.

"It follows, then, that to obtain a supply of this excellent water with the greatest certainty, and in the same state at all times, and in all seasons, it is not necessary to incur any very heavy comparative expense with the great object so desirable to be accomplished.

"The quantity daily supplied by the Water Companies is in itself an immense quantity; and it may be asked, are the operations of nature such as will continually enable you to draw so large a quantity from the sand beneath the London clay? A little consideration will entirely dispel the doubt. Great as is the quantity to our senses, it is perfectly insignificant in comparison with the processes which nature is continually carrying on. This insignificance is at once manifested by the fact, that if, as there seems to be no doubt, the water be distributed under the whole surface of the London clay, the daily quantity of 38,000,000 of gallons taken from it would make scarcely the least appreciable difference, it being less than the diameter of a film from a spider's web."

Thornton Mechanics' Institution.—The first annual meeting of this Institution was held on the 2nd of July last, the Rev. J. Gregory, President of the Society, in the chair. It appeared, from the secretary's report, that twenty-six lectures on scientific, geographical, literary, and other subjects, had been delivered during the year, all of which, except three on chemistry and electricity, and one on the manners and customs of the Jews, have been given by the members of the Institute. The librarian's report stated that reading prevails to a considerable extent, 750 deliveries of books having been made during the year, and that there is a valuable and select, though not extensive, collection of books for the use of the members. The Institution having only finished the first year of its existence, much cannot be said of what has been done; but the prospects of the society are fair, and, from the unanimity of the members, considerable good may be expected to result from future efforts.

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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

BRICKLAYERS, AND AN OLD BOOK.

It is a very hot day and a "dusty day;" you are passing through a street in which there is no shade,—a new street, only half-built and half-paved—the areas unfinished as you advance (it is to be hoped no drunken man will stray there)—the floors of the houses only rafted (you can't go in and sit down)—broken glass, at the turnings, on the bits of garden wall—the time, noon—the month, August—the whole place glaring with the sun, and coloured with yellow brick, chalk, and lime. Occasionally you stumble upon the bottom of an old saucepan, or kick a baked shoe.

In this very hot passage through life, you are longing for soda-water, or for the sound of a pump, when suddenly you

"Hear a trowel tick against a brick,"

and down a ladder by your side, which bends at every step, comes dancing, with hod on shoulder, a bricklayer, who looks as dry as his vocation,—his eyes winking, his mouth gaping, his beard grim with a week's growth, the rest of his hair like a badger's. You then for the first time see a little water by the way-side, thick and white with chalk; and are doubting whether to admire it as a liquid or detest it for its colour, when a quantity of lime is dashed against the sieve, and you receive in your eyes and mouth a taste of the dry and burning elements of mortar, without the refreshment of the wet. Finally, your shoe is burnt; and as the bricklayer says something to his fellow in Irish, who laughs, you fancy that he is witty at your expence, and has made some ingenious bull.

"A pretty picture, Mr London-Journalist! and very refreshing, this hot weather!"

Oh, but you are only a chance-acquaintance of us, my dear Sir; you don't know what philosophies we writers and readers of the LONDON JOURNAL possess, which render us "lords of ourselves," unencumbered even with the mighty misery of a hot day, and the hod on another man's shoulder. You, unfortunate easy man, have been thinking of nothing but the "aggravations" of the street all this while, and are ready to enter your house after the walk, in a temper to kick off your shoes into the servant's face. We, besides being in the street, have been in all sorts of pleasant and remote places; have been at Babylon; have been at Bagdad; have bathed in the river Tigris, the river of that city of the 'Arabian Nights'; nay, have been in Paradise itself! led by old Bochart and his undeniable maps, where you see the place as "graphically set forth" as though it had never vanished, and Adam and Eve walking in it, taller than the trees. We are writing upon the very book this moment instead of a desk, a fond custom of ours; though, for dignity's sake, we beg to say we have a desk; but we like an old folio to write upon, written by some happy believing hand, no matter

whether we go all lengths or not with *his* sort of proof, provided he be in earnest and a good fellow.*

Let us indulge ourselves a moment, during this hot subject, with the map in question. It is now before us, the river Euphrates running up through it in dark fulness, and appearing through the paper on which we are writing like rich veins. Occasionally we take up the paper to see it better; the garden of Eden, however, always remaining visible below, and the mountains of Armenia at top. The map is a small folio size, darkly printed, with thick letters; a good stout sprinkle of mountains; a great tower to mark the site of Babylon; trees, as formal as a park in those days, to shadow forth the terrestrial paradise, with Adam and Eve, as before mentioned; Greek and Hebrew names here and there mingled with the Latin; a lion, towards the north-west, sitting in Armenia, and bigger than a mountain; some other beast, "stepping west" from the Caspian sea; and a great tablet in the south-west corner, presenting the title of the map, the site of Eden, or the Terrestrial Paradise (Edenis, seu Paradisi Terrestris Situs), surmounted with a tree, and formidable with the Serpent; who, suddenly appearing from one side of it with the apple in his mouth, is startling a traveller on the other. These old maps are as good to study as pictures and books; and the region before us is specially rich—reverend with memories of scripture, pompous with Alexander's cities, and delightful with the 'Arabian Nights.' You go up from the Persian Gulf at the foot, passing (like Sindbad) the city of Caiphath, where "bdellium" is to be had, and the island of Bahrim, famous for its pearl fishery (Bahrim Insula Margaritarum piscat. Celebris); then penetrate the garden of Eden, with the river Euphrates, as strait as a canal; pass the Cypress-grove, which furnished the wood of which the ark was made; Mousal, one of our old friends in the 'Arabian Nights'; Babylon, famous for a hundred fables, the sublime of brick-building; בְּרִיכָה

the "Naarda of Ptolemy," a "celebrated school of the Jews;" Ur (of the Chaldees), the country of Abraham; Noah's city, *Χαμὴν Θαμμαν*, the city of Eight, so called from the eight persons that came out of the ark; Omar's Island, where there is a mosque (says the map) made out of the relics of the ark; Mount Ararat, on the top of which it rested; and thence you pass the springs of the Tigris and the Euphrates into Colchis with its Golden Fleece, leaving the Caspian sea on one side, and the Euxine on the other, with Phasis the country of pheasants, and Cappadocia, where you see the mild light shining on the early Christian church; and you have come all this way through the famous names of Persia, and Arabia, and Armenia, and Mesopotamia, and Syria, and Assyria, with Arbela on the right hand, where Darius was overthrown, and Damascus on the left, rich, from time immemorial to this day, with almost every Eastern association of ideas, sacred and profane.

In regions of this nature, did sincere, book-loving, scholarly Bochart spend the *days of his mind*,—by far the greater portion of the actual days of such a man's life; and for that reason we, who, though not so scholarly, love books as well as he did, love to have

* Our volume is the *Geographia Sacra*, followed by his commentary on Stephen of Byzantium, the treatise *De Juris Regum*, &c. &c. The Leyden Edition, 1707.

the folio of such a man under our paper for a desk,—making his venerable mixture of truth and fiction a foundation, as it were, for our own love of both, and rendering the dream of his existence, in some measure, as tangible to us as it was to himself, in the shape of one of his works of love.—Do people now-a-days,—do even we ourselves,—love books as they did in those times? It is hardly possible, seeing how the volumes have multiplied, to distract choice and passion, and also how small in size they have become,—octavos and duodecimos. A little book is indeed "a love," (to use a modern phrase,)—and fitted to carry about with us in our walks and pockets: but then a great book,—a folio,—was a thing to look up to,—to build,—a new and lawful Babel,—and therefore it had an aspect more like a religion.—Well; love is religion too, and of the best; and so we will return to our common task.

Now observe, O casual reader of the LONDON JOURNAL, what such of us as are habituated to it, found in our half-built street. You take a brick perhaps for an ordinary bit of burnt clay, fit only to build No. 9, Golf street, Little Meadows; and to become a brick-hat, and be kicked to pieces in an old alley. O, thou of little bookstall! Why, the very manufacture is illustrious with antiquity,—with the morning beams that touched the house-tops of Shinar;—there is a clatter of brick-making in the fields of Accad; and the work looks almost as ancient to this day, with its straw-built tents and its earthy landscape. Not desolate therefore, or unrefreshed, were we in our new and hot street; for the first brick, like a talisman, transported us into old Babylon, with its tower and its gardens; and there we drove our chariot on the walls, and conversed with Herodotus, and got out of the way of Semiramis, and read, as men try to read at this day, the arrow-headed letters on the bricks,—as easy to us at that time as A. B. C.; though what they mean now, neither we nor Mr Rich can tell. The said brick, as our readers have seen, thence took us into paradise, and so through all the regions of Mesopotamia and the Arabian Nights, with our friends Bochart and Bedreddin Hassan; and returning home, what do we descry? The street itself alone! No: Ben Jonson, the most illustrious of bricklayers, handling his trowel on the walls of Chancery lane (see the SUPPLEMENT to the LONDON JOURNAL, Vol. I, p. xxxv.), the obstinate remnants of Roman brick and mortar lurking still about London (ditto—p. iii.). Spenser's celebration of—

"Those bricky towers,
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowres;"

to wit, the Temple; and then we think of our old and picture-learned friend, our lamented Haslitt who first taught us not to think white cottages better than red, especially among trees, noting to us the finer harmony of the contrast—to which we can bear instant and curious testimony; for passing the other day through the gate that leads from St James's park into the old court, betwixt Sutherland and Marlborough Houses, we marvelled at what seemed to our near-sighted eyes a shower of red colours in a tree to the right of us, at the corner; which colours, upon inspection, proved to be nothing better than those of the very red bricks, that bordered the windows of the building behind the trees. We smiled at the mis-

take; but it was with pleasure; for it reminded us that even defects of vision may have their compensations; and it looked like a symbol of the pleasures with which fancy, and common-place, may conspire to enrich an observer willing to be pleased.

The most elegant houses in the world, generally speaking, are built of clay. You have riches inside,—costliness and beauty on the internal walls,—paintings, papers, fine draperies,—themselves compounded of the homeliest growths of the earth; but pierce an inch or two outwards, and you come to the stuff of which the hovel is made. It is nothing but *mind* at last which throws elegance upon the richest as well as the poorest materials. Let a rich man give a hundred guineas for a *daub*, and people laugh at him and his *daub* together. The inside of his wall is no better than his out. But let him put Titian or Correggio upon it, and he puts *mind* there,—visible mind, and therefore the most precious to all; his own mind too, as well as the painter's, for love partakes of what it loves; and yet the painter's visible mind is not a bit different, except in degree, from the mind with which every lover of the graceful and the *possible* may adorn whatsoever it looks upon. The object will be perhaps rich in itself, but if not, it will be rich, somehow or other, in association; and it can only be too often repeated, as a truth in strictest logic, that every impression is real which is actually made upon us, whether by fact or fancy. No minds entirely divorce the two, or can divorce them, even if they evince the spiritual part of their faculties in doing nothing better than *taking a fancy to a tea-cup or a hat*; and Nature, we may be assured, *intended* that we should receive pleasure from the associations of ideas, as well as from images tangible; *for all mankind, more or less, do so*. The great art is to cultivate impressions of the pleasant sort, just as a man will raise wholesome plants in his garden and not poisonous ones.

A bricklayer's tools may illustrate a passage in *Shakespeare*. One of them is called a *bevel*, and is used to cut the under-side of bricks to a required angle. "*Bevel*" is a sort of irregular square.

"They that level

At my abuses, reckon up their own.

I may be straight, though they themselves be
bevel." Sonnet 121.

We shall conclude this paper with two bricklaying anecdotes, one of which has more manner than matter; but there is an *ease* in it, very comforting, when we reflect upon the laboriousness of the occupation in a hot day. And this reminds us, that in considering the bricklayer, we must not forget how many of his hours he passes in a world of his own, though in the streets,—pacing on scaffolding, descending and ascending ladders, living on the outsides of houses, betwixt ground-floors and garrets, or overlooking us from the top—now burning in the sun, now catching a breeze unknown to us prisoners of the pavement. We have heard of a bricklayer who was a somnambulist by day-time, and used to go on with his work in that state, along the precipices of parapet walls, and the nice points of tops of ladders. But to our anecdotes:—

An acquaintance of ours was passing a street in which Irish bricklayers were at work, when he heard one of them address, from below, another who was sending him baskets down by a rope. "*Lower ay, wou'd you?*" said he; meaning that his friend was to *lower* the baskets in a style less hasty and inconvenient. "*Lower ay!*" exclaimed the other, in a tone indignant at having the quiet perfection of his movements called in question, and in the very phraseology of which we seem to hear the Hibernian elevation of his eyebrows, as well as the rough lightness of his voice, "*I lower so ay, I dont know how I lower*."

The other story appears to us to exhibit the very prince of bulls—the prize animal in that species of cattle:—An Irish labourer laid a wager with another, that the latter could not carry him up the ladder to the top of a house in his hod, without letting him fall. Agreed. The hod is occupied, the ladder ascended, there is peril at every step. Above all, there is life and the loss of the wager at the top of the ladder. death and success below! The house-top is reached

in safety; the wagerer looks humbled and disappointed. "Well," said he, "you have won; there is no doubt of that; worse luck to you another time; but at the third story *I had hoped*."

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN. GAINSBOROUGH THE PAINTER.

[This is one of the liveliest and most amusing biographical sketches we are acquainted with. It is not a full length; but the head, heart, and manner of the man are exceedingly well given. It is by Jackson of Exeter; who, besides being an excellent and affecting musician, (witness, if he had left nothing else, his "Encompassed in an angel's frame," was an ingenious writer of essays and criticism. He is said also to have been a "no mean proficient" in his friend's principal walk of art,—landscape-painting.)

In the early part of my life I became acquainted with Thomas Gainsborough, the painter; and as his character was, perhaps, better known to me than to any other person, I will endeavour to divest myself of every partiality, and speak of him as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by seeing accounts of him and his works by people who were unacquainted with either, and, consequently, have been mistaken in both.

Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement—yet there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what degree of merit he possessed as a musician.

When I first knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument; and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the very instrument which had given him so much pleasure—but seemed much surprised, that the music of it remained behind with Giardini!

He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to him) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from "morn to dewy eve!" Many an adagio and many a minuet were begu'd, but none completed—this was wonderful, as it was Abel's own instrument, and therefore ought to have produced Abel's own music!

Fortunately my friend's passion had now a fresh object—Fischer's hautboy; but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind instrument. He seemed to content himself with what he heard in public, and getting Fischer to play to him in private—not on the hautboy, but the violin. But this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger if he pretended to excel on two instruments.*

The next time I saw Gainsborough it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath—the performer was soon left harpless; and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini were all forgotten—there was nothing like chords and arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation, (this was not a pedal-harp) when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

He now saw the imperfection of sudden sounds that instantly die away. If you wanted a *staccato*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you

* It was at this time I heard Fischer play a solo on the violin, and accompany himself on the same instrument. The air of the solo was executed with the bow, and the accompaniment *pizzicato* with the unemployed fingers of his left hand.—[This is what Paganini has since done so wonderfully.]

might also have notes as long as you please. The viol-di-gamba is the only instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians!

This, and occasionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years; when, as ill-luck would have it, he heard Crossdill—but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought the violincello. All his passion for the bass was vented in descriptions of Crossdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree.

More years now passed away, when upon seeing a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's, he concluded (perhaps it was finely painted) that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor, whom, though no more, I shall forbear to name—ascended *per varios gradus* to his garret, where he found him at dinner upon a roasted apple, and smoking a pipe. "•••" says he, "I am come to buy your lute!"

"To pay my lute!"

"Yes—come, name your price, and here is your money."

"I cannot sell my lute!"

"No, not for a guinea or two!—but by God you must sell it."

"May lute is wert much monnay! it is wert ten guinea."

"That it is—see, here is the money."

"Well—if I must—but you will not take it away yourself?"

"Yes, yes—good bye •••"

(After he had gone down he came up again.)

"••• I have done but half my errand—what is your lute worth, if I have not your book?"

"What poog, Maister Gainsborough?"

"Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute."

"Ah, py cot, I can never part wid my poog!"

"Poh! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean" (putting it in his pocket).

"Ah, py cot I cannot!"

"Come, come, here's another ten guineas for your book—so, once more, good day t'ye—(descends again, and again comes up.)—But what use is your book to me, if I don't understand it?—and your lute, you— you may take it again if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me my first lesson."

"I will come to-morrow."

"You must come now."

"I must treat myself."

"For what?—you are the best figure I have seen to day!"

"Ay must be shave!"

"I honour your beard!"

"Ay must bed on my wick!"

"D—n your wig! your cap and beard become you! Do you think if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?"

In this manner he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step, the second was of course out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable.

As a painter, his abilities may be considered in three different departments—

Portrait,

Landscape, and

Groups of Figures—to which must be added his Drawings.

To take these in the above-mentioned order—

The first consideration in a portrait, especially to the purchaser, is, that it be a perfect likeness of the sitter—in this respect his skill was unrivalled. The next point is, that it is a good picture—here, he has as often failed as succeeded. He failed by affecting a thin washy colouring, and a patching style of pencilling. But when, from accident or choice, he painted in the manly substantial style of Vandyke, he was very little, if at all, his inferior. It shows a great defect in judgment, to be from choice wrong, when we know what is right. Perhaps his best portrait is that known among the painters by the name of *Blue-boy*—it was in the possession of Mr. Battal, near Newport-market.

There are three different *eras* in his landscapes. His first manner was an imitation of Ruysdael, with more various colouring—the second was an extravagant looseness of pencilling, which, though reprehensible, none but a great master can possess—his third manner was a solid firm style of touch.

At this last period he possessed his greatest powers, and was, (what every painter is at some time or other) fond of varnish. This produced the usual effects—improved the picture for two or three months; then ruined it for ever! With all his excellences in this branch of the art, he was a great mannerist—but the worst of his pictures have a value, from the facility of execution, which excellence I shall again mention:

His groupings of figures are, for the most part, very pleasing, though unnatural—for a town-girl, with her clothes in rags, is not a ragged country-girl. Notwithstanding this remark, there are numberless instances of his groupings at the door of a cottage, or by a fire in a wood, &c., that are so pleasing as to disarm criticism. He sometimes (like Murillo) gave interest to a single figure—his 'Shepherd's Boy,' 'Woodman,' 'Girl and Pigs,' are equal to the best pictures on such subjects. His 'Fighting Dogs,' 'Girl warming herself,' and some others, shew his great powers in this style of painting. The very distinguished rank the 'Girl and Pigs' held at Mr Calonne's sale, in company with some of the best pictures of the best masters, will fully justify a commendation which might else seem extravagant.

If I were to rest his reputation on one point, it would be on his Drawings. No man ever possessed methods so various in producing effect, and all excellent;—his washy, patching style, was here in its proper element. The subject which is scarce enough for a picture, is sufficient for a drawing; and the hasty, loose handling, which in painting is poor, is rich in a transparent work of bistre and Indian ink. Perhaps the quickest effects ever produced, were in some of his drawings—and this leads me to take up again his facility of execution.

Many of his pictures have no other merit than this facility; and yet, having it, are undoubtedly valuable. His drawings almost rest on this quality alone for their value; but possessing it in an eminent degree (and as no drawing can have any merit where it is wanting), his works, therefore, in this branch of the art, approach nearer to perfection than his paintings.

If the term *facility* explain not itself, instead of a definition, I will illustrate it.

Should a performer of middling execution on the violin, contrive to get through his piece, the most that can be said is, that he has not failed in his attempt. Should Cramer perform the same music, it would be so much within his powers, that it would be executed with ease. Now, the superiority of pleasure which arises from the execution of a Cramer, is enjoyed from the facility of a Gaimborough. A poor piece performed by one, or a poor subject taken by the other, give more pleasure by the manner in which they are treated, than a good piece of music, and a sublime subject, in the hands of artists that have not the means by which effects are produced, *in subjection to them*. To a good painter or musician, this illustration was needless, and yet, by them *only*, perhaps, it will be felt and understood.

By way of addition to this sketch of Gaimborough, let me mention a few miscellaneous particulars.

He had no relish for historical painting; he never sold, but always gave away his drawings—commonly to persons who were perfectly ignorant of their value.*

He hated the harpsichord and the piano-forte. He disliked singing, particularly in parts. He detested reading; but was so like Sterne in his Letters, that if it were not for an originality that could be copied from no one, it might be supposed that he formed his style upon a close imitation of that author. He had as much pleasure in looking at a violin as in hearing it. I have seen him for many minutes surveying, in silence, the perfections of an instrument, from the just proportion of the model, and beauty of the workmanship.

His conversation was sprightly, but licentious; his

favourite subjects were music and painting, which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. The common topics, or any of a superior cast, he thoroughly hated, and always interrupted by some stroke of wit or humour.

The indiscriminate admirers of my late friend will consider this sketch of his character as far beneath his merit; but it must be remembered that my wish was not to make it perfect, but just. The same principle obliges me to add, that as to his common acquaintance he was sprightly and agreeable, so to his intimate friends he was sincere and honest, and that his heart was always alive to every feeling of honour and generosity.

He died with this expression—"We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the party"—strongly expressive of a good heart, a quiet conscience, and a love for his profession, which only left him with his life.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XXI.—RICHARD III.

'RICHARD III' may be considered as properly a stage-play: it belongs to the theatre, rather than to the closet. We shall therefore criticise it chiefly with a reference to the manner in which we have seen it performed. It is the character in which Garrick came out: it was the second character in which Mr Kean appeared, and in which he acquired his fame. Shakspeare we have always with us: actors we have only for a few seasons; and therefore some account of them may be acceptable, if not to our contemporaries, to those who come after us, if "that rich and idle personage, Posterity," should deign to look into our writings.

It is possible to form a higher conception of the character of Richard than that given by Mr Kean: but we cannot imagine any character represented with greater distinctness and precision, more perfectly articulated in every part. Perhaps indeed there is too much of what is technically called execution. When we first saw this celebrated actor in the part, we thought he sometimes failed from an exuberance of manner, and dissipated the impression of the general character by the variety of his resources. To be complete, his delineation of it should have more solidity, depth, sustained and impassioned feeling, with somewhat less brilliancy, with fewer glancing lights, pointed transitions, and pantomimic evolutions.

The Richard of Shakspeare is towering and lofty; equally impetuous and commanding; haughty, violent, and subtle; bold and treacherous; confident in his strength as well as in his cunning; raised high by his birth, and higher by his talents and his crimes; a royal usurper, a princely hypocrite, a tyrant and a murderer of the house of Plantagenet.

"But I was born so high:
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun."

The idea conveyed in these lines (which are indeed omitted in the miserable medley acted for 'Richard III') is never lost sight of by Shakspeare, and should not be out of the actor's mind for a moment. The restless and sanguinary Richard is not a man striving to be great, but to be greater than he is; conscious of his strength of will, his power of intellect, his daring courage, his elevated station; and making use of these advantages to commit unheard-of crimes, and to shield himself from remorse and infamy.

If Mr Kean does not entirely succeed in concentrating all the lines of the character, as drawn by Shakspeare, he gives an animation, vigour, and relief to the part, which we have not seen equalled. He is more refined than Cooke; more bold, varied, and original than Kemble in the same character. In some parts he is deficient in dignity, and particularly in the scenes of state business, he has by no means an air of artificial authority. There is at times an aspiring elevation, an enthusiastic rapture in his ex-

pectations of attaining the crown, and at others a gloating expression of sullen delight, as if he already clenched the bauble, and held it in his grasp. The courtship scene with Lady Anne is an admirable exhibition of smooth and smiling villainy. The progress of wily adulation, of encroaching humility, is finely marked by his action, voice and eye. He seems, like the first Tempter, to approach his prey, secure of the event, and as if success had smoothed his way before him. The late Mr Cooke's manner of representing this scene was more vehement, hurried, and full of anxious uncertainty. This, though more natural in general, was less in character in this particular instance. Richard should woo less as a lover than as an actor—to show his mental superiority, and power of making others the play-things of his purposes. Mr Kean's attitude in leaning against the side of the stage before he comes forward to address Lady Anne, is one of the most graceful and striking ever witnessed on the stage. It would do for Titian to paint. The frequent and rapid transition of his voice from the expression of the fiercest passion to the most familiar tones of conversation, was that which gave a peculiar grace of novelty to his acting on his first appearance. This has been since imitated and caricatured by others, and he himself uses the artifice more sparingly than he did. His bye-play is excellent. His manner of bidding his friends "Good night," after pausing with the point of his sword, drawn slowly backward and forward on the ground, as if considering the plan of the battle next day, is a particularly happy and natural thought. He gives to the two last acts of the play the greatest animation and effect. He fills every part of the stage; and makes up for the deficiency of his person by what has been sometimes objected to as an excess of action. The concluding scene in which he is killed by Richmond is the most brilliant of the whole. He fights at last like one drunk with wounds; and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is wrested from him, has a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had power to kill.—Mr Kean has since in a great measure effaced the impression of his Richard III by the superior efforts of his genius in Othello (his master-piece), in the murder-scene in Macbeth, in Richard II, in Sir Giles Overreach, and lastly in Oronoko; but we still like to look back to his first performance of this part, both because it first assured his admirers of his future success, and because we bore our feeble but, at that time, not useless testimony to the merits of this very original actor, on which the town was very considerably divided for no other reason than because they were original.

The manner in which Shakspeare's plays have been generally altered or rather mangled by modern mechanists, is a disgrace to the English stage. The patch-work 'Richard III,' which is acted under the sanction of his name, and which was manufactured by Cibber, is a striking example of this remark.

The play itself is undoubtedly a very powerful effusion of Shakspeare's genius. The ground-work of the character of Richard, that mixture of intellectual vigour with moral depravity, in which Shakspeare delighted to show his strength—gave full scope as well as temptation to the exercise of his imagination. The character of his hero is almost every where predominant, and marks his lurid track throughout. The original play is however too long for representation, and there are some few scenes which might be better spared than preserved, and by omitting which it would remain a complete whole. The only rule, indeed, for altering Shakspeare is to retrench certain passages which may be considered either as superfluous or obsolete, but not to add or transpose any thing. The arrangement and development of the story, and the mutual contrast and combination of the *dramatis personæ*, are in general as finely managed as the development of the characters or the expression of the passions.

This rule has not been adhered to in the present instance. Some of the most important and striking

* He presented twenty drawings to a lady, who pasted them to the waistcoat of her dressing-room. Sometime after she left the house; the drawings, of course, became the temporary property of every tenant.

passages in the principal character have been omitted, to make room for idle and misplaced extracts from other plays; the only intention of which seems to have been to make the character of Richard as odious and disgusting as possible. It is apparently for no other purpose than to make Gloucester stab King Henry on the stage, that the fine abrupt introduction of the character in the opening of the play is lost in the tedious whining morality of the luxurious king (taken from another play);—we say *tedious*, because it interrupts the business of the scene, and loses its beauty and effect by having no intelligible connection with the previous character of the mild, well-meaning monarch. The passages which the unfortunate Henry has to recite are beautiful and pathetic in themselves, but they have nothing to do with the world that Richard has to "bustle in." In the same spirit of vulgar caricature is the scene between Richard and Lady Anne (when his wife) interpolated without any authority, merely to gratify this favourite propensity to disgust and loathing. With the same perverse consistency, Richard, after his last fatal struggle, is raised up by some Galvanic process, to utter the imprecation, without any motive but pure malignity, which Shakespeare has so properly put into the mouth of Northumberland on hearing of Percy's death. To make room for these worse than needless additions, many of the most striking passages in the real play have been omitted by the foppery and ignorance of the prompt-book critics. We do not mean to insist merely on passages which are fine as poetry and to the reader, such as Clarence's dream, &c., but on those which are important to the understanding of the character, and peculiarly adapted for stage-effect. We will give the following as instances among several others. The first is the scene where Richard enters abruptly to the queen and her friends to defend himself:—

"GLOUCESTER. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.

Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I forsooth am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours:
Because I cannot flatter and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nod, and speish courtesies,
I must be held a raucous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

GRAY. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

GLOUCESTER. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace;

When have I injured thee, when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all!"

Nothing can be more characteristic than the turbulent pretensions to meekness and simplicity in this address. Again, the versatility and adroitness of Richard is admirably described in the following ironical conversation with Brakenbury:—

"BRAKENBURY. I beseech your graces both to pardon me.

His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

GLOUCESTER. E'en so, and please your worship, Brakenbury,

You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man—we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well strook in years, fair, and not jealous.
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue;
That the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, sir? Can you deny a' this?

BRAKENBURY. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

GLOUCESTER. What, fellow, naught to do with mistress Shore?

I tell you, sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly alone.

BRAKENBURY. What one, my lord?

GLOUCESTER. Her husband, knave—would'st thou betray me?"

The feigned reconciliation of Gloucester with the queen's kinsmen is also a master-piece. One of the finest strokes in the play, and which serves to show

as much as any thing the deep, plausible manners of Richard, is the unsuspecting security of Hastings, at the very time when the former is plotting his death, and when that very appearance of cordiality and good-humour on which Hastings builds his confidence, arises from Richard's consciousness of having betrayed him to his ruin. This, with the whole character of Hastings, is omitted.

Perhaps the two most beautiful passages in the original play are the farewell apostrophe of the queen to the Tower, where her children are shut up from her, and Tyrrel's description of their death. We will finish our quotations with them.

"QUEEN. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower;

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immured within your walls;
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones,
Rude, rugged nurse, old sullen play-fellow,
For tender princes!"

The other passage is the account of their death by Tyrrel:—

"Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story:
O thus! quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes;
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in that summer beauty kissed each other;
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind:

But oh the devil!—there the villain stopped;
When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation ere she framed."

These are some of those wonderful bursts of feeling, done to the life, to the very height of fancy and nature, which our Shakespeare alone could give. We do not insist on the repetition of these last passages as proper for the stage: we should indeed be loth to trust them in the mouth of any actor; but we should wish them to be retained in preference at least to the fantoccini exhibition of the young princes, Edward and York, bandying childish wit with their uncle.

FINE ARTS.

Attack of a Baggage Wagon at Naseby Field, 1645.
Painted and Etched by Henry Melling. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

This design is a companion to the 'Retreat of a Baggage Wagon at the Battle of Naseby,' published by Mr Melling some time back, of which we elsewhere recorded our admiration. The plate before us is in the same style, roughly, but vigorously and effectively etched. It is perhaps less complete as a whole than the other print—the action is not so unfailingly preserved in all parts, and to the same end; but the pictorial effect is excellent. The figures to the left are a little stiff, especially the man on the ground; he does not seem in earnest in the death struggle. The white horse, however, and his rider, the man striking at him, and all the picture to the right, is full of life and right stalwart activity. There seems a want of study in the drawing of one or two parts, a defect which the rest proves to be quite in Mr Melling's power to avoid; and certainly he is bound to give his natural genius all the advantages of the power which is to be acquired from study and self-criticism.

A History and Description of the Houses of Parliament, and Ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster, &c.
By J. Britton and Edward Brayley. Nos. IV, V, VI. John Weale.

We have now reached the sixth No. of this work, which improves in its progress. The engravings in the numbers before us seem generally softer, but not less clear than the earlier ones. The first engraving in No. VI, by J. Le Keux, is the best that has been executed for the work. When complete the book will certainly contain a very full and particular picture of the venerable buildings of the ancient city.

Arboretum Britannicum. Parts VI, VII. By J. C. Loudon.

As copious, clear, and exact as ever. The sight of it from time to time quite makes us long for a bit of land of our own, whereon to group the forms which are here so enticingly displayed. We would suggest that a few of the trees would be improved by being a little darker. The yew, for instance, conveys the idea of a lighter coloured tree than we ever remember to have seen it.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXXI.—AN UNDENIABLE APPARITION.

(From the volume by Jackson, of Exeter, mentioned in our last.)

At a town in the west of England was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Rubens' academy at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the President's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course, his chair, while he was absent, remained vacant.

The club being met on their usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to inquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual.

About midnight (the time, by long prescription, appropriated for the walking of spectres) the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying, or rather of the dead, man, walked into the room, and took his seat in the accustomed chair; there he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all present of the reality of the vision; at length he rose and stalked towards the door, which he opened as if living, went out, and then shut the door after him.

After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this he would not have been believed, but it is impossible that so many persons can be deceived."

The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home.

In the morning inquiry was made after their sick friend—it was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly at the time of his appearing in the club. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together.

It is needless to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels: for in this case all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact asserted by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed.

Years rolled on—the story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten, unless when occasionally produced to silence an unbeliever.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him, that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience but for one thing which lay on her mind—"Do you not remember Mr . . . whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. The night he died I left the room for something I wanted—I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return I found the bed without my patient. He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering, and his teeth chattering—laid down on the bed, and died. Considering myself as the cause of his death, I

kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could contradict all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew by what had happened that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of meeting) but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented!"

TABLE TALK.

POSITION OF PREPOSITIONS.

The preposition is generally placed *immediately before* its object; but it is also not unfrequently placed *after* it, and even a considerable distance from it; thus, we may either say, "For such conduct I am at a loss to account," or "Such conduct I am at a loss to account for." The practice of separating the preposition from its object is condemned by some critics, but obviously on insufficient grounds. Not only is this practice more accordant than the opposite with the original idiom of our language, as appears from its prevailing more in colloquial discourse, but it is defensible on general principles. The preposition, being expressive of the relation between a verb or a noun as its subject, and a noun or a pronoun as its object, is as closely connected with the former as with the latter by intervening words; as often happens, the speaker or writer is reduced to the alternative either of making the preposition follow its subject, in which case it must be detached from its object, or of making it precede its object, in which case it must be detached from its subject. The choice, in itself arbitrary, can only be determined, in the instance of any particular language, by custom.—Vide 'Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric,' book iii, chap. iv, for a full and satisfactory discussion of the point.—*McCulloch's Manual of English Grammar.*

OXFORD.

Nothing can be more majestic, I had almost said awful, than the aspect of those grey buildings which have thrown their shadow over the last innocent hours of so many lives. The dreary barrenness of asceticism, which might seem to be imaged in the weather-beaten stones, is softened and beautified by the living and joyous freshness of the groves that surround those echoing cloisters. The greatness of many of the men who had here been educated presented itself to me as animating and crowning the city of colleges, before I had become acquainted with the characters of the actual inhabitants.—I dreamed of Hooker, sitting with his book on some shaded knoll in the outskirts of the gardens; and Taylor in some dim library sending abroad the glances of his dark and glowing eyes to plunder from all the world and entombed antiquity, their innermost hoards of wisdom and loveliness. I thought of Sydney and Raleigh, the choice gentlemen of England, here conversing in the gaiety of a boyhood, afterwards so fruitful for both of stately honour. Even then I remembered Vane, perhaps the most profound and vigorous spirit of the most memorable generation, and Locke and Somers, the skilful and temperate, but how far too timorous reformers of our government.—*Arthur Coningsby.*

INDIAN FESTIVAL OF THE BRACELET.

The Festival of the Bracelet (Rakhi) is in spring, and whatever its origin, it is one of the few when an intercourse of gallantry of the most delicate nature is established between the fair sex and the cavaliers of Rajasthan. Though the bracelet may be sent by maidens, it is only on occasions of urgent necessity, or danger. The Rajpoot dame bestows with the Rakhi the title of adopted brother; and while its acceptance secures to her all the protection of a *cavaliere servente*, scandal itself never suggests any other tie to his devotion. He may hazard his life in her cause, and yet never receive a smile in reward; for he cannot even see the fair object who, as brother of her adoption, has constituted him her defender. But there is a charm in the mystery of such connexion, never endangered by close observation, and the loyal to the fair may well attach a value to the public recognition of being the *Rakhi-bund Bhāe* (the Bracelet-bound Brother) of a princess. The intrinsic value of such pledge is never looked to, nor is it requisite it should be costly, though it varies with the means and rank of the donor, and may be of flock silk and spangles, or gold chains and gems. The acceptance of the pledge and its return—by the *Katchli*, or corslet of simple silk or satin, or gold brocade and pearls. In shape or application there is nothing similar in Europe, and as defending the most delicate part of the structure of the fair, it is peculiarly appropriate as an emblem of devotion. A whole province has often accompanied the *Katchli*, and the monarch of India was so pleased with the courteous delicacy in the customs of Rajasthan, on receiving the bracelet of the princess Kurueuati, which invested him with the title of her brother, and uncle and protector to her infant Oody Sing, that he pledged himself to her service, "even if her demand were the castle of Rinthumbor." Hem-

poon proved himself a true knight, and even abandoned his conquests in Bengal when called on to redeem his pledge, and succour Cheetore, and the widows and minor sons of Sanga Rana.

Many romantic tales are founded on the gift of the Rakhi. The author, who was placed in the enviable situation of being able to do good, and on the most extensive scale, was the means of restoring many of these ancient families from degradation to affluence. The greatest reward he could, and the only one he would receive, was the courteous civility displayed in many of these interesting customs. He was the '*Rakhi-bund Bhāe*' of, and received the bracelet from, three queens of Oodipoor, Boondi, and Kotah, besides Chund Bae, the maiden sister of the Rana; as well as many ladies of the chieftains of rank, with whom he interchanged letters. The sole articles of "barbaric pearl and gold" which he conveyed from a country where he was many years supreme, are these testimonies of friendly regard. Intrinsically of no great value, they were presented and accepted in the ancient spirit, and he retains them with a sentiment the more powerful, because he can no longer render them any service.—*Tol's Antiquities of Rajasthan.*

THE MOTHER-EAGLE AND THE PEASANT-BOY.

A curious instance of the ferocity of the eagle occurred lately at a solitary chalet on a pasture mountain: a peasant boy, eight years of age, was engaged in looking after some cattle, and he was the sole tenant of the cottage, as the Swiss train up their children very early to this occupation. He perceived two young eagles at no great distance, on the ledge of a low rock; tempted by the prize, he drew silently close behind the rock, and suddenly grasping them in his arms, took possession of both birds, in spite of the most determined resistance. He was yet struggling with his prey, when hearing a great noise, he saw, to his no little terror, the two old birds flying rapidly towards him. He ran with all his speed to the chalet, and closed the door just in time to shut out his pursuers. The boy afterward spoke of the terror he suffered during the whole day in his lonely chalet, lest the old eagles should force an entrance; as, being powerful birds, they would soon in their fury have ended his life. They kept up the most frightful cries, and strove with all their might to break down the barriers of the frail chalet, loosely built of single logs, and find some avenue by which to rescue their offspring. But the young peasant kept his prey, well aware of its value—a louis d'or being given by the government of Berne for every eagle killed. As night approached, he saw his pursuers, tired with their useless efforts, leave the chalet, and watched their flight to the lofty, though not distant precipice: and as soon as the darkness had set in, he again grasped the two eagles in his arms, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him down the mountain to the nearest village, often looking back, lest the parent birds should have descried him, and fancying he heard their cries at every interval. He arrived in safety, however, at the hamlet, not a little proud of his prize.—*Carné's Letters from Switzerland and Italy*, p. 89.

[This is interesting; but we do not exactly see the "ferocity" evinced by the eagle. The gentlest of women would, perhaps, have been equally ferocious in similar circumstances. Indeed there is a fact recorded of a mother who was ferocious enough to pursue an eagle to his nest to recover her infant, stolen by the bird. The most remarkable thing in the story is the courageous perseverance of the boy. One would like to know whether he ventured to shew himself on the spot the next day; and whether the birds repeated their visit to the chalet.]

THE MORALITY OF THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down, would not admit of such admirable passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us. Those noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of man, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the iterately inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement. With us all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene (let the occasion be never so absurd or unnatural) is always sure of applause. Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness. They compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful similarity of disposition between them. We have a common stock of dramatic morality, out of which a writer may be supplied without the trouble of copying it from originals within his own breast. To know the boundaries of honour, to be judiciously valiant, to have a temperance which shall beget a smoothness in the angry swellings of youth, to esteem life as nothing when the sacred reputation of a parent is to be defended, yet to shake and tremble under a pious cowardice when that ark of an honest confidence is found to be frail and tottering, to feel the true blows of a real disgrace blunting that sword which the imaginary strokes of a supposed false imputation had put so keen an edge upon but lately: to do, or to imagine this done in a feigned story, asks something

more of a moral sense, somewhat a greater delicacy of perception in questions of right and wrong, than goes to the writing of two or three hackneyed sentences about the laws of honour as opposed to the laws of the land, or a common place against duelling. Yet such things would stand a writer now-a-days in far better stead than Captain Ager and his conscientious honour; and he would be considered as a far better teacher of morality than old Rowley or Middleton if they were living.—*Lamb's Specimens.*

VEGETABLE MARKETS OF DUBLIN, EDINBURGH, LONDON, BRUSSELS, AND GLASGOW.

Improvement is the characteristic of civilized man, and implies progressive advances. Men rest satisfied with what they have, when they know of nothing better; and, therefore, one of the first sources of improvement in the taste of the patrons of gardening, whether of the tradesman who has recourse to the public market, or the private gentleman who is in possession of a garden, is the increase of knowledge. The wealthy tradesmen of Dublin and Edinburgh should look into Covent Garden market in London; and, not to mention fruits, and forced or exotic productions, let them compare the cauliflowers and salading of the three markets. Those who have once acquired a taste for such salads of endive and lettuce as are afforded in the London markets, and still more in those of Brussels, throughout the winter, would not very readily reconcile themselves to the acetarious productions of Dublin and Glasgow during that season.—*London's Encyclopædia of Gardening.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHEAP COOKERY.

The ignorance of the proper mode of cooking vegetables, and especially of dressing salads, which exists among the middling classes, is another retarding cause. A French labourer, out of a few leaves of dandelion and wild sorrel, which may be gathered by the hedge sides anywhere, and almost at any time, will produce, merely by the aid of the common condiments, what the wives of the greater number of respectable British tradesmen have no idea of. There can be no great demand for a thing, of which the use is not thoroughly understood; and, therefore, an improvement in the knowledge and practice of cooking must take place among a certain class before much can be expected in the quantity, kind, or quality of the gardening articles which they commonly consume.—*Ibid.*

A Picture of the New Town of Herne Bay; its Beauties, History, and Curiosities in its Vicinity; including some particulars of the Roman town called Reculver. By a Lady. With a Map and many Engravings. John Macrone.—As the season is now approaching, and apparently so auspiciously, when all parties will be rushing to refresh their smoke-dried faculties in the sea, we have much pleasure in expressing our approbation of the little volume whose title is set forth above. It is written in a manner of a higher order than such works can usually boast—although boasting be commonly their forte. According to its showing, Herne Bay is one of the most convenient and pleasant of watering-places; albeit, its portrait in the frontispiece is not particularly attractive, from a want of foliage;—for, alas! oh Kent, thy beauties lie mostly inward, showing but a chalky outside. But it should appear, that in common with the rest of the coast, Herne Bay enjoys an especially wholesome atmosphere; an unusual assemblage of convenience in a place so new; and is virtually in the immediate neighbourhood of town; so well ordered, rapid, and reasonably charged are the modes of conveyance; while the walks round about and inland are both interesting and beautiful. We doubt not that a sight of the "Picture" would send many a visitor to the place; still less do we doubt that every visitor should exchange his half-crown for this really graphic and amusing guide. We shall give an extract or two from it in our next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged for the suggestion of T.

Also to a COCKNEY AT WIMBLEDON, whose information will be acceptable. The errors which he and other readers notice respecting the girth of the horse's statue at Charing Cross, will be corrected in the SUPPLEMENT.

Thanks to R. S. D.; but there are more difficulties in the point in questions, than readers in general can be aware of.

A letter reached us while addressing this notice to Correspondents, dated June 9th, and speaking of a poem, the writer of which, whose initials are S. C., had just arrived in London. The poem has not yet reached us.

The article on 'Modern Sculpture,' and Mr BARNARD's letter next week.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

THE UNITED STATES.

Journal of a Residence and Tour in the United States of North America, from April 1833 to October 1834. By E. S. Abdy, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. 3 vols. 8vo. London. Murray.

A Twelvemonth's Residence in the West Indies, during the Transition from Slavery to Apprenticeship, with Incidental Notices of the State of Society, Prospects, and Natural Resources, of Jamaica and other Islands. By R. R. Madden, M.D., Author of 'Travels in the East,' &c. 2 vols 8vo. London. Cochrane and Co.

NEGROES, mulattoes, and half-castes, with long dissertations on slavery and its abolition, form the main topic of both these works; and we cannot help thinking, that after the interminable details, both official and private, we have had on these subjects, five additional volumes will be found rather too much for the general reader, and that the patience even of the most earnest philanthropist and abolitionist will tire in the perusal of them. For ourselves, we are rather inclined to take a more serious objection, as it *does appear* to us, after a sober consideration, that both Mr Abdy and Dr Madden have let their zeal outrun their discretion, and that the causticity of their remarks on the planters, and the sweeping nature of their assertions, are likely to do more harm than good to the coloured population of the Western world. We should also object to the styles in which these works are written; but we cannot say which is the more tedious and oppressive,—the sesquipedalianisms—the pomposity and rumble of Mr Abdy, or the Doctor's perpetual straining at wit and smartness and vivacity. As, however, there is proverbially nothing so dull as the wit of a heavy man, and nothing more deadly-lively than the vivacity of a man of a saturnine temperament, we believe we must give the palm to the Doctor, who reminds us at every step of the obese, phlegmatic German at Paris, *qui se faisait vif, &c.*

We must say, now that we have had our *revanche* for the unnecessary tedium we have endured in reading them, that each of the works contains some few things worthy of attention; and we will proceed, according to our usual practice, to give some notion of the contents of the volumes.

Mr Abdy, sparing us the details of his voyage across the Atlantic, lands us at New York, on the 11th of April 1833, whither he went with Mr William Crawford, who was sent out by our Government to inspect the prisons of the United States. After spending some three months in New York, and visiting the prisons, schools, hospitals, and other establishments in or near to that city, he went on by New Haven to Hartford, in Connecticut, whence, in a day or two, he proceeded to the pretty town of Northampton, which he describes as being "an excellent place of residence for a man with a large family and small fortune;—a sort of domestic antithesis too common with us." From Northampton he went to Boston, finding (as he had given negro-slavery a respite) nothing more interesting to tell during a journey of ninety-four miles, than the following jokes, which prove he is no joker.

"I sat on the box most part of the time, and had a good deal of conversation with my companion (the coachman). He was a very pleasant, merry fellow. As he at first objected to admit a third to the honour of sitting by his side, I endeavoured to *joke* him into good humour, and very soon succeeded by laughing at his *fun*. When I asked him, for instance, whether he was full inside? he replied with a knowing look:—"I guess I am,—for I have just had a good dinner." We all laughed heartily.—*The joke was new to me; and the others were not in a vein to be nice about novelty.* Three young men, who were inside, amused themselves by bowing very gravely and with profound respect to the old folks who were sitting at their doors, or looking out at the windows, as we passed; and who were puzzling their brains, long after we were out of sight, in try-

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can society), ought to marry a negress and affiancé his sister to a negro,—he ought (supposing he have the power) to put a negro in the parish pulpit, a negro on the bench of magistrates, and a negro at the head of the district school; and then he would show, in his own person, that he had overcome a few of those "narrow prejudices" for the entertaining of which he anathematizes our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic.

We cannot go at length into these great and most difficult matters; but it must be evident to every cool, considerate man, that no good progress is to be made in them by hasty, sudden measures, by invective, violence, and reproach, or by dealing "damnation round the land," and imprecating the vengeance of the Almighty on the Americans in the fashion of Mr Abdy. Should these volumes ever find their way to America they will exasperate both parties; and, though the author may not have so intended it, they are calculated to encourage the coloured population to an immediate recourse to arms.

From his own admission, or rather boasting, (for he boasts of his own rudeness and want of tact and good humour), Mr Abdy could never keep his temper with any *white* American who differed with him in opinion about the blacks.

He made a journey of thirty miles or more to discuss the subject with the celebrated orator and unitarian preacher, Dr Channing, who received him kindly, and attentively listened to his representations and arguments, which occupied nearly all the time of the visit, but did not convince the philanthropic Doctor that any other than a gradual change was practicable, or that the immediate amalgamation of the blacks with the whites was either possible or desirable. On this Mr Abdy refused to partake of the refreshments which were politely offered him; and quitting the house in high dudgeon, he set down Doctor Channing as a cold-blooded, reserved man, (he had scarcely allowed him time to speak) as a mere declaimer in print, and no philanthropist at all.

From Virginia Mr Abdy went through Kentucky, &c., to New Orleans, whence he repaired to Cincinnati, where Mrs Trollope built an unsuccessful bazaar; and from Cincinnati he found his way back to Philadelphia, where he takes occasion to describe the magnificent water-works that Captain Hamilton disdained to cast his lordly eyes upon.

Mr Abdy afterwards went again to Boston, and then back to New York, which last beautiful city he left in October, 1834, for Britain, having indisputably seen a great deal of the United States. Although the sense is occasionally obscured by a multiplicity of words and unnecessary dissertations, we can recommend to notice his remarks on American schools, prisons, and penitentiaries. In describing a school at Boston, where the processes for *moral tuition* are precisely the same as those adopted by Messrs Hill, at Hazelwood and Bruce Castle, he says that Mr Welles (the Bostonian master) knew nothing of their system, and had never even heard the name of Messrs Hill. It may be so, but it appears rather difficult to believe that this should be the fact, as the outlines of Messrs Hill's system have long been printed and before the world, and the Americans have shown a laudable industry in collecting all such things. We thought of giving some extracts to justify what we have said touching Mr Abdy's mouthy style, but the following brief specimen, which may be called "how to describe a drunken Irishman," will do.

The journeymen carpenters of New York had "turned out" for an increase of wages, but though they were committing a great deal of folly, they were sober and respectable in their appearance. Now for Mr Abdy's Irishman!

"Not far off, as if in contrast, lay an Irish labourer, contented with his wages and his whiskey, prostrate like his unfortunate country, and surrounded by commiserating friends;—not that it was not his own will and deed that had brought him down, or that those who were so busy about him, were either accessory to his debasement, or interested in its continuance."

We now come to Dr Madden.

"In October, 1833," to use the Doctor's own words, "six gentlemen, holding special appointments

as stipendiary magistrates, were sent out to Jamaica—I was one of that number. We had nine months' observation of the state of the country, and experience as general magistrates, to prepare us for our new duties."

These duties appear to have been to administer the laws on the plantations and elsewhere, and to see justice done between the planters and whites generally, and the negroes who, on the 1st of August 1834, passed from the condition of slavery to that of apprenticeship, it being provided by our legislature that by the year 1840 they should be wholly free, and allowed to dispose of their labour as they may think proper.

Touching at Barbadoes, St Vincent's, and Grenada, the Doctor arrived safely at Jamaica towards the end of November 1833, and there he remained until the end of November 1834, when, in consequence of quarrels with the mayor and municipality of Kingston, and of what he calls an organized opposition to the new laws in favour of the slaves, he threw up his place in disgust and quitted the island. The Doctor says very confidently that the British government ought to have voted an additional five millions as compensation—that the slaves ought to have been made free at once, without going through the transition state of apprenticeship—that the tranquillity that now exists in Jamaica is of a very precarious sort, and that the plan adopted by our ministers after the maturest deliberation will not and cannot succeed. But, with all consideration, and not to speak to the other points, we think the Doctor's opinion on this head is not worth the squeezing of a single sugar-cane, for he did not allow himself time to watch the gradual workings of this plan. The system did not come into active operation until August 1834, and in little more than three months after the Doctor had abandoned his post and was on his way back to England. One thing is certainly clear enough, i. e., that to secure the success of the system, government must employ "special stipendiary magistrates" with more temper, patience, and steadiness of purpose than the Doctor possesses. But we repeat, that as to the speculation whether the system will succeed or fail, the opinion of Doctor Madden is of an infinitely small value. The subject is one of vital consequence—many weighty considerations ought to have prevented his hazarding a rash, premature opinion; but, unfortunately, disappointed men are seldom very chary of their condemnation.

In the beginning of our article we complained of the Doctor's constant straining at wit and liveliness. The first, which is about the best specimen we can find, may do very well for the fore-castle of a West-Indian, and were it but put into a comic song, it might possibly suit the "Coal-hole" or the "Cyder Cellar," but we confess that on the important "First of August"—at the opening day of a great experiment, we should have expected something more serious from an M.D. and a "special magistrate."

"The 1st of August passed over without the slightest disorder. I did not see a single drunken negro, nor any great appearance of exultation, except that which, in the subdued form of grateful piety, I witnessed in the churches.

"In fact, for a great festival, it was as quiet a day as can be well imagined. The only symptom I saw of turbulent joy was on the part of some negro urchins, who were throwing stones at a drunken sailor, and who, whenever poor Jack made a reel after them, scampered away, shouting most lustily to each other, 'What for you run away? we all free now! buckra can't catch we! hurra for fuss of August! hi, hi, fuss of August! hurra for fuss of August!' Then the young *élite* of the liberated blacks would courageously wheel round and give poor Jack another volley of pebbles, and cut all manner of ridiculous capers before him. This was the only emanation of the great spirit that had just walked abroad, that I happened to get a glimpse of.

"There was a large dinner, however, of negroes and of free-coloured people in Kingston, at which there was no dearth of negro eloquence after the removal of the cloth.

"But on the north side of the island the sable exclusives got up some dignity balls on an extensive scale, to one of which the lady patronesses invited Sir Ames Norcott and the officers of his staff; and the worthy general, who has no need of brightness for the maintenance of that respect which his character commands, I am told attended one of the Almack's that is really in the west.

"The letter which did the office of the Morning Post, describes the party as being numerously attended, and breaking up at a late hour; and omitted not to state that nothing could exceed the urbanity of the lady patronesses, and the indefatigable exertions of the *Sambo* stewards. Miss Quashaba, belonging to Mr C—, led off with Mr Cupid, belonging to Mr M—, while Mrs Juno, belonging to Mr P—, received the blacks and buckras. But as there are no more slaves to be registered, I will dispense with the owners. Mr Wilberforce danced with all his might and main with Miss Whaunica; Horace tripped it on the light fantastic toe with Mrs Mackaroo; while Mr Mangrove thumped it on the long projecting heel with Miss Diana Pullfoot. The harmony of the evening was only once disturbed by Mr Quacco, a coppersmith, intimating to Wellington, a free tailor, that he was a dam black nigger for putting his arm by accident round the waist of his partner, Mrs Weenus; but as the miss-take of property was nothing else, and could be nothing but a mistake, the intimation and the apology were only made in a whisper: so the dancing was resumed, and one of Hart's best-known quadrilles was done great justice to on a bonjoo and a gombah, the violoncello and kettle-drum of the negro orchestra. On the whole, there never was such a twinkling of black feet in Jamaica as the night of the 1st of August in Montego Bay: it seemed as if the Abolition Bill had made the limbs of the dark-complexioned ladies and gentlemen as lively as their hearts; and there was no end to the pleasure and perspiration of the evening, till the head of the gombah was fairly beaten in, and the last string of the bonjoo was scraped to pieces."

CHARLES LAMB AND THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets. With Notes by Charles Lamb. A new Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 379 and 385. London. Moxon. 1835.

WHAT an extraordinary, what a noble book is this! A selection of some of the most wonderful passages of human writ, illustrated by a commentary altogether worthy of such a text, like precious jewellery set in hardly less precious and beautiful gold. Never was there a happier choice even of a labour of love. It was a work which Charles Lamb was born and predestined to perform. He and the Old Dramatists, as we say of married persons happy with each other, were made to come together. If he had never lived, they would, for aught that can be called wide and enduring fame, have written in vain; if they had never written, his fine genius would have wanted its most congenial theme and most potent excitement. It would have been as if Nature had been spread out, all varied, rich, and magnificent as it is, and there had been no human mind to look upon and appreciate it;—or as if Art had existed, with its capacities of admiration, and its powers of imitating, of transforming, and even of ennobling what it admires, without that Nature which is at once its material and its inspiration.

Upon the minds of most of those who peruse them for the first time, these volumes will come like a revelation, like the uncovering of a new world. With Shakspeare we all become familiar so early, and so gradually, that although he is the most wonderful of all writers, the emotion of mere wonder is yet not perhaps one which in ordinary circumstances he excites so strongly as some other writers. And it is better that it should be so. It is better that the divine beauty and passion of his poetry should have become as it were part of our being, by having been the daily food of the heart and the imagination from their first awakening to a sense of the beautiful, and indeed by having themselves largely helped to awaken that sense as well as to expand and refine it, than that we should lose this good, which is a possession for life, for the sake of having once experience of being more strongly startled and amazed. But these selections from the dramas of the contemporaries of Shakspeare are not likely to come into the hands of readers in general, until a comparatively late period, and they therefore, as we have observed, will, along with other feelings, excite the sensation of astonishment in all its freshness and force. It is like visiting for the first time a foreign country, where whatever is beautiful or splendid is also novel and strange, and thus has in one respect an advantage for the purpose of immediate impressiveness over the familiar face of our native land, although it will hardly, even after the longest acquaintance, sink into the heart as that does. For, all that is really our being is born within us in our earliest years; no seed draws out the whole nourishment and strength of the soil that is not sown there, and watered by the heart's first affections, and quickened by that celestial light which never comes again.

In themselves, however, and without reference to the consideration we have just mentioned, the present writers, presented at least as they are here, in their most striking passages, are perhaps better fitted than Shakspeare to fill the mind with surprise on a first perusal, even were he and they to be read in the same circumstances. His magnificence is

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

THE UNITED STATES.

Journal of a Residence and Tour in the United States of North America, from April 1833 to October 1834.

By E. S. Abdy, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. 3 vols. 8vo. London. Murray.

A Twelvemonth's Residence in the West Indies, during the Transition from Slavery to Apprenticeship, with Incidental Notices of the State of Society, Prospects, and Natural Resources, of Jamaica and other Islands. By R. R. Madden, M.D., Author of 'Travels in the East,' &c. 2 vols 8vo. London. Cochrane and Co.

NEGROES, mulattoes, and half-castes, with long dissertations on slavery and its abolition, form the main topic of both these works; and we cannot help thinking, that after the interminable details, both official and private, we have had on these subjects, five additional volumes will be found rather too much for the general reader, and that the patience even of the most earnest philanthropist and abolitionist will tire in the perusal of them. For ourselves, we are rather inclined to take a more serious objection, as it *does appear* to us, after a sober consideration, that both Mr Abdy and Dr Madden have let their zeal outrun their discretion, and that the causticity of their remarks on the planters, and the sweeping nature of their assertions, are likely to do more harm than good to the coloured population of the Western world. We should also object to the styles in which these works are written; but we cannot say which is the more tedious and oppressive,—the sesquipedalianisms—the pomposity and rumble of Mr Abdy, or the Doctor's perpetual straining at wit and smartness and vivacity. As, however, there is proverbially nothing so dull as the wit of a heavy man, and nothing more deadly-lively than the vivacity of a man of a saturnine temperament, we believe we must give the palm to the Doctor, who reminds us at every step of the obese, phlegmatic German at Paris, *qui se faisait vite*, &c.

We must say, now that we have had our *revanche* for the unnecessary tedium we have endured in reading them, that each of the works contains some few things worthy of attention; and we will proceed, according to our usual practice, to give some notion of the contents of the volumes.

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On the 4th of April, 1834, after passing the winter there, Mr Abdy left New York and travelled to Philadelphia and Baltimore, and then on to Washington, where he gives an unfavourable, and we think a strongly prejudiced, portrait of President Jackson. After staying twenty days at Washington he proceeded to Virginia and the Southern Slave States, and then, indeed, his strictures on slave-holders are poured forth with an absolute *furor* of thought and language. But from his first arrival in America Mr Abdy makes himself the knight-errant of all men, women, and children, with black skins: he gives himself up to the pursuit of oppressed negroes, freed negroes, and half-castes; he asks every one of them he chances to meet for his story: and, strange to say, there is not one of them in the predicament of Mr Canning's knife-grinder who had no story to tell; but on the contrary, every mother's son and daughter among them has a long narrative, fit to make one's hair stand on end, about the craft and cruelty, the torments and oppression, which he or she and all of them have suffered at the white men's hands. According to this showing, the white men in America are a set of ignorant brutes and monsters, and most of the talent and all the virtues and the sweet charities of humanity, are monopolized by the negroes. But unfortunately for Mr Abdy's consistency, he draws, in other parts of his work, such a character of the American people as renders the large amount of his negro narratives altogether incredible—inasmuch as it seems impossible that such general atrocities as he describes, could be perpetrated by, or in the midst of, such a people. Oliver Goldsmith, in one of his essays, speaks of persons whose compassion could be moved by nothing less than a wooden leg, a maimed arm, or a case of total blindness, in the petitioner; but Mr Abdy's charity is awakened by a dark skin, and by nothing else—a fair complexion stands no chance with him, nor does he, in the whole course of the three volumes, ever kindle into benevolence, unless it be for an African or the dependant of an African. We might let this peculiarity of humour pass, were it not for the rather important fact, that his charity for the blacks is, in numerous instances, uncharitableness and downright malice to the whites. If the negroes have been treated in the horrible manner related, how is it that they have such large families, and have increased so prodigiously? For, according to Mr Abdy, they are far more numerous than the whites in the Southern States; and the ratio of their increase and multiplication is such, that at no very distant time they must swallow up all other classes, and become the lords of the soil.

The whole system of negro-slavery is bad; and the power that a planter has over a slave is a power that no man ought to have over a fellow being, let his colour or his intellect be what it may; and where such a power exists there must be occasional acts of cruelty and oppression. But Mr Abdy complains of the manner in which the white Americans treat the emancipated and free people of colour, even more bitterly than he complains of their harshness towards their slaves, and nothing less will satisfy him than intermarriage and a thorough social and political intermingling of blacks with whites;—and this, in spite of the slowly changing nature of human prejudices and antipathies, ought, according to him, to be effected immediately! He is in a paroxysm of rage when an American citizen dares to intimate that the good blood they brought from Britain would scarcely be improved by mixing it with the blood of the negroes from Africa. But, to be entitled to talk as he does on these matters, Mr Abdy, (and such proceedings would be less obnoxious to English than to Ameri-

can society), ought to marry a negress and affianc his sister to a negro,—he ought (supposing he have the power) to put a negro in the parish pulpit, a negro on the bench of magistrates, and a negro at the head of the district school; and then he would show, in his own person, that he had overcome a few of those “narrow prejudices” for the entertaining of which he anathematizes our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic.

We cannot go at length into these great and most difficult matters; but it must be evident to every cool, considerate man, that no good progress is to be made in them by hasty, sudden measures, by invective, violence, and reproach, or by dealing “damnation round the land,” and imprecating the vengeance of the Almighty on the Americans in the fashion of Mr Abdy. Should these volumes ever find their way to America they will exasperate both parties; and, though the author may not have so intended it, they are calculated to encourage the coloured population to an immediate recourse to arms.

From his own admission, or rather boasting, (for he boasts of his own rudeness and want of tact and good humour), Mr Abdy could never keep his temper with any *white* American who differed with him in opinion about the blacks.

He made a journey of thirty miles or more to discuss the subject with the celebrated orator and unitarian preacher, Dr Channing, who received him kindly, and attentively listened to his representations and arguments, which occupied nearly all the time of the visit, but did not convince the philanthropic Doctor that any other than a gradual change was practicable, or that the immediate amalgamation of the blacks with the whites was either possible or desirable. On this Mr Abdy refused to partake of the refreshments which were politely offered him; and quitting the house in high dudgeon, he set down Doctor Channing as a cold-blooded, reserved man, (he had scarcely allowed him time to speak) as a mere declaimer in print, and no philanthropist at all.

From Virginia Mr Abdy went through Kentucky, &c., to New Orleans, whence he repaired to Cincinnati, where Mrs Trollope built an unsuccessful bazaar; and from Cincinnati he found his way back to Philadelphia, where he takes occasion to describe the magnificent water-works that Captain Hamilton disdained to cast his lordly eyes upon.

Mr Abdy afterwards went again to Boston, and then back to New York, which last beautiful city he left in October, 1834, for Britain, having indisputably seen a great deal of the United States. Although the sense is occasionally obscured by a multiplicity of words and unnecessary dissertations, we can recommend to notice his remarks on American schools, prisons, and penitentiaries. In describing a school at Boston, where the processes for *moral tuition* are precisely the same as those adopted by Messrs Hill, at Hazelwood and Bruce Castle, he says that Mr Welles (the Bostonian master) knew nothing of their system, and had never even heard the name of Messrs Hill. It may be so, but it appears rather difficult to believe that this should be the fact, as the outlines of Messrs Hill's system have long been printed and before the world, and the Americans have shown a laudable industry in collecting all such things. We thought of giving some extracts to justify what we have said touching Mr Abdy's mouthy style, but the following brief specimen, which may be called “how to describe a drunken Irishman,” will do.

The journeymen carpenters of New York had “turned out” for an increase of wages, but though they were committing a great deal of folly, they were sober and respectable in their appearance. Now for Mr Abdy's Irishman!

“Not far off, as if in contrast, lay an Irish labourer, contented with his wages and his whiskey, prostrate like his unfortunate country, and surrounded by commiserating friends;—not that it was not his own will and deed that had brought him down, or that those who were so busy about him, were either accessory to his debasement, or interested in its continuance.”

We now come to Dr Madden.

“In October, 1833,” to use the Doctor's own words, “six gentlemen, holding special appointments

as stipendiary magistrates, were sent out to Jamaica—I was one of that number. We had nine months' observation of the state of the country, and experience as general magistrates, to prepare us for our new duties.”

These duties appear to have been to administer the laws on the plantations and elsewhere, and to see justice done between the planters and whites generally, and the negroes who, on the 1st of August 1834, passed from the condition of slavery to that of apprenticeship, it being provided by our legislature that by the year 1840 they should be wholly free, and allowed to dispose of their labour as they may think proper.

Touching at Barbadoes, St Vincent's, and Grenada, the Doctor arrived safely at Jamaica towards the end of November 1833, and there he remained until the end of November 1834, when, in consequence of quarrels with the mayor and municipality of Kingston, and of what he calls an organized opposition to the new laws in favour of the slaves, he threw up his place in disgust and quitted the island. The Doctor says very confidently that the British government ought to have voted an additional five millions as compensation—that the slaves ought to have been made free at once, without going through the transition state of apprenticeship—that the tranquillity that now exists in Jamaica is of a very precarious sort, and that the plan adopted by our ministers after the maturest deliberation will not and cannot succeed. But, with all consideration, and not to speak to the other points, we think the Doctor's opinion on this head is not worth the squeezing of a single sugar-cane, for he did not allow himself time to watch the gradual workings of this plan. The system did not come into active operation until August 1834, and in little more than three months after the Doctor had abandoned his post and was on his way back to England. One thing is certainly clear enough, i. e., that to secure the success of the system, government must employ “special stipendiary magistrates” with more temper, patience, and steadiness of purpose than the Doctor possesses. But we repeat, that as to the speculation whether the system will succeed or fail, the opinion of Doctor Madden is of an infinitely small value. The subject is one of vital consequence—many weighty considerations ought to have prevented his hazarding a rash, premature opinion; but, unfortunately, disappointed men are seldom very chary of their condemnation.

In the beginning of our article we complained of the Doctor's constant straining at wit and liveliness. The first, which is about the best specimen we can find, may do very well for the fore-castle of a West-Indiaman, and were it but put into a comic song, it might possibly suit the “Coal-hole” or the “Cyder Cellar,” but we confess that on the important “First of August”—at the opening day of a great experiment, we should have expected something more serious from an M.D. and a “special magistrate.”

“The 1st of August passed over without the slightest disorder. I did not see a single drunken negro, nor any great appearance of exultation, except that which, in the subdued form of grateful piety, I witnessed in the churches.

“In fact, for a great festival, it was as quiet a day as can be well imagined. The only symptom I saw of turbulent joy was on the part of some negro urchins, who were throwing stones at a drunken sailor, and who, whenever poor Jack made a reel after them, scampered away, shouting most lustily to each other, ‘What for you run away? we all free now! buckra can't catch you! hurra for fuss of August! hi, hi, fuss of August! hurra for fuss of August!’ Then the young *élite* of the liberated blacks would courageously wheel round and give poor Jack another volley of pebbles, and cut all manner of ridiculous capers before him. This was the only emanation of the great spirit that had just walked abroad, that I happened to get a glimpse of.

“There was a large dinner, however, of negroes and of free-coloured people in Kingston, at which there was no dearth of negro eloquence after the removal of the cloth.

“But on the north side of the island the sable exclusives got up some dignity balls on an extensive scale, to one of which the lady patronesses invited Sir Ames Norcott and the officers of his staff; and the worthy general, who has no need of brightness for the maintenance of that respect which his character commands, I am told attended one of the Almack's that is really in the west.

“The letter which did the office of the Morning Post, describes the party as being numerously attended, and breaking up at a late hour; and omitted not to state that nothing could exceed the urbanity of the lady patronesses, and the indefatigable exertions of the Sambo stewards. Miss Quashaba, belonging to Mr C—, led off with Mr Cupid, belonging to Mr M—, while Mrs Juno, belonging to Mr P—, received the blacks and buckras. But as there are no more slaves to be registered, I will dispense with the owners. Mr Wilberforce danced with all his might and main with Miss Whaunica; Horace tripped it on the light fantastic toe with Mrs Mackaroo; while Mr Mangrove thumped it on the long projecting heel with Miss Diana Pullfoot. The harmony of the evening was only once disturbed by Mr Quacco, a coppersmith, intimating to Wellington, a free tailor, that he was a dam black neger for putting his arm by accident round the waist of his partner, Mrs Weenus; but as the miss-take of property was nothing else, and could be nothing but a mistake, the intimation and the apology were only made in a whisper: so the dancing was resumed, and one of Hart's best-known quadrilles was done great justice to on a bonjoo and a gombah, the violoncello and kettle-drum of the negro orchestra. On the whole, there never was such a twinkling of black feet in Jamaica as the night of the 1st of August in Montego Bay: it seemed as if the Abolition Bill had made the limbs of the dark-complexioned ladies and gentlemen as lively as their hearts; and there was no end to the pleasure and perspiration of the evening, till the head of the gombah was fairly beaten in, and the last string of the bonjoo was scraped to pieces.”

CHARLES LAMB AND THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets. With Notes by Charles Lamb. A new Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 379 and 385. London. Moxon. 1835.

WHAT an extraordinary, what a noble book is this! A selection of some of the most wonderful passages of human writ, illustrated by a commentary altogether worthy of such a text, like precious jewellery set in hardly less precious and beautiful gold. Never was there a happier choice even of a labour of love. It was a work which Charles Lamb was born and predestined to perform. He and the Old Dramatists, as we say of married persons happy with each other, were made to come together. If he had never lived, they would, for aught that can be called wide and enduring fame, have written in vain; if they had never written, his fine genius would have wanted its most congenial theme and most potent excitement. It would have been as if Nature had been spread out, all varied, rich, and magnificent as it is, and there had been no human mind to look upon and appreciate it;—or as if Art had existed, with its capacities of admiration, and its powers of imitating, of transforming, and even of ennobling what it admires, without that Nature which is at once its material and its inspiration.

Upon the minds of most of those who peruse them for the first time, these volumes will come like a revelation, like the uncovering of a new world. With Shakspeare we all become familiar so early, and so gradually, that although he is the most wonderful of all writers, the emotion of mere wonder is yet not perhaps one which in ordinary circumstances he excites so strongly as some other writers. And it is better that it should be so. It is better that the divine beauty and passion of his poetry should have become as it were part of our being, by having been the daily food of the heart and the imagination from their first awakening to a sense of the beautiful, and indeed by having themselves largely helped to awaken that sense as well as to expand and refine it, than that we should lose this good, which is a possession for life, for the sake of having once experience of being more strongly startled and amazed. But these selections from the dramas of the contemporaries of Shakspeare are not likely to come into the hands of readers in general, until a comparatively late period, and they therefore, as we have observed, will, along with other feelings, excite the sensation of astonishment in all its freshness and force. It is like visiting for the first time a foreign country, where whatever is beautiful or splendid is also novel and strange, and thus has in one respect an advantage for the purpose of immediate impressiveness over the familiar face of our native land, although it will hardly, even after the longest acquaintance, sink into the heart as that does. For, all that is really our being is born within us in our earliest years; no seed draws out the whole nourishment and strength of the soil that is not sown there, and watered by the heart's first affections, and quickened by that celestial light which never comes again.

In themselves, however, and without reference to the consideration we have just mentioned, the present writers, presented at least as they are here, in their most striking passages, are perhaps better fitted than Shakspeare to fill the mind with surprise on a first perusal, even were he and they to be read in the same circumstances. His magnificence is

most frequently of a kind that does not begin by dazzling us, but overpowers and masters us before we are aware of its presence; as in the case of the great influences of external nature, by which we are always surrounded, we feel the effect, but see not and think not of the cause. The one follows the other so immediately and so certainly, that we do not distinguish the power working on us from the feeling wrought in us. The simplicity and purity of his art, its natural and unexaggerated character, are adverse to the employment of those means in general by which what are called striking effects are produced. The contrast between Shakespeare and even the greatest of his contemporaries in this respect is remarkably perceptible in the different and almost opposite characters of the plots and situations in his plays and in theirs. With all the grand poetry he has given us, how little a way has he gone for it out of the track of common life! Not so with the masters of strong feeling and strong expression whom we have now before us. They have availed themselves to the utmost of all the possibilities of human fortune—of all the extraordinary positions in which a daring invention could conceive human beings to be placed, in acting or suffering. The following, for example, are a few of the singular situations out of which they have formed their scenes. In the Spanish tragedy, by Thomas Ryd, "Horatio, the son of Hieronimo, is murdered while he is sitting with his mistress Belimperia by night in an arbour in his father's garden. The murderers (Balthazar, his rival, and Lorenzo, the brother of Belimperia,) hang his body on a tree. Hieronimo is awakened by the cries of Belimperia, and coming out into his garden, discovers by the light of a torch, that the murdered man is his son. Upon this, he goes distracted." In "The Insatiate Countess," by John Marston, "Isabella (the Countess) after a long series of crimes of infidelity to her husband and of murder, is brought to suffer on a scaffold. Roberto, her husband, arrives to take a last leave of her." In Heywood's "English Traveller," "Young Geraldine comes home from his travels, and finds his play-fellow, that should have been his wife, married to old Wincott. The old gentleman receives him hospitably, as a friend of his father's, takes delight to hear him tell of his travels, and treats him in all respects as a second father, his house being always open to him. Young Geraldine and the wife agree not to wrong the old gentleman." In Rowley's "New Wonder, a Woman never Vexed," "The woman never vexed states her case to a divine," which turns out to be as follows:—

"How think you, then, is not this a Wonder,
That a woman lives full seven and thirty years,
Maid to a wife, and wife unto a widow,
Now widow'd, and mine own, yet all this while,
From the extremest verge of my remembrance,
Even from my weaning hour unto this minute,
Did never taste what was calamity.
I know not yet what grief is, yet have sought
A hundred ways for his acquaintance: with me
Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,
That even those things that I have meant a cross,
Have that way turned a blessing. Is it not strange?"

In Ford's "Love's Sacrifice," "Biancha, wife to Caraffa, Duke of Pavia, loves and is loved by Fernando, the Duke's favourite. She long resists his importunate suit; at length she enters the room where he is sleeping, and awakens him to hear her confession of her love for him." And many others of the same kind might be quoted.

It must be admitted that extraordinary as such situations are, the conception of many of them displays great powers of imagination, and that of the true dramatic kind. Nobly, also, in many instances—in almost all indeed that are here selected—have the subjects been treated. These scenes are full both of nature and of poetry—of nature living, free, and delicate; of poetry always stirring, and often glowing and beautiful in the highest degree. But our readers will be better pleased with one of the scenes themselves than with our criticism. It is difficult to choose, but we may take the following from Rowley's "New Wonder," as being of a convenient length:—

Foster, a wealthy Merchant, has a profligate Brother, Stephen, whom Robert, Son to Foster, relieves out of Prison with some of his Father's money entrusted to him. For this, his Father turns him out of doors, and disinherits him. Meantime, by a reverse of fortune, Stephen becomes rich; and Foster, by losses in Trade, is thrown into the same Prison (Ludgate) from which his Brother had been relieved. Stephen adopts his Nephew, on the condition that he shall not assist, or go near his Father: but filial piety prevails above the consideration either of his Uncle's displeasure, or of his Father's late unkindness; and he visits his Father in Prison.

FOSTER. ROBERT.

Fos. O torment to my soul, what mak'st thou here?
Cannot the picture of my misery

I've drawn, and hung out to the eyes of men,
But thou must come to scorn and laugh at it?

Ros. Dear Sir, I come to thrust my back under your load,
To make the burthen lighter.

Fos. Hence from my sight, dissembling villain, go;
Thine uncle sends defiance to my woe,
And thou must bring it; hence, thou Basilisk.
Thou kill'st me with thine eyes. Nay, never kneel,
These scornful mocks more than my woes I feel.

Ros. Alas, I mock ye not, but come in love
And natural duty, Sir, to beg your blessing;
And for mine uncle—

Fos. Him and thee I curse.
I'll starve ere I eat bread from his purse,
Or from thy hand: out, villain; tell that cur,
Thy barking uncle, that I lie not here
Upon my bed of riot, as he did,
Covered with all the villainies which man
Had ever woven; tell him I lie not so;
It was the hand of Heaven struck me thus low,
And I do thank it. Get thee gone, I say,
Or I shall curse thee, strike thee; prithee away:
Or if thou'lt laugh thy fill at my poor state,
Then stay, and listen to the prison grate.
And hear thy father, an old wretched man,
That yesterday had thousands, beg and cry
To get a penny: oh, my misery.

Ros. Dear Sir, for pity hear me.

Fos. Upon my curse I charge no nearer come;
I'll be no father to so vile a son.

Ros. O my abortive fate,
Why for my good am I thus paid with hate?
From this sad place of Ludgate here I freed
An uncle, and I lost a father for it;
Now is my father here, whom if I succour,
I then must lose my uncle's love and favour.
My father once being rich, and uncle poor,
I him relieving was thrust forth of doors,
Baffled, reviled, and disinherited.
Now my own father here must beg for bread,
My uncle being rich; and yet, if I
Feed him, myself must beg. Oh misery!
How bitter is thy taste; yet I will drink
Thy strongest poison; fret what mischief can,
I'll feed my father; though like the pelican,
I peck my own breast for him.

(His Father appears above at the Grate, a Box hanging down.)

Fos. Bread, bread, one penny to buy a loaf of bread, for the tender mercy.

Ros. O me, my shame! I know that voice full well;
I'll help thy wants, although thou curse me still.

(He stands where he is unseen by his Father.)

Fos. Bread, bread, some Christian man send back
Your charity to a number of poor prisoners.
One penny for the tender mercy—

[Robert puts in Money.]

The hand of Heaven reward you, gentle Sir,
Never may you want, never feel misery;
Let blessings in unnumber'd measure grow,
And fall upon your head, where'er you go.

Ros. O, happy comfort: curses to the ground
First struck me: now with blessings I am crown'd.

Fos. Bread, bread, for the tender mercy, one penny for a loaf of bread.

Ros. I'll buy more blessings: take thou all my store;

I'll keep no coin, and see my father poor.

Fos. Good angels guard you, Sir, my prayers shall be

That Heaven may bless you for this charity.

Ros. If he knew me, sure he would not say so:

Yet I have comfort, if by any means

I get a blessing from my father's hands.

How cheap are good prayers! a poor penny buys

That by which man up in a minute flies

And mounts to Heaven.

Enter STEPHEN.

Oh, me, my uncle sees me.

STEP. Now, Sir, what makes you here

So near the prison?

Ros. I was going, Sir,

To buy meat for a poor bird I have,

That sits so sadly in the cage of late,

I think he'll die for sorrow.

STEP. So, Sir:

Your pity will not quit your pains, I fear me.

I shall find that bird (I think) to be that churlish wretch

Your father, that now has taken

Shelter here in Ludgate. Go to, Sir; urge me not,

You'd best; I have given you warning; fawn not on him,

Nor come not near him if you'll have my love.

Ros. 'Las, Sir, that lamb

Were most unnatural that should hate the dam.

STEP. Lamb me no lambs, Sir.

Ros. Good uncle, 'las, you know, when you lay here,

I succoured you: so let me now help him.

• A blessing stolen at least as fairly as Jacob's was.

STEP. Yes, as he did me;
To laugh and triumph at my misery.
You freed me with his gold, but 'gainst his will:
For him I might have rotted, and lain still;
So shall he now.

Ros. Alack the day!

STEP. If him thou pity, 'tis thine own decay.

Fos. Bread, bread, some charitable man remember the poor

Prisoners; bread, for the tender mercy, one penny.

Ros. O listen, uncle, that's my poor father's voice.

STEP. There let him howl. Get you gone, and come not near him.

Ros. O my soul,

What tortures dost thou feel! earth ne'er shall find

A son so true, yet forced to be unkind.

(Robert disobeys his Uncle's injunctions, and again visits his Father.)

FOSTER. WIFE. ROBERT.

Fos. II! what art thou? Call for the keeper

there,

And thrust him out of doors, or lock me up.

WIFE. O 'tis your son.

Fos. I know him not.

I am no king, unless of scorn and woe,

Why kneel'st thou, then, why dost thou mock me so?

Ros. O my dear father, hither am I come,

Not like a threatening storm to increase your wrack,

For I would take all sorrows from your back,

To lay them all on my own.

Fos. Rise, mischief, rise; away, and get thee gone.

Ros. O if I be thus hateful to your eye,

I will depart, and wish I soon may die;

Yet let your blessing, Sir, but fall on me.

Fos. My heart still hates thee.

WIFE. Sweet husband.

Fos. Get you both gone;

That misery takes some rest that dwells alone.

Away, thou villain.

Ros. Heaven can tell;

Ach but your finger, I to make it well

Would cut my hand off.

Fos. Hang thee, hang thee.

WIFE. Husband.

Fos. Destruction meet thee. Turn the key

there, ho!

Ros. Good Sir, I'm gone, I will not stay to

grieve you.

Oh, knew you, for your woes what pains I feel,

You would not scorn me so. See, Sir, to cool

Your heat of burning sorrow, I have got

Two hundred pounds, and glad it is my lot

To lay it down with reverence at your feet;

No comfort in the world is sweet,

Whilst thus you live in moan.

Fos. Stay.

Ros. Good truth, Sir, I'll have none of it back,

Could but one penny of it save my life.

WIFE. Yet stay, and hear him: oh unnatural

strife

In a hard father's bosom.

Fos. I see mine error now: oh can there grow

A rose upon a bramble? Did there e'er flow

Poison and health together in one tide?

I'm born a man: reason may step aside,

And lead a father's love out of the way:

Forgive me, my good boy. I went astray;

Look, on my knees I beg it: not for joy,

Thou bring'st this golden rubbish, which I spurn:

But glad in this, the heavens mine eye-balls turn,

And fix their right to look upon that face,

Whose love remains with pity, duty, grace.

Oh my dear wronged boy.

Ros. Gladness overwhelms

My heart with joy: I cannot speak.

WIFE. Crosses of this foolish world

Did never grieve my heart with torments more

Than it is now grown light

With joy and comfort of this happy sight.

The present edition of this delightful book is enlarged by the addition of the further specimens which Lamb published a few years ago in Hone's "Table Book." These make about half of the second volume, and are quite equal in interest to those forming the original collection. Among them is that wonderful performance of Sir Richard Fanshawe's, in a scene from the Spanish play of "Querer pro Solo Querer" (to Love for Love's Sake), which he has turned into the sweetest English verse that was ever written. The annotations interspersed among these later specimens also, are inferior only in quantity to those in the first collection. There is the same depth and subtlety of thought, the same exquisite delicacy of perception, and, in as high perfection as ever, that style at once so racy in its spirit, and so translucent in its material, like the richest wine foaming in the clearest crystal.

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CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET.

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. RAYNELL, Little Pulteney-street.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL

AND

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

A MAN INTRODUCED TO HIS ANCESTORS.

[REPRINTED, by leave of the Proprietor, from articles contributed some years ago to the 'New Monthly Magazine,' by the Editor of this Journal.]

QUEVEDO tells a story of an old Spanish nobleman, who meeting his coachman in the place unmentionable to polite ears, and being respectfully asked how he came there, said it was on account of the fatal indulgence he had shown to his wicked son. "But," said he, "Peter," wiping his eyes, "how came you here?"—"Ah, my lord," replied Peter, "it was for being the father of that wicked son of yours."

It is frightful to hear the comments people will make on a story of this sort. Some go so far as to pretend that there is no reckoning on a legitimate family in Europe. An Ogleby, say they, for aught we know, reigns in France; and a Sawney Beane at Madrid. A corporal may be half-brother to the King of Prussia. Some prig of a fellow is perhaps the precursor, at no great distance, of the illustrious Alexander of the North; and the Emperor of Austria may be the exalted result of a parish beadle. In the old story-book which represents Virgil as a magician, the poet is said to have pronounced Augustus to be the son of a baker. The reason assigned for the discovery was, that the emperor had ordered the poet so many loaves a week, instead of money, to do what he liked with. By this rule, the holy allies might be all made out the descendants of parish officers; for there is nothing that occupies them so much as keeping a sharp eye upon vagrants, waging war with surreptitious munched apples, and the reading of books in church time, and wearing their respective cocked-hats with a solemn propriety. The Emperor of Austria, when shown a manuscript Ariosto in Italy, is recorded to have said that he had no countenance for authors of that sort: (which every body will readily believe, who has seen his Majesty's face.)

However, the famous Austrian lip has been long in the family. There is no denying that. Whatever its origin, it is of old standing. I have heard the same thing of slanting foreheads in other families. Dryden tells us of a recipe, by which to ascertain the legitimacy of certain royal families famous for intermarrying with their aunts and uncles,

"Who by their common ugliness are known."

Thinking of these matters, and happening to fall upon the geometrical ratio of descent, by which it appears that a man has, at the twentieth remove, one million forty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-six ancestors in the lineal degree—grandfathers and grandmothers,—I dropped the other evening into a reverie, during which I thought I stood by myself at one end of an immense public place, the other being occupied with a huge motley assembly, whose faces were all turned towards me. At this multitudinous gaze, I felt the sort of confusion which is natural to a modest man, and which almost makes us believe

that we have been guilty of some crime without knowing it. But what was my astonishment, when a master of the ceremonies issued forth, and saluting me by the title of his great-grandson, introduced me to the assembly in the manner and form following:—

May it please your Majesties and his holiness the Pope;

My Lord Cardinals, may it please your most reverend and illustrious eminences;

May it please your graces, my lord dukes;

My lords, and ladies, and lady abbesses;

Sir Charles, give me leave; Sir Thomas also, Sir John, Sir Nicholas, Sir William, Sir Owen, Sir Hugh, &c.

Right worshipful the several courts of aldermen;

Mesdames, the married ladies;

Mesdames the nuns and other maiden ladies;—Messieurs Manson, Womanson, Jones, Hervey, Smith, Merryweather, Hipkins, Jackson, Johnson, Jephson, Damant, Delavigne, De la Bletterie, Maapherson, Scott, O'Bryan, O'Shaughnessy, O'Halloran, Clutterbuck, Brown, White, Black, Lindygren, Southey, Pip, Trip, Chedorloamer (who the devil, thought I, is he?) Morandi, Moroni, Ventura, Mazarin, D'Orset, Puckering, Pickering, Haddon, Somerset, Kent, Franklin, Hunter, Le Fevre, Le Roi (more French!) Du Val (oh, ho! a highwayman, by all that's gentlemanly!) Howard, Churchill, Burdett, Argentine, Gustafson, Olafson, Bras-de-feu, Sweyn, Hacho and Tycho, Price, Lloyd, Llewellyn, Hanno, Hiram, &c. and all you intermediate gentlemen, reverend and otherwise—with your infinite sons, nephews, uncles, grandfathers, and all kinds of relations.

Then, you, sergeants and corporals, and other pretty fellows,—

You footmen there, and coachmen younger than your wigs,

You gypsies, pedlars, criminals, Botany-Bay men, old Romans, informers, critics, and other vagabonds,—

Gentlemen and ladies, one and all,—

Allow me to introduce to you, your descendant, Mr Manson.

Mr Manson, your ANCESTORS.

What a sensation!

I made the most innumerable kind of bow I could think of, and was saluted with a noise like that of a hundred oceans. Presently I was in the midst of the uproar, which became like a fair of the human race.

Dreams pay as little attention to ceremony, as the world of which they are supposed to form a part. The gentleman usher was the only person who retained a regard for it. Pope Innocent himself was but one of the crowd. I saw him elbowed and laughing among a parcel of lawyers. It was the same with the dukes and the princes. One of the kings was familiarly addressed by a lord of the bedchamber, as Tom Wildman; and a little French page had a queen much older than himself by the arm, whom he introduced to me as his daughter. I discerned very plainly my immediate ancestors the Mansons, but could not get near enough to speak to every one of them, by reason of a motley crowd, who, with all imaginable kindness, seemed as if they would have torn me to pieces. "This is my arm," said one, "as sure as fate," at the same time seizing me by the wrist. "The Franklin shoulder,"

cried another. A gay fellow, pushing up to me, and giving me a lively shake, exclaimed, "The family mouth, by the Lord Harry! and the eye—there's a bit of my father in the eye."—"A very little bit, please your honour," said a gypsy, a real gypsy, thrusting in her brown face: "all the rest's mine, Kitty Lee's, and the eyebrows are Johnny Faw's to a hair."—"The right leg is my property, however," returned the beau: "I'll swear to the calf."—"Mais—but—*notta to de autre calf*," added a ludicrous voice, half gruff and half polite, belonging to a fantastic-looking person, whom I found to be a dancing-master. I did not care for the gypsy; but to own my left leg to a dancing-master was not quite so pleasant, especially as, like Mr Brummel, it happens to be my favourite leg. Besides, I cannot dance. However, the truth must out. My left leg is more of a man's than my right, and yet it certainly originated with Mons. Fauxpas. He came over from France in the train of the famous Duke of Buckingham. The rest of me went in the same manner. A Catholic priest was rejoiced at the sight of my head of hair, though by no means remarkable but for quantity; but it seems he never expected to see it again since he received the tonsure. A little coquette of quality laid claim to my nose, and a more romantic young lady to my chin. I could not say my soul was my own. I was claimed not only by the Mansons, but by a little timid boy, a bold patriot, a moper, a merry-andrew, a coxcomb, a hermit, a voluptuary, a water-drinker, a Greek of the name of Pythias, a freethinker, a religionist, a bookworm, a simpleton, a beggar, a trembling father, a hack-author, an old soldier dying with harness on his back.

"Well," said I, looking at this agreeable mixture of claimants, "at any rate my vices are not my own."

"And how many virtues?" cried they in a stern voice.

"Gentlemen," said I "if you had waited, you would have seen that I could give up one as well as the other, as far as either can be given up by a nature that partakes of ye all. I see very plainly that all which a descendant no better than myself, has to do, is neither to boast of his virtues, nor pretend exemption from his vices, nor be overcome with his misfortunes; but solely to regard the great mixture of all as gathered together in his person, and to try what he can do with it for the honour of those who preceded him, and the good of those who come after."

At this I thought the whole enormous assembly put on a very earnest but affectionate face; which was a fine sight. A noble humility was in the looks of the best. Tears, not without dignity, stood in the eyes of the very worst.

"It is late for me," added I; "I can do little. But I will tell this vision to the younger and stouter; they perhaps may do more."

"Go and tell it," answered the multitude. But the noise was so loud, that I awoke, and found my little child crowing in my ear.

FRANCONIAN TALES,

No. II.

THE NIGHT-DOG.

It was new-year's day, and merry doings were going on in the castle of Rudeman. Of those who came to pay the compliments of the season some had taken their leave, but many were still sitting with my Lord the Count at the dinner-table, where the great silver goblet was making its joyous rounds. But the fun and frolic were more free and unrestrained at the second table. The company here was very lively indeed. Kees, the plump little man-cook, Deinhard, the waggish huntsman, and Sybella Frischin, the free and easy housekeeper, were striving who should be first, in jests, jokes, and monstrous good stories. "Just hear," said Deinhard, "what my Lord asked me to-day, and what I answered. They were talking at table of portrait-painting. 'Did you ever have your picture taken, Deinhard?' said the Count in jest. 'Indeed, my Lord,' I replied, 'I wanted to have it done, and so looked out for a painter at Bamberg; but the churl, after eying my visnomy, which, as your Lordship knows, is rather long, yellow, and pitted, yet not so bad after all, sent me off in a hurry, saying that he had no colours ugly enough for my face.' All the company laughed till they were ready to burst at this sally."

"That's nothing to what I'm going to tell you," interrupted the cook. "You must know that yesterday I very snugly roasted the owl that was found dead on the barn-floor, and served it up as a partridge to Hahneberg, the hungry chancery clerk, who comes spunging and smelling about the kitchen every day. He thought it was very nice, and stopped his jaw-work more than once to say that he had never in all his life eaten a bit of game with such a fine *haut goût* about it."

"You are mere ignoramuses," screamed out the housekeeper, "Do but listen to the trick I played yesterday. You know fat, comfortable, greedy Dr Hammer, and that when he comes into the castle, one can never make a bed to his liking. Well, this time I lodged him in the back red room, that is so far from the rest, for I knew the prank that the old bedstead would most likely play him. No sooner said than done. For a little before midnight, when our heavy friend the Doctor, whose head was just then none of the lightest, had found his way to his bed with no small difficulty, and thrown his huge masses of flesh upon it, down comes a great bit of the bedstead near the head, and as he was in no condition to help himself, or call for assistance, he was obliged to pass the night in the most uncomfortable way in the world, with his legs up and his head down. In the morning he wanted to give me a good scolding, but I *recalled* him at such a rate, which you know he likes excessively, that he thought no more of his mischance."

Lindermann, the gardener, must now needs put in his case, and told once more, not in the briefest style, how long he had been in Constantinople and Moscow, (an immense town, fifty miles behind Moscow) and at Jerusalem and Madrid, Buda and Mexico, and how he had been employed by gentlemen, grand viziers, interpreters, bishops, margraves, and professors; nay, more, how his father, (now in heaven) had a fish-pond four miles round, in his garden, and many other credible matters of a like nature. But Deinhard, the huntsman, soon stopped the current of his talk, by reckoning up that he must at least be 120 years old, if he had staid at every place as long as he had asserted. Now, though Mr Lindermann was gifted with most excellent digestion, he was not able to stomach and make meat of this calculation. Hence he opened his mouth no more, except to swallow the noble juice of the grape that stood before him.

But none of these gibes and jests was relished by the virtuous lady's maid, Wilhelmina Sellin, nor by Shenk, who held the honourable office of footman, and was born in the imperial town of Goplar: and even Franz Braunwauld, the Count's saddler, sat quite grave and silent, contrary to his usual custom; though he had lately finished a capital job in the har-

ness room, and was placed, on that account, at the second table. He seemed to be sunk in deep thought, and was neither cheered by the raillery of the frolicksome Sybella, nor by the jests of the huntsman; and, as at last they became very hard upon him, he took up his hat and stick, and silently went away. He went home and entered his room with the same silence and reserve. At length his young wife addressed him with these words:—"Tell me, dear Franz, what is the matter with you? Ever since yesterday you have been looking dull and gloomy, which is quite unusual with you. I thought to have seen you return to-day in good spirits from your merry party; but you are not. Perhaps the last work you did for the Count is not quite to your liking? Or has anything unpleasant happened?"

"Dear wife," answered the saddler, "I would have told you yesterday what it was that troubled me, had I not been afraid of disquieting your kind heart. But since you press me, I can no longer conceal it. You know the little garret in the old part of the castle, where I work for his Lordship. You know, too, that in order to finish the handsome new harness with which the count drove to church to-day, I worked the night before last till near midnight, and came home very late. I was sitting there very busy, my solitary lamp was burning before me, a snow storm was beating at the rattling old windows, and the watchman was crying eleven o'clock,—when suddenly there was a push at my door. Supposing that the porter had come to tell me to leave off work, I laid the harness down; when, behold! there came in a mouse-coloured dog of immense size, who looked upon me quite calmly with his bright, shining eyes, and poked his muzzle upon the table. You know that I am not fearful, but a feeling of horror came upon me, on beholding this apparition. However, I plucked up courage, and stared the beast in the face: he then opened his wide jaws, and uttered strange hollow sounds out of his deep throat. It seemed as if I half heard the words—Follow me!—Follow me!—Follow me! I was silent, and did not stir. But I heard these words for the second and third time. Now, thought I, you won't eat me after all, so I *will* follow the creature, and see what it wants, and where it will take me. Catching hold of my lamp, I followed the dog, who trotted before me, wagging his tail. The wind whistled through the old roof, the frightened owls flitted round me, and the rats skipped about, as I walked shivering along the cold stone floor, and at last reached a black door, which I had never before observed. The dog reared up against it, and it suddenly opened with a creaking noise. I went in, looked about me with the help of the lamp, and saw nothing but a large, empty, desolate chamber. But the dog seized my coat with his teeth, and drew me to a corner behind the door. My lamp shone upon it, and I saw a tall figure in a bright white dress, leaning against the wall. It looked to me like a stately lady in a silk dress of the old German fashion, with an open countenance, and long golden hair hanging down upon her shoulders. By the doubtful light of the lamp she seemed to be lifting her right arm towards me, holding a small black cross before me with a supplicating countenance. I had hardly raised my hand to touch the cross that was offered me, when my lamp was extinguished by a dreadful blast of wind; a fearful rattling sounded through the whole building, and a stifling sulphureous smell surrounded me. It was pitch-dark, and I stood trembling, without knowing or seeing where I should put my foot. However, I recovered myself a little, left the chamber, whose door shut to after me with a threatening crash, and groped along the rafters of the roof, followed by the dismal howlings of the dog, until I reached the well-known neighbourhood of my room. I soon found the stairs, got into the lower passage, which is lighted, and hastened home, where I found you already asleep. I could not sleep—my mind was too violently agitated by this night-adventure. I often tried to consider the whole as a vision, but the large gray dog, and the lady dressed in silk, with her melancholy yet cheerful face, stand before me too plain at this very moment. I suppose that both are accursed spirits, who are waiting for their

release. But it makes me so sorry, when I think that this release ought, perhaps, to have come to pass through me, had it not been frustrated by some other evil spirit. Now, dear wife, you know the cause of my sadness and my serious meditation."

"Do not let this disturb you," replied his wife; "this is an old story, which I was told when a child by my grandmother. You know that after she was a widow, she was nurse in the castle for ten years, and learned a great deal of what had happened there from the most remote period, which she was very fond of relating when she grew old, as grandmother's generally are. Among other stories was the following one:—"

"In the time of Count Gottfried, before the 30 years' war, there was in his court, a noble maiden called Esther von Rinkenberg, whose extraordinary beauty and virtue were celebrated long afterwards. At the same time the Count had a chamberlain named Milk, who was born at Schweinfurt. He liked to look upon the maid, and shewed her a great deal of attention, in hopes of winning her affections. But though he was a fine young fellow, she coldly kept him at a distance, and gave him to understand pretty plainly, that he was not of noble birth, and must fix his attentions elsewhere. This contempt sunk deep into the heart of the chamberlain, but, far from dismaying him, only inflamed him with a still more violent love for the court lady. But since he could not obtain his object by all his suing and pressing, he endeavoured to effect it by secret means. An old, wandering, and experienced woodman, who occasionally came to the castle and received alms from the Count, was entrusted by him with his situation; he advised him to get some of the hair of his beloved one, to burn and powder it, and then swallow it early in the morning, and fasting, in water drawn before the break of day. If he did this, he would soon have proof of the maiden's love. The chamberlain followed his advice. He obtained a large lock of Esther's beautiful light hair, from her chambermaid, who was far from disliking him, and did what the old woodman had directed. After some time the courtiers thought they observed that the beautiful maiden looked more kindly on the chamberlain than before. And when three-quarters of the year were over, it was suddenly reported that Esther was extremely ill, beyond all hope of recovery. At the same time they learned that Milk, the chamberlain, was kept in close custody in his apartment, and that a judge, attended by his clerk, was examining him daily. Very strange and bad things were whispered from one to another, but nothing certain was known, as the whole affair was managed very secretly. The end of the story was, that the young lady died suddenly, and was privately buried, but the chamberlain disappeared, and nobody could learn what had become of him. But all was not fairly done; for ever afterwards, about the turn of the year, a noise, and a rattling, and a hubbub is heard on the floor of the old castle, and sighing, and weeping, and trotting and howling, like a dog's. This clatter comes again every year. Every one thinks that these are the departed and accursed spirits of the court lady, who did not die innocent, and of the chamberlain, who was privately executed for seduction and witchcraft. Many years afterwards, a servant who was looking one night for something in a distant room, saw a woman in an ancient German dress, and a large dog lying before her. But suddenly his light was extinguished, and his fear and horror drove him away. The female figure is taken to be the lady, and the dog the transformed chamberlain. Both of them, they say, long for their release, but will find it very hard to obtain, as 'an evil spirit prevents it.'"

"This is the story," continued the saddler's wife, "which I heard from my grandmother, and the truth of which you have now experienced yourself. Drive it out of your head, as it is not your fault that you were not able to effect the release of these condemned spirits."

"But," replied Franz Braunwauld, "I have often worked in my room in the castle till late at night, and yet never heard or saw any thing horrid."

"You forget," replied his wife, "that the apparition is seen only at the turn of the year,—that is to say, in the twelve nights from Christmas to the feast of Epiphany, and never at any other time."

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

DR. HORNE, BISHOP OF NORWICH, THE COMMENTATOR ON THE PSALMS.

(From 'Personal and Literary Memorials' by the Author of 'Four Years in France'; 'Italy as it is,' &c.—a learned, entertaining, and conscientious man.)

DR. GEORGE HORNE was a man of unaffected piety, cheerful temper, great learning, and, notwithstanding his propensity to jesting, dignified manners. He was much beloved in Magdalen College, of which he was president; the chief complaint against him being, that he did not reside the whole of the time in every year that the statutes required. He resigned his headship on being promoted from the deanery of Canterbury to the see of Norwich: the alleged reason was the incompatibility of the duties; though other heads of houses, when made bishops, have retained their academical situations.

He never manifested the least ill-humour himself, and repressed it, but with gentleness, in others. Having engaged in a party at whist, merely because he was wanted to make up the number, and playing indifferently ill, as he forewarned his partner would be the case, he replied to the angry question, "What reason could you possibly have, Mr. President, for playing that card?"—"None upon earth, I assure you."

On the morning when news was received in college of the death of one of the fellows, a good companion, a *bon vivant*, Horne met with another fellow, an especial friend of the defunct, and began to condole with him: "We have lost poor L——."—"Ah! Mr. President, I may well say, I could have better spared a better man."—"Meaning me, I suppose?" said Horne, with an air that, by its pleasantry, put to flight the other's grief.

I was talking with Henry James Pye, late poet laureat, when he happened to mention the name of Mr P., a gentleman of Berkshire, and M.P., I think, for Reading: "That is the man," said I, "who damned the King's wig in the very presence of his Majesty, with great credit, however, to his own loyalty, and very much to the amusement of the King."—"I do not well see how that could be."—"You shall hear a story which our President (Pye had been a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College) told at his own table. The King out a hunting, P—— was in, and of the field: the King's horse fell: the King was thrown from the saddle, and his hat and wig were thrown to a little distance from him; he got on his feet again immediately, and began to look about for the hat and wig, which he did not readily see, being, as we all know, short-sighted. P——, very much alarmed by the accident, rides up in great haste, and arriving at the moment the King is peering about and saying to the attendants, 'Where's my wig? where's my wig?' P—— cries out, 'D—n your wig, is your Majesty safe?' Mr Pye observed, "That's just like P——; he is just the man to have done so." Horne seemed to think that no accusing spirit would cavil at the oath; for he gave it forth *ave rotundo*, not "in good sooth," swearing like a comest-maker's wife.

Horne sometimes condescended to a jocularity which others, as highly placed, but of minds not so playful and good-natured, would have thought beneath them. An under-graduate waited on him, according to rule, to ask leave out of College, saying he was going to Coventry: "Better to go than be sent," said the President.

"I have heard him preach at St Mary's, before the University, and it was amusing to see how he employed himself during the psalms usually sung before the sermon; beating time with his open hand upon the cushion, ever and anon joining in the chant; then arranging his notes, or wiping his spectacles. His delivery on these occasions was somewhat too familiar, approaching, if the term may be permitted, to the *lack-a-daisical*: yet he was at once convinced and convincing; it seemed as if he was free and easy in his exterior, because religion was to him interiorly a source of ease, and freedom, and comfort.

One of Horne's sermons, before the University, was on the doctrine of the trinity. . . . "In this faith," he said, "I have been brought up, and for this faith, I trust when called upon, I shall be ready to die." His chance of obtaining the crown of martyrdom seemed so very remote, that this declaration of his willingness to accept it could but provoke a smile. That this oblation of himself might not be entirely without consequence, my friend Richard Paget drew a caricature, now in my possession, representing the very reverend the Dean of Canterbury, with his placid smile on his face, and his spectacles on his nose,—both of which he bore as

attributes,—chained to a stake, the faggots heaped around him, and the flames ascending to his wig. The design is inscribed "The Martyrdom of Saint Horne."

For one thing he wrote he did deserve to have his wig singed. In a sixpenny pamphlet, in defence of the Corporation and Test Acts, now happily repealed, and of which the repeal was sought at the time of his writing, he answers the argument that the test leads to hypocrisy, the profanation of a sacred rite, and aggravated perjury, by the remark, "What is this to the dissenters? *they are honest men!*" This is the insolence of domination, which even this mild and good man could not avoid.

He wrote some numbers of the 'Olla Podrida,' in one of which he recommended the study of the newspapers by the examples of the Athenians, who passed their time in nothing else but in hearing and telling some new thing:—"Would any man wish to pass his time better than the Athenians did? Indeed we may expect that ere long nothing but newspapers will be read; since it seems to be agreed on by all men of the *ton*, that is, by all men of *sense*, that religion is a *hum*, virtue a *twaddle*, and learning a *bore*."

In 1791 he went to take possession of his episcopal palace at Norwich. When on the steps, he looked around, and said, "Bless us! Bless us! what a multitude of people!" Some one near, not out of malice, but because his head was filled with Norfolk dumplings, said, "O! my Lord, this is nothing to the crowd on Friday last to see the man hanged."

THE SCHOLAR'S ALE-JUG TO —,

ON HIS FAILING TO COME TO SUPPER.

Won't you come and converse with us?
Master's so dull and I'm so dry,
With dust and cobwebs choked well nigh,
That nothing's more stupid than he and I,—
Stupid, and dull, and dumb;
But we should not be so if you were by,—
Priethee, then, won't you come?

Won't you come and accept his fare?
His banquet, indeed, I can't exalt,
It's little they get that eat his salt,
He fills me with nothing but vulgar malt,—
No brandy, or wine, or rum;
But I've heard him say it was not his fault,
And he'd tell you when you come.

Won't you come and accept his plea?
With Apollo and you he'll be more grand
Than the wealthiest noble in the land;
Few things indeed are at his command,
But still, you know, there's some;—
There's the cup of kindness, and the hand
That he gives you when you come.

Won't you come and accept that hand?
I heard him last night; he was very sad;
He was counting the friends that he had had,
How many were fled since times grew bad;
Then sudden he snapped his thumb,
And exclaimed aloud with a face all glad—
But I'll tell you when you come.

June 20.

MODERN SCULPTURE.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CUSTOMER (A) AND A SCULPTOR (B.)

A.—Mr B. I want a full length statue made of myself, at your own price.

B.—If you please, Sir. Would you like to be taken naturally, in the dress you usually wear, as portrait painters take their likenesses?

A.—No; that would be common, and therefore vulgar. What think you of my being stark naked, except a small towel in front, like General Wolfe, in Westminster Abbey? or totally naked, like Lord Nelson in the Exchange-square in Liverpool?

B.—The objection is, that Englishmen neither live, fight, nor die, stark naked; and that the uniform they quarrelled in, ought not to be despised, particularly by their own countrymen. Bonaparte instantly rejected Canova's colossal naked statue of him with a great truncheon in his hand.

A.—Then why are artists guilty of such absurdities?

B.—They don't mind violating any proprieties in life whatever, provided they can seize an opportunity to display their own skill in drawing the figure. Witness the monstrous absurdity on the crown-pieces, of making a naked St George fighting a dragon, with nothing on but a little cloth cloak, that, it is said, his wife lent him to prevent his catching cold.

A.—Then what think you of representing me in a Roman dress, as Marcus Aurelius on horseback, like George the Third, at Liverpool.

B.—Such notions might do very well for a fancy ball. Sir Peter Lely, in his portraits, got very much laughed at for drawing fat ladies in the characters of Dianas, Floras, &c.; because what is absurd will always be ridiculous.

A.—You appear to me to be too fastidious, and to have too much common sense. As the apothecary in Mrs Radoliff's novel says, 'where is the use of art if we are to follow nature?' We stop to admire something out of the common way, and it is the province of art to cause admiration and wonder. How do you account for people liking what is strange and monstrous?

B.—There is an uninformed taste in the public that leads them to run after the quack more than the true physician. We must leave it to time and general education to refine and correct their errors.

A.—I am partly convinced, but then it's against my will. I must own I still like the monstrous—from the Ajax in the park, down to the dragons and griffins in heraldry. And there must be multitudes of my opinion, or else the artists would not venture upon courting their admiration.

B.—It should be the province of artists to lead, and not mislead, the public taste. What is unnatural is in general disgusting. That very clever artist, Harlow, went often to dinner parties in a Field Marshal's uniform, and got very much laughed at, merely because he had no right to wear it. And for the same reason, no statue ought to be dressed in what it never wore. Harlow had as much right to wear his uniform, as George the Third has to be dressed as Marcus Aurelius.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XXII.—HENRY VIII.

This play contains little action or violence of passion, yet it has considerable interest of a more mild and thoughtful cast, and some of the most striking passages in the author's works. The character of Queen Katherine is the most perfect delineation of matronly dignity, sweetness, and resignation, that can be conceived. Her appeals to the protection of the king, her remonstrances to the cardinals, her conversations with her women, show a noble and generous spirit, accompanied with the utmost gentleness of nature. What can be more affecting than her answer to Campelus and Wolsey, who come to visit her as pretended friends:

"Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In mine own country, lords."

Dr Johnson observes of this play, that "the meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katherine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katherine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written." This is easily said; but with all due deference to so great a reputed authority as that of Johnson, it is not true. For instance, the scene of Buckingham led to execution is one of the most affecting and natural in Shakspeare, and one to which there is hardly an approach in any other author. Again, the character of Wolsey, the description of his pride and of his fall, are inimitable, and have, besides their gorgeousness of effect, a pathos, which only the genius of Shakspeare could lend to the distresses of a proud, bad man, like Wolsey. There is

a sort of child-like simplicity in the very helplessness of his situation, arising from the recollection of his past overbearing ambition. After the cutting sarcasms of his enemies on his disgrace, against which he bears up with a spirit conscious of his own superiority, he breaks out into that fine apostrophe—

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd: O how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war and women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again!"

There is in this passage, as well as in the well-known dialogue with Cromwell which follows, something which stretches beyond common-place; nor is the account which Griffiths gives of Wolsey's death less Shakspearean; and the candour with which Queen Katherine listens to the praise of "him whom of all men while living she hated most," adds the last graceful finishing to her character.

Among other images of great individual beauty might be mentioned the description of the effect of Ann Boleyn's presenting herself to the crowd at her coronation.

"While her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man. Which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes."

The character of Henry VIII is drawn with great truth and spirit. It is like a very disagreeable portrait sketched by the hand of a master. His gross appearance, his blustering demeanour, his vulgarity, his arrogance, his sensuality, his cruelty, his hypocrisy, his want of common decency and common humanity, are marked in strong lines. His traditional peculiarities of expression complete the reality of the picture. The authoritative expletive, "Ha!" with which he intimates his indignation or surprise, has an effect like the first startling sound that breaks from a thunder-cloud. He is of all the monarchs in our history the most disgusting: for he unites in himself all the vices of barbarism and refinement, without their virtues. Other kings before him (such as Richard III) were tyrants and murderers out of ambition or necessity: they gained or established unjust power by violent means: they destroyed their enemies or those who barred their access to the throne, or made its tenure insecure. But Henry VIII's power is most fatal to those whom he loves: he is cruel and remorseless to pamper his luxurious appetites: bloody and voluptuous; an amorous murderer; an uxorious debauchee. His hardened insensibility to the feelings of others is strengthened by the most profligate self-indulgence. The religious hypocrisy, under which he marks his cruelty and his lust, is admirably displayed in the speech in which he describes the first misgivings of his conscience and its increasing throes and terrors, which have induced him to divorce his queen. The only thing in his favour in this play is his treatment of Cranmer: there is also another circumstance in his favour, which is his patronage of Hans Holbein.—It has been said of Shakspeare—"No maid could live near such a man." It might with as good reason be said—"No king could live near such a man." His eye would have penetrated through the pomp of circumstance and the veil of opinion. As it is, he has represented such persons to the life—his plays are in this respect

the glass of history—he has done them the same justice as if he had been a privy counsellor all his life, and in each successive reign. Kings ought never to be seen upon the stage. In the abstract, they are very disagreeable characters: it is only while living that they are "the best of kings." It is their power, their splendour, it is the apprehension of the personal consequences of their favour or their hatred, that dazzles the imagination and suspends the judgment of their favourites or their vassals; but death cancels the bond of allegiance and of interest; and seen as they were, their power and their pretensions look monstrous and ridiculous. The charge brought against modern philosophy as inimical to loyalty is unjust, because it might as well be brought against other things. No reader of history can be a lover of kings. We have often wondered that Henry VIII as he is drawn by Shakspeare, and as we have seen him represented in all the bloated deformity of mind and person, is not hooted from the English stage.

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

FAVOURITE SPECIMEN OF CHAUCER'S DESCRIPTION OF
EXTERNAL NATURE.

(Omitted by mistake in the preceding article.)

Upon a certain night
As I lay in my bed, sleep full unmeet (1)
Was unto me, but why that I ne might
Rest I ne wist, for there n'as (2) earthly wight
(As I suppose) had more of heart's ease
Than I, for I n'ad (3) sickness nor disease;

Wherefore I marvel greatly of myself
That I so long withouten sleep lay,
And up I rose three hours after twelfe,
About the springing of the gladsome day,
And on I put my gear and mine array,
And to a pleasant grove I 'gan to pass
Long ere the brighte sun uprisen was;

In which were oaks great, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass so fresh of hue
Was newly sprung, and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well from his fellow grew.
With branches broad laden with leaves new,
That sprungen out against the sonnè sheen, (4)
Some very red, and some a glad light green,

And at the last a path of little brede (5)
I found, that greatly had not used be,
For it forgrowen was with grass and weed,
That well unnethes (6) a wight might it see.
Thought I, this path some whither goth pardie;
And so I followed till it me brought
To a right pleasant arbour well ywrought,

Which that benched was, and with turves new
Freshly turved, whereof the greené gras
So small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hue,
That most like to green wool wot I it was;
The hedge also, that yeden (7) in compass,
And closed in allé the green arbore, (8)
With sycamore was set and eglantere

And shapen was this arbour roof and all
As is a pretty parlour, and also
The hedge as thick as is a castle wall,
That who that list without to stand or go,
Though he would all day pryen to and fro,
He should not see if there were any wight
Within or no, but one within well might

Perceive all those that yeden (9) there without
Into the field, that was on every side
Cover'd with corn and grass, that out of doubt,
Though one would seeken all the worldé wide,
So rich a fieldé could not be espied
Upon no cost, as of the quantity,
For of allé good thing there was plenty.

And I, that all these pleasant sightes see,
Thought suddenly I felt so sweet an air
Of the eglantere, that certainly
There is no heart I deem in such despair,
Ne yet with thoughtes froward and contraire
So overlaid, but it should soon have bote (10)
If it had onés felt this savour sote. (11)

- (1) Unmeet—unfitting, unwelcome.
- (2) N'as—ne was, was not.
- (3) N'ad—ne had, had not.
- (4) Sheen—shining.
- (5) Brede—breadth.
- (6) Unnethes—scarcely.
- (7) Yeden—went.
- (8) Arbore—arbour.
- (9) Yeden—went.
- (10) Bote—help, remedy.
- (11) Sote—sweet.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eye,
I was 'ware of the fairest medlar tree
That ever yet in all my life I see,
As full of blossomés as it might be,
Therein a goldfinch leaping prettily
From bough to bough, and as him list he eat
Here and there of buddés and flow'rs sweet.

And to the arbour side was adjoining
This fairest tree of which I have you told,
And at the last the bird began to sing,
When he had eaten what he eaten would,
So passing sweetly that by many fold
It was more pleasant than I could devise.
And when his song was ended in this wise,

The nightingale with so merry a note
Answered him, that all the wood yung
So suddenly, that as it were a sot (12)
I stood astonished, and was with the song
Thorough ravishéd, that till late and long
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where,
Again methought she sung, e'en by mine ear.

Wherefore I waited (13) about busily
On every side if I her might see,
And at the last I 'gan full well espy
Where she sat in a fresh green laurel tree,
On the farther side even right by me,
That gave so passing a delicious smell,
According to the eglantere full well:

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,
As methought I surely ravishéd was
Into Paradise, wherein my desire
Was for to be, and no farther to pass
As for that day, and on the soté (14) grass
I sat me down, for as for mine intent
The bird's song was more convenient,

And more pleasant to me by many fold
Than meat or drink, or any other thing;
Thereto the arbour was so fresh and cold,
The wholesome savours eke so comforting,
That, as I deeméd, with the beginning
Of the world was never seen ere then
So pleasant a ground of none earthly man.

FINE ARTS AND LITERATURE.

Two Journeys through Italy and Switzerland, by William Thompson, Assistant Commissary General to the Forces. J. Macrone.

MR THOMPSON is an intelligent and agreeable person, who appears to have enjoyed his two hasty journeys considerably. He writes on account of his pleasures and sensations on visiting the garden of Europe, and the favourite seat of art to his friends at home; and no doubt they derived much pleasure in the perusal. Accordingly they press him to publish, and Mr Thompson complies; this part of the transaction we cannot but think indiscreet. The roads Mr Thompson travelled are well beaten, the cities he visited are as familiar to us as Oxford street; nor does he meet with any notable adventures. From our personal friends we hear with delight when they treat of the oldest subjects; we receive a note after a first visit to Richmond with something like anticipation. We join the interest we take in our friend to the interest we mutually feel in the scene, and each augments the other; we feel the same kind of gratification that we do when two of our old friends meet each other for the first time. One ingredient, and it is the principal one, is wanting to the satisfaction of the general reader if such communications be made public. The only exceptions are in favour of old and favourite writers, who stand somewhat in the light of personal friends to the world at large.

Mr Thompson appears to have a genuine taste for works of art; but there is nothing to show that it is so much more exalted or acute than is common to cultivated and tasteful minds in general, as to qualify him for a critic. His decisions are mostly correct, but amount to no more than all the world are agreed upon already; if he deviates from the beaten track of criticism, he loses his way.

For the purposes of a road-book, the work is far too scanty and loose, and not always quite correct. Ex. gr. as where he mentions that the two halves of Florence are joined by two "fine stone bridges;" while, in fact, there are four;—one very ugly one,

- (12) Sot, Fr.—a stupefied person, a fool.
- (13) Waited—watched.
- (14) Soté—sweet.

two indifferently good, and one extremely beautiful; as many visitors to the very admirable panorama of that city, exhibited a short time back in Leicester Fields, probably observed. In fact, Mr Thompson's visits to the different places were too hasty to enable him to have a very full or exact idea of any of them; and thus, although a pleasing specimen of general-post letter-writing, there is not stuff in the work enough to make a satisfactory volume. Upon reading it we have a better opinion of the writer than of his work—a better opinion of what he might do than of what is done.

A History of British Fishes. By William Yarrell, F.L.S. Part VI. John Van Voorst.

BEAUTIFUL as usual. The Fishing Frog is the most monstrous living absurdity we ever saw. Is it possible that such individuals can consider themselves beautiful? If they do, what a hideous creature an intelligent Fishing Frog would think the Venus de Medici. The little vignette of horses going to be bathed in the sea is hardly so happily drawn as usual; but it is true to the fact, and a pretty bit of colour.

Colburn's Modern Novelists, Vol. VIII.—The Disowned. By Edward Lytton Bulwer. Revised edition. In 2 vols. Vol. I. Colburn.

'The Disowned' it appears, from the introductory essay to the present edition, of all Mr Bulwer's novels, is the one most congenial to the writer's own feelings; and it is certainly altogether, to our mind, the most agreeable. There are a couple of engravings at the commencement of the volume. The group of lovers is pleasing, particularly the girl. Her face wants passion; but it has feeling, gentleness, and beauty. The gentleman is rather tame. The vignette is not destitute of a certain nice feeling; but it is stiff and artificial in the drawing and grouping.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

No. LXXXII.—FATAL MISTAKE OF MORBID EGOTISM FOR LOVE.

THE frequency of strange cases of this kind during the transition of mind in France from one state of opinion to another, induces us to copy it from the newspapers. It is not love which these unfortunate persons feel; at least, not love of any high order—certainly not of a lasting or healthy sort. It is a morbid, melancholy impatience, generally allied to a character of a very wilful description, which probably would as soon have quarrelled as loved in the course of another twelvemonth, and meeting with an egotism resembling its own, and prepared to jump all extremities for the sake of indulging its spleen, and getting a sensation. We do not say this, of course, out of any want of charity towards the unhappy victims of such mistakes, but as a warning towards sensitive people of melancholy fancies, not to copy these very serious levities of our neighbours, (for such, after all, they must be called, and the result of half thoughts mistaking themselves for whole ones), but to cultivate their faculties, animal and intellectual, to better advantage,—and to believe that real love would rather continue to exist with the beloved object in the same wide world, if it could not do it in the same house, than hazard the loss of its company in another by such perilous conclusions—much less selfishly invite it to partake them, and thus quit all chance of earthly happiness from the more cheerful companionship of other friends.

THE following extraordinary case, the details of which are given by one of the actors in the tragedy, came on before the Court of Assize in Paris, on Saturday. In 1826, Posper Bancal, accompanied by his sister, went on a visit to the family of M. Troussett, a merchant of Angoulême, when he, for the first time, saw Madame Priolland, who was then twenty years of age. Although he only remained there eight days, so great an intimacy had sprung up between Madame Priolland and himself, that after his departure they corresponded for five months, when, at the request of her husband, the correspondence ceased. From that period until 1831, when Bancal left France for Senegal, he and Madame Priolland met but twice, and both times in the pretence of her husband. Towards the close of

1834, Bancal returned from Senegal, and went to Montpellier to take out a doctor's diploma. In going and returning he called on Madame Priolland, and it was in one of those interviews, he states, that she proposed to him the project of putting themselves to death—a proposal which he looked upon at first as mere badinage, but which soon took irresistible possession of his mind. Resolutions were finally made to accomplish this object, and they parted in the end of February. They met on the 14th of March at Poitiers, and the 23rd of March was the day fixed for the execution of their project. On the 17th of March they arrived in Paris, and went to lodge at an hotel as man and wife. On the evening fixed for the accomplishment of their horrible plan, Madame Priolland ordered a foot bath to be brought into her chamber, and at eleven o'clock, every thing being ready, the horrible tragedy began. Bancal states that she then asked him to put an end to her life; upon which he bled her twice in her legs. She lost a great deal of blood, and would have fallen from the chair, had he not supported her. After some time his strength failed, and she fell upon the floor, but he subsequently succeeded in placing her upon the bed, and they laid there side by side. The hours wore away, and she still lived. He asked her if she wished to live; she said "No." He then asked her if she would wish him to use the bistouri; but she said she objected to the iron entering her heart. She had chosen bleeding as the means to be used to deprive her of life, because she said she would wish to see herself dying. After some further delay, he with her own consent, gave her some acetate of morphine, which he had provided, and then took a dose himself. They both suffered nausea and vertigo, in consequence of taking the morphine, but its effects were not sufficiently powerful, and the bistouri was at length resorted to. He stabbed her once without effect; but on his inflicting a second and deeper wound, she pressed his hand, and never moved afterwards. He then stabbed himself three times, but the wounds did not prove fatal. A friend of Bancal's, named Cassemacasse, next morning received a letter which had been written by the former, who, in the anticipation of death, had requested that he would see Madame Priolland and himself buried in the same coffin. When Cassemacasse went to the room and had the door forced open, Bancal and his victim were both stretched on the bed, the latter quite dead, but the former still living, though a stream of blood was issuing from a large wound in his left breast. Bancal having recovered from his wound, was on Saturday last brought to trial for the murder of Madame Priolland. Great interest was excited in the court, which was crowded to excess by ladies anxious to hear the result of this romantic affair. After a long investigation, of which we regret that our limits will not permit us to give the details, the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty. Bancal is described as being a young man, small in stature, with black hair and eyes, and of a pale countenance, expressive of a deep and settled melancholy.

TABLE TALK.

ORIGIN OF ONE OF GOETHE'S PLAYS.—LESSON TO TYRANNICAL EXPERIMENTERS UPON A GOOD TEMPER.

The attachment I had felt for Margaret, I transferred to the daughter of our host, named Annette. I have nothing to say of her but that she was young, pretty, lively, and affectionate. Her disposition was so sweet, her mind so pure, that she deserved the love and veneration due to a saint. I saw her uninterruptedly every day. Our company at the *table d'hôte* was confined to a few persons known to the master of the house, whose wife was a Frankfort woman. They received very few people except during the fair. Annette and I had many opportunities of conversing with each other, of which we took advantage with mutual pleasure. As she was not permitted to go out, her diversions and amusements were very few: we used to sing some of Zachary's songs together; we played Kronger's Duke Michael; and thus our time glided on. But the more innocent connexions of this kind are, the less variety of impressions is there to prolong their duration. I accordingly fell into that evil disposition of mind which often misleads us so far as to make us find a pleasure in tormenting those whom we love; and I abused the fondness of a young female by tyrannical and arbitrary caprices. Secure of the affection of Annette, and of her anxiety to please me, I vented on her all the ill-humour that the failure of my poetical essays, the apparent impossibility of my doing myself honour by them, and everything else that occurred to vex me, excited. I poisoned our best days by groundless and unworthy jealousies. She long endured all these follies with angelic patience; but I had the cruelty to tire it out. To my shame and despair I at length perceived that her heart was alienated from me, and that I had now real cause for all the extravagances I had been guilty of without reason. This discovery gave rise to terrible scenes between us; but all that I gained by them was to learn, for the fourth time, how much I loved, and how necessary her affection

was to me. My passion, however, increased,—assuming all the forms which such situations produce. It was now my turn to act the part of this amiable girl: I used all my endeavours to gain her by agreeable diversions. I could not bear to relinquish all hopes of her return to me; but it was too late. Struck with remorse for my conduct towards her, I avenged her by torturing myself with my own follies. The furious despair by which I thought to awake her compassion, overcame her physical strength. These extravagances greatly contributed to the bodily anguish by which I lost some of the best years of my life; and, perhaps, these complaints would speedily have terminated my existence, had not my poetical vein come to my assistance, and restored my enfeebled health. Already, during several intervals, I had perceived my folly. When restored to myself, I deplored my injustice towards Annette, and the sufferings I had caused her. So often, and in so lively a manner, did I represent to myself all the circumstances of her situation and my own, comparing them with the peace and happiness enjoyed by another couple in our society, that at length I could not resist the desire to make this contrast the subject of a drama, for the instruction of lovers, and in expiation of my folly. This was the origin of the oldest of my dramatic works that have been preserved; the title of which is,—'The Caprices of a Lover.'

YOUTH AND AGE. (ACCORDING TO LORD BACON.)

I remember when I was a young man at Poitiers in France, I conversed familiarly with a certain Frenchman, a witty young man, but something talkative, who afterwards grew to be a very eminent man. He was wont to inveigh against the manners of old men; and would say, that if there minds could be seene as their bodies are, they would appear no less deformed. Besides, being in love with his own wit, he would maintaine that the vices of old men's minds had some correspondence, and were parallel, with the imperfections of their bodies. For the dryness of their skin, he would bring in impudence; for the hardness of their bowels, unmercifulness; for the lippitude (blearedness) of their eyes, an Evil Eye and Envy; for the casting down of their eyes and bowing their bodies towards the earth, Atheisme; (For, saith hee, they look no more up to heaven, as they were wont;) for the trembling of their members, irresolution of their decrees and light inconstance; for the bending of their fingers as it were to catch, rapacitie and covetousness; for the rustling their knees, fearfulness; for their wrinkles, craftiness and obliquity; and other things which I have forgotten. But to be serious. A young man is modest and shamefaced; an old man's forehead is hardened. A young man is full of bounty and mercies; an old man's heart is brawnne. A young man is affected with a laudible emulation; an old man with a malignant envie. A young man is inclined to religion; an old man loses in piety, through the coldness of his charity and long conversation in evil, and likewise through the difficulties of his belief. A young man's desires are pleasant; an old man's moderate. A young man is light and moveable; an old man more grave and constant. A young man is given to liberality and beneficence, and humanity; an old man to covetousness, wisdom for his own self, and seeking his own ends. A young man is confident and full of hope; an old man different, and given to suspect most things. A young man is gentle and obsequious; an old man forward and disdainful. A young man is sincere and open-hearted; an old man cantelous and close. A young man is given to a desire to great things; an old man to regard things mercenary. A young man thinks well of the present times; an old man prefereth times past before them. A young man reverenceth his superiors; an old man is more forward to tax them.

TUSCAN FRASANTRY.

I have found at the distance of ten miles from Florence the best people I have ever yet conversed with. The country people are frank, hospitable, courteous, laborious, and disinterested; eager to assist one another, and offended at nothing but the offer of a reward. I have sat amongst them by the hour, almost the only company I could ever endure half so long; and, at the same time of seeing me, the whole family has told me its most intimate concerns. The mother has enlarged on the virtues, and excused the faults of her husband. The daughter has asked me whether I was married, and whether I liked it, as she intended to take a husband in the beginning of the Carnival . . . Stefano . . . I must know him . . . and had bought the bed, and hemmed the sheets, and folded and packed up the *corredo*; telling me that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as the beginning of the Carnival . . . Such fun! "Matta!" cries the mother, and smiles at me.—*Landor.*

* Marriage gifts.

† Mad.

Correspondents next week.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, comprehending an Inquiry into the Causes, Nature, Prevention, and Treatment of Tuberculous and Scrofulous Diseases in general. By James Clark, M.D., F.R.S. 1 vol. post 8vo. London. Gilbert and Co.

THE subject of this volume is so universally important that it calls for our notice, while the manner in which it is treated by Dr Clark, who has divested his language as much as possible of technical terms, is so comprehensive, clear, and simple, as to embolden us to venture an opinion on some of his suggestions, and to speak, in part, of his treatise as of something we understand. Indeed, one of the great merits of the work is, that nearly every part of it may be understood by any person of common education and intellect—by any respectable father of a family, by any industrious mechanic, to whose particular case, as affected by the nature of his trade or employment, a considerable and valuable part of the treatise is especially addressed. It is for these reasons that we wish to see the book widely diffused; and we think we are performing a philanthropic office and a duty in doing what lies in our power to make its existence known.

If the utter incurableness of consumption in its advanced stages be a matter calculated to depress and sadden the heart, the sure means by which in a vast majority of cases it may be prevented from declaring itself, and the comparative ease by which it may be cured in its earliest stages, are favourable to hope, and to those tender cares and assiduous exertions which most honour our nature. It was only by placing the awful results of the malady full before us—by laying open the valley of death at our very feet, that Dr Clark could hope to arouse the attention of the generality of mankind. No decorous veil, or silken curtain ought to be drawn here. There yawns the horrid gulf in which the fond hopes of half the world go down—here is the broad path that leads straight to it, and on the opposite side the path that leads directly from it.

A physician is perhaps the best of all moral teachers, for his daily practice furnishes him with tangible illustrations of the intimate connexion between vice and disease, between disorderly passions and a disordered frame of body, between inordinate sensual indulgences and that contamination of the system which descends from father to son, until the whole infected race is utterly extinguished by it. There is an awful solemnity in the passage where our author shows how frequently the gout, contracted by intemperance in this generation, becomes scrofula in the next, consumption or madness in the third, and how often, in this sense, the sins of the father are visited upon an innocent, a helpless, and a hopeless posterity.

Whilst other diseases are giving way to improved modes of life and the progress of the medical science, or, after having had their rise, their meridian height, and their decline, are passing away of themselves (for certain maladies seem to have their cycles—their final limits of extent and duration), Dr Clark is of opinion that consumption, or a disposition to tuberculous diseases, is on the increase among us. "By diminishing the disposition to this most destructive of all maladies," he says in his preface, "we shall not only reduce the sum of its daily victims, but we shall raise the standard of public health, and at the same time advance the moral excellence of man, augment his capabilities, and increase the sphere of his usefulness; for it need not be stated, that without sound bodily health, the intellectual powers languish and decay. Our subject, therefore, is one which not only concerns personal feelings and social happiness, but involves the well-being of society at large, and the intellectual as well as the physical character of nations."

He shows the same enlargement of view and of object throughout the volume, which becomes the more interesting from his constant allusion to the

mental as well as to the corporeal faculties,—to the intellectual education of man, as well as to the proper nurture and care of his body. In his chapter on the means of preventing consumption, after copious remarks on the proper manner of treating infants and very young children—particularly such as are delicate—he devotes a section to the subject of the education of youths of both sexes, wherein he "speaks out" (and it is only by speaking out frankly and fearlessly, and often, that we can hope to correct the evils) concerning the mismanagement and abominations that still disgrace so many of our schools. There is scarcely a class of people among whom the presence and tuition of the real schoolmaster is more required than the pseudo-schoolmasters and schoolmistresses—the masters and matrons of your "boarding-schools," "fashionable establishments," "academies," "seminaries," (or by whatever name they may delight to honour their concerns;) and we apprehend that in too many instances these persons superadd to gross ignorance and a blind adhesion to routine, an unscrupulous disregard of the important and solemn charge confided to them. The boys' schools are bad enough, but those for girls are infinitely worse. Before any parent entrusts his children to such nurseries of disease, let him carefully attend to the following observations.

"No subject, I am persuaded, calls more urgently for the attention of parents than the education of their children, both intellectual and physical. However laudable may be their desire to see the minds of their offspring early and highly cultivated, it should be checked by the knowledge that this object can in many cases be attained only by the sacrifice of health, and too often not without the loss of life. 'The time,' says Dr Beddoes, 'is not perhaps far distant when parents will discover that the best method of cultivating the understanding, provides at the same time most effectually for robustness of constitution; and that the means of securing both parts of the comprehensive prayer of the satirist,—*at sit mens sana in corpore sano*—are identical.'

"The consequences just noticed as arising from the erroneous system of education in the schools for boys, prevail in a greater degree, and are productive of more injury, in female boarding-schools. If the plans pursued at many of these establishments were intended to injure the health of the pupils, they could scarcely be better contrived to effect that purpose. The prevailing system of female education is, indeed, fraught with the most pernicious consequences. At a period of life when the development of the system demands the most judicious management, young girls are sent to schools where almost the only object which appears to claim consideration, is the amount of mental improvement, or rather the variety of accomplishments with which they can be stored. At an early hour in the morning the pupil is set down to music or the drawing-table, where she remains, often in a constrained position, in a cold room, till the whole frame, and more especially the lower extremities, become chilled:—the brief relaxation during the short space allowed for meals and the formal walk, is insufficient to restore the natural warmth of the extremities; and it often happens that girls are allowed to retire to bed with their feet so cold as frequently to prevent sleep for hours. Those who are acquainted with the general system of the boarding schools of this country will allow that this is no exaggerated picture.* A delicate girl, submitted to such a discipline, cannot escape disease. While school-boys have the advantage of a play-ground, or enjoy their recreation at pleasure in the open fields, the unfortunate inmates of a female boarding-school are only permitted to walk along the foot-paths in pairs, in stiff and monotonous formality, resembling, as Dr Beddoes justly remarks, a funeral procession. The consequence is, that the muscles of the upper extremities and those which are chiefly concerned in the support of the trunk are rarely called into active play; they do not acquire strength as the body increases in stature,—they remain weak and unequal to the task of supporting the trunk in the erect posture. A curved state of the spine is generally the consequence; and this, by altering the natural position and form of the trunk, renders the respiratory movements imperfect; the capacity of the chest is diminished, and the lungs are consequently more liable to congestion, and the diseases which are its consequences.

"While the natural form and proportions of the body are thus destroyed, the health generally suffers

* See the excellent article on Physical Education, by Dr Barlow of Bath, in the 'Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine.'

in a remarkable manner. This is generally manifested by the paleness of the countenance, by a deranged state of the digestive organs, by a dry coarse skin, cutaneous eruptions, and other indications of deteriorated health. In short, almost all the requisites for the production of scrofula may be found in female boarding-schools, where the system I have described is pursued.

"There are many exceptions to this system of boarding-school discipline, and the number would no doubt be greatly increased if the conductors were aware of one-half of the extent of the injurious effects it produces. In the establishments to which I allude, as being conducted on more rational principles, the cultivation of the mind and the acquirement of the various female accomplishments are not the only objects aimed at; the health of the girls forms, as it ought, the first and paramount consideration. The time devoted to daily study, by the present system, should be greatly abridged, and that allowed for exercise augmented in proportion; the exercise should also be such as to call into action every muscle of the body.

"The clothing during winter ought to be warm, and every means should be adopted to guard against coldness of the extremities. The pupils should not be allowed to sit so long at one time as to induce this state, nor to go to bed with chilled feet. Were I to select any one circumstance more injurious than another to the health of young girls, it would be cold extremities, the consequence of want of active exercise, and the prevailing and most pernicious habit of wearing thin shoes while in the house.

"A warm bath ought to form an appendage to every boarding-school, and every girl should occasionally enjoy the benefit of it. A large, lofty, and well-ventilated room should be set apart for the express purpose of exercise, when the weather is such as to prevent it in the open air. A system of gymnastics is quite as necessary for girls as for boys. They should be sufficiently varied to give free play to all the muscles, and more especially to those of the trunk and upper extremities. If the girl has any tendency to curvature of the spine, those exercises which are most effectual in correcting this deformity should constitute a part of the daily exercise. To the room devoted to these exercises, the younger girls should be allowed to retire for a short time, during the usual hours of school, to amuse themselves at pleasure. This recreation I consider of the utmost importance: it must, nevertheless, be understood that no exercise is to be considered a substitute for that in the open air; and for this reason every female boarding-school ought to have a play-ground, where the pupils may choose their own amusements, and play without restraint.

"Were a judicious system of management pursued in boarding-schools, the opprobrium which has so long attached to them, would not only be removed, but they might be made the means of improving the general health of the pupils, and of correcting even the scrofulous constitution; they would thus become the source of much future benefit to the children, and of happiness to their parents."

Dr Clark, in common with Dr Barlow, Dr Combe, and the other excellent men and able physicians, who have lately written on the subject of Physical Education, most strenuously recommends the frequent use of the bath, not only as a means of promoting the health and cleanliness, but the morality of the people. Dr Clark says:—

"While on the subject of cold bathing, I must not omit to notice the beneficial effects of swimming. With this invigorating exercise, the cold-bath is doubly serviceable. Swimming, as Locke recommends, ought to form a part of every boy's education."

But here, as regards the mass of our poor and busy population, the question will occur—"Where are people to swim in this immense metropolis of ours?" In many places the Thames is not proper to the purpose, and to many of the inhabitants of London it is too far off. Besides, the working-classes in London have been so long unaccustomed to such enjoyments, that they almost require to be tempted into the use, and due appreciation of them. It was therefore with very great pleasure that we visited a few days ago that convenient and in every way excellent establishment, called the Metropolitan Baths, which have been opened within the last twelvemonth, a few hundred yards north-east of the City Road, in a spot called the Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields. We

here found, in a well-aired and lofty-roofed apartment, a basin of pure tepid water, one hundred feet long, thirty or forty feet broad, and varying in depth, by means of the bottom or flooring of the basin, which is an inclined plane, from three feet to five feet three or four inches. Here, then is space and verge enough for plunging and swimming; and we found a number of men, who seemed to be respectable mechanics, enjoying that exercise, and (in two or three instances), teaching their little boys to swim. At the upper end of this extensive tank, there is a small basin for those who prefer cold water; but we should observe that the water in the large basin is not debilitating or too warm,—the chill being merely taken off the water, which is scarcely above the temperature of the sea on our coasts on a fine summer's day. Along the sides of the tank are ranged little chambers or cabins, in which to dress and undress, and for the use of one of these, and of two clean towels, a small looking-glass, &c., together with an hour's use of the bath, the charge is only one shilling. Although the proprietors, carrying, as we think, a feeling of delicacy too far, have not only eschewed puffing, but have even avoided advertising, they have found the number of their customers to be constantly on the increase, and this circumstance has encouraged them to erect another bath of still nobler dimensions, to be had at a still cheaper rate.

The second tank, which is now nearly finished, is one hundred and eighty feet long, and forty feet broad. The admission, without the use of towels, is to be sixpence. Thus, for less money than they pay for the pot of ale which often hurts them, hundreds of people daily, in that vast and populous neighbourhood, may command the luxury of a bath, which will always do them much good—and that, too, from the local facilities of obtaining copious supplies of hot water, in winter as well as in summer. We should mention, moreover, that as the saloons are illuminated with gas, those who are engaged all day can bathe in the evening when their business is over; and that, from there being a constant supply of fresh water at one end, and a sluice or outlet at the other, and from the care taken from time to time entirely to empty the tank or basin, the water in use is always sweet and clean.

We consider the gentleman whose ingenuity devised, and whose spirit and enterprise executed these baths, as a benefactor to his country; and, without knowing him, we honour him for this. There is a somewhat similar, but much more limited establishment, on the Surrey side of Westminster bridge; and we hope the day is not distant when we shall see such baths made cheap and accessible to the great body of the people in every quarter of London. It has hitherto been an opprobrium to the greatest, and in many respects the most civilized capital in the world, to be almost wholly unprovided with public establishments of the sort. This is not the first time that we have endeavoured to draw the attention of our countrymen to the subject, and we trust, that in so doing, we do not depart from our proper office. We pity, if we do not despise, the heart and intellect of the man who can call such details as we have given trivial and vulgar. Is the health of hundreds of thousands of our fellow-creatures—our countrymen—a trivial subject? Is it vulgar to point out and advocate what may extensively promote their comforts, their morality, and general well-being?

We have done our humble duty to Dr Clark's volume in recommending it to notice, and in giving a specimen of the plain, earnest manner in which it is written. We cannot go into the pathology, or the treatment of consumption, or examine the statistical tables of the disease, which are very curious; but we will give one more extract, having relation to a cause by which consumption is frequently induced, and to a subject (the choice of a house in the country) on which most people entertain vague or incorrect notions.

In close and populous towns one naturally hankers after the freshness, verdure, and open air of the country; and, in cases of sickness, an opportune change of air will frequently do what medicine can-

not. Only, it unfortunately happens, that through ignorance and inadvertence, and the very mistaken idea that whatever is in the country is salubrious, places are chosen that are infinitely more unhealthy than almost any part of London, and which often prove fatal to the patient before the mistake is discovered. Again: in England, where our great wants are warmth, dryness, and sunshine, many people have a perverse habit of burying their houses among trees and shrubs, and ornamenting their lawns and grounds with ponds and pools of stagnant water. Too many of our honest citizens, when they can compass the dignity of a "*rus in urbe*,"—a suburban villa, are deluded into these bad practices. They cannot have too many trees,—they are so romantic and unlike the city; and they must have water—a pond for gold and silver fishes in front of the house, because it is so elegant; and a huge duck-pond in the rear, because it is so rural! We occasionally pass pretty enough looking places of this sort in the neighbourhood of London, that make us shudder—places compared with which Shoe lane and Mutton hill are wholesome, and Cheapside and Fleet street the abode and very temple of health. But let us hear the Doctor:—

"There is no circumstance connected with health, concerning which the public are, in my opinion, so ill-informed, as the requisites of a healthy residence, both as regards local position and internal construction. In this island we have chiefly to guard against humidity, on which account our houses should not be built in low, confined situations, nor too near water, especially when stagnant, and, still less, near marshes. Neither should a house be too closely surrounded by trees or shrubs. Trees at some distance from a house are both an ornament and advantage, but become injurious when so near as to overshadow it, or prevent the air from circulating freely around it, and through its various apartments. The atmosphere of a building overhung by trees, or surrounded by a thick shrubbery, is kept in a state of constant humidity, except in the driest weather; and the health of the inmates rarely fails to suffer in consequence. The natural moisture of the country arising from the humid state of the soil and luxuriant vegetation, is greatly increased by such an injudicious mode of planting; an artificial atmosphere being created, which renders a situation of this kind less healthy than the more open parts of large towns. It is not generally known how limited may be the range of a damp, unhealthy atmosphere; a low shaded situation may be capable of inducing tuberculous disease in an infant, while a rising ground a few hundred yards distant, may afford a healthy site for his residence. The dryness of the air in towns, which is the consequence of good drainage and an artificial soil, is at once the safeguard of the inhabitants, and a compensation, in some measure, for the want of that unimpeded circulation, and renewal of good air which the country alone affords.

"I have been led to make these remarks while treating of infants, because, from being necessarily much confined to the house, they suffer more from the causes which have been noticed. The health of females, also, and for the same reason, is more injured than that of the male inhabitants, who pass much of their time in the open air."

VOYAGES OF THE ZENI.

The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Vol. V. Part I. 8vo. London. 1835. Pp. 128. 2s. 6d.

We notice this Number for the sake of a paper which it contains on that curious geographical puzzle, and, we may add, interesting romance, the story of the brothers Antonio and Nicolo Zeni, and their alleged voyages and adventures in the Northern seas, in the fourteenth century. The author of the present paper is Captain C. C. Zahrtmann, R.N., Hydrographer to the Royal Danish Navy; and its object is to prove that the story of the voyages in question is altogether a fable. Having stated that the reflections he here gives to the world have led him to the firm conviction that the voyages of the Zeni, at least in all the main points, are mere fabrications, he says, "I feel perfectly convinced that there must exist still more complete proofs leading to the same conviction, but the literary resources of this place (Copenhagen), as well as my own intimacy with this branch of literature, are too limited to enable me to bring more to light. I have been induced to publish my views from this consideration, that while much industry and ingenuity have been exerted in the attempt to prove the genuineness of the voyages,

only the most superficial efforts have been made to combat an opinion which, it appears to me, is erroneous."

The first account of the adventures of the Zeni appeared in Italian at Venice, in a small octavo volume, in the year 1558. It was accompanied by another tract, professing to contain a narrative of a journey to Persia made by Caterino Zeno, a grandson of Antonio the voyager, in 1472. The volume was edited and published by another Nicolo Zeno, the great-grandson of Caterino, who states himself to have compiled both histories from the family papers which were in his possession, or in that of some of his relations. It does not appear that any of the charts, letters, or other documents which are asserted to have been thus made use of have been preserved till now, or indeed that, important as they would have been to the verification of the extraordinary statements contained in the printed book, they have ever been seen or heard of since its appearance.

The story of the voyagers, as told in this publication, is shortly as follows:—In the year 1380 Nicolo, the elder brother, being desirous of seeing foreign parts, and ambitious of performing something which might do honour to his country, fitted out a vessel at his own expense; and setting out in it from his native city of Venice, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, with the intention of visiting England and Flanders. Nothing more was heard of him for some years, until at length a letter was received from him by his brother Antonio, containing an account of his having been cast by a storm upon an island of considerable size, called *Frislanda*, in the North seas, where he had enlisted in the service of a neighbouring prince named Zichmni, then engaged in an attempt to conquer the island from the King of Norway,—an object which was soon accomplished by the assistance of Zeno, who in return was dubbed a Knight by Zichmni, and appointed to the high place of Admiral of the Fleet in his service. Having acquainted his brother with all this, Nicolo added a pressing invitation to him to come out to *Frislanda* immediately, with as many ships as he could procure, that they might share their good fortune together. Antonio immediately closed with this proposal, and, following the directions he had received, was lucky enough to make his way to *Frislanda*, though not without encountering many difficulties and dangers. Here the two brothers lived together, enjoying the highest favour with Zichmni, for four years, when Nicolo died; but Antonio remained in *Frislanda* for ten years longer, at the end of which period, with much difficulty, he obtained leave from Zichmni to return to his native country. He accordingly made his reappearance in Italy, bringing with him great riches, two sons left by his brother, named John and Thomas, and an account of his adventures written by himself, together with a chart of *Frislanda* and the neighbouring countries.

Of all this, however, nobody seems ever to have heard anything till the publication of Nicolo Zeno the younger, already mentioned, about a century and a half after the events are stated to have taken place. No writer during the interval makes any mention of the voyage of the Zeni.

On the other hand, that such persons as Nicolo and Antonio Zeni existed in Venice at the date assigned to their adventures and discoveries, there is no doubt. They were the brothers of the celebrated Grand Admiral Carlo Zeno, on one occasion, when it was on the point of being taken by the Genevese, the saviour of the city—and they were themselves two of the wealthiest and most distinguished citizens of Venice. It is true, indeed, that Nicolo appears not to have left Venice till 1388, instead of in 1380, the year assigned by the narrative to the commencement of his adventures; but the error in the date may have been a transcriber's or a printer's blunder. Nicolo does not profess to publish the actual narrative drawn up and left by his ancestor, which he says he had himself, when a boy, in great part destroyed, in ignorance of its value—but only such an account as he could collect from the loose papers that had escaped, one of the most important of which was a letter written by Antonio to his brother Carlo, from *Frislanda*, in answer to inquiries which the latter had made respecting the new found country. If the requisite correction be made on the date of the commencement of Nicolo's voyage, the circumstances of the story agree sufficiently with the known facts in the history of the two brothers. If the elder, for instance, set out from Italy in 1388, and the younger followed him in 1391, the former will have died in 1395, and in the family registers he is spoken of as dead in 1398. So, Antonio would, upon this supposition, have returned to Italy in 1405, and may have died soon after, as he appears in fact to have done in the year 1406. The descendants of Nicolo, the elder, through his son Thomas, the grandfather of Cardinal Zeno, survived till 1756; and the posterity of his brother Antonio is still, or was very lately, in existence. It is also of importance to mention that Nicolo, the younger, the publisher of the narrative, appears to have been a person held by his contemporaries in the highest estimation for his cultivation and patronage of science and literature, and especially for his mathematical and historical knowledge.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL AND THE PRINTING MACHINE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1835.

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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

THE FORTUNES OF GENIUS.

IN the 'Atlas,' the other day, was an article, under the above title, the following passages of which induce us to make some remarks upon them. We regret we cannot copy the whole,—it is so well written, and shows such a relish of pleasure, and sympathy with pain. But our limits forbid.

"An acquaintance," says the writer, "with the biography of illustrious musicians proves that they reason incorrectly, and with a short sight, who eternally talk of having the path of genius smoothed, and of setting it above circumstances; for the lives of eminent men of this class display the most admirable energies developed, and the most enthusiastic projects brought to bear, purely by the pressure of the very annoyances sought to be removed. Possession of the creative faculty presupposes a superiority to adverse circumstances and 'low-thoughted care;' and Goldsmith's poet, sitting in his garret with a worsted stocking on his head,

'Where the Red Lion staring o'er the way
Invites each passing stranger *that can pay*,'

in spite of bailiffs, writs, debts, duns, and milk-scores, the most horrible that even Hogarth imagined, was still a happy fellow. The individual, Mr Jones, seated before a delicate leg of lamb and a bottle of sherry, is an abstraction of the Mr Jones who owes 284*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, and has, as the Dutchmen say, *nix* to pay. Satisfied that he would pay if he could, which is all that is necessary to place the *morale* of his character upon high ground, he leaves the affairs of the world to right themselves, and enjoys the everlasting day rule of the imagination. [How well said is this!]
—So it was with Fielding, with Goldsmith, with Steele, and others honourable in literature, and so also with Handel, with Mozart, and Weber in music; and it is one of the kindly recompenses of nature by which she contrives, on the whole, to adjust so equitably the good and the evil in this life, that where injury to the individual arises from an excess of sympathy with the mass, that injury is commonly but lightly felt."

We were not aware that the trials of these musicians in pecuniary affairs were so great. The following information respecting Mozart is as startling as it is affecting:—"Who thinks, when he looks over the six great operas of Mozart, and admires the Shakspearian knowledge of character, and the thoughtful discrimination appearing in every movement of them, that those master-pieces were produced amidst a tumult of arrests, and of the lowest annoyances that ever embroiled a life? Nay, it is even said that the family of Mozart at times wanted common necessities. Adversity may have been a sharp thorn in the side of so gentle and enjoying a spirit as Mozart; but it would be affectation to deplore the circumstances that have put the musical world in possession of their most valued treasures."—And here follows something awful respecting Handel,—an awful man. The hurried dashes and dative cases of the writer ("to his quarrel with Senesino"—"to his madness

and rage"—"to his palsy"—) are like an agitated accompaniment to the facts: "The twenty or thirty folio volumes bearing the names of Handel's oratorios which alone transmit his name to posterity, when we contemplate them in some well ordered library, carry no thought of their having been produced after the composer had received the first signal of death in a stroke of palsy which disabled his arm. Ruin and disease, that fill the minds of men of more feeble powers with thoughts of the narrow coffin and the shroud, made Handel immortal. We owe the 'Messiah' and 'Israel in Egypt' to the composer's obstinate temper—to his quarrel with Senesino and the nobility—to his making rash engagements with singers that compelled him to withdraw his last guinea from the funds to satisfy them—to his madness and rage—to his palsy—to his proceeding to the vapour baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, whence, with the purgation of his humours, reason and religion returned, and persuaded him that there was another style of music yet untried, more likely than operas to suit the grave character of the English. Then followed in rapid succession his immortal oratorios, works in which the pure flame of his genius never shone more brightly, though produced at a late period of life, commenced after the attack of a threatening and fatal disorder, and ended in total blindness."

The question thus opened by the writer in the 'Atlas' is a great puzzle. We confess that in many respects we take the same view of it as himself; for we reverence the past; we are inclined to think best of whatever has taken place, since it *has* taken place,—to conclude that good and evil somehow have adjusted themselves in the best manner; and we have such belief in the predominance of happy over unhappy feelings in the minds of men of genius, that we sometimes think they would have had an unfair portion of joy in their life, had their lot been less counterbalanced by difficulties, ill-health, or whatsoever their troubles may have been.

But the question branches off into some others, which it may not be well for society to lose sight of; especially as by the efforts which Providence incites them to make for the common good, it would seem, that however necessary some portion of evil may always be for the proper relish of good, there may not always exist a necessity for it to an amount so large. One of these collateral questions we shall put.

Is it certain that the men of genius above-mentioned would not have written as much, or as finely, under happier circumstances?

It is natural enough to conclude, that men so careless in worldly matters as Steele and Fielding, and with such a relish of the moment before them, when it contained the least drop of sweet, would perhaps have written *nothing at all*. Frightful supposition! And yet is the supposition likely, considering that very relish? Is it natural for people to be delighted, and hold their tongue? To have fame at their command, and not command it? Or was it necessary for Handel to be so extremely pained, before he could give us his sense of the passionate and the sublime? Was there not suffering enough for him, short of rage and madness? No firmament over his head, nor graves under his feet? Perhaps he yet needed his afflictions:—be it so, since they have happened;—but might it not be perilous in future, seeing that we have become alive to such questions, to run the

risk of steeling the hearts of people against the struggles of genius, if not for the latter's sake, yet for their own, and ultimately, by that process, for both? Whatsoever happens in the world without our being aware of it, we take to be one thing; what otherwise, to be another; and fate and consequence become modified accordingly. If the pain should remain the same after all, we still cannot be certain that it is necessary, however it will become us to hope so when it be past. The peril, meanwhile, is, that we shall be blunting our own feelings, and those of genius too.

Beaumont was of opinion that a man of genius could no more help putting his thoughts on paper, than a man in a burning desert can help drinking when he sees water.

"I know too well, that, no more than the man That travels through the burning deserts, can When he is beaten with the raging sun, Half smother'd in the dust, have power to run From a cool river, which himself doth find, E'er he be slak'd; no more can he whose mind Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight, When Nature, and his full thoughts bid him write."

Could Fielding have helped writing 'Tom Jones' (the perfectest prose-fiction in the language) whether he had been in trouble or not? Could Steele have helped throwing his lighter, happier graces, round the muse of his friend Addison? Would Goldsmith's craving for reputation have allowed him to be silent with his pen (which was admirable), when he could not even refrain in company with his tongue (which was nothing)? Or does the enjoying critic of the 'Atlas,' whose articles are like variations upon the musical beauties they criticise, dwelling upon them, and winding them in congenial tones round his heart, really think it would have been possible for Mozart to possess all that abundance of the soul of love and pleasure, and not cry aloud?—not burst forth and blossom like the peach trees in spring? not come pouring down from a hundred fountains of song into the surging sea of the orchestra, like the summer clouds from the mountains?

We grant that certain noble kinds of pain may be necessary to produce certain sublimities of composition, whether in musical or other writing: but need the composer be stimulated with the lowest and most humiliating cares, to induce him to write at all, supposing him to be a real genius? Perhaps he would not write so much; but are we sure even of that, supposing him to be put into a condition quite suitable to his nature? Steele and Fielding and Mozart would not have written all the identical same works which they produced; but are we sure that they would not have produced as many, or even better? Well fed birds sing in cages; but the more philosophic of their jailors (strange people!) discern something in the best of their imprisoned songs, inferior to their "wood-notes wild." Does the throble on the bough, in order to pour gushes of melody from his heart, require a string to his leg, or a blink from some bailiff snake?

Walter Scott assuredly would not have written all his novels, had he not thought circumstances required it; but we should most likely have had his best. 'Waverley' he wrote for love, when he did not dream that he should get a sixpence by it; and 'Old Mortality' and 'The Antiquary' soon followed the publication of that novel—partly, no doubt, for profit, but much also by reason of love encouraged,

and out of a love of the sense of power. These, his best, we should have had; and he would not have been killed by writing his worst.—Oh, Scotland! Oh, England! Oh, Europe! we might say, for he belonged to all,—how could you suffer him to die?

And Burns—that other “glory and shame” of this island—he did not get (so to speak) a penny for his writings; for though, no doubt, he did get a good deal more, yet that was not the reason why he produced them; and numbers of his songs he gave away. Yes; he, the glorious ploughman, and born gentleman, gave his songs away, free as the bird that he took for his crest. Now Burns, if any man ever did, wrote for love, and not for money. Yet his life was full of pecuniary distress.

And observe how many men of genius have written abundantly, who have had no sordid cares,—certainly none that writing settled for them, in a pecuniary sense. Chaucer is an illustrious instance. Spenser another—Milton (though poor) another—Beaumont and Fletcher, Pope, Swift, Addison, Gibbon, Hume, Hooker, Sterne, Lamb, Wordsworth, Jeremy Taylor, in short, almost all our best,—and all the Greek, Roman, and Italian men of genius (for nobody ever got *obolus* or *cracia* for his writings in the classical countries, ancient or modern). In Italy there is no payment of authors, any more than there was among the countrymen of Anacreon and Ovid; yet we have had, nevertheless, the Dantes, Petrarchs, and Ariostos. The Homers, to be sure, got their “feed,” in the minstrel times of Greece; but nobody supposes that those amazing rhapsodists would never have opened their mouths, but for King Alcinous’s pork-chops.

Then, among musicians—Haydn, we believe, was not distressed; nor the Corellis and Paeziellos. Gluck was rich. Nor have the best of the painters been poor,—the Raphaels, Michael Angelos, and Titians. On the contrary, with the exception of Rembrandt, those who have been best off in wordly affairs, have generally been most abundant in pictorial produce,—sometimes, it is true, by help of the influx of wealth, as in Titian’s case; but, at any rate, necessity was not the stimulant. Nor did patronage make them idle. No; because it was true, and lit on true men. The watered tree bore, because it possessed the seed. Do not Hummel, Spohr, and others, write, and write well, though made as comfortable as church-canonists in those little snug chapel-masterships of theirs, of which we are told so delightfully in the ‘Ramble among the Musicians in Germany’?

Often and often, we doubt not—perhaps in all instances—has inconsistency of position in men of genius been mistaken for idleness. It may be possible, in many cases, that temperament, or even too much thought, or other conflicting impulses, may produce something, in the appearance, which “the world calls idle;” but the true conflicting impulses, in perhaps all instances, have arisen from incompatibility of calls upon the attention. He who is forced to do incompatible or uncongenial things, does them badly; or he sings, perhaps, at all events, and sings well; but sometimes he cannot sing at all,—the wires of the cage of his necessity press too hard upon him—he wants breathing-room, nature, comfort; he sings at last, partly because he is forced, partly because it solaces him. But try the humane expedient of rescuing him from his worst cares, and see how he would sing then;—if not his most, yet surely his best. At least, so it appears to us.

Blessings, nevertheless, say we, with the genial philosopher of the ‘Atlas,’ upon the trouble and sorrow even of a sordid kind, if we could not have had certain men of genius without them; and blessings, at all events, upon the beauty into which they are converted, and the divine way which Nature has of making bitterness itself blossom and become medicinal. But let us take care how we sow opinions, unqualified, the fruits of which may intoxicate weak heads in after times—with careless assumption, if writers—with selfish references to Providence and necessity, if the arbiters of the fate of writers. Writers of any ability are pretty well off in these times, and have a good patron in the public. But a

time may come, when, by the very process of the abundance of writings, genius may want support; and let us not prepare our children’s children to refuse it.

The absurdity of a tragedy, unfortunately, is not always an argument against its chances; but to show how very absurd this principle of leaving men of genius to their fate might become, if driven to all its consequences, let our contemporary, who understands and loves a joke run to seed (no man better), take the following scene between the future patron of a musical genius, and an emissary he has despatched to inquire into his circumstances.

Patron.—Well, Dick, and how did you find him? Will the composition of the new opera go on swimmingly?

Emissary.—According to your Grace, it will, for he is horribly off.

P.—Good. What, in pressing want, eh? Can’t afford to be idle?

E.—If he did, he could not eat. The butcher would not trust him. The butcher says he is too honest a man to be trusted; he is such a child.

P.—Excellent! just like your man of genius. And the butcher is a shrewd dog. But our new Mozart must not starve *quite*; we’ll take care of that. Then he has finished, I presume, that capital scene of the feast, with that wonderful joyous dance? and that droll chorus, with the corpulent man in it?

E.—He has; with a lawyer’s letter on each side of him, and a face haggard with head-ache.

P. (rubbing his hands).—Capital! We are sure then, you think, of the whole opera?

E.—There is no doubt of it. His five children were looking out of the window, wondering whether the baker would come.

P.—You rejoice me. We shall have a brilliant audience. And what did he say to you?

E.—Oh! he smiled, as usual, and laughed, and said he wondered at his spirits, considering his head-ache; but I thought I almost saw the tears in his eyes, as he said it.

P.—A true genius! That’s the way he gets his pathos, Dick. The man is all fire and feeling.

E.—I suspect he would have been glad of a little more “fire” yesterday, for his servant told me he had no coals.

P.—Bravo! Poor fellow! Oh, it’s clear we shall do capitally. We must not let his fingers be cold, however, nor the baker fail his children.

E.—Did your Grace ever think of trying what a course of comfort would do for him?

P.—A course of *what*? Ruin, Dick, ruin. I never did, of course; but who’d write if they could help it?

E. (aside).—Not you, God knows; for it’s as much as you can do to spell. Yet this is the great opera patron whom our “new Mozart” calls a “good kind of man, not over imaginative!”

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY EGBERTON WEBBE.

No. VII.

ALTHOUGH the whole extent and variety of human speech is usually considered as lying within the compass of twenty-four or six letters, the fact, strictly speaking, is far otherwise. In all his affairs man is a creature of shifts and expedients, never quite accomplishing anything, but only devising appearances, and fortunate rather in the amount of his escape from failure, than of success attained; and the scheme of language, with all its appurtenances, exhibits this truth in as striking a manner as the highest moral instance. As language itself is but the weak and erring representative of thought, so are letters the faulty and ambiguous representatives of language. Instead of twenty-four letters, fifty letters would not be sufficient to express all the variations of the voice, if we would consider these with a fastidious ear. The alphabet of a language is like the octave in music; both are, for convenience, divided into a certain limited number of parts, while all intermediate intervals go unnamed. But the speaking voice is no more restricted in nature to a diatonic process than

the singing voice; an attentive consideration of the matter will convince us that there is not any middle point which the voice does not traverse in its rounds, though written language offers no account of it. The letters of the alphabet are therefore no more than the prominences—the conspicuous resting-places—of the voice, which, like the steeples and towers of a country, may always be discerned, while many a tract lies between, unspecified in the map of literature. If the pronunciation of all times and nations could be brought under one review, we should behold a scale divided with the utmost chromatic minuteness. The S of one country is not the S of another; ancient Y is not modern Y; French J is not English J; Spanish V not English V; English V not old Roman V; the B of the age of Bion and Bacchylides is not the B wherewith Mr Haines Bailey spells his name; Amphion and Philips rejoice not in the same consonant; neither is Timotheus identical with Thompson. Who can say where F ceases to be F and begins to be V? where D strings itself up into T?—where S relapses into Z? All these are connected by a passage of communication; nor is anyone to imagine that such passage is in its nature a *mere thoroughfare*; there is no point of it where the voice may not rest, just as well as at either of the extremities, usage alone determining its practice in that respect. In one country a particular vowel will be especially shortened, so that we should hardly know what to call it if it were not for the written character accompanying it; in another, some consonant will be made more sharp, more dense, more lax, than accords with our own practice—it will be altogether another letter in fact, yet the same title must be given to it by courtesy. We find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to produce the new sound, and we accordingly set it down as one of those chromatic intervals with which we need have no concern; but a foreigner will probably think the same of different parts of our pronunciation, and with as much justice; for all these varieties are equally component parts of the general scale, and the facility with which we accommodate ourselves to particular notes of it depends entirely on the original key—if I may say so—in which our voice has been cast, and this again on climate, on usage, on education. Thus then, with differences endless, and distinctions few, how defective an instrument writing is needs not further to be insisted upon.

The transmutation of letters is so extraordinary a principle in language, that to the eye of an etymologist, wearied in some recent pursuit after a lost syllable, vowels and consonants must seem like one of those swarms of flies that buzz and flit about one’s head in a summer evening’s walk; it is one eternal dance and comminglement. It is, perhaps, quite safe to say, that there is not in the alphabet a single letter which has not changed places with *every other* letter, at one time or another. In the first place, the cognate letters.—These are sworn fellows of one lodge, that are bound by oath to be ready at any moment to do duty one for another. Accordingly, no measures can be kept with them; you call on P, and B opens the door—you inquire for M, and behold W—while conversing with W you suddenly perceive him to be V—but you have no sooner addressed him as V than he becomes F! Then as all the individual letters in one class are united by different degrees of affinity, so are the various classes themselves linked together by some common bond. Thus the labial marries into the lingual family, the lingual into the guttural; M having an affection for N, R seeking an alliance with the throat. Without the recommendation, however, of any apparent sympathy, a continual interchange goes on among letters of every conceivable difference of quality. And that nothing may be wanting to the whimsicality of these changes—to the fantastic freaks of language—we often find a derivative word literally thrown upside down in its appropriation from the parent tongue,—as if a son should take an old coat of his father’s and have it turned. Thus the Latin adopts the Greek word *morphe* (μορφή *shape*), but first gets it turned round into *forma* (*form*)—so *delo* (δῆλον) turned into

endo-epo (ἐπὶ εἰς) into *repo*,—and many others in the same manner.* Indeed, if any one will examine the different dialects of his own mother tongue, he will not have occasion to go further for specimens of this sort of perversion. The dialects of the Greek, however, will undoubtedly be the most fruitful source of illustration, and perhaps the best worth considering; because these, with all their strong distinctive features, have been fixed, and endowed with virtue, by writings of excellence, and they were not, like our provincial brogues, something to be suppressed and kept out of view, as disgraceful to good speakers, but were recognised forms of speech, that had their literature, and their readers among the educated and polite. These, then, to any one who finds pleasure in this subject, and likes to indulge his speculation as to the causes of fluctuation in speech, and the many curious matters connected with pronunciation, are wide and tempting fields of inquiry, and capable perhaps of being made more productive than they have yet been for purposes of this nature. For me, I feel the necessity of urging forward to other questions, or I shall not be able to maintain the intended proportions of this essay. I must, therefore, endeavour not to give way to any digressions that may extend unnecessarily what further observations I have to make on this part of my subject.

Words undergo four principal kinds of changes; these are by the addition—the omission—the substitution—and the transposition of letters. In these changes there are three principal moving causes,—facility of utterance—euphony—analogy. In deriving a word from another language it may happen that there is some letter in it to which we have none corresponding. In this case two results may follow,—either some character in our own system may express the same sound according to our particular usage—and if so, it is substituted for the foreign character; or, having neither the letter nor the sound of it, we employ one which seems the most nearly to resemble it, or, occasionally, a union of two. Words derived from foreign sources come to us first in *proprâ personâ*; we write them with scrupulous exactitude, we print them in italics, and we are ambitious of pronouncing them with their native accent; but familiarity begets indifference; we find them useful, and often repeat them; a more rapid utterance soon forces them into an assimilation with other words; a different pronunciation begins to demand a different spelling, and soon obtains it, especially assisted by the fact, that the word, no longer confined to the few critical writers—its first patrons—is now circulating at large, among people whose acquaintance with it has only commenced since its corruption took place, and who have, therefore, no notion why they should hesitate to write it down according to the pronunciation they hear. Such word is then said to be naturalised, it is no longer to be seen adorned with marks of quotation, nor is the elegant tribute of italics print any more awarded to it; but it fares like the multitude, and is presently hurried into a dictionary, looking horribly altered, where indignant, analysing lexicographers howl over it through six successive editions.

Sometimes a foreign sound will be imitated by the

* See numerous examples in Caninius, in his chapter on the letter R (Hellenism p. 97.)—who, however, carries his ingenuity rather too far when he comes to propose such derivations as *quello* from *illic*!

The topsy-turvy work above-mentioned, seems to belong to an inherent propensity in us. If the ear misses the true procession of the sounds which compose a word, it seems most naturally to fall upon a reversion of them; as if the word being disturbed from its position, and not being able to rest on edge, fell altogether on the opposite side. This is very observable in children, as when, missing to say *umbrella*, they make *rumbella* of it, and the like. A ludicrous instance of the kind occurs to me—A little girl who could not pronounce the word *Williams*, which was the name of a gentleman and lady whom she used often to see, always called it *Millions*. One day, not having seen either of them for some time, suddenly Mr W. enters,—“Oh! see,—Millions!”—says she to her mamma; immediately after this Mrs W. comes into the room—upon which, with increased surprise, she adds—“Two Millions!”

Sometimes the transposition will take place in the vowel sounds. I remember an old Scotch woman who had never heard of such an article as *nutmeg*, till having frequent occasion to procure it for one whom she was nursing in illness, she invariably introduced it by the name of *netmug*, nor—having once so fixed it in her ear—could she ever after reverse it, though she often tried.

union of two letters, as the Romans rendered the Greek ϕ by P and H;

— “Nos siquando Græcum ϕ necesse est exprimi,

P et H simul solemus — ponere.”

Terentianus Maurus.

Then it will happen that this expedient, itself a departure from true expression, will give rise to a further corruption, by the suppression of one of these two sounds in pronunciation; and, finally, this omission in speech will lead to the omission in writing; nay, further, the only remaining letter may subsequently undergo one of those metamorphoses from which, as we have seen, no word is secure any day in the year. Thus, for example, $\kappa\epsilon\phi\alpha\lambda\eta$ (kephale) gives the Latin *caput*, ph being turned into p; from *caput* (Italian, *capo*) comes Spanish *cabo*; from Spanish *cabo* (or again from the Italian) French *chef*, (observe the *ch* too), and from *chef* (English, *chief*) the further variety of *achever*, and *achieve*. The Romans generally dropped the aspirate, in these cases, after the word had become familiar, as *charus*, afterwards *carus*, *litus* from *λιθος*, *pulex* from *φυλλος* (these being also probably, at first, written *litus* and *pulex*, or *spulex*, agreeably to the analogy of the reputed parent Æolic,) *purpura* from *πορφυρα*, &c. Sometimes, on the contrary, the aspirate seems to have been retained, and its yoke-fellow dropped, as in *Hæu* from $\phi\upsilon$.

With us Ph and F are identical in pronunciation, but the ϕ of the Greeks was unquestionably an aspirate. It is related by Quintilian that when Cicero pleaded for Fundanius, a Greek witness being examined excited the orator's merriment by his mode of pronouncing his client's name, which he could only call Phundanius. I am inclined to think that the Roman F, however, was a very different F from ours—a sharper, more aspirated consonant. I cannot otherwise account for all that Quintilian says of it, who speaks of it as a sort of monster infesting the language, a letter “hardly human,”—a description which our present acquaintance with F will not justify.

That acute scholar, Dawes, has an ingenious piece of criticism on the above passage in Quintilian, the justness of which it is perhaps my own fault that I do not perceive. He is of opinion that the error of the Greek witness must have consisted in substituting a V for F in the word Fundanius, from which he draws conclusions in confirmation of his views respecting the double power of the *Fau*. If the Greek had formed his acquaintance with this word from seeing it in writing, it is possible he might have pronounced it as Dawes imagines, being misled by the appearance of the F, which resembled the Æolic Digamma; but it is more fair to suppose that the man—probably ignorant of the Latin language—had nothing but his ear for his guide, and imitated the sound of F in the Roman name, as he heard it bandied about the court, with as near an approach to it as his own pronunciation furnished; and that was ϕ . Dawes was, however, very ignorant of the principles of pronunciation, and his profound learning and great critical ingenuity did not prevent his sometimes running headlong into error. In one place he fiercely objurates Dionysius of Halicarnassus for holding the very opinion for which he himself at the time is strenuously contending, and which he quotes other authorities to establish;—not perceiving that that which he impugns is in fact his most decisive witness. We all know that W is nothing more than the vowel sound *oo* quickly united to the next letter, as *oo-ight*—*wight*. This, our present sound of W, is proved very satisfactorily to have been the Digamma of the Æolians, expressed by a character which has the appearance of a mutilated F. The other authorities which Dawes cites satisfy him because they represent this by the letter V, which among the Romans had also the power of a W; but Dionysius represents it by the diphthong

* Terentianus speaks here, however, of the practice which obtained in the more critical age of the Roman language, and not of the ancient period, when this union of P and H for ϕ was unknown, and F alone used.

Ou,—“the like of which,” says Dawes, “never occurred to any other waking man.” (“Quod nemini unquam alii *uδ'εν ονσις* in mentem venit.”*) Now this is precisely what he wanted!—Ou (i.e. the vowel sound in the word *poor*, the French *ou* in *court*) being prefixed to any of his Greek examples, just gives him the result he would have—*Αναξ, Ουαναξ, αλας, ουαλας*, &c.; In the matter of the Digamma, much of the dubiety which has been felt among grammarians seems to have resulted from an ignorance or uncertainty respecting the power of the Roman V. The affinity of the two appeared probable enough from the course of etymology; but many, mistaking the Roman V for a consonant equivalent to the modern V, would very naturally be led from that first error into the other of deeming the Æolic letter identical with Roman F, with which V, the labial consonant, is so closely allied in sound as to render frequent substitution no matter of surprise. Now the fact is, that but for the striking confirmation which this very place in Dionysius, on which Dawes vents his indignation throughout several pages, incidentally affords, the whole question would be one much more open to cavil than it is. By introducing these two vowels to describe the power of the Digamma, he enables us to see, clearly and satisfactorily, what we before beheld in a glimmering light only—viz., that that power was, in good earnest, modern W (and so therefore the Roman V)—since of this letter those two vowels, joined as a diphthong, represent, as has been seen, the true elementary character.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXXIII. — LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MULL'D SACK.

[MULL'D SACK was a highwayman in the time of the Stuarts, who obtained his name from being addicted to the beverage of Falstaff. We are not disposed lightly to admit heroes of his profession into the lists of Romance; but a man who, besides his ambitious larcenies upon ladies and colonels, has picked the pocket, first of Oliver Cromwell, and afterwards of Charles the IInd, thus performing the part of a sort of retributive justice on behalf of the people, has claims upon our amazement, which may reasonably give him a lift with the impartial historian.]

THIS most notorious fellow (says our authority Granger) was the son of one Cottington, a haberdasher of small wares in Cheapside; but his father being a boon companion, so wasted his substance, that he died so poor as to be buried by the pariah. He left fifteen daughters and four sons, the youngest of whom was this *Mull'd Sack*. At eight years of age he was, by the overseers of the parish, put out apprentice to a chimney-sweeper of St Mary-le-Bow, to whom he served about five years; and having then entered his teens, he thought himself as good a man as his master; whereupon he ran away, as thinking he had learnt so much of his trade as was sufficient for him to live upon, and his heirs for ever.

He had no sooner quitted his master, than he was called by the name of Mull'd Sack (though his real name was *John Cottington*), from his usually drinking sack mul'd, morning, noon, and night. To support this extravagant way of living he took to picking pockets, and carried on this profession with great success; and among others he robbed was the Lady Fairfax, from whom he got a rich gold watch, set with diamonds, in the following manner:—“This lady used to go to a lecture, on a week-day, to Ludgate church, where one Mr Jacob preached, being much followed by the precisians. Mull'd Sack observing this, and that she constantly wore her watch hanging by a chain from her waist, against the next time she came there he dressed himself like an officer in the army; and having his comrades attending him like troopers, one of them takes off the pin of a coach-wheel that was going upwards through the gate, by which means it falling off, the passage was obstructed, so that the lady could not alight at the church-door, but was forced to leave her coach without, which Mull'd Sack taking advantage of, readily presented himself to her ladyship, and having the impudence to take her from her gentleman-usher, who attended her alighting, led her by the arm into the church; and by the way, with a pair of keen or sharp scissors for the purpose, cut the chain in two, and got the watch clean away, she

not missing it till sermon was done, when she was going to see the time of the day.

After many narrow escapes from being taken in the act of plundering, Mull'd Sack was at length detected in the act of picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, as he came out of the Parliament-house, and had like to have been hanged for the fact; but the storm blowing over, he was so much out of conceit with picking pockets, that he took up another trade, which was robbing on the highway; and following this practice with one Tom Chenney, they were audacious enough to rob Colonel Hewson, at the head of his regiment, when marching into Hounslow; but being quickly pursued by some troopers which lay in that town, Chenney's horse falling him, he was taken, while Mull'd Sack got clear off. Chenney, desperately wounded, was brought prisoner to Newgate; and shortly after, when the sessions came on at the Old Bailey, he would have avoided his trial by pleading weakness, and the soreness of his wounds; but this had no effect upon the court, for they caused him to be brought down in a chair; from whence, as soon as he had received sentence of death, which was about two o'clock in the afternoon, he was carried in a cart to Tyburn, and there executed.

Mull'd Sack, having thus lost his companion, was resolved in future to rob on the highway himself alone, though he kept company with the greatest highwaymen that were ever known in any age; and such was his genius, that by their conversation he became as expert a robber on the road as any man whatever; for, whilst he followed that profession, he got as much money as all the thieves then in England. He always went habited like, and was reputed a merchant, for he constantly wore a watchmaker's and jeweller's shop in his pocket, and could at any time command 1000*l*.

Having notice by his spies that the general-receiver at Reading was to send 6000*l*. to London by an ammunition-waggon and convoy, he prevented that way of carriage by conveying it up himself on horseback, breaking into the receiver's house at night-time, and carried off the booty undiscovered. The loss being so great, strict inquiry was set on foot, when it was discovered that Mull'd Sack was the principal in the robbery; whereupon he was watched, waylaid, apprehended, and sent down prisoner to Reading, and from thence, at the assizes, conveyed to Abingdon, where, not wanting money, he procured such a jury to be empannelled, that though Judge Jermy did what he could to hang him, there being very good circumstantial proof, as that he was seen in the town the very night when the robbery was committed, yet he so balked the evidence, and so affronted the Judge, by bidding him come off the bench, and swear what he said, as judge, witness, and prosecutor too, for so perhaps he might murder him by presumption of evidence, as he termed it, that the jury brought him in guiltless.

He had, however, not been long at liberty before he killed one John Bridges, to have the more free egress and regress with his wife, who had kept him company for above four years; but the deceased's friends resolved to prosecute the murderer to the uttermost. He fled beyond sea; and at Cologne he robbed King Charles II, then in his exile, of as much plate as was valued at 1,500*l*; then flying into England again, he promised to give Oliver Cromwell some of his Majesty's papers, which he had taken with his plate, and discover his correspondents here; but not making good his promise, he was sent to Newgate, and receiving sentence of death, was hanged in Smithfield-grounds, in April 1659, aged fifty-five years.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

PALEY.

[FROM the 'Personal and Literary Memorials' mentioned in our last. The new edition of Paley's 'Natural Theology,' introduced by the Discourse of Lord Brougham, has given a fresh interest to the character of this celebrated divine; who besides the curiosity he excites by his talents, begets more sympathy in the minds of society in general than they choose to acknowledge, by his extraordinary mixture of candour and expediency.]

ACCORDING to the author of the 'Memorials' (and therefore we have no doubt of the statement) Paley, who presents such a *swag* aspect in the engravings of him, was a coarse, vulgar-looking man, who neither was, nor pretended to be very refined, in other respects. He wore silver buckles at his knees and in his shoes.

He was talking as I entered; and I perceived, with much surprise, that he spoke a very broad northern dialect. He had passed, indeed, great part of his life in the north of England; but he had been educated and lived long at Cambridge, and had seen a good deal of the world. Perhaps he was vain of this singularity: perhaps he would not seem to wish

to correct what he found he could not cure without difficulty, and so gave up the attempt. I heard him repeat three or four times the word "noodge," pushing his elbows at the same time towards the sides of those who stood nearest to him: this motion explains the meaning of a word not very generally in use among scholars, nor in good company. But Paley's merits, though they might have been recommended by polished manners, were superior to them, and wanted them not; and his learning was the more agreeable by being entirely free from formality, pedantry, or assumption of literary importance. I could not learn to what all this "noodging" referred, as the story was finished; and, soon after, dinner was announced.

When we were seated at table, the mistress of the house said, "Mr Subdean, what will you be pleased to eat?"—"Eat, madam? eat everything, from the top of the table to the bottom—from the beginning of the first course to the end of the second." Then, putting on an air of grave doubt and deliberation:—"There are those pork *stakkes*: I had intended to proceed, regularly and systematically, *through* the ham and fowls to the beef; but those pork *stakkes* stagger my system." I sat next to him: he turned suddenly upon me:—"Mr —, what would you do in such a case?" As I had to answer the first question proposed to me by the great Dr Paley, I endeavoured to do so in choice and correct phraseology. I said that when the end was the same, and the means equally innocent and indifferent. Paley had a quick and nice tact on all occasions: whether he understood the preciseness of my sentence as in jest or in earnest I know not; but, not allowing me to finish it, he cried out—"Ay, I see you are for the pork *stakkes*. Give me some of that dish;"—naming neither pork steaks nor ham and fowl.

Every one who has heard Paley converse must be aware how much his talk loses by being written down: no speech of the greatest orator,—not even that to which was applied "*quid si ipsum vidisses?*" could lose by transcription more of its force and effect. Paley's eloquence, however, did not, like that orator's, consist in his action: that was by no means graceful. His utterance was at times indistinct; and when the persons to whom he talked were near him, he talked between his teeth; but there was a variety and propriety of inflexion in the tones of his voice—an emphasis so pronounced, and so clearly conveying his meaning and feeling, assisted too by an intelligent smile or an arch leer,—that not only what was really witty appeared doubly clever, but his ordinary remarks seemed ingenious.

A party was assembled in the subscription news-room. Some one came up to him and made an excuse for a friend, who was obliged to defer an intended visit to the subdeanery, because a man who had promised to pay him some money in April, could not pay it till May. "A common case," said Paley.—We all laughed. Paley, by way of rewarding us for our complaisance in being pleased with what was recommended chiefly by the quaintness of his manner, went on:—"A man should never *pay money* till he can't help it; *something may* happen." These last three words were pronounced slowly, and with much affected seriousness.

At an other time he said—"I always desire my wife and daughters to pay ready money. It is of no use to desire them to buy only what they want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy: but that paying ready money is such a check upon their imagination."

We, that is the society of the place, dined at the subdeanery. The weather was excessively cold; the fire in the room in which we dined had been lighted but just before dinner; we were all chilled. Paley felt it to be useless to make apologies for what might have been so easily prevented; he talked of a dinner-party, "an improvement upon this room, for they dined out of doors." To one of the company who was helping to the *trifle*, as it is here called—"Captain —, you seem to be up to the elbows in suds; send me some of that; dig deep." I observed, that immediately after dinner he sent for his tooth-pick case, and was impatient till it was brought; that he drank very sparingly, of white wine chiefly; and that some gingerbread was served, not as part of the dessert, but to him alone.

After dinner, one of the party said, "Mr Subdean, if you will give me leave, I'll stir the fire." Paley rushed from his end of the table: "I understand your trick! you want to have an opportunity of warming yourself. 'These are reflections of a mind at ease.' I have been farther from the fire than any of you: give me the *poker*." When we were seated round the fire, he gave me a letter: "It relates to the hare we had at dinner. It is written by a farmer, a tenant to the Dean and Chapter. Nay, read it aloud." I read:—"Reverend Sir, I request your honour's acceptance of a hare, as I mean to ask a favour in a short time. I am, &c., &c." Paley said, "As the Dean remarked, so many thousand presents have been made with the same intention, yet the motive was never so honestly avowed before."

I said, "I hope the farmer will obtain the favour."—"Very likely he will."

His education had been sufficiently hardy. "My Father rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him, on a horse I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried out, 'Get up again, Will!'"

"When I set up a carriage, it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or ever had been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *must* be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been *bought at a sale!*" His looks and manner were an admirable running commentary on this story, and rendered it superfluous for him to make, and he did not make, any remark upon it.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XXIII.—KING JOHN.

'KING JOHN' is the last of the historical plays we shall have to speak of; and we are not sorry that it is. If we are to indulge our imagination, we had rather do it upon an imaginary theme; if we are to find subjects for the exercise of our pity and terror, we prefer seeking them in fictitious danger and fictitious distress. It gives a *soreness* to our feelings of indignation or sympathy, when we know that in tracing the progress of sufferings and crimes, we are treading upon real ground, and recollect that the poet's "dream" denoted a *foregone conclusion*—irrevocable ill, not conjured up by fancy, but placed beyond the reach of poetical justice. That the treachery of King John, the death of Arthur, the grief of Constance, had a real truth in history, sharpens the sense of pain, while it hangs a leaden weight on the heart and the imagination. Something whispers us that we have no right to make a mock of calamities like these, or to turn the truth of things into the puppet and play-thing of our fancies. "To consider thus" may be "to consider too curiously;" but still we think that the actual truth of the particular events, in proportion as we are conscious of it, is a drawback on the pleasure as well as the dignity of tragedy.

'King John' has all the beauties of language and all the richness of the imagination to relieve the painfulness of the subject. The character of King John himself is kept pretty much in the back-ground; it is only marked in by comparatively slight indications. The crimes he is tempted to commit are such as are thrust upon him rather by circumstances and opportunity than of his own seeking: he is here represented as more cowardly than cruel, and as more contemptible than odious. The play embraces only a part of his history. There are however few characters on the stage that excite more disgust and loathing. He has no intellectual grandeur or strength of character to shield him from the indignation which his immediate conduct provokes: he stands naked and defenceless, in that respect, to the worst we can think of him: and besides, we are impelled to put the very worst construction on his meanness and cruelty by the tender picture of the beauty and helplessness of the object of it, as well as by the frantic and heart-rending pleadings of maternal despair. We do not forgive him the death of Arthur because he had too late revoked his doom and tried to prevent it, and perhaps because he has himself repented of his black design, our *moral sense* gains courage to hate him the more for it. We take him at his word, and think his purposes must be odious indeed, when he himself shrinks back from them. The scene in which King John suggests to Hubert the design of murdering his nephew is a master-piece of dramatic skill, but it is still inferior, very inferior to the scene between Hubert and Arthur, when the latter learns the orders to put out his eyes. If anything ever was penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of

terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene. We will give it entire, though perhaps it is tasking the reader's sympathy too much.

Enter Hubert and Executioner.

HUBERT. Heat me these irons hot, and look you stand

Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

EXECUTIONER. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUBERT. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.—

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

ARTHUR. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUBERT. Morrow, little Prince.

ARTHUR. As little prince (having so great a title To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

HUBERT. Indeed I have been merrier.

ARTHUR. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUBERT. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. *[Aside.*

ARTHUR. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day?

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you.

Alas, I love you more than you do me.

HUBERT. His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur— *[Shewing a paper.*

How now, foolish rheum, *[Aside.*

Turning dis-piteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

ARTHUR. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.

Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUBERT. Young boy, I must.

ARTHUR. And will you?

HUBERT. And I will.

ARTHUR. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)

And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,

Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?

Or, what good love may I perform for you?

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:

If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that never did, and never shall,

So much as frown on you?

HUBERT. I've sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTHUR. Oh, if an angel should have come to me,

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd a tongue but Hubert's.

HUBERT. Come forth; do as I bid you.

[Stamps, and the men enter.

ARTHUR. O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUBERT. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTHUR. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heav'n's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUBERT. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

EXECUTIONER. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. *[Exit.*

ARTHUR. Alas, I then have chid away my friend.

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

HUBERT. Come boy, prepare yourself.

ARTHUR. Is there no remedy?

HUBERT. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTHUR. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUBERT. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTHUR. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert;

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes!
Though to no use, but still to look on you.

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

HUBERT. I can heat it, boy.

ARTHUR. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief.

Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes; see else yourself.

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

HUBERT. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTHUR. All things that you shall use to do me wrong,

Deny their office; only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUBERT. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:

Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTHUR. O, now you look like Hubert. All this while

You were disguised.

HUBERT. Peace, no more. Adieu,

Your uncle must not know but you are dead.

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,

Will not offend thee.

ARTHUR. O heav'n! I thank you, Hubert.

HUBERT. Silence, no more; go closely in with me;

Much danger do I undergo for thee. *[Exeunt.*

His death afterwards, when he throws himself from his prison-walls, excites the utmost pity for his innocence and friendless situation, and well justifies the exaggerated denunciations of Falconbridge to Hubert whom he suspects wrongfully of the deed.

"There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou did'st kill this child.
—If thou did'st but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair:
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up."

[To be continued next week.]

FINE ARTS AND LITERATURE.

The Mining Review, and Journal of Geology, Mineralogy, and Metallurgy. Conducted by H. English, Esq. No. VII. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE *Mining Review*! What, then, have the deep recesses of the earth come forward in these publishing days, to contribute their quota to the periodical literature! Truly they have. Mother earth has raised her hollow voice, and tells us of things old and wonderful, new and strange.

The volume before us is, as its title purports, a journal of mining transactions. From the tone of the writing it appears too exclusively devoted to the interests of certain Cornish establishments, which we hold to be an objection, inasmuch as it is likely to limit its sale. Exclusiveness begets exclusion. The account, however, of the consolidated mines in Cornwall is one of the most interesting papers we have ever perused; so potent and artful is the mechanism employed, so vast and grand the scenery it describes within the gloomy earth. The sinking of the new shaft is one of the most amazing triumphs of modern practical science.

"The new shaft was called Francis's shaft, in compliment to the late Captain William Francis, then principal agent of the concern; and, from the pre-

cision and dispatch with which it was executed, may be considered as one of the most remarkable performances which the art of mining has afforded.

"The situation chosen was north of the other shafts, and on the line of the old lode, which it was to intersect in depth, the underlie being about eighteen inches per fathom. Cross cuts were driven under this point from the adit, the 40, 70, 100, 120, 135 fathom levels; and while the upper portion of the shaft was sinking below the surface, the operation of sinking and raising were carried on from each of the cross cuts above mentioned, and also from the 150 and 160 fathom levels, which were already in the proper line, the ground thus being opened in fifteen different points at once. The total depth of the shaft was about 205 fathoms, and on the 31st of December, 1829 (in the March of which year it had been begun), the anxiety of the agents was relieved by correctly holding through the last bar of ground, which intervened between the surface and the bottom. Thus in about nine months and a half a perfect shaft, exceeding 200 fathoms in depth, was sunk from the surface; a work which, but for the skill and boldness with which geometry has lately been applied to the art of mining, would have taken years to complete, as well as requiring a much greater expense than it actually occasioned. Indeed, it is more than probable that, if attended by the same drawbacks, this and many similar works, whose value is in a great measure owing to the economy and expedition with which they can be effected, would never have been executed.

"So great was the accuracy and skill with which the dialings and measurements for this work were conducted, by the agents who had charge of these important operations, that, after the necessary squaring, Francis's shaft was as perfect as if sunk from the surface only, nor could any irregularity be observed at the junction of different portions."

AN INESTIMABLE PIECE OF ADVICE.

Rousseau :—My mind has certain moments of repose, or rather of oscillation, which I would not for the world disturb.—Music, eloquence, friendship, bring and prolong them. *Malesherbes* :—Enjoy them, my dear friend, and convert them, if possible, to months and years. *It is as much at your arbitration on what theme you shall meditate, as on what field you shall botanise; and you have as much at your option the choice of your thoughts, as of the keys of your harpsichord.* *Rousseau* :—If this were true, who could be unhappy? *Malesherbes* :—Those of whom it is not true; those who from want of practice cannot manage their thoughts, and who have few to select from, and who, because of their sloth or of their weakness, do not roll away the heaviest from before them.—*Landon's Imaginary Conversations.*

DISTINCTION BETWEEN MORALITY AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

The old play-writers are distinguished by an honest boldness of exhibition, they show everything without being ashamed. If a reverse in fortune be the thing to be personified, they fairly bring us to the prison-grate and the alms basket. A poor man on our stage is always a gentleman; he may be known by a peculiar neatness of apparel, and by wearing black. Our delicacy, in fact, forbids the dramatizing of distress at all. It is never shown in its essential properties; it appears but as the adjunct to some virtue, as something which is to be relieved, from the approbation of which relief the spectators are to derive a certain soothing of self-referred satisfaction. We turn away from the real essences of things to hunt after their relative shadows, moral duties; whereas, if the truth of things were fairly represented, the relative duties might be safely trusted to themselves, and moral philosophy lose the name of a science.—*Lamb's Specimens.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE tone of CANTAB's letter has highly obliged us. We have prepared some remarks on the subject in question, which have been delayed; but they will appear. The same cause of delay has postponed Mr BARNARD's letter to another week.

The friendly remarks and suggestions of D. G., whether he agrees with or differs from us, are always welcome. We have never given up our intention of resuming the subject he speaks of; but none but an Editor can tell the perplexities that beset a Journal on all sides, with regard to what is thought most advisable.

Best thanks to Mr R. C.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES.

Memoir of the Life and Public Services of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F.R.S., &c. &c. By his Widow. A new edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: James Duncan.

THIS is a new, and cheap, and convenient edition of a work of singular interest; and Lady Raffles, by omitting the many official documents and statements which, though perhaps necessary in the first instance, to do full justice to the public character of her husband, certainly encumbered the quarto volumes, has greatly improved the work, or at least rendered it far more attractive to the general reader—and this from her own account is what she proposed to herself. Indeed the mere change of form from the quarto to the commodious octavo is in itself an immense advantage, to say nothing of the great difference of price. The main materials of the book are so excellent, so admirably adapted to stand as bright examples and encouragements to those who have to make their way to knowledge, honour, and competence by their own exertions, and against a head stream of seemingly insurmountable difficulties and most discouraging reverses, that we hope the volumes will be universally read by the young, and find a place in every library in the kingdom. We are the more earnest in this hope, as in all this gifted man's notes and letters (which constitute the greater part of the work) there breathe the most noble spirit of patriotism and independence, the most expansive benevolence, the most generous aspirations for the improvement, and moral and physical elevation of all mankind; and in everyone of his actions (for his deeds kept pace with his thoughts and words) there is a high-mindedness, a total absence of sordidness or selfishness of any kind, and occasionally an heroism, a sublimity of motive and object that cannot be too frequently made subjects of contemplation and reverence. When conflicting interests are no longer heard of, and present or recent disputes utterly forgotten, the East India Company will claim no slight degree of admiration from the single circumstance of having fostered so many youths, who in her employment became most able and distinguished men, and who were not less distinguished by their virtues than by their abilities. Among these much honoured Britons who have laboured in the East, though there are high names among the living, as also among the recently dead, we do not believe there is one superior to Thomas Stamford Raffles.

If his memoirs had not been before the world for some time, we certainly should give as copious an analysis, with extracts from them, as the limits of our journal permit; but even as it is, and at the risk of repeating what some of our readers may already know, we will allude to a few incidents of this remarkable life. So excellent an example cannot well be too frequently presented to the world.

Raffles was essentially a man of the people, inheriting no honours except those of an honest name, and no estates or wealth of any kind. His father was the skipper or commander of a West Indiaman, and he was born at sea, on board his father's ship, on the 5th of July 1781, off the island of Jamaica. After passing two years at a boarding-school at Hammersmith, he was removed from his studies and placed, when only fourteen years of age, as an extra clerk in the East India House. "I was thus," he says himself in a modest and truly touching manner, "forced to enter on the busy scenes of public life as a mere boy. My leisure hours, however, still continued to be devoted to favourite studies; and with the little aid my allowance afforded, I contrived to make myself master of the French language, and to prosecute inquiries into some of the branches of literature and science. This was, however, in stolen moments, either before the office hours in the morning, or after them in the evening. I look back to these days of difficulty and application with some degree of pleasure." "I feel that I did all that I could

to improve myself, and I have nothing to reproach myself with."

These words, so encouraging to others, were written many years afterwards, when, by force of his steady application, he had risen to posts of high honour and power, and made himself an accomplished scholar and excellent naturalist, notwithstanding the almost incessant labours that attended the various offices he had held in India. He continued all through life to regret the deficiencies of his early education; but we are not quite sure that his self-tuition was not as good as the education he would have got at schools and colleges, and his early initiation into business certainly better fitted him for the avocations that afterwards fell to him than years spent at Oxford or Cambridge would have done. A person who, besides learning the Malay, the Javanese, and other Eastern living languages, made himself sufficiently master of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to be able to read them currently, and for his amusement and private instruction, had surely no reason to complain of a neglected education; and, in addition to these acquirements, and to law and the rules of administration, and the many things he had to learn for the proper discharge of his duties, Raffles amassed much knowledge in botany, mineralogy, and more especially in zoology. He had probably more general information than half the professors going. But so it is;—there is a sort of superstition attached to colleges, and to what is called a learned education, and while those who can command the advantages too commonly neglect them, those who have not had the opportunity are too apt to regret them, and attach more importance to them than they deserve.

While young Raffles, though chained to a desk in Leadenhall street, was still struggling after intellectual wealth, his father fell into pecuniary difficulties. On this the noble-hearted boy shortened his hours of study, and lengthened those of his merely mechanical labours. His widow says:—

"By his extra work at his office he obtained an addition to his salary, which was not appropriated to any selfish purpose, but all he earned was carried home to his parents. His affection to his mother was always one of the strongest feelings of his heart. At this time, with that self-denying devotion to the happiness of others, which was his distinguishing quality through life, he deprived himself of every indulgence, that he might devote to her his hard-earned pittance; and in after days of comparative affluence he delighted in surrounding her with every comfort."

The blessing of heaven, the esteem and favour of the world, could hardly fail to attend such conduct! This is like reading some of Crabbe's most touching domestic poetry, or, better still, the real story of Crabbe's own early struggles. We love the memory of Raffles for this, among many other reasons—he never attempted to conceal the poverty and obscurity of his early life; and we most highly esteem Lady Raffles, because she is capable of the same frankness, and can thus speak of her husband. It is strange, and almost unaccountable, how it should be so, but owing to the empty pride, the upstart arrogance, the contempt for what is called *low birth*, the horror of homely industry and usefulness, the sneering, tittering superciliousness that pervade and disgrace a large portion of our aristocratic society, people who get up to its level by their own merits are too frequently ashamed of what does them most honour, and nervously draw a veil over all their natural connexions, and all the difficulties that have attended the days of their youth. And yet to us it only seems to require a little bold sincerity to check this insolence, and emancipate from the dread of it the men who have been the architects of their own fortunes. "His father was a common shoe-maker," said one of this coterie, in speaking of an individual who had risen high in the world—"That's very true; but if your father had been a shoe-maker, you would never have been anything but a cobbler yourself," was the retort of the gentleman it was intended to insult.

Raffles appears never to have had a strong con-

stitution, and his long confinement to his desk, with his severe application to his studies after his office hours, seriously threatened his health. "He was ordered to relax his exertions, and to leave his office for a time; he obeyed, and obtained a fortnight's leave of absence. The use which he made of this short period of recreation is very characteristic: he seized on the moment to indulge that love of mountain scenery, so strong in most youthful minds, so happily undying and unfading in its exciting, joyous feeling. He resolved to go into Wales,—set off on foot, and walked at the rate of thirty and forty miles a day,—accomplished his object, and returned to his desk with restored health."

His absolute passion for picturesque scenery, his perseverance in travelling, and ready and cheerful submission to difficulties and privations, accompanied him through life, as did also a charming simplicity of tastes and feelings. The things that pleased him as a humble extra clerk in the India House, continued to delight him when he was Lieutenant-Governor at Java or Sumatra. Plants, flowers, and animals, were never-failing sources of enjoyment to him; and his widow informs us that he would spend hours in fondling and domesticating the curious animals that were brought to him in India.

"He entered with the most child-like simplicity into occupations and pleasures which many would consider beneath their notice; a mountain scene would bring tears into his eyes; a flower would call forth a burst of favourite poetry; it was, perhaps, peculiar to himself, to be able to remark on his last return to England, that he had never seen a horse-race,—never fired a gun."

In 1805 Raffles, who though poor and unprotected had made himself known in his office and to the Secretary of the Court of Directors by his industry and abilities,—was sent out to Penang as Assistant Secretary to a new establishment the Company had formed there. This, in itself, was high promotion for a young man of twenty-four; but being once placed in situations of great difficulty and responsibility, he soon proved to the Company that he was capable of discharging the duties of the very highest offices.

The information he obtained about the Malay nation, the Moluccas, and all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, appears to have been most complete; and he himself not only suggested the reduction of Java, but arranged almost everything connected with the expedition that conquered that island. His amiability worked in favour of his policy. Unlike most of our Nabobs, who considered it degrading to associate with the blacks and half-castes, Raffles always courted the society of the natives, inviting them to his house, and treating them with consideration, kindness, and confidence. Hence, wherever he went he obtained the best local information from the best sources, and there was nothing these people would not do for him. At the same time it should be mentioned, that he entered heart and soul into whatever he considered likely to advance the civilization of the natives, and never considered his own success or the prosperity of the establishment entrusted to his management, apart from the prosperity of the people. Several of his notions in administration and practical political economy which may look like truisms now, could scarcely be called truisms a quarter of a century ago; and then Raffles, when not hampered by instructions from Leadenhall street, applied his liberal theory, and acted up to it. The onerous monopolies, the short-sighted restrictions on trade, the system of slavery, received many a shake at his hands, though the time had not yet come for their full or entire abolition.

In 1811 Raffles was appointed Governor of the great and magnificent island of Java, where about six millions of inhabitants were benefitted by his wise and liberal rule. In 1816 he returned to England, and shortly after Java was restored to its former masters and oppressors the Dutch, whose illiberal policy

soon undid all the good he had done. It is very interesting to see with what earnestness he pleaded the cause of the Javanese as long as there was any hope of being of service to them, and how deeply and constantly he regretted their condition when that hope was gone. He generally looked on the bright side of human nature, and he saw in those poor heathens the germ of many virtues, and the fair promise of an intellectual development. In 1817 he was named Governor of Bencoolen, in Sumatra, at which island he arrived in the spring of the following year. With his characteristic energy and activity he immediately began to explore the island. On his arrival he was told by every body that it was impossible to penetrate into the interior. "We will try," said Sir Stamford; and in a few months he penetrated everywhere, crossing that large island in several directions. Much to her credit, Lady Raffles accompanied him on these expeditions, which were fatiguing, difficult, and dangerous. They had to go through forests swarming with elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, and other wild beasts, to cross tremendous mountains, and descend rapid rivers on weak bamboo rafts.

In a few months more, they knew more about Sumatra than had ever been known by an European, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr Marsden. At the same time Sir Stamford turned his attention to the erecting of schools for the natives, and to the devising such laws and regulations as might extend their trade, give security to their property, suppress piracy, and induce habits of industry and social order.

In 1818, when the Dutch were really threatening to shut us out of those Eastern seas, Sir Stamford, after many obstacles on the part of the Governor-General, the Marquis of Hastings, was authorized to form a new establishment at Singapore, an admirable spot of his own choosing, which has risen most rapidly in commercial importance, and is now (since the opening of the China trade) rising faster than ever. Lady Raffles says—

"Independently of the tribes of the Archipelago, the situation of Singapore (close to the Malay peninsula) is peculiarly favourable for its becoming the entrepot to which the native mariners of Siam, Cambodia, Chiampa, Cochin China, and China itself, may annually resort. It is to the straits of Singapore that their merchants are always bound in the first instance; and if, on their arrival in them, they find a market for their goods, and the means of supplying their wants, they have no inducement to proceed to the more distant, unhealthy, and expensive Dutch fort of Batavia. The passage from China can be made in less than six days."

In a letter to Mr Marsden, Sir Stamford says,—

"Singapore is every thing we could desire, it will soon rise into importance; and with this single station I would undertake to counteract all the plans of Mynheer; it breaks the spell; and they are no longer the exclusive sovereigns of the Eastern seas. This place possesses an excellent harbour, and every thing that can be desired for a British port in the island of St John's, which forms the South-Western point of the harbour. We have commenced an intercourse with all ships passing through the straits of Singapore."

Sir Stamford was accustomed to call Singapore his political child—a child of his own—his darling child; and he informs us that, but for his Malay studies, and his intercourse with Malay people, he should hardly have known such a place existed; not only the European, but the Indian world also being ignorant of it. Six hundred years before, it had been the flourishing capital of the Malays, but it had fallen into ruin.

In 1822 Sir Stamford was again at Singapore, busily engaged in establishing a constitution for that prosperous settlement.

"The utmost possible freedom of trade and equal rights to all, with protection of property and person, are the objects to be attained, and I shall spare no pains to establish such laws and regulations as may be most conducive to them. In Java I had to remodel, and in doing so, to remove the rubbish and encumbrances of two centuries of Dutch mal-administration—here I have an easier task, and the task is new."

On the unhealthy coast of Sumatra death had been in his house.—He had recently lost children and friends, but his ardent soul revived and bounded again as he looked around him at Singapore, though with the timidity or misgiving that follows on long

borrow and misfortune, he exclaimed, "May this child, at least live,—Oh! rob me not of this my political child."

"Here," he says, "all is life and activity; and it would be difficult to name a place on the face of the globe with brighter prospects or more present satisfaction. In little more than three years it has risen from an insignificant fishing-village to a large and prosperous town, containing at least 10,000 inhabitants of all nations, actively engaged in commercial pursuits, which afford to each and all a handsome livelihood and abundant profit. There are no complaints here of want of employment, no deficiency of rents, or dissatisfaction at taxes. Land is rapidly rising in value, and instead of the present number of inhabitants, we have reason to expect that we shall have at least ten times as many before many years have passed. This may be considered as the simple but almost magical result of that perfect freedom of trade which it has been my good fortune to establish."

We cannot lengthen our extracts, but most earnestly do we recommend all this part of the Memoirs to the attention and study of our readers.

In the month of February 1824, after a service of many years, and with a worn-out constitution, Sir Stamford quitted Sumatra, and sailed for England. On the first night he was at sea the ship caught fire, when she was about fifty miles from land. Though they had a very narrow escape, no lives were lost, and passengers and crew got safely back to Bencoolen; but everything on board perished, the flames devouring Sir Stamford's magnificent collections in natural history, his splendid collection of drawings, his numerous and rare Oriental books and manuscripts, and all his valuable papers, notes, and observations. This was a great, a cruel, and irremediable loss; but he seems to have supported it with admirable equanimity. At last, in August 1824, Sir Stamford reached his native land, where he fondly promised himself a long enjoyment of competence and literary leisure. At the recommendation of the late Mr Wilberforce, who, a short time before, had purchased an adjoining estate, Sir Stamford bought a pretty house with a park and pleasant gardens, at Highwood Hill, a little to the west of the great Northern road, between Hendon, Totteridge, and Barnet. He took possession of that place in July 1825, and there he expired on the 5th of July 1826. He was only forty-five years old; but such a life is not to be counted by common days, weeks, months, and years. From his boyhood upwards he crowded small spaces of time with large and honourable actions. He did more work, he thought more, and (as we are disposed to believe, in spite of many crosses), enjoyed more in one day than the large majority of even active intellectual men do in three days. In this sense he was an old man; his life far exceeded the Scriptural allotment of threescore years and ten; and if we take into account the sum of happiness he conferred on his too long oppressed and abused fellow men, and let good deeds stand for years, he was as old as any of the antediluvian patriarchs.

His History of Java will preserve his name in the literature of his country. All that he did for natural history, and for the encouragement and generous assistance of those who gave themselves up to the study of it, are things well known to the large and constantly increasing class of naturalists. But, we believe, the public in general does not sufficiently bear in mind that to his active exertions in 1824, 5, and 6, we are mainly indebted for the establishment of the Zoological Society, and that admirable exhibition, the Zoological Gardens. When he was in Europe in 1816, on passing through Paris, he was struck with the Jardin des Plantes, the Zoological Gardens of that capital, and was anxious to see something of the same sort in London; and when he returned to England for good, in 1824, he took up the subject with his usual activity—an activity that neither time nor declining health could check or discourage. He had only been a few months in London when he suggested the plan to the late Sir Humphrey Davy, and owing to the influence, the representations, and correspondence of these two remarkable men, a subscription list was soon filled, and the plan carried into effect. Our readers are not the good people we delight to fancy them, if they do not feel the pleasures of a stroll in the Zoological Gardens

enhanced by associating with that beautiful place the beautiful memory of a man like Thomas Stamford Raffles.

WALLACE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The History of England, continued from the late Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Vol. V. (Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 69). 12mo. London. 1835. Pp. 369. 6s.

THIS second volume of the continuation of the late Sir James Mackintosh's History commences with the accession of Charles I, in 1625, and brings down the narrative of events to the fatal fight of Naseby in 1645. These twenty years form unquestionably the most stirring portion of the history of England: the heroic tale is here at its highest swell. It was then that were really undergone the heavings and throes of the mighty struggle which issued in the establishment of the ascendancy of the popular principle in the constitution, over the power of old prerogative; that great revolution was only brought to rest in 1688, its strain and consummating crash, which shook the kingdom to the centre, took place forty years before. What was done in 1688 is properly called a settlement; the true Revolution had been already effected. Even the great example of a King dethroned—that triumphal monument of the victory of the new principle—had been already set up, and that too, it must be confessed, whatever we may think of the matter in other points of view, in a style as much bolder and more imposing than that adopted on the second occasion, as the spirit of original genius is loftier and more daring than that of the mere imitative faculty. And such was really the difference between the men. Those of each period were perhaps best fitted for the work they had to perform; but undoubtedly there can be no comparison made, in respect either of intellectual height and capacity, or of moral grandeur of purpose and of action, between the expediency politicians who managed the arrangement of 1688, and the leaders of the national cause—many of them, like the Agamemnons and the Achilles of old, equally ready for the council and the battle—in that modern heroic age, the era of the Great Rebellion.

Mr Wallace, the author of the present History, is not exactly what was called the other night in the House of Lords "a Whig and something more," but rather the "something more" of that phrase, without the "Whig." In his treatment of the momentous transactions which come under his review, he takes a side, and a strong one; but his work is written throughout in a generous spirit, and displays none of the narrow-mindedness, the intolerance, the unfairness, and the other hateful qualities that belong to the mere party-man. His mode of maintaining his principles may by some be deemed stern, and his condemnation of the conduct of which he disapproves occasionally harsh, and evidencing less allowance than a philosopher would make for the force of circumstances bearing upon the common weakness of humanity; but he does not, like the mere party hack, either enviously and spitefully toil to dim all lustre of character or of conduct that does not adorn his own side of the question, or as blindly and foolishly pass over, or try to hide from view, the faults of those with whom he goes along in their leading spirit and objects. Thus, although he carries his admiration of the founders of the Commonwealth farther than a Tory or even than most Whigs would, he expresses without scruple and without ceremony his want of sympathy with the theological bigotry which mixed so largely in their motives and proceedings, and while it no doubt contributed powerfully to sustain their ardour and fortitude, so often made men act tyrannically or ridiculously. On the whole, however to the lover of liberty this will be an inspiring book. It is, perhaps, the most effectual exposition that has yet been given of that course of insolence, perfidy, tyranny, and folly, on the part of Charles, which drove the parliament and the nation into resistance, and rendered everything that followed inevitable. The statement is chiefly one of facts, and these, to

a great extent, delivered in the words of the original witnesses or documents; but they are arranged and disposed with very considerable art, and the few reflections which the severe fashion of the narrative admits, are in general remarkably pertinent, and introduced and expressed in a manner that makes them strike home with their whole force. The style of the work is rather vigorous than very elegant or tasteful; but it is a sufficiently expressive vehicle of the author's spirit and sentiments. Altogether, looking both to this point and to the reading and research displayed in it, the literary merits of the performance are of a very superior order.

The following passage, which is the only extract for which we have room, will convey a very good idea of the author's manner of narration;—

"On the 25th of February (1649), a sub-committee of religion presented a long and elaborate report of 'heads of articles to be insisted on by the house.' Charles, to ward off this terrible array of charges, chiefly aimed at the Arminian system, so called, of Laud, sent a command to both houses to adjourn to the 28th of March. This command had the effect of drawing from Sir John Elliot a denunciation of Weston, lord treasurer, as the enemy of the commonwealth, following in the footsteps of his master, the great duke, and the author of this interruption to the proceedings of the house. 'They go about,' said he, 'to break parliaments, but parliament will break them.' The speaker delivered the king's command to adjourn. Several declared that it was not the speaker's business to deliver such a message, and that adjournment was a matter for the house only. Sir John Elliot produced a remonstrance to the king against tonnage and poundage, and desired it should be read by the speaker. The speaker refused. He then desired it should be read by the clerk at the table. The clerk also refused. This fearless champion of the public liberty then read it himself, and demanded of the speaker to put it to the vote. The speaker said, 'he was commanded otherwise by the king.' Selden reminded him of his paramount duty to the house by his office. He replied that he had an express command from the king that upon delivering the message of adjournment he should rise; and he accordingly was about to leave the chair. Several members, among whom were Holles and Valentine, forced him back into the chair, whilst Sir Thomas Edmonds and other courtiers endeavoured to release him. Holles swore the speaker should sit still until it pleased them to rise. He wept and entreated; said he would sacrifice his life for his country, but durst not sin against the command of his sovereign. Sir Peter Hayman renounced him for his kinsman, as a blot to his family. Neither advice nor threats could prevail, and Holles read and put to the vote the following protest:—'1st. Whoever shall bring in innovation in religion, or by favour seek to extend or introduce popery or Arminianism, or other opinions disagreeing from the true and orthodox church, shall be reputed a capital enemy to this kingdom and commonwealth. 2nd. Whosoever shall counsel or advise the taking and levying of the subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by parliament, or shall be an actor or instrument therein, shall be likewise reputed an innovator in the government, and a capital enemy to this kingdom and commonwealth. 3rd. If any merchant, or other person whatsoever, shall voluntarily yield or pay the said subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by parliament, he shall likewise be reputed a betrayer of the liberty of England, and an enemy to the same.'

"Whilst this protest was pending, a message from the king commanded the sergeant to bring away his mace, as the means of putting a stop to all proceedings. The house not only prevented his going, but deprived him of the key of the door, which was locked. Upon this the usher of the black rod knocked at the door in the king's name, and was refused entrance. Charles, in a transport of rage, sent for the guard to force open the door; but the commons, meanwhile, having voted their protest, adjourned to the following 10th of March.

"On that day the king came to the house of lords, and after a speech in which he called the patriot members of the house of commons vipers, who should have their rewards, commanded the lord keeper to declare the parliament dissolved. Several of the commons were present, but the house had not received the usual command to attend.

"The members thus termed vipers, and threatened with his vengeance by the king, were already in his grasp. The proclamation for the dissolution of parliament was signed on the 3rd, but kept back to the 10th of March. Meanwhile Elliot, Holles, Selden, Valentine, Coryton, Hobart, Hayman, Long, and Stroud, who had been active in the scene of the protest, were commanded, by warrant, to appear before the privy council. All except the two last presented

themselves, but refused to answer out of the house what they had said in it, and were committed to the Tower. Stroud and Long also came in upon the issue of a proclamation for apprehending them, and were committed, like the former. The studies of Holles, Elliot, Selden, Long, and Valentine were entered, and their papers seized by the king's warrant.

"The king issued a long declaration of his reasons for the dissolution. It rather exasperated than assuaged the public discontent. The people threatened his advisers, and clamoured for a parliament. Charles, with his obstinate and despotic infatuation, issued a proclamation announcing his present disuse of parliaments, and forbidding, as a presumption, the mention of them.

"It is astonishing that this prince, after the experience of his father's reign and his own, should hope to eradicate from the very heart of the English people their attachment to a parliamentary government as their birthright. Never was there an occasion less favourable for his purpose. He had, it is true, the patriot chiefs caged in the Tower; but it was too late. They had already launched the petition of rights upon the great ocean of the popular mind. Tyranny might imprison or slay them; or they might be tortured into a recantation, and prove recreant to their principles; but the petition of rights was irrevocable.

"Those champions of liberty whom Charles sent to the Tower were no less heroes than the patriots of Marathon and Thermopylae. Their position, viewed without reference to the event, was, perhaps, a more trying test of courage and character than the most fearful odds in battle, or the most forlorn defence of a pass. The terrors of the star-chamber, with its iniquitous judgments and atrocious punishments, were uncertain and prolonged. To face them demanded resolution the most sustained and fearless, a tone of mind the most firm, and elastic courage of the highest order, physical and moral. It is to these brave and virtuous patriots, whose names were long covered with obloquy or oblivion, that the English nation owes the preservation of its liberty."

COMMERCIAL POCKET GUIDE.

The Merchant's and Banker's Pocket Guide. 16mo. Glasgow: M'Phun. 1835. pp. 124.

This little manual, or waistcoat-pocket compendium, is as intelligently compiled, as it is neatly and attractively printed and got up. It is calculated to be of great and general utility, not only in the mercantile world, but as an elementary exposition of the principles and the practice of commerce for readers of all classes.

The first chapter contains within the space of eighteen pages definitions of all the more important technical terms of commerce, such as *Agio*, *Assignee*, *Auction*, *Average*, *Balance of Accounts* and of *Trade*, *Barratry*, *Bill*, *Broker*, *Charter-party*, *Cheek*, *Consul*, *Customs*, *Discount*, *Drawback*, *Excise*, *Freight*, *Manifest*, *Money*, *Partnership*, *Pawn-broker*, *Quarantine*, *Receipt*, *Sample*, &c. &c. These short articles are written with much precision and clearness, and under many of the heads a great deal of information is given respecting both the law and the political economy of the subject treated of. The second chapter is on *Bankruptcy*, the laws in regard to which, both in England and Scotland, are explained. In chapter third, on the *Banking System*, after a short introductory notice of early Banks, the writer proceeds to consider in succession the subjects of the general principles of Banking—the Bank of England—English Private and Provincial Banks—Banking in Scotland—Banking in Ireland—and Foreign Banks. The fourth chapter is devoted to an account of the origin, history, and present state of the East India Company, and of the trade with China. Chapter fifth is on the important subject of *Exchange*—and after an explanation of *Bills of Exchange*, and of the variations in foreign Exchanges, concludes with a table of the value of the most important foreign coins, extracted from Dr Kelly's 'Cambist.' The sixth chapter explains the general principles affecting prices, and presents a table of the rise or fall per cent, from 1826 to 1833 inclusive, on the prices of the chief British staple commodities, and articles of East and West India produce. The

seventh chapter contains a short account of the principal English and Continental fairs and markets. The eighth chapter is on the *Funds*, and explains the principles of the *Funding System*, the progress and present state of the *National Debt*, the mode of transferring *Stock*, and the practice of business at the *Stock Exchange*. The subject of *Insurance*, including *Fire Insurance*, *Life Insurance*, and *Marine Insurance*, is discussed in the ninth chapter; and the tenth and last consists of a collection of useful tables, of the values of foreign coins, of annuities, of interest, of wages, of foreign linen measures, of the monies, weights, and measures of India and China, &c.

The opinions of the writer upon the various subjects on which he touches are in general sound and liberal, and in conformity with those that have been advocated by the ablest recent authorities, Adam Smith, Mr Macculloch, Mr Senior, Dr Hamilton, Ricardo, &c. The following short extract may serve as a specimen of the manner in which the work is executed:—

EXCHANGE.

"Suppose D of Glasgow owes X of Bourdeaux 1000*l*. It will of course be more convenient for D to pay X in this country, if the thing be possible, than to run the risk and incur the expense of transmitting so large a sum of money by post. Now if X of Bourdeaux should at this time be indebted in the same amount of 1000*l*. to A of Glasgow, or in the sum of 500*l*. to A of Glasgow, and another sum of 500*l*. to B of Edinburgh, the transaction betwixt D and X can be cheaply and expeditiously settled by the former procuring X's letter authorizing him to pay A 1000*l*, or A and B 500*l*. each. Or supposing that X has no debts in this country, but that another merchant of Bourdeaux has occasion to pay 1000*l*. in Scotland, in such a case it is also obvious that the transaction betwixt D and X could be settled without the transmission of money from one country to another. Hence the origin of foreign bills of exchange. D of Glasgow having a payment to make in Bourdeaux, does not remit the money, but buys a bill upon Bourdeaux, that is, an order from some one having a debt due to him in Bourdeaux, to pay the amount of it to D of Glasgow, or his order. D then indorses this bill, and sends it to his creditor X in Bourdeaux, who receives payment from his neighbour merchant. All parties are benefited by this transaction: two debts are discharged in two different countries, without the risk of transmitting money, and one stamp and a few postages are the only expenses incurred.

"A bill of exchange then is 'an order addressed to some person residing at a distance, directing him to pay a certain specified sum to the person in whose favour the bill is drawn, or his order.'"

The information in the following table may be new to some of our readers, and will be found useful in reading historical works and old documents relating to Scotland:—

"Scottish money was abolished, as a circulating medium, by the Articles of Union; but the 'valued rent' of lands, and in many places of the feu-duties, minister's stipends, schoolmasters' salaries, and other parochial burdens, are still reckoned by the pound, or merk Scots, though paid in Sterling money.

1 penny, or doyt	=	$\frac{1}{12}$ d.
2 pennies	1 bodle,	$\frac{1}{6}$ d.
2 bodles	1 plack, or groat	$\frac{1}{4}$ d.
3 placks	1 bawbee,	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.
12 pennies	1 shilling,	1d.
20 shillings	1 pound,	20d.
13 shillings and 4 pennies	1 merk,	13 d.
18 merks, or 12 pounds	1 pound Sterling."	

* Macculloch.

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LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

SUPPLEMENT FOR PART I.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS.

THEIR MEMORIES AND GREAT MEN.

INTRODUCTION.

CONTENTS:

Peculiar fitness of this subject for the London Journal. Interestingness of local histories. London before the deluge! Its origin according to the fabulous writers and poets. First historical mention of it. Its names. British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman London. General progress of the city and of civilization. Range of the Metropolis as it existed in the time of Shakspeare and Bacon. Growth of the streets during the later reigns. "Merry London" and "Merry England." Curious assertion respecting trees in the city.

NAMES, whether of men or journals, have often little reference to qualities. Many a brisk gentleman pushes forward in spite of his cautious appellation of Onslow, perhaps to the astonishment of a stout and suffering person behind him, whose name is Gollightly; and newspapers, magazines, pocket-books, &c. are famous for their wrong christenings. *Suns* begin to rise towards evening. *New Monthlies* are old; *Journals* (our own among them) come out weekly, though their name implies daily. There is a worthy publication, which with an intensity of inadvertence, calls itself the *Daily Journal*; that is to say, the *Daily Daily*. The truth is, that expediency, rather than fitness, has the settlement of these matters. Our ancestors are responsible for the names of their posterity; but those of periodicals are generally given with reference to something which is to disrepute them from their contemporaries, or to set them in some immediate light of contrast, friendly or otherwise as it may happen. The *London Journal* was so named from its proposing to be an English counterpart to the *Edinburgh Journal* of our Scottish friends; but the designation, otherwise, is as bad as need be. It is not a *Journal*, as we have just shewn; and all which it has to do with London, consists in a certain liberality and looking-forth upon the world in general, as from a vantage-ground, which is shared in common, or ought to be so, by every observer who lives in a great city.

We have often wished, however, that without compromising its acceptability in the country, our *Journal* contained something more directly linking it with the metropolis. We endeavoured, at one time, that it should do so, but not to our convenience or satisfaction. We shall probably endeavour again, and in different ways; but meantime it has struck us, that we could not do better than equalize the size and price of our monthly sets (otherwise disproportioned on account of the irregular number of weeks in each month) by giving a Supplement whenever it was required, and making this Supplement consist of a familiar and companionable survey of the STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS,—their MEMORIES and GREAT MEN.

The country is glad to hear of the town: the intellectual portion of the country will be more especially glad to hear of what has rendered the metropolis truly famous, and makes its old streets ever new in interest to the reader and the humanist. Let a young artist come, for the first time, to London, and if he has any enthusiasm, he goes and seeks out the places where Sir Joshua Reynolds lived, and Hogarth. Let a poet come, and he is for standing under the sacred porticoes of Milton and Shakspeare, (perhaps in some now wretched lane,) and wondering how any body can pass without stopping

—"to look up and wonder."

And so the young philosophers and men of science find out the houses of the Bentham and Newtons; and the musicians those of Purcell and Handel,—hardly sure, if they hear a piano-forte strike up out of a window, that the immortal voice itself is not speaking to them. *They shall have them all here*, with hundreds of others, all interesting in some way or other. We shall be most happy to accompany the stranger in his rounds, and to tell him all we know,

to "do the honours," (truly so called) of the place we live in, just as he would shew us those of Edinburgh, or Dublin, or of Paris or Madrid, and bring us acquainted with the localities of Hume and Swift, of Moliere and Cervantes. We regard it as a fortunate thing for ourselves (and hope it will not prove otherwise to the reader) that our enthusiasm is local as well as general, and that we can look upon no place in which any tribe of men, especially if they numbered excellent men among them, have lived, and died, and loved, and struggled, and made a habit of the objects around them, without feeling a strong interest in these objects. We never meet with a local history, however small or remote the spot, without taking a lodging in it, as it were, for the time: exploring the neighbourhood; and making ourselves familiar with this corner and that, those trees down by the river, that path up the hill side, and above all, with the pleasant people we fancy in it, and the ever-living genius whose image may still walk there. Thomson lives for us, this moment, at Richmond; Sidney at Penshurst; Burns in Dumfries; and Shakspeare, Chaucer and Spenser, are mingled in the streets of London with a thousand illustrious pedestrians. We see Johnson turning a corner, like a whale in a great wig; and Bacon going to court with his eyes turned towards the ground, thinking.

We propose to take the whole circuit of the metropolis, including such of the suburbs as have become a constituent part of the mighty mass of houses, not omitting, if possible, the newest streets, and by no means despising the allies. We gave the reason just now, when speaking of Shakspeare and Milton. In a court in the Old Bailey lived Goldsmith; and in one of the squalidest corners of Whitechapel was the stately palace of Count Gondamar, who was a wit as well as an ambassador, and the delight of the court of James the First.

We shall divide our work into sections or neighbourhoods, in order that the reader, if he pleases, may turn to the spot he is most interested in, at once; and a copious index will be furnished with the concluding number, for the facility of general reference. It is not too much perhaps to say, that a work of this nature is a desideratum. Occasional sketches towards it, in periodical works, have been eagerly received; and without meaning to undervalue the labours of those who have written best upon the metropolis, the venerable Stow in particular, and the lively Pennant, it is conceived that the mass of information to be found in a variety of books, many of them mere booksellers' jobs, may not only furnish a compact and concentrated miscellany, the selectness of which shall contain all that is necessary and graceful, while the rubbish is thrown aside, but receive additions from the stores of anecdote and biography, which shall greatly increase the list of intellectual inhabitants, and stock our *spirit of a city* with wit and amusement. Nothing, at all events, will be omitted which shall be thought conducive to the interests of humanity, and the progress of knowledge. Memorable events, as well as men, will, of course, meet with due notice. Martyrdoms will not be omitted in Smithfield; nor tilts and tournaments; nor the deaths of Raleigh, Russell, and King Charles; nor plagues and fires; nor daring villainies; nor old prejudice; nor modern improvement. But care will be taken to add as much as possible (consistent with a due brevity) of the interior of life, of wits, and clubs, and theatres, and the manners of interesting women; and we shall specially endeavour to avoid everything dull and superfluous, so that if the reader pitch upon a chapter at random, he may be pretty sure to find something amusing in its nature, whatever may be the mode of handling it. In fact, we are so interested in the work ourselves, that we conceive it difficult not to find enough topics of entertainment, to the exclusion of all others. If we are mistaken, the fault will lie in our fondness for the subject.

We think, however, that it is natural to every body to take a considerable interest in the subject; and that nothing but accident hinders it, where it is not taken. In one of those children's books which con-

tain reading fit for the manliest, and which we have known accordingly to interest very grave and even great men, there is a pleasant chapter entitled *Eyes and no Eyes*, or the *Art of Seeing*.^{*} The two heroes of it come, home successively from a walk in the same road, one of them having seen only a heath and a hill, and the meadows by the water-side, and therefore having seen nothing,—the other expatiating on his delightful ramble, because the heath presented him with curious birds, and the hill with the remains of a camp, and the meadows with reeds, and rats, and herons, and king-fishers, and sea-shells, and a man catching eels, and a glorious sunset.

In like manner people may walk through a crowded city, and see nothing but the crowd. A man may go from Bond-street to Blackwall, and unless he has the luck to witness an accident, or get a knock from a porter's burthen, may be conscious, when he has returned, of nothing but the names of those two places, and of the mud through which he has passed. Nor is this to be attributed to dullness. He may, indeed, be dull. The eyes of his understanding may be like bad spectacles, which no brightening would enable to see much. But he may be only inattentive. Circumstances may have induced a want of curiosity, to which imagination itself shall contribute, if not taught to use its eyes. This is particularly observable in childhood, when the love of novelty is strongest. A boy at the Charter-House, or Christ-Hospital, probably cares nothing for his neighbourhood, though stocked with a great deal that might entertain him. He has been too much accustomed to identify it with his school-room. We remember the time ourselves when the only thought we had in going through the metropolis was how to get out of it; how to arrive, with our best speed, at the beautiful vista of home and a pudding, which awaited us in the distance. And long after this we saw nothing in London, but the book-shops which have taught us better.

"I have often," says Boswell, with the inspiration of his great London-loving friend upon him, "amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramatic enthusiast as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure as an assemblage of taverns, &c. &c.; but the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible."

It does not follow that the other persons whom Boswell speaks of are not, by nature, intelligent. The want of curiosity, in some, may be owing even to their affections and anxiety. They may think themselves bound to be occupied solely in what they are about. They have not been taught how to invigorate as well as divert the mind, by taking a reasonable interest in the varieties of this astonishing world, of which the most artificial portions are still works of nature as well as art, and evidences of the hand of Him that made the soul and its endeavours. The lively biographer himself, with all his friend's assistance, and that of the tavern to boot, probably saw nothing in London of the times gone by; of all that rich aggregate of the past, which is assuredly one of the great treasures of knowledge, considered only with reference to its memorials; and yet, by the same principle on which Boswell admired Dr. Johnson, he might have delighted in calling to mind the metropolis of the wits of Queen Anne's time, and of the poets of Elizabeth; might have longed to sit over their canary in Cornhill with Beaumont and Ben Jonson, and have thought that Surrey-Street and Shire-Lane had their merits, as well as the illustrious obscurity of Bolt-court. In Surrey-Street lived Congreve; and Shire-Lane, though nobody would think so to see it now, is eminent for the origin of the

^{*} See *Evenings at Home*, by Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld.

Kit-Kat Club, (a host of wits and statesmen,) and for the recreations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., of Tatler celebrity, at his *contubernium*, the *Trumpet*.

It may be said that the past is not in our possession; that we are sure only of what we can realize, and that the present and future afford enough contemplation for any man. But those who argue thus, argue against their better instinct. We take an interest in all that we understand; and in proportion as we enlarge our knowledge, enlarge, *ad infinitum*, the sphere of our sympathies. Tell the grazier, whom Boswell mentions, of a great grazer who lived before him,—of Bakewell, who had an animal that produced him in one season the sum of eight hundred guineas; or Fowler, whose horned cattle sold for a value equal to that of the fee-simple of his farm; or Elwes the miser, who, after spending thousands at the gaming-table, would haggle for a shilling at Smithfield; and he will be curious to hear as much as you have to relate. Tell the mercantile man, in like manner, of Gresham, or Crisp, or the foundation of the Charter-House by a merchant, and he will be equally attentive. And tell the man, *par excellence*, of any thing that concerns humanity, and he will be pleased to hear of Bakewell, or Crisp, or Boswell, or Boswell's ancestor. Bakewell himself was a man of this sort. Boswell was proud of his ancestors, like most men that know who they were, whether their ancestors were persons to be proud of or not. The mere length of line flatters the brevity of existence. We must take care how we are proud of those who may not be fit to render us so; but we may be allowed to be anxious to live as long as we can, whether in prospect or retrospect. Besides, the human mind, being a thing infinitely greater than the circumstances which confine and cabin it in its present mode of existence, seeks to extend itself on all sides, past, present, and to come. If it puts on wings angelical, and pitches itself into the grand obscurity of the future, it runs back also on the more visible line of the past. Even the present, which is the great business of life, is chiefly great, inasmuch as it regards the interests of the many who are to come, and is built up of the experiences of those who have gone by. The past is the heir-loom of the world.

Now in no shape is any part of this treasure more visible to us, or more striking, than in that of a great metropolis. The present is no where so present: we see the latest marks of its hand. The past is no where so traceable: we discover, step by step, the successive abodes of its generations. The links that are wanting are supplied by history; nor perhaps is there a single spot in London in which the past is not visibly present to us in the shape of some old buildings, or at least in the names of the streets; or in which the absence of more tangible memorials may not be supplied by the antiquary. In some parts of it we may go back through the whole English history, perhaps through the history of man, as we shall see presently when we speak of St. Paul's Churchyard, where you may get the last new novel, and find remains of the ancient Britons and of the sea. There, also, in the cathedral, lie painters, patriots, humanists, the greatest warriors and some of the best men; and there, in St. Paul's School, was educated England's epic poet, who hoped that his native country would never forget her privilege of "teaching the nations how to live." Surely a man is more of a man and does more justice to the faculties of which he is composed, whether for knowledge or entertainment, who thinks of all these things in crossing St. Paul's Churchyard, than if he saw nothing but the church itself, or the clock, or confined his admiration to the abundance of Brentford stages.

Milton, who began a history of England, very properly touches upon the fabulous part of it; not, as Dr. Johnson thought (who did not take the trouble of reading the second page), because he confounded it with the true, but, as he himself states, for the benefit of those who would know how to make use of it—the poets. In the same passage he alludes to those traces of a deluge of which we have just spoken, and to the enormous bones occasionally dug up, which with the natural inclination of a poet, he was willing to look upon as relics of a gigantic race of men. Both of these evidences of a remote period have been discovered in London earth, and might be turned to grand account by a writer like himself. It is curious to see the grounds on which truth and fiction so often meet, without knowing one another. The oriental writers have an account of a race of pre-Adamite kings, not entirely human. It is supposed by some geologists, that there was a period before the creation of man, when creatures vaster than any now on dry land, trampled the earth at will; perhaps had faculties no longer to be found in connexion with brute forms, and effaced, together with themselves, for a nobler experiment. We may indulge our fancy with supposing that, in those times, light itself, and the revolution of the seasons, may not have been exactly as they are now; that some unknown monster, mammoth or behemoth, howled in the twilight over the ocean solitude now called London; or (not to fancy him monstrous in nature as in form, for the hugest creatures of the geologist appear to have been mild and graminivorous), that the site of our metropolis was occupied with the

gigantic herd of some more gigantic spirit, all good of their kind, but not capable of enough ultimate good to be permitted to last. However, we only glance at these speculative matters, and leave them. Neither shall we say anything of the more modern elephant, who may have recreated himself some thousands of years ago, on the site of the Chapter Coffee-house; or of the crocodile, who may have snapped at some remote ancestor of a fishmonger in the valley of Dowgate.

By the fabulous writers, London was called Troynovant or New Troy, and was said to have been founded by Brutus, great-grandson of Æneas, from whom the country was called Britain, or Britain.

For noble Britons sprang from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troye's ashes cold.

(This is one of Spenser's fine old lingering lines, in which he seems to dwell on a fable till he believes it.) Brutus, having the misfortune to kill his father, fled from his native country into Greece, where he set free a multitude of Trojans, captives to King Pandrasus, whose daughter he espoused. He left Greece with a numerous flotilla, and came to an island called Legrecia, where there was a temple of Diana. To Diana he offered sacrifice, and prayed her to direct his course. The prayer, and the goddess's reply, as told in Latin by Gildas, have received a lustre from the hand of Milton. He gives us the following translation of them in his historical fragment.

"Diva potens nemorum," &c.

"Goddess of Shades, and Huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rolling sphere, and through the deep,
On thy third reign, the earth, look now; and tell
What land, what seat of rest, thou bidst me seek;
What certain seat, where I may worship thee,
For aye, with temples vowed, and virgin quires."

"To whom, sleeping before the altar," says the poet,
"Diana, in a vision that night, thus answered:

"Brute, sub occasum solis," &c.

"Brutus, far to the west, in th' ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwell of old:
Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend
Thy course: there shalt thou find a lasting seat;
There to thy sons another Troy shall raise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreaded reign
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold."

According to Spenser, Brutus did not find England cleared of the giants. He had to conquer them. But we shall speak of those personages when we come before their illustrious representatives in Guildhall.

This fiction of Troynovant, or New Troy, appears to have arisen from the word Trinobantes in Cæsar, a name given by the historian to the inhabitants of a district, including the London banks of the Thames. The oldest mention of the metropolis is supposed to be found in that writer, under the appellation of *Civitas Trinobantum*, the city of the Trinobantes; though some are of opinion that by *civitas* he only meant their government or community. Be this as it may, a city of the Britons, in Cæsar's time, was nothing either for truth or fiction to boast of, having been, as he describes it, a mere spot hollowed out of the woods, and defended by a ditch and a rampart.

We have no reason to believe that the first germ of London was anything greater than this. Milton supposes that so many traditions of old British kings could not have been handed down without a foundation in truth; and the classical origin of London, though rejected by himself, was not only firmly believed by people in general as late as the reign of Henry the Sixth (to whom it was quoted in a public document), but was maintained by professed antiquaries,—Leland among them.† It is probable enough, that, before Cæsar's time, the affairs of the country may have been in a better situation than he found them; and it is possible that something may have once stood on the site of London, which stood there no longer. But this may be said of every other place on the globe; and as there is nothing authentic to shew for it, we must be content to take our ancestors as we find them. The safest thing is to confess that nothing whatever is known with certainty of the origin of London, not even of its name. The first time we hear either of the city or its appellation is in Tacitus, who calls it *Londinium*. The following list, taken principally from Camden, comprises, we believe, all the names by which it has been called. We dwell somewhat on this point, because we conclude the reader will be pleased to see by how many *aliases* his old acquaintance has been known.

Troja Nova, Troynovant, or New Troy.

Tre-novant, or the New City, (a mixture of Latin and Cornish).

Dian Belin, or the City of Diana.

Caer Ludd, or the City of Lud.—These are the names given by the fabulous writers, chiefly Welsh.

Londinium.—*Tacitus, Ptolemy, Antoninus.*

Lundinium.—*Ammianus Marcellinus.*

* *History of England* 4to. 1679, p. 11.

† We learn this from Selden's notes to the *Polyglotton* of Drayton.

Longidinium.

Lindonium, (*Andover*).—*Stephanus* in his *Dicti-*
onary.

Lundonia.—*Bede.*

Augusta,—the complimentary title granted to 'it under Valentinian; as was customary with flourishing foreign establishments.

Lundenbyrig.

Lundenberig.

Lundenberc.

Lundenburg.

Lundenwic, or wyc.

Lundenceastre.

Lundunes.

Lundene, or Lundenne.

Lundone.—Saxon names. Lundenceastre is Alfred the Great's translation of the Lundonia of Bede.

Luddestun.

Ludastoun.—Saxon translations of the Caer Ludd of the Welsh.

Londres.—French.

Londra.—Italian. The letter *r* in these words is curious. It seems to represent the *berig* or *burgh* of the Saxons; *quasi* Londrig, from *Londenberig*; in which case *Londres* would mean London-borough.

The disputes upon the derivation of the word London have been numerous. In the present day, the question seems to be, whether it originated in Celtic British, that is, in Welsh, and signified "a city on a lake," or in Belgic British (old German), and meant "a city in a grove." The latest author who has handled the subject inclines to the latter opinion.* Mr. Pennant being a Celt, was for the "city on a lake," the Thames in the early periods of British history having formed a considerable expanse of water near the site of the present metropolis. *Llyn-Din* is Lake-City, and *Lan-Den* Grove-City. Erasmus, on the strength of those affinities between Greek and Welsh, which can be found between most languages, fetched the word from *Lindus*, a city of Rhodes; Sommer the antiquary from *Llawn*, full, and *Dyn*, man, implying a great concourse of people; another antiquary, from *Lugdus*, a Celtic prince; Maitland from *Lon*, a plain, and *Dun* or *Don*, a hill; another, we know not who, referred to by the same author, from a word signifying a ship and a hill;† Camden from *Llong-Dinas*, a City of Ships; and Selden, "seeing conjecture is free,"‡ was for deriving it from *Llan-Dien*, or the Temple of Diana, for reasons which will appear presently. Pennant thinks that London might have been called Lake-City first, and Ship-City afterwards. The opinion of the editor of the *Picture of London* seems most plausible—that *Lun-den*, or *Grove-City*, was the name, because it is compounded of Belgic British, which, according to Cæsar, must have been the language of the district; and he adds, that the name is still common in Scandinavia.§ It may be argued, that London might have existed as a fortress on a lake before the arrival of settlers from Belgium; and that Grove-City could not have been so distinguishing a characteristic of the place as Lake-City, because wood was infinitely more abundant than water. On the other hand, all the rivers at that time were probably more or less given to overflowing. Grove-City might have been the final name, though Lake City was the first; and the propensity to name places from trees, is still evident in our numerous Wood-tons, or Wood-towns, Wood-fords, Woodlands, &c. But of all disputes, those upon etymology appear the most hopeless. Perhaps the word itself was not originally what we take it to be. Who would suspect the word *wig* to come from *peruke*; *jour* from *dies*; *uncle* from *arvus*; or that *Kennington* should have been corrupted by the despairing organs of a foreigner, into *Inhimthorp*?||

Whether London commenced with a spot cleared out in the woods by settlers from Holland, (Gallic Belgium,) as conjecture might imply from Cæsar, or whether the germ of it arose with the aboriginal inhabitants, we may conclude safely enough with Mr. Pennant, that it existed in some shape or other in Cæsar's time. "It stood," says he, "in such a situation as the Britains would select, according to the rule they established. An immense forest originally extended to the river side, and even as late as the reign of Henry II. covered the northern neighbourhood of the city, and was filled with various species of beasts of chase. It was defended naturally by fosses, one formed by the creek which ran along Fleet Ditch; the other, afterwards known by that of Walbrook. The south side was guarded by the Thames; the north they might think sufficiently protected by the adjacent forest."¶

* *Picture of London*, 1824, p. 3.

† These etymologies are to be found in Maitland's *History and Survey of London*. Fol. 1756. Vol. i. Book i.

‡ In the Notes to Drayton's *Polyglotton*, Song vii.

§ There is a *Lunden* in Sweden, mentioned by Maitland, vol. i. *ubi sup.* It is the capital of the Province of Schonen. Another town of the name is in Danish Holstein.

|| "We have one word," says Dr. Pegge, "which has not a single letter of its original, for of the French *peruke*, we get *perwig*, now abbreviated to *wig*. *Earwig* comes from *crass*, as Dr. Wallis observes, *Anonymous*, p. 56. The French word *jour* (day) comes from *dies*, though *diurnus*, *diurno*, *giorno*; so *giornale* journal." *Uncle* is from *arvus* through *arunculus*. For *Inhimthorp*, and other impossibilities, see *Come the Third's Travels through England, in the Reign of Charles II.*

¶ Pennant's *London*, third edition, 4to. p. 3.

† In this place, then, seated on their hill, (probably that on which St. Paul's Cathedral stands, as it is the highest in London,) and gradually exchanging their burrows in the ground for huts of wicker and clay, we are to picture to ourselves our metropolitan ancestors, half-naked, rude in their manners, ignorant, violent, vindictive, subject to all the half-reasoning impulses,—their bodies tattooed like South Sea Islanders,—but brave, hospitable, patriotic, anxious for esteem,—in short, like other semi-barbarians, exhibiting energies which they did not yet know how to turn to account, but possessing, like all human beings, the germs of the noblest capabilities. The accounts given of them by Cæsar, and other ancient writers, appear to be inconsistent, perhaps because we do not enough consider the inconsistencies of our own manners. According to their statements, the Britons had found out the art of making chariots of war, and yet had not learnt how to convert grain into flour, or to make a solid substance of milk. They rode, as it were, in their coaches, and yet had not arrived at the dignity of bread and cheese. Probably their chariots were magnified both in number and construction. The scythes which modern fancy has turned into proper haymaking sabres, and which some antiquaries have found so convenient for cutting through "a woody country," (a strange way of keeping them sharp,) may have been nothing but spikes. We know not so easily what to say to the bread and cheese, except that in more knowing times people are not always found very ready to improve upon old habits, even with reasons staring them in the face; though, on the other hand, lest habits should be thought older than they are, and reformers be too impatient, it is worth while to consider, not how long, but how short, a period has elapsed (considering what a little thing a few centuries are in the progress of time) since in the very spot where a Briton sat half-naked and savage, unpossessed of a loaf or a piece of cheese, are to be found gathered together all the luxuries of the globe. Fancy the soul of an ancient Briton visiting his old ground in St. Paul's Churchyard, and hardly staring more at the church and houses, than at the bread in the baker's window, and the magic leaves in that of the bookseller. In one respect, an ancient City-Briton differed *totò cœlo* with a modern. He would not eat goose. He had a superstition against it.

London, in Cæsar's time, was most probably a City of Ships; that is to say, it traded with Gaul, and had a number of boats on its marshy river. Cæsar's pretence for invading England was that it was too good a provider for Gaul, and rendered his conquest of that country difficult. But it is doubtful whether he ever beheld or even alludes to the infant metropolis. His countrymen are supposed to have first taken possession of it about a hundred years afterwards, in the reign of Claudius. They had heard of a pearl-fishery, says Gibbon. At all events they found oysters; for Sandwich (Rutupium) became famous with them for that luxury.

It is not our design, in this Introduction, to give anything more than a sketch of the rise and growth of the metropolis; we shall leave the rest to be gathered as we proceed. Our intention is to go through it quarter by quarter, and to notice the memorials as they arise; a plan, which, compared with others, (at least if we are to judge of the effect which it has had on ourselves,) seems to possess something of the superiority of sight over hearsay. When we read of events in their ordinary train, we pitch ourselves with difficulty into the scenes of action,—sometimes wholly omit to do so; and there is a want of life and presence in them accordingly. When we are placed in the scenes themselves, and told to look about us,—such and such a thing having happened in that house,—this street being one in which another famous adventure took place, and that old mansion having been the dwelling of wit or beauty, we find ourselves comparatively at home, and enjoy the probability and the spectacle twice as much. We feel (especially if we are personally conversant with the spot) as if Shakspeare and Milton, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, the club at the Mermaid, and the beauties at the court of White-Hall, were our next-door neighbours.

We shall take the reader, then, as speedily as possible among the quarters alluded to, and trouble him very little beforehand with dry abstracts and chronologies, or with races of men almost as uninteresting. The most patriotic reader of our history feels that he cares very little for his ancestors the ancient Britons; of whom almost all he knows is, that they painted their skins, and made war in chariots. Nor do the Romans in England interest us more. They are men in helmets and short skirts, who have left us no memorial but a road or two, and an iron name. That is all that we know of them, and we care accordingly. Perhaps the Saxons, after having destroyed the Roman architecture as much as possible, and repented of it, took their own from what had survived. The greatest relic of Cæsar's countrymen in the metropolis was the piece of wall which ran lately south of Moorfields, in a street still designated as London Wall. The Romans had a vast material genius, not so intellectual as that of the Greeks, nor so calculated to move the world ulti-

mately, but highly fitted to prepare the way for better impressions, by shewing what the hand could perform; and as they built their wall in their usual giant style of solidity, it remained a long while to testify their magnificence. Small relics of it are yet to be seen in Little Bridge Street, behind Ludgate Hill; on the north of Bull-and-Mouth Street, between that street and St. Botolph's Churchyard; and on the south side of the Churchyard of Cripplegate. There was another in the garden of Stationer's Hall, but it has been blocked up.

ANCIENT BRITISH LONDON was a mere space in the woods, opened towards the river, and presenting circular cottages on the hill and slope, and a few boats on the water. As it increased, the cottages grew more numerous, and commerce increased the number of sails.

ROMAN LONDON was British London, interspersed with the better dwellings of the conquerors, and surrounded by a wall. It extended from Ludgate to the Tower, and from the river to the back of Cheapside.

SAXON LONDON was Roman London, despoiled, but retaining the wall, and ultimately growing civilized with Christianity, and richer in commerce. The first humble cathedral church then arose, where the present one now stands.

NORMAN LONDON was Saxon and Roman London, greatly improved, thickened with many houses, adorned with palaces of princes and princely bishops, sounding with minstrelsy, and glittering with the gorgeous pastimes of knighthood. This was its state through the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet reigns. The friar then walked the streets in his cowl (Chaucer is said to have beaten one in Fleet Street,) and the knights rode with trappings and gaudy colours, to their tournaments in Smithfield.

In the time of Edward the First, houses were still built of wood, and roofed with straw, sometimes even with reeds, which gave rise to numerous fires. The fires brought the brooks in request; and an importance, which has since been swallowed up in the advancement of science, was then given to the *River of Wells* (Bagnigge, Sadler's, and Clerkenwell,) to the *Oldbourne*, (the origin of the name of Holborn,) to the Fleet, the Wall brook, and the brook Langbourne, still giving its name to a ward. The conduits, which were large leaden cisterns, twenty in number, were under the special care of the lord mayor and aldermen, who, after visiting them on horseback on the eighteenth of September, "hurled a hare before dinner, and a fox after it, in the *Fields near St. Giles's*." Hours, and after-dinner pursuits, must have altered marvellously since those days, and the body of aldermen with them.

It was not till the reign of Henry the Fifth that the city was lighted at night. The illumination was with lanterns, slung over the street with wisps of rope or hay. Under Edward the Fourth we first hear of brick houses; and in Henry the Eighth's time of pavement in the middle of the streets. The general aspect of London then experienced a remarkable change, in consequence of the dissolution of religious houses; the city, from the great number of them, having hitherto had the appearance "of a monastic, rather than a commercial metropolis."† The monk then ceased to walk, and the gallant London apprentice became more riotous. London, however, was still in a wretched condition, compared with what it is now. The streets, which had been impassable with mud, were often rendered so with filth and effluvia; and its homeliest wants being neglected, and the houses almost meeting at top, with heavy signs lumbering and filling up the inferior spaces, the metropolis was subject to plagues as well as fires. Nor was the interior of the houses better regarded. The people seemed to cultivate the plague. "The floors," says Erasmus, "are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, which are occasionally renewed; but underneath lies unviolated an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments of fish, &c. &c. and every thing that is nasty." The modern Englishman piques himself on his cleanliness, and justly; but he should do it modestly, considering what his ancestors could do. Time and circumstance teach all the world. It was the plague and fire of London that taught us.

Erasmus wrote in the time of Henry the Eighth, when the civil wars had terminated in a voluptuous security, and when the pride of the court and nobility was at its height. Knighthood was becoming rather a show than a substance; and the changes in religion, the dissolution of the monasteries, and above all, the permission to read the Bible, set men thinking, and identified history in future with the progress of the general mind. Opinion, accidentally set free by a tyrant, was never to be put down, though tyranny tried never so hard. Poetry revived in the person of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey; and, by a maturity natural to the first unsophisticated efforts of imagi-

nation, came to its height in the next age with Shakspeare. The monasteries being dissolved, London was become entirely the commercial city it has remained ever since, though it still abounded with noblemen's mansions, and did so till a much later period. There were some in the time of Charles the Second. The manners of the citizens under Henry the Eighth were still rude and riotous, but cheerful; and manly exercises were much cultivated. Henry was so pleased with one of the city archers, that he mock-heroically created him Duke of Shoreditch; upon which there arose a whole suburb peerage, of Marquises of Hogsdon and Islington, Pancras, &c.

In Elizabeth's time the London houses were still mostly of wood. We see remains of them in the Strand and Fleet Street, and in various parts of the city. They are like houses built of cards, one story projecting over the other; but unless there is something in the art of building, which may in future dispense with solidity, the modern houses will hardly be as lasting. People in the old ones could at least dance and make merry. Builders in former times did not spare their materials, nor introduce clauses in their leases against a jig. We fancy Elizabeth hearing of a builder who should introduce such a proviso against the health and merriment of her buxom subjects, and sending to him with a good round oath, to take a little less care of his purse, and more of his own neck.

In this age, ever worthy of honour and gratitude, the illustrious Bacon set free the hands of knowledge, which Aristotle had chained up, and put into them the touchstone of experiment, the mighty mover of the ages to come. This was the great age also of English poetry and the drama. Former manners and opinions now began to be seen only on the stage; intellect silently gave a man a rank in society he never enjoyed before; and nobles and men of letters mixed together in clubs. People now also began to speculate on government as well as religion; and the first evidences of that unsatisfied reasoning spirit appeared, which produced the downfall of the succeeding dynasty, and ultimately the Revolution and all that we now enjoy.

The governments of Elizabeth and James, fearing that the greater the concourse the worse would be the consequences of sickness, and secretly apprehensive, no doubt, of the growth of large and intellectual bodies of men near their head-quarters, did all in their power to confine the metropolis, to its shewn limits but in vain. Despotism itself, even in its mildest shape, cannot prevail against the spirit of an age; and Bacon was at that minute fore-seeing the knowledge that was to quicken, increase, and elevate human intercourse, by means of the growth of commerce. Houses and streets grew then as they do now, not so quickly indeed, but equally to the astonishment of their inhabitants; and the latter had reason to congratulate themselves on a pavement to walk upon; a luxury for which a lively Parisian, not half a century ago, is said to have gone down on his knees when he came into England, thanking God that there was a country in which some regard was shewn to foot-passengers. In Charles the First's reign the suburbs of Westminster and Spitalfields were greatly enlarged, and the foundation of Covent Garden was commenced as it now stands. Symptoms of a future neighbourhood appeared also in Leicester Fields, though the place continued to be what the name imports, so late as the beginning of the last century. The progress of building received a check from the Civil Wars, but only to revive with new spirit; and the Great Fire, which was a great blessing, swallowed up at once both the deformity and the disease of old times, by widening the streets, and putting an end to the liability to pestilence. London has not had a plague since, unless it be indigestion; which, however, is the great disease of modern sedentary times, and will never be got rid of, till we grow mental enough to have more respect for our bodies.

Towards the end of the reign of Charles the Second the metropolis began to increase in the direction of Holborn. Hatton Garden, Brook and Greville Streets were built; and Ormond Street ran towards the fields. In this and the following reigns the mansion houses of the nobility on the river side began to give way to the private houses and streets, still retaining the name of the Strand. Pall Mall and St. James's, increased also; and Soho Square, on its first building, received the name of the Duke of Monmouth. But particulars of that nature will be better noticed in the body of our work. The nobility, gentry, and the wits, were now mixed up together. City taverns were still frequented by them; and city marriages began to be sought after, to mend the fortunes of the poor and debauched cavaliers. Elizabeth's successor, James, was the first king who entered into anything like domestic familiarity with the monied men of the city. Charles the Second took "t'other bottle" with them, (see the *Spectator*); and Lord Rochester played the buffoon on Tower Hill as a quack doctor.

The streets about St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, those of Clerkenwell, the neighbourhood of Old Street and Shoreditch, Mari-

* Picture of London, p. 12.

† Id. p. 14. For a larger account of this and other matters briefly touched upon in the present introduction, see Brayley's *London and Middlesex*, vol. i. The spirit of them, however, will appear in our work, together with particulars hitherto unnoticed.

‡ Picture of London, p. 18.

borough Street Soho, &c., successively arose in the time of Queen Ann, as well as a good portion of Holborn, beginning from Brook Street and including the neighbourhood of Bedford Street, and Red-Lion Square. St. Paul's, too, was completed, as it now stands. This, and the succeeding times of the Hanover succession, were the times of Whig and Tory, of the principal wit-poets, of writers upon domestic manners, and of what may be called an ambition of good sense and reason,—“sense” being the favourite term in books, as “wit” had been in the age of Charles. Clubs were multiplied *ad infinitum* by the more harmless civil wars between Whig and Tory; and ale and beer brought the middle classes together, as wine did the rich. *Mug-house* clubs abounded in Long-Acre, Chopsale, &c., “where gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen, used to meet in a great room, seldom under a hundred,” if we are to believe the *Journey through England* in the year 1724.

At the commencement of the last century the village of St. Mary-le-bone was almost a mile distant from any part of London, the nearest street being Old Bond Street, which scarcely extended to the present Clifford Street. Soon after the accession of George the First, New Bond Street arose, with others in the immediate neighbourhood, and the houses in Berkeley Square and its vicinity. Hanover Square and Cavendish Square were open fields in the year 1716. They were built about the beginning of the reign of George the Second, at which time the houses arose on the north side of Oxford Street, which then first took the name. The neighbourhood of Cavendish Square, and Oxford Market, Holles Street, Margaret Street, Vere Street, &c., are of the same date; and the grounds for Harley, Wigmore, and Mortimer Streets were laid out, the village and church of Mary-le-bone being still separated from them all by fields. At the same period the legislature ordered the erection of the three parishes of St. George's Bloomsbury, St. Anne's Limehouse, and St. Paul's Deptford, London having at that time extended further in the last quarter than in any other, by reason of the trade on the river.

So late, nevertheless, as this period, Fleet Ditch was a sluggish foul stream, open as far as Holborn Bridge, and admitting small vessels for trade, coal-barges, &c. It had become such a nuisance, that it was now arched over, and the late Fleet Market soon appeared on the covering. About the year 1737, the west end of the town was improved by the addition of Grosvenor Square and its neighbourhood.

The increase of the metropolis on all sides was in proportion to the length of the reign of George the Third. The space between Mary-le-bone was filled in; Southwark became a mass of houses united with Westminster; and new towns, rather than suburbs, appeared in all quarters, some with the names of towns, as Camden and Somers Town; to which have been added, since the death of that prince, Portland Town, and a good half of Paddington, now almost joined with Kilburn. Indeed, every village which was in the immediate neighbourhood of London, and was quite distinct from it in the beginning of the late reign, is now almost, if not quite joined with it, including Paddington, Kensington, Camberwell, Bow, Islington, and hardly excepting Highgate, and Hampstead. The whole of this enormous mass of houses now presents us, more or less, in all quarters, with handsome streets, and even with squares; and the two sides of the river are united by a series of noble bridges. New churches also have risen in every direction; and though the architecture is none of the best, they contribute to a general air of neatness and freshness, which the increase of education and politeness promises to keep up. There is an old prophecy that Hampstead is to be in the middle of London; a phenomenon that London would really seem inclined to bring about. But a metropolis must stop somewhere; and the very causes of its growth (we mean the facilities of carriage, &c.) will ultimately, perhaps sooner than is looked for, prevent it.

Ancient British London is conjectured to have been about a mile long, and half a mile wide. Modern London occupies an area of above eighteen square miles; and all this space, deducting not quite two miles for the river, is filled up with houses and public buildings, with a population of a million and a half of souls, and with riches from all parts of the world. In this respect, and in the lead it takes in the Reformations and Revolutions of Europe, London may justly be said to be “the metropolis of the world.”

During the reign of George the Third, the whole mind of Europe was shaken up more vehemently than ever by the French Revolution; and, as the consequence is after such tempestuous innovations, men began to look about them, to see what had stood the test of it, and how they might improve their condition still farther. After a great many disputes, natural on all sides, and a singular proof of the omnipotence of public opinion over the most extraordinary military power, it may be safely asserted, that the essence of that opinion, or the intellectual part of it, is secretly acknowledged as the great regulator of society, even by those who appear to regulate it themselves, and who never shew their sense to more

advantage than when they lead where they must have followed. This is the most remarkable era, perhaps, in the history of mankind; and experiment, and promise, are of a piece with it. [Everybody is now more or less educated; the extension of the graces of life does away with sordidness, and teaches people that men do not live by “bread alone;” there is a Reading Public, let the jealousies of secluded scholarship say what they will; the mighty hands which Bacon set free, are in full action; the Press reports and assists them, and utters a thousand voices daily, not to be put an end to by anything short of a convulsion of the globe; and improvements may be looked for in society, so much to the benefit of all, that the most reasonable observer will decline stating the amount of his expectations, lest they should be thought as extravagant, as old times would have thought the steam-engine, or the publication of those thousands of volumes a day, called Newspapers.]

A word or two more on health and our modes of living. London was once called “Merry London,” the metropolis of “Merry England.” The word did not imply exclusively what it does now. Chaucer talks of the “merry organ at the mass.” But it appears to have had a signification still more desirable,—to have meant the best condition in which anything could be found, with cheerfulness for the result. Gallant soldiers were “merry men.” Favourable weather was “merry.” And London was “merry,” because its inhabitants were not only rich, but healthy and robust. They had sports infinite, up to the time of the Commonwealth,—races, and wrestlings, archery, quoits, tennis, foot-ball, hurling, &c.; their May-day was worthy of the burst of the seasons; not a man was left behind out of the fields, if he could help it; their apprentices piqued themselves on their stout arms, and not on their milliners' faces; their nobility, shook off the gout in tilts and tournaments; and their Christmas closed the year with a joviality which brought the very trees indoors, to crown their cups with, and promised admirably for the year that was to come. In every thing they did there was a reference to Nature and her works, as if nothing should make them forget her; and a gallant recognition of the duties of health and strength, as the foundation of their very right to be fathers.

We are aware of the drawbacks that accompanied this physical wisdom; of the comparative ignorance of the people, and the abuses they suffered accordingly; of slaveries and star-chambers; of plagues, fires, and civil wars; of the burnings in Smithfield; of the murderings of wretched old women supposed to be witches, and of other domestic superstitions, of which we are, perhaps, now-a-days unable to calculate the mischief. Surely we desire to see no more of them; and we are heartily willing that the same progress of thought which has swept them away, should have done us a *diservice meanwhile*, which *more thinking* shall put an end to. Far are we from desiring to go back; but we would hasten the time when reflection shall recover the good for us, without bringing back the evil. And this surely it may. This it must—for real knowledge could not make its progress without it. The labour would not end in the reward. It has been supposed, that the poorer orders cannot have their enjoyments again,—cannot have their old Christmas, for example, unless the rich supply them with the means of enjoyment, and so renew their charter of dependence. But this is to suppose that times are not changing in other respects, and that knowledge is not spreading. Riches and poverty themselves are modified by the progress of society; means are increased, however to their apparent detriment at first, among the poor; and the knowledge of enjoyment becomes no longer confined to the rich, any more than the enjoyment of knowledge. Men may surely learn how to stouten their legs, as well as to improve their stockings. Now of all pleasures, those are the cheapest which are bought of nature, such as air, and exercise, and manly sports; and though we allow that the poor, in order to relish them, must be free from the melancholier states of poverty, it is desirable *meanwhile* that the dispensers of knowledge should assist in hastening more cheerful times by preparing for them, and that all classes should be told how much the cultivation of their bodily health increases the ability both of rich and poor to get out of their troubles. You may steep a *gipse* in trouble, and he shall issue out of it laughing. It would not be easy to do this with an epicurean, or a fund-holder, or with one of the parish poor; but neither need any one despair; for neither can the might of mechanical inventions, nor the greater might of opinion, be put down, whether in their first awful issuing forth, or their final beneficence. And he that shall keep this oftenest in his mind, and be among the first to prepare for their enjoyment by administering what helps he can to the encouragement of manly exercises among us, will assist in reviving the good old epithets of “merry England,” and “merry London,” in a sense they never have had yet. The progress of society has put an end to the melancholy of inquisitions, and star-chambers, and civil wars. The ground, therefore, is more clear for us to make England merrier in all respects than she was before.

These things, we are aware, must result from other changes; but the changes themselves are in the reasonable and inevitable course of events.

As a link of a very pleasing description between old times and new, not unconnected with what we have been speaking of, we shall conclude our introduction by observing, that there is scarcely a street in the city of London, perhaps not one, nor many out of the pale of it, from some part of which the passenger may not discern a tree. Most persons to whom this has been mentioned have doubted the accuracy of our information, nor do we profess hitherto to have ascertained it; though since we heard the assertion, we have made a point of endeavouring to do so, whenever we could, and have not been disappointed. The mention of the circumstance generally creates a laughing astonishment, and a cry of “impossible!” Two persons, who successively heard of it the other day, not only thought it impossible as a general fact, but doubted whether half a dozen streets could be found with a twig in them; and they triumphantly instanced “Cheapside” as a place in which it was “quite out of the question.” Yet there is a tree, occupying the space of a house in that most civic and populous thoroughfare. It stands at the corner of Wood Street. A little child was shewn us a few years back, who was said never to have beheld a tree but the one in St. Paul's Churchyard. Whenever a tree was mentioned, she thought it was this one, and had no conception of any other, not even of the remote tree in Cheapside! This appears incredible; but there would seem to be no bounds, either to imagination, or to the want of it. We were told the other day, on good authority, of a man who had actually resided six and thirty years in the square of St. Peter's at Rome, and then for the first time went inside the Cathedral.

There is a little garden in *Walling Street*! It lies completely open to the eye, being divided from the footway by a railing only.

In the body of our work will be found notices of other trees and green spots, that surprise the observer in the very thick of the noise and smoke. Many of them are in churchyards. Others have disappeared during the progress of building. Many courts and passages are named from trees that once stood in them, as Vine and Elm Court, Fig-tree Court, Green-arbour Court, &c. It is not surprising that *garden-houses*, as they were called, should have formerly abounded in Holborn, in Bunhill Row, and other (at that time) suburban places. We notice the fact, in order to observe how fond the poets were of occupying houses of this description. Milton seems to have made a point of having one. The only London residence of Chapman which is known was in Old Street Road, doubtless at that time a rural suburb. Beaumont and Fletcher's house, on the Surrey side of the Thames (for they lived as well as wrote together,) most probably had a garden: and Dryden's house in Gerard Street looked into the garden of the mansion built by the Earls of Leicester. A tree, or even a flower, put in a window in the streets of a great city (and the London citizens, to their credit, are generally fond of flowers,) affects the eye something in the same way as the hand-organs, which bring unexpected music to the ear. They refresh the common-places of life, shed a harmony through the busy discord, and appeal to those first sources of emotion which are associated with the remembrance of all that is young and innocent. They seem also to present to us a portion of the tranquillity we think we are labouring for, and the desire of which is felt as an earnest that we shall realize it somewhere, either in this world or in the next. Above all, they render us more cheerful for the performance of present duties; and the smallest seed of this kind, dropt into the heart of man, is worth more, and may terminate in better fruits, than any body but a great poet could tell us.

ST. PAUL'S, AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

CONTENTS.

The Roman Temple of Diana—The first Christian Church. Old St. Paul's. Inigo Jones's Portico. Strange usages of former times. Encroachments on the fabric of the Cathedral. Paul's Walkers. Dining with Duke Humphrey. Catholic Customs. The Boy Bishop. The Children of the Revels. Strange ceremony on the festivals of the Commemoration and Conversion of St. Paul. Ancient Tombs in the Cathedral. Scene between John of Gaunt and the Anti-Wickliffites. Paul's Cross. The Folk-mote. The Sermons. Jane Shore. See-saw of Popery and Protestantism. London House. The Chancel. The Lollards' Tower. St. Paul's School. Desecration of the Cathedral during the Commonwealth. The present Cathedral. Sir Christopher Wren. Statue of Queen Anne.

As St. Paul's Churchyard is perhaps the oldest ground built upon in London, we may as well begin our perambulations in that quarter. The cross which formerly stood north of the cathedral, and of which Stowe could not tell the antiquity, is supposed by some to have originated in one of those sacred

stones which the Druids made use of in worship; but at least it is more than probable that here was a burial-ground of the ancient Britons; because when Sir Christopher Wren dug for a foundation to his cathedral, he discovered abundance of ivory and wooden pins, apparently of box, which are supposed to have fastened their winding sheets. The graves of the Saxons lay above them, lined with chalk-stones, or consisting of stones hollowed out; and in the same row with the pins, but deeper, lay Roman horns, lamps, lachrymatories, and all the elegancies of classic sculpture. Sir Christopher dug till he came to sand and sea-shells, and to the London clay, which has since become famous in geology; so that the single history of St Paul's Churchyard carries us back to the remotest periods of tradition; and we commence our book in the proper style of the old chroniclers, who were not content, unless they began with the history of the world.

The Romans were thought to have built a Temple to Diana on the site of the modern cathedral, by reason of a number of relics of horned animals reported to have been dug up there. Sir Christopher Wren asserts that there was no ground for the supposition. There was a similar story of a temple of Apollo at Westminster, built on the site of the present Abbey, and said to have been destroyed by an earthquake. "Earthquakes," observed Sir Christopher, "break not stones to pieces; nor would the Picts be at that pains; but I imagine that the monks, finding the Londoners pretending to a Temple of Diana where now St. Paul's stands (horns of stags and tusks of boars having been dug up in former times, and it is said also in later years), would not be behind-hand in antiquity; but I must assert, that having changed all the foundations of old St. Paul's, and upon that occasion rummaged all the ground thereabouts, and being very desirous to find some footsteps of such a temple, I could not discover any, and therefore can give no more credit to Diana than to Apollo*.

Woodward, on the other hand, insisted on the Temple of Diana, and asserted that a variety of the relics alluded to, in his own possession, were actually dug up on the spot, together with sacrificing vessels sculptured with beasts of chase, and figures of Diana. In digging between the Deanery and Blackfriars a small brass figure of the goddess had also been found†.

Woodward was an enthusiast, eager to find what he fancied. Wren was willing to find also, but with cooler eyes. It is at the same time worth observing, that though Sir Christopher appears to have rejected the Pagan story with good reason, he could not find it in his heart to refuse credit to the gratuitous traditions of old writers in favour of a Christian church "planted here by the Apostles themselves." He calls the traditions "authentic testimony."

It is barely possible that the relics mentioned by Woodward might have been all dug up, by the time Sir Christopher set about his inquiry; but let them have been what they might, they would have proved nothing in favour of a Roman Temple, because the Romans never buried under their temples; and their legions did not remain long enough in this country to see the character of the place altered. It was remarkable enough, that proofs had been discovered even of their burying there at all; for, at Rome, none but very extraordinary persons were suffered to be buried within the walls; and the Roman cemeteries in England are proved to have been without them. It can only be accounted for on the supposition that as no great men are so great as the great men of colonies, the Prefects and their officers at London decreed themselves an honour, which was to be attained at Rome by nothing short of the merits of a Fabricius or a Publicola.

The first authentic account of the existence of a Christian church on this spot is that of Bede, who attributes the erection of it to king Ethelbert about the year 610, soon after his conversion by St. Augustine. The building, which was probably of wood, was burned down in 961, but was restored the same year,—a proof that, notwithstanding the lofty terms in which it is spoken of by the old historian, it could not have been of any great extent. This second church lasted till the time of William the Conqueror, when it too was destroyed by a conflagration, which burned the greater part of the city. Bishop Maurice, who had just been appointed to the see, now resolved to rebuild the cathedra, on a much grander scale than before, at his own expense. To assist him in accomplishing this object, the King granted him the stones of an old castle, called the Palatine Tower, which stood at the mouth of the Fleet River, and which had been reduced to ruins in the same conflagration. The Bishop's design, was looked upon as so vast, that "men at that time," says Stowe, "judged wold never have bin finished, it was then so wonderful for length and breadth." This was in the year 1087; and the people had some reason for their astonishment, for the building was not completed till the year

1240, in the reign of Henry the Third. Some even extend the date to 1315, which is two hundred and twenty-eight years after its foundation; but this was owing rather to repairs and additions, than to any thing wanting in the original edifice. The cathedral, thus patched, altered, and added to, over and over again, with different orders and no orders of architecture, and partially burnt oftener than once, remained till the Great Fire of London, when it was luckily rendered incapable of further deformity, and gave way to the present.

It was, indeed, a singular structure, and used for very singular purposes. "The exterior of the building," says an intelligent writer, himself an architect, "presented a curious medley of the architectural style of different ages. At the western front Inigo Jones had erected a portico of the Corinthian order; thus displaying a singular example of that bigotry of taste, which, only admitting one mode of beauty, is insensible to the superior claims of congruity. This portico, however, singly considered, was a grand and beautiful composition, and not inferior to any thing of the kind which modern times have produced: fourteen columns, each rising to the lofty height of forty-six feet were so disposed, that eight, with two pilasters placed in front, and three on each flank, formed a square (oblong) peristyle, and supported an entablature and balustrade, which was crowned with statues of kings, predecessors of Charles the First, who claimed the honour of this fabric. Had the whole front been accommodated to Roman architecture, it might have deserved praise as a detached composition; but though cased with rustic work, and decorated with regular cornices, the pediment retained the original Gothic character in its equilateral proportions, and it was flanked by barbarous obelisks and ill-designed turrets*.

"The whole of the exterior body of the church had been cased and reformed in a similar manner, through which every detail of antiquity was obliterated, and the general forms and proportions only left. The buttresses were converted into regular piers, and a complete cornice crowned the whole: of the windows, some were barely ornamented apertures, whilst others were decorated in a heavy Italian manner, with architrave dressings, brackets, and cherubic heads. The transepts presented fronts of the same incongruous style as the western elevation, and without any of its beauties."†

In its original state, however, Old St. Paul's must have been an imposing building. Its extent at least was very great. The entire mass measured 690 feet in length by 130 in breadth, and surmounted by a spire 520 feet high. The spire was of timber, and borne upon its summit not only a ball and cross, but a large gilded eagle, which served as a weather-cock. But the church having been burned nearly to the ground in June 1561 owing to the carelessness of a plumber, who left a pan of coals burning near some wood-work, while he went to dinner, it was hastily restored without the lofty spire; so that in Hollar's engraving, given by Dugdale, of the building as it appeared in 1656, it stands curtailed of this ornament. Only the square tower, from which the spire sprang up, remains. "The old cathedral," says Mr. Malcolm, on the authority of a note with which he was furnished by the Rev. Mr. Watts of Sion College, "did not stand in the same direction with the new, the latter inclining rather to the south-west and north-east, and the west front of the Old Church came much farther towards Ludgate than the present.‡

It is of the Cathedral as thus renovated that Sir John Denham speaks in the following passage of his Cooper's Hill:

"—That sacred pile, so vast so high,
That whether it's a part of earth or sky,
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's, the late name of such a muse whose flight
Has bravely reached and soared above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sing,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings.

"The best of poets" is his brother courtier Waller, who had some time before written his verses "Upon his Majesty's repairing of St. Paul's," in which he compares King Charles, for his regeneration of the Cathedral, to Amphion, and the other "antique minstrels" asserted to have achieved architectural feats by the power of music, who, he says,

"—Sure were Charles-like kings,
Cities their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings;
On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took."

Jones's first labour, the removal of the various foreign encumbrances that had so long oppressed and deformed the venerable edifice, Waller commemorates by a pair of references to St. Paul's history, not un-

happily applied: he says the whole nation had combined with his majesty

"—to grace
The Gentiles' great Apostle, and deface
Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain
Seemed to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand."

Denham's prediction did no credit to the prophetic reputation of poetry. Of the fabric which was to be unassailable by either zeal or fire the poet himself lived to see the ruin, begun by the one and completed by the other; and he himself, curiously enough, a short time before his death, was actually engaged as the King's surveyor-general in (nominally at least) presiding over the erection of the new Cathedral—the successor of the "sacred pile" of which he had thus sung the immortality.

When Jones began the repairs and additions of which his portico formed a part, in 1633, the rubbish that was removed, was carried, Mr. Malcolm informs us, to Clerkenwell fields, where, he suggests, "some curious fragments of antiquity may still remain."* The very beauty of this portico, surmounted with its strange pediment and figures, and dragging at its back that heap of deformity, completed the monstrous look of the whole building, like a human countenance backed by some horned lump. But all this was nothing to the moral deformities of the interior. Old St. Paul's, throughout almost the whole period of its existence, at least from the reign of Henry the Third, was a thoroughfare, and a "den of thieves." The thoroughfare was occasioned probably by the great circuit which people had been compelled to make by the extent of the wall of the old churchyard, a circumference a great deal larger than it is at present. There is a principle of familiarity in the Catholic worship, which, while it excites the devotional tenderness of more refined believers, is apt to produce the consequence, though not the feelings, of contempt, among the vulgar. Fear hinders contempt; but when license is mixed with it, and the fear is not in action, the liberties taken are apt to be in proportion. We have seen, in a Catholic chapel in London, a milk-maid come into the passage, dash down her pails, and having crossed herself and applied the holy water with reverence, depart with the same air with which she came in. The next thing to setting down the pails, under the circumstances above mentioned, would have been to creep with them through the church. Porters and loiterers would have followed; and by degrees the place of worship would become a place of lounging and marketing, and intrigue, and all sorts of disorder. In the reign of Edward the Third the king complains to the bishop, that the "eating-room of the canons," had "become the office and work-place of artisans," and the resort of shameless women." The complaint turned out to be of no avail; nor had the mandate of the bishop a better result in the time of Richard the Third, though it was accompanied with the penalty of excommunication. An act was passed to as little purpose in the reign of Philip and Mary; and in the time of Elizabeth the new opinions in religion seem to have left the place fairly in possession of its chaos, as if in derision of the old. The toleration of the abuse thus became a matter of habit and indifference; and a young theologian, afterwards one of the witty prelates of Charles the Second (Bishop Earle), did not scruple to make it the subject of what we should now call a "pleasant article."

"It must appear strange," says a note in Brayley's *London and Middlesex*, (vol. ii. p. 219,) "to those who are acquainted with the decent order and propriety of regulation now observed in our cathedral churches, and other places of divine worship, that ever such an extended catalogue of improper customs and disgusting usages as are noticed in various works, should have been formerly admitted to be practised in St. Paul's church, and more especially that they should have been so long habitually exercised as to be defended on the plea of prescription.

"These nuisances had become so great, that in the time of Philip and Mary, the Common Council found it necessary to pass an act, subjecting all future offenders to pains and penalties. From that act, the church seems to have been not only made a common passage-way for all—beer, bread, fish, flesh, fardels of stuffs, &c., but also for mules, horses, and other beasts. This statute, however, must have proved only a temporary restraint (excepting, probably, as to the leading of animals through the church); for in the reign of Elizabeth, we learn from *Londinium Redivivum*, (vol. iii. p. 71,) that idlers and drunkards were indulged in lying and sleeping on the benches at the choir door; and that other usages, too nauseous for description, were also frequent."

"Among the curious notices relating to the irreverend practices pursued in this church in the time of Elizabeth, collected by Mr. Malcolm from the manuscript presentments on visitations preserved at St. Paul's, are the following:—

"In the upper quier wher the comon [communion] table dothe stande, there is such unreverente people, walking with their hatts on their heddes, comonly all the service tyme, no man reproving them for yt."

* Parentalia, p. 290, quoted in the work next mentioned.

† Brayley's *London and Middlesex*, vol. i. p. 67.

‡ Parentalia, p. 27.

§ *Survey of London*, p. 202. First edition.

* A representation of this curious elevation is given in the "Works of Inigo Jones," edited by Kent.

† *Fine Arts of the English School*, quoted in Brayley, vol. ii. p. 217.

‡ *Londinium Redivivum* III. 134.

* Id. III. 81.

"It is a grate disorder in the church, that porters, butchers, and water-bearers, and who not, be suffered (in special tyme of service) to carrie and recarrye whatsoever, no man withstandinge them or gainsaying them." &c.

"The notices of encroachments on St. Paul's, in the same reign, are equally curious. The chantry and other chapels were completely diverted from their ancient purposes; some were used as receptacles for stores and lumber, another was a school, another a glazier's shop; and the windows of all were, in general, broken. Part of the vaults beneath the church was occupied by a carpenter, the remainder was held by the bishop, the dean and chapter, and the minor canons. One vault, thought to have been used for a burial-place, was converted into a wine-cellar, and a way had been cut into it through the wall of the building itself. (This practice of converting church vaults into wine-cellars, it may be remarked, is not yet worn out. Some of the vaults of Winchester Cathedral are now, or were lately, used for that purpose). The show-rooms and cloisters under the convocation house, 'where not long since the sermons in foul weather were wont to be preached,' were made 'a common lay-stall for boards, trunks, and chests, being lett oute unto trunk-makers, where, by means of their daily knocking and noyse, the church is greatly disturbed.' More than twenty houses also had been built against the outer walls of the cathedral; and part of the very foundations was cut away to make offices. One of those houses had literally a closet dug in the wall; from another was a way through a window into a ware-room in the steeple; a third, partly formed by St. Paul's, was lately used as a play-house; and the owner of the fourth baked his bread and pies in an oven excavated within a buttress." See *Mal. Lon. Red.* vol. iii. p. 71-73.

The middle of St. Paul's was also the Bond-Street of that period, and remained so till the time of the commonwealth. The loungers were called Paul's Walkers. "The young gallants from the Inns of Court, the western and the northern parts of the metropolis, and those that had spirit enough," says our author, "to detach themselves from the counting-houses in the east, used to meet at the central point, St. Paul's; and from this circumstance obtained the appellations of *Paul's Walkers*, as we now say *Bond-street Loungers*. However strange it may seem, tradition says, that the great Lord Bacon used in his youth to cry, *Eastward ho!* and was literally a Paul's Walker." Moser, in the *European Magazine*, July, 1807.

Lord Bacon had a taste for display, which was afterwards exhibited in a magnificent manner, worthy of the grandeur of his philosophy; but this, when he was young, might probably enough have been vented in the shape of an exuberance, which did not yet know what to do with itself. Who would think that the late Mr. Fox ever wore red-heeled shoes, and was a "back about town?"

But to conclude with these curious passages:—"The Walkers in Paul's," continues our author "during this and the following reigns, were composed of a motley assemblage of the gay, the vain, the dissolute, the idle, the knavish, and the lewd; and various notices of this fashionable resort may be found in the old plays and other writings of the time. Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, has given a series of scenes in the interior of St. Paul's, and an assemblage of a great variety of characters; in the course of which the curious piece of information occurs, that it was common to affix bills, in the form of advertisements, upon the columns in the aisles of the church, in a similar manner to what is now done in the Royal Exchange: those bills he ridicules in two affected specimens, the satire of which is admirable. Shakespeare also makes Falstaff say, in speaking of Bardolph, 'I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me but a wife in the stewes, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.'"

To complete these urbanities, the church was the resort of pickpockets. Bishop Corbet, a poetical wit of the time of Charles the First, sums up its character, as the "walke

"Where all our Brittain sinners swear and talk." *

Only one reformation had taken place in it since the complaint made by Edward the Third: no woman, at the time of Earle's writing, was to be found there; at least not in the crowd. "The visitants," he says, "are all men, without exceptions."† A common-wealth writer insinuates otherwise; but the visitation was not public. The practice of "walking and talking" in St. Paul's appears to have revived under James the Second, probably in connexion with Catholic wishes; for there was an act of the first of William and Mary, by which transgressors forfeited twenty pounds for every offence; and what is remarkable, the bishop threatened to enforce this act so late as the year 1725, "the custom," says Mr. Malcolm, "had become so very prevalent."‡

A proverb of "dining with Duke Humphrey," has

survived to the present day, owing to a supposed tomb of Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, which was popular with the poorer frequenters of the place. They had a custom of strewing herbs before it, and sprinkling it with water. The tomb, according to Stow, was not Humphrey's, but that of Sir John Beauchamp, one of the house of Warwick. Men who strolled about for want of a dinner were familiar enough with this tomb; and were therefore said to dine with Duke Humphrey.

While some of the extraordinary operations above-mentioned were going on, (the intriguing, picking of pockets, &c.) the sermon was very likely proceeding. It is but fair, however, to conclude that, in the Catholic times, during the elevation of the host, there was a show of respect. We have heard a gentleman say, who visited Spain in his childhood, that he remembered being at the theatre during a fandango, when a loud voice cried out "*Dios* (God); and all the people in the house, including the dancers, fell on their knees. A profound silence ensued. After a pause of a few seconds, the people rose, and the fandango went on as before. The little boy could not think what had happened, but was told that the host had gone by. The Deity (for so it was thought) had been sent for to the house of a sick man; and it was to honour him in passing, that the theatre had gone down on their knees. Catholics reform as well as other people, with the growth of knowledge, especially when restrictions no longer make their prejudices appear a matter of duty. We know not how it is in Spain at this moment, with regard to the devout interval of the fandango; but we know what would be thought of it by thousands of the offspring of those who witnessed it on this occasion; and certainly in no Catholic church now-a-days can be seen the abominations of old St. Paul's.

The passenger who now goes by the cathedral and associates the idea of the inside with that of respectful silence, and the simplicity of Protestant worship, little thinks what a noise has been in that spot, and what gorgeous processions have issued out of it.

Old St. Paul's was famous for the splendour of its shrine, and for its priestly wealth. The list of its copes, vestments, jewels, gold, and silver cups, candlesticks, &c. occupies thirteen folio pages of the *Monasticon*. The side aisles were filled with chapels to different saints and the Virgin; that is to say, with nooks partitioned off one from another, and enriched with separate altars; and it is calculated that, taking the whole establishment, there could hardly be fewer than two hundred priests. On certain holidays, this sacred multitude, in their richest copes, together with the lord mayor, aldermen, and city companies, and all the other parish priests of London, who carried a rich silver cross for every church, issued forth from the cathedral door in procession, lifting up a hymn, and so went through Cheapside and Cornhill to Leadenhall, and back again. The last of these spectacles was for the peace of Guineas, in 1546; shortly after which Henry the Eighth swept into his treasury the whole glories of Catholic worship, copes, crosses, jewels, church-plate, &c.—himself being the most bloated enormity that had ever mis-used them.

Among other retainers to the establishment, Henry suppressed a singular little personage, entitled the Boy-Bishop. The Boy-bishop (*Episcopus Puerorum*) was a chorister, annually elected by his fellows to imitate the state and attire of a bishop, which he assumed on St. Nicholas's day, the sixth of December, and retained till that of the Innocents, December the twenty-eighth. "This was done," says Brayley, "in commemoration of St. Nicholas, who, according to the Romish church, was so piously fashioned, that even when a babe in his cradle, he would fast both on Wednesdays and Fridays, and at those times was 'well pleased' to suck but once a day. However ridiculous it may now seem, the boy-bishop is stated to have possessed episcopal authority during the above term; and the other children were his prebendaries. He was not permitted to celebrate mass, but he had full liberty to preach; and however puerile his discourses might have been, we find they were regarded with so much attention, that the learned Dean Colet, in his statutes for St. Paul's school, expressly ordains that the scholars shall, on 'every Childermas daye, come to Paule's Church, and hear the Chylde Bishop's sermon, and after be at the hygh masse, and each of them offer a penny to the chylde bishop; and with them the maisters and surveyors of the scole.' "Probably," continues Mr. Brayley, "these orations though affectingly childish, were composed by the more aged members of the church. If the boy-bishop died within the time of his prelacy, he was interred in *pontificalibus*, with the same ceremonies as the real diocesan; and the tomb of a child bishop in Salisbury cathedral, may be referred to as an instance of such interment."*

"From a printed church-book," says Mr. Hone, "containing the service of the boy-bishop set to music, we learn that, on the eve of Innocent's-day, the boy-bishop, and his youthful clergy, in their copes, and with burning tapers in their hands, went in solemn procession, chanting and singing versicles, as they walked into the choir by the west door, in such order that the dean and canons went foremost, the chap-

lains next, and the boy-bishop with his priests in the last and highest place. He then took his seat, and the rest of the children disposed themselves on each side of the choir, upon the uppermost ascent, the canons resident bearing the incense and the book, and the petit-canons the tapers, according to the rubrick. Afterwards he proceeded to the altar of the Holy Trinity, and All Saints, which he first censed, and next the image of the Holy Trinity, his priests all the while singing. Then they all chaunted a service with prayers and responses, and, in the like manner taking his seat, the boy-bishop repeated salutations, prayers, and versicles; and in conclusion gave his benediction to the people, the chorus answering *Deo Gratias*."

The origin of customs is often as obscure as that of words, and may be traced with probability to many sources. Perhaps the boy-bishop had a reference, not only to St. Nicholas, but to Christ preaching when a boy among the doctors, and to the divine wisdom of his recommendations of a childlike simplicity. The school afterwards founded by Dean Colet was in honour of "the child Jesus." There was a school attached to the cathedral, of which Colet's was, perhaps, a revival, as far as scholarship was concerned. The boys in the older school were not only taught singing, but acting, and for a long period were the most popular performers of stage-plays. In the time of Richard the Second, these Boy-Actors petitioned the king to prohibit certain ignorant and "inexpert people from presenting the History of the Old Testament." They began with sacred plays, but afterwards acted profane; so that St. Paul's singing-school was numbered among the play-houses. This custom, as well as that of the boy-bishop, appears to have been common wherever there were choir-boys; and doubtless originated, partly in the theatrical nature of the catholic ceremonies at which they assisted, and partly in the delight which the more scholarly of their masters took in teaching the plays of Terence and Seneca. The annual performance of a play of Terence, still kept up at Westminster school, is supposed by Warton to be a remnant of it. The choristers of Westminster Abbey, and of the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, (who took great pleasure in their performances,) were celebrated as actors, though not so much so as those of St. Paul's. A set of them were incorporated under the title of Children of the Revels, among whom are to be found names that have since become celebrated as the fellow-actors of Shakespeare,—Field, Underwood, and others. It was the same with Hart, Mohun, and others, who were players in the time of Cibber. It appears that children with good voices were sometimes kidnapped for a supply.† Tusser, who wrote the Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, is thought to have been thus pressed into the service; and a relic of the custom is supposed to have existed in that of pressing drummers for the army, which survived so late as the accession of Charles the First. The exercise of the right of might over children, and by people who wanted singers,—an effeminate press-gang,—would seem an intolerable nuisance; but the children were probably glad enough to be complimented by the violence, and to go to sing and play before a court.

Ben Jonson has some pretty verses on one of these idle actors:—

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.

'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.

Years he numbered, scarce thirteen,
When fates turned cruel;
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;

And did act (what now we moan)
Old men so dully,
As, soothe, the Parce thought him one,
He played so truly.

Till, by error of his fate,
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas, too late)
They have repented;

And have sought (to give new birth)
In baths to steep him!
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

This child, we see, was celebrated for acting old men. It is well known, that up to the Restoration, and sometimes afterwards, boys performed the parts of women. Kynaston, when a boy, used to be taken out by the ladies an airing, in his female dress, after the play. This custom of males appearing as females,

* *Ancient Mysteries Described*, &c. 1823, p. 136.

† Parrey's is the word of Mr. Chalmers; who says, however, that he knows not on what principle the right of "pressing such children" was justified, "except by the maxim that the king had a right to the services of all his subjects." See *Johnson and Stevens's Shakespeare*, Prolegomena, vol. ii. p. 516.

* Poems. Glee's edition, 1807, p. 5.

† *Microcosmographie*, quoted in Pennant.

‡ *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i. p. 281.

* London and Middlesex, vol. ii. p. 229.

gave rise, in Shakspeare's time, to the frequent introduction of female characters disguised; thus presenting a singular anomaly, and a specimen of the gratuitous imagination of the spectators in those days; who, besides being contented with taking the bare stage for a wood, a rock, or a garden, as it happened, were to suppose a boy on the stage to *pretend to be himself*.

One of the strangest of the old ceremonies in which the clergy of the cathedral used to figure, was that which was performed twice a year, namely, on the day of the Commemoration and on that of the Conversion of St. Paul. On the former of these festivals, a fat doe, and on the latter, a fat buck, was presented to the Church by the family of Baud, in consideration of some land which they held of the Dean and Chapter at West Lee in Essex. The original agreement made with Sir William Le Baud in 1274, was, that he himself should attend in person with the animals; but some years afterwards it was arranged that the presentation should be made by a servant, accompanied by a deputation of part of the family. The priests, however, continued to perform their part in the show themselves. When the deer was brought to the foot of the steps leading to the choir, the reverend brethren appeared in a body to receive it, dressed in their full pontifical robes, and having their heads decorated with garlands of flowers. From thence they accompanied it as the servant led it forward to the high altar, where having been solemnly offered and slain, it was divided among the residentiaries. The horns were then fastened to the top of a spear, and carried in procession by the whole company around the inside of the church, a noisy concert of horns regulating their march. This ridiculous exhibition, which looks like a parody on the pagan ceremonies of their predecessors the priests of Diana, was continued by the cathedral clergy down to the time of Elizabeth.

The modern passenger through St. Paul's Churchyard has not only the last home of Nelson and others to venerate, as he goes by. In the ground of the old church were buried, and here, therefore, remains whatever dust may survive them, the gallant Sir Philip Sidney (the *beau ideal* of the age of Elizabeth), and Vandyke, who immortalised the youth and beauty of the court of Charles the First. One of Elizabeth's great statesmen also lay there,—Walsingham,—who died so poor, that he was buried by stealth, to prevent his body from being arrested. Another, Sir Christopher Hatton, who is supposed to have danced himself into the office of her Majesty's Chancellor,† had a tomb which his contemporaries thought too magnificent, and which was accused of "shouldering" the altar. There was an absurd epitaph upon it, by which he would seem to have been a *dandy* to the last.

Stay and behold the mirror of a dead man's house,
Whose lively person would have made thee stay and wonder.

When Nature moulded him, her thoughts were most
on Mars;

And all the heavens to make him goodly were agreeing;

Thence he was valiant, active, strong, and passing comely;

And God did grace his mind and spirit with gifts excelling.

Nature commends her workmanship to Fortune's charge,

Fortune presents him to the court and queen,
Queen Eliz. (O God's dear handmaid) his most miracle.

Now hearken, reader, rarities not heard or seen;
This blessed Queen, mirror of all that Albion rul'd,
Gave favour to his faith, and precepts to his hopeful time;

First trained him in the stately band of pensioners

And for her safety made him Captain of the Guard.
Now doth she prune this vine, and from her sacred breast

Lessons his life, makes wise his heart for her great counsellors,

And so, Vice-Chamberlain, where foreign princes eyes
Might well admire her choicest, wherein she most excels.

He then aspires, says the writer, to "the highest subject's seat," and becomes

Lord Chancellor (measure and conscience of a holy king):

Robe, Collar, Garter, dead figures of great honour,
Alms-deeds with faith, honest in word, frank in dispen-

The poor's friend, not popular, the church's pillar.
This tombe sheweth one, the heaven's shrine the other.†

The first line in italics, and the poetry throughout, are only to be equalled by a passage in an epitaph

we have met with on a lady of the name of Greenwood, of whom her husband says,

"Her graces and her qualities were such
That she might have married a bishop or a judge;
But so extreme was her condescension and humility,
That she married me, a poor doctor of divinity;
By which heroic deed, she stands confest,
Of all other women, the phoenix of her sex."

Sir Christopher is said to have died of a broken heart, because his once loving mistress exacted a debt of him, which he found it difficult to pay. It was common to talk of courtiers dying of broken hearts at that time; which gives one an equal notion of the queen's power, and the servility of those gentlemen. Fletcher, bishop of London, father of the great poet, was another who had a tomb in the old church, and is said to have undergone the same fate. It was he that did a thing very unlike a poet's father. He attended the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and said aloud, when her head was held up by the executioner, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" He was then Dean of Peterborough. The queen made him a bishop, but suspended him for marrying a second wife, which so preyed upon his feelings, that it is thought, by the help of an immoderate love of smoking, to have hastened his end—a catastrophe worthy of a mean courtier. He was well, sick, and dead, says Fuller, in a quarter of an hour. Most probably he died of apoplexy, the tobacco giving him the *coup de grace*.* Dr. Donne, the head of the metaphysical poets, so well criticised by Johnson, was Dean of St. Paul's, and had a grave here, of which he has left an extraordinary memorial. It is a wooden image of himself, made to his order, and representing him as he was to appear in his shroud. This, for some time before he died, he kept by his bed-side in an open coffin, thus endeavouring to reconcile an uneasy imagination to the fate he could not avoid. It is still preserved in the vaults under the church, and is to be seen with the other curiosities of the cathedral. We will not do a great man such a disservice as to dig him up for a spectacle. A man should be judged of at the time when he is most himself, and not when he is about to consign his weak body to its elements.

Of the events that have taken place connected with St. Paul's, one of the most curious was a scene that passed in the old cathedral between John of Gaunt and the Anti-Wickliffites. It made him very unpopular at the time. Probably, if he had died just after it, his coffin would have been torn to pieces; but subsequently he had a magnificent tomb in the church, on which hung his crest and cap of state, together with his lance and target. Perhaps the merits of the friend of Wickliff and Chaucer are now as much overvalued. The scene is taken as follows, by Mr. Brayley, out of Fox's Acts and Monuments:—

"One of the most remarkable occurrences that ever took place within the old cathedral was the attempt made in 1376 by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, under the commands of Pope Gregory the Eleventh, to compel Wickliff, the father of the English Reformation, to subscribe to the condemnation of some of his own tenets, which had been recently promulgated in the eight articles that have been termed the Lollards' Creed. The Pope had ordered the above prelates to apprehend and examine Wickliff; but they thought it most expedient to summon him to St. Paul's, as he was openly protected by the famous John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; and that nobleman accompanied him to the examination, together with the Lord Percy, Marshall of England. The proceedings were soon interrupted by a dispute as to whether Wickliff should sit or stand; and the following curious dialogue arose on the Lord Percy desiring him to be seated:—

Bishop of London. "If I could have guessed, Lord Percy, that you would have played the master here, I would have prevented your coming."

Duke of Lancaster. "Yes, he shall play the master here, for all you."

Lord Percy. "Wickliff, sit down! You have need of a seat, for you have many things to say."

Bishop of London. "It is unreasonable that a clergyman, cited before his ordinary, should sit during his answer. He shall stand!"

Duke of Lancaster. "My Lord Percy, you are in the right! And for you, my Lord Bishop, you are grown so proud and arrogant, I will take care to humble your pride; and not only yours, my lord, but that of all the prelates in England. Thou dependest upon the credit of thy relations; but so far from being able to help thee, they shall have enough to do to support themselves."

Bishop of London. "I place no confidence in my relations, but in God alone, who will give me the boldness to speak the truth."

Duke of Lancaster (speaking softly to Lord Percy). "Rather than take this at the Bishop's hands, I

* The Bishop's second wife was a Lady Baker, who is said, by Mr. Brayley, to have been young as well as beautiful, and probably did not add to the prelate's repose. In the mention of her in Mr. Brayley's table of contents, is a ludicrous mistake of the index-maker. Taking a hasty glance at the text, and overlooking a parenthesis, he has recorded her thus:—
"Baker, Lady, her immoderate love of tobacco."

will drag him by the hair of the head out of the court!"

Old St. Paul's was much larger than new; and the churchyard was of proportionate dimensions. The wall by which it was bounded ran along by the present Streets of Ave Mary Lane, Paternoster Row, Old Change, Carter Lane, and Creed Lane; and therefore included a large space and many buildings, which are not now considered to be within the precincts of the cathedral. This spacious area had grass inside, and contained a variety of appendages to the establishment. One of these was the cross, which we have alluded to at the beginning of this chapter, and of which Stow did not know the antiquity. It was called PAUL'S CROSS, and stood on the north side of the church, a little to the east of the entrance to Canon Alley. It was around Paul's Cross, or rather in the space to the east of it, that the citizens were wont anciently to assemble in Folk-mote, or general convention—not only to elect their magistrates and to deliberate on public affairs, but also, as it would appear, to try offenders and award punishments. We read of meetings of the Folk-mote in the thirteenth century; but the custom was discontinued, as the increasing number of the inhabitants, and the mixture of strangers, were found to lead to confusion and tumult. In after times the cross appears to have been used chiefly for proclamations, and other public proceedings, civil as well as ecclesiastical, such as the swearing of the citizens to allegiance, the emission of papal bulls, the exposing of penitents, &c., "and for the defaming of those," says Pennant, "who had incurred the displeasure of crowned heads." A pulpit was attached to it, it is not known when, in which sermons were preached, called Paul's Cross Sermons, a name by which they continued to be known when they ceased in the open air. Many benefactors contributed to support these sermons. In Stow's time the pulpit was an hexagonal piece of wood, "covered with lead, elevated upon a flight of stone steps, and surmounted by a large cross." During rainy weather the poorer part of the audience retreated to a covered place called the shrowds, which are supposed to have abutted on the church wall. The rest, including the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, most probably had shelter at all times; and the King and his train (for they attended also), had covered galleries.† Popular preachers were invited to hold forth in this pulpit, but the Bishop was the inviter. In the reign of James the First, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen ordered, that every one who should preach there, "considering the journeys some of them might take from the Universities, or elsewhere, should, at his pleasure, be freely entertained for five days' space, with sweet and convenient lodging, fire, candle, and all other necessities, viz., from Thursday before their day of preaching, to Thursday morning following."‡ "This good custom," says Maitland, "continued for some time. And the Bishop of London, or his chaplain, when he sent to any one to preach, did actually signify the place where he might repair at his coming up, and be entertained freely." In earlier times a kind of inn seems to have been kept for the entertainment of the preachers at Paul's Cross, which went by the name of the *Shunamites' House*.

"Before this cross," says Pennant, "in 1463, was brought, divested of all splendour, Jane Shore, the charitable, the merry concubine of Edward the Fourth, and, after his death, of his favourite, the unfortunate Lord Hastings. After the loss of her protectors, she fell a victim to the malice of crook-backed Richard. He was disappointed (by her excellent defence) of convicting her of witchcraft, and confederating with her lover to destroy him. He then attacked her on the weak side of frailty. This was undeniable. He consigned her to the severity of the church: she was carried to the Bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to the cathedral, and the cross, before which she made a confession of her only fault. Every other virtue bloomed in this ill-fated fair with the fullest vigour. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time. On his death she was reduced to necessity, scorned by the world, and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings." "In her penance she went," says Holinshed, "in countenance and pace demure, so wamant, that albeit she were out of all arrie,

* London and Middlesex, vol. ii. p. 231.

† The active habits of our ancestors enabled them to bear these out-of-doors sermons better than their posterity could; yet, as times grew less hardy, they began to have consequences, which Bishop Latimer attributes to another cause. "The citizens of Reims," said he, in a sermon preached in Lincolnshire in the year 1552, "had their burying-place without the city, which, no doubt, is a laudable thing; and I do marvel, that London, being so great a city, hath not a burial place without, for no doubt it is an unwholesome thing to bury within the city, especially at such a time, when there be great sickness, and many die together. I think verily that many a man taketh his death in Paul's churchyard, and this I speak of experience; for I myself, when I have been there on some mornings to hear the sermons, have felt such an ill savoured unwholesome savour, that I was the worse for it a great while after: and I think no less, but it is the occasion of great sickness and disease."—Brayley, vol. ii. p. 315.

‡ Maitland, vol. ii. p. 940.

* "His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."
GRAY.

† Maitland's History of London, vol. ii. p. 1170.

save her kertie onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the wondering of the people cast a comlie rud in her cheeks, (of which she before had most misse,) that hir great shame wan hir much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie, than curious of hir soule. And manie good folkes that hated her living, (and glad were to see sin corrected,) yet pitied they more hir penance, than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous affection."

"Rowe," continues Pennant, "has flung this part of her sad story into the following poetical dress; but it is far from possessing the moving simplicity of the old historian."

Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore;
And on her shoulders, carelessly confused,
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung;
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread;
Feeble she seemed, and sorely smit with pain;
While, barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,
Her footsteps all along were marked with blood;
Yet silent still she passed, and unrepining;
Her streaming eyes bent over on the earth;
Except when, in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To heaven she seemed in fervent zeal to raise,
And beg that mercy man denied her here.

"The poet has adopted the fable of her being denied all sustenance, and of her perishing with hunger, but that was not fact. She lived to a great age, but in great distress and miserable poverty; deserted even by those to whom she had, during prosperity, done the most essential services. She dragged a wretched life even to the time of Sir Thomas More, who introduces her story into his *Life of Edward the Fifth*. The beauty of her person is spoken of in high terms: "Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her bodie that you would have changed: but you would have wished her somewhat higher. Thus sai they that knew hir in hir youth. Now is she old, leane, withered, and dried up: nothing left but rivelled skin and hard bone; and yet, being even such, who so well advise her visage, might gesse and devise, which parts how filled, would make it a faire face."†

To these pictures, which are all drawn with spirit, may be added a portrait in the notes to Drayton's *Heroical Epistles*, referring to the one by Sir Thomas More. "Her stature," says the comment, "was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body, fat, white, and smooth; her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. That picture which I have seen of hers, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, cast under her arm, over her shoulder, and sitting in a chair on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known: but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed, after the king had made her his concubine."‡

Richard, in the extreme consciousness of his being in the wrong, made a sad bungling business of his first attempts on the throne. The penance of Jane Shore was followed by Dr. Shaw's sermon at the same cross, in which the servile preacher attempted to bastardize the children of Edward, and to recommend the "legitimate" Richard as the express image of his father. Richard made his appearance, only to witness the sullen silence of the spectators; and the Doctor, with a sensibility arguing more weakness than wickedness, took to his house, and soon after died.§

In the reign of the Tudors, Paul's cross was the scene of a very remarkable series of contradictions. The government under Henry the Eighth preached for and against the same doctrines in religion. Mary furiously attempted to revive them; and they were finally denounced by Elizabeth. Wolsey began in 1521, with fulminating, by command of the Pope, against "one Martin Eleutherius," (Luther). The denouncement was made by Fisher, (afterwards beheaded for denying the king's supremacy); but Wolsey sat by, in his usual state, censed and canopied, with the Pope's ambassador on one side of him, and the Emperor's on the other. During the sermon a collection of Luther's books was burnt in the churchyard; "which ended, my lord Cardinal went

home to dinner with all the other prelates."** About ten years afterwards the preachers at Paul's Cross received an order from the king to "teach and declare to the people, that neither the Pope, nor any of his predecessors, were anything more than the simple Bishops of Rome." On the accession of Mary, the discourses were ordered to veer directly round, which produced two attempts to assassinate the preachers in sermon-time; and the moment Elizabeth came to the throne, the divines began recommending the very opposite tenets, and the Pope was finally rejected. At this Cross Elizabeth afterwards attended to hear a thanksgiving sermon for the defeat of the Invincible Armada; on which occasion a coach was first seen in England,—the one she came in. The last sermon attended there by the sovereign, was during the reign of her successor; but discourses continued to be delivered up to the time of the Civil Wars, when, after being turned to account by the Puritans for about a year, the pulpit was demolished by order of Parliament. The "willing instrument" of the overthrow was Pennington, the Lord Mayor. The inhabitants who look out of their windows now-a-days on the northern side of St. Paul's, may thus have a succession of pictures before their mind's eye, as curious and inconsistent as those of a dream,—princes, queens, lord-mayors, and aldermen,

A mob of coblers, and a court of kings,

Jane's penance, Richard's chagrin, Wolsey's exaltation; clergymen preaching for and against the Pope; a coach coming as a wonder, where coaches now throng at every one's service; and finally a puritanical Lord Mayor, who "blasphemed custard," laying the axe to the tree, and cutting down the pulpit and all its works.

The next appendage to the old church, in point of importance, was the Bishop's or London House, the name of which survives in that of London House Yard. This, with other buildings, perished in the Great Fire; and on the site of it were built the houses now standing between the yard just mentioned and the present Chapter House. The latter was built by Wren. The old one stood on the other side of the cathedral, where the modern deanery is to be found, only more eastward. The bishop's house was often used for the reception of princes. Edward the Third and his Queen were entertained there after a great tournament in Smithfield; and there poor little Edward the Fifth was lodged, previously to his appointed coronation. To the east of the bishop's house, stretching towards Cheapside, was a chapel, erected by the father of Thomas Becket, called Pardon-Church-Haugh, which was surrounded by a cloister, presenting a painting of the Dance of Death on the walls, a subject rendered famous by Holbein.†

Another chapel called the Charnel, a proper neighbour to this *frisco*, stood at the back of the two buildings just mentioned. It received its name from the quantity of human bones collected from St. Paul's Churchyard, and deposited in a vault beneath. The Charnel was taken down by the Protector Somerset about 1549, and the stones used to help in the building of the new palace of Somerset House. On this occasion it is stated that more than a thousand cart-loads of bones were removed to Finsbury Fields, where they formed a large mound, on which three windmills were erected. From these Windmill Street in that neighbourhood derives its name. The ground on which the chapel stood was afterwards built over with dwellings and warehouses, having sheds before them for the use of Stationers. Immediately to the north of St. Paul's School, and towards the spot where the churchyard looks into Cheapside, was a campanile, or bell-house; that is to say, a belfry, forming a distinct building from the Cathedral, such as it is accustomed to be in Italy. It was by the ringing of this bell that the people were anciently called together to the general assemblage called the Folk-mote, mentioned above. The campanile was very high, and was won at dice from King Henry the Eighth by Sir Miles Partridge, who took it down and sold the materials. On the side of the cathedral directly the reverse of this (the south-west), and forming a part of the great pile of building, was the parish church of St. Gregory, over which was the Lollard's Tower, or prison, infamous, like its namesake at Lambeth, for the ill-treatment of heretics. "This," says Brayley, on the authority of Fox's Martyrology, "was the scene of at least one 'foul and midnight murder,' perpetrated in 1514, on a respectable citizen, named Richard Hunne, by Dr. Horsey, chancellor of the diocese, with the assistance of a bell-ringer; and afterwards defended by the Bishop Fitz-James, and the whole body of prelates, who protected the murderers from punishment, lest the clergy should become amenable to civil jurisdiction. Though the villains, through this interference, escaped without

corporal suffering, the king ordered them to pay 1,500*l.* to the children of the deceased, in restitution of what he himself styles the 'cruel murder.'""

The clergy, with almost incredible audacity, afterwards commenced a process against the dead body of Hunne for Heresy; and, having obtained its condemnation on that score, they actually burned it in Smithfield. The Lollard's Tower continued to be used as a prison for heretics for some time after the Reformation. Stowe tells us that he recollected of one Peter Burchett, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, being committed to this prison, on suspicion of holding certain erroneous opinions, in 1573. This, however, is, we believe, the last case of the kind that is recorded.

It remains to say a word of St. Paul's School, founded, as we have already mentioned, by Dean Colet; and destined to become the most illustrious of all the buildings on the spot, in giving education to Milton. We have dwelt more upon the localities of St. Paul's Churchyard than it is our intention to do on others. The dignity of the birth-place of the metropolis beguiled us; and the events recorded to have taken place in it are of real interest.—Milton was not the only person of celebrity educated at this school. Bentley, his critic, was probably induced by the like circumstance to turn his unfortunate attention to the poet's epic in after life, and make those gratuitous massacres of the text, which gave a profound scholar the air of the most presumptuous of cockcombs. Here also Camden received part of his education; and here were brought up, Leland, his brother antiquary; the Gales (Charles, Roger, and Samuel), all celebrated antiquaries; Sir Anthony Deane, the only man who had the courage and honesty to tell Henry the Eighth, that he was dying; Halley, the astronomer; Bishop Cumberland, the great grandfather of the dramatist; Pepys, who has lately obtained so curious a celebrity, as an annalist of the court of Charles the Second: and last, not least, one in whom a learned education would be as little looked for as in Pepys, if we are to trust the stories of the times; to wit, John Duke of Marlborough. Barnes was laughed at for dedicating his *Anacreon* to the Duke, as one to whom Greek was unheard of; and it has been related as a slur on the great general (though assuredly it is not so), that having alluded on some occasion to a passage in history, and being asked where he found it, he confessed that his authority was the only historian he was acquainted with; namely, William Shakespeare.

Less is known of Milton during the time he passed at St. Paul's School, than of any other period of his life. It is ascertained, however, that he cultivated the writing of Greek verses, and was a great favourite with the usher, afterwards master, Alexander Gill, himself a Latin poet of celebrity. At the back of the old church was an enormous rose-window, which we may imagine the young poet to have contemplated with delight, in his fondness for ornaments of that cast; and the whole building was calculated to impress a mind, more disposed, at that time of life, to admire as a poet, than to quarrel as a critic or a sectary. Gill, unluckily for himself, was not so catholic. Some say he was suspended from his mastership for severity; a quality which he must have carried to a great pitch, for that age to find fault with it; but from an answer written by Ben Jonson to a fragment of a satire of his, it is more likely he got into trouble for libels against the court. Aubrey says, that the old doctor, his father, was once obliged to go on his knees to get the young doctor pardoned, and that the offence consisted in his having written a letter, in which he designated King James and his son, as the "old foole and the young one." There are letters written in early life from Milton to Gill, full of regard and esteem; nor is it likely that the regard was diminished by Gill's petulance against the court. In one of the letters, it is pleasant to hear the poet saying, "Farewell, and on Tuesday next expect me in London among the booksellers."†

* *Brayley*, vol. ii. p. 320.

† See *Todd's Milton*, vol. vii.; *Aubrey's Letters and Lives*, and Ben Jonson's Poems. Gill's specimen of a satire is very bad, and the great laureate's answer is not much better. The first couplet of the latter, however, is to the purpose:—

"Shall the prosperity of a pardon still
Secure thy railing rhymes, infamous Gill?"

(To be Continued.)

• The reader, perhaps, will agree with us in thinking, that the last three lines of this poetry are unworthy of the rest, and put Jane in a theatrical attitude which she would not have affected.

† *Some Account of London*, third edition, p. 394.

‡ *Chalmers's British Poets*, vol. iv. p. 91.

§ "Having once ended," says Stow, "the preacher gat him home, and never after durst look out for shame, but kept him out of sight like an owie; and when he once asked one that had been his olde friende, what the people talked of him, all were it that his owne conscience well shewed him, that they talked no good, yet when the other answered him, that there was in every man's mouth spoken of him such shame, it so strake him to the hart, that in a few daies after, he withered, and consumed away."—*Brayley*, vol. i. p. 312.

* From a MS. in the British Museum, quoted by Brayley, vol. ii. p. 312.

† A Dance of Death (for the subject was often repeated) is a procession of the various ranks of life, from the pope to the peasant, each led by a skeleton for his partner. Holbein enlarged it by the addition of a series of visits privately paid by Death to the individuals. The figurantes, in his work, by no means go down the dance "with an air of despondency." The human beings are unconscious of their partners (which is fine); and the Deaths are as jolly as skeletons well can be.

THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS.

THEIR MEMORIES AND GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER THE FIRST. (Continued)

Dedication of St. Paul's Cathedral during the Commonwealth.—The present Cathedral.—Sir Christopher Wren.—Statute of Queen Anne.

THE parliamentary soldiers annoyed the inhabitants of the churchyard, by playing at nine-pins at unreasonable hours, — a strange misdemeanour for that "church militant." They hastened also the destruction of the cathedral. Some scaffolding, set up for repairs, had been given them for arrears of pay. They dug pits in the body of the church to saw the timber in; and they removed the scaffolding with so little caution, that great part of the vaulting fell in, and lay a heap of ruins. The east end only and a part of the choir continued to be used for public worship, a brick wall being raised to separate this portion from the rest of the building, and the congregation entering and getting out through one of the north windows. Another part of the church was converted into barracks and stables for the dragoons. As for Inigo Jones's lofty and beautiful portico, it was turned into "shops," says Maitland, "for milliners and others, with rooms over them for the convenience of lodging; at the erecting of which, the magnificent columns were piteously mangled, being obliged to make way for the ends of beams, which penetrated their centers." The statues on the top were thrown down and broken to pieces.

We have already noticed the lucky necessity for a new church, occasioned by the great fire. An attempt was at first made to repair the old building—the work, as we have already mentioned, being committed to the charge of Sir John Denham (the poet), his Majesty's Surveyor General. But it was eventually found necessary to commence a new edifice from the foundation. Sir Christopher Wren, who accomplished this task, had been before employed in superintending the repairs—and was appointed head surveyor of the works in 1669, on the demise of Denham. It is not our intention to enlarge on the present state of places and public buildings in London, especially as a volume, we understand, may shortly be laid before the public, which shall take a particular survey of the two great cathedrals of London and Westminster, their architecture and monuments. We shall content ourselves therefore with stating, in reference to times gone by, that Sir Christopher Wren had very great and ungenerous trouble given him, in the erection of the new structure; and after all, did not build it as he wished. His taste was not understood, either by court or clergy; he was envied (and, towards the close of his life, ousted) by inferior workmen; was forced to make use of two orders instead of one, that is to say, to divide the sides and front into two separate elevations, instead of running them up and dignifying them with pillars of the whole height; and during the whole work, which occupied a great many years, and took up a considerable and anxious portion of his time, not unattended with personal hazard, all the pay which he was then, or ever, to expect, was a pittance of two hundred a-year. A moiety of this dribble was for some time actually suspended, till the building should be finished; and for the arrears of it he was forced to petition the government of Queen Anne, and then only obtained them under circumstances of the most unhandsome delay. Wren, however, was a philosopher and a patriot; and if he underwent the mortification attendant on philosophers and patriots, for offending the self-love of the shallow, he knew how to act up to the spirit of those venerable names, in the interior of a mind as elevated and well composed as his own architecture. Some pangs he felt, because he was a man of humanity, and could not disdain his fellow-creatures; but he was more troubled for the losses of the art than his own. He is said actually to have shed tears when compelled to deform his cathedral with the side aisles,—some say in compliance with the will of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, who anticipated the use of them for the restoration of the old Catholic chapels. Money he despised, except for the demands of his family, consenting to receive a hundred a-year for rebuilding such of the city churches (a considerable number) as were destroyed by the fire! And when finally ousted from his office of surveyor-general, he said with the ancient, "Well, I must philosophize a little sooner than I intended." (*Nunc me jubet fortuna expeditus philosophari*). The Duchess of Marlborough, in resisting the claims of one of her Blenheim surveyors, said "that Sir C. Wren was content to be dragged up in a basket three times a week to the top of St. Paul's, and at great hazard, for 200*l.* a-year." But, as a writer of his life has remarked, she was perhaps "little capable of drawing any nice distinction between the feelings of the hired surveyor of Blenheim, and those of our architect, in the contemplation of the raising of the fabric which his vast genius was calling into existence:

her notions led her to estimate the matter by the simple process of the rule of three direct, and on this principle she had good reason to complain of the surveyor." The same writer tells us, that Wren's principal enjoyment during the remainder of his life, consisted in his being "carried once a year to see his great work;" "the beginning and completion of which," observes Walpole, "was an event which, one could not wonder, left such an impression of content on the mind of the good old man, that it seemed to recall a memory almost deadened to every other use." The epitaph upon him by his son, which Mr. Mylne, the architect of Blackfriars' bridge, caused to be rescued from the vaults underneath the church, where it was ludicrously inapplicable, and placed in gold letters over the choir, has a real sublimity in it, though defaced by one of those plays upon words, which were the taste of the times in the architect's youth, and which his family perhaps had learnt to admire.

Subtus et dicitur
Hujus ecclesie et urbis conditor
Ch. Wren,
Qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta
Non sibi sed bono publico.
Lector, si monumentum requiris,
Circumspice.

We cannot preserve the pun in English, unless perhaps by some such rendering as, "Here found a grave, the founder of this church;" or "Underneath is founded the tomb," &c. The rest is admirable:

Who lived to the age of upwards of ninety years,
Not for himself, but for the public good.
Reader, if thou seekest his monument,
Look around.

The reader *does* look around, and the whole interior of the cathedral, which is finer than the outside, seems like a magnificent vault over his single body. The effect is very grand, especially if the organ is playing. A similar one, as far as the music is concerned, is observable when we contemplate the statues of Nelson and others. The grand repose of the church, in the first instance, gives them a mortal dignity, which the organ seems to waken up and revive, as if, in the midst of the

"Pomp and threatening harmony,"†

their spirits almost looked out of their stony and sightless eye-balls. Johnson's ponderous figure looks down upon us, with something of sourness in the expression; and in the presence of Howard, we feel as if pomp itself were in attendance on humanity. It is a pity that the sculpture of the monuments in general is not worthy of these emotions, and tends to undo them.

A poor statue of Queen Anne, in whose reign the church was finished, stands in the middle of the front area, with the figures of Britain, France, Ireland, and America, round the base. Garth, who was a whig, and angry with the councils which had dismissed his hero Marlborough, wrote some bitter lines upon it, which must have had double effect, coming from so goodnatured a man.

Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name,
With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes:
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
And e'en wild India wears a smiling face.
But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
The sad attendant on so good a queen.
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon
All that great Anna for thy sake has done,
When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws,
For thee she sheathed the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her gen'ral—and her word:
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learned to speak like oracles of old:
For thee, for thee alone, what could she more?
She lost the honour she had gained before;
Lost all the trophies which her arms had won,
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son.)
Resigned the glories of a ten year's reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain:
For thee in annals she's content to shine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

Many irreverent remarks were also made by the coarser wits of the day, in reference to the position of her Majesty, with her back to the church and her face to a brandy-shop, which was then kept in that part of the church-yard. The calumny was worthy of the coarseness. Anne, who was not a very clever woman, had a difficult task to perform; and though we differ with her politics, we cannot, even at this distance of time, help expressing our disgust at personalities like these, especially against a female.

CHAPTER II.

CONTENTS.

The Church of St. Faith.—Booksellers of the Church-yard.—Mr. Johnson's.—Mr. Newberry's.—Children's Books.—Clerical Names of Streets near St. Paul's.—Swift at the top of the Cathedral.—Dr. Johnson at St. Paul's.—Paternoster Row.—Panyer's Alley.—Stationer's Hall.—Almanacks.—Knight Riders' Street.—Armed Assemblies of the Citizens.—Doctor's Commons.—The Herald's College.—Coats of Arms.—Ludgate.—Story of Sir Stephen Forster.—Prison of Ludgate.—Wyatt's Rebellion.—The Belle Sauvage Inn.—Blackfriars.—Shakespeare's Theatre.—Accident at Blackfriars in 1623.—Printing House Square.—The Times.—Baynard's Castle.—Story of the Baron Fitzwalter.—Richard III. and Buckingham.—Diana's Chamber.—The Royal Wardrobe.—Marriages in the Fleet.—Fleet Ditch.—The Dunciad.

We remember, in our childhood, a romantic story at school, of a church that stood under St. Paul's. We conceived of it, as of a real good-sized church, actually standing under the other; but how it came there, nobody could imagine. It was some ghostly edification of providence, not lightly to be inquired into; but as its name was St. Faith's, we conjectured that the mystery had something to do with religious belief. The mysteries of art do not remain with us for life, like those of nature. Our phenomenon amounted to this. "The church of St. Faith," says Brayley, "was originally a distinct building, standing near the east end of St. Paul's; but when the old cathedral was enlarged, between the years 1256 and 1312, it was taken down, and an extensive part of the vaults was appropriated to the use of the parishioners of St. Faith's, in lieu of the demolished fabric. This was afterwards called (the church of St. Faith in the Crypts,) *Ecclesia Sanctæ Fidei in Cryptis*; and, according to a representation made to the Dean and Chapter, in the year 1735, measured 180 feet in length, and 80 in breadth. After the fire of London, the parish of St. Faith was joined to that of St. Augustine; and, on the rebuilding of the cathedral, a portion of the churchyard belonging to the former was taken to enlarge the avenue round the east end of St. Paul's, and the remainder was inclosed within the cathedral railing."

The parishioners of St. Faith have still liberty to bury their dead in certain parts of the churchyard and the crypts. Other portions of the latter have been used as a store-house for wine, stationery, &c. The stationers and booksellers of London, during the fire, thought they had secured a great quantity of their stock in this place; but on the air being admitted, when they went to take them out, the goods had been so heated by the conflagration of the church overhead, that they took fire at last, and the whole property was destroyed. Clarendon says it amounted to the value of two hundred thousand pounds.†

One of the houses on the site of the old episcopal mansion, now occupied by his successor, Mr. Hunter, was Mr. Johnson's, the bookseller, a man who deserves mention for his liberality to Cowper, and for the remarkable circumstance of his never having seen the poet, though his intercourse with him was long and cordial. Mr. Johnson was in connexion with a circle of men of letters, some of whom were in the habit of dining with him once a week, and who comprised the leading polite writers of the last generation,—Cowper, Darwin, Hayley, Dr. Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld, &c. Fuseli must not be omitted, who was at least as good a writer as a painter; and others of celebrity are still living, who have been among the instructors of their time, and will be known to posterity. Here Bonnycastle hung his long face over his plate, as glad to escape from arithmetic into his jokes and his social dinner, as a great boy; and here the first of our living poets (Wordsworth) published his earliest performance.

But the most illustrious of all booksellers in our boyish days, not for his great names, not for his dinners, not for his riches that we know of, nor for any other full-grown celebrity, but for certain little penny books, radiant with gold, and rich with bad pictures, was Mr. Newberry, the famous children's bookseller, "at the corner of St. Paul's church-yard," next Ludgate Street. The house is still occupied by a successor, and children may have books there as formerly,—but not the same. The gilding we confess, we regret: gold, somehow, never looked so well as in adorning literature. The pictures also,—may we own that we preferred the uncouth coats, the staring blotted eyes, and round pieces of rope for hats, of our very badly-drawn contemporaries, to all the proprieties of modern embellishment? We own the superiority of the latter, and would have it proceed and prosper, but a boy of our own time was much, though his coat looked very like his grandfather's. The engravings, probably, were of that date. Enormous, however, is the improvement upon the morals of these little books; and there we give them up, and with unmitigated delight. The good little boy, the hero of the infant literature in those days, stood, it must be acknowledged, the chance of being

* *History of London*, II. 1106.

* *Life of Sir Christopher Wren*, in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, No. 24, p. 21.

† Wordsworth.

* Vol. II. p. 303.

† In his *Life*, vol. III. p. 98. Edit. 1827.

[SPARROW, PRINTER, CRANE-COURT.]

a very selfish man. His great virtue consisted in being different from some other little boy, perhaps his brother; and his reward was having a fine coach to ride in, and being a king Pepin. Now-a-days, since the world has had a great moral earthquake that set it thinking, the little boy promises to be much more of a man; thinks of others, as well as works for himself; and looks for his reward to a character for good sense and beneficence. In no respect is the progress of the age more visible, or more importantly so, than in this apparently trifling matter. The most bigoted opponents of a rational education are obliged to adopt a portion of its spirit, in order to retain a hold, which their own teaching must accordingly undo: and if the times were not full of hopes in other respects, we should point to this evidence of their advancement, and be content with it.

One of the most pernicious mistakes of the old children's books, was the inculcation of a spirit of revenge and cruelty, in the tragic examples which were intended to deter their little readers from idleness and disobedience. One, if he did not behave himself, was to be shipwrecked and eaten by lions; another to become a criminal, who was not to be taught better, but rendered a mere wicked contrast to the luckier virtue; and above all, none were to be poor but the vicious, and none to ride in their coaches but little Sir Charles Grandisons, and all-perfect Sheriffs. We need not say how contrary this was to the real spirit of Christianity, which at the same time they so much insisted on. The perplexity in after life, when reading of poor philosophers and rich vicious men, was in proportion; or rather, virtue and mere worldly success became confounded. In the present day, the profitableness of good conduct is still inculcated, but in a sounder spirit. Charity makes the proper allowance for all; and none are excluded from the hope of being wiser and happier. Men, in short, are not taught to love and labour for themselves alone, or for their little dark corners of egotism; but to take the world along with them into a brighter sky of improvement; and to discern the want of success in success itself, if not accompanied by a liberal knowledge.

The *Seven Champions of Christendom*, *Valentine and Orson*, and other books of the fictitious class, which have survived their more rational brethren (as they thought themselves,) are of a much better order, and, indeed, survive by a natural instinct in society to that effect. With many absurdities they have a general tone of manly and social virtue, which may be safely left to itself. The absurdities wear out, and the good remains. Nobody in these times will think of meeting giants and dragons; of giving blows that confound an army, or tearing the hearts out of two lions on each side of him, as easily as if he were dipping his hands into a lottery. But there are still giants and wild beasts to encounter, of another sort, the conquest of which requires the old enthusiasm and disinterestedness; arms and war are to be checked in their career, and have been so, by that new might of opinion to which everybody may contribute much in his single voice; and wild men, or those who would become so, are tamed by education and brotherly kindness, into ornaments of civil life.

The neighbourhood of St. Paul's retains a variety of appellations, indicative of its former connexion with the church. There is Creed Lane, Ave-Maria Lane, Sermon Lane,* Canon Alley, Pater-Noster Row, Holiday Court, Amen Corner, &c. Members of the cathedral establishment still have abodes in some of these places, particularly in Amen Corner, which is inclosed with gates, and appropriated to the houses of prebendaries and canons. Close to Sermon Lane is Do-little Lane; a vicinity which must have furnished jokes to the Puritans. Addle Street is an ungrateful corruption of Athelstan Street, so called from one of the most respectable of the Saxon kings, who had a palace in it.

We have omitted to notice a curious passage in Swift, in which he abuses himself for going to the top of St. Paul's. "To day," says he, writing to Stella, "I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with Sir Andrew Fountain, and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner, like a puppy." "This," adds the doctor, "is the second time he has served me so: but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me, unconsidering puppies!†" The being forced by richer people than one's self to spend money at a tavern, might reasonably be lamented; but from the top of St. Paul's, Swift beheld a spectacle, which surely was not unworthy of his attention; perhaps it affected him too much. The author of Gulliver might have taken from it his notions of little bustling human-kind.

Dr. Johnson frequently attended public worship

* Unless, indeed, we are to suppose, as has been suggested, that *Sermon Lane* is a corruption of *Sheremontiers Lane*, that is the lane of the money clippers, or such as cut and rounded the metal which was to be coined or stamped into money. There was anciently a place in this lane for melting silver, called the *Blackfist*—and the Mint was in the street now called Old Change, in the immediate neighbourhood. See *Maitland*, ii. 680 (Edit. of 1746).

† *Letters to Stella*. in the duodecimo edition of his works, 776. Letter vi. p. 43.

in St. Paul's. Very different must his look have been, in turning into the chancel, from the threatening and trampling aspect they have given him in his statue. We do not quarrel with this aspect; there is a great deal of character in it. But the contrast, considering the place, is curious. A little before his death, when bodily decay made him less patient than ever of contradiction, he instituted a club at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard. "He told Mr. Hook," says Boswell, "that he wished to have a *City Club*, and asked him to collect one; but, said he, don't let them be patriots."* (This was an allusion to the friends of his acquaintance, Wilkes). Boswell accompanied him one day to the club, and found the members "very sensible, well-behaved men:" that is to say, Hook had collected a body of decent listeners. This, however, is melancholy. In the next chapter we shall see Johnson in all his glory.

St. Paul's Churchyard appears as if it were only a great commercial thoroughfare, but if all the clergy could be seen at once, who have abodes in the neighbourhood, they would be found to constitute a numerous body. If to the sable coats of these gentlemen, be added those of the practisers of the civil law, who were formerly allied to them, and who live in Doctor's Commons, the churchyard increases the clerical part of its aspect. It resumes, to the imagination, something of the learned and collegiate look it had of old. Paternoster Row is said to have been so called on account of the number of Stationers or Text-writers that dwelt there, who dealt much in religious books, and sold horn-books or A B C's, with the Paternoster, Ave-Maria, Creed, Graces, &c. And so of the other places above-named. But it is more likely that this particular street (as, indeed, we are told also) was named from the rosary or paternoster-makers; for so they were called; as appears by a record of "one Robert Nikke, a paternoster-maker and citizen, in the reign of Henry the Fourth."

It is curious to reflect what a change has taken place in this celebrated *book street*, since nothing was sold there but rosaries. It is but rarely the word Paternoster-Row strikes us as having a reference to the Latin prayer. We think of booksellers' shops, and of all the learning and knowledge they have sent forth. The books of Luther, which Henry the Eighth burnt in the neighbouring churchyard, were turned into millions of volumes, (partly by reason of that burning,) and have put an end to their predecessors for ever.

Paternoster-Row, however, has not been exclusively in possession of the booksellers, since it lost its original tenants, the rosary-makers. Indeed it would appear to have been only in comparatively recent time, that the booksellers fixed themselves there. They had for a long while been established in St. Paul's Churchyard, but scarcely in the Row, till after the commencement of the last century. "This street," says Maitland, writing in 1720, "before the fire of London, was taken up by eminent mercers, silkmen, and lacemen; and their shops were so resorted unto by the nobility and gentry, in their coaches, that oftentimes the street was so stopped up, that there was no passage for foot passengers. But since the said fire, those eminent tradesmen have settled themselves in several other parts; especially in Ludgate Street, and in Bedford Street, Henrietta Street, and King Street, Covent Garden. And the inhabitants in this street are now a mixture of tradespeople, such as tire-women, or milliners, for the sale of top-knots, and the like dressings for the females." In a subsequent edition of his history, published in 1755; it is added, "There are now many shops of mercers, silkmen, eminent printers, booksellers, and publishers."† The most easterly of the narrow and partly covered passages between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row, is that called Panyer's Alley, remarkable for a stone built into the wall of one of the houses on the east side, supporting the figures of a panner or wicker basket, surmounted by a boy, and exhibiting the following inscription:—

"When you have sought the city round,
Yet still this is the highest ground."

We cannot say if absolute faith is to be put in this asseveration; but it is possible. It has been said, that the top of St. Paul's is on a level with that of Hampstead.

We look back a moment between Paternoster Row and the churchyard, to observe, that the only memorial remaining of the residence of the Bishop of London, is a tablet in London-House Yard, let into the wall of the public house called the Goose and Gridiron. The Goose and Gridiron is said by tradition to have been what was called in the last century a "music house;" that is to say, a place of entertainment with music. When it ceased to be musical, a landlord, in ridicule of its former pretensions, chose for his sign "a goose stroking the bars of a gridiron with his foot," and called it the Swan and Harp.‡

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, eighth edition, vol. iv. p. 93.

† *History of London*, ii. 925.

‡ *The Tatler*. With notes historical, biographical, and critical. 8vo., 1797. Vol. iv. p. 206.

Between Amen Corner, and Ludgate Street, at the end of a passage from Ave-Maria Lane, "stood" a great house of stone and wood, belonging in old time to John, Duke of Bretagne, and Earl of Richmond, cotemporary with Edward II. and III. After him it was possessed by the Earls of Pembroke, in the time of Richard II. and Henry IV., and was called Pembroke's Inn, near Ludgate. It then fell into the possession of the title of Abergavenny, and was called Burgavenny House, under which circumstances it remained in the time of Elizabeth. "To finish the anti-climax," says Pennant, "it was finally possessed by the company of Stationers, who rebuilt it of wood, and made it their Hall. It was destroyed by the Great Fire, and was succeeded by the present plain building."* Of the once powerful possessors of the old mansion nothing now is remembered, or cared for; but in the interior of the modern building are to be seen, looking almost as if they were alive, and as if we knew them personally, the immortal faces of Steele and Richardson, Prior in his cap, and Dr. Hoadley, a liberal bishop. There is also Mrs. Richardson, the wife of the novelist, looking as prim and particular as if she had been just chucked under the chin; and Robert Nelson, Esq., supposed author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, and prototype of Sir Charles Grandison, as regular and passionless in his face as if he had been made only to wear his wig. The same is not to be said of the face of Steele, with his black eyes and social aspect; and still less of Richardson, who, instead of being the smooth, satisfied-looking personage he is represented in some engravings of him (which makes his heart-rending romance appear unaccountable and cruel), has a face as uneasy as can well be conceived,—flushed and shattered with emotion. We recognise the sensitive, enduring man, such as he really was,—a heap of bad nerves. It is worth any body's while to go to Stationers' Hall, on purpose to see these portraits. They are not of the first order as portraits, but evident likenesses. Hoadley looks at once jovial and decided, like a good-natured controversialist. Prior is not so pleasant as in his prints; his nose is a little aquiline, instead of turned up; and his features, though delicate, not so liberal. But if he has not the best look of his poetry, he has the worst. He seems as if he had been sitting up all night; his eyelids droop; and his whole face is used with rakery.

It is impossible to see Prior and Steele together, without regretting that they quarrelled: but as they did quarrel, it was fit that Prior should be in the wrong. From a Whig he had become a Tory, and shewed that his change was not quite what it ought to have been, by avoiding the men with whom he had associated, and writing contemptuously of his fellow wits. All the men of letters, whose portraits are in this hall, were, doubtless, intimate with the premises, and partakers of Stationers' dinners. Richardson, was Master of the Company. Morpew, a bookseller in the neighbourhood, was one of the publishers of the *Tatler*; and concerts as well as festive dinners used to take place in the great room, of both of which entertainments Steele was fond. It was here, if we mistake not, that one of the inferior officers of the company, a humourist on sufferance, came in, one day, on his knees, at an anniversary dinner, when Bishop Hoadley was present, in order to drink to the "Glorious Memory."† The company, Steele included, were pretty far gone; Hoadley had remained as long as he well could; and the genuflector was drunk. Steele, seeing the bishop a little disconcerted, whispered him, "Do laugh, my lord; pray laugh:—'tis *humanity* to laugh." The good-natured prelate acquiesced. Next day, Steele sent him a penitential letter, with the following couplet:—

Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.

The most illustrious musical performance that ever took place in the hall, was that of Dryden's Ode. A society for the annual commemoration of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, was instituted in the year 1680, not without an eye perhaps to the religious opinions of the heir presumptive, who was shortly to ascend the throne as James the Second. An ode was written every year for the occasion, and set to music by some eminent composer; and the performance of it was followed by a grand dinner. In 1687, Dryden contributed his first ode, entitled, "A Song for Saint Cecilia's Day," in which there are finer things than in any part of the other, though as a whole it is not so striking. Ten years afterwards it was followed by "Alexander's Feast," the dinner perhaps being a part of the inspiration. Poor Jeremiah Clarke, who shot himself for love, was the composer.‡ This is the ode,

* Pennant's *London*, as above, p. 377.

† Of William III.

‡ The genius of Clarke, which, agreeably to his unhappy end, was tender and melancholy, was unsuited to the livelier intoxication of Dryden's Feast, afterwards gloriously set by Handel. Clarke has been styled the musical Otraw of his time. He was organist at St. Paul's, and shot himself at his house in St. Paul's Churchyard. Mr. John Reading, organist of St. Dunstan's, who was intimately acquainted with him, was going by at the moment the pistol went off, and upon entering the house "found his friend and fellow student in the agonies of

with the composition of which Bolingbroke is said to have found Dryden in a state of emotion one morning, the whole night having been passed, *agitatione deo*, under the fever of inspiration.

From Stationer's Hall once issued all the almanacks that were published, with all the trash and superstition they kept alive. Francis Moore is still among their "living dead men." Francis must now be a posthumous old gentleman, of at least one hundred and forty years of age. The first blunder the writers of these books committed, in their cunning, was the having to do with the state of the weather; their next was to think that the grandmothers of the last century were as immortal as their title-pages, and that nobody was getting wiser than themselves. The mysterious solemnity of their hieroglyphics, bringing heaven and earth together like a vision in the Apocalypse, was imposing to the nurse and the child; and the bashfulness of their bodily sympathies, no less attractive. We remember the astonishment of a worthy seaman, some years ago, at the claim which they had put into the mouth of the sign Virgo. The monopoly is now gone; almanacks have been forced into improvement by emulation; and the Stationers (naturally enough at the moment) are angry about it. This fit of ill humour will pass; and a body of men, interested by their very trade in the progress of liberal knowledge, will by and bye, join the laugh at the tenderness they evinced in behalf of old wives' fables. It is observable, that their friend Bickerstaff (Steele's assumed name in the *Tatler*) was the first to begin the joke against them.

Knight Riders Street (Great and Little) on the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard, is said to have been named from the processions of Knights from the Tower, to their place of tournament in Smithfield. It must have been a round-about way. Probably the name originated in nothing more than a sign, or from some reference to the Herald's College in the neighbourhood. The open space, we may here notice, around the western extremity of the Cathedral was anciently used by the Citizens for assembling together "to make shew of their arms," or to hold what was called among the Scotch "a weapon shaw." A complaint was made by the Lord Mayor and the Ward in the reign of Edward I. against the Dean and Chapter for having inclosed this ground, which they insisted was "the soil and lay-fee of our lord the king," by a mud wall, and covered part of it with buildings.* The houses immediately to the west of Creed Lane and Ave-Maria Lane probably occupy part of the space in question.

Behind Great Knight Rider's Street, is Doctor's Commons, so called from the Doctors of Civil Law, who dine together four days in each term. The Court of Admiralty is also there. The Admiralty judge is preceded by an officer with a silver oar.† There is something pleasing in the parade of a civil officer, thus announced by a symbol representing the regulation of the most turbulent of elements.

The civil and ecclesiastical lawyers, who connect the law with the church, had formerly much more to do than they have at present. The proctors (or attorneys) are said to have been so numerous and so noisy, in the time of Henry VII., that the judge sometimes could not be heard for them. They thrust themselves into causes without the parties' consent, and shouldered the advocates out of their business. The diminution of their body was owing to Crammer. At present, no lawyers of their class are accounted more respectable. It is a pity as much cannot be said of the causes brought into this court. Doctor's Commons are of painful celebrity in the annals of domestic trouble. We have hardly perhaps among us a remnant of greater barbarism, than "an action for damages," whether considered with a view to recompense or prevention. But the question is one of too great delicacy to be discussed in these pages. Doctor's Commons bind, as well as set loose. "Hence originates," says the facetious Mr. Malcolm, "the awful scrap of parchment, bearing the talismanic mark of *John Cantuar* (the Archbishop of Canterbury), which constitutes thousands of benedicts the happiest or most miserable of married men: in short, it is the grand lottery of life, in which, fortunately, there are far more prizes than blanks."‡ The community ought to be thankful to Mr. Malcolm for this last piece of information, as there is a splenetic notion among them to the contrary.

A history deeply interesting to human nature might be drawn up from the documents preserved in this place; for besides cases of personal infidelity, here are to be found others of *infidelity religious*, of blasphemy, simony, &c., together with romantic questions relative to kindred and succession; and here

are deposited those last specimens of human strength or weakness, last wills and testaments, together with cases in which they have been contested. It was these records that furnished us with accounts of the latest days of Milton (see Bunhill Row); and that set the readers of Shakespeare speculating why he should make no mention of his wife, except to leave her his "second best bed." They also perplexed for ever the question as to how he spelt his name, by leaving it doubtful whether he had not written it three different ways in the signatures to one paper. Of the practisers in the civil courts we can call to mind nothing more worthy of recollection than the strange name of one of them, Sir Julius Cæsar (see Great St. Helens, Bishopsgate), and the ruinous volatility of poor Dr. King, the Tory wit, who is conjectured to have been the only civilian that ever went to reside in Ireland, "after having experienced the emoluments of a settlement in Doctor's Commons." The doctor unfortunately practised too much with the bottle, which hindered him from adhering long to anything.

Behind Little Knight Rider's Street, to the east of Doctor's Commons, is the Herald's College. A gorgeous idea of colours falls on the mind in passing it, as from a cathedral window,

"And shielded scutcheons blush with blood of queens and kings."—*Keats*.

The passenger, if he is a reader conversant with old times, thinks also of bannered halls, of processions of chivalry, and of the fields of Cressy and Poitiers, with their vizzed knights, distinguished by their coats and crests; for a coat of arms is nothing but a representation of the knight himself, from whom the bearer is descended. The shield supposes his body; there is the helmet for his head, with the crest upon it; the flourish is his mantle; and he stands upon the ground of his motto, or moral pretension. The supporters, if he is noble, or of a particular class of knighthood, are thought to be the pages that waited upon him, designated by the fantastic dresses of bear, lion, &c., which they sometimes wore. Heraldry is full of colour and imagery, and attracts the fancy like a "book of pictures." The Kings at Arms are romantic personages, really crowned, and have as mystic appellations as the kings of an old tale,—Garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy. Norroy is King of the North, and Clarencieux (a title of Norman origin) of the South. The heralds, Lancaster, Somerset, &c., have simpler names, indicative of the counties over which they preside; but are only less gorgeously dressed than the kings, in emblazonment and satin; and then there are the four pursuivants, Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon, Portcullis, and Blue Mantle, with hues as lively, and appellations as quaint, as the attendants on a fairy court. For gorgeousness of attire, mysteriousness of origin, and in fact for similarity of origin (a knave being a squire), a knave of cards is not unlike a herald. A story is told of an Irish King at Arms*, who, waiting upon the Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to Parliament, and being dressed, as the ceremony required, in his heraldic attire, so mystified the bishop's servant with his appearance, that not knowing what to make of it, and carrying off but a confused notion of his title, he announced him thus: "My lord, here is the King of Trumps."

Mr. Pennant says, that the Herald's College, "is a foundation of great antiquity, in which the records are kept of all the old blood in the kingdom." But this is a mistake. Heraldry, indeed, is of great antiquity, in the sense of messengers of peace and war; but in the modern sense, they are no older than the reign of Edward III., and were not incorporated before that of the usurper Richard. The house which they formerly occupied was a mansion of the Earls of Derby. It was burnt in the Great Fire, and succeeded by the present building, part of which was raised at the expense of some of their officers. As to their keeping records of "all the old blood in the kingdom," they may keep them, or not, as they have the luck to find them; but the blood was old, before they had anything to do with it. Men bore arms and crests, when there were no officers to register them. This, as a writer in the *Censura Literaria* observes, justly diminishes the pretension they set up, that no arms are of authority which have not been registered among their archives. "If this doctrine," says he, "were just, the consequence would be, that arms of comparatively modern invention are of better authority than those which a man and his ancestors have borne from times before the existence of the College of Arms, and for time immemorial, supported by the evidence of ancient seals, funeral monuments, and other authentic documents. Surely this is grossly absurd; and the more absurd, if we consider, that the heralds seem originally not to have been instituted for the manufacturing of armorial ensigns, but for the recording those ensigns, which had been borne by men of honourable lineage, and which might, therefore, be borne by their posterity. Perhaps it would not be too much to presume, that it will be

found, on inquiry, that there are no grants of arms by the English Heralds, of any very high antiquity; and that the most ancient which can be produced, either in the original or in well authenticated copies, are of a date when the general use of seals of arms, circumscribed with the names and titles of the bearers, was wearing away."*

We learn from the same writer, that the value of "a painted shield of parchment" is fifty pounds. Of the spirit in which these things have been done, the reader may judge from a letter written by an applicant to one of the most respectable names in the college list. His object was to get the illegitimate coat of a female friend of his, changed to one by which it was to appear she was not illegitimate. He offers five pounds for it; and adds, that there is another friend of his, "an Alderman's son, in Chester, whose great-grandfather was baseborn, whom I have bine treating with sev'all tymes about the alteration of his coat, telling him for 10^l and not under, it may be accomplished; five he is willing to give, but not above; if you please to accept of that sume, you may writt me a line or two. I desire that you will send the scroll down again, as soon as you can.†"

The truth is, that except as far as their records go, and as they can be turned to account in questions of kindred and inheritance, the heralds are of no importance in modern times. Nor have they anything to do with the spirit and first principles of the devices, of which they assume the direction. We think it is worth notice, because heraldry itself, or at least the discussion of coats of arms, of which most people are observed to be fonder than they choose to confess, might be reconciled to the progress of knowledge, or made, at any rate, the ground of a pleasing and not ungraceful novelty. To a coat of arms, no man, literally speaking, has pretensions, who is not the representative of somebody that bore arms in the old English wars; but when the necessity for military virtue decreased, arms gave way to the gown; and shields had honourable, but fantastic augmentations, for the peaceful triumphs of lawyers and statesmen. Meanwhile, commerce was on the increase, and there came up a new power in the shape of pounds, shillings and pence, which was to be represented also by its coat of arms; how absurdly, need not be added; though the individuals, who got their lions and their shields behind the counter, were often excellent men, who might have cut as great a figure in battle as the best, had they lived in other times. At length, not to have a military coat was to be no gentleman; and then the heralds fairly sold achievements at so much the head. They received their fees, put on their spectacles, turned over their books like an astrologer, and found that you were deserving of a bear's paw, or might clap three puppies on your coach. "Congreve," says Swift, in one of his letters to Stella, "gave me a *Tatler* he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. 'Tis about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a coat of arms at the herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet Ditch."‡ And this is the case at present. Numbers of persons do not, however, stand on this ceremony with the heralds. Many are content to receive their exploits at half-a-guinea the set, from pretenders who undertake to "procure arms;" and many more assume the arms nearest to their name and family, or invent them at once; naturally enough concluding, that they might as well achieve their own glories, as buy them of an old gentleman or a pedlar.

Now arms were not originally given; they were assumed. Men in battle, when armies fought pell-mell, and bodily prowess was more in request than it is now, wished to have their persons distinguished; and accordingly they put a device on their shield, or some towering symbol on their helmet. This at once served to mark out the bearer, and to express the particular sentiment or alliance, upon which he was to be understood as priding himself. The real spirit of heraldry consisted therefore, and must always consist, in distinguishing one person from another, and in expressing his individual sentiments; and as the adoption of some device is both an elegant exercise of the fancy, and acts as a kind of memento to the conscience, tending to keep us to what we profess, people who have no certain arms of their own, or who do not care for them if they have, might not ungracefully, or even uselessly entertain themselves, with doing, in their own persons, what the old assumers of arms did in theirs; that is to say, invent their own distinctions. The emblazonment might amuse their fancies, and be put in books, or elsewhere, like other coats of arms; and a little difference in the mode of it could easily set aside the pretensions of the heralds to interfere. People might thus express their views in life, or their particular tastes and opinions; and the "science of heraldry," which has been so much laughed at, not always with justice, be made to accord with the progress of knowledge,—or, at all events, with the entertaining part of it.

* *Censura Literaria*, vol. III. p. 254.

† *Life, Diary, and Correspondence of Sir William Dugdale*, by Hamper. Lond. 1827. Our memorandum has omitted the page. The letter was written to Dugdale by Randall Holme, a brother herald.

‡ Letter xvi. p. 109. in the duodecimo edition, as above.

death." Another friend of his, one of the lay vicars of the cathedral, relates of him, that a few weeks before the catastrophe, Clarke had alighted from his horse in a sequestered spot in the country, where there was a pond surrounded by trees, and not knowing whether to hang or drown himself, tossed up a piece of money to see which. The money stuck in the earth edgeways. Of this new chance for life, poor Clarke, we see, was unable to avail himself.

* See *Mailand*, li. 949.

† Whenever a custom is mentioned in this work, as actually existing, the fact has been ascertained.

‡ *Londonium Redivivum*, vol. II. p. 473.

* On the authority of Langton, Johnson's friend. See *Memoirs, Anecdotes, &c.*, by Letitia Matilda Hawkins, vol. I. p. 293.

cans, in which parliaments were sometimes held. The Emperor Charles V. was lodged in it when he visited Henry VIII. in 1522; and in a hall of the same building seven years after, the cause was tried between Henry and his Queen Catherine. Shakespeare has given us the opening scene. In Elizabeth's time, the desecrated tenements and neighbourhood of Blackfriars became the resort of the world of fashion, — a court end of the city; and close at hand, most probably on the spot retaining the name of *Play-house Yard*, was the famous *Theatre in Blackfriars*, where Shakespeare's, Ben Jonson's, and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays were performed, and where many of them came out. It was what they called at that time a "private" theatre, the peculiarity of which is not exactly understood. All that is known of it is, that it was smaller than the public ones; but it was open to public admission. Perhaps a private theatre meant a theatre more select than the others, and frequented by politer company; for such, at all events, the present one appears to have been. It is conjectured also to have been a winter theatre, and its performances took place by candle-light. The gallants and ladies of the courts of Elizabeth and James took their dinner at noon, and after riding or lute-playing till evening, went to their snug little theatre in the neighbourhood, to laugh or weep over the divine fancies of Shakespeare. Shakespeare himself must often have been on the spot; a certainty, which an intellectual inhabitant will be glad to possess. The theatre, at one time, was partly his property.

A part of the monastery of the Blackfriars was, in 1623, the scene of a frightful accident, which made a great noise at the time. Mr. Malcolm has enumerated several of the publications recording it; and from these it appears, that on Sunday, the 5th of November in that year, a congregation of about three hundred individuals had assembled in a small gallery over the gateway of the lodgings of the French Ambassador in this building, in order to hear a sermon from a Jesuit named Father Drury, who enjoyed considerable reputation as a popular preacher. Under the floor of the chamber where they were assembled was an empty apartment, and under that another, making together a height of twenty-two feet from the ground, and the floor itself, as it afterwards turned out, was mainly supported by a single beam, which in the centre was not more than three inches thick. The people had been in their seats for about half-an-hour, when this beam suddenly gave way, and the whole of them were instantly precipitated, mixed with the timber, plaster, and rubbish of the floors, into the vacant depth below. Drury and another priest, named Redgate, were both killed, as were also a Lady Webbe, and the daughter of a Lady Blackstone, together with, it is supposed, between ninety and a hundred persons. Many more were seriously injured. "Several people," says Mr. Malcolm, "escaped in a very extraordinary manner, particularly Mrs. Lucy Penruddock, who was preserved by a chair falling hollow over her; and a young man, who lay on the floor, overwhelmed by people and rubbish, yet untouched by them, through the resting of fragments on each other, and thus leaving a space round him. In this horrible situation he had the presence of mind to force his way through a piece of the ceiling, and he shortly after had the indescribable happiness of assisting in the liberation of others."* There were many persons, it would appear, foolish and wicked enough to represent this calamity as a token of the displeasure of heaven against the Roman Catholic faith; and the pamphlets noticed by Mr. Malcolm, are some of those that were published by the parties in a violent controversy which raged for some time on the subject. The day on which this accident happened was long popularly remembered under the name of the *Fatal Vespers*, and the circumstance that it was also the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, was not forgotten by the judgment-mongers. Most of the bodies of those who were killed on this occasion, were buried without either the ceremony of a funeral service, or the decency of a coffin or a winding-sheet, in two large pits or trenches, dug, the one in the court before, and the other in the garden behind the house in which the accident had taken place.

Printing-house Square, close to Playhouse-yard, marks out the site of the ancient King's *Printing-House*, whence bibles, prayer-books, and proclamations were issued. It was rebuilt in the middle of the last century, and became, according to Maitland, "the completest printing-house in the world." The king's printer now lives elsewhere; but in the same spot is a house, which may be called the world's printing-house, seeing the enormous multitude of newspapers which the mighty giant of steam daily throws forth out of his iron lap, full of interest to all quarters of the globe. We allude to the *Times* newspaper. There is no knowing, in this and other instances, what bounds to put to human expectation, when mechanical and intellectual force are thus joined in a common object.

On the other side of the way in Bridge Street, stood and stands now, though hidden by the new houses, and much altered, the former palace of Bride-

well, now well known as a house of industry and correction. In ancient times the king used frequently to reside here—and when such was the case the courts of law sometimes attended him. The building having fallen into decay, was restored about the year 1522, by Henry VIII.—and here the attendants of the Emperor Charles V. were lodged while he himself occupied the Blackfriars, a communication being formed between the two palaces by a gallery carried over the Fleet ditch, and through the old city wall. Both Henry and Catherine, also, were lodged here while the cause between them, was proceeding at Blackfriars. In 1553 Edward VI. granted this palace, on the solicitation of Bishop Ridley, for the purposes to which it has been since applied; an act of benevolence which was recorded, with more precision than elegance, in the following lines under a portrait of his majesty that used to hang near the pulpit in the old chapel:

"This Edward of fair memory the sixth,
In whom with greatness, goodness was commixt,
Gave this Bridewell, a Palace in old times,
For a chastising house of vagrant crimes."

Bridewell having been burnt down in the great fire was rebuilt immediately after that calamity—and it has since been frequently repaired and partially renovated. Henry the Eighth, ("sturdy rogue!") would have been a fit personage to lodge into it still though under somewhat different circumstances.

One of the steep and gloomy descents from Thames Street still preserves the name of Castle Street, and immediately to the west of this stood in ancient times, on the banks of the river, a large building called Baynard's Castle. Baynard, by whom it was originally erected in the eleventh century, was one of the Conqueror's Norman followers. His descendant, William Baynard, however, soon after the commencement of the next century, forfeited his inheritance to the crown, by which it was bestowed upon the family of Clare. The representative of this family, and the possessor of Baynard's Castle, in the reign of King John, was the Baron Robert Fitzwalter, a portion of whose history, as related by some of our old chroniclers, gives an interest to the spot. Among the beauties of the time, one of the fairest was Matilda, the daughter of Fitzwalter. The licentious monarch, who may probably have seen her at some high festival held in this very castle, was smitten, after his fashion, by her charms; but his suit was rejected with indignation both by herself and her father. His "love" now turned into hatred and thirst of revenge; he soon after resorted to open force, and having first driven Fitzwalter to seek refuge in France, easily got the unhappy girl into his custody, and, if we are to believe the story, despatched her by poison. He at the same time ordered Castle Baynard to be demolished. The next year the armies of the English and French kings lay encamped during a truce on the opposite sides of a river in France, when an English knight, impatient, as it would seem, of the bloodless inactivity that prevailed, thought fit to challenge any one of the enemy who chose to come forth and break a lance with him. It was not long before a champion appeared making his way across the water, who, unattended as he was, had no sooner reached the land than he mounted a horse and rode up to meet his challenger. The duel took place in the sight of King John and his troops, but it did not last long; for both the English knight and his horse were thrown to the ground by the first thrust of his antagonist's spear, which was also broken to shivers in the shock. "By God's troth," exclaimed John, as he beheld this heroic exploit, "he were a king indeed who had such a knight." The words were caught by some of the bystanders, who had observed more narrowly than the monarch the figure of the unknown victor, and who suspected him to be no other than their old acquaintance the Baron Fitzwalter. It was in fact no other. The next day, the praise which the king had bestowed upon his prowess being reported to him, he returned to the English camp, and throwing himself at the feet of his sovereign, was re-admitted to favour and restored to all his former possessions and honours. We may observe, however, that this narrative is scarcely detailed with sufficient precision to entitle it to be received as a piece of authentic history, and that especially it does not seem to be very easy to reconcile some parts of it as commonly given with the ascertained dates and course of the events of King John's reign. This Robert Fitzwalter is placed by Matthew Paris at the head of his list of the Barons, who, in 1215, came armed in a body to the King at the Temple, and made those demands which led to the concession of the Great Charter at Runnymede. Indeed in the short military contest which preceded the King's submission, Fitzwalter was appointed by his brother barons the commander-in-chief of their forces, and dignified in that capacity with the title of *Marshal of the Army of God and of Holy Church*. On his return to England he is said to have rebuilt or repaired his castle in London which the King had thrown down, and the edifice continued for a long time to be the principal fortress within the city. The family of Fitzwalter in consequence of their possession of Baynard Castle held the office of *Chastillans* and *Bannerets*, or *Banner-bearers*, of London,—and the

reader who is curious upon such matters may consult Stow, or those who have copied him, for an account of the rights, services, and ceremonial customs appertaining to that dignity. The punishment of a person found guilty of treason within the banneret's jurisdiction is worth noticing: he was to be tied to a post in the Thames at one of the wharfs, and left there for two ebbs and two flowings of the tide. After this, there was certainly little chance of his committing any more treason.

It is not known how Baynard's Castle, and the privileges belonging to the lordship, got out of the hands of this family; but in 1428, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, the building having been burned down, is stated to have been restored by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. After the duke's death it came once more into the possession of the crown; and here it was that the great council assembled in the beginning of March, 1461, which proclaimed the Earl of March king by the title of Edward IV. It was here also, twenty-two years after, that the solemn farce was enacted in which Richard III. assumed the royal dignity on the invitation of Buckingham and in obedience to the pretended wishes of the citizens. Shakespeare has given this scene with an exact conformity, in all the matters of fact, to the narratives of the old chroniclers, the crafty Protector, it will be remembered, being made to present himself in the gallery above, supported by a bishop on each side, while Buckingham, the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Citizens, occupy the court of the castle below. Baynard's Castle was once more rebuilt in 1487, by Henry VII. with a view to its answering better the purpose of a royal palace; and the king occasionally lodged there. Some time after this we find the place in possession of the Earls of Pembroke, who made it their common residence; and it was here that the Earl of that name, on the 19th of July, 1553, about a fortnight after the death of Edward VI., assembled the council of the nobility and clergy at which the determination was taken, on the motion of Lord Arundel, to abandon the cause of Lady Jane Grey, and to proclaim Queen Mary, which accordingly was instantly done in different parts of the city. This is supposed to have been the building which was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. It is represented in an old print of London as a square pile surrounding a court, and surmounted with numerous towers. A large gateway in the middle of the south side led to the river by a bridge of two arches and stairs. This ancient fortress was never rebuilt after the fire; and its site has been since occupied by wharfs, timber-yards, workshops, and common dwelling-houses. The ward, however, in which it was situated, and which embraces also St. Paul's Churchyard, and nearly all the localities we have as yet noticed, still retains the name of the Ward of Baynard's Castle.

Upon Paul's Wharf Hill, to the north east of Baynard's Castle, were a number of houses within a great gate, which are said by Maitland to have been designated in their leases granted by the Dean and Chapter as the *Camera Diana*, or Diana's Chamber, and to have been so denominated from a spacious building in the form of a labyrinth constructed here by Henry II. for the concealment of the fair Rosamond Clifford. We need scarcely say that this tradition has all the air of a fable. The author we have just named, however, assures us that "for a long time there remained some evident testifications of tedious turnings and windings, as also of a passage under ground from his house to Castle Baynard; which was no doubt the King's way from thence to the *Camera Diana*, or the chamber of his "brightest Diana." What the "testifications" in question may really have amounted to we cannot pretend to say; but Diana, not being a family name, as in the case of another royal favourite, Diana of Poitiers, seems a strange one to have been given to the lady already christened by so poetical an appellation as Rosamond, and so different in her reputation from the chaste goddess. We should, for our parts, rather suppose that the Dean and Chapter had been moved to call the place *Diana's Chamber* by some tradition, or a conceit of their own, connecting it with the temple of that goddess, said to have formerly stood on the site of the neighbouring cathedral; or, if the name was really a very ancient one, and in popular use, it may perhaps be taken as lending some slight confirmation to the notion of the actual existence of that heathen edifice, and may "help," as Iago phrases it, "to thicken other proofs, that also demonstrate thinly." Inigo Jones, by the bye, is said by Lord Orford, to be buried in the church of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf, which stands immediately to the south of the spot where we now are, at the corner formed by the meeting of Thames Street and St. Bennet's Hill.

Another building which formerly existed in this neighbourhood, was the Royal Wardrobe. It occupied the site of the present Wardrobe Court, immediately to the north of the church of St. Andrew's—and gave to the parish the name of St. Andrew's Wardrobe, by which it is still known. This building was erected about the middle of the 14th century, by Sir John Beauchamp, Knight of the Garter, a son

* *Londinium Redivivum*, II. 375.

• *History of London*, II. 900.

of Guido Earl of Warwick, by whose heirs it was sold to Edward III. Mr. Malcolm has printed some extracts from the Manuscript Account Book, since preserved in the Harleian collection, of a keeper of this Wardrobe, from the middle of April to Michaelmas, 1481, (towards the close of the reign of Edward IV.) which are interesting and valuable as memorials, both of the prices and of the fashions of that time. During the period, of less than six months, over which the accounts extend, the sum of £1174. 5s. 2d. appears to have been received by the keeper, for the use of his office. Of this the most considerable portion seems to have been expended in the purchase of velvets and silks from Montpellier. The velvets cost from 8s. to 16s. per yard; black cloths of gold 40s.; what is called velvet upon velvet, the same; damask 8s.; satins 6s., 10s., and 12s.; camlets 30s. a piece; and saracnets from 4s. to 4s. 2d. Feather beds, with bolsters, "for our sovereign lord the king," are charged 16s. 8d. each. A pair of shoes of Spanish leather, double soled, and not lined, cost sixteen-pence; a pair of black leather boots 6s. 8d.; hats, a shilling a piece; and ostrich feathers, each 10s. The keeper's salary appears to have been £100. per annum—that of his clerk, a shilling a day; and the wages of the tailors sixpence a day each. The king sometimes lodged at the wardrobe; on one of which occasions the washing of the sheets which had been used, is charged at the rate of three-pence a pair. Candles cost a penny a pound. All the money disbursed by the keeper of the wardrobe, however, was not expended in decorating the persons of his majesty and the royal household. Among other items we find 20s. paid to Piers Bauduyn (or, Peter Baldwin, as we should now call him), stationer, "for binding, gilding, and dressing, of a book called Titus Livius;" for performing the same offices to a Bible, a Froisard, a Holy Trinity, and the Government of Kings and Princes, 16s. each; for three small French books, 6s. 8d.; for the Fortress of Faith, and Josephus, 3s. 4d.; and for what is designated "the Bible Historical," 20s. So that in those days, we see, the binding a book was conceived to be a putting of it into breeches, and the artist employed for that purpose looked upon as a sort of literary tailor.

How impossible it would now be, in a neighbourhood like this, for such nuisances to exist, as a fetid public ditch, and the scouts of degraded clergymen asking people to "walk in and be married!" Yet such was the case a century ago. At the bottom of Ludgate Hill the little river Fleet formerly ran, and was rendered navigable. In Fleet market is Sea-coal Lane, so called from the barges that landed coal there; and Turn-again Lane, at the bottom of which the unadvised passenger found himself compelled by the water to retrace his steps. The water gradually got clogged and foul; and the channel was built over, and made a street, as we have noticed in our introduction. But even in the time we speak of, this had not been entirely done. The ditch was open from Fleet Market to the river, occupying the site of the modern Bridge Street; and in the market, before the door of the Fleet prison, men plied in behalf of a clergyman, literally inviting people to walk in and be married. They performed the ceremony inside the prison, to sailors and others, for what they could get. It was the most squalid of Gretnas, bearding the decency and common sense of a whole metropolis. The parties retired to a gin-shop to treat the clergyman, and there, and in similar houses, the register was kept of the marriages. Not far from the Fleet is Newgate; so that the victims had their succession of nooses prepared, in case, as no doubt it often happened, one tie should be followed by the others. Pennant speaks of this nuisance from personal knowledge. "In walking along the streets in my youth," he tells us, "on the side next this prison, I have often been tempted by the question, *Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?* Along this most lawless space was frequently hung up the sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with *Marriages performed within*, written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco. Our great chancellor, Lord Hardwick, put these demons to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by these extemporary thoughtless unions."

This extraordinary disgrace to the city, which arose most likely from the permission to marry prisoners, and one great secret of which was the advantage taken of it by wretched women to get rid of their debts, was maintained by a collusion between the warden of the Fleet and the disreputable clergymen he became acquainted with. "To such an extent," says Malcolm, "were the proceedings carried, that twenty and thirty couples were joined in one day, at from ten to twenty shillings each;" and "between the 19th Oct. 1704, and the 12th Feb. 1705, 2,954 marriages were celebrated (by evidence), besides others known to have been omitted. To these neither license nor certificate of banns were required, and they concealed by private marks the names of

those who chose to pay them for it."* The neighbourhood at length complained; and the abuse was put an end to by the marriage act, to which it gave rise.

Ludgate and Fleet ditch are among the scenes of the Dunciad. It is near Bridewell, on the site of the modern Bridge Street, that the venal and scurrilous heroes of that poem emulate one another, at the call of Dullness, in seeing who can plunge deepest into the mud and dirt.

"This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning prayer and flagellation end*)
To where Fleet ditch, with disembodying streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames;
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
Here strip, my children! here at once leap in;
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin;
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
And dark dexterity of groping well!"†

This part of the games being over,

"Through Lud's famed gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshadows the street;
Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fences whiten all the ways:
So clouds replenished from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow."

The "well-known Fleet" is the prison just mentioned, the side of which appears to have been visible at that time in Ludgate-hill, and where it was a joke (too often founded in truth) to suppose authors incarcerated.

"Few sons of Phœbus in the courts we meet;
But fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet,"

says a prologue of Sheridan's. The Fleet having "rules," like the King's Bench, authors were found in the neighbourhood also. Arthur Murphy, provoked by the attacks of Churchill and Lloyd, describes them as among the poor hacks.

"On Ludgate hill who bloody murders write,
Or pass in Fleet Street supperless the night."

Booksellers' shops were then common as now in Fleet Street and the Strand, in Paternoster Row and Saint Paul's Churchyard. This is pleasant to think of; for change is not desirable without improvement. One feels gratified, where difference is not demanded of us, in being able to have the same association of ideas with such men as Pope and Dryden, even if it be upon no higher ground than the quantity of books in Paternoster Row, or that Ludgate Hill still leads into Fleet Street.

CHAPTER III.

FLEET STREET.

CONTENTS:

Burning of the Pope.—St. Bride's steeple.—Milton.—Illuminated clock.—Melancholy end of Lovelace, the cavalier.—Chatterton.—Generosity of Hardham, of snuff celebrity.—Theatre in Dorset Garden.—Richardson, his habits and character.—White friars, or Alsatia.—Admirable living description of its old state from Sir Walter Scott.—The Temple.—Its monuments, garden, &c.—Eminent names connected with it.—Goldsmith dies there.—Boswell's first visit there to Johnson.—Johnson and Madame de Boufflers.—Bernard Lintot.—Ben Jonson's Devil Tavern.—Other Coffee-houses and shops.—Goldsmith and Temple-bar.—Shire Lane, Bickerstaff, and the deputation from the country.—The Kit Kat Club.—Mrs. Salmon.—Isaac Walton.—Cowley.—Chancery Lane, Lord Strafford and Ben Jonson.—Sergeant's Inn.—Clifford's Inn.—The Rolls.—Sir Joseph Jekyll.—Church of St. Dunstan in the West.—Dryden's house in Fetter Lane.—Johnson, the Genius Loci of Fleet Street.—His way of life.—His residence in Gough Square, Johnson's Court, and Bolt Court.—Various anecdotes of him connected with Fleet Street, and with his favourite tavern, the Mitre.

We are now in Fleet Street, and pleasant memories thicken upon us. To the left is the renowned realm of Alsatia, the Temple, the Mitre, and the abode of Richardson: to the right, divers abodes of Johnson; Chancery Lane, with Cowley's birth-place at the corner; Fetter Lane, where Dryden once lived; and Shire or Sheer Lane, immortal for the *Tatler*.

Fleet Street was, for a good period, perhaps for a longer one than can now be ascertained, the great place for shows and spectacles. Wild beasts, monsters, and other marvels, used to be exhibited there, as the wax-work is now; and here took place the famous ceremony of burning the Pope, with its long procession, and bigoted anti-bigotries. However, the lesser bigotry was useful, at that time, in keeping

out the greater. Roger North has left us a lively account of one of these processions, in his *Examen*. It took place towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second, when just fears were entertained of his successor's design to bring in Popery. The day of the ceremony was the birth-day of Queen Elizabeth, the 17th March.

"When we had posted 'ourselves,' says North, 'at windows, expecting the play to begin' (he had taken his stand in the Green Dragon Tavern), 'it was very dark; but we could perceive the street to fill, and the hum o' the crowd grew louder and louder; and at length, with help of some lights below, we could discern, not only upwards towards the bar, where the aquib-war was maintained, but downwards towards Fleet Bridge, the whole street was crowded with people, which made that which followed seem very strange; for, about eight at night, we heard a din from below, which came up the street, continually increasing, till we could perceive a motion; and that was a row of stout fellows, that came, shouldered together, cross the street, from wall to wall, on each side. How the people melted away, I cannot tell; but it was plain those fellows made clear board, as if they had swept the street for what was to come after. They went along like a wave; and it was wonderful to see how the crowd made way: I suppose the good people were willing to give obedience to lawful authority. Behind this wave (which, as all the rest, had many lights attending), there was a vacancy, but it filled apace, till another like wave came up; and so four or five of these waves passed, one after another; and then we discerned more numerous lights, and throats were opened with hoarse and tremendous noise; and with that advanced a pageant, borne along above the heads of the crowd, and upon it sat an huge Pope, *in pontificalibus*, in his chair, with a seasonable attendance for state; but his premier minister, that shared most of his ear, was Il Signior Diavolo, a nimble little fellow, in a proper dress, that had a strange dexterity in climbing and winding about the chair, from one of the Pope's ears to the other.

"The next pageant was a parcel of Jesuits; and after that (for there was always a decent space between them) came another, with some ordinary persons with halters, as I took it, about their necks; and one, with a stenterophonic tube, sounded, 'Abhorrrers! Abhorrrers!' most infernally; and, lastly, came one, with a single person upon it, which, some said, was the pamphleteer, Sir Roger L'Estrange, some the King of France, some the Duke of York; but, certainly, it was a very complaisant, civil gentleman, like the former, that was doing what every body pleased to have him; and taking all in good part, went on his way to the fire."—The description concludes with a brief mention of burning the effigies, which, on these occasions, appear to have been of pasteboard.*

One of the great figures in this ceremony was the doleful image of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, a magistrate supposed to have been killed by the papists during the question of the Plot. Dryden has a fine contemptuous couplet upon it, in one of his prologues:—

"Sir Edmondbury first, in woful wise,
Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes."

We will begin with the left side, as we are there already; and first let us express our thanks for the neat opening by which St. Bride's church has been rendered an ornament to this populous thoroughfare. The steeple is one of the most beautiful of Wren's productions, though diminished in consequence of its having been found to be too severely tried by the wind. But a beam now comes out of this opening as we pass the street, better even than that of the illuminated clock at night time; for there, in a lodging in the churchyard, lived Milton, at the time that he undertook the education of his sister's children. He was then young and unmarried. He is said to have rendered his young scholars in the course of a year, able to read Latin at sight, though they were but nine and ten years of age. As to the clock, which serves to remind the jovial that they ought to be at home, we are loth to object to any thing useful; and in fact we admit its pretensions; and yet, as there is a time for all things, there would seem to be a time for time itself; and we doubt whether those who do not care to ascertain the hour beforehand, will derive much benefit from this glaring piece of advice.

"At the west end of St. Bride's church," according to Wood, was buried Richard Lovelace, Esq., one of the most elegant of the cavaliers of Charles the First, and author of the exquisite ballad beginning,

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;

* The whipping of the criminals in Bridewell took place after the church service.

† *Dunciad*, book ii. v. 269.

* See Walter Scott's edition of Dryden, vol. x. p. 873. "Abhorrrers," were addressors on the side of the court, who had avowed "abhorrence" of the proceedings of the Whigs. The word was a capital one to sound through a trumpet.

When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered in her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

This accomplished man, who is said by Wood to have been in his youth "the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld," and who was lamented by Charles Cotton as an epitome of manly virtue, died at a poor lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, an object of charity.* He had been imprisoned by the Parliament and lived during his imprisonment beyond his income. Wood thinks that he did so in order to support the royal cause, and out of generosity to deserving men, and to his brothers. He then went into the service of the French king, returned to England, after being wounded, and was again committed to prison, where he remained till the king's death, when he was set at liberty "Having then," says his biographer, "consumed all his estate, he grew very melancholy, (which brought him at length into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, and was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, (whereas, when he was in his glory, he wore cloth of gold and silver,) and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants, &c."† "Geo. Petty, haberdasher in Fleet street," says Aubrey, "carried 20 shillings to him every Monday Morning from Sir Many, and Charles Cotton, Esq., for months: but was never repaid." As if it was their intention he should be! Poor Cotton, in the excess of his relish of life, lived himself to be in want; perhaps wanted the ten shillings that he sent. The mistress of Lovelace is reported to have married another man, supposing him to have died of his wounds in France. Perhaps this helped to make him careless of his fortune: but it is probable that his habits were naturally shrewd and expensive. Aubrey says he was proud. He was accounted a sort of minor Sir Philip Sydney. We speak the more of him, not only on account of his poetry, (which, for the most part, displays much fancy, injured by want of selectness,) but because his connexion with the neighbourhood probably suggested to Richardson the name of his hero in *Clarissa*. Grandison is another cavalier name in the history of those times. It was the title of the Duchess of Cleveland's father. Richardson himself was buried in St. Bride's. He was laid, according to his wish, with his first wife, in the middle aisle, near the pulpit. Where he lived, we shall see presently.

Not far from Gunpowder Alley, in the burying ground of the workhouse in Shoe Lane, lies a greater and more unfortunate name than Lovelace,—Chatterton. But we shall say more of him when we come to Brook Street, Holborn. We have been perplexed to decide, whether to say all we have got to say upon anybody, when we come to the first place with which he is connected, or divide our memorials of him according to the several places. Circumstances will guide us; but upon the whole it seems best to let the places themselves decide. If the spot is rendered particularly interesting by the division, we may act accordingly, as in the present instance. If not, all the anecdotes may be given at once.

On the same side of the way as Shoe Lane, but nearer Fleet Market, was Hardham's, a celebrated snuff shop, the founder of which deserves mention for a very delicate generosity. He was numberer at Drury Lane Theatre, that is to say, the person who counted the number of people in the house, from a hole over the top of the stage; a practice now discontinued. Whether this employment led him to number snuffs, as well as men, we cannot say, but he was the first who gave them their distinctions that way. Lovers of

The pungent grains of titillating dust

are indebted to him for the famous compound entitled "37." Being passionately fond of theatrical entertainments, he was seldom," says his biographer, "without embryo Richards and Hotspurs strutting and bellowing in his dining-room, or in the parlour behind his shop. The latter of these apartments was adorned with heads of most of the persons celebrated for dramatic excellence; and to these he frequently referred, in the course of his instructions.

"There is one circumstance, however, in his private character," continues our authority, "which deserves a more honourable rescue from oblivion. His charity was extensive in an uncommon degree, and was conveyed to many of its objects in the most

delicate manner. On account of his known integrity (for he once failed in business, more creditably than he could have made a fortune by it), he was often entrusted with the care of paying little annual stipends to unfortunate women, and others who were in equal want of relief; and he has been known, with a generosity almost unexampled, to continue these annuities, long after the sources of them had been stopped by the deaths or caprices of the persons who at first supplied them. At the same time he persuaded the receivers that their money was remitted to them as usual, through its former channel. Indeed his purse was never shut even to those who were casually recommended by his common acquaintance."‡ Mr. Hardham died in 1772; and by his will bequeathed the interest of £20,000 to a female acquaintance, and at her decease the principal, &c., to the poor of his native city, Chichester.

Returning over the way we come to Dorset Street, and Salisbury Court, names originating in a palace of the Bishop of Salisbury, which he parted with to the Sackvilles. Clarendon lived in it a short time after the Restoration. At the bottom of Salisbury Court, facing the river, was the celebrated play-house, one of the earliest in which theatrical entertainments were resumed at that period. The first mention we find of it is in the following curious memorandum in the manuscript book of Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels to King Charles the First. "I committed Cromes, a broker in Longe Lane, the 16th of Febr. 1634, to the Marsalsey, for lending a church robe with the name of *Jesus* upon it to the players in Salisbury Court, to present a Flamen, a priest of the heathens. Upon his petition of submission, and acknowledgement of his fault, I released him, the 17 Febr. 1634."†

It is not certain, however, whether the old theatre in Salisbury Court, and that in Dorset Garden, were one and the same; though they are conjectured to have been so. The names of both places seem to have been indiscriminately applied. However this may be, the house became famous under the Davenants for the introduction of operas, and of a more splendid exhibition of scenery; but in consequence of the growth of theatres in the more western parts of the town, it was occasionally quitted by the proprietors, and about the beginning of the last century finally abandoned. This theatre was the last to which people went in boats.

In a house, "in the centre of Salisbury Square or Salisbury Court, as it was then called," Richardson spent the greater part of his town life, and wrote his earliest work, *Pamela*. Probably a good part of all his works were composed there, as well as at Fulham, for the pen was never out of his hand. He removed from this house in 1755, after he had written all his works; and taking eight old tenements in the same quarter, pulled them down, and built a large and commodious range of warehouses and printing offices. "The dwelling house," says Mrs. Barbauld, "was neither so large nor so airy as the one he quitted, and therefore the reader will not be so ready, probably, as Mr. Richardson seems to have been, in accusing his wife of perverseness in not liking the new habitation as well as the old."‡ This was the second Mrs. Richardson. He calls her, in other places his "worthy-hearted wife;" but complains that she used to get her way by seeming to submit, and then returning to the point, when his heat of objection was over. She was a formal woman. His own manners were strict and formal with regard to his family, probably because he had formed his notions of life from old books, and also because he did not well know how to begin to do otherwise (for he was naturally bashful), and so the habit continued through life. His daughters addressed him in their letters by the title of "Honoured Sir," and are always designating themselves as "ever dutiful." Sedentary living, eternal writing, and perhaps that indulgence in the table, which, however moderate, affects a sedentary man twenty times as much as an active one, conspired to hurt his temper, (for we may see by his picture that he grew fat, and his philosophy was in no respect as profound as he thought it); but he was a most kind-hearted generous man; kept his pocket full of plums for children, like another Mr. Burchell; gave a great deal of money away in charity, very handsomely too; and was so fond of inviting friends to stay with him, that when they were ill, he and his family must needs have them to be nursed; and several actually died at his house at Fulham, as at a hospital for sick friends.

It is a fact not generally known (none of his biographers seem to have known it) that Richardson, who was the son of a joiner, received what education he had (which was very little, and did not go beyond English), at Christ-Hospital. § It may be wondered

* Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*. Reed's edition, 1792, vol. i. p. 207.

† Malone in the *Prolegomena* to Shakspeare, as above, vol. iii. p. 287.

‡ *Correspondence of Samuel Richardson, &c.*, by Anna Letitia Barbauld, vol. i. p. 97.

§ Our authority (one of the highest in this way) is Mr. Nichols, in his *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iv. p. 879.

how he could come no better taught from a school, which had sent forth so many good scholars; but in his time, and indeed till very lately, that foundation was divided into several schools, none of which partook of the lessons of the others; and Richardson, agreeably to his father's intention of bringing him up to trade, was most probably confined to the writing-school, where all that was taught was writing and arithmetic. It was most likely here that he intimated his future career, first by writing a letter, at eleven years of age, to a censorious woman of fifty, who pretended a zeal for religion; and afterwards, at thirteen, by composing love-letters to their sweethearts for three young women in the neighbourhood, who made him their confidant. To these and others he also used to read books, their mothers being of the party; and they encouraged him to make remarks; which is exactly the sort of life he led with Mrs. Chapone, Miss Fielding, and others, when in the height of his celebrity. "One of the young women," he informs us, "highly gratified with her lover's fervour, and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction, 'I cannot tell you what to write, but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly;' all her fear was only that she should incur a slight for her kindness." This passage, with its pretty breathless parenthesis, is in the style of his books. If the writers among his female coterie in after-life owed their inspiration to him, he only returned to them what they had done for himself. Women seem to have been always about him, both in town and country; which made Mrs. Barbauld say, very agreeably, that he "lived in a kind of flower-garden of ladies." This has been grudged him, and thought effeminate; but we must make allowance for early circumstances, and recollect what the garden produced for us. Richardson did not pretend to be able to do without female society. Perhaps, however, they did not quiet his sensibility so much as they charmed it. We think, in his *Correspondence*, a tendency is observable to indulge in fancies, not always so paternal as they agree to call them; though doubtless all was said in honour, and the ladies never found reason to diminish their reverence. A great deal has been said of his vanity and the weakness of it. Vain he undoubtedly was, and vanity is no strength; but it is worth while bearing in mind, that a man is often saved from vanity, not because he is stronger than another, but because he is less amiable, and did not begin, as Richardson did, with being a favourite so early. Few men are surrounded, as he was, from his very childhood, with females, and few people think so well of their species or with so much reason. In all probability, too, he was handsome when young, which is another excuse for him. His vanity is more easily excused, than his genius accounted for, considering the way in which he lived. The tone of Lovelace's manners and language, which has created so much surprise in an author who was a city printer, and passed his life among a few friends between Fleet Street and a suburb, was caught, probably, not merely from Cibber, but from the famous profligate Duke of Wharton, with whom he became acquainted in the course of his business. But the unwearied vivacity with which he has supported it, is still wonderful. His pathos is more easily accounted for by his nerves, which for many years were in a constant state of excitement, particularly towards the close of his life; which terminated in 1761, at the age of seventy-two, with the death most common to sedentary men of letters, a stroke of apoplexy.* He was latterly unable to lift a glass of wine to his mouth without assistance.

At Fulham and Parson's Green (at which latter place he lived for the last five or six years), Richardson used to sit with his guests about him, in a parlour or summer-house, reading, or communicating his manuscripts as he wrote them. The ladies made their re-

* — Apoplexy cramped intemperance knocks Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox;

says Thomson in his *Castle of Indolence*. It was the death the good-natured, indolent poet probably expected for himself, and would have had, if a cold and fever had not interfered. For there is an apoplexy of the head alone, as well as of the whole body; and men of letters, who either exercise little, or work overmuch, seem almost sure to die of it, or of palsy; which is a disease analogous. It is the last stroke, given in the kind resentment of nature, to the brains, which should have known better than bring themselves to such a pass. In the biography of Italian literati, "*Mori d'apoplezia*"—(he died of apoplexy)—is a common verdict.

* Aubrey says that his death took place in a cellar in Long Acre; and adds, "Mr. Edm. Wyld, &c., had made a collection for him, and given him money." But Aubrey's authority is not valid against Wood's. He is to be read like a proper gossip, whose accounts we may pretty safely reject or believe, as it suits other testimony.

† Wood's *Athena Oxoniensis*, fol. vol. ii. p. 148.

marks; and alterations or vindications ensued. His characters, agreeably to what we feel when we read of them (for we know them all as intimately as if we occupied a room in their house), interested his acquaintances so far, that they sympathised with them as if they were real; and it is well known that one of his correspondents, Lady Bradshaigh, implored him to reform Lovelace in order "to save a soul." In Salisbury Court, Richardson of course had the same visitors about him, but the "flower-garden" is not talked of so much there, as at Fulham. In the evening the ladies read and worked by themselves, and Richardson retired to his study; a most pernicious habit for a man of his bad nerves. He should have written early in the morning, taken good exercise in the day, and amused himself in the evening. When he walked in town, it was in the park, where he describes himself (to a fair correspondent who wished to have an interview with him, and who recognized him from the description) as "short, rather plump, about five feet five inches, fair wig, one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremors or dizziness; of a light brown complexion, teeth not yet falling." "What follows," observes Mrs. Barbauld, "is very descriptive of the struggle in his character, between innate bashfulness and a turn for observation:—" "Looking directly forwards, as passengers would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him, without moving his short neck; a regular even pace, stealing away ground rather than seeming to rid it; a grey-eye, too often overclouded by mistiness from the head, by chance lively, very lively if he sees any he loves; if he approaches a lady, his eye is never fixed first on her face, but on her feet, and rears it up by degrees, seeming to set her down as so and so."*

Latterly Richardson attended little to business. He used even to give his orders to his workmen in writing; a practice which Sir John Hawkins is inclined to attribute to stateliness and bad temper, but for which Mrs. Barbauld finds a better reason in his bad nerves. His principal foreman also was deaf, as the knight himself acknowledges. Richardson encouraged his men to be industrious, sometimes by putting half-a-crown among the types as a prize to him who came first in the morning, at others by sending fruit for the same purpose from the country. Agreeably to his natural bashfulness, he was apt to be reserved with strangers. Sir John Hawkins tells us, that he once happened to get into the Fulham stage, when Richardson was in it (most likely he got in on purpose); and he endeavoured to bring the novelist into conversation, but could not succeed, and was vexed at it. But Sir John was one of that numerous class of persons, who, for reasons better known to others than to themselves,

Deemen gladly to the badder end,

as the old poet says; and Richardson probably knew this pragmatical person, and did not want his acquaintance.

Johnson was among the visitors of Richardson in Salisbury Court. He confessed to Boswell, that although he had never much sought after anybody, Richardson was an exception. He had so much respect for him, that he took part with him in a preposterous undervaluing of Fielding, whom he described in the comparison as a mere writer of manners, and sometimes as hardly any writer at all. And yet he told Boswell that he had read his *Amelia* through "without stopping;" and according to Mrs. Piozzi she was his favourite heroine. In the comparison of Richardson with Fielding, he was in the habit of opposing the nature of one to the manners of the other; but Fielding's manners are only superadded to his nature, not opposed to it, which makes all the difference. As to Richardson, he was so far gone upon this point, in a mixture of pique and want of sympathy, that he said, if he had not known who Fielding was, "he should have taken him

for an otter." Fielding, it is true, must have vexed him greatly by detecting the pettiness in the character of Pamela. Richardson, as a romancer, did not like to have the truth forced upon him, and thus was inclined to see nothing but vulgarity in the novelist. This must have been unpleasant to the Miss Fieldings, the sisters, who were among the most intimate of Richardson's friends. Another of our author's visitors was Hogarth. It must not be forgotten that Richardson was kind to Johnson in money matters; and to use Mrs. Barbauld's phrase, had once "the honour" to be bail for him.

We conclude our notice, which, on the subject of so original a man, has naturally beguiled us into some length, with an interesting account of his manners and way of life, communicated by one of his female friends to Mrs. Barbauld. "My first recollection of him," says she, "was in his house in the centre of Salisbury Square, or Salisbury Court, as it was then called; and of being admitted as a playful child into his study, where I have often seen Dr. Young and others; and where I was generally caressed, and rewarded with biscuits or *bonbons* of some kind or other, and sometimes with books, for which he, and some more of my friends, kindly encouraged a taste, even at that early age, which has adhered to me all my long life, and continues to be the solace of many a painful hour. I recollect that he used to drop in at my father's, for we lived nearly opposite, late in the evening to supper; when, as he would say, he had worked as long as his eyes and nerves would let him, and was come to relax with a little friendly and domestic chat. I even then used to creep to his knee, and hang upon his words, for my whole family doated on him; and once, I recollect, that at one of these evening visits, probably about the year 1753, I was standing by his knee, when my mother's maid came to summon me to bed; upon which, being unwilling to part from him, and manifesting some reluctance, he begged I might be permitted to stay a little longer; and, on my mother's objecting that the servant would be wanted to wait at supper, (for, in those days of friendly intercourse and real hospitality, a decent maid-servant was the only attendant at his own and many creditable tables, where, nevertheless, much company was received) Mr. Richardson said, 'I am sure Miss P. is now so much a woman, that she does not want any one to attend her to bed, but will conduct herself with so much propriety, and put out her own candle so carefully, that she may henceforward be indulged with remaining with us till supper is served.' This hint, and the confidence it implied, had such a good effect upon me, that I believe I never required the attendance of a servant afterwards while my mother lived; and by such sort of ingenious and gentle devices did he use to encourage and draw in young people to do what was right. I also well remember the happy days I passed at his house at North End; sometimes with my mother, but often for weeks, without her, domesticated as one of his own children. He used to pass the greatest part of the week in town; but when he came down, he used to like to have his family flock around him, when we all first asked and received his blessing, together with some small boon from his paternal kindness and attention; for he seldom met us empty-handed, and was by nature most generous and liberal.

"The piety, order, decorum, and strict regularity that prevailed in his family were of infinite use to train the mind to good habits, and to depend upon its own resources. It has been one of the means which, under the blessing of God, has enabled me to dispense with the enjoyment of what the world calls pleasures, such as are found in crowds, and actually to relish and prefer the calm delights of retirement and books. As soon as Mrs. Richardson arose, the beautiful psalms in Smith's Devotions were read responsively in the nursery, by herself and daughters, standing in a circle: only the two eldest were allowed to breakfast with her and whatever company happened to be in the house, for they were seldom without. After breakfast, we younger ones read to her in turns the Psalms and lessons for the day. We

were then permitted to pursue our childish sports, or to walk in the garden, which I was allowed to do at pleasure; for, when my father hesitated upon granting that privilege, for fear I should help myself to the fruit, Mrs. Richardson said, 'No, I have so much confidence in her, that, if she is put upon honour, I am certain that she will not touch so much as a gooseberry.' A confidence, I dare safely aver, that I never forfeited, and which has given me the power of walking in any garden ever since without the smallest desire to touch any fruit, and taught me a lesson upon the restraint of appetite, which has been useful to me all my life. We all dined at one table, and generally drank tea and spent the evening in Mrs. Richardson's parlour, where the practice was for one of the young ladies to read, while the rest sat with mute attention round a large table, and employed themselves in some kind of needle-work. Mr. Richardson generally retired to his study, unless there was particular company.

"These are trifling and childish anecdotes, and savour perhaps, you may think, too much of egotism. They certainly can be of no further use to you, than as they mark the extreme benevolence, condescension, and kindness of this exalted genius towards young people; for, in general society, I know he has been accused as being of few words, and of a particularly reserved turn. He was, however, all his lifetime, the patron and protector of the female sex. Miss M. (afterwards Lady G.) passed many years in his family. She was the bosom friend and contemporary of my mother; and was so much considered as *enfant de famille* in Mr. Richardson's house, that her portrait is introduced into a family piece.

"He had many *protégés*:—a Miss Rosine, from Portugal, was consigned to his care; but of her, being then at school, I never saw much. Most of the ladies that resided much at his house acquired a certain degree of fastidiousness and delicate refinement, which, though amiable in itself, rather disqualified them from appearing in general society to the advantage that might have been expected, and rendered an intercourse with the world uneasy to themselves, giving a peculiar air of shyness and reserve to their whole address; of which habits his own daughters partook, in a degree that has been thought by some a little to obscure those really valuable qualifications and talents they undoubtedly possessed. Yet this was supposed to be owing more to Mrs. Richardson than to him; who, though a truly good woman, had high and Harlowean notions of parental authority, and kept the ladies in such order, and at such a distance, that he often lamented, as I have been told by my mother, that they were not more open and conversable with him.

"Besides those I have already named, I well remember a Mrs. Donellan, a venerable old lady, with sharp, piercing eyes; Miss Mulso, &c. &c.; Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury; Sir Thomas Robinson (Lord Grantham), &c. &c., who were frequent visitors at his house in town and country. The ladies I have named were often staying at North End, at the period of his highest glory and reputation; and in their company and conversation his genius was matured. His benevolence was unbounded, as his manner of diffusing it was delicate and refined.*"

Richardson was buried in the nave of St. Bride's Church, and a stone placed over his remains merely recording his name, the year of his death, and his age. In this church also were interred Wynken de Worde, the famous printer; the bowels of Sackville, the poet, whom we shall presently have occasion to mention again; and Sir Richard Baker, the author of the well known book of English Chronicles. De Worde resided in Fleet Street.

(To be Continued.)

* Correspondence, &c., by Mrs. Barbauld, vol. i. p. cxxxviii.

* Correspondence, as above, vol. i. p. cxxxvii.

THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS.

THEIR MEMORIES AND GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER THE THIRD (continued.)

White-friars, or Alsatia.—Admirable living description of its old state from Sir Walter Scott.—The Temple.—Its monuments, garden, &c.—Eminent names connected with it.—Goldsmith dies there.—Boswell's first visit there to Johnson.—Johnson and Madame de Boufflers.—Bernard Lintot.—Ben Johnson's Devil Tavern.—Other Coffee-houses and shops.—Goldsmith and Temple-bar.—Shire Lane, Bickerstaff, and the deputation from the country.—The Kit Kat Club.—Mrs. Salmon.—Isaac Walton.—Cowley.—Chancery Lane, Lord Strafford and Ben Jonson.—Serjeant's Inn.—Clifford's Inn.—The Rolls.—Sir Joseph Jekyll.—Church of St. Dunstan in the West.—Dryden's house in Rotten Lane.—Johnson, the Genius Loci of Fleet Street.—His way of life.—His residence in Gough Square, Johnson's Court, and Bolt Court.—Various anecdotes of him connected with Fleet Street and with his favourite tavern, the Mitre.

Between Water lane and the Temple, and leading out of Fleet Street by a street formerly called White Friars, which has been rebuilt and christened Bouverie Street, is one of those precincts which long retained the immunities derived from their being conventual sanctuaries, and which naturally enough became as profane as they had been religious. The one before us originated in a monastery of White Friars, an order of Carmelites, which formerly stood in Water lane, and it acquired an infamous celebrity under the slang title of Alsatia. The claims, however, which the inhabitants set up to protect debtors from arrest seems to have originated in a charter granted to them by James I. in 1608. For some time after the Reformation and the demolition of the old monastery, Whitefriars was not only a sufficiently orderly district, but one of the most fashionable parts of the city. Among others of the gentry, for instance, who had houses here at this period, was Sir John Cheke, King Edward VI.'s tutor, and afterwards Secretary of State. The reader of our great modern novelist has been made almost as well acquainted with the place in its subsequent state of degradation and lawlessness, as if he had walked through it, when its bullies were in full blow.¹ The rags of their Dulcineas hang out to dry, as if you saw them in a Dutch picture; and the passages are redolent of beer and tobacco. The sanctuary of Whitefriars is now extremely shrunk in its dimensions; and the inhabitants retain but a shadow of their privileges. The nuisance, however, existed as late as the time of William the Third, who put an end to it; and the neighbourhood is still of more than doubtful virtue. One alley, dignified by the title of Lombard Street, is of an infamy of such long standing, that it is said to have begun its evil courses long before the privilege of sanctuary existed, and to have maintained them up to the present moment. The Carmelites complained of it, and the neighbours complain still. In the Dramatis Personæ to Shadwell's play called the *Squire of Alsatia*, we have a set of characters so described as to bring us, one would think, sufficiently acquainted with the leading gentry of the neighbourhood; such as

Cheatley. A rascal, who by reason of debts dares not stir out of *White-fryers*, but there inveigles young heirs in tail, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantages; is bound for them, and shares for them till he undoes them. A lewd, impudent, debauch'd fellow, very expert in the cant about the town.

→ *Shamwell.* Cousin to the Belfonds; an heir, who being ruined by Cheatley, is made a decoy-duck for others: not daring to stir out of Alsatia, where he lives: is bound with Cheatley for heirs, and lives upon 'em a dissolute, debauched life.

Capt. Hackman. A block-head bully of Alsatia; a cowardly, impudent, blustering fellow, formerly a sergeant in Flanders, run from his colours, retreated into White-fryers for a very small debt, where by the Alsatians he is dubbed a Captain, marries one that lets lodgings, sells cherry-brandy, &c.

Scrapeall. A hypocritical, repeating, praying, psalm-singing, precise fellow, pretending to great piety, a godly knave, who joins with Cheatley, and supplies young heirs with goods and money.

But Sir Walter, besides painting the place itself as if he had lived in it, puts these people in action, with a spirit beyond anything that Shadwell could have done, even though the dramatist had a bit of the Alsatian in himself; at least, as far as drinking could go, and a flood of gross conversation. In commencing the perusal of the following extracts the reader may fancy himself really turning out of Fleet Street in the time of King James the First, into this domain of infamy. We need scarcely remind him, that the two heroes whom he is following into the "sanctuary," are a young lord, who has been forced to take refuge there for striking a man within the verge of the court, and his acquaintance, a young Templar, who has undertaken to be his guide into these infernal regions. They descend, accordingly, but with very different sensations. "The Templar,"

says our author, "was bustling, officious, and good-natured; but used to live a scrambling rakish course of life himself, he had not the least idea of Lord Glenvarloch's mental sufferings, and thought of his temporary concealment as if it were the trick of a wanton boy, who plays at hide-and-seek with his tutor. With the appearance of the place, too, he was familiar; but on his companion it produced a deep sensation.

"The ancient sanctuary of White-Friars lay considerably lower than the elevated terraces and gardens of the Temple, and was therefore generally involved in the damps and fogs arising from the Thames. The brick buildings by which it was occupied, crowded closely on each other; for in a place so rarely privileged, every foot of ground was valuable, but, erected, in many cases, by persons whose funds were inadequate to their speculations, the houses were generally insufficient, and exhibited the lamentable signs of having become ruinous, while they were yet new.

"The wailing of children, the scolding of their mothers, the miserable exhibitions of ragged linens hung from the windows to dry, spoke the wants and distresses of the wretched inhabitants; while the sounds of complaint were mocked and overwhelmed in the riotous shouts, oaths, profane songs, and boisterous laughter, that issued from the ale-houses and taverns, which, as the signs indicated, were equal in number to all the other houses. And, that the full character of the place might be evident, several faded, tinselled, and painted females looked boldly at the strangers from their open lattices, or more modestly seemed busied with the cracked flower pots, filled with mignonette and rosemary, which were disposed in front of the windows, to the great risk of the passengers."

"*Semi-reducta Venus*," said the Templar, pointing to one of these nymphs, who seemed afraid of observation, and partly concealed herself behind the casement, as she chirped to a miserable blackbird, the tenant of a wicker prison, which hung outside on the black brick wall. "I know the face of yonder waist-coateer," continued the guide, "and I could wager a rose-noble, from the posture she stands in, that she has clean head-gear, and a soiled night-rail. But here come two of the male inhabitants, smoking like moving volcanoes! These are roaring blades, whom Nicotia and Trinidad serve, I dare swear, in lieu of beef and pudding; for, be it known to you, my Lord, that the king's counter-blast against the Indian weed, will no more pass current in Alsatia, than will his writ of *capias*."

"As he spoke, the two smokers approached; shaggy, uncombed ruffians, whose enormous mustachios were turned back over their ears, and mingled with the wild elf locks of their hair, much of which was seen under the old beavers, which they wore aside upon their heads, while some straggling portion escaped through the rents of the hats aforesaid. Their tarnished plush jerkins, large slops, or trunk breeches, their broad greasy shoulder-belts, and discoloured scarfs, and above all, the ostentatious manner in which the one wore a broad sword, and the other an extravagantly long rapier and poinard, marked the true Alsatian bully, then, and for a hundred years afterwards, a well-known character.

"Tour out," said the one ruffian to the other, "tout the bien mort twirling at the gentry cove!"

"I smell a spy," replied the other, looking at Nigel; "chalk him across the peepers with your cheery."†

"Bing avast, bing avast!" replied his companion, "yon other is rattling Reginald Lowestoffe of the Temple; I know him, he is a good boy, and free of the province."

"So saying, and enveloping themselves in another thick cloud of smoke, they went on without further greeting.

"*Crasso in aere*!"—said the Templar; "you hear what a character the impudent knaves give me—but so it serves your lordship's turn, I care not. And now, let me ask your lordship what name you will assume, for we are near the ducal palace of Duke Hildebrod."

"I will be called Grahame," said Nigel; "it was my mother's name."

"Grime," repeated the Templar, "will suit Alsatia well enough; both a grim and grimy place of refuge."

"I said Grahame, Sir, not Grime," said Nigel, something shortly, and laying an emphasis on the vowel; for few Scotsmen understand rallery on the subject of their names."

"I beg pardon, my lord," answered the undisconcerted punster, "but Graam will suit the circumstance too—it signifies tribulation in the High Dutch, and your lordship may be considered as a man under trouble."

Nigel laughed at the pertinacity of the Templar, who proceeding to point out a sign representing, or believed to represent, a dog attacking a bull, and running at his head in the true scientific style of onset,—"There," said he, "doth faithful Duke Hilde-

brod deal forth laws, as well as ale and strong waters, to his faithful Alsatians. Being a determined champion of Paris Garden, he has chosen a sign corresponding to his habits, and he deals in giving drink to the thirsty, that he himself may drink without paying, and receive pay for what is drunken by others. Let us enter the ever open gate of this second Axylium."

"As he spoke, they entered the dilapidated tavern, which was, nevertheless, more ample in dimensions, and less ruinous than many houses in the same evil neighbourhood. Two or three haggard, ragged drawers ran to and fro, whose looks, like those of owls, seemed only adapted for midnight, when other creatures sleep, and who, by day, seemed bleered, stupid, and only half awake. Guided by one of these blinking Ganymedes, they entered a room, where the feeble rays of the sun were almost wholly eclipsed by volumes of tobacco-smoke rolled from the tubes of the company, while out of the cloudy sanctuary arose the old chaunt of

"Old Sir Simon the king,
And old Sir Simon the king,
With his malmsey nose,
And his ale-dropped hose,
And sing hey ding-a-ding ding."

"Duke Hildebrod, who himself condescended to chaunt this ditty to his loving subjects, was a monstrously fat old man, with only one eye; and a nose which bore evidence to the frequency, strength, and depth of his potations. He wore a murrey-coloured plush jerkin, stained with the overflowings of the tankard, and much the worse for wear, and unbuttoned at bottom for the ease of his enormous paunch. Behind him lay a favourite bull-dog, whose round head, and single black glancing eye, as well the creature's great corpulence, gave it a burlesque resemblance to its master.

"The well-beloved counsellors, who surrounded the ducal throne, incensed it with tobacco, pledged its occupier in thick, clammy ale, and echoed back his choral songs, were satraps worthy of such a Soldan. The buff jerkin, broad belt, and long sword of one, showed him to be a low country soldier, whose look of scowling importance, and drunken impudence, were designed to sustain his title to call himself a roving blade. It seemed to Nigel that he had seen this fellow somewhere or other. A hedge-parson, or buckle-beggar, as that order of priesthood has been irreverently termed, sate on the Duke's left, and was easily distinguished by his torn band, flapped hat, and the remnants of a rusty cassock. Beside the parson sat a most wretched and meagre-looking old man, with a thread-bare hood of coarse kersey upon his head, and buttoned about his neck, while his pinched features, like those of old Daniel, were illuminated by

—an eye,

Through the last look of dotage both cunning and sly.

On his left was placed a broken attorney, who, for some mal-practices, had been struck from the roll of practitioners, and who had nothing left of his profession but its roguery. One or two persons of less figure, amongst whom there was one face, which like that of the soldier, seemed not unknown to Nigel, though he could not recollect where he had seen it, completed the council board of Jacob Duke of Hildebrod.

"The strangers had full time to observe all this; for his grace the Duke, whether irresistibly carried on by the full tide of harmony, or whether to impress the strangers with a proper idea of his consequence, chose to sing his ditty to an end before addressing them, though, during the whole time, he closely scrutinized them with his single optic.

"When Duke Hildebrod had ended his song, he informed his peers that a worthy officer of the Temple attended them, and commanded the captain and parson to abandon their easy chairs in behalf of the two strangers, whom he placed on his right and left hand. The worthy representatives of the army and the church of Alsatia, went to place themselves on a crazy form at the bottom of the table, which, ill calculated to sustain men of such weight, gave way under them, and the man of the sword and the man of the gown were rolled over each other on the floor, amidst the exulting shouts of the company. They arose in wrath, contending which should vent his displeasure in the loudest and deepest oaths, a strife in which the parson's superior acquaintance with theology enabled him greatly to excel the captain, and were at length with difficulty tranquillized by the arrival of the alarmed waiters with more stable chairs, and by a long draught of the cooling tankard. When this commotion was appeased, and the strangers courteously accommodated with flagons, after the fashion of the others present, the Duke drank prosperity to the Temple in the most gracious manner, together with a cup of welcome to Master Reginald Lowestoffe; and this courtesy having been thankfully accepted, the party honoured prayed permission to call for a gallon of Rhenish, over which he proposed to open his business.

"The mention of a liquor so superior to their usual potations, had an instant and most favourable effect upon the little senate; and its immediate appearance might be said to secure a favourable reception of

* "Look sharp. See how the girl is coquetting with the strange gallants."

† "Slash him over the eyes with your dagger."

Master Lowestoffe's proposition, which, after a round or two had circulated, he explained to be the admission of his friend, Master Nigel Grahame, to the benefit of the sanctuary and other immunities of Alsatia, in the character of a grand compounder.*

Infamous as this precinct was, there were some good houses in it, and some respectable inhabitants. The first Lord Backville lived there; another inhabitant was Ogilby, who was a decent man, though a bad poet, and taught dancing; and Shirley another. It appears also to have been a resort of fencing-masters, which probably helped to bring worse company. They themselves indeed were in no good repute. One of them, a man of the name of Turner, living in Whitefriars, gave rise to a singular instance of revenge recorded in the State Trials. Lord Sanquaire, a Scotch nobleman, in the time of James I., playing with Turner at fells, and making too great a show of his wish to put down a master of the art, (probably with the insolence common to the nobility of that period), was pressed upon so hard by the man, that he received a thrust which put out one of his eyes. "This mischief," says Wilson, "was much regretted by Turner; and the baron, being conscious to himself that he meant his adversary no good, took the accident with as much patience as men that lose one eye by their own default, use to do for the preservation of the other." "Some time after," continues this writer, "being in the court of the late great Henry of France, and the king (court-teous to strangers), entertaining discourse with him, asked him, 'How he lost his eye?' He (clothing his answer in a better shroud than a plain fencer's) told him, 'It was done with a sword.' The king replies, 'Both the man live!' and that question gave an end to the discourse, but was the beginner of a strange confusion in his working fancy, which neither time nor distance could compose, carrying it in his breast some years after, till he came into England, where he hired two of his countrymen, Gray and Carliel, men of low and mercenary spirits, to murder him; which they did with a case of pistols in his house in Whitefriars, many years after."† For many years read five,—enough, however, to make such a piece of revenge extraordinary. Gray and Carliel were among his followers. Gray, however, did not assist in the murder. He repented; and Carliel got another accomplice named Irweng. "These two, about seven o'clock in the evening, (to proceed in the words of Coke's report,) came to a house in the Friars, which Turner used to frequent, as he came to his school, which was near that place; and finding Turner there, they saluted one another; and Turner with one of his friends sat at the door asking them to drink; but Carliel and Irweng turning about to cock the pistol, came back immediately, and Carliel drawing it from under his coat, discharged it upon Turner, and gave him a mortal wound near the left pap; so that Turner, after having said these words, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! I am killed,' immediately fell down. Whereupon Carliel and Irweng fled, Carliel to the town, and Irweng towards the river; but mistaking his way and entering into a court where they sold wood, which was no thoroughfare, he was taken. Carliel likewise fled, and so did also the baron of Sanchar. The ordinary officers of justice did their utmost, but could not take them; for, in fact, as appeared afterwards, Carliel fled into Scotland, and Gray towards the sea, thinking to go to Sweden, and Sanchar hid himself in England."‡

James, who had shewn such favour to the Scotch as to make the English jealous, and who also hated an ill-natured action, when it was not to do good to any of his favourites, thought himself bound to issue a promise of reward for the arrest of Sanquaire and the others. It was successful; and all three were hung. Carliel and Irweng in Fleet Street, opposite the great gate of Whitefriars (the entrance of the present Bouverie Street), and Sanquaire in Palace Yard, before Westminster Hall. He made a singular defence, very good and penitent, and yet remarkably illustrative of the cheap rate at which plebeian blood was held in those times; and no doubt his death was a great surprise to him. The people, not yet enlightened on these points, took his demeanour in such good part, that they expressed great pity for him, till they perceived that he died a Catholic!

This and other pretended sanctuaries were at length put down by an act of parliament passed about the beginning of the last century. It is curious that the once lawless domain of Alsatia should have had the law itself for its neighbour; but Sir Walter has shewn us, that they had more sympathies than might be expected. It was a local realization of the old proverb of extremes meeting. We now step out of this old chaos into its quieter vicinity, which, however, was not always as quiet as it is now. The Temple as its name imports, was once the seat of the Knights Templars, an order at once priestly and military, originating in the crusades, and whose business it was to defend the Temple at Jerusalem. How they degenerated, and what sort of vows they

were in the habit of making, instead of those of chastity and humility, the modern reader need not be told, after the masterly pictures of them in the writer from whom we have just taken another set of ruffians. The Templars were dissolved in the reign of Edward II., and their house occupied by successive nobles, till it came into the possession of the law, in whose hands it was confirmed "for ever" by James I. We need not enter into the origin of its division into two parts, the Inner and Middle Temple. Suffice to say, that the word Middle, which implies a third Temple, refers to an outer one, or third portion of the old buildings, which does not appear to have been ever occupied by lawyers, but came into possession of the celebrated Essex family, whose name is retained in the street where it was situated, on the other side of Temple Bar. There is nothing remaining of the ancient buildings, but the church built in 1185, which is a curiosity justly admired, particularly for the monuments of some knights, whose crossed legs indicate that they had either been to the Holy Land as crusaders, or vowed to proceed thither. One of them is ascertained to have been Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, who was killed at Benwell in Cambridgeshire, in 1148. Among the other effigies are supposed to be those of the Marshals, first, second, and third Earls of Pembroke, who all died in the early part of the thirteenth century. But even these have not been identified upon any satisfactory grounds, and with regard to some of the rest, not so much as a probable conjecture has been offered.

As it is an opinion still prevailing, that these cross-legged knights are Knights Templars, we have copied below the most complete information respecting them which we have hitherto met with. And the passage is otherwise curious.*

The two Temples, or law colleges, occupy a large space of ground between White Friars and Essex Street; Fleet Street bounding them on the north, and the river on the south. They compass an irregular mass of good substantial houses, in lanes and open places, the houses being divided into chambers, or floors for separate occupants, some of which are let to persons not in the profession. The garden about thirty years ago was enlarged, and a muddy track under it, on the side of the Thames, converted into a pleasant walk. This garden is still not very large, but it deserves its name both for trees and flowers. There is a descent into it, after the Italian fashion, from a court with a fountain in it, surrounded with trees, through which the view of the old walls and buttresses of the Middle Temple Hall is much admired. But a poet's hand has touched the garden, and made it bloom with roses above the real. It is the scene, in Shakespeare, of the origin of the factions of York and Lancaster.

PLANTAGENET.

Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

SOMERSET.

Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WARWICK.

I love no colours; and, without all colours

* "It is an opinion which universally prevails with regard to those cross-legged monuments," says Dr. Nash, "that they were all erected to the memory of Knights Templars. Now to me it is very evident, that not one of them belonged to that order; but, as Mr. Habington, in describing this at Alve church, hath justly expressed it, to Knights of the Holy Voyage. For the order of Knights Templars followed the rule of the Canons regular of St. Austin, and, as such, were under a vow of celibacy. Now there is scarcely one of these monuments, which is certainly known for whom it is erected; but it is as certain, that the person it represented was a married man. The Knights Templars always wore a white habit, with a red cross on the left shoulder. I believe, not a single instance can be produced, of either the mantle or cross being carved on any of these monuments, which surely would not have been omitted, as by it they were distinguished from all other orders, had these been really designed to represent Knights Templars. Lastly, this order was not confined to England only, but dispersed itself all over Europe: yet it will be very difficult to find one cross-legged monument any where out of England: whereas they would have abounded in France, Italy; and elsewhere, had it been a fashion peculiar to that famous order. But though, for these reasons, I cannot allow the cross-legged monuments to have been for Knights Templars, yet they had some relation to them, being the memorials of those zealous devotees, who had either been in Palestine, personally engaged in what was called the Holy War, or had laid themselves under a vow to go thither, though perhaps they were prevented from it by death. Some few, indeed, might possibly be erected to the memory of persons who had made pilgrimages there merely out of private devotion. Among the latter, probably, was that of the lady of the family of Mepham, of Mepham, in Yorkshire, to whose memory a cross-legged monument was placed in a chapel adjoining to the once collegiate church of Howden, in Yorkshire, and is at this day remaining, together with that of her husband, on the same tomb. As this religious madness lasted no longer than the reign of Henry III. (the tenth and last crusade being published in the year 1268,) and the whole order of Knights Templars was dissolved by Edward I., military expeditions to the Holy Land, as well as devout pilgrimages there, had their period by the year 1213; consequently none of those cross-legged monuments are of a later date than the reign of Edward I., or beginning of Edward III. nor of an earlier than that of King Stephen, when these expeditions first took place in this kingdom."—*History and Antiquities of Wiltshire*, &c. vol. i. p. 31.

Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

SUFFOLK.

I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal I think he held the right.

There were formerly rooks in the Temple trees, a colony brought by Sir Edward Northey, a well-known lawyer in Queen Anne's time, from his grounds at Epsom. It was a pleasant thought, supposing that the colonists had no objection. The rook is a grave legal bird, both in his coat and habits; living in communities, yet to himself; and strongly addicted to discussions of *meum* and *tuum*. The neighbourhood, however, appears to have been too much for him; for upon inquiring on the spot, we are told that there have been no rooks for many years.

The oldest mention of the Temple as a place for lawyers, has been commonly said to be found in a passage of Chaucer, who is reported to have been of the Temple himself. It is in his character of the Manciple, or Steward, whom he pleasantly pits against his learned employers, as outwitting even themselves:—

A gentle manciple was there of a temple,
Of which achatours (purchasers) mighten take
enexemple,
For to ben wise in buying of vitaille.
For whether that be paid, or took by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a full fair grace,
That such a lewed (ignorant) mannes wit shall passe
The wisdom of a heap of learned men?‡

Spenser, in his epic way, not disdaining to bring the homeliest images into his verse, for the sake of the truth in them, speaks of

— those bricky towers

The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowens.
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride.†

The "studious lawyers," in their towers by the water side, present a quiet picture. Yet in those times, it seems, they were apt to break into overt actions of vivacity, a little excessive, and such as the habit of restraint inclines people to before they have arrived at years of discretion. In Henry the Eighth's time, the gentlemen of the Temple were addicted to "above and slip-groats,"‡ which became forbidden them under a penalty; and in the age in which Spenser wrote, so many encounters had taken place, of a dangerous description, that they were prohibited from carrying any other weapon into the hall (the dining room), "than a dagger or knife,"—"as if," says Mr. Malcolm, "those were not more than sufficient to accomplish unpremeditated deaths."§ We are to suppose, however, that gentlemen would not kill each other, except with swords. The dagger, or carving knife, which it was customary to carry about the person in those days, was for the mutton.||

A better mode of recreating and giving vent to their animal spirits, was the custom prevalent among the lawyers at that period of presenting masques and pageants. They were great players, with a scholarly taste for classical subjects; and the gravest of them did not disdain to cater in this way for the amusement of their fellows, sometimes for that of crowned heads. The name of Bacon is to be found among the "getters up" of a shew at Gray's Inn, for the entertainment of the sovereign; and that of Hyde, on a similar occasion, in the reign of King Charles the First.

A masque has come down to us written by William Browne, a disciple of Spenser, expressly for the society of which he was a member, and entitled the *Inner Temple Masque*. It is upon the story of Circe and Ulysses, and is worthy of the school of poetry out of which he came. Beaumont wrote another, called the *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*. A strong union has always existed between the law and the belles-lettres, highly creditable to the former, or rather

* *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*. We quote no edition, because, where we could, we have modernised the spelling; which is a justice to this fine old author in a quotation, that nobody may pass it over. With regard to Chaucer's being of the Temple, and to his beating the Franciscans in Fleet Street, all that is known depends upon the testimony of a Mr. Buckley, who, according to Speght, had seen a Temple record to that effect.

† Prothelacion.

‡ "Shave-groat, named also Slep-groat, and Stide-thrift, are sports occasionally mentioned by the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and probably were analogous to the modern pastime called Justice Jervis, or Jarvis, which is confined to common pot houses, and only practised by such as frequent the tap-rooms." Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, 1820, chap. i. sect. xix. It is played with half-pence; which are jerked with the palm of the hand, from the edge of a table, towards certain numbers described upon it.

§ *Londinium Redivivum*, vol. ii. p. 230.

|| Sir John Davies, who was afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and wrote a poem on the Art of Dancing (so lively was the gravity of those days!) bestowed a man at dinner in the Temple Hall, for which he was expelled. The man probably deserved it, for Davies had a fine nature; and he went back again by favour of the excellent Lord Ellesmere.

* *Parsonage of Nigel*, vol. ii. p. 120.

† *Life and Reign of King James I.*, quoted in *Howells State Trials*, vol. ii. p. 746.

‡ *State Trials*, ut supra, p. 702.

naturally to be expected from the mode in which lawyers begin their education, and the diversity of knowledge which no men are more in the way of acquiring afterwards. Blackstone need not have written his farewell to the Muses. If he had been destined to be a poet, he could not have taken his leave; and as an accomplished lawyer, he was always within the pale of the *littera humaniores*. The greatest practical lawyers, such as Coke and Plowden, may not have been the most literary, but those who have understood the law in the greatest and best spirit have; and the former, great as they may be, are yet but as servants and secretaries to the rest. They know where to find, but the others know best how to apply. Bacon, Clarendon, Selden, Somers, Cowper, Mansfield, were all men of letters. So is the illustrious person who now presides in the court of Chancery. Pope says, that Mansfield would have been another Ovid. This may be doubted; but nobody should doubt that the better he understood a poet, the fitter he was for universality of judgment. The greatest lawyer is the greatest legislator.

The "pert Templar," of whom we hear so much, between the reigns of the Stuarts and the late king, came up with the growth of literature and the coffee-houses. Every body then began to write or to criticise; and young men, brought up in the mootings of points, and in the confidence of public speaking, naturally pressed among the foremost. Besides, a variety of wits had issued from the Temple in the reign of Charles and his brother, and their successors in lodging took themselves for their heirs in genius. The coffee-houses by this time had become cheap places to talk in. They were the regular morning lounge and evening resource; and every lad who had dipped his finger and thumb into Dryden's snuff-box, thought himself qualified to dictate for life. In Pope's time these pretensions came to be angrily rejected, partly perhaps, because none of the reigning wits, with the exception of Congreve, had had a Temple education.

Three college sophs, and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poetry and prate.*

We could quote many other passages to the same purpose, but we shall come to one presently which will suffice for all, and exhibit the young Templar of those days in all the glory of his impertinence. At present the Templars make no more pretensions than other well educated men. Many of them are still connected with the literature of the day, but in the best manner and with the soundest views; and if there is no pretension to wit, there is the thing itself. It would be endless to name all the celebrated lawyers who have had to do with the Temple. Besides, we shall have to notice the most eminent of them in other places, where they passed a greater portion of their lives. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the mention of such as have lived in it without being lawyers, or thrown a grace over it in connexion with wit and literature.

Chaucer, as we have just observed, is thought, upon slight evidence, to have been of the Temple. We know not who the Mr. Buckley was, that says he saw his name in the record; and the name, if there, might have been that of some other Chaucer. The name is said to be not unfrequent in records under the Norman dynasty. It is remarked by Thynne, in his "Animadversions" on Speght's edition of the poet's works (published a few years ago from the manuscript, by Mr. Todd, in his "Illustrations of Chaucer and Gower"), that "it is most certain to be gathered by circumstances of records that the lawyers were not in the Temple until towards the latter part of the reign of King Edward III., at which time Chaucer was a grave man, holden in great credit, and employed in embassy." "So that methinketh," adds the writer, "he should not be of that house; and yet, if he then were, I should judge it strange that he should violate the rules of peace and gravity in those years."

The first English tragedy of any merit, *Gorbuduc*, was written in the Temple by Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville, afterwards the celebrated statesman, and founder of the title of Dorset. He was author of a noble performance, the *Induction for the Mirror of Magistrates*, in which there is a foretaste of the picturesque gusto of Spenser. Raleigh was of the Temple; Selden, who died in White Friars; Lord Clarendon; Beaumont; two other of our old dramatists, Ford and Marston, (the latter of whom was lecturer of the Middle Temple); Wycherly, whom it is said the Duchess of Cleveland used to visit, in the habit of a milliner; Congreve, Rowe, Fielding, Burke, and Cowper. Goldsmith was not of the Temple, but he had chambers in it, died there, and was buried in the Temple church. He resided, first on the Library Staircase, afterwards in King's Bench Walk, and finally at No. 2, Brick Court, where he had a first floor elegantly furnished. It was in one of the former lodgings that, being visited by Dr. Johnson, and expressing something like a shamefaced hope that he should soon be in lodgings better

furnished, Johnson, says Boswell, "at the same time checked him, and paid him a handsome compliment, implying that a man of talents should be above attention to such distinctions."—"Nay, sir, never mind that: *Nil te quæsiveris extra*." (It is only yourself that need be looked for). He died in Brick Court. It is said that when he was on his death-bed, the landing-place was filled with enquirers, not of the most mentionable description, who lamented him heartily, for he was lavish of his money as he went along Fleet Street. We are told by one of the writers of the life prefixed to his works, (probably Bishop Percy, who contributed the greater part of it,) that "he was generous in the extreme, and so strongly affected by compassion, that he has been known at midnight to abandon his rest in order to procure relief and an asylum for a poor dying object who was left destitute in the streets." This, surely, ought to be praise to no man, however benevolent; but it is, in the present state of society. However, the offices of the good Samaritan are now reckoned among the things that may be practised as well as preached, without diminution of a man's reputation for common sense; and this is a great step. We will here mention, that Goldsmith had another residence in Fleet Street. He wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield* in Wine-Office Court. Of the curious circumstances under which this delightful novel was sold, various inaccurate accounts have been given. The following is Boswell's account, taken from Dr. Johnson's own mouth.

"I received one morning," said Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went to him as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Johnson himself lived for some time in the Temple. It was there that he was first visited by his biographer, who took rooms in Farrar's Buildings to be near him. His appearance and manners on this occasion, especially as our readers are now of the party, are too characteristic to be omitted. "His chambers," says Boswell, "were on the first floor of No. 1, Middle Temple Lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Rev. Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having 'found the giant in his den,' an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself.

"He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill-drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, 'Nay, don't go.'—'Sir,' said I, 'I am afraid that I intrude upon you.' It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you.' He seemed pleased with this compliment which I sincerely paid him, and answered, 'Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me.' (He meant that it relieved his melancholy).

It was in a dress of this sort and without his hat that he was seen rushing one day after two of the highest-bred visitors conceivable, in order to hand one of them to her coach. These were his friend Beauclerc, of the St. Albans family, and Madame de Boufflers, mother (if we mistake not) of the Chevalier de Boufflers, the celebrated French wit. Her report, when she got home, must have been overwhelming; but she was clever and amiable, like her son, and is said to have appreciated the talents of the great uncouth. Beauclerc, however, must repeat the story.—"When Madame de Boufflers," says he, "was first in England, she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was

over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, on a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality; and eager to shew himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the stairs in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple-gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to the coach. His dress was a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by his singular appearance."

It was in the Inner Temple Lane one night, being seized with a fit of merriment at something that touched his fancy, not without the astonishment of his companions, who could not see the joke, that he went roaring all the way to the Temple-gate; where, being arrived, he burst into such a convulsive laugh, says Boswell, that in order to support himself he "laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot-pavement, and sent forth peals so loud, that in the silence of the night, his voice seemed to resound from Temple-bar to Fleet-ditch. This most ludicrous exhibition," continues his follower, "of the awful, melancholy, and venerable Johnson, happened well to counteract the feelings of sadness which I used to experience when parting from him for a considerable time. I accompanied him to his door, where he gave me his blessing."

Between the Temple-gates, at one time, lived Bernard Lintot, who was in no better esteem with authors than the other great bookseller of those times, Jacob Tonson. There is a pleasant anecdote of Dr. Young's addressing him a letter by mistake, which Bernard opened, and found it begin thus:—"That Bernard Lintot is so great a scoundrel."—"It must have been very amusing," said Young, "to have seen him in his rage: he was a great sputtering fellow."

Between the gates and Temple-bar, but nearer to the latter, was the famous Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his club. Messrs. Child, the bankers, bought it in 1787, and the present houses were erected on its site. We believe that the truly elegant house of Messrs. Hoare, their successors, does not interfere with the place on which it stood. We rather think it was very near to Temple-bar, perhaps within a house or two. The club-room, which was afterwards frequently used for balls, was called the Apollo, and was large and handsome, with a gallery for music. Probably the house had originally been a private abode, of some consequence. The *Leges Convivales*, which Jonson wrote for his club, and which are to be found in his works, are composed in his usual style of elaborate and compiled learning, not without a taste of that dictatorial self-sufficiency, which, notwithstanding all that has been said by his advocates, and the good qualities he undoubtedly possessed, forms an indelible part of his character. "Inspida poemata," says he, "nulla recitantur." (Let nobody repeat to us insipid poetry); as if all that he should read of his own must infallibly be otherwise. The club at the Devil does not appear to have resembled the higher one at the Mermaid, where Shakespeare and Beaumont used to meet him. He most probably had it all to himself. This is the Tavern mentioned by Pope:

And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

It was in good repute at the beginning of the last century. "I dined to-day," says Swift, in one of his letters to Stella, "with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at the Devil Tavern, near Temple-bar, and Garth treated: and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only enquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and, I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused." Yet Addison was a Whig. Addison had not then had his disputes with Pope, and others; and his intercourse, till his sincerity became doubted, was very delightful. It is impossible to read of these famous wits dining together, and not lingering upon the occasion a little, and wishing we could have heard them talk. Yet wits have their uneasiness, because of their wit. Swift was probably not very comfortable at this dinner. He was then beginning to feel awkward with his Whig friends; and Garth, in the previous month of September, had written a defence of Godolphin, the ousted minister, which was unhandsonely attacked in the *Examiner*, by their common acquaintance Prior, himself formerly a Whig.

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, eighth edit., 8vo. 1816, vol. iv. p. 27.

† Boswell, as above, vol. i. p. 306.

‡ Boswell, as above, vol. i. p. 378.

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, eighth edit. 1816, vol. ii. p. 421.

† Boswell, as above, vol. ii. p. 271.

‡ Spence's *Anecdotes*, Singer's edit. p. 385.

§ Swift's *Works*, at supra, vol. iv. p. 41.

There was a multitude of famous shops and coffee-houses in this quarter, all of which make a figure in the Tatler, and other works. Nando's coffee-house, Dick's, (still extant as Richard's): the Rainbow, (which is said to have been indicted in former times for the nuisance of selling coffee); Ben Tooke's (the bookseller); Lintot's; and Charles Mather's, alias Bubble-boy, the Toyman, who, when Sir Timothy Shallow accuses him of selling him a cane "for ten pieces, while Tom Empty had as good a one for five," exclaims, "Lord! Sir Timothy, I am concerned that you, whom I took to understand canes better than any body in town, should be so overseen! Why, Sir Timothy, yours is a true *jambée*, and esquire Empty's only a plain dragon."

The fire of London stopped at the Temple Exchange coffee-house; a circumstance which is recorded in an inscription, stating the house to have been the last of the houses burnt, and the first restored. The old front of this house was taken down about a century ago; but on its being rebuilt, the stone with the inscription was replaced in its former position.

But we must now cross over the way to Shire Lane, which is close to Temple Bar on the opposite side.

Here "in ancient times," says Maitland; writing in the middle of the last century, "were only posts, rails, and a chain, such as are now at Holborn, Smithfield, and Whitechapel bars. Afterwards there was a house of timber erected across the street, with a narrow gateway, and an entry on the south side of it under the house." The present gate was built by Wren after the great fire, but, although the work of so great a master, is hardly worth notice as a piece of architecture. It must be allowed that Wren could do poor things as well as good, even when not compelled by a vestry. As the last of the city gates, however, we confess we should be sorry to see it pulled down, though we believe there is a general sense that it is in the way. If it were handsome, or venerable, we should plead hard for it, because it would then be a better thing than a mere convenience. The best thing we know of it is a jest of Goldsmith's; and the worst, the point on which the jest turned. Goldsmith was coming from Westminster Abbey, with Dr. Johnson, where they had been looking at the tombs in Poet's Corner, and Johnson had quoted a line from Ovid,—

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.
(Perhaps, some day, our names may mix with theirs).

"When we got to Temple Bar," says Johnson, "Goldsmith stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and alily whispered to me, ('in allusion,' says Boswell, 'to Dr. Johnson's supposed political opinions, and perhaps to his own,')

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.
Perhaps, some day, our names may mix with theirs."

These heads belonged to the rebels who were executed for rising in favour of the Pretender. The brutality of such spectacles, which outrage the last feelings of mortality, and as often punish honest mistakes as anything else, is not likely to be repeated. Yet such an effect has habit in reconciling men's minds to the most revolting, and sometimes the most dangerous customs, that here were two Jacobites, one of whom made a jest of what we should now regard with horror. However, Johnson must often have felt bitterly as he passed there; and the jesting of such men is frequently nothing but salve for a wound.

Shire Lane still keeps its name, and we hope, however altered and improved, it will never have any other; for here, at the upper end, is described as residing, old Isaac Bickerstaff, the Tatler, the more venerable but not the more delightful double of Richard Steele, the founder of English periodical literature. The public-house called the Trumpet, at which the Tatler met his club, is still remaining under the same title. At his house in the lane, he dates a great number of his papers, and receives many interesting visitors; and hence it was that he led down into Fleet Street that immortal deputation of "twaddlers" from the country, who, as a celebrated writer has observed, hardly seem to have settled their question of precedence to this hour. As characters in books, if well drawn and rendered lasting, have a great deal to shew for their actual existence, (more, certainly, than real people who die off,) the reader will probably think it an indulgence on his part as well as our own, if we stand aside with him a little, while the procession issues from Shire Lane, and crosses the way to Dick's coffee-house. We see them at this moment, their hats

hardly resumed, and their persons keeping aloof from one another, with a jealous courtesy.

The Tatler receives a letter from Mr. John Thrifty, informing him, in consequence of orders from Sir Henry Quickset, of Staffordshire, baronet, that "his honour Sir Harry himself, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, knight, Thomas Rentfree, esq., Justice of the quorum, Andrew Windmill, esquire, and Mr. Nicholas Doubt, of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's grandson, would wait upon him at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tuesday the twenty-fifth of October, upon business which Sir Harry would impart to him by word of mouth. I thought it proper," says the writer, "to acquaint you beforehand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, though by many years absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,
John Thrifty."

"I received this message," says Mr. Bickerstaff, "with less surprise than, I believe, Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen anything above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the justice of the quorum."

"The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set chairs, by the steward's letter, and fixed my tea equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, 'Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better,' and another voice, 'Nay, good Sir Giles—' I looked out from my window, and saw the good company, all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber-door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor told me, 'he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every quarter-sessions these thirty years, unless he was sick. The steward in the rear whispered the young Templar, 'That is true, to my knowledge.' I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek by jowl, to desire the squire to sit down before the justice of the quorum, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter. But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. 'Well,' said I, 'gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea.' They answered one and all, 'that they never drank tea in a morning.' 'Not in a morning!' said I, staring around me. Upon which the pert jackanapes, Nic Doubt, tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the steward, in his boots and whip, proposed, 'that we should adjourn to some public-house, where everybody might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business.' We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left, very discreetly countermarching behind the chairs towards the door. After him Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple squire made a sudden start to follow, but the justice of the quorum whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid going up with coals made us halt, and put us into such confusion that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us, under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step until Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, until we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking what it was, I, to make them move, said 'it was fire.' Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, until we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer Lane; the impertinent Templar driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

"I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the justice and the simple squire. He could not properly take this ill, but I overheard him whisper the steward, 'that he thought it hard that a common conjurer should take place of him, though an elder squire.' In this order we marched down Sheer Lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple-bar, Sir Harry and Sir

Giles got over; but a run of the coaches kept the rest of us on this side the street; however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Tooke's shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity; from whence we proceeded again till we came to Dick's Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of so much state and rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and Dyer's Letter. The boy brought in the ale in an instant, but said, 'they did not take in the Letter.' 'No!' says Sir Harry, 'then take back your mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house!' Here the Templar tipped me a second wink, and, if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short I observed, after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter on business till after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum, and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second and a third; after which Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, 'that the place was too public for business: but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some friends with him.'"

In Shire Lane is said to have originated the famous Kit-Kat Club, which consisted of "thirty-nine distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, zealously attached to the Protestant succession of the house of Hanover." "The club," continues a note in Spence by the editor, "is supposed to have derived its name from Christopher Katt, a pastry-cook, who kept the house where they dined, and excelled in making mutton-pies, which always formed a part of their bill of fare; these pies, on account of their excellence, were called Kit-Kats. The summer meetings were sometimes held at the Upper Flask on Hampstead Heath."

"You have heard of the Kit-Kat Club," says Pope to Spence. "The master of the house where the club met was Christopher Katt; Tonson was secretary. The day Lord Mohun and the Earl of Berwick were entered of it, Jacob said he saw they were just going to be ruined. When Lord Mohun broke down the gilded emblem on the top of his chair, Jacob complained to his friends, and said a man who would do that, would cut a man's throat. So that he had the good and the forms of the society much at heart. The paper was all in Lord Halifax's hand-writing of a subscription of four hundred guineas for the encouragement of good comedies, and was dated 1709, soon after they broke up. Steele, Addison, Congreve, Garth, Vanbrugh, Manwaring, Stepney, Walpole, and Pultney were of it; so was Lord Dorset and the present Duke. Manwaring, whom we hear nothing of now, was the ruling man in all conversations; indeed what he wrote had very little merit in it. Lord Stanhope and the Earl of Essex were also members. Jacob has his own, and all their pictures, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Each member gave his, and he is going to build a room for them at Barn Elms."

It is from the size at which these portraits were taken (a three-quarter length), that the word Kit-Kat came to be applied to pictures. The society afterwards met elsewhere, as we shall see; but locality is nothing in these matters. The refinement consists in the company, and in whatever they choose to throw a grace over, whether a carp or a mutton pie. The great thing is, not the bill of fare, but, as Swift called it, the "bill of company."

We cross to the south side of the street again, and come to Mrs. Salmon's. It is a curious evidence of the fluctuation of the great tide in commercial and growing cities, that a century ago, this immortal old gentlewoman, renowned for her wax-work, gives as a reason for removing from St. Martin's Le Grand to Fleet Street, where she is still dead-alive (like her figures), that it was "a more convenient place for the coaches of the quality to stand unmolested." Some of the houses in this quarter are of the Elizabethan age, with floors projecting over the others, and looking pressed together like burrows. The inmates of these humbler tenements (unlike those of great halls and mansions) seem as if they must have had their heights taken, and the ceiling made to fit. Yet the builders were liberal of their materials. Over the way, near the west corner of Chancery Lane, stood an interesting specimen of this style of building, in the house of the famous old angler, Isaac Walton.

Walton's was the second house from the Lane, the corner house being an inn, long distinguished by the

* *Tatler*, No. 86.

† *Spence's Anecdotes*, by Singer, p. 337.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Tatler*, as above, vol. iv. p. 690.

* *Tatler*, No. 142. According to the author of a lively rattling book, conversant with the furniture of old times, Arbuthnot was a great amateur in sticks. "My uncle," says he, "was universally allowed to be as deeply skilled in caneology, as any one, Dr. Arbuthnot not excepted, whose science on important questions was quoted even after his death; for his collection of the various headed sticks and canes, from the time of the first Charles, taken together, was unrivalled."—*Wine and Walnuts*, vol. i. p. 242.

sign of the Harrow. He appears to have long lived here, carrying on the business of a linen-draper, about the year 1624. Another person, John Mason, a hosier, occupied one-half of the tenement. Walton afterwards removed to another house in Chancery Lane, a few doors up from Fleet Street, on the west side, where he kept a sempster's, or milliner's shop.

A great deal has been said lately of the merits and demerits of angling, and Isaac has suffered in the discussion, beyond what is agreeable to the lovers of that gentle system. Unfortunately the brothers of the angle do not argue ingeniously. They always omit the tortures suffered by the principal party, and affect to think you affected if you urge them; whereas their only reason for avoiding the point is, that is not to be defended. If it is, we may defend, by an equal abuse of reason any amusement which is to be obtained at another being's expense; and an evil genius might angle for us, and twitch us up, bleeding and roaring, into an atmosphere that would stifle us. But fishes do not roar; they cannot express any sound of suffering; and therefore the angler chooses to think they do not suffer, more than it is convenient to him to fancy. Now it is a poor sport, that depends for its existence on the want of a voice in the sufferer, and of imagination in the sportsman. Angling, in short, is not to be defended on any ground of reflection; and this is the worst thing to say of Isaac; for he was not unaware of the objections to his amusement, and he piqued himself upon being contemplative.

Anglers have been defended upon the ground of their having had among them so many pious men; but unfortunately men may be selfish as well as nobly pious; and even charity itself may be practised, as well as cruelty deprecated, upon principles which have a much greater regard to a man's own safety and future comfort, than anything which concerns real Christian beneficence. Doubtless there have been many good and humane men anglers, as well as many pleasant men. There have also been some very unpleasant ones,—Sir John Hawkins among them. They make a well-founded pretension to a love of nature and her scenery; but it is a pity they cannot relish it without this pepper to the poor fish. Walton's book contains many passages in praise of rural enjoyment, which affect us almost like the fields and fresh air themselves; though his brethren have exalted it beyond its value; and his lives of his angling friends, the Divines, have been preposterously over-rated. If angling is to be defended upon good and manly grounds, let it; it is no longer to be defended on any other. The best thing to be said for it (and the instance is worthy of reflection) is, that anglers have been brought up in the belief of its innocence, and that an inhuman custom is too powerful for the most humane. The inconsistency is to be accounted for on no other grounds; nor is it necessary or desirable that it should be so. It is a remarkable illustration of what Plato said, when something was defended on the ground of its being a trifle, because it was a custom. "But custom," said he, "is no trifle." Here, among persons of a more equivocal description, are some of the humanest men in the world, who will commit what other humane men reckon among the most inhuman actions, and make an absolute pastime of it. Let one of their grandchildren be brought up in the reverse opinion, and see what he will think of it. This, to be sure, might be said to be only another instance of the effect of education; but nobody, the most unprejudiced, thinks it a bigotry in Shakespeare and Steele to have brought us to feel for the brute creation in general; and whatever we may incline to think, for the accommodation of our propensities, there will still remain the unanswered and always avoided argument, of the dumb and torn fish themselves, who die agonised, in the midst of our tranquil looking on, and for no necessity.

John Whitney, author of the "Gentle Recreation, or the Pleasures of Angling," a poem printed in the year 1700, recommends the lovers of the art to bait with the eyes of fish, in order to decoy others of the same species. A writer in the *Censura Literaria* exclaims, "What a Nero of Anglers doth this proclaim John Whitney to have been! and how unworthy, to be ranked as a lover of the same pastime, which had been so interestingly recommended by Isaac Walton in his *Contemplative Man's Recreation*."

But Isaac's contemplative man can content himself with impaling live worms, and jesting about the tenderness with which he treats them,—using the worm, quoth Isaac, "as if you loved him." Doubtless John thought himself as good a man as Isaac. He poetizes, and is innocent with the best of them, and probably would not have hurt a dog. However, it must be allowed that he had less imagination than Walton, and was more cruel, inasmuch as he could commit a cruelty that was not the custom. Observe, nevertheless, that it was the customary cruelty which led to the new one. Why must these contemplative men commit any cruelty at all. The writer of the article in the *Censura* was, if we mistake not, one of the kindest of human beings, and yet he could see nothing erroneous in torturing a worm. "A good man," says the Scripture, "is merciful to his beast."

Therefore "holy Mr. Herbert" very properly helps a horse out of a ditch, and is the better for it all the rest of the day. Are we not to be merciful to fish as well as beasts, merely because the Scripture does not expressly state it? Such are the inconsistencies of mankind, during their very acquirement of beneficence.

On the other side of the corner of Chancery Lane, was born a man of real genius and benevolence, who would not have hurt a fly,—Abraham Cowley. His father was a grocer; himself, one of the kindest, wisest, and truest gentlemen that ever graced humanity. He has been pronounced by one, competent to judge, to have been, "if not a great poet, a great man." But his poetry is what every other man's poetry is, the flower of what was in him; and is at least so far good poetry, as it is the quintessence of amiable and deep reflection, not without a more festive strain, the result of his sociality. Pope says of him

Forgot his epic, nay pindaric art,
Yet still we love the language of his heart.*

His prose is admirable, and his character of Cromwell a masterpiece of honest enmity, more creditable to both parties than the zealous Royalist was aware. Cowley, notwithstanding the active part he took in politics, never ceased to be a child at heart. His mind lived in books and bowers,—in the sequestered "places of thought;" and he wondered and lamented to the last, that he had not realised the people he found there. His consolation should have been, that what he found in himself, was an evidence that the people exist.

Chancery Lane, "the most ancient of any to the west," having been built in the time of Henry III., when it was called New Lane, which was afterwards altered to Chancellor's Lane, is the greatest legal thoroughfare in England. It leads from the Temple, passes by Sergeant's Inn, Clifford's Inn, Lincoln's Inn, and the Rolls, and conducts to Gray's Inn. Of the world of vice and virtue, of pain and triumph, of learning and ignorance, truth and chicanery, of impudence, violence, and tranquil wisdom, that must have passed through this spot, the reader may judge accordingly. There all the great and eloquent lawyers of the metropolis must have been, at some time or other, from Fortescue and Littleton, to Coke, Ellesmere, and Erskine. Sir Thomas More must have been seen going down with his weighty aspect; Bacon with his eye of intuition; the coarse Thurlow; and the reverend elegance of Mansfield. But we shall anticipate our visions of Westminster Hall. In Chancery Lane was born the celebrated Lord Strafford, who was sent to the block by the party he had deserted, the victim of his own false strength and his master's weakness. It is a curious evidence of the secret manners of those times, which are so often contrasted with the license of the next reign, that Clarendon, in speaking of some love letters of this lord, a married man, which transpired during his trial, calls them "things of levity." What would he have said had he found any love-letters between Lady Carlisle and Pym? Of Southampton Buildings, on the site of which lived Shakespeare's friend, Lord Southampton, we shall speak immediately; and we shall notice Lincoln's Inn when we come to the western portion of Holborn. But we may here observe, that on the wall of the Inn, which is in Chancery Lane, Ben Jonson is said to have worked, at the time he was compelled to assist his father-in-law at his trade of bricklaying. In the intervals of his trowel, he is said to have handled his Horace and Virgil. It is only a tradition, which Fuller has handed down to us in his *Worthies*; but tradition is valuable when it helps to make such a flower grow upon an old wall.

Sergeant's Inn, the first leading out of Chancery Lane, near Fleet Street, has been what its name implies for many generations. It was occasionally occupied by the sergeants as early as the time of Henry IV., when it was called Farrington's Inn, though they have never, we believe, held possession of the place but under tenure to the bishops of Ely, or their lessees. Pennant confounds this Inn with another of the same name, now no longer devoted to the same purpose, in Fleet Street†. Sergeant's Inn in Fleet Street was reduced to ruins in the great fire, but was soon after rebuilt in a much more uniform style than before. It continued after this to be occupied by the lawyers in 1730, when the whole was taken down, and the present court erected. The office of the Amicable Annuitant Society on the east side of the court, occupies the site of the ancient Hall and Chapel. All the judges, as having been sergeants at law before their elevation to the bench, have still chambers in the Inn in Chancery Lane. The windows of this house are filled with the armorial bearings of the members, who, when they are knighted, are emphatically *equites aurati*, at least as far as rings are concerned, for they give rings on the occasion with mottoes expressive of their sentiments upon law and justice. As to the *equites*, learned "knights" or horsemen (till "knight" be restored to

its original meaning,—servant) will never be anything but an anomaly, especially since the learned brothers no longer even ride to the hall as they used. The arms of the body of sergeants are a golden shield, with an Ibis upon it; or to speak scientifically, "Or, an Ibis Proper;" to which Mr. Jekyll might have added, for motto, "*In medio tutissimus*." The same learned punster made an epigram upon the oratory and scarlet robes of his brethren, which may be here repeated without offence, as the sergeants have had among them some of the best as well as most tiresome of speakers:

The sergeants are a grateful race;
Their dress and language shew it;
Their purple robes from Tyre we trace,
Their arguments go to it.

One of the customs, which used to be observed so late as the reign of Charles I. in the creation of Sergeants, was for the new made dignitary to go in solemn procession to St. Paul's and there to choose his pillar, as it was expressed. This ceremony is supposed to have originated in the ancient practice of the lawyers taking each his station at one of the pillars in the Cathedral, and there waiting for clients. The legal sage stood, it is said, with pen in hand, and dexterously noted down the particulars of every man's case on his knee.

Clifford's Inn, leading out of Sergeant's Inn into Fleet Street and Fetter Lane, is so called from the noble family of De Clifford, who granted it the students-at-law in the reign of Edward III. The word inn, (Saxon, chamber), though now applied only to law places and the better sort of public-houses in which travellers are entertained, formerly signified a great house, mansion, or family palace. So Lincoln's Inn, the mansion of the Earls of Lincoln; Gray's Inn, of the Lords Gray, &c. The French still use the word *hotel* in the same sense. Inn once made as splendid a figure in our poetry, as the palaces of Milton:

Now whenas Phœbus, with his fiery waine
Unto his inne began to draw apace;*

says Spenser:—and his disciple Browne after him,

Now had the glorious sun tane up his inne.†

There is nothing to notice in Clifford's Inn, except that it has some trees in it, and is quiet; two circumstances which create a double pleasure in passing from the noise of the London streets. It is curious what a little remove produces this quiet. Even in the back room of a shop in the main street, the sound of the carts and carriages becomes wonderfully deadened to the ear, and a remove, like Clifford's Inn, makes it remote, or nothing.

The garden of Clifford's Inn forms part of the area of the Rolls, so called from the records kept there, in rolls of parchment. It is said to have been the house of an eminent Jew, forfeited to the crown, that is to say, most probably taken from him with all that it contained, by Henry III., who made it a house for converts from the owner's religion. These converted Jews, most likely none of the best of their race, (for board and lodging are not arguments to the scrupulous,) appear to have been so neglected, that the number of them gradually came to nothing, and Edward the Third gave the place to the Court of Chancery, to keep its records in. There is a fine monument in the chapel to Dr. Young, one of the masters, which, according to Vertue, was executed by Torregiano, who built the splendid tomb in Henry VII.'s chapel. Sir John Trevor, infamous for bribery and corruption, also lies here. "Wisely," says Pennant, "his epitaph is thus confined, Sir J. T. M. R. 1717." Some other masters, he adds, rest within the walls; "among them Sir John Strange, but without the quibbling line,

'Here lies an honest lawyer, that is Strange.'

Another Master of the Rolls, who did honour to the profession, was Sir Joseph Jekyll, recorded by Pope as an

"—odd old Whig,
Who never changed his principles or wig."

When he came into the office, many of the houses were rebuilt, and to the expense of ten of them he added, out of his own purse, as much as 350*l.* each house; observing, that "he would have them built as strong and as well as if they were his own inheritance."‡ The Master of the Rolls is a great law dignitary, a sort of under-judge in Chancery, presiding in a court by himself, though his most ostensible office is to take care of the records in question. He has a house and garden on the spot, the latter secluded from public view. The house, however, has not been used as a residence by the present holder of the office or his predecessor.

Between Chancery and Fetter Lane is the new church of St. Dunstan's in the West,—a great improvement upon the old one, though a little too plain below for the handsome fret-work of its steeple. The

* *Faerie Queen*, book vi. canto iii.

† *Britannia's Pastorals*, book i. song iii.]

‡ *Londonium Redivivum*, vol. ii. p. 279.

old building was eminent for the two wooden figures of wild men, who, with a gentleness not to be expected of them, struck the hour with a little tap of their clubs. At the same time they moved their arms and heads, with a like avoidance of superfluous action. These figures were put up in the time of Charles II., and were thought not to confer much honour on the passengers who stood "gaping" to see them strike. But the passengers might surely be as alive to the puerility as any one else. An absurdity is not the least attractive thing in this world. They who objected to the gapers probably admired more things than they laughed at. It must be remembered also, that when the images were set up, mechanical contrivances were much rarer than they are now. Two centuries ago St. Dunstan's Church-yard, as it was called, being the portion of Fleet Street in front of the church, was famous for its booksellers' shops. The church escaped the Great Fire, which stopped within three houses of it, and consequently, was one of the most ancient sacred edifices in London. It was supposed to have been built about the end of the fourteenth century—but had subsequently undergone extensive repairs. Besides the clock with the figures, it was adorned by a statue of Queen Elizabeth which stood in a niche, over the east end, and had been transferred thither about the middle of last century from the west side of old Ludgate, which was then removed.

The only repute of Fetter Lane in the present days, is, or was, for sausages. But at one time it is said to have had the honor of Dryden's presence. The famous Praise God Barebones also, it seems, lived here, in a house for which he paid forty pounds a year, as he stated in his examination on a trial in the reign of Charles II.* He paid the above rent, he says, "except during the war"—that is, we suppose, during the confusion of the contest between the King and the Parliament, when probably this worthy contrived to live rent free. In this neighbourhood also dwelt the infamous Elizabeth Brownrigg, who was executed in 1767 for the murder of one of her apprentices. Her house, with the cellar in which she used to confine her starved and tortured victims, and from the grating of which their cries of distress were heard, was one of those on the east side of the lane, looking into the long and narrow alley behind, called Flower-de-Luce Court. It was some years ago in the occupation of a fishing-tackle maker.

Johnson once lived in Fetter Lane, but the circumstances of his abode there have not transpired. We now, however, come to a cluster of his residences in Fleet Street, of which place he is certainly the great presiding spirit, the *Genius Loci*. He was conversant for the greater part of his life with this street, was fond of it, frequented its Mitre Tavern above any other in London, and has identified its name and places with the best things he ever said and did. It was in Fleet Street, we believe, that he took the poor girl up in his arms, put her to bed in his own house, and restored her to health and her friends; an action sufficient to redeem a million of the asperities of temper occasioned by disease, and to stamp him, in spite of his bigotry, a good Christian. Here at all events he walked, and talked, and shouldered wondering porters out of the way, and mourned, and philosophized, and was "a goodnatured fellow," (as he called himself,) and roared with peals of laughter till midnight echoed to his roar.

"We walked in the evening," says Boswell, "in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the busy hum of men," I answered, "Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet Street." Johnson. "You are right, sir."†

Boswell vindicates the taste here expressed by the example of a "very fashionable baronet," who on his attention being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, observed, "This may be very well, but I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the playhouse." The Baronet here alluded to was Sir Michael Le Fleming, who, by way of comment on his indifference to fresh air, died of an apoplectic fit while conversing with Lord Howick (the present Earl Grey), at the Admiralty.‡ However, Johnson's *ipse dixit* was enough. He wanted neither Boswell's vindication, nor any other. He was melancholy, and glad to be taken from his thoughts; and London furnished him with an endless flow of society.

Johnson's abodes in Fleet Street were in the following order:—First, in Fetter Lane, then in Boswell Court, then in Gough Square, in the Inner Temple Lane, in Johnson's Court, and, finally, and for the longest period, in Bolt Court, where he died. His mode of life, during a considerable portion of his residence in these places, is described in a communication to Boswell by the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, assistant preacher at the Temple, who was intimate with Johnson for many years, and spoke of his memory with affection.

"About twelve o'clock," says the Doctor, "I commonly visited him, and found him in bed, or declaiming over his tea, which he drank very plentifully. He generally had a levee of morning visitors, chiefly men of letters; Hawkesworth, Goldsmith, Murphy, Langton, Steevens, Beauclerk, &c. &c., and sometimes learned ladies; particularly I remember a French lady of wit and fashion doing him the honour of a visit. He seemed to me to be considered as a kind of public oracle, whom every body thought they had a right to visit and consult; and, doubtless, they were well rewarded. I never could discover how he found time for his compositions. He declaimed all the morning, then went to dinner at a tavern, where he commonly staid late, and then drank his tea at some friend's house, over which he loitered a great while, but seldom took supper. I fancy he must have read and wrote chiefly in the night; for I can scarcely recollect that he ever refused going with me to a tavern; and he often went to Ranelagh, which he deemed a place of innocent recreation.

"He frequently gave all the silver in his pocket to the poor, who watched him between his house and the tavern where he dined. He walked the streets at all hours, and said he was never robbed, for the rogues knew he had little money, nor had the appearance of having much.

"Though the most accessible and communicative man alive, yet when he suspected that he was invited to be exhibited, he constantly spurned the invitation.

"Two young women from Staffordshire visited him when I was present, to consult him on the subject of Methodism, to which they were inclined. 'Come (said he), you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre, and we will talk over that subject;' which they did; and after dinner he took one of them on his knees, and fondled them for half an hour together."§

This anecdote is exquisite. It shows, that however impatient he was of having his own superstitious canvassed, he was loth to see them inflicted on others. He is here a harmless Falstaff, with two innocent damsels on his knees, in the room of Mesdames Ford and Page.

In Gough Square Johnson wrote part of his Dictionary. He had written the Rambler, and taken his high stand with the public before. "At this time," says Barber, his servant, "he had little for himself, but frequently sent money to Mr. Shiels when in distress." (Shiels was one of his amanuenses in the Dictionary). His friends and visitors in Gough Square are a good specimen of what they always were,—a miscellany creditable to the largeness of his humanity. There was Cave, Dr. Hawkesworth, Miss Carter, Mrs. Macauley, (who was must have looked strangely at one another), Mr. (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds, Langton, Mrs. Williams, (a poor poetess whom he maintained in his house), Mr. Levett (an apothecary, on the same footing), Garrick, Lord Orrery, Lord Southwell, and Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a tallow-chandler on Snow-hill,—"not in the learned way," says Mr. Barber, "but a worthy good woman." With all his respect for rank, which doubtless he regarded as a special dispensation of Providence, his friend Beauclerk's notwithstanding,† Johnson never lost sight of the dignity of goodness. He did not, however, confine his attentions to those who were noble or amiable; though we are to suppose, that every body with whom he chose to be particularly conversant had some good quality or other; unless, indeed, he patronized them as the Duke of Montague did his ugly dogs, because nobody would if he did not. The great secret, no doubt, was, that he was glad of the company of any of his fellow-creatures, who would bear and forbear with him, and for whose tempers he did not care as much as he did for their welfare. And he was giving alms; which was a Catholic part of religion, in the proper sense of the word. "He nursed," says Mrs. Thrale, in her superfluous style, "whole nests of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick and the sorrowful, found a sure retreat from all the evils whence his little income could secure them: and commonly spending the middle of the week at our house, he kept his numerous family in Fleet Street upon a settled allowance; but returned to them every Saturday to give them three good dinners and his company, before he came back to us on the Monday night, treating them with the same, or perhaps more ceremonious civility, than he would have done by as many people of fashion, making the Holy Scripture thus the rule of his conduct, and only expecting salvation, as he was able to obey its precepts."‡ Johnson's female inmates were not like the romantic ones of Richardson. "We surely cannot but admire," says Boswell, "the benevolent exertions of this great and good man, especially when we consider how grievously he was afflicted with bad health, and how uncomfortable his home was made by the perpetual jarring of those whom he charitably accommodated under his roof. He has sometimes suffered me to talk jocularly of his

group of families, and call them his *seraglio*. He thus mentions them, together with honest Levett, in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale: 'Williams hates every body; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them.'"

Of his residence in Inner Temple Lane we have spoken before. He lived there six or seven years, and then removed to Johnson's Court, No. 7, where he resided for ten. Johnson's Court is in the neighbourhood of Gough Square. It was during this period that he accompanied his friend Boswell to Scotland where he sometimes humourously styled himself "Johnson of that ilk" (that same, or Johnson of Johnson), in imitation of the local designations of the Scottish chiefs. In 1776, in his sixty-seventh year, still adhering to the neighbourhood, he removed into Bolt Court, No. 8, where he died eight years after, on the 19th December, 1784. In Bolt Court he had a garden, and perhaps in Johnson's Court and Gough Square: which we mention to shew how tranquil and removed these places were, and convenient for a student who wished, nevertheless, to have the bustle of London at hand. Maitland (one of the compilers upon Stow), who published his history of London in 1739, describes Johnson and Bolt Courts as having "good houses, well inhabited;" and Gough Square he calls fashionable.†

Johnson was probably in every tavern and coffee-house in Fleet Street. There is one which has taken his name, being styled, *par excellence*, "Dr. Johnson's Coffee-house." But the house he most frequented was the Mitre tavern, on the other side of the street, in a passage leading to the Temple. It was here, as we have seen, that he took his two innocent theologians, and paternally dandled them out of their misgivings on his knee. The same place was the first of the kind in which Boswell met him. "We had a good supper," says the happy biographer, "and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle." (At intervals he abstained from all fermented liquors for a long time). "The orthodox, high-church sound of the Mitre, the figure and manner of the celebrated SAMUEL JOHNSON, the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had before experienced."‡ They sat till between one and two in the morning. He told Boswell at that period that "he generally went abroad at about four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not to make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit."

The next time Goldsmith was with them, when Johnson made a remark very fit to be repeated in this journal; namely, that granting knowledge in some cases to produce unhappiness, "knowledge *per se* was an object which every one would wish to attain, though, perhaps, he might not take the trouble necessary for attaining it." One of his most curious remarks followed, occasioned by the mention of Campbell, the author of the *Hermippus Redivivus*, on which Boswell makes a no less curious comment. "Campbell," said Johnson, "is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shews that he has good principles." On which, says Boswell in a note, "I am inclined to think he was misinformed as to this circumstance. I own I am jealous for my worthy friend Dr. John Campbell. For though *Milton* could without remorse absent himself from public worship, I cannot."§

¶ It was at their next sitting in this house, at which the Rev. Dr. Ogilvie, a Scotch writer, was present, that Johnson made his famous joke, in answer to that gentleman's remark, that Scotland has a great many "noble, wild prospects." Johnson, "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble, wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England!" "This unexpected and pointed sally," says Boswell, "produced a roar of applause. After all, however (he adds), those who admire the rude grandeur of nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia."||

Johnson had the highest opinion of a tavern, as a place in which a man might be comfortable, if he could anywhere. Indeed, he said that the man who could not enjoy himself in a tavern, could be comfortable nowhere. This, however, is not to be taken to the letter. Extremes meet; and Johnson's uneasiness of temper led him into the gayer necessities of Falstaff. However, it is assuredly no honour to a man, not to be able to "take his ease at his inn."

* Boswell, vol. iii. p. 206.

† Johnson's Court runs into Gough Square, "a place lately built with very handsome houses, and well inhabited by persons of fashion."—*Maitland's History and Survey of London*, by Enrich, folio, 1754, p. 361.

‡ Boswell, vol. i. p. 224.

§ Id. vol. i. p. 406.

|| Id. vol. i. p. 406.

* Boswell, vol. ii. p. 117.

† Beauclerk, of the St. Alban's family, was a descendant of Charles II., whom he resembled in face and complexion, for which Johnson by no means liked him the less.

‡ *Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson*, &c. Albany, 1828, p. 60.

• See Malone's *London Redivivus*, iii. 482.

† Boswell, *us supra*, vol. i. p. 441.

‡ Malone, in the passage in Boswell, *ibid.*

"There is no private house," said Johnson, talking on this subject, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much goodness, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcome you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated with great emotion *Shenstone's* lines:

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."^{*}

"Sir John Hawkins," says Boswell, in a note on this passage, "has preserved very few *memorabilia* of Johnson." There is, however, to be found in his bulky tome, a very excellent one upon this subject. "In contradiction to those who, having a wife and children, prefer domestic enjoyments to those which a tavern affords, I have heard him assert, that a *tavern chair* was the throne of human felicity. 'As soon (said he) as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude: when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants: wine there exhilarates my spirits and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatise, and am contradicted; and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I find delight.'"

The following anecdote is highly to Johnson's credit, and equally worthy every one's attention. "Johnson was known to be so rigidly attentive to the truth," says Boswell, "that even in his common conversation the slightest circumstance was mentioned with exact precision. The knowledge of his having such a principle and habit made his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of every thing that he told, however it might have been doubted if told by many others. As an instance of this I may mention an odd incident, which he related as having happened to him one night in Fleet Street. 'A gentleman (said he) begged I would give her my arm to assist her in crossing the street, which I accordingly did; upon which she offered me a shilling, supposing me to be the watchman. I perceived that she was somewhat in liquor.' This, if told by most people, would have been thought an invention; when told by Johnson, it was believed by his friends, as much as if they had seen what passed."[†]

The gentleman, however, might have taken him for the watchman without being in liquor, if she had no eye to discern a great man through his uncouthness. Davies, the bookseller, said, that he "laughed like a rhinoceros." It may be added he walked like a whale; for it was rolling rather than walking. "I met him in Fleet Street," says Boswell, "walking, or rather, indeed, moving along; for his peculiar march is thus described in a very just and picturesque manner, in a short life of him published very soon after his death:—'When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion independent of his feet.' That he was often much stared at," continues Boswell, "while he advanced in this manner, may be easily believed; but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langton saw him one day, in a fit of absence, by a sudden start, drive the load off a porter's back, and walk forwards briskly, without being conscious of what he had done. The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be satisfied, and take up his burthen again."[‡]

There is another remark on Fleet Street and its superiority to the country, which must not be passed over. Boswell, not having Johnson's reasons for wanting society, was a little overweening and gratuitous on this subject; and on such occasions the Doctor would give him a knock. "It was a delightful day," says the biographer;—"as we walked to St. Clement's church, I again remarked that Fleet Street was the most cheerful scene in the world; 'Fleet Street,' said I, 'is in my mind more delightful than

Temple.' Johnson. 'Ay, sir, but let it be compared with Mull.'"[§]

The progress of knowledge, even since Johnson's time, has enabled us to say, without presumption, that we differ with this extraordinary person on many important points, without ceasing to have the highest regard for his character. His faults were the result of temperament; perhaps his good qualities and his powers of reflection were, in some measure, so too; but this must be the case with all men. Intellect and beneficence, from whatever causes, will always command respect; and we may gladly compound, for their sakes, with foibles which belong to the common chances of humanity. If Johnson has added nothing very new to the general stock, he has contributed (especially by the help of his biographer) a great deal that is striking and entertaining. He was an admirable critic, if not of the highest things, yet of such as could be determined by the exercise of a masculine good sense; and one thing he did, perhaps beyond any man in England, before or since;—he advanced, by the powers of his conversation, the strictness of his veracity, and the respect he exacted towards his presence, what may be called the personal dignity of literature. The consequence has been, not exactly what he expected, but certainly what the great interests of knowledge require; and Johnson has assisted men, with whom he little thought of co-operating, in setting the claims of truth and beneficence above all others.

East from Fetter Lane, on the same side of the street, is Crane Court—the principal house in which, facing the entry, was that in which the Royal Society used to meet, and where they kept their museum and library, before they removed to their present apartments in Somerset House. The Society met in Crane Court up to a period late enough to allow us to present to our imaginations Boyle and his contemporaries prosecuting their eager inquiries and curious experiments in the early dawn of physical science, and afterwards Newton presiding in the noontide glory of the light which he had shed over nature.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRAND.

Contents:—Ancient state of the Strand.—Butcher Row.—Death of Lee, the dramatic poet.—Johnson at an eating-house.—Essex Street.—House and history of the favourite Earl of Essex.—Sponsor's visit there.—Essex, general of the Parliament.—Essex Head Club.—Devereux Court.—Grecian Coffee-House.—Twining, the accomplished scholar.—St. Clement Dunes.—Clement's Inn.—Palstaff and Shalloe.—Norfolk, Arundel, Surrey, and Howard Streets.—Norfolk House.—Essex's Ring and the Countess of Nottingham.—William Penn.—Birch.—Dr. Brocklesby.—Congreve, and his Will.—Voltaire's visit to him.—Mrs. Bracegirdle.—Tragic end of Mountford the player.—Ancient Cross.—Mappels.—New Church of St. Mary-le-Strand.—Old Somerset House.—Henrietta Maria and her French household.—Waller's mishap at Somerset Stairs.—New Somerset House.—Royal Society, Antiquarian Society, and Royal Academy.—Death of Dr. King.—Essex Street.—Johnson's first lodging in London.—Art of living in London.—Catherine Street.—Unfortunate Women.—Wimbleton House.—Lyceum and Beef-Steak Club.—Exeter Change.—Bed and Baltimore.—The Savoy.—Anecdotes of the Duchess of Albemarle.—Beaufort Buildings.—Lillie the Performer.—Aaron Hill.—Fielding.—Southampton Street.—Cecil and Salisbury Streets.—Durham House.—Raleigh.—Pennant on the word Place or Palace.—New Exchange.—Don Pantaleon de.—The White Milliner.—Adelphi.—Garrick and his Wife.—Beauclerc.—Society of Arts, and Mr. Barry.—Bedford Street.—George, Villiers, and Buckingham Streets.—York House and Buildings.—Squabble between the Spanish and French Ambassadors.—Hungerford Market.—Craven Street.—Franklin.—Northumberland House.—Duplicité of Henry, Earl of Northampton.—Violence of Lord Herbert of Chesham.—Percy, Bishop of Dromore.—Pleasant mistake of Goldsmith.

In going through Fleet Street and the Strand, we seldom think that the one is named after a rivulet, now running under ground, and the other from its being on the banks of the river Thames. As little do most of us fancy that there was once a line of noblemen's houses on the one side, and that at the same time, all beyond the other side, to Hampstead or Highgate, was open country, with the little hamlet of St. Giles's in a cove. So late as the reign of Henry VIII. we have a print containing the village of Charing. Citizens used to take an evening stroll to the well now in St. Clement's Inn.

In the reign of Edward III. the Strand was an open country road, with a mansion here and there, on the banks of the river Thames, most probably a castle or strong hold. In this state it no doubt remained during the greater part of the York and Lancaster period. From Henry VIII's time the castles

most likely began to be exchanged for mansions of a more peaceful character. These gradually increased; and in the reign of Edward VI. the Strand consisted, on the south side, of a line of mansions with garden walls; and on the north, of a single row of houses, behind which all was field. The reader is to imagine wall all the way from Temple Bar to Whitehall, on his left hand, like that of Kew Palace, or a succession of Burlington Gardens; while the line of humbler habitations stood on the other side, like a row of servants in waiting.

As wealth increased, not only the importance of rank diminished, and the nobles were more content to recollect James's advice of living in the country, (where he said, they looked like ships in a river, instead of ships at sea), but the value of ground about London, especially on the river side, was so much augmented, that the proprietors of these princely mansions were not unwilling to turn the premises into money. The civil wars had given another jar to the stability of their abodes in the metropolis; and in Charles the Second's time the great houses finally gave way, and were exchanged for streets and wharfs. An agreeable poet of the last century lets us know that he used to think of this great change in going up the Strand.

"Come, Fortescue, sincere, experience'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls;
Me, business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its fame:
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warmed,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charmed,
Now hangs the Bellman's song; and pasted here,
The coloured prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breathed, the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorned the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers',—now no more."[¶]

As the aspect in this quarter is so different from what it was, and the Strand is one of the most important in the metropolis, we may add what Pennant has written on the same subject:—

"In the year 1353, that fine street the Strand was an open high-way, with here and there a great man's house, with gardens to the water's side. In that year it was so ruinous, that Edward III., by an ordinance, directed a tax to be raised upon wool, leather, wine, and all goods carried to the staple at Westminster, from Temple Bar to Westminster Abbey, for the repair of the road; and that all owners of houses adjacent to the highway, should repair as much as lay before their doors. Mention is also made of a bridge to be erected near the royal palace at Westminster, for the convenience of the said staple; but the last probably meant no more than stairs for the landing of the goods, which I find sometimes went by the name of a bridge.

"There was no continued street here till about the year 1583; before that it entirely cut off Westminster from London, and nothing intervened except the scattered houses, and a village, which afterwards gave name to the whole. St. Martin's stood literally in the fields. But about the year 1566 a street was formed, loosely built, for all the houses on the south side had great gardens to the river, were called by their owners' names, and in after times gave name to the several streets that succeeded them, pointing down to the Thames; each of them had stairs for the convenience of taking boat, of which many to this day bear the names of the houses. As the court was for centuries either at the palace at Westminster, or Whitehall, a boat was the customary conveyance of the great to the presence of their sovereign. The north side was a mere line of houses from Charing-cross to Temple Bar; all beyond was country. The gardens which occupied part of the site of Covent Garden were bounded by fields, and St. Giles was a distant country village. These are circumstances proper to point out, to shew the vast increase of our capital in little more than two centuries."[†]

The aspect of the Strand, on emerging through Temple-Bar, is very different from what it was forty years ago. "A stranger who had visited London in 1790, would on his return in 1804," says Mr. Malcolm, "be astonished to find a spacious area (with the church nearly in the centre) on the site of Butcher Row, and some other passages undeserving of the name of streets, which were composed of those wretched fabrics, overhanging their foundations, the receptacles of dirt in every corner of their projecting stories, the bane of ancient London, where the plague, with all its attendant horrors, frowned destruction on the miserable inhabitants, reserving its forces for the attacks of each returning summer."[‡]

The site of Butcher Row, thus advantageously

^{*} *Gay's Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London* book II.

[†] Pennant, *at supra*, p. 128.

[‡] *Londinium Redivivum*, vol. III. p. 387.

^{*} Boswell, vol. II. p. 469.

[†] *Æt.* vol. II. p. 486.

[‡] *Æt.* vol. IV. p. 77.

^{*} Boswell, vol. III. p. 387.

thrown open, is called Pickett Street, after the Alderman who projected the improvements. Unfortunately, they turned out to be on too large a scale; that is to say, the houses were found to be too large and expensive for the right side of the Strand in this quarter, the tide of traffic between the city and Westminster flowing the other side of the way. The consequence is, that the houses are under-let, and that something of the old squalid look remains in the turning towards Clement's Inn, in spite of the huge pillared entrance.

Butcher Row, however squalid, contained houses worth eating and drinking in. Johnson frequented an eating-house there; and according to Oldys, it was "in returning from the Bear and Harrow in Butcher Row through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, that Lee, the dramatic poet, overladen with wine, fell down, (on the ground, as some say,—according to others, on a bulk,) and was killed or stifled in the snow. He was buried in the parish church of St. Clement Danes, aged about thirty-five years."¹ "He was a very handsome as well as ingenious man," says Oldys, "but given to debauchery, which necessitated a milk diet. When some of his university comrades visited him, he fell to drinking out of all measure, which flying up into his head caused his face to break out into those carbuncles which were afterwards observed there; and also touched his brain, occasioning that madness so much lamented in so rare a genius. Tom Brown says he wrote, while he was in Bedlam, a play of twenty-five acts; and Mr. Bowman tells me that going once to visit him there, Lee shewed him a scene, 'in which,' says he, 'I have done a miracle for you.' 'What's that?' said Bowman. 'I have made you a good priest.'"

Oldys mentions another of his mad sayings, but does not tell us with whom it passed.

"I've seen an uncrewed spider spin a thought,"
And walk away upon the wings of angels!"

"What say you to that, Doctor?" "Ah, marry, Mr. Lee, that's superfine indeed. The thought of a winged spider may catch sublime readers of poetry sooner than his web, but it will need a commentary in prose to render it intelligible to the vulgar."²

Lee's madness does not appear to have been melancholy, otherwise these anecdotes would not bear repeating. There are various stories of the origin of it; but, most probably, he had an over-sanguine constitution, which he exasperated by intemperance. Though he died so young, the author of a satyr on the Poets gives us to understand that he was corpulent.

"Pembroke loved tragedy, and did provide
For the butchers' dogs, and for the whole Bank-side;
The bear was fed; but dedicating Lee
Was thought to have a greater paunch than he."³

This Pembroke, who loved a bear-garden, was the seventh earl of that title. His daughter married the son of Jefferies. Lee, on a visit to the earl at Wilton, is said to have drunk so hard, that "the butler feared he would empty the cellar." The madness of Lee is almost visible in his swelling and overlaiden dramas; in which, however, there is a great deal of true poetic fire, and a vein of tenderness that makes us heartily pity the author.

The social Boswell, in speaking of Johnson's eating-house in Butcher Row, does not approve of establishments of that sort. We shall see, by-and-bye, that he was wrong. "Happening to dine," says he, "at Clifton's eating-house in Butcher Row, I was surprised to see Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London, is well known to many, to be peculiarly unsocial, as there is no ordinary or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. 'Why, sir, (said Johnson,) it has been accounted for in three ways; either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has

never been brought to any certain issue.' What the Irishman said, is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions; upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, 'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity, unworthy of a man of genius.'"

The ungainly figure might have been pardoned by the Irishman; who, we suppose, was equally fiery and elegant. As to Johnson's pompous manner, the most excusable part of it originated, doubtless, in his having decided opinions. The rest may have been an instinct of self-defence, arising from the "ungainly figure," not without a sense of the dignity of his calling. He certainly lost nothing by it, upon the whole. At all events, one is willing to think the best of what is accompanied by so much excellence. Affectation it was not; for nobody despised pretension of any kind more than he did. Johnson was a sort of born bishop in his way, with high judgments and cathedral notions lordling it in his mind; and, *ex cathedra*, he accordingly spoke.

In Butcher Row, one day, Johnson met, in advanced life, a fellow-collegian, of the name of Edwards, whom he had not seen since they were at the university. Edwards annoyed him by talking of their age. "Don't let us discourage one another," said Johnson. It was this Edwards, a dull but good man, who made that naive remark, which was pronounced by Burke and others to be an excellent trait of character. "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson," said he: "I have tried in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in."†

Before we come to St. Clement's, we arrive, on the left-hand side of the way, at Essex Street; a spot once famous for the residence of the favourite Earl of Essex. We have mentioned an Outer Temple, which originally formed a companion to the Inner and Middle Temples, the whole constituting the tenements of the knights. This Outer Temple stretched beyond Temple Bar into the ground now occupied by Essex Street and Devereux Court; and after being possessed (Dugdale supposes) by the Prior and Canons of the Holy Sepulchre, was transferred by them, in the time of Edward III., to the Bishops of Exeter, who occupied it till the reign of Henry VI., and called it Exeter House. Sir William Paget (afterwards Lord Paget) then had it, and did "re-edify the same," calling it Paget Place. After this it was occupied by the Duke of Norfolk, who was executed for his dealings with Mary, Queen of Scots; then by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favourite, who called it Leicester House, and bequeathed it to his "son, Sir Robert," and then by the other favourite, Leicester's son-in-law, Essex, from whom it retained the name of Essex House. It was occasionally tenanted by men of rank till some time after the restoration, when it was pulled down, and the site converted into the present street and court. The only remnant of it supposed to exist is the present Unitarian chapel, which, before it became such, was called Essex House, and latterly contained an auction room.‡

The repose enjoyed in this precinct since the restoration has been like silence after a succession of storms, for the house was of a turbulent reputation. The first bishop who had it after the Templars, being a favourite of Edward II., was seized by the mob, hurried to Cheapside, where they beheaded him, and then carried back a corpse, and buried in a heap of sand at his door. Lord Paget got into trouble, together with his friend the Duke of Somerset, who was accused of intending to assassinate Northumberland and others at this house. Norfolk possessed it

• Boswell, vol. i. p. 363.

† *Idem*, vol. iii. p. 381.

‡ Dugdale's *Antiquities of Westminster*. — *Heraldic MS. in the Museum*, quoted in *Londinium Redivivum* (vol. ii. p. 282.) Brydges's *Collins's Peerage*. Belsham's *Life of Lindsey*. We have been thus minute in tracing the occupancies of this house, from the interest excited by some of the members connected with it. Pennant says, upon the authority of the Sydney Papers, that Leicester bequeathed it to his son-in-law, which appears probable, since the latter possessed it. Perhaps the Herald was confused by the name of Robert, which belonged both to son and son-in-law.

while he formed his designs on Mary, Queen of Scots, for which he was brought to the scaffold; Leicester was always having some ill design or other; perhaps poisoned a visitor or so occasionally (for he thought nothing of that gentle expediency); and Essex made the house famous by standing a siege in it against the troops of his mistress. The siege was not long, nor any of his actions in the business very wise; though he was unquestionably a man of an exalted nature. Essex got into his troubles partly from heat and ambition, partly from the inferior and more cunning nature of some of his rivals at court. There is no doubt that all these causes, together with his confidence in Elizabeth's inability to proceed to extremities, conspired to lead him into rebellion. His first offence, that we hear of, next to a general petulance of manner, which the Queen's own mixture of fondness and petulance was calculated enough to provoke, was a quarrel with some young lords for her favour; the second, his joining the expedition to Cadiz without leave; and the third, his marriage with the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham; for Elizabeth never thought it proper that her favourites should be married to any thing but her "fair idea."

His next dispute with her, which was on the subject of an assistant in the affairs of Ireland, to which he was going as Lord Deputy, terminated in the singular catastrophe of his receiving from her a box on the ear; with the encouraging addition of bidding him "Go and be hanged." It is said to have been occasioned by his turning his back upon her. He clapped his hand to his sword, and swore he would not have put up with such an insult from Henry VIII. His fall is generally dated from this circumstance, and it is thought he never forgave it. But surely this is not a correct judgment: for the blow which might have been intolerable from the hand of a king, implied, in its very extravagance, something not without flattery and self-abasement from that of a princess. It was as if Elizabeth had put herself into the situation of a termagant wife. The quarrel preceded the violence. Essex went to Ireland against the rebels, but apparently with great unwillingness, calling it in a letter to the queen the "cursest of all islands," and insinuating that the best thing that could happen both to please her and himself was the loss of his life in battle. The conclusion of this letter is a remarkable instance of the mixture of romance with real life in those days. It is in verse, terminating with the following pastoral sentiment. Essex wishes he could live like a hermit "in some unhaunted desert most obscure"

From all society, from love and hate

Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.

Then wake again, and yield God every praise,

Content with hips and haws, and bramble-berry;
In contemplation parting out his days,

Aid change of holy thoughts to make him merry.

Who when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,

Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

Your Majesty's exiled servant,

ROBERT ESSEX.

Think of this, being a letter from a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to his sovereign! Warton says from the evidence of some sonnets preserved in the British Museum, that although Essex was "an ingenious and elegant writer of prose," he was no poet. There is an ungainliness in the lines we have just quoted, and he was probably too much given to action to be a poet, but there is something in him that relished of the truth and directness of poetry when he had to touch upon any actual emotion. Poetry is nothing but the voluntary power to get at the inner spirit of what is felt, with imagination to embody it. It was supposed that Essex's enemies first got him into the office of Lord Lieutenant, and then took advantage of his impatience under it to ruin him.

To be Continued.

• *Biographia Dramatica*, from Oldys's MS. Notes on Langbaine.

† *Censura Literaria*, vol. i. p. 176.

‡ *State Poems*, vol. ii. p. 143.

THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS.

THEIR MEMORIES AND GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH (continued.)

House and history of the favourite Earl of Essex.—Spenser's visit there.—Essex, general of the Parliament.—Essex Head Club.—Devereux Court.—Grecian Coffee House.—Twining, the accomplished scholar.—St. Clement Dunes.—Clement's Inn.—Falstaff and Shallow.—Norfolk, Arundel, Surrey, and Howard Streets.—Norfolk House.—Essex's Ring and the Countess of Nottingham.—William Penn.—Birch.—Dr. Brocklesby.—Congreve, and his Will.—Voltaire's visit to him.—Mrs. Bracegirdle.—Tragical end of Mouniford the player.—Ancient Cross.—Maypole.—New Church of St. Mary-le-Strand.—Old Somerset House.—Henrietta Maria and her French household.—Waller's mishap at Somerset Stairs.—New Somerset House.—Royal Society, Antiquarian Society, and Royal Academy.—Death of Dr. King.—Exeter Street.—Johnson's first lodging in London.—Art of living in London.—Catherine Street.—Unfortunate Women.—Wimbledon House.—Lyceum and Beef-Steak Club.—Exeter Change.—Bed and Baltimore.—The Savoy.—Anecdotes of the Duchess of Albemarle.—Beaufort Buildings.—Lillie the Perfumer.—Aaron Hill.—Fielding.—Southampton Street.—Cecil and Salisbury Streets.—Durham House.—Raleigh.—Pennant on the word Place or Palace.—New Exchange.—Don Pantaleon Saa.—The White Milliner.—Adelphi.—Garrick and his Wife.—Beauclerc.—Society of Arts, and Mr. Barry.—Bedford Street.—George, Villiers, and Buckingham Streets.—York House and Buildings.—Squabble between the Spanish and French Ambassadors.—Hungerford Market.—Craven Street.—Franklin.—Northumberland House.—Duplicity of Henry, Earl of Northampton.—Violence of Lord Herbert of Cheshire.—Percy, Bishop of Dromore.—Pleasant mistake of Goldsmith.

HE was accused of tampering with the rebels, and meditating his return into England with the troops under his charge; with a view to which object he is said to have described his army as a force with which he "would make the earth to tremble as he went." He came over, with the passion of an injured man, and presented himself before the queen, who gave him a tolerable reception, but afterwards confined him to the house of the Lord Keeper. It was then, according to his confession before his death, that he first contemplated violent measures, though always short of treason, against the throne. Before his liberation, he was greatly soured by his ineffectual attempts to renew his facility of admission to the presence chamber; and he let fall an expression which his enemies greedily seized at; to wit, that the "Queen grew old and cankered, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase." This was exactly in his style, which was off-hand and energetic, with a gusto of truth in it. Meantime he began to have his friends about him more than ever, and to affect a necessity for it; and a summons being sent him to attend the council, he was driven by anger and fear to decline it, and to fortify himself in his house. His chief and most generous companion on this occasion was Henry, Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakspeare. There was some little resistance, and the Lord Keeper, with the Lord Chief Justice and the Earl of Worcester, coming to summon him to his allegiance, he locked them up in a room, on pretence of taking care of their persons, and then sallied through Fleet Street into the city, where he expected a rising in his favour; for he was the most popular noble, perhaps, that England had ever seen; and the city had been disgusted by repeated levies on its purse, under pretence of invasions from Spain; though, according to Essex, Spain had never been so much in favour. The levies, in truth, were made against himself. He was disappointed; heard himself proclaimed a traitor by sound of trumpet in Gracechurch Street, and after a little more scuffling on the part of his adherents, returned by water from Queenhithe, and surrendered himself; being partly moved, he said, by the "cries of ladies." It is clear that he did not know what to be at. He expected, most likely, every moment, that the queen's tenderness would interfere, fearful of seeing her once-beloved favourite in danger. But the Cecils and others aided her good sense in keeping her quiet. Essex had certainly acted in a way incompatible with the duty of a subject, and such as no sovereign could tolerate. He was tried in Westminster Hall, and

convicted of an intention to seize the court and the tower, and to surprise the queen in her apartments, and then to summon a parliament for a "redress of grievances;" which, he said, should give his enemies "a fair trial." Southampton was acquitted, no doubt from a sense that he intended nothing but a romantic adherence to his friend.

How a man of Essex's understanding could give into these preposterous attempts, it would be difficult to conceive, if every day's experience did not shew, how powerful a succession of little circumstances is to bring people into situations which themselves might have least looked for. Essex evidently expected pardon to the last. When Lord Grey's name was read over among the peers who were to try him, he smiled and jogged the elbow of Southampton, for offending whom Grey had been punished. He was at his ease throughout the trial. He said to the Attorney General (Coke,) who had told him, in the course of his speech, that he should be "Robert the Last" of an earldom, instead of "Robert the First" of a kingdom,—"Well, Mr. Attorney, I thank God you are not my judge this day, you are so uncharitable."

Coke. "Well, my lord, we shall prove you anon, what you are; which your pride of heart, and aspiring mind, hath brought you unto."

Essex. "Ah, Mr. Attorney, lay your hand upon your heart, and pray to God to forgive us both."

And when sentence was passed, though it is not true that he refused to ask for mercy, for he did it after the best fashion of his style, "kneeling (he said), upon the very knee of his heart," yet he seemed to threaten her, in a tender way, with his resolution to die. She left him, like a politic sovereign, to his fate; but is thought never to have recovered it, as a friend. The romantic story of her visiting the Countess of Nottingham, who had kept back a ring which Essex sent her after his condemnation, of her shaking her on her death-bed, and crying out that "God might forgive, but she could not," is more and more credited as documents transpire. In fact we believe there is no longer any doubt of it. The ring, it is said, had been given to Essex, with a promise that it should serve him in need under any circumstances, if he did but send it. It is supposed that the non-appearance of it hurt the proud heart of Elizabeth, and finally allowed her to let him die. Yet she was a great sovereign, and might have suffered the law to take its course, with whatever sorrow. She was jealous of her reputation with the old and cool-headed lords about her. When the death, however, had taken place, she might have fancied otherwise. Something preyed strongly on her mind towards her decease, which happened within two years after his execution. She refused to go to bed for ten days and nights before her death, lying upon the carpet with cushions about her, and absorbed in the profoundest melancholy. (To be sure, this may have been disease. A princess like Elizabeth, possessed of sovereign power, which had been sharply exercised on some doubtful occasions, might have had misgivings when going to die. Two certain causes of regret she must have had for Essex. She must have been well aware that she had alternately encouraged and irritated him over much; and she must have known, too, that he was a better man than many who assisted in his overthrow, and that if he had been less worthy of regard, he probably would have survived her, as they did.)

It may easily be imagined that Essex was a man for whom a strong affection might be entertained. He excited interest by his character, and could maintain it by his language. In every thing he did there was a certain excess, but on the liberal side. When a youth, he plunged into the depths of rural pleasures and books: he was lavish of his money and good word for his friends: he said every thing that came uppermost, but then it was worth saying, only his enemies were not as well pleased with it as his friends, and they never forgot it: in fine, he was romantic, brave, and impassioned. He is so like a *preux chevalier*, that till we call to mind other gallant knights who have not been handsome, we are somewhat surprised to hear that he was not well

made, and that nothing is said of his face but that it looked reserved,—a seeming anomaly, which deep thought sometimes produces in the countenances or open-hearted men. These were no hindrances, however, to the admiration entertained of him by the ladies; and he was so popular with authors and with the public, that Warton says he could bring evidence of his scarcely ever quitting England or even the metropolis, on the most frivolous enterprise, without a pastoral or other poetical praise of him, which was sold and sung in the streets. He was the friend of Spenser, most likely of Shakspeare too, being the friend of Southampton. Spenser was well acquainted with Essex House. In his 'Prothalamion,' published in 1596, he has left interesting evidence of his having visited Leicester there; and he follows up the record with a panegyric on Leicester's successor, which was probably his first hint to Essex, that he was still in want of such assistance as he had received from his father-in-law. The two passages taken together render the hint rather broad, and such as would make one a little jealous for the dignity of the great poet, were not the manners of that time different in this respect from what they are now. Speaking of the Temple in the lines quoted in our last chapter, he goes on to say,

Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gayned gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell.
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case:
But, ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did
thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie!
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie.

Essex no doubt took the poet at his word, both for his panegyric and his hint: for it was he that gave Spenser his funeral in Westminster, and he was not of a spirit to treat a great poet, as poets have sometimes been treated since,—with neglect in their lifetime, and self-complacent monuments to them after their death.

We shall close this notice (in which we have endeavoured to concentrate all the interest we could), of the once great and applauded Essex, whose memory long retained its popularity, and gave rise to several tragedies, with a letter of his to the Lord Keeper Egerton, in which there is one of his finest sentiments, expressed with his most passionate felicity. Egerton's eldest son had accompanied Essex into Ireland, and died there, which is the subject of the letter. As Spenser's death also happened just before the Earl set out for that country, at a moment when he might have been of political as well as poetical use to him (for Spenser was a politician, and had been employed in the affairs of Ireland), Mr. Todd thinks, that among the friends alluded to, part of the regret may have been for him.

"Whatt can you receive from a cursed country
butt vnfortunate newes? whatt can be my stile
(whom heaven and earth are agreed to make a martyr)
butt a stile of mourning? nott for myself thatt
I smart, for I wold I had in my hart the sorrow of all
my frends, but I mourn thatt my destiny is to over-
live my dearest frendes. Of y^r losse yt is neither
good for me to write nor you to reade. But I protest
I felt myself sensibly dismembered, when I lost
my frend. Shew y^r strength in lyfe. Lett me, yf yt
be God's will, shew yt in taking leave of the world,
and hasting after my frends. Butt I will live
and dy

More y^r lp's then any
man's living,
Essex."

"Arbrackan," this last day of August," [1599].

"Little,"* says Mr. Todd, "did the generous but unfortunate Essex then imagine, that the learned statesman, to whom this letter of condolence was addressed, would be directed very soon afterwards to issue an order for his execution. The original warrant, to which the name of Elizabeth is prefixed, is

* Todd's Edit. of Spenser, vol. i. p. cxli.

[From the Steam Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney-St.

* Howell's State Trials, vol. i. p. 1843.

now in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford; and the queen has written her name, not with the firmness observable in numerous documents existing in the same and other collections, but with apparent tremor and hesitation."

In Essex House was born another Robert, Earl of Essex, son of the preceding, well known in history as general of the Parliament. He was a child when his father died; and was in the hands, first, of his grandmother, Lady Walsingham, and, secondly, of Henry Savile (afterwards Sir Henry), under whose severe discipline he was educated at Eton. We mention these circumstances, because they tended to keep him in that Presbyterian interest, which his father patronised out of a love of toleration and popularity. Perhaps also they did him no good with his wives; for he married two, and was singularly unfortunate in both. To the first, Lady Frances Howard, he was betrothed when a boy. He travelled, returned and married her, with little love on his own side, and none on hers. Her connexion with Car, Earl of Somerset, and all the infamy, crime, and wretchedness it brought upon her, are well known. Her best excuse, which is the ordinary one in cases of great wickedness (and it is a comfort to human nature that it is so) is, that she was a great fool. Her dislike of her first husband was not, perhaps, the least excusable part of her conduct, first, because she was a child like himself when they were betrothed; and secondly, because his second wife appears to have liked him no better. The latter was divorced also. After this, the Earl took to a country retirement, and subsequently to an active part in the Civil Wars, during which, his love of justice, and affability to his inferiors, rendered him extremely popular. He was of equivocal service, however, to the Parliament. He was a better general than a politician, not of a commanding genius in any respect, and was suspected, not without reason, of an overweening desire to accommodate matters too much, partly out of ignorance of what the nature of the quarrel demanded, and partly from an affectation of playing the part of an amicable dictator for his own aggrandizement. So the parliament got rid of him by the famous self-denying ordinance. Clarendon says, that when he resigned his commission, the whole parliament went the day following to Essex House, to return him thanks for his great services; but the latest historian of the Commonwealth, says there is no trace of this compliment on the journals.* Next year they attended him to his grave. Essex's character was a prose-copy of his father's, with the love and romance left out.

Dr. Johnson, the year before he died, founded in Essex Street one of his minor clubs. The Literary Club did not meet often enough for his want of society, was too distant, and perhaps had now become too much for his conversational ambition. He wanted a mixture of inferior intellects to be at ease with. Accordingly, this club, which was held at the Essex Head, then kept by a servant of Mr. Thrale, was of a more miscellaneous nature than the other, and made no pretension to expense. One cannot help smiling at the modest and pensive tone of the letter which Johnson sent to Sir Joshua, inviting him to join it. "The terms are lax, and the expenses light. We meet thrice a-week; and he who misses, forfeits two-pence."† This stretch of philosophy seems to have startled the fashionable painter, who declined to become a member. When we find, however, in the list the names of Brocklesby, Horeley, Daines Barrington, and Windham, Boswell has reason to say that Sir John Hawkins's charge of its being a "low ale-house association," is sufficiently obviated. The club was in existence when Boswell wrote, and went on, he says, happily. Johnson said of him, when he was proposed, "Boswell is a very clubbable man."

In Devereux Court, through which there is a passage round into the Temple, is the Grecian Coffee-house, supposed to be the oldest in London. We should rather say the revival of the oldest, for the premises were burnt down and rebuilt. The Grecian was the house from which Steele proposed to date his learned articles in the Tatler.

In this court are the premises of the eminent tea-dealers, Messrs. Twining, the front of which, surmounted with its stone figures of Chinese, has an elegant appearance in the Strand. We notice the house, not only on this account, but because the family have to boast of a very accomplished scholar, the translator of the Poetics of Aristotle. Mr. Twining was contemporary with Gray and Mason at Cambridge; and besides his acquirements as a linguist (for, in addition to his knowledge of Greek and Latin, he wrote French and Italian with idiomatic accuracy), was a musician so accomplished as to lead the concerts and oratorios that were performed during term time, when Bate played the organ and harpsichord. He was also a lively companion, full of wit and playfulness, yet so able to content himself with country privacy, and so exemplary a clergyman, that for the last forty years of his life he scarcely allowed himself to be absent from his parishioners more than a fortnight in a year.

The church of St. Clement Danes, which unworthily occupies the open part of the Strand, to the west of Essex Street, was the one most frequented by Dr. Johnson. It is not known why this church was called St. Clement Danes. Some think because there was a massacre of the Danes thereabouts; others, because Harold Harefoot was buried there; and others, because the Danes had the quarter given them to live in, when Alfred the Great drove them out of London, the monarch at the same time building the church, in order to assist their conversion to Christianity. The name *St. Clement* has been derived with probability from the patron saint of Pope Clement III., a great friend of the Templars, to whom the church at one time belonged. St. Clement's was rebuilt towards the end of the century before last, by Edward Pierce, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, but is a very incongruous, ungainly edifice. Its best aspect is at night-time in winter, when the deformities of its body are not seen, and the pale steeple rises with a sort of ghastliness of grandeur through the cloudy atmosphere. The chimes may still be heard at midnight, as Falstaff describes having heard them with Justice Shallow. If they did not execute one of Handel's psalm-tunes, we should take them to be the very same he speaks of, and conclude that they had grown hoarse with age and sitting-up; for to our knowledge they have lost some of their notes these twenty years, and the rest are falling away. A steeple should set a better example.

A few years back, when the improvements on the north side, in this quarter, had not been followed by those on the south, Gay's picture of the avenue between the church and the houses was true in all its parts. We remember the "combs dangling in our faces," and almost mourned their loss for the sake of the poet.

"Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crowds heaped on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear."

Every body can testify to the truth of this description. A little patience, however, is well repaid by the sight of the noble creatures dragging up the loads. The horses of the colliers and brewers of London are worth notice at all times for the magnificence of their build. Gay proceeds to other particulars, now no longer to be encountered. He cautions you how you lose your sword, and adds a pleasant mode of theft, practised in those times.

"Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy, whose hands, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head."

* Trivia; or the Art of Walking the Streets of London, book iii. Of a similar, and more perplexing facetiousness, was the trick of extracting wigs out of hackney coaches. "The thieves," says the *Weekly Journal* (March 30, 1717),

Clement's Inn is named from the church. The device over the gate, of an anchor and the letter C, is supposed to allude to the martyrdom of St. Clement, who is said to have been tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea, by order of the Emperor Trajan. "The hall is situated on the south side of a neat but small quadrangle. It is a Tuscan diminutive building, with a very large Corinthian door, and arched windows, erected in 1715. Another irregular area is surrounded by convenient houses, in which are the possessor's chambers. Part of this is a pretty garden, with a kneeling African, of considerable merit, supporting a dial, on the eastern side."

In Knox's 'Elegant Extracts' are some lines on this negro, which have often been repeated:

"In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
For thee in vain with pangs they flow;
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou fledst in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive."

This inn, like all the other inns of court, is of great antiquity. Dugdale states it to have been an inn of Chancery in the reign of Edward II. Some have conjectured, according to Mr. Mosen, "that near this spot stood an inn, as far back as the time of King Ethelred, for the reception of penitents who came to St. Clement's well; that a religious house was in process of time established, and that the church rose in consequence." Be this as it may, the holy brotherhood was probably removed to some other institution; the Holy Lamb, an inn on the west side of the lane, received the guests; and the monastery was converted, or rather perverted, from the purposes of the Gospel to those of the law, and was probably, in this profession, considered as a house of very considerable antiquity in the days of Shakspeare; for he, who with respect to this kind of chronology may be safely quoted, makes, in the second act of Henry IV., one of his justices a member of that society:

"He must to the Inns of Court. I was of Clement's once myself, where they talk of Mad Shallow still."

A pump now covers St. Clement's well. Fitzstephen, in his description of London, in the reign of Henry II., speaks of certain "excellent springs at a small distance" from the city, "whose waters are sweet, salubrious and clear, and whose runnels murmur o'er the shining stones: among these," he continues, "Holywell, Clerkenwell, and St. Clement's well, may be esteemed the principal, as being much the most frequented, both by the scholars from the school (Westminster), and the youth from the city, when on a summer's evening they are disposed to take an airing."

Six hundred years and upwards have elapsed since Fitzstephen wrote. It is pleasant to think that the well has lasted so long, and that the place is still quiet.

The Clare family, who have left their name to Clare Market, appear to have occupied Clement's Inn during part of the reign of the Tudors. From their hands it reverted to those of the law. It is an appendage to the Inner Temple. We are not aware of any greater legal personage having been bred there, than the one just mentioned. Shallow takes delight in his local recollections, particularly of this inn. In one of the masterly scenes of this kind, Falstaff's corroboration of a less pleasant recollection, and Shallow's anger against the cause of it, after such a lapse of time, are very ludicrous.

Shallow. "Oh, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill, in St. George's Fields?"

Fals. "No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that."

Shal. "Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?"

"have got such a villainous way now of robbing gentlemen, that they cut holes through the backs of hackney coaches, and take away their wigs, or fine head-dresses of gentlemen; so a gentleman was served last Sunday in Topley Street, and another but last Tuesday in Fenchurch Street; wherefore this may serve as a caution to gentlemen and gentlewomen that ride single in the night-time, to sit on the fore-seat, which will prevent that way of robbing."—*Malcolm's Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century*. Second edit. vol. i. p. 104.

* *Londonium Redivivum*, vol. ii. p.

† *European Magazine*. (We have omitted in our memorandum the reference to the page.)

* Godwin's *History of the Commonwealth*, vol. i. p. 410.

† Boswell, vol. iv. p. 276

Fals. "She lives, Master Shallow."

Shal. "She never could away with me."

Fals. "Never, never: she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow."

Shal. "By the mass I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bonaroba. Both she hold her own well?—and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's Inn."

Silence. "That's fifty-five years ago."

Shal. "Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that knight and I have seen! Ah, Sir John, said I well?"

Fal. "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow."

Shal. "That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watchword was *Hem, boys!* Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: O, the days that we have seen! Come, come."*

The sites of Arundel, Norfolk, Surrey, and Howard Streets (the last of which crosses the others), were formerly occupied by the house and grounds originally constituting the town residence of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, then of the Lord High Admiral Seymour, and afterwards of the Howards, Earls of Arundel, from whom it came into possession of the Duke of Norfolk. It was successively called Bath's Inn (Hampton Place, according to some, but we know not why), Seymour Place, Arundel House, and Norfolk House. It was a wide, low house, but, according to Sully, who lodged in it when he was ambassador to James I., very convenient, on account of the multitude of rooms on the same floor.

In this house the Lord High Admiral, Thomas Seymour, brother of the Protector Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI., contrived to place the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, with a design of possessing her person, and sharing her succession to the crown. No doubt is entertained of these views by the historians. Elizabeth was not averse to him, though he had lately married the Queen Dowager (Catherine Parr); and some gossiping stories transpired of the evidences of their good will. Catherine's death increased the suspicion, and she herself expressed it on her death-bed. Seymour's ambition, however, shortly brought him to the scaffold, and saved us from a King Thomas I., who would probably, as Pennant thinks, have been a very bad one.

† We have mentioned the Countess of Nottingham who withheld from Elizabeth the ring sent her by Essex. It was in this house she died. Her husband was a Howard, and, probably, she was on a visit there. We take an opportunity therefore of relating the particulars of that romantic story, as collected by the accurate Dr. Birch, and repeated in the *Memoirs of the Peers of England during the reign of James I.* "The following curious story," says the compiler of this work, "was frequently told by Lady Elizabeth Spelman, great grand-daughter of Sir Robert Carey, brother of Lady Nottingham, and afterwards Earl of Monmouth, whose curious memoirs of himself were published a few years ago by Lord Corke:

"When Catherine, Countess of Nottingham, was dying (as she did according to his lordship's own account, about a fortnight before Queen Elizabeth), she sent to her Majesty to desire that she might see her, in order to reveal something to her Majesty without the discovery of which she could not die in peace. Upon the Queen's coming, Lady Nottingham told her, that, while the Earl of Essex lay under sentence of death, he was desirous of asking her Majesty's mercy, in the manner prescribed by herself, during the height of his favour; the Queen having given him a ring, which being sent to her as a token of his distress, might entitle him to her protection. But the Earl, jealous of those about him, and not caring to trust any of them with it, as he was looking out of his window, one morning, saw a boy, with whose appearance he was pleased; and engaging him by money and promises, directed him to carry the ring, which he took from his finger and threw down, to Lady Scrope, a sister of the Countess of Nottingham, and a friend of his lordship, who attended upon the Queen; and to beg of her that she would present it to her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, carried it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, the admiral, an enemy of Lord Essex, in order to take his advice. The admiral forbid her to carry it, or return any answer to the message; but insisted upon her keeping the ring.

"The Countess of Nottingham, having made this discovery, begged the Queen's forgiveness; but her

Majesty answered, "God may forgive you, but I never can," and left the room with great emotion. Her mind was so struck with the story that she never went into bed, nor took any sustenance from that instant, for Camden is of opinion, that her chief reason for suffering the Earl to be executed, was his supposed obstinacy in not applying to her for mercy."

In confirmation of the time of the Countess's death," continues the compiler, "it now appears from the parish register of Chelsea, extracted by Mr. Lysons ('*Environs of London*,' ii. 120), that she died at Arundel House, London, Feb. 25, and was buried the 28th, 1603. Her funeral was kept at Chelsea, March 21; and Queen Elizabeth died three days afterwards."

Clarendon gives a singular character of this house and its master when it was in possession of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. He says that the Earl "seemed to live, as it were, in another nation, his house being a place to which all people resorted, who resorted to no other place; strangers, or such as affected to look like strangers, and dressed themselves accordingly. He was willing to be thought a scholar, and to understand the most mysterious parts of antiquity, because he made a wonderful and costly purchase of excellent statues whilst in Italy and in Rome (some whereof he could never obtain permission to remove out of Rome, though he had paid for them), and had a rare collection of medals. As to all parts of learning, he was almost illiterate, and thought 'no other part of history so considerable as what related to his own family, in which, no doubt, there had been some very memorable persons. It cannot be denied that he had in his own person, in his aspect, and countenance, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gait and motion. He wore and affected a habit very different from that of the time, such as men had only beheld in pictures of the most considerable men; all which drew the eyes of most, and the reverence of many, towards him, as the image and representative of the ancient nobility, and native gravity of the nobles, when they had been most venerable; but this was only his outside, his nature and true humour being much disposed to levity and delights, which indeed were very despicable and childish." The marbles here mentioned, now at Oxford, were collected at Arundel House. This character from the pen of Clarendon has been thought too severe. Perhaps the Earl had given the noble historian a repulse when he was nothing but plain Mr. Hyde; for personal jealousies of this sort are apparent in his writings. The last Duke of Norfolk but one, who wrote anecdotes of the Howard family, asks how the man who collected the Oxford marbles could be the slave of such family self-love as Clarendon describes, and how it was that he held the first places in the state, and the most important commissions abroad. It is well known, however, that a man may do all this, and yet be more fortunate than wise. Arundel was certainly proud, if not dull; and the proudest men are not apt to be the brightest. It was he that, in a dispute with Lord Spenser, in the Upper House, when the latter spoke of the treason of the Earl's ancestors, said "My lord, my lord, while my ancestors were plotting treason, yours were keeping sheep." He little thought that his marbles would help to bring about a time, when an historian, by no means indifferent to rank and title, should regard a romantic poem as the "brightest jewel" in the crown of the Spencers, —one certainly that the Howards never could boast.†

At the south-west corner of Norfolk Street lived at one time the famous Penn, who from being a coxcomb in his youth, became a quaker and a founder of a state. However, his coxcombry was a falling off from early seriousness. We shall have a capital story to tell of him when we come to Gracechurch Street. His father was a rough admiral, who could not for the life of him conceive why his son should relapse into a preciseness so unlike the rest of the world, and so unfitted to succeed at court. Voltaire says: that young Penn (for he was little more than twenty years of age) appeared suddenly before his father, in a quaker dress, and, to the old man's astonishment and indignation, said, without moving his hat, "Friend Penn, how dost thee do?" But according to more

* *Birch's Negotiations*, p. 206, 207, quoted in the work above-mentioned, p. 189. Whenever we quote from any authorities but the original, we beg the reader to bear in mind, first, that we always notice our having done so; and secondly, that we make a point of comparing the originals with the report. Both Monmouth and Birch, for example, have been consulted in the present instance.

† We allude to the celebrated saying of Gibben respecting the "Fairy Queen."

‡ In his '*Letters on the English Nation*.' But we quote from memory.

serious biographers, the change was not so sudden. The hat, however, was a great matter of contention between them, the admiral wishing to stipulate that his son should uncover to the king (Charles II.), the king's brother, and himself; but Penn having recourse to "fasting and supplication," found that his hat was not to be moved. These were the weaknesses of a young enthusiast. His enthusiasm remained for greater purposes; but he is understood to have grown wiser with regard to the rest, though he continued a quaker for life. Penn, though a legislator, never seems to have given up a taste for good living. His appearance in the portraits of him, notwithstanding his garb, is fat and festive; and he died of apoplexy.

‡ In the same house, we believe, that had been occupied by Penn,* resided an author who must not be passed over in a work of this kind; to wit, the indefatigable and honest antiquary, Dr. Birch. He came of a Quaker stock. Birch astonished his friends by going a great deal into company; but the secret of his uniting sociality with labour, was his early rising. This, which appears to be one of the main secrets of longevity, ought to have kept him older, for he died at the age of sixty-one: but he was probably festive as well as social, and should have taken more exercise. Being a bad horseman, he was thrown on the Hampstead road, and killed on the spot; but the doctors were uncertain whether apoplexy had not a hand in the disaster. In speaking of Birch, nobody should omit a charming billet, written to him by his first wife, almost in the article of death. The death took place within a year after their marriage, and was accelerated by childbed.

"This day I return you, my dearest life, my sincere hearty thanks for every favour bestowed on your most faithful and obedient wife,

"July 31, 1729.

HANNAH BIRCH."†

In Norfolk Street, for upwards of thirty years, lived Dr. Brocklesby, the friend and physician of Dr. Johnson. Physicians of his class may, *par excellence*, be styled the friends of men of letters. They partake of their accomplishments, understand their infirmities, sympathize with their zeal to do good, and prolong their lives by the most delicate and disinterested attentions. Between no two professions has a more liberal and cordial intimacy been maintained, than between literature and medicine. Brocklesby was an honour to the highest of his calling. "In the course of his practice," we are told, that "his advice, as well as his purse, was ever accessible to the poor, as well as to men of merit who stood in need of either. Besides giving his advice to the poor of all descriptions, which he did with an active and unwearied benevolence, he had always upon his list two or three poor widows, to whom he granted small annuities; and who, on the quarter-day of receiving their stipends, always partook of the hospitalities of his table. To his relations, who wanted his assistance in their business or professions, he was not only liberal, but so judicious in his liberalities as to supersede the necessity of a repetition of them. To his friend Dr. Johnson (when it was in agitation amongst his friends to procure an enlargement of his pension, the better to enable him to travel for the benefit of his health), he offered an establishment of one hundred pounds per year during his life; and upon Dr. Johnson's declining it (which he did in the most affectionate terms of gratitude and friendship), he made him a second offer of apartments in his own house, for the more immediate benefit of medical advice. To his old and intimate friend Edmund Burke, he had many years back bequeathed by will the sum of one thousand pounds; but recollecting that this event might take place (which it afterwards did) when such a legacy could be of no service to him, he with that judicious liberality for which he was always distinguished, gave it to him in advance, '*ut pignus amicitie*:' it was accepted as such by Mr. Burke, accompanied with a letter, which none but a man feeling the grandeur and purity of friendship like him could dictate."‡

If it be dangerous in the present condition of society, to incur pecuniary obligations, particularly for those who are more qualified to think than to act, and who may ultimately startle to find themselves in positions in which they can neither prove the bene-

* We conclude so from our authorities in both instances. Mr. Malcolm's *Londonium Redivivum*, vol. iii. p. 308.

† See his life in Chalmers's '*General Biographical Dictionary*,' vol. v. p. 260.

‡ '*General Biographical Dictionary*,' 6vo. 1812, vol. vii.

fit done them, nor the good feelings which allowed them to receive it, nobody can doubt the generosity of such a man as Brocklesby; who, so far from being a mere patron, jealous of being obliged himself, was equally prepared to receive kindness as to shew it. Proposing, just before he died, to go down to Mr. Burke's house at Beaconsfield, and somebody hinting to him the danger of being fatigued, and of lying out of his own bed, he replied with his usual calmness, "My good friend, I perfectly understand your hint, and am thankful to you for it; but where's the difference whether I die at a friend's house, at an inn, or in a postchaise? I hope I am every way prepared for such an event, and perhaps it is as well to elude the expectation of it." This was said like a man, and a friend. Brocklesby was not one who would cumber about giving trouble at such a moment,—the screen of those who hate to be troubled; neither would he grudge a friend the melancholy satisfaction of giving him a bed to die in. He better understood the first principles which give light and life to the world, and left jealousy and misgiving to the vulgar.

Dr. Brocklesby died at his house in the street above mentioned, and was buried in the churchyard Lee was buried, "at St. Clement Danes; probably therefore in the church-yard also. There are now in that spot some trees, by far the best things about the church. The reader may imagine them to shade the places where the poet and the physician lie.

Arundel or Norfolk House, after the great fire, became the temporary place of meeting for the Royal Society, previously to its return to Gresham College. It was pulled down on their leaving it, the century before last, and the streets before mentioned built in its room. They appear to have been favourite places of residence with persons connected with the drama. Congreve lived in Surrey Street, Mountford the player in Norfolk Street, Mrs. Bracegirdle in Howard Street, and Mrs. Barry somewhere near her.

Congreve died where he had lived (Jan. 29, 1728-9), after having been for several years afflicted with blindness and gout; of which, however, he seems to have made the best he could, by the help of good sense and naturally good spirits. If his wits ever failed him, it was in the propensity to a love of rank and fashion, which, in spite of all that he had seen in the world, never forsook him. It originated probably in the need he thought he had of them, when he first set out in life. The finest sense of men of his cast does not rise above a graceful selfishness. It was most probably in Surrey Street (for he had come to the "verge of life"), that he had a visit paid him by Voltaire, who has recorded the disgust given him by an ebullition of his foppery: for the Frenchman had a great admiration of him as a writer. "Congreve spoke of his works," says Voltaire, "as of trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me, in our first conversation, that I should visit him upon no other foot than upon that of a gentleman, who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity." Our readers will admire the fineness of this rebuke.

But the most glaring instance of this propensity was his leaving the bulk of his fortune to a duchess, when he had poor relations in want of it. "Having lain in state," says Johnson, "in the Jerusalem Chamber, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected to his memory by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, to whom, for reasons either not known or not mentioned, he bequeathed a legacy of about ten thousand pounds, the accumulation of attentive parsimony, which, though to her superfluous and useless, might have given great assistance to the ancient family from which he descended; at that time, by the imprudence of his relation, reduced to difficulties and distress."

"Congreve," says Dr. Young, "was very intimate for years with Mrs. Bracegirdle, who lived in the same street, his house very near her's; until his acquaintance with the young Duchess of Marlborough. He then quitted that house. The duchess shewed me a diamond necklace (which Lady Di. used after-

wards to wear), that cost seven thousand pounds, and was purchased with the money Congreve left her. How much better would it have been to have given it to poor Mrs. Bracegirdle!"

Yet this dramatist throughout his life had had the good word of every body. All parties praised him: all parties kept him in office, (he had some places that are said to have produced him twelve hundred a year): Pope dedicated his *Iliad* to him; called him, after his death, *Ultimus Romanorum*; and added that "Garth, Vanbrugh, and he were the three most honest-hearted, real good men of the Kit-Kat Club."

The secret of this is, that Congreve loved above all things to be at his ease, and spoke politely of every body. He had a bad opinion of mankind, as we may see by his comedies; and he made the best of it, by conversing with them as if he took heed of their claws. The only person, we believe, that he ever opposed, was Collier, who attacked the stage with more spirit than elegance, and who was at enmity with the whole world of wit and fashion. We are far from thinking with Collier, that the abuses of the stage outweigh the benefit it does to the world; nor do we think the world by any means so bad as Congreve supposed it, nor himself either: but it is useful to know the tendencies of those who have a habit of thinking otherwise.

Congreve's bequest created a good deal of gossip. Curll, the principal scandal-monger of those times, got up a catch-penny life of him, professing to be written by "Charles Wilson, Esq.," but supposed to be the work of Oldmixon. There is no relying upon Charles Wilson; but, from internal evidence, we may take his word occasionally: and we may believe him when he says that the Duchess and her friends were alarmed at the threatened book. The picture which he draws of her manner has also an air like a woman of quality. She had demanded a sight of the documents on which the book was founded; and being refused, asked what authority they had, and what pieces contained in it were genuine. "Upon being civilly told there would be found several essays, letters, and characters of that gentleman's writing," says Mr. Wilson, "she, with a most affected, extraordinary, dramatick drawl, cried out, 'Not one single sheet of paper, I dare to swear.'"[†] Mr. Wilson's own grand air in return is very amusing. He speaks of Arbuthnot's coming with "expresses," probably to Curll's; and adds, that if he be despatched with any more, "he may, if he please, come to me, who am as easily to be found in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, when in town, as he is in Burlington Gardens.—Chas. Wilson."

Mr. Wilson's book opens with a copy of the will, in which five hundred pounds are left among the Congreves; about five hundred pounds more to friends and domestics, &c., (not omitting two hundred to Mrs. Bracegirdle); and all the rest, (with power to annul or increase the complimentary part of the legacies) to the Duchess of Marlborough. We know not that any body could have brought forward grounds for objecting to this will, had the Duchess been poor herself; for his relations may or may not have had claims upon him,—relations, as such, not being of necessity friends, though it is generally fit that they should partake of the family prosperity. We except of course a man's immediate kindred, particularly those whom he has brought into the world. But here was a woman rolling in wealth, and relatives neither entirely forgotten, nor yet, it seems, properly assisted. The bequest must, therefore, either have been a mere piece of vanity, or the consequence of habitual subjection to a woman's humours. The Duchess was not ungrateful to his memory. She raised him, as we have seen, a monument; and it is related in Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*,[§] we know not on what authority, that she missed his company so much, as to cause "an image of him to be placed

every day on her toilet-table, to which she would talk as to the living Mr. Congreve, with all the freedom of the most polite and unreserved conversation." There is something very ludicrous in this way of putting a case, which might otherwise be affecting. It is as if there had been a sort of polite mania on both sides.

Congreve's plays are exquisite of their kind, and the excessive heartlessness and duplicity of some of his characters are not to be taken without allowance for the *ugly ideal*. There is something not natural, both in his characters and wit; and we read him rather to see how entertaining he can make his super-fine ladies and gentlemen, and what a pack of sensual busy-bodies they are, like insects over a pool, than from any true sense of them as "men and women." As a companion he must have been exquisite to a woman of fashion. We can believe that the Duchess, in ignorance of any tragic emotion but what was mixed with his loss, would really talk with a waxen image of him in a peruke, and think the universe contained nothing better. It was carrying wit and politeness beyond the grave. Queen Constance, in Shakspeare, makes grief put on the pretty looks of her lost child: the Duchess of Marlborough made it put on a wig and jaunty air,—such she had given her friend in his monument in Westminster Abbey. No criticism on his plays could be more perfect. Congreve's serious poetry is a refreshment, from its extreme insipidity and common-place. Every body is innocent in some corner of the mind, and has faith in something. Congreve had no faith in his fellow-creatures, but he had a scholar's (not a poet's) belief in nymphs and weeping fauns; and he wrote elegies, full of them, upon queens and marquises. If it be true that he wrote the character of Aspasia (Lady Elizabeth Hastings), in the *Tatler*, (No. 42), he had indeed faith in something better; for in that paper is not only given an admiring account of a person of very exalted excellence, but the author has said of her one of the finest things that a sincere heart could utter; namely, that "to love her, was a liberal education." We cannot help thinking, however, that the generous and trusting hand of Steele is very visible throughout this portrait; and in the touch just mentioned, in particular.

The engaging manners of Mrs. Bracegirdle gave rise to a tragical circumstance in Howard Street—the death of Mountford, her fellow player. Mrs. Bracegirdle, one of the most popular actresses of that time, was a brunette, not remarkable for her beauty, but so much so for the attractiveness superior to beauty, that Cibber calls her the "darling of the stage," and says it was a kind of fashion for the young men about town to have a tenderness for her. This general regard she preserved by setting a value on herself, not so common with actresses at that time as it has been since. Accordingly, some made honourable proposals, which were then still more remarkable. In Rowe's poems, there is a bantering epistle to an Earl of S—, advising him not to care for what people might think, but pursue his inclinations to that effect. Among others, a Captain Hill made desperate love, professing the same intentions; but he was a man of bad character, and the lady would have nothing to say to him. The Captain, like a proper coxcomb, took it in his head that nothing could have prevented his success, but some other person; and he fixed upon Mountford as the happy man. Mountford was the best lover and finest gentleman then on the stage, as Mrs. Bracegirdle was the most charming heroine; but it does not appear that Hill had any greater ground for his suspicion, than their frequent performance in the same play; which, however, to a jealous man, must have been extremely provoking. They used to act Alexander and Statura together. In Mountford's Alexander, according to Cibber, there were seen, "the great, the tender, the penitent, the despairing, the transported, and the amiable, in the highest perfection;" and "if anything," he said, "could excuse that desperate extravagance of love, that almost frantic passion," it was when Mrs. Bracegirdle was the Statura. Imagine a dark-souled fellow in the pit, thinking himself in love with this Statura, and that the passion between her and the Alexander was real. This play was acted

* Spence's 'Anecdotes,' p. 376.

† *Ibid.*, p. 46.

§ 'Memoirs of the Life, Writings, &c. of William Congreve, Esq.' 1730, p. xi. Curll discreetly omits his name in the title-page. (On reconsidering this interview (though we have no longer the book by us, and therefore speak from memory) we are doubtful, whether the lady was not Mrs. Bracegirdle, instead of the duchess.)

¶ *Lives of the Poets* &c. by Mr. Cibber and others. 1753,

• 'Letters on the English Nation.

Life, in Chalmers's 'English Poets,' p. 26

a few nights before the catastrophe which we are about to relate.

Hill was intimate with another man of bad character, Lord Mohun; who agreed to assist him in carrying off Mrs. Bracegirdle. The Captain had often said, that he would be "revenged" upon Mountford; and dining with Lord Mohun on the day when they attempted the execution of their plot, he said further, that he would "stab" him "if he resisted;" upon which Mohun said, that he would "stand by his friend."

Mohun and Hill met at the play-house at six o'clock; changed clothes there, and waited some time for Mrs. Bracegirdle; but not finding her come, they took a coach which they had ordered to be ready, drove towards her lodgings in Howard Street, and then back to Drury Lane, where they directed the coach to stop near Lord Clare's house (by the present Craven Buildings). Mrs. Bracegirdle had been supping at a Mr. Page's, in Princes Street, Drury Lane. She came out, accompanied by her mother, brother, and Mr. Page; and was seized by Hill, who, with the aid of a number of soldiers, endeavoured to place her in the coach. In the coach was Lord Mohun, with seven or eight pistols. Old Mrs. Bracegirdle threw her arms round her daughter's waist; her other friends, and at length the passengers, interfered; and our heroine succeeded in getting into her lodgings in Howard Street, Hill and Mohun following them on foot. When they all came to the door, Hill would have spoken with Page, but the latter refused; and the door was shut. A witness, at the trial of Lord Mohun, deposed, that they knocked several times at the door, and then the Captain entreated to beg pardon of Mrs. Bracegirdle for having affronted her, but in vain.

Hill and Mohun remained in the street. They sent to a tavern for a bottle of wine, and perambulated before the door with drawn swords. Mrs. Browne, the mistress of the house, came out to know what they did there; upon which Hill said that he would light upon Mountford some day or other, and that he would be revenged on him. The people in doors upon this, sent to Mountford's house in Norfolk Street, to inform his wife; and she despatched messengers to all the places where he was likely to be found, to warn him of his danger, but they could not meet with him. Meanwhile the constables and watchmen come up and ask the strangers what they mean. They say they are drinking a bottle of wine. Lord Mohun adds that he is ready to put up his sword: remarking withal, that he is a "peer of the realm." Upon asking why the other gentleman did not put up his, his lordship tells them, that his friend had lost the scabbard. The watchman, like "ancient and quiet watchmen," go away to the tavern to "examine who they are;" and in the meantime Mountford makes his appearance, coming up the street. Mountford lived in Norfolk Street, but he turned out of the path that led to his own house, and was coming towards Mrs. Bracegirdle's,—whether to her house, or to any other, does not appear. By this time two hours had elapsed. Mrs. Browne, who seems to have remained watching at the door, caught sight of Mountford and hastened to warn him how he advanced. She was either not quick enough, or Mountford (which appears most likely) pressed on in spite of what she said; and, according to her statement, the following dialogue took place between him and Lord Mohun.

"Your humble servant, my lord."

"Your servant, Mr. Mountford.—I have a great respect for you, Mr. Mountford, and would have no difference between us; but there is a thing fallen out between Mr. Hill and Mrs. Bracegirdle."

"My lord, has my wife disobliged your lordship if she has, she shall ask your pardon. But Mrs. Bracegirdle is no concern of mine: I know nothing of this matter; I come here by accident. But I hope your lordship will not vindicate Hill in such actions as these are."

Upon this, according to Mrs. Browne's statement, Hill bade Mountford draw; which the other said he would; but whether he received his wound before or after she could not tell, owing to its being nighttime.

Another female witness who lived next door, gives the dialogue as follows. Lord Mohun begins.

"Mr. Mountford, your humble servant. I am glad to see you," (embracing him).

"Who is this? my Lord Mohun?"

"Yes, it is."

"What bringeth your lordship here at this time of night?"

"I suppose you were sent for, Mr. Mountford?"

"No, indeed; I came by chance."

"You have heard of the business of Mrs. Bracegirdle."

Hill (interfering). "Pray, my lord, hold your tongue. This is not a convenient time to discuss this business." (On saying which the witness adds, that he would have drawn Mohun away).

Mountford. "I am very sorry, my lord, to see that your lordship should assist Captain Hill in so ill an action as this: pray let me desire your lordship to forbear."

As soon as he had uttered these words Hill, according to the witness, came up and struck Mountford a box on the ear; upon which the latter demanded with an oath, "what that was for," and then she gives a confused account of the result, which was the receipt of a mortal wound by the poor actor. It was agreed, that Mountford's sword was not drawn in the first instance, and that Hill's was; and the matter was settled by the dying deposition of Mountford, who stated several times over, that Lord Mohun offered him no violence, but that Hill struck him with his left hand, and then ran him through the body, before he had time to draw in defence.

Mountford died next day. Hill fled at the time, and we hear no more of him. Mohun was tried for his life, but acquitted for want of evidence of malice prepense.—The truth is, he was a great fool, and Hill appears to have been another. The Captain himself probably did not know what he intended, though his words would have hung him had he been caught. They were a couple of box-lobby swaggers, who had heated themselves with wine; and Hill, who told the constables "they might knock him down if they liked," and was for drawing Mohun away, on Mountford's appearance, was most likely overcome with rage and jealousy at hearing the latter speak of him with rebuke. Mohun was at that time very young. He never ceased, however, hankering after this sort of excitement to his dullness, till he got killed in a duel, about an estate, with the Duke of Hamilton, who was at the same time mortally wounded. Swift, in a letter about it, calls Mohun a "dog." Pennant says, that when his body was taken home bleeding (to his house in Gerrard Street) Lady Mohun was very angry at its being flung "upon the best bed."*

In front of the spot now occupied by St. Mary-le-Strand, commonly called the New Church, anciently stood a cross, at which, says Stow, "in the year 1394, and other times, the justices itinerant sat without London." In the place of this cross was set up a May-pole, by a blacksmith named John Clarges, whose daughter Ann became the wife of Monk, Duke of Albermarle. It was for a long time in a state of decay, and having been taken down in 1713, a new one was erected opposite Somerset House. This second May-pole had two gilt balls and a vane on the summit and was decorated on holidays with flags and garlands. The races in the 'Dunciad' take place

Where the tall May-pole overlooked the Strand.

It was removed in 1718, probably being thought in the way of the New Church, which was then being finished. Sir Isaac Newton begged it of the parish, and afterwards sent it to the rector of Wanstead, who set it up in Wanstead Park to support the then largest telescope in Europe. The gift of John Clarges came a day too late. In old times, May had been a great holiday in the streets of London. We shall speak further of it when we come to the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, so called from a May-pole higher than the church. But though the holiday returned with the Restoration, it never properly recovered the disuse occasioned by the civil wars, and the contempt thrown on it by the spirit of puritanism. We gained too many advantages by the

thoughtfulness generated in those times, to quarrel with their mistakes; and, have no doubt that the progress of knowledge to which they gave an impulse, will bring back the advantages they omitted by the way.*

The New Church, or more properly the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, was built by Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin in the Fields. It was one of the "fifty," improperly so called, that are said to have been built in the reign of Queen Anne, for, though fifty were ordered, the number was not completed. The old church in this quarter which stood at a little distance to the south was removed by the Protector Somerset, to make way for Somerset House, and has never been restored. The parishioners went to the neighbouring churches. The New Church is in the pretty, over-ornamented style, very different from that of St. Martin's, with its noble front, and though far better than St. Clement's, and as superior to many places of worship built lately, as art is superior to ignorance, yet is surely not worthy of its advantageous situation. It is one of those toys of architecture, which have been said to require glass cases. For the superfluous height of the steeple Gibbs offered an excuse. A column was to have been erected near the church in honor of Queen Anne, but as the Queen died, she was no longer thought deserving the column, and the architect was ordered to make a steeple with the materials, whereas he had intended only a belfry. Now, to render the steeple fitting, the church should have had a wider base; but the structure was already begun, and there was no changing the plan of it. It might be still argued, that the steeple should not have been made so high; but then what was to be done with the stones? This, in the mouth of parish virtue, was a triumphant reply. After all, however, the artist need not have spoilt his church with ornament. He said, that being situated in a very public place, "the parishioners" spared no cost to beautify it; but to beautify a church is not to make it a piece of confectionery.†

Somerset House occupies the site of a princely mansion, built by Somerset the Protector, brother of Lady Jane Seymour, and uncle to King Edward VI. His character is not sufficiently marked to give any additional interest to the spot. He was great by accident; lost and gained his greatness, according as others acted upon it; and ultimately resigned it on the scaffold. The house he left became the property of the crown, and was successively in possession of Queen Elizabeth, and of the queens of James I. Charles I. and Charles II. A few pages onward is a print of it, as it appeared during the reign of the last of these princes.

The rooms in this house witnessed many joyous scenes, and many anxious ones. Somerset had not long inhabited it when he was taken to the scaffold. Elizabeth, in her wise economy, lent it to her cousin Lord Hunsdon, whom she frequently visited within its walls.

During its occupation by James's queen, Anne of Denmark (from whose family it was called Denmark House), Wilson says that a constant masquerade was going on, the queen and her ladies, "like so many sea-nymphs, or nereides," appearing in various dresses, "to the ravishment of the beholders."‡

Here began the struggle for mastery between Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, which terminated in favour of the latter, though the king behaved himself manfully at first. Henrietta had brought over

* "Captain Bally, said to have accompanied Raleigh in his last expedition to Guiana, employed four hackney coaches, with drivers in liveries, to ply at the May-pole in the Strand, fixing his own rates, about the year 1634. Bally's coaches seem to have been the first of what are now called hackney-coaches; a term at that time applied indiscriminately to all coaches let for hire."—The favourite Buckingham, about the year 1619, introduced the sedan. The post-chaise invented in France, was introduced by Mr. Tull, son of the well-known writer on husbandry. The stage first came in about the year 1775; and mail-coaches appeared in 1780.—See a note to the *Tatler*, as above, vol. iv. p. 415.

† The faults of the New church are, that it is too small for the steeple; that it is divided into two stories, which make it still smaller; that the entablature on the north and south parts is too frequently interrupted; that pediments are "affectedly put over each projection;" in a word, that a little object is cut up into too many little parts, and rendered fantastic with embellishment. See the opinions of Gwynn, Ralph, and Malton, quoted in *Brayley's London and Middlesex*, vol. iv. p. 199.

‡ *Life of James I.* quoted in Pennant, p. 168.

* Pennant's *London*, *ut supra*, p. 124. *Swift's Letters to Stella*. The particulars of the case are taken from *Howell's State Trials*, vol. xii. p. 947.

with her a meddling French household, which after repeated grievances, his Majesty was obliged to send "packing." He summoned them all together one evening in the house, and addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen and Ladies,

"I am driven to that extremity, as I am personally come to acquaint you, that I very earnestly desire your return into France. True it is, the deportment of some amongst you hath been very inoffensive to me; but others again have so dallied with my patience, and so highly affronted me, as I cannot, and will not, longer endure it."

"The King's address implicating no one, was immediately followed by a volley of protestations of innocence. An hour after he had delivered his commands, Lord Conway announced to the foreigners, that early in the morning carriages and carts and horses would be ready for them and their baggage. Amidst a scene of confusion, the young bishop (he was scarcely of age) protested that this was impossible; that they owed debts in London, and that much was due to them. On the following day, the *Procureur-General* of the Queen flew to the Keeper of the great Seal at the Privy Council, requiring an admission to address his Majesty, then present at his Council, on matters important to himself and the Queen. This being denied, he exhorted them to maintain the Queen in all her royal prerogatives; and he was answered, 'So we do.'

"Their prayers and disputes served to postpone their departure. Their conduct during this time was not very decorous. It appears, by a contemporary letter-writer, that they flew to take possession of the Queen's wardrobe and jewels. They did not leave her a change of linen, since it was with difficulty her Majesty procured one. Every one now looked to lay his hand on what he might call his own. Everything he could touch was a perquisite. One extraordinary expedient was that of inventing bills to the amount of ten thousand pounds, for articles and other engagements in which they had entered for the service of the Queen, which her Majesty acknowledged but afterwards confessed that the debts were fictitious."

"In truth," continues the writer, "the breaking up of this French establishment was ruinous to the individuals who had purchased their places at the rate of life annuities." Charles now grew indignant and sent the following letter to Buckingham:

'Steenie,†

'I have received your letter by Dic Greame (Sir Richard Grahame). This is my answer: I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town, if you can by fair means (but strike not long in disputing), otherways force them away, dryv-ing them away lyke so manie wilde beastes, until ye have shipped them, and so the devil goe with them. Let me heare no answer, but of the performance of my command. So I rest

'Your faithful, constant, loving friend,

'C. R.'‡

'Oaking,

The Seventh of August, 1626.'

"This order put an end to the delay, but the King paid the debts, the fictitious ones and all,—at the cost, as it appears, of fifty thousand pounds. Even the haughty beauty, Madame St. George, was presented by the king on her dismissal with several thousand pounds and jewels."

Still the French could not go quietly. "The French bishop," says D'Israeli, "and the whole party having contrived all sorts of delays, to avoid the expulsion, the yeomen of the guard was sent to turn them out of Somerset House, whence the juvenile prelate, at the same time making his protest and mounting the steps of the coach, took his departure 'head and shoulders.' In a long procession of near forty coaches, after four days tedious travelling, they reached Dover; but the spectacle of these impatient foreigners, so reluctantly quitting England, gesticulating their sorrows, or their quarrels, exposed them to the derision and stirred up the prejudices of the common people. As Madame St. George, whose vivacity is always described as extremely French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the satisfaction of flinging a stone at her French cap. An English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his charge, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat. The man died on the spot, but no further notice appears to have been taken of the inconsiderate gallantry of the English courtier."

Henrietta had a magnificent Catholic chapel in Somerset House, and a cloister of capuchins. The

former has given occasion to some interesting descriptions of pupal shed and spectacle in the commentaries just quoted.*

Cromwell's body lay in state at Somerset House, as Monk's did afterwards, probably on that account.

Pepys, the prince of gossips, gives an edifying picture of the presence chamber in this palace, when the queens of the two Charleses were there together, a little after the Restoration: "Meeting Mr. Pierce the chyrurgeon," says he, "he took me into Somerset House; and there carried me into the queene-mother's presence chamber, where she was with our own queene sitting on her left hand, whom I did never see before, and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine; and which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the king's bastard, a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the queenees both are mighty kind to him. By and by, in comes the king, and anon the duke and his duchesse; so that they being all together, was such a sight, as I never could almost have happened to see, with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dark and then went away; the king and his queene, and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts, in one coach, and the rest in other coaches. Here were great stores of great ladies, but very few handsome. The king and queene were very merry; and they would have made the queene-mother believe that his queene was with child, and said that she said so, and the young queene answered, 'you lye,' which was the first English word that I ever heard her say: which made the king good sport; and he would have made her say in English, 'Confess and be hanged.'"

After this we shall not wonder at the following:—

"30th (Dec. 1662). Visited Mrs. Ferrer and staid talking with her a good while, there being a little proud, ugly, talking little lady there, that was much crying up the queene-mother's court at Somerset House above our own queen's; there being before her no allowance of laughing and the mirth that is at others; and, indeed, it is observed that the greatest court now-a-days is there."§

There is a well-known engraving of Old Somerset House, as it appeared in the reign of Charles II., taken from a scarce one by Hollar. The towers in the back ground mark out the front in the Strand, and the tall may-pole to the right is the may-pole of John Clarges. The front, looking on the river, was added by Charles II. Inigo Jones was the architect. It gives us a taste of the banquetting room at Whitehall in its elevation, and in the harmonies of the windows and pilasters. Below is a portico; and there is another to the right. The chapel, with its inclosure to the left, was the Catholic one; the houses by it, the cloisters of the Capuchins. There is a figure walking in the chapel garden, whom by his gesticulating arm, we may imagine the queen's confessor, studying his to-morrow's sermon, or thinking how he shall get the start of the king's chaplain in saying grace. A curious scene of this kind is worth extracting. "Once," Mr. D'Israeli informs us, "when the king and queen were dining together in the presence, Hacket being to say grace, the queen's confessor would have anticipated him, and an indecorous race was ran between the Catholic priest and the Protestant chaplain, till the latter shoved him aside, and the king pulling the dishes to him, the carvers performed their office. Still the confessor standing by the queen was on the watch to be before Hacket for the after grace, but Hacket again got the start. The confessor, however, resounded the grace louder than the chaplain, and the king, in great passion, instantly rose, taking the queen by the hand." The bowling-green that we read of is probably between the two rows of trees to the right, in front of the right portico, (the left, if considered from the house). The garden is in the most formal style of the parterre, where

—Each alley has his brother,

And half the platform just reflects the other;

a style, however, not without its merits, particularly in admitting so many walks among the flowers, and inviting a pace up and down between the trees. Milton, though he made a different garden for his Eden, spoke of 'trim gardens,' as enjoyed by 'retired leisure.' In this back front were the apartments of the court. The scene we have just been reading in Pepys, must

have passed in one of them. Here Charles the First's widow lived with her supposed husband, the Earl of St. Albans; though she was not so constant to the place as Waller prophesied she would be. She had been used to too much power as a queen, and found she had too little as a dowager. Poor Katharine remained as long as she could. She lived here till she returned to Portugal, in the reign of William III. Speaking of Waller, we must not quit the premises without noticing a catastrophe that befel him at the water-gate, or Somerset-stairs, (also, by the way, the work of Inigo Jones). Waller, according to Aubrey, had but "a tender weak body, but was always very temperate."¶ — (we know not who this is) "made him damnable drunk at Somerset House, where at the water-stayres, he fell down, and had a cruel fall. 'Twas a pity to lose such a sweet swan so inhumanly."** Waller, who, notwithstanding his weak body, lived to be old, was a water-drinker; but he had a poet's wine in his veins, and was excellent company. Saville said, "that nobody should keep him company without drinking, but Ned Waller."

Subsequently to Catharine's departure, Old Somerset House was chiefly used as a residence for princes from other countries, when on a visit. It was pulled down towards the end of the last century, and the present structure erected by Sir William Chambers, but left unfinished. The unfinished part, which is towards the east, is now in a state of completion, as the King's College. The only memorial remaining of the old palace and its outhouses, is in the wall of a house opposite the office of the Mirror, where the sign of a Lion (as that publication observes) still survives a number of other signs, noticed in a list made at the time, and common, at that period, to houses of all descriptions.

The area of New Somerset House occupies a large space of ground, the basement of the back-front being in the river. Three sides of it are appropriated to a variety of public offices, connected with trade, commerce, and civil economy; and the front is dignified by the occupancy of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and the Royal Academy of Painting. The structure was an ambitious one on the part of the architect, and upon the whole is elegant, but timid. There is a look of fragility in it. It has the extent, but not the majesty, of a national emporium. Rules are violated in some instances for the sake of trifles, as is the case of pillars "standing on nothing and supporting nothing;" and in others, it would seem, out of a dread of the result, as in the instance of the huge basement over the water, supporting a cupola which is petty in the comparison. Sir William did well in wishing to have an imposing front towards the river; but he might have had another towards the Strand, certainly nobler than the present one. The lower part is nothing better than a pillared coachway. However, the front of the story is, perhaps, the best part of the whole building. It presents a graceful harmony in the proportions, a fair lodging for the Arts and Philosophy, whose offices occupy the interior.

The Royal Society, which originated in the college rooms of Dr. Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester, met, when it was incorporated, at Old Gresham College in Aldersgate Street; then at Arundel House (on account of the fire); then returned to Gresham College; and after a variety of other experiments upon lodging, was settled by the late king in New Somerset House. This society, on its foundation, was much ridiculed by the wits. Though its ends were great, it naturally busied itself with little things; pragmatism and pedantic persons, naturally enough, got mixed up with it; some of its members had foibles of enthusiasm and pedantry, which were easily confounded with their capacities; and the jokes were most likely encouraged by the king (Charles II.), who, though fond of scientific experiments, and wearing a grave face in presence of the learned body (of which he declared himself a member), was not a man to forego such an opportunity of jesting. Wilkins wrote a book to shew that a man might go to the moon; and the ethical common-places of Boyle (who

* Lives and Letters, as above.

* L'Estrange's *Life of Charles I.* quoted in D'Israeli's *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*, vol. ii. p. 218.

† D'Israeli, *ibid.*

‡ Steenie, — a familiarisation of Stephen. The name was given Buckingham by James I., in reference to the beauty of St. Stephen, whose face, during his martyrdom, is described in the New Testament as shining like that of an angel.

* See the account of the Paradise of Glory, in vol. ii. p. 225.

† Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, esq. 2d edition, vol. i. p. 306.

‡ *Id.* p. 357.

was as great a natural philosopher, as he was a poor moralist) were the origia of Swift's essay on the *Critical Faculties of the Mind*. Then there was the good Evelyn with his hard words, wondering sentimentally at every thing; and jolly Pepys, marvelling like Sancho Panza. The readers of Pepys's Diary have been surprised at his not liking Hudibras. Perhaps one reason was, that Butler was the greatest of the jesters against the Society. It is impossible not to laugh at the jokes, in which he charges them with attempting to

"Search the moon by her own light;
To take an inventory of all,
Her real estate and personal;—
To measure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a square;
And in the braying of an ass,
Find out the treble and the bass;
If mares neigh *alto*, and a cow
In double diapason low."*

Evelyn got angry, and pretended to be calm. Cowley expressed his anger with a generous indignation. The following passage in his Ode to the Society concludes with a fine, appropriate simile. "Mischief and true dishonour," says he,

"fall on those
Who would to laughter and to scorn expose
So virtuous and so noble a design,
So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
The things which these proud men despise and call
Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest actions do!
Whoever would deposed Truth advance
Into the throne usurped from it,"
Must feel at first the blows of Ignorance,
And the sharp points of envious Wit.
So when by various turns of the celestial dance,
In many thousand years
A star, so long unknown, appears,
Though Heaven itself more beautiful by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below,
Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, show."†

Perhaps a part of the jealousy against the Royal Society arose from a notion which has since become not uncommon; that bodies of this nature, incorporated by kings, are calculated, ultimately, rather to limit inquiry, than to enlarge it. Without stopping to discuss this point, we shall merely observe, that the real greatness of all such bodies, like those of nations themselves, must arise from the greatness of individuals; and that whether the bodies give any lustre to them or not, there is no denying that the individuals give lustre to the bodies. When Sir Isaac Newton became president, all jesting ceased.

It is pleasant to think, while passing Somerset House, in the midst of the noise of a great thoroughfare, that philosophical speculation is, perhaps, going on within those graceful walls; that in the midst of all sorts of new things, sight is not lost of the venerable beauties of old; and that art, as well as philosophy, is considering what it shall do for our use and entertainment. The Antiquarian Society originated as far back as the sixteenth century (about the year 1580), and held its first sittings in a room in the Herald's College; but it did not receive a charter till the year 1751. Neither Elizabeth nor James would give it one, fearful, perhaps, of bringing up discussions on matters connected with politics and religion. Elizabeth has now become one of the most interesting of its heroines. There is no society, we think, more likely to increase with age, and to outgrow half-witted objection. The growth of time adds daily to its stock; and as reflecting men become interested in behalf of ages to come, they naturally turn with double sympathy towards the periods that have gone by, and to the multitudes of beating hearts that have become dust. We should like to see the society in a venerable building of its own, raised in some quiet spot, with trees about it, and painted windows, reflecting light through old heraldry.

The Royal Academy of Painters first met in Saint Martin's Lane, under the title of the Society of Artists of Great Britain. They had a division among them, which gave rise to the establishment as it now stands; and are a flourishing body, we believe, in

point of funds. Of the deceased members who have done them honour, we shall speak when we come to their abodes.

The Turk's Head Coffee-house, near Somerset House, was frequented by Dr. Johnson.

In a lodging opposite Somerset House, died the facetious Dr. King, whom we have mentioned in speaking of Doctor's Commons. He had been residing in the house of a friend in the garden-grounds between Lambeth and Vauxhall, where he stuck so close to his books and bottle, that he began to decline with the autumn, and shut himself up from his nearest friends. Lord Clarendon, who resided in Somerset House, and was his relation, sent his sister to fetch him to a lodging he had prepared for him over the way, where he died before the lapse of many hours, while all the world were busy with the meats and mince-pies he had so often celebrated; for it was Christmas-day. Dr. King was the author of an Art of Cookery, in which he pleasantly bantered a learned Kitchen-er of his time, though no man had a livelier relish of their subjects than he. But he wished the relish to be lively in others. At least, he wished them to be *leviter in modo*, if *graviter in re*. Though occasionally coarse, he had the right stile of banter, and was of use to the Tories. In return, they would have been of use to him, if his habits would have let them. Swift procured him the place of Gazetteer; but he soon got rid of it.

We shall notice Waterloo Bridge among the others in a general survey of the river. The precinct called the Savoy, of the old state of which nothing remains but the stout little church, (and this is to make way for the communication with the new bridge), was anciently the seat of Peter, Earl of Savoy, who came into England to visit his niece Eleanor, Queen to Henry III. It is not known whether the house was built or appointed for him, but on his death it became the property of the Queen, who gave it to her second son Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster; and from his time the Savoy was reckoned part and parcel of the earldom and honour of Lancaster, afterwards the Duchy. Henry VII. converted the palace into an hospital for the poor; and it remained so till the time of Charles II.; though the master and other officers, by an abuse which grew into a custom, appear to have had no regular inmates, except themselves. The poor were to apply, as it might happen; and what they got, depended on the generosity of the master. In answer to a question put by government in the reign of Queen Anne, it was stated by the lawyer and four chaplains, that "the statutes relating to the reception of the poor had not been observed within the memory of man."‡ Charles II. put wounded soldiers and sailors into the hospital; and since his time, it appears to have been used for the reception of soldiers and prisoners. Latterly, it was a prison for deserters.

The Savoy was the scene of a conference in Charles II.'s reign, between the church and the Presbyterians, in which possession was proved to be nine points of the gospel, as well as law. The Presbyterians thought so when it was their turn to rule, and would have thought so again; and the progress of genuine Christianity has been a gainer by the mild sway of the Church of England.

In the chapel was buried old Gawen Douglas, the Chaucer of Scotland; and Anne Killegrew, celebrated by Dryden's Ode for her poetry and painting. She was the daughter of one of the masters, Dr. Henry Killegrew, brother of the famous jester, and himself a man of talent.

Mrs. Anne Killegrew,

A grace for beauty, and a muse for wit,

had probably the honour, some day, of dining with her washerwoman's daughter, in the guise of Duchess of Albemarle; for John Clarges, the blacksmith, who lived in the Savoy, had a wife who was a washerwoman, and the washerwoman had a daughter, who took linen to Monk, when he was in the Tower, and married him. It is not commonly known that the validity of this marriage was contested. Upon the trial of an action at law between the representa-

tives of Monk and Clarges, some curious particulars, says an article in the Gentleman's Magazine, came out respecting the family of the duchess. "It appeared, that she was daughter of John Clarges, a farrier, in the Savoy, and farrier to Colonel Monk, in 1632. She was married in the church of St. Lawrence Pountney, to Thomas Ratford, son of Thomas Ratford, late a farrier, servant to Prince Charles, and resident in the Mews. She had a daughter who was born in 1634, and died in 1638." Her husband and she "lived at the Three Spanish Gypsies, in the New Exchange, and sold wash-balls, powder, gloves, and such things, and she taught girls plain work. About 1647, she, being a sempstress to Colonel Monk, used to carry him linen." In 1648 her father and mother died. In 1649, she and her husband "fell out and parted." But no certificate from any parish register appears, reciting his burial. In 1652, she was married in the church of St. George, Southwark, to 'General George Monk;' and in the following year was delivered of a son, Christopher, (afterwards the second and last Duke of Albemarle), who was suckled by Honour Mills, who sold apples, herbs, oysters, &c. One of the plaintiff's witnesses swore, "that a little before the sickness, Thomas Ratford demanded and received of him the sum of twenty shillings; that his wife saw Ratford again after the sickness, and a second time after the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle were dead." A woman swore, "she saw him on the day his wife (then called Duchess of Albemarle) was put into her coffin, which was after the death of the duke her second husband, who died the 3d of January, 1669-70." And a third witness swore, that "he saw Ratford about July 1660." In opposition to this evidence, it was alleged, that "all along, during the lives of Duke George and Duke Christopher, this matter was never questioned," that the latter was universally received as only son of the former, and that "this matter had been thrice before tried at the bar of the King's Bench, and the defendant had three verdicts." A witness swore that he owed Ratford five or six pounds, which he had never demanded. And a man, who had married a cousin to the Duke of Albemarle, *had been told by his wife, that Ratford died five or six years before the duke married.* Lord Chief Justice Holt told the jury, "If you are certain that Duke Christopher was born while Thomas Ratford was living, you must find for the plaintiff.—If you believe he was born after Ratford was dead, or that nothing appears what became of him after Duke George married his wife, you must find for the defendant." A verdict was given for the defendant, who was only son to Sir Thomas Clarges, knight, brother to the illustrious duchess in question, who was created a baronet, October 30, 1674, and was ancestor to the baronets of his name."§

¶ It does not appear on which of these accounts the jury found a verdict for the defendant,—whether because Ratford was dead, or because nothing had been heard of him; so that the duchess, after all, might have been no duchess. However, she carried it with as high a hand as if she had never been anything else, and Monk had been a blacksmith. There are some amusing notices of her in Pepys.

"8th (March, 1661-2). At noon, Sir W. Batten, Col. Slingsby, and I, by coach to the Tower, to Sir John Robinson's, to dinner, where great good cheer. High company and among others the Duchess of Albemarle, who is ever a plain homely dowdy."†

"9th (Dec. 1665). My Lord Brouncker and I dined with the Duke of Albemarle. At table the duchess, a very ill-looking woman, complaining of her lord's going to sea next year, said these cursed words:—"If my lord had been a coward, he had gone to sea no more: it may be then he might have been excused, and made an ambassador," (meaning my Lord Sandwich). This made me mad, and I believe she perceived my countenance change, and blushed herself very much. I was in hopes others had not minded it, but my Lord Brouncker, after we came away, took notice of the words to me with displeasure."‡

Lord Sandwich, the famous admiral, who has such light repute with posterity, was a relation of Pepys, and much connected with him in affairs. There does not appear to have been the least foundation for the duchess's charge; except, perhaps, that Sandwich had brains enough to know the danger which he braved, while Monk knew nothing but how to fight and lie.

"4th (Nov. 1666). Pepys says, that Mr. Cooling tells him, the Duke of Albemarle is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with. Of whom he told me this story; that once the Duke of Albemarle in his drink taking notice, as of a wonder, that Nan Hide should ever come to be Duchess of York: 'Nay,' says Troutbecke, 'n'eer wonder at that, for if

* See three Poems in his Genuine Remains. — Chalmers's *British Poets*, vol. viii. p. 187.

† *British Poets*, vol. vii. p. 101.

‡ *Londoniam Redivivum*, vol. iv. p. 410.

§ Gentleman's Magazine for 1793, p. 89.

† Memoirs and Correspondence, as above, vol. i. p. 182.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 348.

you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you a great, if not greater, miracle.' And what was that, but that our dirty Besse (meaning his duchesse) should come to be Duchesse of Albemarle."*

"4th (April, 1667). I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company, some of his officers of the army; dirty dishes and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner. Colonel Howard asking how the Prince (Rupert) did (in the last fight), the Duke of Albemarle answering, 'Pretty well,' the other replied, 'But not so well as to go to sea again.'—'How!' says the Duchess, 'what should he go for, if he were well, for there are no ships for him to command? And so you have brought your hogs to a fair market,' said she."†

"29th (March 1667-8). I do hear by several, that Sir W. Pen's going to sea do dislike the Parliament mightily, and that they have revived the Committee of Miscarriages, to find something to prevent it; and that he being the other day with the Duke of Albemarle, to ask his opinion touching his going to sea, the duchesse overheard and came into him; and asked W. Pen how he durst have the confidence to go to sea again to the endangering of the nation, when he knew himself such a coward as he was; which, if true, is very severe."‡

The habit of charging cowardice against the first officers of the time, which was not confined to the duchess, is characteristic of the grossness of that period, the refinements of which were entirely artificial and modish. No people talked or acted more grossly than the finest gentlemen of the day, or believed more ill of one another; and it was not to be expected that the uneducated should be behind-hand with them.

The Duchess of Albemarle is supposed to have had a considerable hand in the Restoration. She was a great loyalist, and Monk was afraid of her; so that it is likely enough she influenced his gross understanding, when it did not exactly know what to be at. Aubrey says, that her mother was one of the "five women barbers." How these awful personages came up, we know not,—but he has quoted a ballad upon them:—

'Did you ever hear the like,
Or ever hear the fame,
Of five women barbers,
That lived in Drury Lane?'

After all, the father, John Clarges, must have been a man of substance in his trade, to be enabled to set up the enormous May-pole which we see in the picture. But this did not prevent the daughter from growing up vulgar and foul-mouthed, and a very different person from the *Belles Ferronières* of old.

The Savoy, on the one side, with its Gothic gate and flint wall, and the splendid mansion called Exeter House on the other, appear in former times to have narrowed the highway hereabouts, as much as Exeter 'Change did lately.

At the corner of Beaufort Buildings, on the spot, we believe, now occupied by Mr. Ackermann, flourished Mr. Lillie, the perfumer so often mentioned in the Tatler. He was secretary to Mr. Bickerstaff's Court of Honour, in Shire Lane, where people had actions brought against them for pulling out their watches while their superiors were talking; and for brushing feathers off a gentleman's coat with a cane "value fivepence." Lillie published two volumes of Contributions, of which the Tatler had made no use. We believe they had no merit. In Beaufort Buildings lived Aaron Hill, and at one time Fielding; but as we recollect no other memorial of him, connected with the place, we shall speak of him elsewhere.

Southampton Street, a little to the west, on the other side of the way, has been much inhabited by wits and theatrical people. Congreve once lived there, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Garrick. Of places connected with it, we shall speak when we come to Covent Garden. It was called Southampton Street from the noble family of that title, who are allied to the Bedford family, the proprietors.

On the ground of Cecil and Salisbury Streets, opposite Southampton Street, stood the mansion of Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, the cunning son

of a wise father. It was he who, contriving to keep up to the last his interest with Queen Elizabeth, and to oust his rivals, Essex and others; was the first to make secret terms with her successor James, and to prepare the way for his reception in England: of which perhaps Elizabeth was aware, when she lay moaning on the ground for her favourite.

Where the Adelphi now stands, was Durham Place, originally a palace of the Bishops of Durham, who resigned it to Henry VIII. Henry made it the scene of magnificent tournaments, a species of entertainment which we shall describe in another place. The Lord High Admiral Seymour caused the Mint to be established in this house, with a view to coin money for his designs on the throne. It was afterwards inhabited by Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, who here married his son to Lady Jane Grey. But its most illustrious tenant was Raleigh, to whom it was lent by Queen Elizabeth, and who lived in it during the attempt made at Essex House. The four turrets of the mansion, under the roof of which lived and speculated that romantic but equivocal person, have been marked out in an engraving from Hollar. Durham Place, though it got into royal hands during the fluctuation of religious opinions, never seems to have been reckoned out of the pale of the bishopric of Durham; for Lord Pembroke bought it of that see in 1640, and pulled it down for the erection of houses on its site. "Be it known," says the lively Pennant, speaking of the word 'place,' as applied to great mansions, and interpreted by him to mean palace, "that the word is only applicable to the habitations of princes, or princely persons, and that is with all the impropriety of vanity bestowed on the houses of those who have luckily acquired money enough to pile on one another a greater quantity of stones or bricks than their neighbours. How many imaginary parks have been formed within precincts where deer were never seen! And how many houses misnamed *halls*, which never had attached to them the privilege of a manor."*

This is true; but unless the words *palazzo*, and *piazza*, are traceable to the same root, *Palatium*, (as perhaps they are), *place* does not of necessity mean *palace*; and *palace* certainly does not mean exclusively the habitation of princes or princely persons, (that is to say, supposing princeliness to exclude riches), for in Italy, whence it comes, any large mansion may be called a palace; and many old palaces there were built by merchants. *Palatium*, it is true, with the old Romans, though it may have originally meant any house on Mount Palatine, yet in consequence of that place becoming the court end of the city, and containing the imperial palace, may have come ultimately to mean only a princely residence. Ovid uses it in that sense in his *Metamorphoses*.† But custom is everything in these matters. *Place* is now used as a variety of term, either for a large house or street. Perhaps in both cases it ought to imply something of the look of a palace, or at least an openness of aspect analogous to that of a *square*, *Square* in England, corresponding with *place*, *piazza*, and *plaza*, on the continent. The *Piazza* in Covent Garden, properly means the place itself, and not the portico.

"To the north of Durham place, fronting the street," says Pennant, "stood the *New Exchange*, which was built under the auspices of our monarch, in 1608, out of the rubbish of the old stables of *Durham House*. The king, queen, and royal family, honoured the opening with their presence, and named it *Britaine's Bourse*. It was built somewhat on the model of the Royal Exchange, with cellars beneath, a walk above, and rows of shops over that, filled chiefly with milliners, sempstresses, and the like. This was a fashionable place of resort. In 1654, a fatal affair happened here. Mr. Gerard, a young gentleman, at that time engaged in a plot against Cromwell, was amusing himself in a walk beneath, when he was insulted by *Don Pantaleon de Saa*, brother to the Ambassador of Portugal, who, disliking the return he met with, determined on revenge. He came there the next day with a set of bravos, who, mistaking another gentleman for Mr. Gerard, instantly put him to death, as he was walking with his sister in one hand and his mistress in the other. *Don Pantaleon* was tried, and with impartial justice condemned to the axe. Mr. Gerard, who about the same time was detected in the conspiracy,

* Pennant, *ut supra*, p. 144.

† Where he likens Jupiter's house in the Milky Way to the palace of Augustus:—

*Hic locus es, quem, si verbis audacia detur,
Haud timeam magni dixisse Palatia cœli.*
Lib. i. v. 175.

Which *Sandy*, by a felicitous conceit in the taste of his age (and of David too), has transferred to the palace of Charles the First, and rendered still more applicable to the Milky Way:—

This glorious roof I would not doubt to call,
Had I but boldness giv'n me, Heaven's *White Hall*.

was likewise condemned to die. By singular chance both the rivals suffered on the scaffold, within a few hours of each other: Mr. Gerard with intrepid dignity; the *Portuguese* with all the pusillanimity of an assassin.

"Above stairs," continues Pennant, "sat, in the character of a milliner, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife to Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland under James II.; a bigoted Papist, and fit instrument of the designs of the infatuated prince, who had created him Earl before his abdication, and after that, Duke of Tyrconnel. A female, suspected to have been his duchess, after his death, supported herself for a few days (till she was known and otherwise provided for) by the little trade of this place: but had delicacy enough to wish not to be detected. She sat in a white mask, and a white dress, and was known by the name of the *White Widow*. This Exchange has long since given way to a row of good houses, with an uniform front, engraved in Mr. Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, which form a part of the street."*

The houses in the quarter behind these, built by the Earl of Pembroke, made way, sixty years back, for the present handsome set of buildings called the Adelphi, from the *Mesars*. Adam, brothers, who built it.† The principal front faces the Thames, and is almost the only public walk left for the inhabitants of London on the river side. The centre house was purchased, when new, by Garrick in 1771, and was his town house for the rest of his life. He died there about nine years after; but Mrs. Garrick possessed it till a late period. Mrs. Garrick had been a dancer in her youth, with a name as vernal as need be,—*Mademoiselle Violette*: she died a venerable old lady, at the age of ninety odd. Boswell has recorded a delightful day spent with Johnson and others at her house, the first time she re-opened it after Garrick's death. Sir Joshua Reynolds was there, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Boscawen, and others. "She looked well," says Boswell, "talked of her husband with complacency; and while she cast her eyes at his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said, 'that death was now the most agreeable object to her.'‡ It is no dishonour to her, that her constitution was too good for her melancholy. She spoke enthusiastically of her husband to the last, and used to decide on theatrical subjects, by right of being his representative.

On the same terrace had lived their common friend Beauclerc. On coming away after the party just mentioned, Boswell tells us, that Johnson and he stopped a little while by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames; "and I said to him," says Boswell, "with some emotion, that I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us, Beauclerc and Garrick." "Ay, sir, (said he tenderly,) and two such friends as cannot be supplied."§

When Beauclerc was labouring under the illness that carried him off, Johnson said to Boswell, in a faltering voice, that he "would walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth to save him." It does not appear what Beauclerc had in his nature to excite this tenderness; but it is observable, that Johnson had a kind of speculative regard for rakes and men of the town, if he thought them not essentially vicious. He seemed willing to regard them as evidences of the natural virtue of all men, bad as well as good, and of the excuse furnished for irregularity by animal spirits. It is not impossible even, that he might have thought them rather conventionally than abstractedly vicious. He had a similar regard for Hervey, a great rake, who was very kind to him. "Sir," said he, "if you call a dog 'Hervey,' I shall love him." At the same time it is not to be forgotten, that these rakes were fine gentlemen and men of birth; representatives, in some respect, of the license assumed by authority. Beauclerc, however, like Hervey, had a taste for better things than he practised, and could love scrupulous men. Boswell has given an interesting account of his first intimacy with Johnson. Langton and Beauclerc had become intimate at Oxford. "Their opinions and mode of life," we are told, "were so different, that it seemed utterly impossible they should at all agree;" but Beauclerc, "had so ardent a love of literature, so acute an understanding, such elegance of manners, and so well discerned the excellent qualities of Mr. Langton, a gentleman eminent not only for worth and learning, but for an inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation, that they became intimate friends."

(To be Continued.)

* Pennant, p. 147.

† It was a joke, probably invented, against a late festive alderman, that some lover of Terence, at a public dinner, having toasted two royal brothers, who were present, under the title of the Adelphi, the Alderman said, that as they were on the subject of streets, "he would beg leave to propose 'Finsbury Square.'"

‡ Boswell, iv. p. 102.

§ Id. p. 106.

* Vol. III. p. 75.

† Id. p. 185.

‡ Vol. IV. p. 81.

§ *Granger's Biographical History of England*, 1824, vol. v. p. 356.

THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS.

THEIR MEMOIRS AND GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH (continued.)

Beauclerc.—*Society of Arts, and Mr Barry.*—*Bedford Street.*—*George, Villiers, and Buckingham Streets.*—*York House and Buildings.*—*Squabble between the Spanish and French Ambassadors.*—*Hungerford Market.*—*Craven Street.*—*Franklin.*—*Northumberland House.*—*Duplicity of Henry, Earl of Northampton.*—*Violence of Lord Herbert of Chertbury.*—*Percy, Bishop of Dromore.*—*Pleasant mistake of Goldsmith.*—*Exeter Street, and Johnson.*—*Catherine Street.*—*Unfortunate Women.*—*The late English Opera House.*—*Beef-steak Club.*—*Exeter Change.*

"JOHNSON, soon after this acquaintance began, passed a considerable time at Oxford. He at first thought it strange that Langton should associate so much with one who had the character of being loose, both in his principles and practice, but, by degrees, he himself was fascinated. Mr Beauclerc's being of the St Alban's family, and having, in some particulars, a resemblance to Charles the Second, contributed, in Johnson's imagination, to throw a lustre upon his other qualities; and, in a short time, the moral, pious Johnson, and the gay, dissipated Beauclerc were companions. 'What a coalition!' said Garrick, when he heard of this: 'I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house.' But I can bear testimony that it was a very agreeable association. Beauclerc was too polite, and valued learning and wit too much, to offend Johnson by sallies of infidelity or licentiousness; and Johnson delighted in the good qualities of Beauclerc, and hoped to correct the evil. Innumerable were the scenes in which Johnson was amused by these young men. Beauclerc could take more liberty with him than any body with whom I ever saw him; but, on the other hand, Beauclerc was not spared by his respectable companion, when reproof was proper. Beauclerc had such a propensity to satire, that at one time, Johnson said to him, 'You never open your mouth but with intention to give pain; and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you said, but from seeing your intention.' At another time, applying to him, with a slight alteration, a line of Pope, he said—

'Thy love of folly, and thy scorn of fools'—

'Everything thou dost shews the one, and everything thou say'st the other.' At another time he said to him, 'Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue.' Beauclerc not seeming to relish the compliment, Johnson said, 'Nay, sir, Alexander the Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have desired to have had more said to him.'"

The streets in the Adelphi,—John, Robert, Adam, &c. are named from the builders. In this instance, the names are well bestowed; but the "fond attempt," on the part of bricklayers and builders in general to give a "deathless lot" to their names in the same way, is very idle. Wherever we go now-a-days, among the new buildings, especially in the suburbs, we meet with names that nobody knows anything about, nor ever will know. Probably, as knowledge increases, this custom will go out. With this exception, streets in the British metropolis have hitherto been named after royalty or nobility, or from local circumstances, or from saints. Saints went out with popery. The reader of the 'Spectator' will recollect the dilemma which Sir Roger de Coverley underwent in his youth, from not knowing whether to ask for Marylebone, or Saint Marylebone. In Paris they have streets named after men of letters; and the *Quai de Voltaire*. *Jean Jacques Rousseau street* is one of the most frequented in that metropolis, for it contains the post-office. It is not unlikely, that a similar custom will take place in England before long. A nobleman, eminent for his zeal in behalf of the advancement of society, has called a street in his neighbourhood, Addison street.†

In John street, Adelphi, are the rooms of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. This society originated in 1753, at the suggestion of Mr Shipley, an artist, and, as the title implies, is very miscellaneous in its object; perhaps too much so to make sufficient impression. It gives rewards for discoveries of all sorts, and for performances of youth in the fine arts. It

* Boswell, vol. i. p. 225.

† Near Holland House, Kensington. Addison died in that house.

is however, one of those combinations of zealous and intelligent men, which have marked the progress of latter times, and which will have an incalculable effect on posterity. Its great room is adorned with the celebrated pictures of Mr Barry, which he painted in order to refute the opinion that Englishmen had no genius for the higher department of art, no love of music, &c., nor a proper relish of any thing, "even life itself." The statement of these positions was not so discreet, as the paintings were clever. Mr Barry was one of those impatient, self-willed men, who, with a portion of genuine power, think it much greater than it is; and will not take the pains to make themselves masters of their own weapons. His pictures in the Adelphi, which are illustrations of the progress of society, are striking, ingenious, with great elegance here and there, and now and then an evidence of the highest feeling; as in the awful pity of the retributive angel, who presides over the downfall of the wicked and tyrannical. But the colouring is bad and "foxy;" his Elysium is deformed with the heterogeneous dresses of all ages, William Penn talking in a wig and hat with Lycurgus, &c. (which, however philosophically such things might be regarded in another world, are not fitly presented to the eye in this); and by way of disproving the bad taste of the English in music, he has put Dr Burney in a coat and toupee, riding among the water nymphs! The consequence is, that although these pictures are, perhaps, the best ever exhibited together in England by one artist, they fall short of what he intended to establish by them, as far as England is concerned. He had another position, however, which the persons introduced in them have helped to establish beyond question, and which particularly deserves repetition in this Journal:—"That the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral, which are so well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank, and the glorious destination assigned for it by Providence."

Between Adam street and George street, on the other side of the Strand, is Bedford street, the site of an old mansion of the Earls and Dukes of Bedford. Of the neighbourhood which rose on its demolition, we shall speak when we come to Covent garden.

With George street commence the precincts of an ancient "Inn," or palace, originally belonging to the Bishops of Norwich; then to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; then to the Archbishops of York, from whom it was called York House; then to the crown, who let it to Lord Chancellor Egerton and to Bacon; then to the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite, who rebuilt it with great magnificence, and at whose death it was let to the Earl of Northumberland; and finally to the second Duke of Buckingham, who pulled it down and converted it into the present streets and allies, the names of which contain his designation at full length, even to the sign of the genitive case, for there is an "Of Alley;" so that we have George, Villiers, Duke, Of, Buckingham. The only vestige now remaining of the splendid mansion of the Buckinghams is the water-gate at the end of Buckingham street, called York stairs, and built by Inigo Jones. It has been much admired, and must have admitted, in its time, the entrance of many extraordinary persons.* Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was the man, who on his marriage with Henry VIIIth's sister, appeared at a tourna-

* "York Stairs," says the author of the 'Critical Reviews of Public Buildings,' quoted in 'Brayley's London and Middlesex,' "form unquestionably the most perfect piece of building that does honour to Inigo Jones: it is planned in so exquisite a taste, formed of such equal and harmonious parts, and adorned with such proper and elegant decorations, that nothing can be censured or added. It is at once happy in its situation beyond comparison, and fancied in a style exactly suited to that situation. The rock-work, or rustic, can never be better introduced than in buildings by the side of water; and, indeed, it is a great question whether it ought to have been made use of anywhere else. On the side next the river appear the arms of the Villiers family; and on the north front is inscribed their motto: *Fidei Custodia Cruz*.—The Cross is the touch-stone of faith. On this side is a small terrace, planted with lime-trees; the whole supported by a rate raised upon the houses in the neighbouring streets; and being inclosed from the public, forms an agreeable promenade for the inhabitants."

ment on a horse that had a cloth half frieze and half gold, with that touching motto:

Cloth of gold, do not thou despise,
Though thou be matched with cloth of frieze:—
Cloth of frieze, be not thou too bold,
Though thou be matched with cloth of gold.

Bacon belongs to Gray's Inn and the second Duke of Buckingham to Wallingford House, where he chiefly resided (on the site of the present Admiralty); but the reader, who should go down Buckingham street, and contemplate the spot which Inigo Jones and trees have beautified, will not fail to be struck with the many different spirits that have passed through this spot,—the romantic Suffolk, the correct Egerton, the earth-moving Bacon, the first Buckingham with a spirit equal to his fortunes,—the second, witty but selfish, who lavished them away; and all the visitors, of so many different qualities, which these men must have had, crowding or calmly moving to the gate across the water, in quiet or in jollity, clients, philosophers, poets, courtiers, mistresses, gallant masques, the romance of Charles the First's reign, and the gaudy revelry of Charles II. A little spot remains with a few trees, and a graceful piece of art, and the river flowing as calmly as meditation.

York buildings affords us another name, not unworthy to be added to the most useful and delightful of these, Sir Richard Steele, who lived here, just before he retired into Wales. The place in his time was celebrated for a concert-room. We must not omit the termination of a curious dispute at the gate of York house, to which Pepys was a witness.

"30th (September 1661). This morning up by moonshine, at five o'clock," (here was one of the great secrets of the animal spirits of those times), "to Whitehall, to meet Mr More at the Privy Seal, and there I heard of a fray between the two ambassadors of Spain and France, and that this day being the day of the entrance of an ambassador from Sweden, they intended to fight for the precedence. Our king, I heard, ordered that no Englishman should meddle in the business, but let them do what they would. And to that end, all the soldiers in town were in arms all the day long, and some of the train bands in the city, and a great bustle through the city all the day. Then we took coach (which was the business I came for) to Chelsey, to my Lord Privy Seal, and there got him to seal the business. Here I saw by daylight two very fine pictures in the gallery, that a little while ago I saw by night; and did also go all over the house, and found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life. So back again; and at Whitehall light, and saw the soldiers and people running up and down the streets. So I went to the Spanish ambassador's and the French, and there saw great preparations on both sides; but the French made the most noise and ranted most, but the other made no stir almost at all; so that I was afraid the other would have too great a conquest over them. Then to the wardrobe and dined there; and then abroad, and in Cheapside hear, that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the city next to our king's coach; at which, it is strange to see how all the city did rejoice. And indeed, we do naturally all love the Spanish and hate the French. But I, as I am in all things curious, presently got to the water side and there took oars to Westminster Palace, and ran after them through all the dirt, and the streets full of people; till at last, in the Mewes, I saw the Spanish coach go with fifty drawn swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy. And so I followed the coach, and then met it at York house, where the ambassador lies; and there it went in with great state. So then I went to the French house, where I observe still, that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit where they do well, nor before they begin a matter, and more abject if they do miscarry, than these people are; for they all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads. The truth is, the Spaniards were not only observed to fight more desperately, but also they did outwit them; first in lining their own harness with chains of iron that they could not be cut, then in setting their coach in the most advantageous place, and to appoint men to guard everyone of their horses, and others for to guard the coach, and others the coachmen. And, above all, in setting upon the French horses and killing them, for by that means the French were not able to stir. There were several men slain of the French, and one or two of the Spaniards, and one Englishman by a bullet. Which is very observable, the French were at least four to one in number, and had near one hundred cases of pistols among them, and the Spaniards had not one

gun among them, which is for their honour for ever, and the others disgrace. So having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach and home; where I vexed my wife in telling her of this story, and pleading for the Spaniards against the French."

In James the Second's time, the French embassy had the house of their rival, and drew the town to see Popish devices in wax-work. "The fourth of April," says Evelyn (1672), "I went to see the sopperies of the Papists at Somerset House and York House, where now the French ambassador had caused to be represented our Blessed Saviour at the Paschal Supper with his disciples, in figures and puppets made as big as the life, of wax-work, curiously clad and sitting round a large table, the room nobly hung, and shining with innumerable lamps and candles; this was exposed to all the world; all the city came to see it: such liberty had the Roman Catholics at this time obtained."

They have obtained more liberty since, and can dispense with these "sopperies."

Hungerford Market takes its name from an old Wiltshire family, who had a mansion here in the time of Charles II, which they parted with, like others, to the encroachments of trade. It used to be an inconvenient and disagreeable place, little frequented: but has lately been converted into a handsome market, and put an end to the monopoly of Billingsgate.

No. 7, in Craven street, is celebrated as having been, at one time, the residence of Franklin. We shall speak of the extraordinary changes of his life in another place. What a change along the shore of the Thames in a few years (for two centuries are less than a few in the lapse of time), from the residence of a set of haughty nobles, who never dreamt that a tradesman could be anything but a tradesman, to that of a yeoman's son, and a printer, who was one of the founders of a great state!

Northumberland House is the only one remaining of all the great mansions which lorded it on the river's side. It was built by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, son of the famous Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the poet; but a very unworthy son, except in point of capacity. He was one of those men, who, wanting a taste for moral beauty, are in every other respect wise in vain, and succeed only to become despised and unhappy. He was the grossest of flatterers; paid court to the most opposite rivals, in the worst manner; and seems to have stuck at nothing to obtain his ends. His perception of what was great, extrinsically, led him to build this princely abode; and his worship of success and court favour degraded him into an accomplice with Carr, Earl of Somerset. It is thought by the historians, that he died just in time to save him from the disgraceful consequences of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. But we shall speak of that matter when we come to the Church of Covent garden, where Carr was buried.

Northumberland House was built upon the site of the old hospital of St Mary Roncesvaux,—Osborne says, with Spanish gold. "Part of the present mansion," says the *'Londinium Redivivum'*, "is from the designs of Bernard Jansen, and the frontispiece or gateway from those of Gerard Christman. This gateway cannot possibly be described correctly, as the ornaments are scattered in the utmost profusion, from the base to the attic, which supports a copy of

Michael Angelo's celebrated lion. Double ranges of grotesque pilasters inclose eight niches on the sides, and there are a bow window and an open arch above the gate. The basement of the whole front contains fourteen niches, with ancient weapons crossed within them; and the upper stories have twenty-four windows, in two ranges, with pierce battlements. Each wing terminates in a cupola, and the angles have rustic quoins. The quadrangle within the gate is in a better style of building, but rather distinguished by simplicity than grandeur; and the garden next the Thames, with many trees, serves to screen the mansion from those disagreeable objects which generally bound the shores of the river in this vast trading city.

"Northumberland House was discovered to be on fire March 18, 1780, at five o'clock in the morning, which raged from that hour till eight, when the whole front next the Strand was completely destroyed. Dr Percy's apartments were consumed; but great part of his library escaped the general ruin."

We have been the more particular in laying this extract before our readers, because, though the house still exists, the public see little of it. All they behold, indeed, is the screen or advanced guard, which is no very fine sight, and only serves to narrow the way. The great spears in the niches look as if their only use was to batter down the gates with. Of the quadrangle inside the public know nothing; and thousands pass every day without suspecting that there is such a thing as a tree on the premises.

The Percys had this house in consequence of a marriage with the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, who was Northampton's nephew. During the Earl's possession it was called Suffolk House, and furnished an escape to a person of the name of Emerson, from one of the mad pranks of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was for fighting everybody. His lordship had had sundry fits of ague, which brought him at last to be "so lean and yellow, that scarce any man," he says, "did know him. It happened," he continues, "during this sickness, that I walked abroad one day towards Whitehall, where, meeting with one Emerson, who spoke very disgraceful words of Sir Robert Harley, being then my dear friend, my weakness could not hinder me to be sensible of my friend's dishonour; shaking him, therefore, by a long beard he wore, I step't a little aside, and drew my sword in the street; Captain Thomas Scrivan, a friend of mine, not being far off on one side, and divers friends of his on the other side. All that saw me wondered how I could go, being so weak and consumed as I was, but much more that I would offer to fight; howsoever, Emerson, instead of drawing his sword, ran away into Suffolk House, and afterwards informed the Lords of the Counsel of what I had done; who, not long after sending for me, did not so much reprehend my taking part with my friend, as that I would adventure to fight, being in such a bad condition of health."

The disgraceful words spoken by Emerson were very likely nothing at all, except to his lordship's ultra-chivalrous fancy; but this is a curious scene to imagine at the entrance of the present quiet Northumberland House,—Emerson slipping into the gate with horror in his looks, and the lean and yellow ghost of the knight-errant behind him, sword in hand.

Mr Malcolm has spoken of the apartments of Dr Percy. This was Dr Percy, Bishop of Dromore, who gave an impulse to the spirit of the modern muse by his *'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry'*. He was a kinsman of the Northumberland family. We believe it was in Northumberland House that his friend Goldsmith, stammering out a fine speech of thanks to a personage in a splendid dress whom he took for the Duke, was informed, when he had done, that it was the footman.

A little way up Catherine street is Exeter street, where Johnson first lodged when he came to town. His lodgings were at the house of Mr Morris, a stay-maker. He dined at the Pine-apple in New street, "for eightpence, with very good company." Several of them, he told Boswell, had travelled. "They expected to meet every day; but did not know one another's names." The rest of his information is a curious and interesting specimen of his disposition. "It used," said he, "to cost the rest a shilling, for

they drank wine: but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite as well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." Johnson drank at this time no fermented liquors. Boswell supposes that he had gained a knowledge of the art of living in London from an Irish painter, whom he knew at Birmingham, and of whom he gave this account. "Thirty pounds a year," according to this economical philosopher, "was enough to enable a man to live there without being contemptible. He allowed ten pounds for clothes and linen. He said a man might live in a garret at eighteen pence a week; few people would inquire where he lodged: and if they did, it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending three-pence at a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do without supper. On clean-shirt day he went abroad and paid visits."

The Strand end of Catherine street is mentioned in Gay's *'Trivia'* for a notoriety which it now unfortunately shares with too many places to render it remarkable. His picture of one of the women he speaks of, possesses a literal truth, characteristic of the whole of this curious poem.

"'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace;
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribands glare,
The new scower'd manteau, and the slattern air,
High draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow.

"In riding-hood, near Tavern door she plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty band-box she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change.'

Gay contents himself with a picture, and a warning. In our times, we have learnt to pity the human beings, and to think what can be done to remedy the first causes of the evil.

The houses between Catherine street and Burleigh street, stand upon ground formerly occupied by Wimbledon House, a mansion built by Sir Edward Cecil, whom Charles I created Viscount Wimbledon. It was burnt down; and Stow says, that the day before, his lordship's country house at Wimbledon was blown up.

The late Lyceum was built about the year 1765, as an academy and exhibition-room, in anticipation of the royal one then contemplated. It did not succeed; and part of it was converted into a theatre for musical performances. It then became a place of exhibition for large, panoramic pictures, among which we remember with pleasure the battle pieces of Mr Robert Ker Porter (Seringapatam, Acre, &c.). A species of entertainment then took place in it, which has justly been called "useful and liberal," presenting, on a regular stage, pictures or scenes of famous places, while a person read accounts of them from a desk. We remember the *'Egyptiana'*, or description of Egypt, and, if we mistake not, an attempt, not quite so well founded, to illustrate the scenes of Milton's *'L'Allegro and Penseroso'*. Neither of the attempts met with success; but the former, perhaps, might be tried again with advantage, now that information and the thirst for it have so wonderfully increased. The panorama, however, may have realised all that can be done in this way. Visitors to those admirable contrivances may be almost said to become travellers; and a reader at hand might disturb them, like an impertinence. We recollect being so early one morning at a panorama, that we had the place to ourselves. The room was without a sound, and the scene Florence; and when we came out, the noise and crowd of the streets had an effect on us, as if we had been suddenly transported out of an Italian solitude. The Lyceum has since been handsomely rebuilt as a new English Opera House, under the management of Mr Arnold, who has done much to cultivate a love of music in this country. Over the former theatre, we believe, was a room built by him for the members of the famous Beef-

* Ut supra, vol. i. p. 221.

† *'Memoirs of John Evelyn, Esq.'* Second edit. vol. ii. p. 364.

‡ In 1803, Northampton writes thus to Lord Burghley (Essex's great enemy), upon presenting to him a *devotional* composition. "The weight of your Lordship's piercing judgment held me in so reverend an awe, as before I were encouraged by two or three of my friends, who had a taste, I durst not present this treatise to your view: but since their partiality hath made me thus bold, my own affection to sanctify this labour to yourself hath made me impudent."

Yet in the year succeeding, our authority observes, he has the following passage in a letter to Essex:—"Some friend of mine means this day, before night, to merit my devotion and uttermost gratitude by seeking to do good to you; the success whereof my prayers in the meantime shall recommend to that best gale of wind that may favour it. Your lordship, by your last purchase, hath almost enraged the dromedary that would have won the Queen of Sheba's favour by bringing pearls. If you could once be as fortunate in dragging old Leviathan (Burghley) and his cub, *tortuosum colubrum* (Sir Robert Cecil), as the prophet termeth them, out of this den of mischievous devices, the better part of the world would prefer your virtue to that of Hercules."—See *'Memoirs of the Peers of James I.'* p. 246. Such "wise men" are the worst of fools. And here he was acting, as all such men are apt to do, more or less, like one of the commonest fools, in saying such contradicting things under his own hand.

* Vol. iv. p. 308.

† *'Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury,'* in the *'Autobiography,'* p. 110.

* Boswell, vol. i. p. 81.

Steak Club, equally celebrated for loving their steaks and roasting one another.*

The little crowded nest of shop-counters and wild beasts, called Exeter Change, which has lately been pulled down, took its name from a mansion belonging to the Bishops of Exeter, whether on the south or north side of the street, does not appear. It is not necessary that the spot should have been the same. Any connexion with a large mansion, or its neighbourhood, is sufficient to give name to a new house. Pennant thinks, we know not on what authority, that the great Lord Burleigh had a mansion on the spot; and he adds, that he died here. Exeter Change was supposed to have been built in the reign of William and Mary, as a speculation. The lower story, at the beginning of the last century, was appropriated to the shops of milliners; and upholsterers had the upper. In the year 1721, the town were invited to this place to look at a bed. "Mr Normond Cony," saith the historian, "exhibited a singular bed for two shillings and sixpence each person, the product of his own ingenuity; the curtains of which were woven in the most ingenious manner, with feathers of the greatest variety and beauty he could procure; the ground represented white damask, mixed with silver and ornaments of various descriptions, supporting vases of flowers and fruits. Each curtain had a purple border a foot in breadth, branched with flowers shaded with scarlet, the valence and bases the same. The bed was eighteen feet in height; and from the description must have been a superior effort of genius, equally original with the works of the South Sea Islanders, whose cloaks, mantles, and caps, grace the collection formed by Captain Cook, now preserved in the British Museum."†

This was a gentle exhibition enough. Sixty years ago, instead of the bed, was presented the right honourable body of Lord Baltimore, a personage who ran away with young ladies against their will. The body lay "in state," previously to its interment at Epsom. Lord Baltimore was succeeded by the wild beasts, who kept possession in their narrow unhealthy cages till the death of the poor elephant in 1826, which, conspiring with the new spirit of improvement to call final attention to this excrement in the Strand, it was adjudged to be rooted out. The death of this unfortunate animal, who seems to have had just reason enough to grow mad, is too recent to be dwelt upon. But we may observe that the catastrophe had its proper effect, in exciting the public to guard against similar evils; nor is it likely that these intelligent and noble creatures, nor indeed any others, will undergo such a monstrous state of existence again.

Passing one day by Exeter Change, we beheld a sight strange enough to witness in a great thoroughfare,—a fine horse startled, and pawing the ground, at the roar of lions and tigers. It was at the time, we suppose, when the beasts were being fed.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

LINCOLN'S INN, AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Contents:—Lincoln's Inn.—Ben Jonson's Bricklaying.—Enactments against Beards.—Oliver Cromwell, More, Hale, and other eminent Students of Lincoln's Inn.—Lincoln's Inn Fields, or Square.—Houses there built by Inigo Jones.—Pepys's admiration of the comforts of Mr Povey.—Surgeons' College.—Sir Richard and Lady Fanshawe, and Lord Sandwich.—Execution of the patriotic Lord Russell, with an Account of the circumstances that led to and accompanied it, and some Remarks on his Character.—Affecting Passages from the Letters of his Widow.

LINCOLN'S INN, upon the side of Chancery lane, presents a long, old front of brick, more simple than

clean. It is saturated with the London smoke. Within is a handsome row of buildings, and a garden, in which Bickerstaff describes himself as walking, by favour of the benchers, who had grown old with him.* It will be recollected that Bickerstaff lived in Shire lane, which leads into this inn from Temple-bar. The garden-wall on the side next Chancery-lane is said by Aubrey to have been the scene of Ben Jonson's performance as a bricklayer. We have spoken of it in our remarks on that lane; but shall now add the particulars. "His mother, after his father's death," says Aubrey, "married a bricklayer; and 'tis generally said that he wrought for some time with his father-in-law, and particularly on the garden-wall of Lincoln's Inn, next to Chancery lane." Aubrey's report adds, that "a knight, or benchman, walking through, and hearing him repeat some Greeke names out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to have a wit extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintain him at Trinity College in Cambridge.†" Fuller says, that he had been there before, at St John's, and that he was obliged by the family poverty to return to the brick-laying.‡ "And let them not blush," says this good-hearted writer, "that have, but those that have not a lawful calling. He helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, where, having a trowell in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." A late editor of Ben Jonson rejects these literary accounts of the poet's bricklaying as "figments."§ And he brings his author's own representations to prove, that he left the business, not for the University, but the continent. As this writer has nothing, however, to oppose to what Aubrey and Fuller believed respecting the rest, the reports, so far, are worth as much as they were before. Nobody was more likely than Ben Jonson to carry a Greek or Latin book with him on such occasions; nor, as far as that matter goes, to let others become aware of it.

Pennant's sketch of Lincoln's Inn continues to be the best, notwithstanding all that has been said of it since his time. He begins with observing, that "the gate is of brick, but of no small ornament to the street." This is the gate in Chancery lane. "It was built," he continues, "by Sir Thomas Lovell, once a member of this inn, and afterwards treasurer of the household to Henry VII. The other parts were rebuilt at different times, but much about the same period. None of the original building is left, for it was formed out of the house of the Black Friars, which fronted Holborn end of the palace of Ralph Nevil, Chancellor of England, and Bishop of Chichester, built by him in the reign of Henry III, on a piece of ground granted to him by the king. It continued to be inhabited by some of the successors in the see. This was the original site of the Dominicans or Black Friars, before they removed to the spot now known by that name. On part of the ground, now covered with buildings, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, built an Inn, as it was in those days called, for himself, in which he died in 1312. The ground did belong to the Black Friars; and was granted by Edward I to that great Earl. The whole has retained his name. One of the bishops of Chichester, in after times, did grant leases of the buildings to certain students of the law, reserving to themselves a rent, and lodgings for themselves whenever they came to town. This seems to have taken place about the time of Henry VII."

"The chapel," continues our author, "was designed by Inigo Jones; it is built upon massy pillars, and affords, under its shelter, an excellent walk. This work evinces that Inigo never was designed for a gothic architect. The Lord Chancellor holds his sittings in the great hall. This, like that of the Temple, had its revels, and great Christmases. Instead of the Lord of Misrule, it had its King of the Cocknies. They had also a Jack Straw; but in the time of Queen Elizabeth he, and all his adherents, were utterly banished. I must not omit, that in the same reign, sumptuary laws were made to regulate the dress of the members of the house; who were forbidden to wear long hair, or great ruffs, cloaks, boots, or spurs. In the reign of Henry VIII beards were prohibited at the great table, under pain of paying double commons. His daughter, Elizabeth, in the first year of her reign, confined them to a fortnight's growth, under penalty of 3s. 4d.; but the fashion prevailed so strongly, that the prohibition was repealed, and no manner of size limited to that venerable excrement.||"

'Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all,

* Tatler, No. 100.

† 'Lives and Letters,' *ut supra*.

‡ 'Worthies of England,' *ut supra*.

§ Gifford's 'Works of Ben Jonson,' vol. i. p. ix.

|| Pennant, *ut supra*, p. 176.

says the proverb; but the lawyers in those days had already so many refreshments to their solemnity, in masks and revels, that it was thought necessary to provide for decency of mastication in ordinary. Attempts to regulate trifles of this sort, however, have always been found more difficult than any others, the impertinence of the interference being in proportion. Think of the officers watching the illegal growth of the beard; the vexation of the 'dandies,' who wanted their beards out of doors; and the resentment of the unserviceable part of the elders! He that parted with his beard, rather than his three and fourpence, would be looked upon as an alien.

In the hall of Lincoln's Inn is Hogarth's celebrated failure of 'Paul preaching before Felix.' It seems hard upon a great man to exhibit a specimen of what he could not do. However, the subject does not appear to have been of the society's choosing. A bequest had been made them which produced a commission to Hogarth, probably in expectation that he would illustrate some of the consequences of good laws in his usual manner.

Old Fortescue was of Lincoln's Inn; Spelman, the great antiquary; Sir Thomas More; Cromwell; Sir Mathew Hale; Lord Chancellor Egerton, otherwise known by his title of Lord Ellesmere; Shaftesbury, the statesman; and Lord Mansfield. Dr Donne also studied there for a short time, but left the inn to enjoy an inheritance, and became a clergyman. However, he returned to it in after life as preacher of the lecture; which office he held about two years, to the great satisfaction of his hearers. Tillotson was another preacher. It is difficult to present to one's imagination the venerable judges in their younger days; to think of Hale as a gay fellow (which he was till an accident made him otherwise); or fancy that Sir Thomas More had any other face but the profound and ponderous one in his pictures. His face, indeed, must have been full of meaning enough at all times; for at twenty-one he was a stirring youth in Parliament; and at twenty he took to wearing a hair-shirt, as an aid to his meditations. It is interesting to fancy him passing us in the Inn square, with a glance of his deep eye; we (of posterity) being in the secret of his hair-shirt, which the less informed passengers are not.

The account of Hale's change of character, on his entrance into Lincoln's Inn, merits to be repeated. "At Oxford," says his biographer, "he fell into many levities and extravagances, and was preparing to go along with his tutor, who went Chaplain to Lord Vere into the Low Countries, with a resolution of entering himself into the Prince of Orange's army, when he was diverted from his design by being engaged in a lawsuit with Sir William Whitmore, who laid claim to part of his estate. Afterwards, by the persuasions of Sergeant Glanville, who happened to be his counsel in this case, and had an opportunity, of observing his capacity, he resolved upon the study of the law, and was admitted of Lincoln's Inn, November 8, 1629. Sensible of the time he had lost in frivolous pursuits, he now studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day, and threw aside all appearance of vanity in his apparel. He is said, indeed, to have neglected his dress so much, that, being a strong and well-built man, he was once taken by a press-gang, as a person very fit for sea-service, which pleasant mistake made him regard more decency in his cloaths for the future, though never to any degree of extravagant finery. What confirmed him still more in a serious and regular way of life was an accident, which is related to have befallen one of his companions. Hale, with other young students of the Inn, being invited out of town, one of the company called for so much wine, that notwithstanding all Hale could do to prevent it, he went on in his excess till he fell down in a fit, seemingly dead, and was with some difficulty recovered. This particularly affected Hale, in whom the principles of religion had been early implanted; and, therefore, retiring into another room, and falling down upon his knees, he prayed earnestly to God, both for his friend, that he might be restored to life again, and for himself, that he might be forgiven for being present and countenancing so much excess: and he vowed to God, that he would never again keep company in that manner, nor drink a health while he lived. His friend recovered; and from this time Mr Hale forsook all his gay acquaintance, and divided his whole time between the duties of religion, and the studies of his profession."

Of Hale, in more advanced life, we shall speak when we notice what is interesting in Westminster Hall. Cromwell is supposed to have been about

* The author of a 'History of the Clubs of London' (vol. ii. p. 3.) says, that this is not the Beef-Steak Club of which Retcourt, the comedian, was steward, and Mrs Woffington president. He derives its origin from an accidental dinner taken by Lord Peterborough in the scenic room of Rich the Harlequin, over Covent Garden Theatre. The original gridiron, on which Rich broiled the Peer's beefsteak, is still preserved, as the palladium of the club; and the members have it engraved on their buttons. It has generally, we believe, admitted the leading men of the day, of whatever description, provided they can joke and bear joking. The author just mentioned says, that Lord Sandwich and Wilkes's days are generally quoted as the golden period of the society.

† Londinium Redivivum, vol. iv. p. 302.

two years in Lincoln's Inn, and while he was there attended to anything but the law, the future devout Protector being, in fact, nothing more nor less than a gambler and debauchee. However, he is supposed to have run all his round of dissipation in that time. Mansfield's residence, in Lincoln's Inn, when Mr Murray, gave rise to a singular reference in Pope. It is in the translation of Horace's ode, 'Intermissa Venus diu,' where the poet says to the goddess—

"I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne,
To number five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend."

This number five to which Venus is to go with her doves, points out Murray's apartments in Lincoln's Inn. Pope, as we have mentioned elsewhere, thought that nature intended his noble acquaintance for an Ovid; a notion partly suggested, perhaps, by Ovid's having been a lawyer. It was during his residence in Lincoln's Inn, that the future Lord Chief Justice is said to have drank the Pretender's health on his knees; which he very likely did. The charge was brought up twenty years afterwards, to ruin his prospects under the Hanover succession; but it came to nothing. One dynasty has no dislike to a strong prejudice in favour of a preceding dynasty, when the latter has ceased to be formidable. The propensity to adhere to royalty is looked upon as a good symptom; and the event generally answers the expectation. The favourite courtiers under the house of Brunswick have come of Jacobite families.

A century ago, according to a passage in Gay, Lincoln's Inn and the neighbourhood were dangerous places to walk through at night.

"Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is railed around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who while the daylight shone,
Made the wall echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compassion moved, shall wound

Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways."

The wall here mentioned is probably that of Lincoln's Inn Fields, which, like all other walls, is at present rendered as light as in day time.

Lincoln's Inn Fields, now a handsome square, set more agreeably than most others, with grass-plot and underwood, were first disposed into their present regular appearance by Inigo Jones, under the auspices of a committee of gentry and nobility, one of whom was Bacon. Inigo built some of the houses, and gave to the ground-plot of the square the exact dimensions of the base of one of the pyramids of Egypt. He could not have hit upon a better mode of conveying to the imagination a sense of those enormous structures. If the passenger stops and pictures to himself one of the huge slanting sides of the pyramid, as wide as the whole length of the square, leaning away up into the atmosphere, with an apex we know not how high, it will indeed seem to him a kind of stone mountain.

The houses in Lincoln's Inn Fields built by Inigo Jones are in Arch row (the western side), and may still be distinguished. Pennant speaks of one of them, as being, "Lindesay House, once the seat of the Earls of Lindesay, and of their descendants, the Dukes of Ancaster." They are probably still a great deal more handsome inside, and more convenient, than any of the flimsy modern houses preferred to them: but London has grown so large, that everybody who can afford it lives at the fashionable outskirts, for the fresh air. It is probable that Inigo's houses created an ambition of good building in this quarter. Pepys speaks of a Mr Povey's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, as a miracle of elegance and comfort. His description of it is characteristic of the snug and wondrous Pepys.

"Thence (that is to say, from chapel and the ladies) with Mr Povey home to dinner; where

extraordinary cheer. And after dinner up and down to see his house. And in a word, methinks, for his perspective in the little closet; his room floored above with woods of several colours, like, but above, the best cabinet-work I ever saw; his grotto and vault, with his bottles of wine, and a well therein to keep them cool; his furniture of all sorts; his bath at the top of the house, good pictures, and his manners of eating and drinking; do surpass all that ever I did see of one man in all my life."

The Country and City Mouse, in Pope's imitation of Horace, go

To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn,

which had

Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors.

The house of a living architect is observable in Holborn row (the north side of the square) and has a singular but pleasing effect, though not quite desirable perhaps in this northern climate, where light and sun are in request. It presents a case of stone, added to the original front, and comprising a balcony and arcade. Shrubs and plate-glass complete the taste of its appearance. On the opposite side of the way (called Portugal row, most likely from our connexion with Portugal in Charles the Second's time), the inhabitant of the above house has the pleasure, we believe of contemplating his own work, in the handsome front and portico of Surgeons' College. This mode of giving a new front to a house, and fetching it out into a portico, is an ingenious way of getting up an ornament to the metropolis at little expense. Surgeons' College, instead of being two or three old houses with a new face, looks like a separate building. In Portugal row sometime lived Sir Richard Fanshawe, in whose quaint translation of Camoens there is occasionally more genuine poetry, than in the less unequal version of Mickle. This accomplished person was recalled from an embassy in Spain, on the ground that he had signed a treaty without authority; which was fact; but the suspicious necessity of finding some honourable way of removing Lord Sandwich from his command in the navy, induced Lady Fanshawe and others to conclude that he was sacrificed to that convenience. He died on the intended day of his return, of a violent fever, aggravated, not improbably, perhaps caused, by this awkward close of his mission: for such things have been, with men of sensitive imaginations. His wife, a very frank and cordial woman, not reserved in speaking her mind, has left interesting memoirs of him, in which she countenances a clamour of that day, that Lord Sandwich was a coward. She adds, "He neither understood the custom of the (Spanish) court, nor the language, nor indeed anything but a vicious life; and thus (addressing her children) was he shuffled into your father's employment, to reap the benefit of his five years' negotiation." We quote this passage here, because Lord Sandwich was himself an inhabitant of Lincoln's Inn Fields. His want of courage (a charge shamefully bandied to and fro between officers at that time) is surely not to be taken for granted upon the word of his enemies, considering the testimonies borne in his favour by the Duke of York and others, and his numerous successes against the enemy. It is possible, however, that the pleasures of Charles's court might have done him no good. Sandwich had been one of Cromwell's council; appears afterwards to have been a gallant of Lady Castlemain's; was a great courtier; and probably had as little principle as most public men of that age. Pepys, who was his relation, describes him as being a lute-player.

On Lady Fanshawe's return to England, she took a house for twenty-one years in Holborn row, where her contemplation of the houses opposite must have been very melancholy. Her account of the circumstances under which she returned, is of a melancholy interest. "I had not," she says, "God is my witness, above twenty-five doubloons by me at my husband's death, to bring home a family of three score servants, but was forced to sell one thousand pounds' worth of our own plate, and to spend the

Queen's present of two thousand doubloons in my journey to England, not owing nor leaving one shilling debt in Spain, I thank God; nor did my husband leave any debt at home, which every ambassador cannot say. Neither did these circumstances following prevail to mend my condition, much less found I that compassion I expected upon the view of myself, that had lost at once my husband, and fortune in him, with my son, but twelve months old in my arms, four daughters, the eldest but thirteen years of age, with the body of my dear husband daily in my sight for near six months together, and a distressed family, all to be by me in honour and honesty provided for; and, to add to my afflictions, neither persons sent to conduct me, nor pass, nor ship, nor money to carry me one thousand miles, but some few letters of compliment from the chief ministers, bidding 'God help me!' as they do to beggars, and they might have added, 'they had nothing for me,' with great truth. But God did hear, and see, and help me, and brought my soul out of trouble; and, by his blessed providence, I and you live, move, and have our being, and I humbly pray God that that blessed providence may ever relieve our wants. Amen."

Lady Fanshawe was no coward, whatever her foes may have been. During a former voyage with her husband to Spain, when she had been married about six years, the vessel was attacked by a Turkish galley, on which occasion she has left the following touching account of her behaviour:—

"When we had just passed the straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods from Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns; he called for brandy, and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds; this was sad for us passengers, but my husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear,—the women,—which would make the Turks think we were a man of war, but if they saw women they would take us for merchants and board us. He went upon the deck and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and, with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck, expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door; I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on, and flinging away my night clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear, as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master.

"By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turks' man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God, that love can make this change!' and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage."

We now come to an event, uniting the most touching circumstances of private life with the loftiest utility of public, and the benefits of which we are this day enjoying, perhaps in every one of our comforts. In this square, now possessed by inhabitants who can think and write as they please on all subjects, and the centre of which is adorned with roses and lilacs (another consequence of the advance of public security) was executed the celebrated patriot, Lord Russell. We should ill perform any part of the object of this work, if we did not dwell at some length upon a scene so interesting, and upon the circumstances that led to it.

Lord Russell (sometimes improperly called Lord William Russell, for he had succeeded to the courtesy-title by the decease of his elder brothers) was son of William, Earl of Bedford, by Lady Ann Carr, daughter of Carr, Earl of Somerset; and was beheaded in the year 1683, the last year but two of the reign of King Charles II, for an alleged conspiracy to seize the King's guards and put him to death. The conspiracy was called the Rye-house Plot, but incorrectly as far as Lord Russell was concerned; for it is not proved that he ever heard of the house which occasioned the name; and he was condemned upon allegations which would have

* Diary, *ut supra*, vol. ii. p. 185.

† *Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*, &c., written by herself, 1739, p. 267.

‡ *Id.*, p. 298.

destroyed him, had no such place existed. The Rye-house was a farm near Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, belonging to one of the alleged conspirators, and had a bye-road near it through which Charles was accustomed to pass in returning from the races at Newmarket. It was said that the King was to have been assassinated in this road, but that a fire at Newmarket, which put the town into confusion, hastened his return to London before the conspirators had time to assemble.

Charles II, and his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II, in the prosecution of those designs against the liberty and religion of the state, which are now acknowledged by all historians, had lately succeeded in producing a strong re-action against the party opposed to them. This party, the Whigs, in their dread of arbitrary power and popery, had attempted with great pertinacity to exclude the Duke of York, an avowed papist, from the succession. They had indicted him as a Popish recusant: they had listened, with too great credulity, to the story of a Popish Plot, for which several persons were executed; and while these strong measures were going forward, to which the general dread of Popery encouraged them, they were inquiring into the King's illegal connexions with France, and putting the last sting to his vexation, by refusing him money. Charles's gambling and debaucheries kept him in a perpetual state of poverty. He was always endeavouring to raise money upon every shift he could devise, and misappropriating all he obtained; which completed the ingloriousness of his reign by rendering him a pensioner of France. He had a stray party of corruptionists in the House of Commons, but the public feeling against the Duke gave the elections a balance the other way, and the poor King was compelled, from time to time, to purchase what money he wanted, by the surrender of a popular right.

Driven thus from loss to loss, and not knowing where the diminution of his resources would end, Charles at length expressed himself willing to limit the powers of a Popish successor, though he would not consent to exclude him. The Whigs, strong in their vantage-ground, and backed by the voice of the country, rejected what they would formerly have agreed to, and insisted on the exclusion. And here the re-action commenced in Charles's favour. The Whigs had allied themselves with the Dissenters, whose toleration they advocated in proportion as they opposed that of the Catholics. It was a contradiction natural enough at that time, when the remembrance of Protestant martyrdom was still lively, and the growth of philosophy had not neutralised the papal spirit, or, at least, was not yet understood to have done so; but, by means of this alliance between the Whigs and Presbyterians, Charles succeeded in awakening the fears of the orthodox. A secret treaty with the French King enabled him to reckon for a time on being able to dispense with the contributions of Parliament; and when the latter again pressed the exclusion bill, he dissolved them with high complaints of their inveteracy against government, and artful insinuations of the favour they showed the Dissenters. This declaration was read in all the churches and chapels, and produced the re-action he looked for. The Whig leaders, withdrawing into retirement, seemed to give up the contest for the present; but this was no signal to power to abstain from pursuing them. Charles, to secure himself a Parliament that should give him money without inquiry, and to indulge his brother in his love of revenge (not omitting a portion on his own account), set himself heartily about influencing the election for a new House of Commons. The Dissenters were persecuted all over the country; the Whig newspapers put down; one man, for his noisy zeal against Popery, put to death by means of the most infamous witnesses, who had sworn on the other side; and Shaftesbury's life was aimed at, but saved by the contrivances of the city authorities. The liberties of the city were then aimed at, with but too great success, by means of judges placed on the bench for that purpose. Other corrupt law officers

were brought into action; a servile lord-mayor was induced to force two sheriffs upon the city, in open defiance of law and a majority; in short, every obstacle was removed which accompanied the existence of properly constituted authorities, and that late anti-popery spirit of the nation, which was now comparatively silent, for fear of being confounded with disaffection to the church.

For an account of what took place upon this corruption of church and bench, and neutralization of the popular spirit, we shall now have recourse to the pages of the latest writer on the subject; who, though a descendant of Lord Russell, has stated it with a truth and moderation worthy of the best spirit of his ancestor. The narrative of the execution we shall take from an eye-witness, and intersperse such remarks as a diligent inquiry into the conduct and character of Lord Russell has suggested to our own love of truth.

"The election of the sheriffs," says our author, "seemed to complete the victory of the throne over the people. It was evident, from the past conduct of the court, that they would now select whom they pleased for condemnation.

"Lord Russell received the news with the regret which, in a person of his temper, it was most likely to produce. Lord Shaftesbury, on the other hand, who was provoked at the apathy of his party, received with joy the news of the appointment of the sheriffs, thinking that his London friends, seeing their necks in danger, would join with him in raising an insurrection. He hoped at first to make use of the names of the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Russell, to catch the idle and unwary by the respect paid to their characters; but when he found them too cautious to compromise themselves, he endeavoured to ruin their credit with the citizens. He said that the Duke of Monmouth was a tool of the court; that Lord Essex had also made his bargain, and was to go to Ireland; and that, between them, Lord Russell was deceived. It is a strong testimony to the real worth of Lord Russell, that, when he made himself obnoxious, either to the court or to the more violent of his own party, the only charge they ever brought against him was, that of being deceived, either by a vain air of popularity or too great a confidence in his friends.

"Lord Shaftesbury, finding himself deserted, then attempted to raise an insurrection, by means of his own partisans in the city. The Duke of Monmouth, at various times, discouraged these attempts. On one of these occasions, he prevailed on Lord Russell, who had come to town on private affairs, to go with him to a meeting, at the house of Shepherd, a wine-merchant.

"Lord Shaftesbury, being concealed in the city at this time, did not dare to appear himself at this meeting, but sent two of his creatures, Rumsey and Ferguson. Lord Grey and Sir Thomas Armstrong were also there; but nothing was determined at this meeting.

"Soon after this, Lord Shaftesbury, finding he could not bring his friends to rise with the speed he wished, and being in fear of being discovered if he remained in London any longer, went over to Holland. He died in January, 1683."

"After Shaftesbury was gone, there were held meetings of his former creatures in the chambers of one West, an active, talking man, who had got the name of being an Atheist. Col. Rumsey, who had served under Cromwell, and afterwards in Portugal; Ferguson, who had a general propensity for plots; Goodenough, who had been under-sheriff; and one Holloway, of Bristol, were the chief persons at these meetings. Lord Howard was, at one time, among them. Their discourse seems to have extended itself to the worst species of treason and murder; but whether they had any concerted plan for assassinating the King, is still a mystery. Amongst those who were sounded in this business was one Keeling, a vintner, sinking in business, to whom Goodenough often spoke of their designs. This man went to Legge, then made Lord Dartmouth, and discovered all he knew. Lord Dartmouth took him to Secretary Jenkins, who told him he could not proceed without more witnesses. It would also seem that some promises were made to him, for he said in a tavern, in the hearing of many persons, that 'he had considerable proffers made him of money, and a place worth 100*l.* or 80*l.* per annum, to do something for them; and he afterwards obtained a place in the Victualling office, by means of Lord Halifax. The method he took of procuring another witness was, by taking his brother into the company of Goodenough, and afterwards persuading him to go and tell what he had heard at Whitehall.

"The substance of the information given by Josiah Keeling, in his first examination, was, that a plot had been formed for enlisting forty men, to intercept the King and Duke on their return from Newmarket, at a farm-house called Rye, belonging

to one Rumbold, a maltster; that this plan being defeated by a fire at Newmarket, which caused the King's return sooner than was expected, the design of an insurrection was laid; and, as the means of carrying this project into effect, they said that Goodenough had spoken of 4,000 men and 20,000*l.* to be raised by the Duke of Monmouth and other great men. The following day, the two brothers made oath, that Goodenough had told them, that Lord Russell had promised to engage in the design, and to use all his interest to accomplish the killing of the King and the Duke. When the Council found that the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Russell were named, they wrote to the King to come to London, for they would not venture to go further without his presence and leave. In the meantime, warrants were issued for the apprehension of several of the conspirators. Hearing of this, and having had private information from the brother of Keeling, they had a meeting, on the 18th June, at Captain Walcot's lodging. At this meeting were present Walcot, Wade, Rumsey, Norton, the two Goodenoughs, Nelthrop, West, and Ferguson. Finding they had no means either of opposing the King or flying into Holland, they agreed to separate, and shift each man for himself.

"A proclamation was now issued for seizing on some who could not be found; and amongst these, Rumsey and West were named. The next day West delivered himself, and Rumsey came in a day after him. Their confessions, especially concerning the assassinations at the Rye-house, were very ample. Burnet says, they had concerted a story to be brought out on such an emergency.

"In this critical situation, Lord Russell, though perfectly sensible of his danger, acted with the greatest composure. He had long before told Mr Johnson, that 'he was very sensible he should fall a sacrifice: arbitrary government could not be set up in England without wading through his blood.' The day before the King arrived, a messenger of the council was sent to wait at his gate, to stop him if he had offered to go out; yet his back-gate was not watched, so that he might have gone away, if he had chosen it. He had heard that he was named by Rumsey; but forgetting the meeting at Sheppard's, he feared no danger from a man he had always disliked, and never trusted. Yet he thought proper to send his wife amongst his friends for advice. They were at first of different minds; but as he said he apprehended nothing from Rumsey, they agreed that his flight would look too like a confession of guilt. This advice coinciding with his own opinion, he determined to stay where he was. As soon as the King arrived, a messenger was sent to bring him before the council. When he appeared there, the King told him, that nobody suspected him of any design against his person; but that he had good evidence of his being in designs against his government. He was examined upon the information of Rumsey, concerning the meeting at Sheppard's, to which Rumsey pretended to have carried a message, requiring a speedy resolution, and to have received for answer that Mr Trenchard had failed them at Taunton. Lord Russell totally denied all knowledge of this message. When the examination was finished, Lord Russell was sent a close prisoner to the Tower. Upon his going in, he told his servant Taunton that he was sworn against, and they would have his life. Taunton said, he hoped it would not be in the power of his enemies to take it. Lord Russell answered, 'Yes; the devil is loose!'

"From this moment he looked upon himself as a dying man, and turned his thoughts wholly upon another world. He read much in the scriptures, particularly in the Psalms; but whilst he behaved with the serenity of a man prepared for death, his friends exhibited an honourable anxiety to preserve his life. Lord Essex would not leave his house, lest his absconding might incline a jury to give more credit to the evidence against Lord Russell. The Duke of Monmouth sent to let him know he would come in and run fortunes with him, if he thought it could do him any service. He answered, it would be of no advantage to him to have his friends die with him.

"A committee of the Privy Council came to examine him. Their inquiries related to the meeting at Sheppard's, the rising at Taunton, the seizing of the guards, and a design for a rising in Scotland. In answer to the questions put to him, he acknowledged he had been at Sheppard's house divers times, and that he went there with the Duke of Monmouth; but he denied all knowledge of any consultation tending to an insurrection, or to surprise the guards. He remembered no discourse concerning any rising at Taunton; and knew of no design for a rising in Scotland. He answered his examiners in a civil manner, but declined making any defence till his trial, when he had no doubt of being able to prove his innocence. The charge of treating with the Scots, as a thing the council were positively assured of, alarmed his friends; and Lady Russell desired Dr Burnet to examine who it could be that had charged him; but upon inquiry, it appeared to be only an artifice to draw confession from him; and

notwithstanding the power which the court possessed to obtain the condemnation of their enemies, by the perversion of law, the servility of judges, and the submission of juries, Lord Russell might still have contested his life with some prospect of success, had not a new circumstance occurred to cloud his declining prospects. This was the apprehension and confession of Lord Howard. At first, he had talked of the whole matter with scorn and contempt; and solemnly professed that he knew nothing which could hurt Lord Russell. The King himself said, he found Lord Howard was not amongst them, and he supposed it was for the same reason which some of themselves had given for not admitting Oates into their secrets, namely, that he was such a rogue they could not trust him. But when the news was brought to Lord Howard that West had delivered himself, Lord Russell, who was with him, observed him change colour, and asked him if he apprehended anything from him? He replied that he had been as free with him as any man. Hampden saw him afterwards under great fears, and desired him to go out of the way, if he thought there was matter against him, and he had not strength of mind to meet the occasion. A warrant was now issued against him, on the evidence of West; and he was taken after a long search, concealed in a chimney of his own house. He immediately confessed all he knew, and more.

"Hampden and Lord Russell were imprisoned upon Lord Howard's information; and, four days afterwards, Lord Russell was brought to trial: but, in order to possess the public mind with a sense of the blackness of the plot, Walcot, Hone, and Rouse were first brought to trial, and condemned upon the evidence of Keeling, Lee, and West, of a design to assassinate the King."

It is not necessary to enter at large into the trial. We shall give the main points of it, on which sentence was founded; but when it is considered that the bench had lately had an accession of accommodating judges; that Jeffries was one of the counsel for the prosecution; that the jury, illegally returned, were not allowed to be challenged; that the witnesses were perjured, contradicted themselves, and swore to save their lives; that one of them (Lord Howard) was a man of such infamous character, that the King said, "he would not hang the worst dog he had, upon his evidence;" that nevertheless the testimonies of the most honourable men against him were not held to injure his evidence, and that a crowd of them in Lord Russell's favour were of as little avail in giving the prisoner the benefit of a totally different reputation, it will be allowed, that our pages need not be occupied with details, which, in fact, had nothing to do with his condemnation.

The ground on which Lord Russell was sentenced to death was, that he had violated the law in conspiring the death of the King. He argued, that granting the charge to be true (which he denied), it was not that of conspiring the death of the King, but "a conspiracy to levy war;" that this was not treason within the statute (which it was not); and that if it had been, a statute of Charles II made the accusation null and void, because the time had expired to which the operation of it was limited. The lawyers, who in fact had been compelled by their imperfect enactment to lay the charge on the ground of conspiring the King's death, had so worded the statute of Charles, that, like the oracles of old, it was capable of a double construction. But not to observe that the prisoner ought to have had the benefit of the doubt (and it has been generally thought that the statute was clearly the other way), they could never get rid of the necessity of assuming that the King's death was intended; whereas nothing can be more plain, not only from their own enactments, but from all history, that an insurrection, though against a king himself, may have no such object; so that here was a man to be sacrificed to the *spirit* of the law (which by its very nature should have saved him), while the court, in this and a thousand other instances, was violating the letter of it.

"Of the Rye-House Plot," says Mr Fox, "it may be said, much more truly than of the Popish, that there was in it some truth, mixed with much falsehood.—It seems probable, that there was among some of the accused, a notion of assassinating the King; but whether this notion was ever ripened into what may be called a design, and, much more, whe-

ther it were ever evinced by such an overt act as the law requires for conviction, is very doubtful. In regard to the conspirators of higher ranks, from whom all suspicion of participation in the intended assassination has been long since done away, there is unquestionable reason to believe that they had often met and consulted, as well for the purpose of ascertaining the means they actually possessed, as for that of devising others, for delivering their country from the dreadful servitude into which it had fallen; and thus far their conduct appears clearly to have been laudable. If they went further, and did anything which could be really construed into an actual conspiracy to levy war against the King, they acted, considering the disposition of the nation at that time, very indiscreetly. But whether their proceedings had ever gone this length, is far from certain. Monmouth's communications with the King, when we reflect on all the circumstances of those communications, deserve not the smallest attention; nor indeed, if they did, does the letter which he afterwards withdrew prove anything upon this point. And it is an outrage to common sense to call Lord Grey's narrative, written as he himself states in his letter to James II, while the question of his pardon was pending, an authentic account. That which is most certain in this affair is, that they had committed no overt act, indicating the imagining the King's death, even according to the most strained construction of the statute of Edward III; much less was any such act legally proved against them. And the conspiracy to levy war was not treason, except by a recent statute of Charles II, the prosecutions upon which were expressly limited to a certain time, which in these cases had elapsed; so that it is impossible not to assent to the opinion of those who have ever stigmatized the condemnation and execution of Russell, as a most flagrant violation of law and justice."

The truth respecting Lord Russell seems to be, that he was a man of the highest character and the best intentions, who suffered himself, not very discreetly, to listen to projects which he disapproved, in the hope of seeing better ones substituted. There can be no doubt that he wished to make changes in an illegal government, short of interfering with the King's possession of the throne. He had a right, by law, to endeavour it. He had openly shown himself anxious to do so; and the doubt can be as little, that the Duke of York, from that moment, marked him out for his revenge. Russell implies as much in the paper he gave the sheriff; showing, indeed, such a strong sense of it, as (considering the truly Christian style of the paper in general) is very affecting. It has been justly said of him, that he was a man rather eminent for his virtues than his talents. We cannot help thinking that the paucity of words, to which he repeatedly alludes himself, and which was very evident during his trial, did him serious injury, both then and before. We mean, that if he had had a greater confidence, he might have advocated his cause to very solid advantage, perhaps to his intire acquittal. It is touching to observe, in the account of his behaviour after sentence, how the excitement of the occasion loosened his tongue, and inspired him with some turns of thought, more lively, perhaps, than he had been accustomed to. His character has been respectfully treated by all parties since the Revolution, and his death lamented. A startling charge, however, was brought against him and Sidney, in consequence of the discovery of a set of papers belonging to Barillon, the French Ambassador of that time, in which Sidney's name appears set down for five hundred pounds of secret service money from the French government, and Russell is described as having interviews with Barillon's agent, Rouvigny, tending to prevent a war disagreeable both to Louis and to the English patriots. The vague allusions of some modern writers, together with an unsupported assertion of Ralph Montague, the intriguing English

* 'History of the Reign of James the Second.' Introductory Chapter.—It is worth while, as a puzzle for the reader, to give here the contested point in the statute, which Lord Russell's enemies thought so clear against him, and his friends so much in his favour. 13 Car. II. "Provided always, that no person be prosecuted for any of the offences in this act mentioned, other than such as are made and declared to be high treason, unless it be by order of the King's Majesty, his heirs or successors, under his or their sign manual, or by order of the Council Table of his Majesty, his heirs or successors, directed unto the attorney-general for the time being, or some other counsel learned to his Majesty, his heirs or successors for the time being: nor shall any person or persons, by virtue of this present act, incur any of the penalties herein before mentioned, unless he or they be prosecuted within six months next after the offence committed, and indicted thereupon within three months after such prosecution; anything herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding."

Ambassador in France, that money was to be distributed in Parliament "by means of William Russell, and other discontented people," have tended to lump together in the public mind the two charges occasioned by these documents. But they are quite distinct. Lord Russell had nothing to do with the money-list, in which the name of Sidney appears. The alleged bribery of Sidney we shall speak of in another place; our business, at present, is solely with the former. The amount of the matter is this. Charles II was always pretending to go to war with France, chiefly to get money for his debaucheries, and partly to raise an army which he might turn against the constitution. The nation, in their hatred of Louis's anti-protestant bigotry, and their old and less warrantable propensity to fight with those whom they publicly considered as their natural enemies, (a delusion, we trust, now going by) were always in a state to be deceived by Charles on this point; and the patriots were as regularly perplexed how to agree to the wishes of the King and people, knowing, as they did, the former's insincerity, loth to give him more money to squander, and yet anxious to show their dislike of an arbitrary neighbour, and afraid of his being in collision with their prince. Their greatest fear, however, was upon this last point: it was very strong at the juncture in question; and, therefore, when Louis gave them to understand, through his agent, that he himself was desirous of avoiding a war, Russell certainly does appear to have allowed the agent to talk with him on the subject, and to have expressed a willingness to influence the votes of Parliament accordingly. There was a further understanding that Louis was to complete the mutual favour, by assisting to obtain a dissolution of Parliament, in case the peace should continue; for the patriots expected very different things from a dissolution at that time (1678), than what it produced afterwards. Russell's noble biographer justly observes, that for the truth of these statements we are to trust Rouvigny's report, coming through the hands of Barillon: but granting them to be true, he thinks there was nothing criminal in the intercourse. He observes, that, in the first place, Russell was Rouvigny's kinsman by marriage, being first cousin to his wife, which accounts for the commencement of the intercourse; and, secondly, "the imminent danger," he says, "which threatened us from the conduct of France abetting the designs of Charles, cannot, at this day, be properly estimated. At the very time when Parliament was giving money for a war, Lord Danby was writing, by his master's order, to beg for money as the price of peace. We shall presently see, that five days after the House of Commons had passed the act for a supply, Lord Danby wrote to Paris, that Charles expected six millions yearly from France. Had Louis been sincere in the project of making Charles absolute, there can be no doubt that it might have been easily accomplished. Was not this sufficient to justify the popular party in attempting to turn the battery the other way? The question was not, whether to admit foreign interference, but whether to direct foreign interference, already admitted, to a good object. The conduct of Lord Russell, therefore, was not criminal; but it would be difficult to acquit him of the charge of imprudence. The object of Louis must have been, by giving hopes to each party in turn, to obtain the command of both. Charles, on the other hand, was ready to debase himself to the lowest point, to maintain his alliance with France; any suspicion, therefore, of a connexion between Louis and the popular party would have rendered him more and more dependent; till the liberties of England might at last have been set up to auction at Versailles."

This is impartial. But surely an imprudence so extremely dangerous, and an intercourse on any terms with an envoy's agent, the nature of which it must have been necessary to conceal, partook of a disingenuousness and a self-will that cannot be held innocent. That Lord Russell had the best intentions, is granted; but his principles were specially opposed by the doctrine of "doing evil, that good might come;" and if it be argued, that good men are sometimes defeated in their intentions, by not imitating the less scrupulous conduct of evil ones, it is to be answered, that there is no end of the reactions consequent on such imitation; nor any bounds, on the other hand, to be put to the good conse-

* 'Life of William Lord Russell, with some Account of the Times in which he lived.' By Lord John Russell, 2nd edit. 1820, vol. ii. p. 18, &c.

quences of a perfect example, even should its very perfection retard them. Good causes are not lost for want of passion and energy, but for that defect of faith and openness, which is the worst destroyer of both, and the loss of which is the worst hazard produced by a defect of example. We should be surprised that the patriots, while they were about it, did not denounce Charles's anti-constitutional behaviour more than they did, and openly demand their rights as a matter of course; but it is easy to account for it upon the supposition that they were hampered with court connexions, and not sure of one another.

The worst thing to be said of Lord Russell (for as to the letters he wrote for pardon, they must be considered as obtained from him by his friends and a tender wife) is, that when Lord Stafford, the victim of a plot charged on the Papists, was sentenced to death, Russell opposed the King's privilege of dispensing with a barbarous part of the execution; so unworthy the rest of their character can men be rendered by party feeling, and so little do they foresee what they may themselves require in a day of adversity. When Charles II was applied to on the same point in behalf of Lord Russell, he is reported to have said, "Lord Russell shall find I am possessed of that prerogative, which in the case of Lord Stafford he thought fit to deny me." The sarcasm (if made—for there is no real authority for it) was cruel; but it is not to be denied, that Lord Stafford, a man old and feeble, whose protestations of innocence called forth tears from the spectators when he was on the scaffold, might have thought Russell's conduct equally so. Let us congratulate ourselves, that the fiery trials which men of all parties have gone through, have enabled us to benefit by their experience, to be grateful for what was noble in them, and to learn (with modesty) how to avoid what was infirm.

Lord Russell, besides the general regard of posterity, has left two glorious testimonies to his honour,—his behaviour in his last days, and the inextinguishable grief of one of the best of women. The latter, the celebrated Lady Rachael Russell, the daughter of Charles's best servant, Southampton, threw herself at the King's feet, "and pleaded," says Hume, "with many tears, the merit and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for those errors into which honest, however mistaken, principles had seduced her husband. These supplications were the last instance of female weakness (if they deserve the name) which she betrayed. Finding all applications vain, she collected courage, and not only fortified herself against the fatal blow, but endeavoured by her example to strengthen the resolution of her unfortunate lord." Echard says, that Charles refused her a reprieve of six weeks. If so, he probably feared some desperate attempt in Russell's favour; which in fact was proposed, as we shall see; and it is possible, that remembering what had happened to Charles I, and conscious of his own deserts, he might really have thought that Lord Russell would willingly have seen him put to death; for Rapin tells us that he said, in answer to Lady Rachael, "How can I grant that man six weeks, who, if it had been in his power, would not have granted me six hours?" And Lord Dartmouth, in his notes upon Burnet tells us, that when his (Dartmouth's) father represented to the King the obligations which a pardon would lay upon a great family, and the regard that was due to Southampton's daughter and her children, the King answered, "All that is true; but it is as true, that if I do not take his life, he will soon have mine;" "which," says Dartmouth, "would admit of no reply."† Some, however, have said, that the King would have granted Russell his life, if he had not been afraid of his brother, the Duke of York; and as an instance of what was thought of the characters of these two princes, whether the story is true or not, it was added, that Charles did not like to hear any discourses about the pardon, because he could not grant it; whereas James would hear anything, though he resolved to grant nothing.

Every other effort was made to save the life of Russell. "Money," says Burnet, "was offered to

the Lady Portsmouth, and to all that had credit, and that without measure. He was pressed to send petitions and submissions to the King, and to the Duke: but he left it to his friends to consider how far these might go, and how they were to be worded. All that he was brought to was, to offer to live beyond sea, in any place that the King should name; and never to meddle any more in English affairs. But all was in vain. Both King and Duke were fixed in their resolutions; but with this difference, as Lord Rochester afterwards told me, that the Duke suffered some, among whom he was one, to argue the point with him, but the King could not bear the discourse. Some said, that the Duke moved that he might be executed in Southampton square before his own house, but that the King rejected that as indecent. So Lincoln's Inn Fields was appointed for the place of his execution."

As a last resource, Lord Cavendish offered to attack the coach on either side with a troop of horse, and take his friend out of it; but Russell would not consent to bring any one into jeopardy in his behalf.

It has been said that Lincoln's Inn Fields was chosen, in order that the people might witness the triumph of the court, in seeing him led through the city; but others have reasonably observed upon this, that as he was to be taken from Newgate, the desire of making him a spectacle to the citizens would have been better gratified by his being carried to the old place of execution, the Tower. It is most probable, that Lincoln's Inn Fields was selected, as being the nearest feasible spot to the great town-property of the Bedford family; Bloomsbury lying opposite, and Covent garden on one side.

The following is the letter addressed to the King by Russell's father, followed by that of Russell himself, which Burnet has mentioned as being drawn from him by his friends.

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.
The humble petition of William, Earl of Bedford:
"Humbly sheweth;

"That could your petitioner have been admitted into your presence, he would have laid himself at your royal feet, in behalf of his unfortunate son, himself, and his distressed and disconsolate family, to implore your royal mercy, which he never had the presumption to think could be obtained by any indirect means. But shall think himself, wife, and children, much happier to be left but with bread and water, than to lose his dear son for so foul a crime as treason against the best of princes; for whose life he ever did, and ever shall pray, more than for his own.

"May God incline your Majesty's heart to the prayers of an afflicted old father, and not bring grey hairs with sorrow to my grave.

"BEDFORD."

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.
The humble petition of William Russell:

"Most humbly sheweth;
"That your petitioner does once more cast himself at your Majesty's feet, and implores, with all humility, your mercy and pardon, still avowing that he never had the least thought against your Majesty's life, nor any design to change the government; but humbly and sorrowfully confesses his having been present at those meetings, which he is convinced were unlawful, and justly provoking to your Majesty; but being betrayed by ignorance and inadvertence, he did not decline them as he ought to have done, for which he is truly and heartily sorry; and therefore humbly offers himself to your Majesty, to be determined to live in any part of the world which you shall appoint, and never to meddle any more in the affairs of England, but as your Majesty shall be pleased to command me.

"May it therefore please your Majesty to extend your royal favour and mercy to your petitioner, by which he will be for ever engaged to pray for your Majesty, and to devote his life to your service.

"WILLIAM RUSSELL."

The third is to the Duke of York. It is certainly to be regretted, that these letters were drawn from a patriot, willing, there is no doubt, to have endured all extremities without compromising the dignity of conscious right: but the reader will bear in mind what has been said of them; and we shall see presently what the writer said of the present one.

"May it please your Highness;

"The opposition I have appeared in to your Highness's interest, has been such, as I have scarce the confidence to be a petitioner to you, though in order to the saving of my life. Sir, God knows what I did, did not proceed from any personal ill will, or animosity to your Royal Highness, but merely because I was of opinion, that it was the best

way for observing the religion established by law, in which, if I was mistaken, yet I acted sincerely, without any ill end in it. And as for any base design against your person, I hope your Royal Highness will be so just to me as not to think me capable of so vile a thought. But I am now resolved, and do faithfully engage myself, that if it shall please the King to pardon me, and if your Royal Highness will interpose in it, I will in no sort meddle any more, but will be readily determined to live in any part of the world which his Majesty shall prescribe, and will never fail in my daily prayers, both for his Majesty's preservation and honour, and your Royal Highness's happiness, and will wholly withdraw myself from the affairs of England, unless called by his Majesty's orders to serve him, which I shall never be wanting to do, to the uttermost of my power. And if your Royal Highness will be so gracious to me, as to move on my account, as it will be an engagement upon me, beyond what I can in reason expect, so it will make the deepest impressions on me possible; for no fear of death can work so much with me, as so great an obligation will for ever do upon me. May it please your Royal Highness, your Royal Highness's most humble and most obedient servant,

"W. RUSSELL."

"Newgate, July 16th, 1683."

Burnet says of this last letter, which he tells us was written at the "earnest solicitations" of Lady Rachael, that as Russell was folding it up, he said to him, "This will be printed, and will be selling about the streets as my submission, when I am led out to be hanged."

All efforts failed, and the patriot and husband composed himself to die. The touching particulars of his last days we shall extract from the account of his friend, Bishop Burnet. It is one that, as it contains no disputed points, may be safely relied on; and indeed, if we had not wished to show how interested we are in the case of this advancer of public right, and how anxious to spare no proper trouble for our readers, we might safely have copied the whole case from the lively pages of that historian, whose writings, whatever may have been his faults of partizanship and complexion, have risen in value, in proportion as documents come to light. A great modern statesman, equally qualified to judge of it, both as a politician and a man, alludes with interesting emotion to Burnet's account of his last hours. Speaking of the dying behaviour of Russell and Sidney, he says, "In courage they are equal, but the fortitude of Russell, who was connected with the world by private and domestic ties, which Sidney was not, was put to the severer trial; and the story of the last days of this excellent man's life fills the mind with such a mixture of tenderness and admiration, that I know not any scene in history that more powerfully excites our sympathy, or goes more directly to the heart."

"The last week of his life," says Burnet, "he was shut up all the morning, as he himself desired. And about noon I came to him, and staid with him till night. All the while he expressed a very Christian temper, without sharpness or resentment, vanity or affectation. His whole behaviour looked like a triumph over death. Upon some occasions, as at table, or when his friends came to see him, he was decently cheerful. I was by him when the sheriffs came to show him the warrant for his execution. He read it with indifference: and when they were gone he told me it was not decent to be merry with such a matter, otherwise he was near telling Rich (who, though he was now on the other side, yet had been a member of the House of Commons, and had voted for the exclusion), that they should never sit together in that house any more to vote for the bill of exclusion. The day before his death he fell a bleeding at the nose: upon that he said to me pleasantly, I shall not now let blood to divert this: that will be done to-morrow. At night it rained hard, and he said, such a rain to-morrow will spoil a great show, which was a dull thing in a rainy day. He said, the sins of his youth lay heavy upon his mind: but he hoped God had forgiven them, for he was sure he had forsaken them, and for many years he had walked before God with a sincere heart. If in his public actions he had committed errors, they were only the errors of his understanding; for he had no private ends, nor ill designs of his own in them: he was still of opinion that the King was limited by law, and that when he broke through those limits, his subjects might defend themselves and restrain him. He thought a violent death was a very desirable way of ending one's life: it was only the being exposed to be a little gazed at, and to suffer the pain of one minute, which, he was confident, was not equal to the pain of drawing a tooth. He said he felt none of those transports that some

* Hume's History of England, vol. x. chap. 69.

† Rapin's History of England, 1731, vol. xiv. p. 333.

‡ Burnet's History of his Own Times.

good people felt; but he had a full calm in his mind, no palpitation at heart, nor trembling at the thoughts of death. He was much concerned at the cloud that seemed to be now over his country: but he hoped his death would do more service than his life could have done.

"This was the substance of the discourse between him and me. Tillotson was off with him that last week. We thought the party had gone too quick in their consultations, and too far; and that resistance in the condition we were then in was not lawful. He said he had leisure to enter into discourses of politics; but he thought a government limited by law was only a name, if the subjects might not maintain these limitations by force; otherwise all was at the discretion of the Prince: that was contrary to all the notions he had lived in of our government.* But, he said, there was nothing among them but the embryos of things that were never like to have any effect, and they were now quite dissolved. He thought it was necessary for him to leave a paper behind him at his death: and, because he had not been accustomed to draw such papers, he desired me to give him a scheme of the heads fit to be spoken to, and of the order in which they should be laid: which I did. And he was three days employed for some time in the morning to write out his speech. He ordered four copies to be made of it, all which he signed; and gave the original with three of the copies to his lady, and kept the other to give to the sheriffs on the scaffold. He writ it with great ease, and the passages that were tender he writ in papers apart, and showed them to his lady and to myself, before he writ them out fair. He was very easy when this was ended. He also wrote a letter to the King, in which he asked pardon for everything he had said or done contrary to his duty, protesting he was innocent as to all designs against his person or government, and that his heart was ever devoted to that which he thought was his Majesty's true interest. He added that, though he thought he had met with hard measure, yet he forgave all concerned in it, from the highest to the lowest; and ended, hoping that his Majesty's displeasure at him would cease with his own life, and that no part of it should fall on his wife and children. The day before his death, he received the sacrament from Tillotson with much devotion. And I preached two short sermons to him, which he heard with great affection. And we were shut up till towards the evening. Then he suffered his children that were very young, and some few of his friends, to take leave of him; in which he maintained his constancy of temper, though he was a very fond father. He also parted from his lady with a composed silence; and as soon as she was gone, he said, to me, the bitterness of death is passed; for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects. She had the command of herself so much, that at parting she gave him no disturbance. He went into his chamber about midnight, and I staid all night in the outward room. He went not to bed till about two in the morning; and was fast asleep at four, when, according to his order, we called him. He was quickly dressed, but would lose no time in shaving; for he said, he was not concerned in his good looks that day."

"Lord Russell," continues Burnet, "seemed to have some satisfaction to find that there was no truth in the whole contrivance of the Rye Plot; so that he hoped that infamy, which now blasted their party, would soon go off. He went into his chamber six or seven times in the morning, and prayed by himself, and then came out to Tillotson and me: he drank a little tea and some sherry. He wound up his watch, and said, now he had done with time, and was going to eternity. He asked what he should give the executioner: I told him ten guineas: he said, with a smile, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off. When the sheriffs called him about ten o'clock, Lord Cavendish was waiting below to take leave of him. They embraced very tenderly. Lord Russell, after he had left him, upon a sudden thought came back to him, and pressed him earnestly to apply himself more to religion, and told him what great comfort and support he felt from it now in his extremity. Lord Cavendish had very generously offered to manage his escape, and to stay in prison for him while he should go away in his clothes; but he would not hearken to the motion. The Duke of Monmouth had also sent me word to let him know, that if he thought it could do him any service, he would come in and run fortunes with him. He answered, it would be of no advantage to him to have his friends die with him. Tillotson and I went in the coach with him to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted; he was touched by the tenderness that the one gave him, but did not seem at all provoked by the other. He was singing psalms a great part of the way; and said, he hoped to sing better very

soon.* As he observed the great crowds of people all the way, he said to us, I hope I shall quickly see a much better assembly. When he came to the scaffold, he walked about it four or five times. Then he turned to the sheriffs, and delivered his paper. He protested that he had always been far from any designs against the King's life or government. He prayed God would preserve both, and the Protestant religion. He wished all Protestants might love one another, and not make way for Popery by their animosities."

Of the paper given by Russell to the sheriffs, Burnet has given the following honest abridgment. This testament of patriotism made a great sensation. To posterity, who have so benefited by its spirit, it is surely still of great interest.

"The substance of the paper he gave them," says Burnet, "was, first a profession of his religion, and of his sincerity in it: that he was of the Church of England: but wished all would unite together against the common enemy; that churchmen would be less severe, and dissenters less scrupulous. He owned, he had a great zeal against Popery, which he looked on as an idolatrous and bloody religion: but that, though he was at all times ready to venture his life for his religion or his country, yet that would never have carried him to a black or wicked design. No man ever had the impudence to move to him anything with relation to the King's life: he prayed heartily for him, that in his person and government he might be happy, both in this world and the next. He protested that in the prosecution of the Popish Plot he had gone on in the sincerity of his heart; and that he never knew of any practice with the witnesses. He owned he had been earnest in the matter of the exclusion, as the best way, in his opinion, to secure both the King's life and the Protestant religion: and to that he imputed his present sufferings: but he forgave all concerned in them; and charged his friends to think of no revenges. He thought his sentence was hard: upon which he gave an account of all that had passed at Shepherd's. From the heats that were in choosing the sheriffs, he concluded that matter would end as it now did, and he was not much surprised to find it fall upon himself: he wished it might end in him: killing by forms of law was the worst sort of murder. He concluded with some very devout ejaculations.

"After he had delivered this paper, he prayed by himself, then Tillotson prayed with him. After that he prayed again by himself: and then undressed himself and laid his head on the block, without the least change of countenance: and it was cut off at two strokes."

The following additional particulars are from Burnet's 'Journal':—

"When my lady went, he said he wished she would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation. But, when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards, that she left nothing undone that could have given any probable hopes, he acquiesced: and, indeed, I never saw his heart so near failing him, as when he spoke of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about and presently change the discourse.

"At ten o'clock my lady left him. He kissed her four or five times; and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. After she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death is passed,' and ran out a long discourse concerning her—how great a blessing she had been to him; and said what a misery it would have been to him, if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life: whereas, otherwise, what a week should I have passed, if she had been crying on me to turn informer, and be a Lord Howard. Though he then repeated what he often before said, that he knew of nothing whereby the peace of the nation was in danger; and that all that ever was, was either loose discourse, or at most embryos, that never came to anything, so that there was nothing on foot, to his knowledge.

"As we came to turn into Little Queen street, he said, I have often turned to the other hand with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater, and looked towards his own house; and then, as the Dean of Canterbury, who sat over against him, told me, he saw a tear or two fall from him.

"When he had lain down, I looked once at him and saw no change in his looks; and though he was still lifting up his hands, there was no trembling;

* In his Journal, Burnet says that he often sung "within himself," but that the words were not audible. When his companion asked him what he was singing, he said the beginning of the 119th Psalm. It is stated in the life by his descendant (who has added some original passages from papers at Woburn), that "just as they were entering Lincoln's Inn Fields, he said, 'This has been to me a place of sinning, and God now makes it the place of my punishment.' He had lived freely in his youth, though he is not the Russell spoken of in the Memoirs of Grammont, as many are led to believe by the engravings of him inserted in that work. The person there mentioned was a cousin.

though, in the moment in which I looked the executioner happened to be laying the axe to his neck, to direct him to take aim. I thought it touched him; but I am sure he seemed not to mind it."

The widow of Lord Russell, daughter of the Lord Southampton above-mentioned, the most honest man ever known to have been in the service of Charles the Second, was grand-daughter of Shakespeare's Southampton, and appears to have united in her person the qualities of both. She was at once a pattern of good sense, and of romantic affection. Nor are the two things incompatible, when either of them exist in the highest degree; as she proved during the remainder of her life; for though she continued a widow all the rest of it, and it was a very long one, and though she never ceased regretting her lord's death, and had great troubles besides, yet the high sense she had of the duties of a human being, enabled her to enjoy consolations that ordinary pleasure might have envied; first, in the education of her children, and secondly, in the tranquillity which health and temperance forced upon her. Her letters, with which the public are well acquainted, are not more remarkable for the fidelity they evince to her husband's memory, than for the fine sense they display in all matters upon which the prejudices of education had left her a free judgment, and especially for their delightful candour. It has been thought, that the blindness into which she fell in her old age, was owing to weeping; but Mr Howell, the judicious editor of the 'State Trials,' informs us, upon the authority of "a very learned, skilful, and experienced physiologist," "that a cataract, which seems," he says, "to have been the malady of Lady Russell's eyes, is by no means likely to be produced by weeping."

We will here insert a few of the most touching passages from the 'Letters of Lady Russell' (seventh edition, 1819). On the 30th of September, she writes thus to her friend, Dr Fitzwilliam:—

"I endeavour to make the best use I can of both (a letter and prayer which the Doctor sent her); but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no disposition, or worthiness, towards receiving comfort." And again:—"I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; all company and meals I could avoid, if it might be; yet all this, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this same hinders my comfort; when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink."

On the 21st July, 1685, the anniversary of her husband's death, two years after it, she writes thus:—"My languishing weary spirit rises up slowly to all good; yet I hope by God's abundant grace, in time, your labours will work the same effect in my spirits: they will, indeed, in less time on others better disposed and prepared than I am, who in the day of affliction seem to have no remembrance with due thankfulness of prosperity."

In a letter written the 4th October, 1686, she says, speaking of a recovery of one of her children from sickness: "I hope this has been a sorrow I shall profit by; I shall, if God will strengthen my faith, resolve to return him a constant praise, and make this the season to chase all secret murmurs from grieving my soul for what is past, letting it rejoice in what it should rejoice, his favour to me, in the blessings I have left, which many of my betters want, and yet have lost their chiefest friend also. But oh, Doctor! the manner of my deprivation is yet astonishing."

The following is dated five years after her loss. She is speaking of a letter she wrote once a week to Dr Fitzwilliam. Her grief had now begun to taste the sweets of patience and temperance; but we see still how real it is:—"I can't but own there is a sort of secret delight in the privacy of one of those mournful days; I think, besides a better reason, one is, that I do not tie myself up as I do on other days; for, God knows, my eyes are ever ready to pour out marks of a sorrowful heart, which I shall carry to the grave, that quiet bed of rest."

(To be continued.)

* For complete reports of all the trials connected with the Rye-house Plot, and for several pamphlets written pro and con upon Lord Russell's case, see the 'State Trials,' vol. ix., beginning at p. 357.

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* Burnet and Tillotson thought so too, when James II afterwards forced the church to declare one way or other.

THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS.

THEIR MEMOIRS AND GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH (concluded.)

Affecting passages from the Letters of the Widow of the patriotic Lord John Russell.—Ludicrous Story connected with Newcastle House.—Great Queen Street.—Former fashionable Houses there.—Lewis and Miss Pope, the Comedians.—Martin Folkes.—Sir Godfrey Kneller and his vanity.—Dr Radcliffe.—Lord Herbert of Cherbury.—Nuisance of Whetstone Park.—The Three Dukes and the Beadle.—Rogues and Vagabonds in the time of Charles II.—Former Theatres in Vere Street and Portugal Street.—First Appearance of Actresses.—Infamous Deception of one of them by the Earl of Oxford.—Appearance of an avowed Impostor on the Stage.—Anecdotes of the Wits and fine Ladies of the time of Charles, connected with the Theatre in this quarter.—Kynaston, Betterton, Nokes, Mrs Barry, Mrs Mountford, and other performers.—Rich.—Joe Miller.—Carey Street and Mrs Chapone.—Clare Market.—History, and Specimens, of Orator Henley.—Duke Street and Little Wild Street.—Anecdotes of Dr Franklin's residence in those streets while a journeyman printer.

In 1692, Lady Russell writes less patiently; but shortly afterwards appears to have regained her composure; and in Letter 134, there is a remark on the blessings of health, and on the comfort of being able to do one's duty, if we aim at it. In 1711, she lost her only son the Duke of Bedford, in his 31st year; and six months afterwards was deprived of one of her daughters, who died in child-bed. It was on this occasion that an affecting anecdote is told. She had another daughter, who happened to be in child-bed also; and as it was necessary to conceal from her the death of her sister, this admirable woman assumed a cheerful air, and in answer to her daughter's anxious inquiries, said, with an extraordinary colouring of the fact, for which a martyr to truth could have loved her, "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day."

We intended not to omit the following charming passage from her letters, and therefore add it here. It is in the letter last quoted:—"My friendships have made all the joys and troubles of my life; and yet who would live and not love? Those who have tried the insipidness of it would, I believe, never choose it. Mr Waller says, 'tis (with singing) all we know they do above! And 'tis enough; for if there is so charming a delight in the love, and suitableness in humours, to creatures! what must it be to the clarified spirits to love in the presence of God!"

—The passage from Waller is,

"What know we of the blest above,

But that they sing and that they love?"

Certainly, if ever there was an angel upon earth, this woman was one. Compare the above extracts with a letter from her to her husband, written in the year 1681, and published in the work of Lord John Russell, vol. ii. p. 2. It is a true loving happy wife's letter, and renders the contrast inexpressibly affecting.

The present ducal family of Bedford have the honour to be lineally descended from these two excellent persons, and to derive their very dukedom from public virtue—a rare patent. And they have shown that they estimate the honour. What must not Lady Russell have felt, when James II, within six years after the destruction of her husband, was forced to give up his throne? And what, above all, must she not have felt, when she heard of the answer given by her aged father-in-law to the same prince, who had the meanness, or want of imagination, to apply to him in his distress? "My Lord," said James to the Earl of Bedford, "you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service."—"Ah, sir," replied the Earl, "I am old and feeble, but I once had a son." The King is said to have been so struck with this reply, that he was silent for some minutes. With this anecdote we may well terminate our account of the patriot Russell.*

* We quote the Earl of Bedford's reply from 'Granger's Biographical History,' not being able to refer to Ortery, who, we believe is the authority for it. 'Burnet's Journal' is to be found at the end of 'Lord Russell's Life,' by his descendant.

One [remark, however, we must make. It has been asserted, that the great reason why the Whigs of those days wished to keep the Catholics out of power, was the dread of losing their estates as well as political influence, and of being obliged to give up the Abbey lands. There may have been a good deal of truth in this, and yet the rest of their feelings have been very sincere nevertheless. Men may be educated in undue notions of the value of wealth and property, and yet prove their possession of nobler thoughts, when brought to heroic issues of life and death.

The house in this square (Lincoln's Inn,) at the corner of Great Queen street, with a passage under its side, was once called Newcastle House, and was occupied by the well-known duke of that name, minister of George II. Pennant says it was built about the year 1686, "by the Marquis of Powis, and called Powis House, and afterwards sold to the late noble owner. The architect was Captain William Winde." It is said, he adds, "that government had it once in contemplation to have bought and settled it officially on the great seal. At that time it was inhabited by the lord keeper, Sir Nathan Wright." It is at present occupied by the Society for the diffusion of the Bible.

The Marquis of Powis, here mentioned, had scarcely built his house in the square where Lord Russell was beheaded, when he saw his lordship's destroyer forced to leave his throne. The Marquis followed his fortunes, and was created by him Duke of Powis.

A laughable, and, we believe, true story, connected with the Duke of Newcastle's residence in this house, is told in a curious miscellany intitled 'The Lounger's Common-Place Book.' "This nobleman," says the writer, "with many good points, and described by a popular contemporary poet as almost eaten up by his zeal for the house of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word; this sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassments; but it was his tendency to lavish promises which gave occasion for the anecdote I am going to relate.

"At the election of a certain borough of Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object, the Duke, by well-applied arguments, and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman he recommended gained his election.

"In the warmth of gratitude, his Grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend, protested that he should consider himself as for ever indebted; that he would serve him by night or by day.

"The Cornish voter, an honest fellow, as things go, and who would have thought himself sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke for his kindness, and told him, 'The supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in his power, on any future occasion.'

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his Grace, "your relation shall have it at a word speaking the moment it is vacant."—"But how shall I get admitted to you, my Lord; for, in London, I understand, it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country."—"The instant the man dies," replied the premier, used to and prepared for the freedom of a contested election,—"the moment he dies, set out post-haste for London; drive directly to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive, thunder at the door; I will leave word with

my porter to show you up stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes.'

"The parties separated; the Duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, where he was visiting, without a wish or a design of seeing his new acquaintance, till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish elector not being loaded with such a variety of subjects, was more retentive; the supervisor died a few months after, and the ministerial partisan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London post-haste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the corner of Great Queen street.

"The reader should be informed that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the King of Spain was expected hourly to depart; an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned.

"The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up, anxiously expecting despatches from Madrid: wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shown up stairs the moment of his arrival.

"His Grace was sound asleep; for, with a thousand singularities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour; the porter, settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers.

"To his first question, 'Is the duke at home?' the porter replied, 'Yes, and in bed, but has left particular orders that, come when you will, you are to go up to him directly.'—"God for ever bless him, a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applier for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation at a prime minister's so accurately keeping his promise; 'how punctual his Grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe, verily, they are as honest and mean as well as other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them;' repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the Burgess of ——— was ushered into the Duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his Grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain, 'Is he dead?' 'Yes, my Lord,' replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. 'When did he die?'—"They day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff; and I hope your Grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him.'

"The Duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain: 'Is the man drunk or mad; where are your despatches?' exclaimed his Grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; when, instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognised at the bed-side the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and 'hoping my Lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favour of his son-in-law at the last election at ———.'

"Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few seconds, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so

* From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLLS, Little Pulteney-street.

singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances; yielding to the irritation, he sunk on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which, like the electrical fluid, was communicated in a moment to his attendants.*

Great Queen street, in the time of the Stuarts, was one of the grandest and most fashionable parts of the town. The famous Lord Herbert of Cheshire died there. Lord Bristol had a house in it, Lord Chancellor Finch, and the Conway and Parnell families. Some of the houses towards the west retain pilasters and other ornaments, probably indicating, as Pennant observes, the shades in question. Little thought the noble lords, that a time would come, when a player should occupy their rooms, and be able to entertain their descendants in them; but in a house of this description now (or lately) occupied by Messrs Allman the booksellers, died Lewis, the comedian, one of the most delightful performers of his class, and famous to the last for his invincible airiness and juvenility. Mr Lewis displayed a combination rarely to be found in acting, that of the *top* and the real gentleman. With a voice, a manner, and a person, all equally graceful and light, and *features* at once whimsical and genteel, he played on the top of his profession like a plume. He was the *Mercutio* of the age, in every sense of the word unmerciful. His airy, breathless voice, thrown to the audience before he appeared, was the signal of his winged animal spirits, and when he gave a glance of his eye, or touched his finger at another's ribs, it was the very *punctum saliens* of playfulness and innuendo. We saw him take leave of the public, a man of sixty-five, looking not more than half the age, in the character of the Copper Captain, and heard him say in a voice broken by emotion, that "for the space of thirty years he had not once incurred their displeasure."

Next door but one to the Freemason's Tavern, for many years lived another celebrated comic performer, Miss Pope, one of a very different sort, and looking as heavy and insipid as her taste was otherwise. She was an actress of the highest order for dry humour; one of those who convey the most laughable things with a grave face. Churchill, in the *Roscius*, when she must have been very young, mentions her as an actress of great vivacity, advancing in a "jig," and performing the parts of Cherry and Polly Honeycomb. There was certainly nothing of the Cherry and Honeycomb about her when older; but she was an admirable Mrs Malaprop.

Queen street continued to be a place of fashionable resort for a considerable period after the Revolution. As we have been speaking of the advancement of actors in social rank, we will take occasion of the birth of Martin Folkes in this street, the celebrated scholar and antiquary, to mention that he was one of the earliest persons among the gentry to marry an actress. His wife was Lucretia Bradshaw. It may be thought worth observing by the romantic, that the ladies who were first selected to give this rise to the profession, had all something peculiar in their Christian names. Lord Peterborough married Anastasia Robinson, and the Duke of Bolton, Lavinia Fenton.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Radcliffe the physician, lived in this street. We mention them together because they were neighbours, and there is a pleasant anecdote of them in conjunction. The author of a book lately published describes their neighbourhood as being in Bow street; but Horace Walpole, the authority for the story, places it in the street before us; adding, in a note, that Kneller "first lived in Durham yard (in the Strand), then twenty-one years in Covent Garden (we suppose in Bow street), and lastly in Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields." "Kneller," says Walpole, "was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden; but Radcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he

must shut up the door. Radcliffe replied peevishly,—"Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it." "And I," answered Sir Godfrey, "can take anything from him but physic."*

Kneller, besides being an admired painter (and it is supposed from one of his performances, the portrait of a Chinese, that he could have been admired by posterity, if he chose), was a man of wit; but so vain, that he is described as being the butt of all the wits his acquaintances. They played upon him, undoubtedly, and at a great rate; but it has been suggested by a shrewd observer, that while he consented to have his vanity tickled at any price, he humoured the joke himself, and was quite aware of what they were at. Nor is this inconsistent with the vanity; which would always make large allowances for the matter of fact. The extravagance it would limit where it pleased; the truth remained; and Sir Godfrey, as Pope said, had a large appetite. With this probability, a new interest is thrown upon the anecdotes related of his vanity; with the best of which the reader is accordingly presented. Kneller was a German, born at Lubec; so that his English is to be read with a foreign accent.

The younger Richardson tells us, that Gay read Sir Godfrey a copy of verses, in which he had pushed his flattery so far, that he was all the while in dread lest the knight should detect him. When Kneller had heard this through, he said, in his foreign style and accent, "Ay, Mr Gay, all what you have said is very fine, and very true; but you have forgot one thing, my good friend; by G—, I should have been a general of an army; for when I was at Venice, there was a *grandolo*, and all the Place St Mark was in a smoke of gunpowder, and I did like the smell, Mr Gay; should have been a great general, Mr Gay!"

Perhaps it was this real or apparent obtuseness which induced Gay to add "engineering" to his other talents, in the verses describing Pope's welcome from Greece:

"Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
"Who could (were mankind lost) a new create:
What can the extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine?"

The following is related on the authority of Pope:—"Old Jacob Tonsen got a great many fine pictures, and two of himself, from him, by this means. Sir Godfrey was very covetous, but then he was very vain, and a great glutton; so he played these passions against the others; besides telling him that he was the greatest master that ever was, sending him, every now and then, a haunch of venison, and dozens of excellent claret. 'O, my G—, man (said he once to Vander Guebt), this old Jacob loves me; he is a very good man; you see he loves me, he sends me good things; the venison was fat.' Old Geakie, the surgeon, got several fine pictures of him too, and an excellent one of himself; but then he had them cheaper, for he gave nothing but praises; but then his praises were as fat as Jacob's venison; neither could he too fat for Sir Godfrey."

Pope related the following to Spence:—"As I was sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, whilst he was drawing a picture, he stopt, and said, 'I can't do as well as I should do, unless you flatter me a little, Mr Pope! You know I love to be flattered.' I was for once willing," continues Pope, "to try how far this vanity would carry him: and after considering a picture which he had just finished, for a good while very attentively, I said to him in French (for he had been talking for some time before in that language), 'On lit dans les Ecritures Saintes, que le bon Dieu faisoit l'homme après son image: mais, je crois, que s'il voudroit faire un autre à présent, qu'il le feroit après l'image que voilà.' Sir Godfrey turned round, and said very gravely, 'Vous avez raison, Monsieur Pope; par Dieu, je le crois aussi.'"

It must not be omitted that Kneller was a kind-hearted man. At Whitton, where he had a seat, he was justice of the peace, and "was so much more

swayed," says Walpole, "by equity than law, that his judgments, accompanied with humour, are said to have occasioned those lines by Pope:

'I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
Who sent the thief (that stole the cash) away,
And punished him that put it in his way.'

"This alluded to his dismissing a soldier who had stolen a joint of meat, and accused the butcher of having tempted him by it. Whenever Sir Godfrey was applied to, to determine what parish a poor man belonged to, he always inquired which parish was the richer, and settled the poor man there; nor would he ever sign a warrant to distrain the goods of a poor man who could not pay a tax."

Poor Radcliffe, after resigning as a physician so despotically, that Arbuthnot, in his projected map of diseases, was for putting him up at the corner of it, disposing the empire of the world, became a less happy butt than Sir Godfrey, by reason of his falling in love in his old age. He set up a coach, adorned with mythological paintings,—at least, Steele says so; but soon had to put it in mourning for the death of his flame, who was a Miss Tempest, one of the maids of honour. Radcliffe was the Tory physician, and Steele, in the 'Tatler,' with a party spirit that was much oftener aggrieved than provoked in that good-natured writer, was induced, by some circumstance or other, perhaps Radcliffe's insolence, to make a ludicrous description of him, as "the mourning Esculapius, the languishing, hopeless lover of the divine Hebe." Steele accuses him of avarice. Others have said he was generous. He was the founder of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, and made other magnificent bequests; which prove nothing either way. But it is not favourable to a reputation for generosity, to own (as he did), that he was fond of spunging, and to avoid the paying of bills. However, when he lost 5,000*l.* in a speculation, he said, "he had nothing to do but to go up so many pair of stairs to make himself whole again." He was undoubtedly a very clever physician, though he made little use of books. Like many men who go upon their own grounds in this way, he had an abrupt and clownish manner, which he probably thought of use. According to Richardson, he one day said to Dr Mead, "Mead, I love you; now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune. Use all mankind ill." It is worth observing, that Mead acted on the reverse principle, and made double the fortune of his adviser. Radcliffe is said to have attended the lady of Judge Holt, in a bad illness, with unusual assiduity, "out of pique to her husband;" a very new kind of satire. He used to send bustling messages to Queen Anne, telling her that he would not come, and that she only had the vapours; and when King William consulted him on his swollen ankles and thin body, Radcliffe said he "would not have his Majesty's two legs for his three kingdoms;" a speech, which it was not in the nature of royalty to forgive. His death is said to have been hastened by his refusal to attend on Queen Anne in her last illness; which so exasperated the populace that he was afraid to leave his country house at Canabham, where he died. He lived in Bow street when he first came to London; and afterwards in Bloomsbury square.

But the most remarkable inhabitant of Queen street was Lord Herbert of Cheshire, one of those extraordinary individuals who, with a touch of madness on the irascible side, and subject to the greatest blindness of self-love, possess a profound judgment on every other point. Such persons are supposed to be victims of imagination, but they are rather mechanical enthusiasts (though of a high order), and, for want of an acquaintance with the imaginative become at the mercy of the first notion which takes their will by surprise. Lord Herbert, who in the intellectual part was intended for a statist and a man of science, was unfortunately one of the hottest of Welshmen in the physical. Becoming a Knight of the Bath, he took himself for a knight-errant, and fancied he was bound to fight everybody he

* *Levinger's Common-place Book*, 1805, 8vo. vol. i. p. 201.

* *Anecdotes of Painting*, in his Works, 4to. vol. iii. p. 264.

* Walpole's Works, ut supra, vol. iii. p. 304.

met with, and to lie under trees in the fields of Hol-land. He thought Revelation a doubtful matter, and so he had recourse to the Deity for a revelation in his particular favour to disprove it. We have related an anecdote of him at Northumberland house, and shall have more to tell; but the account of his having recourse to heaven for the satisfaction of his doubts of its interference, must not be omitted here. Perhaps it took place in the very street. His Lordship was the first Deist in England that has left an account of his opinions. Speaking of the work he wrote on this subject, he says, "My book 'De Veritate prout distinguitur à Revelatione verisimili, possibili, et à falso,' having been begun by me in England, and formed there in all its principal parts, was about this time finished; all the spare hours which I could get from my visits and negotiations being employed to perfect this work; which was no sooner done, but that I communicated it to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar, who, having escaped his prison in the Low Countries, came into France, and was much welcomed by me and Monsieur Tisotness, also one of the greatest scholars of his time; who, after they had perused it, and given it more commendations than is fit for me to repeat, exhorted me earnestly to print and publish it; howbeit, as the frame of my whole work was so different from anything which had been written heretofore, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that had written formerly, concerning the method of finding out truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure concerning the whole argument of my book; I must confess it did not a little animate me, that the two great persons above-mentioned did so highly value it; yet, as I knew it would meet with much opposition, I did consider whether it was not better for me for a while to suppress it.

"Being thus doubtful in my chamber one fair day in the summer, my easement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear and no wind stirring, I took my book 'De Veritate,' in my hand, and kneeling on my knees devoutly said these words,—

"Oh, thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee of thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book 'De Veritate;' if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it."

"I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud though gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth) which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This (how strange soever it may seem) I protest, before the eternal God, is true; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein; since I did not only hear the noise, but, in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came."

"How could a man," justly observes Walpole on this passage, "who doubted of partial, believe individual revelation! What vanity to think his book of such importance to the cause of truth, that it could extort a declaration of the divine will, when the interest of half mankind could not!" Yet the same writer is full of admiration of him in other respects. It is well observed by the editor of his 'Autobiography,' in reply to the doubts thrown on his Lordship's veracity respecting his chivalrous propensities, the consequences of which always fell short of duels, that much of the secret might be owing "to his commanding aspect, and acknowledged reputation; and a little more to a certain perception of the Quixote in his character, with which it might be

* *Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Chesham* in the 'Autobiography,' p. 145. It is an honour to Grotius, who wrote a book 'De Veritate' on the other side of the question, that he encouraged so renowned an antagonist to publish: though, perhaps, he saw less danger in it, than singularity. At all events, he could anticipate no harm from the chase.

deemed futile to contend. His surprising defence of himself against the attack of Sir John Ayres forcibly exhibits his personal strength and mastery; and his spirited treatment of the French minister, Laynes, and the general esteem of his contemporaries, sufficiently attest his quick feeling of national and personal dignity, and general gallantry of bearing." There is no doubt, in short, that Lord Herbert of Chesham was a brave, an honest, and an able man, though with some weaknesses, both of heat and vanity, sufficient to console the most common-place.

With all this elegance of neighbourhood, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the time of Charles II, had one eye-sore of an enormous description, in a place behind Holborn row, intitled Whetstone Park. It is now a decent passage between Great and Little Turnstiles. "It is scarcely necessary," says Mr Malcolm, "to remind the reader of a well-known fact, that all sublimity things are subject to change:—he who passes through the Little Turnstile, Holborn, at present, will observe on the left hand, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a narrow street, composed of small buildings, on the corner of which is inscribed Whetstone Park. The repose and quiet of the place seem to proclaim strong pretensions to regular and moral life in the inhabitants; and well would it have been for the happiness of many a family, had the site always exhibited the same appearance. On the contrary, Whetstone Park contributed to increase the dissoluteness of manners which distinguished the period between 1660 and 1700. Being a place of low entertainment, numerous disturbances occurred there, and rendered it subject to the satire and reprehension even of 'Poor Robin's Intelligencer,' a paper almost infamous enough for the production of a keeper of this theatre of vice. The publication alluded to says, in 1676, "Notwithstanding the discourses that have been to the contrary, the boarding-school is still continued here, where a set of women may be readily taught all the studies of modesty or chastity; to which purpose they are provided with a two-handed volume of impudence, loosely bound up in greasy vellum, which is tied by the leg to a wicker chair, (as you find authors chained in a library,) and is always ready to give you plain instructions and directions in all matters relating to immorality or irreligion."

"Incomprehensible as it certainly is," continues our author, "the brutal acts of a mob are sometimes the result of a just sense of the ill-consequences attending vice; and, although almost every individual composing it is capable of performing deeds which deserve punishment from the police, they cannot collectively view long and deliberate offences against the laws of propriety, without assuming the right of reforming them." The *Loyal and Impartial Mercury* of Sept. 1, 1682, has this paragraph: "On Saturday last, about 500 apprentices, and such like, being got together in Smithfield, went into Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they drew up, and, marching into Whetstone Park, fell upon the lewd houses there, where, having broken open the doors, they entered, and made great spoil of the goods; of which the constables and watchmen having notice, and not finding themselves strong enough to quell the tumult, procured a party of the king's guards, who dispersed them, and took eleven who were committed to New Prison; yet on Sunday night they came again, and made worse havoc than before, breaking down all the doors and windows, and cutting the featherbeds and goods in pieces." Another newspaper explains the origin of the riot by saying, "that a countryman who had been decoyed into one of the houses alluded to, and robbed, lodged a formal and public complaint against them to those he found willing to listen to him in Smithfield, and thus raised the ferment."

In the 'State Poems' is a doggerel set of verses on a tragical circumstance occasioned by a frolic of three of Charles's natural sons in this place. It is intitled 'On the three Dukes killing the Beadle on Sunday morning, Feb. the 26th, 1671.' A great sensation was made by this circumstance, which was

* *Malcolm's Customs and Manners of London, from the Roman Invasion to the Year 1700*, vol. i. p. 218.

naturally enough regarded as a signal instance of the consequences of Charles's mode of life. Our Grub street writer selected his title well,—the 'Dukes,' the 'Beadle,' and the 'Sunday.' His first four lines might have been put into Martinus Scriblerus, as a specimen of the Newgate style.

"Near Holborn lies a park of great renown,
The place, I do suppose, is not unknown:
For brevity's sake the name I shall not tell,
Because most genteel readers know it well."

The three Dukes picked a quarrel with one poor darsel, and "murder" was cried.

"In came the watch, disturbed with sleep and ale,
By noises shrill, but they could not prevail;
To appease their Graces. Strait rose mortal jars,
Betwixt the night black-guard and silver stars:
Then fell the beadle by a ducal hand,
For daring to pronounce the saucy stand."

See what mishaps dare e'en invade Whitehall,
This silly fellow's death puts off the bail,
And disappoints the Queen, poor little chuck;
I warrant 't would have danced it like a duck.
The fiddlers, voices, entries, all the sport,
And the gay show put off, where the briek court
Anticipates in rich subsidy coats,
All that is got by necessary votes.
Yet shall Whitehall, the innocent, the good,
See these mendacies, all dandied with lace and blood."

The "subsidy-coats" allude to Charles's raising money for his profligate expenditure under pretence of the public service. The last couplet would have done credit to a better satire.

As we are upon the subject of a neighbourhood to which they apply, we shall proceed to give a few more extracts from Mr Malcolm, highly characteristic of the lower orders of desperadoes in Charles's reign. "The various deceivers," he tells us, "who preyed upon the publick at this time were exposed in a little filthy work called the 'Canting Academy,' which went through more than one edition (the 2nd is dated 1674). I shall select from it enough to show the variety of villany practiced under their various names. The *Ruffler* was a wretch who assumed the character of a maimed soldier, and begged from the chains of Naseby, Edgehill, Newbury, and Marston Moor. Those who were stationed in the city of London were generally found in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden; and their prey was people of fashion, whose coaches were attacked boldly; and if denied, their owners were told, 'Tis a sad thing that an old crippled cavalier should be suffered to beg for a maintenance, and a young cavalier that never heard the whistle of a bullet should ride in his coach.'

"There were people called *Anglers*, from the nature of their method of depredating, which was thus:—They had a rod or stick, with an iron hook affixed: this they introduced through a window, or any other aperture, where plunder might be procured, and helped themselves at pleasure: the day was occupied by them in the character of beggars, when they made their observations for the angling of the night.

"*Wild Rogues* were the offspring of thieves and beggars, who received the rudiments of the art even before they left their mothers' backs: "To go into churches and great crowds, and to aim golden buttons off men's cloaks; and being very little, are shown how to creep into cellar windows, or other small entrances, and in the night to convey out thereat whatever they can find to the thievish receivers, who wait without for that purpose; and sometimes do open the door to let in such who have designed to rob the house; if taken, the tenderness of their age makes an apology or an excuse for their fault, and so are let alone to be hanged at riper years.

"*Pulchards, or Clapperdegones*, were those women who sat and reclined in the streets, with their own

* *Poems on Affairs of State* from the time of Oliver Cromwell, to the Abdication of King James the Second, vol. i. p. 147.

borrowed or stolen children, hanging about them, crying through cold, pinching, or real disease, who begged relief as widows, and, in the name of their fatherless children, gaining by this artifice, "a great deal of money, whilst her comrogue lies begging in the fields, with climes or artificial sores." The way they commonly take to make them is by sperewort or arsenic, which will draw blisters: or they take unslacked lime and soap, mingled with the rust of old iron: these being well tempered together, and spread thick upon two pieces of leather, they apply to the leg, binding it thereunto very hard, which in a very little time would fret the skin so that the flesh will appear all raw, &c. &c.

"*Fraters* were imposters who went through the country with forged patents for briefs, and thus diverted charity from its proper direction.

"*Abram men* were fellows whose occupations seem to have been forgotten. They are described in the 'Canting Academy' in these words: "*Abram-men* are otherwise called Tom of Bedlems; they are very strangely and antickly garbed, with several coloured ripands or tape in their hats, it may be instead of a feather, a fox tail hanging down, a long stick with ribands streaming, and the like; yet for all their seeming madness, they have wit enough to steal as they go."

"The *Whip Jacks* have left us a specimen of their fraternity. They were counterfeit mariners, whose conversations were plentifully embellished with sea-terms, and falsehoods of their danger in the exercise of their profession. Instead of securing their arms and legs close to their bodies, and wrapping them in bandages (as the modern *whip-jack* is in the habit of doing, to excite compassion for the loss of limbs and severe wounds), the *ancients* merely pretended they had lost their all by shipwreck, and were reduced to beg their way to a sea-port, if in the country; or to some remote one, if in London.

"*Mumpers*.—The persons thus termed are described as being of both sexes: they were not solicitors for food, but money and cloaths. "The male mumper, in the times of the late usurpation, was clothed in an old torn cassock, begirt with a girdle, with a black cap, and a white one peeping out underneath." With a formal and studied countenance he stole up to a gentleman, and whispered him softly in the ear, that he was a poor sequestered parson, with a wife and many children. At other times, they would assume the habit of a decayed gentleman, and beg as if they had been ruined by their attachment to the royal cause. Sometimes the mumper appeared with an apron before him, and a cap on his head, and begs in the nature of a broken tradesman, who, having been a long time sick, hath spent all his remaining stock, and so weak he cannot work! The females of this class of miscreants generally attacked the ladies, and in a manner suited to make an impression on their finer feelings.

"*Domerars* are such as counterfeit themselves dumb, and have a notable art to roll their tongues up into the roof of their mouth, that you would verily believe their tongues were cut out; and, to make you have a stronger belief thereof, they will gape and shew you where it was done, clapping in a sharp stick, and, touching the tongue, make it bleed—and then the ignorant dispute it no further."

"*Patricos* are the strolling priests: every hedge is their parish, and every wandering rogue their parishioner. The service he saith is the marrying of couples, without the Gospel, or Book of Common Prayer, the solemnity whereof is thus: the parties to be married find out a dead horse, or any other beast, and, standing the one on the one side and the other on the other, the *patricos* bids them live together till death them part; and, so shaking hands, the wedding is ended."

On the southern side of the square, at the back of Portugal row, is Portugal street, formerly containing a theatre, as celebrated as Covent garden or

Drury lane is now. This was the Duke's Theatre, so called from the Duke of York, afterwards James II, who at the Restoration patronized one of the two principal companies of players, as his brother Charles did the other. The latter was the Drury lane company. Readers of theatrical history are generally led to conclude that there was only one theatre in the Lincoln's Inn quarter; but this is a mistake. There were at least two successive houses in two different places, though usually confounded under the title of "the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields." The first was in Gibbon's tennis-court, in Vere street, Clare market, where the actors who had played at the Red Bull opened their performances, in the year of the Restoration, under the direction of Killegrew, and with the title of King's Company. These in 1663 removed to Drury lane. The Duke's, or Sir William Davenant's company, removed in 1662 from Salisbury court (see Fleet street) to a new theatre "in Portugal Row," says Malone, "near Lincoln's Inn Fields." Malone is a correct inquirer: so that he makes us doubt whether the name of Portugal row did not formerly belong to Portugal street. The latter is certainly meant, or he would describe it as in and not near the Fields. Davenant's company performed here till 1671, when they quitted it to return to the renovated theatre in Salisbury court, under the management of his son, Charles Davenant (the father being dead), and the famous Betterton, who had been Sir William's first actor. The two companies afterwards came together at Drury lane; but again fell apart, and in 1695, the Duke's company (if its altered composition could still warrant the name), with Betterton remaining at its head, and Congreve for a partner, again opened "the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields," which was rebuilt for the purpose, and is described as being in "the Tennis-court." Was this the tennis-court theatre in Vere street? or were there two tennis courts, one in Vere street, and one in Lincoln's Inn Fields? We confess ourselves, after a diligent examination, unable to determine. At all events, the latest theatre of which we hear in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was not in Vere street. It stood in Portugal street, on the east end of the present burial ground, and on the scite of the china warehouse of Messrs. Spode and Copeland, just at the back of Surgeons' College. This theatre, which was built of red brick, and had a front facing the market, is the one generally meant by the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It finally became celebrated for the harlequinades of Rich, but, on his removal to Covent garden, was deserted, and, after a short re-opening by Gifford from Goodman's Fields, finally ceased to be a theatre about the year 1757. Since that period Covent garden and Drury lane playhouses have had this part of the town to themselves.

It is conjectured, that the first appearance of an actress on the English stage, to the scandal of the puritans, and with many apologies for the "indecorum" of giving up the performances of female characters by boys, took place in the theatre in Vere street, on Saturday, December 8, 1660. The part first performed was certainly that of Desdemona; a very fit one to introduce the claims of the sex. †

Mr Malone has given us the prologue written for this occasion by Thomas Jordan; which, as it shows the "sensation" that was made, sets us in a lively manner in the situation of the spectators, and gives a curious account of some of the male actors of gentle womanhood, we shall here repeat. It is entitled—"A Prologue, to introduce the first Woman that came to act on the Stage, in the tragedy called the Moor of Venice:—"

"I came unknown to any of the rest,
To tell the news; I saw the lady drest:
The woman plays to-day; mistake me not,
No man in gown, or page in petticoat:
A woman to my knowledge, yet I can't,
If I should die, make affidavit on't."

Do you not twitter, gentlemen? I know
You will be censuring: do it fairly, though;
'Tis possible a virtuous woman may
Abhor all sorts of looseness, and yet play;
Play on the stage,—where all eyes are upon her:
Shall we count that a crime France counts an honour?

In other kingdoms husbands safely trust 'em;
The difference lies only in the custom.
And let it be our custom, I advise;
I'm sure this custom's better than th' excise,
And may procure us custom: hearts of flint
Will melt in passion, when a woman's in't.
But, gentlemen, you that as judges sit
In the star-chamber of the house—the pit,
Have modest thoughts of her; pray, do not run
To give her visits when the play is done,
With 'damn me, your most humble servant, lady';
She knows these things as well as you, it may be:
Not a bit there, dear gallants, she doth know
Her own deserts,—and your temptations too.
But to the point:—in this reforming age
We have intents to civilize the stage.
Our women are defective, and so sized,
You'd think they were some of the guard disguised;
For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wench of fifteen;
With bone so large, and nerve so incontinent,
When you call Desdemona, enter giant.
We shall purge every thing that is unclean,
Lascivious, scurrilous, impious or obscene;
And when we've put all things in this fair way,
Barebones himself may come to see a play."

The epilogue, "which consists of but twelve lines, is in the same strain of apology."

"And how do you like her? Come what is't ye drive at?

She's the same thing in public as in private
As far from being what you call a whore,
As Desdemona injured by the Moor:
Then he that censures her in such a case,
Hath a soul blacker than Othello's face.
But, ladies, what think you? for if you tax
Her freedom with dishonour to your sex,
She means to act no more, and this shall be
No other play, but her own tragedy.
She will submit to none but your commands,
And take commission only from your hands."

From the nature of this epilogue, and the permission accorded by the ladies, the women actors appear to have met with all the success they could wish; yet a prologue to the second part of Davenant's 'Siege of Rhodes' acted in April, 1662, shows us that the matter was still considered a delicate one upwards of a year afterwards.

"Hope little from our poet's withered wit,
From infant players scarce grown puppets yet;
Hope from our women less, whose bashful fear
Wondered to see me dare to enter here:
Each took her leave, and wished my danger past,
And though I come back safe and undisgraced,
Yet when they spy the wits here, then I doubt
No amazon can make them venture out,
Though I advised them not to fear you much,
For I presume not half of you are such."

It was in the theatre at Vere street that Pepys first saw a woman on the stage. § one of the earliest female performers mentioned by him, was an actress, whose name is not ascertained but who attained an unfortunate celebrity in the part of Roxana in the 'Siege of Rhodes.' She was seduced by Aubery de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford of that name, under the guise of a private marriage,—a species of villany which made a great figure in works of fiction up to a late period. The story is "got up" in detail by Madame Dunois, in her 'History of the Court of Charles II,' || but it is told with more brevity in Grammont; and as the latter, though apocryphal enough, pretends to say nothing on the

• Malone, p. 135. † Id. p. 136. ‡ Ibid.
§ 'Memoirs, at supra,' vol. i. p. 167.
|| 'Memoirs of the English Court in the Reign of Charles II, &c.' by the Countess of Dunois, part ii. p. 71.

* It is still phrases with the vulgar to say, a man "phases" Abram.
† Manners and Customs, vol. i. p. 232.

• Historical Account of the English Stage' p. 236.
† See Malone, pp. 136, 136.

subject, in which he is not borne out by other writers, his lively account may be laid before the reader:—

"The Earl of Oxford" says one of his heroines, "fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress, belonging to the Duke's theatre, who performed to perfection, particularly the part of Roxana in a very fashionable new play; inasmuch that she ever after retained that name. This creature being both very virtuous, and very modest, or, if you please, wonderfully obstinate, proudly rejected the presents and addresses of the Earl of Oxford. The resistance inflamed his passion; he had recourse to invectives and even spells; but all in vain. This disappointment had such an effect upon him, that he could neither eat nor drink; this did not signify to him; but his passion at length became so violent, that he could neither play nor smoke. In this extremity, love had recourse to Hymen: the Earl of Oxford, one of the first peers of the realm, is, you know, a very handsome man: he is of the order of the Garter, which greatly adds to an air naturally noble. In short from his outward appearance, you would suppose he was really possessed of some sense; but as soon as ever you hear him speak, you are perfectly convinced of the contrary. This passionate lover presented her with a promise of marriage, in due form, signed with his own hand; she would not, however, rely upon this, but the next day she thought there could be no danger, when the Earl himself came to her lodgings attended by a clergyman, and another man for a witness; the marriage was accordingly solemnized with all due ceremonies, in the presence of one of her fellow-players, who attended as a witness on her part. You will suppose, perhaps, that the new countess had nothing to do but to appear at court according to her rank, and to display the earl's arms upon her carriage. This was far from being the case. When examination was made concerning the marriage, it was found to be a mere deception: it appeared that the pretended priest was one of my lord's trumpeters, and the witness his kettle-drummer. The parson and his companion never appeared after the ceremony was over; and as for the other witness, he endeavoured to persuade her, that the Sultana Roxana might have supposed, in some part or other of a play, that she was really married. It was all to no purpose that the poor creature claimed the protection of the laws of God and man; both which were violated and abused, as well as herself, by this infamous imposition: in vain did she throw herself at the king's feet to demand justice; she had only to rise up again without redress; and happy might she think herself to receive an annuity of one thousand crowns, and to resume the name of Roxana, instead of Countess of Oxford."*

This scoundrel Earl (whose alleged want of sense is extremely probable, and was his best excuse, as well as the worst thing to say for the lady) died full of years and honours, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

In 1664, Mr Pepys witnessed a scene in the theatre in Portugal street, which shows the extremity to which the speculation of managers and the curiosity of the British public can go. This was no other than the appearance of an impostor, called the German Princess, in the part of her own character, after having been tried for it at the Old Bailey. She was tried for bigamy and acquitted; but she had inveigled a young citizen into marriage under pretence of being a German Princess, the citizen pretending at the same time to be a nobleman. The impudence of the thing was completed by the badness of her performance. Granger, however, who appears to have read a vindication of her, which she published, thinks she had great natural abilities. The reader will find an account of her in another part of this work, in our Tyburn selection.

The following is curious:—4th (Feb. 1666-7). "Soon as dined," says Pepys, "my wife and I out to the Duke's playhouse, and there saw Heraclius; an excellent play, to my extraordinary content; and the more from the house being very full, and

great company; among others Mrs Stuart, very fine, with her locks done up in puffs, as my wife calls them: and several other great ladies had their hair so, though I do not like it, but my wife do mightily; but it is only because she sees it is the fashion. Here I saw my Lord Rochester and his lady, Mrs Mallet, who hath after all this ado married him; and, as I hear some say in the pit, it is a great act of charity, for he hath no estate. But it was pleasant to see how everybody rose up when my Lord John Butler, the Duke of Ormond's son, came into the pit, towards the end of the play, who was a servant to Mrs Mallet, and now smiled upon her, and she on him."*

One little thinks, now-a-days, in turning into Portugal street, that all the fashionable world, with the wits and poets, once thronged into that poor-looking thoroughfare, with its bailiffs at one end, and its butchers at the other. The difference, however, between beaux and butchers, was not so great at that time as it became afterwards; though none arrogated the praise of high breeding more than the fine gentlemen of Charles II. Next year Pepys speaks of a fray at this house, between Harry Killigrew and the Duke of Buckingham, in which the latter beat him, and took away his sword. Another time, according to his account, Rochester beat Tom Killigrew, at the Dutch Ambassador's, and in the King's presence. Blows from people of rank do not appear to have been resented then as they would be now.

In the following passage we have an author's first night before us, and that author the gallant Etheridge, with dukes and wits about him in the pit. He makes, however, a very different figure in our eyes from what we commonly conceive of him, for he is unsuccessful and complaining. "My wife," says Pepys, "being gone before (6th Feb. 1667-8), I to the Duke of York's play-house, where a new play of Etheridge's, called 'She would if she could'; and, though I was there by two o'clock, there was one thousand people put back that could not have room in the pit; and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18d. box, and there saw. — But Lord! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it. The King was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not at all. The play being done, I into the pit to look for my wife, it being dark and raining; but could not find her, and so staid, going between the two doors and through the pit, an hour and a half, I think, after the play was done, the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk one with another. And among the rest here was the Duke of Buckingham to-day openly sat in the pit; and there I found him with my Lord Buckhurst, and Sedley, and Etheridge the poet; the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors, that they were out of humour and had not their parts perfect, and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a catch in it; and so was mightily concerned; while all the rest did through the whole pit blame the play as a silly, dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty; but the design of the play and end mighty insipid. At last I did find my wife."

The ensuing is a specimen of the manners of one of the fine ladies:—"5th (May, 1668). Creed and I to the Duke of York's play-house; and there, coming late, up to the balcony-box, where we find my Lady Castlemaine (the King's mistress) and several great ladies; and there we sat with them, and I saw the 'Impertinents' once more than yesterday! and I for that reason like it, I find, the better too. By Sir Positive At-all I understand is meant Sir Robert Howard. My lady pretty well pleased with it; but here I sat close to her fine woman, Wilson, who indeed is very handsome, but they say with child by the King. I asked, and she told me this was the first time her lady had seen it, I having a mind to say something to her. One thing of familiarity I observed in my Lady Castlemaine; she called to one of her women, another that sat by this, for a little

patch off of her face, and put it into her mouth and wetted it, and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose she feeling a pimple rising there."*

More manners of this gallant reign. Pepys says he went to see a woman with a great bushy beard, "which pleased him mightily." "Thence to the Duke's play-house, and saw 'Macbeth.' The King and Court there; and we sat just under them and my Lady Castlemaine, and close to a woman that comes into the pit, a kind of a loose gossip, that pretends to be like her, and is so something. And my wife, by my troth, appeared, I think, as pretty as any of them; I never thought so much before; and so did Talbot and W. Hewer, as they said, I heard, to one another. The King and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me, at the handsome woman near me; but it vexed me to see Moll Davies, in the box over the King and my Lady Castlemaine, look down upon the King and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemaine once to see who it was; but when she saw Moll Davies, she looked like fire; which troubled me."†

Modes of thinking. Mr Pepys is of opinion that the 'Tempest,' which he saw at this house, is an "innocent" play; "no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays." This appears to have been his general opinion of Shakspeare. That year, he says, "After dinner to the Duke of York's play-house, and there saw 'Sir Martin Mar-all,' which I have seen so often, and yet am mightily pleased with it, and think it mighty witty, and the fullest of proper matter for mirth that was ever writ; and I do clearly see that they do improve in their acting of it. Here a mighty company of citizens, 'prentices, and others; and it makes me observe, that when I began first to be able to bestow a play on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit, at 2s. 6d. a piece, as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12d. and then the 18d. places, though I strained hard to go in then when I did: so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular."*

What he calls the vanity of the age, was one of the best signs of its advancement. Plays, at the time above mentioned, began as early as they did before the civil wars; and when they were over, people rode out in their coaches to take the air. Our author one day, when the King visited the theatre, speaks of being there by one, to get a seat. Kynaston, a favourite actor at this house, used to be taken out airing by the ladies, in the dress which he wore as a female. Cibber mentions this particular among others in an entertaining account of Kynaston, whom the ladies do not appear to have spoiled:—

"Though women," he says, "were not admitted to the stage, till the return of King Charles, yet it could not be so suddenly supplied with them, but that there was still a necessity, for some time, to put the handsomest young men into petticoats, which Kynaston was then said to have worn with success; particularly in the part of Evadne, in the 'Maid's Tragedy,' which I have heard him speak of; and which calls to my mind a ridiculous distress that arose from these sort of shifts, which the stage was then put to. The King, coming a little before his usual time to a tragedy, found the actors not ready to begin, when his Majesty, not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent to them to know the meaning of it; upon which the master of the company came to the box, and rightly judging that the best excuse for their default would be the true one, fairly told his Majesty that the queen was not shaved yet: the King, whose good humour loved to laugh at a jest, as well as to make one, accepted the excuse, which served to divert him till the male queen could be effeminated. In a word, Kynaston, at that time, was so beautiful a youth, that the ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park in his

* 'Memoirs of Count Grammont,' 8vo. 1811, vol. ii. p. 142.

* Pepys's 'Memoirs,' vol. iii. p. 126.

* Vol. iv. p. 89.

† Id. p. 222.

† Id. p. 2.

theatrical habit, after the play; which in those days they might have sufficient time to do, because plays then were used to begin at four o'clock: the hour that people of the same rank are now going to dinner. Of this truth I had the curiosity to inquire, and had it confirmed from his own mouth, in his advanced age: and, indeed, to the last of him, his handsomeness was very little abated; even at past sixty his teeth were sound, white and even, as one would wish to see in a reigning toast of twenty. He had something of a formal gravity in his mien, which was attributed to the stately step he had been so early confined to, in a female decency. But even that, in characters of superiority, had its proper grace; it misbecame him not in the part of Leon, in Fletcher's 'Rule a Wife,' &c., which he executed with a determined manliness, and honest authority, well worth the best actor's imitation. He had a piercing eye, and, in characters of heroic life, a quick imperious vivacity in his tone of voice, that painted the tyrant truly terrible. There were two plays of Dryden in which he shone with uncommon lustre; in 'Aurengzebe' he played Morat, and in 'Don Sebastian,' Muley-Moloch; in both these parts he had a stately, lion-like majesty in his port and utterance, that gave the spectator a kind of trembling admiration."

Pepys does not speak much of Betterton, the chief performer at the Portugal street play-house. The reason must be, either that Betterton played chiefly in tragedy, or that his comic talent (which is probable) was not equal to his tragic. He was the great actor of his time, as Garrick was of the last century, and Mr Kean lately. His most admired character appears to have been that of Hamlet; though Steele, in a paper to his memory in the 'Tatler,' seems to have been most impressed by his performance of Othello. If an actor's Othello is really fine, perhaps it must be his best part, as in Mr Kean's instance, owing to the nature of the character. Hamlet speaks to the reflecting part of us; Othello to the sensitive. We will not present the reader with extracts from Cibber, which contain little respecting this actor that might not be said of others; only it may be observed, that in the better parts of the performances of the old players we have something perhaps handed down to us of the manner of these ancient ornaments of the stage. The liveliest idea remaining of the genius of Betterton is furnished by an anecdote of Booth, who, when he first performed the Ghost to Betterton's Hamlet, is said to have been so astonished at the other's look of surprise, that for some moments he was unable to speak. Betterton died old and poor, rather, it should seem, from misfortune than imprudence. The actors in those times, though much admired, were not rewarded as they have been since; nor received anything like the modern salaries. His death is said to have been hastened by tampering with the gout, in order to perform on his benefit night. His person was rather manly than graceful. He was a good-natured man; and, like Molière, would perform when he was ill, rather than hinder the profits of his brother actors.† At Caen Wood, Hampstead, the seat of Lord Mansfield, there is a portrait of him by Pope, who was an amateur in painting. They became acquainted when the latter was young, and the actor old; and took such a liking to one another, that Pope is supposed to have had a hand in a volume of pieces from 'Chaucer,' purporting to have been modernized by Betterton.

Another celebrated actor in Portugal street during the reign of Charles II was Nokes, who appears, from Cibber's account of him to have been something between Liston and Munden. By a line in one of Dryden's Epistles, the town seem to have thought a comedy deficient in which he did not make his appearance. The poet says to Southern, on his play of the 'Wives Excuse,'—

"The hearers may for want of Nokes repine,
But rest secure, the readers will be thine."

* Cibber's 'Apology,' chap. v., &c.
† See Tatler, No. 107.

Nokes was one of those actors who create a roar the moment they are seen, and make people ache with laughter.

These were among the older performers in Portugal street. When Congreve took a share in the theatre, some others had joined it, and become celebrated, two of whom, Mr Mountford and Mrs Bracegirdle, we have already described. Another two, whose names remain familiar with posterity, are Mrs Mountford and Mrs Barry. Mrs Mountford was a 'capital stage coquette; besides being able to act male cosesoms and country dowdies. Mrs Barry was a fine tragedian, both of the heroic and tender cast. Dryden pronounced her the best actress he had seen. It is said she was a mistress of Lord Rochester's when young; that it was to her his love-letters were addressed; and that she owed her celebrity to his instructions. She was not handsome, and her mouth was a little awry, but her countenance was very expressive. This is the actress, who, in the delirium of her last moments, is said to have alluded in an extempore blank verse to a manoeuvre played by Queen Anne's ministry some time before:—

"Ha! ha! and so they make us lords by dozens!"

Cibber's sketch of Mrs Mountford, in the character of Melantha, is the masterpiece of his book, and presents a portrait sufficiently distinct to be extracted. "Melantha," says our lively critic (himself a coxcomb of the first water), "is as finished an impertinent as ever fluttered in a drawing-room, and seems to contain the most complete system of female foppery that could possibly be crowded into the tortured form of a fine lady. Her language, dress, motion, manners, soul and body, are in a continual hurry to do something more than is necessary or commendable. And though I doubt it will be a vain labour to offer you a just likeness of Mrs Mountford's action, yet the fantastic impression is still so strong in my memory, that I cannot help saying something, though fantastically, about it. The first ridiculous airs that break from her are upon a gallant, never seen before, who delivers her a letter from her father, recommending him to her good graces, as an honourable lover. Here now, one would think she might naturally show a little of the sex's decent reserve, though never so slightly covered. No, sir, not a tittle of it; modesty is the virtue of a poor-souled country gentlewoman; she is too much a court lady to be under so vulgar a confusion; she reads the letter, therefore, with a careless dropping lip, and an erected brow, humming it hastily over, as if she were impatient to out-go her father's commands, by making a complete conquest of him at once; and that the letter might not embarrass her attack, crack! she scrambles it at once into her palm, and pours upon him her whole artillery of airs, eyes, and motion; down goes her dainty diving body to the ground, as if she were sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions; then launches into a flood of fine language and compliment, still playing her chest forward in fifty falls and risings, like a swan upon waving water; and, to complete her impertinence, she is so rapidly fond of her own wit, that she will not give her lover leave to praise it: silent assenting bows, and vain endeavours to speak, are all the share of the conversation he is admitted to, which, at last, he is relieved from, by her engagements to half-a-score visits, which she swims from him to make, with a promise to return in a twinkling."

Three of Congreve's plays, 'Love for Love,' the 'Mourning Bride,' and the 'Way of the World,' came out at the theatre in Portugal street. In the first paper of the 'Tatler,' Steele gives a criticism on the performance of 'Love for Love,' which contains one or two curious points of information respecting the customs of play-goers in the reign of Anne. The "article" begins like that of a modern newspaper.

"On Thursday last was acted, for the benefit of Mr Betterton, the celebrated comedy called 'Love for Love.' These excellent players, Mrs Barry, Mrs Bracegirdle, and Mr Dogget, though not at

present concerned in the house, acted on that occasion. There has not been known so great a concourse of persons of distinction as at that time: the stage itself was covered with gentlemen and ladies; and when the curtain was drawn, it discovered even there a very splendid audience. This unusual encouragement, which was given to a play for the advantage of so great an actor, gives an undeniable instance that the true relief for many entertainments and rational pleasures is not wholly lost. All the parts were acted to perfection: the actors were careful of their carriage, and no one was guilty of the affectation to insert witticism of his own; but a due respect was had to the audience for encouraging this accomplished player. It is not now doubted but plays will revive, and take their usual course in the opinion of persons of wit and merit, notwithstanding their late apostasy in favour of dress and sound. The place is very much altered since Mr Dryden frequented it: where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires, in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the evils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the truth of the game."

The last proprietor of this theatre was Rich, the famous harlequin, who, having a poor company, unable to compete with Drury Lane, introduced that love of shew and spectacle, which has ever since been willing to forego the regular drama, however reproached by the critics. Pope has hit off his into the 'Dunciad,' (book iii.), as one of the 'ministers of Dulness.'

"Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease; ||
And proud his mistress' order to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

He had the merit, however, of producing the 'Beggars' Opera,' which was acted scores of nights together all over England, and finally rendered its heroine a duchess, and is said to have made "Gay Rich, and Rich Gay." Rich had no education. He was in the habit, when conversing, of saying mister, instead of sir.

One of Rich's actors was Quin, of whom more by and by. Garrick was never at this theatre. It closed a little before his time, and was never reopened. The vulgar attributed its desertion to a supernumerary devil, who made his appearance in the pantomime of 'Harlequin and Dr Faustus,' and took his exit through the roof instead of the door; which so frightened the manager that he had not the courage to open the theatre again. The only memorial now remaining in Portugal street of theatres and play-goers, and all their lively generation, is a tablet set up in the burial-ground to the memory of the famous Joe Miller, author of so many posthumous good things. He was an actor in Congreve's time, and has the reputation of having been an honest, as well as a pleasant fellow. The jest-book, which passes for his publication, was collected by a companion of his, who is thought to have owed to him nothing but his name. It is but reasonable to conclude, however, that many of the jests were of the comedian's relating.

In Carey street, when she was first married, lived Mrs Chapone. She afterwards resided in Arundel street. When we have no greater names to mention, we think it our duty to avail ourselves of those of any intelligent and amiable persons who are really worth mention, though they may not be of the first order. They will be welcome to the inhabitants of the street, and perhaps serve to throw a grace over neighbourhoods that want it. It is better to think of Mrs Chapone in going along Carey street, than of bailiffs and lock-up houses,—unless, indeed, the latter should make us zealous to reform the debtor and creditor laws, and then we might still be glad of the refreshment. Mrs Chapone was one of the disciples of Richardson, and is well known for her 'Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.' Ten months after her marriage, she lost her husband, to whom

* Cibber's 'Apology,' 2nd edit., p. 128.

she was greatly attached, and then she left Carey street; so that the pleasantest part of her life was probably spent there.

Clare market stands on a spot formerly called Clement's Inn Fields, the property of the Earls of Clare, one of whom built the market about the year 1657. He is said to have lived close by, in a style of magnificence. The names of the family, Densel, Holles, &c., are retained in some of the neighbouring streets.

Clare market became notorious in the time of Pope, for the extravagance of Orator Henley, a clever, but irregular-minded man, who overrated himself, and became, it may be said, mad with impudence. Some describe his oratory as being in the market, others in Duke street, which is the street going out of the western side of Lincoln's Inn square through the archway. Another writer says it was the old theatre of Sir William Davenant, in Gibbon's Tennis-court, of which we have just spoken, and which is said to have been in Vere street. Most likely all these accounts are to be reconciled. A tenement is often described as existing in a certain street, when the street presents nothing but a passage to it; and we take Henley's Oratory to have been the old theatre, with a passage to it from the market, from Vere street, and from Duke street. Having settled this magnificent point, we proceed with the no less magnificent orator.

He was a native of Melton Mowbray, in the county of Leicester, the son of a clergyman, and after going to St John's College, Cambridge, returned to his native place, and became master of the school there.

"Feeling, or [f]amoying," says the author of the 'Lounger's Common-Place Book,' "that a genius like his ought not to be buried in 'so obscure a situation, having been long convinced that many gross errors and impostures prevailed in the various institutions and establishments of mankind; being also ambitious of restoring ancient eloquence, but as his enemies asserted, to avoid the scandalous embarrasments of illicit love, he repaired to the metropolis, and for a short time performed clerical functions at St John's Chapel, near Bedford row, with the prospect of succeeding to the lectureship of an adjoining parish (Bloomsbury), which soon became vacant."

"Several candidates offering for this situation, a warm contest ensued; probation sermons were preached; and Henley's predominating vanity made him expect an easy victory.

"We may guess at his disappointment, when this disciple of Demosthenes and Cicero was informed that the congregation had no objection to his language or his doctrine, but that he threw himself about too much in the pulpit, and that another person was chosen.

"Losing his temper as well as his election, he rushed into a room where the principal parishioners were assembled, and thus addressed them, in all the vehemence of outrageous passion:—

"Blackheads! are you qualified to judge of the degree of action necessary for a preacher of God's word? Were you able to read, or had you sufficient sense, you sorry knaves, to understand the renowned orator of antiquity, he would tell you, almost the only requisite of a public speaker was action, action, action.

"But I despise and defy you; *provoco ad populum*; the public shall decide between us." He then hastily retired, and to vindicate his injured fame, published the probationary discourse he had delivered.

"Thus disappointed in the regular routine of his profession, he became a quack divine; for this character he was eminently qualified, possessing a strong voice, fluent language, an imposing magisterial air, and a countenance, which no violation of propriety, reproach, or self-correction, was ever known to embarrass or discompose.

"He immediately advertised that he should hold forth publicly, two days in the week, and hired for this purpose a large room in or near Newport market, which he called the Oratory; but previous to

the commencement of his 'academical discourses,' he chose to consult Mr Whiston, a learned clergyman of considerable mathematical and astronomical research, but who had rendered himself remarkable by eccentric simplicity of heart, and the whimsical heterodoxy of his creed.

"In a letter to this gentleman he desired to be informed, whether he should incur any legal penalties by officiating as a separatist from the church of England. Mr Whiston did not encourage Henley's project, and a correspondence took place, which ending in virulence and ill-language, produced, a few years after, the following letter:—

"To Mr William Whiston,
Take notice, that I give you warning not to enter my room in Newport market, at your peril.
JOHN HENLEY."

Henley succeeded in his speculation, by lecturing, in the most important manner, on all sorts of subjects, from the origin of evil down to a shoe. He also published a variety of pamphlets, and a periodical farrago called the 'Hyp Doctor,' for which he is said to have had pay from Sir Robert Walpole; and as his popularity rapidly increased in consequence of his addressing himself to uneducated understandings, he removed from his Oratory in Newport market to the more spacious room in Clare market; for he seems to have had a natural propensity to the society of butchers, and they were fond of his tranchant style. He sometimes threatened his enemies with them. Pope, in answering the assertions of those who charged him with depriving people of their bread, asks whether Colley Cibber had not "still his lord," and Henley his butchers.

"And has not Colley still his lord—
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore."

Pope had been attacked by him. The poet speaks of him again, several times, in the 'Dunciad':

"Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain.
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
O great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once and any of the age!
O worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest where monkeys were the gods."

Book iii. v. 199.

Pope says he had a "gilt tub," and insinuates that he sometimes got drunk. Among the sleeping worthies in the 'Dunciad,'

"— Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seemed a priest in drink."

"A contemporary journalist, who says that the fame of Henley induced him to be present at one of the lectures in Newport market, describes him as entering like a harlequin by a door behind the pulpit, and "at one large leap jumping into it, and falling to work." "His notions," he says, the orator "beat into the audience with hands, arms, legs, and head, as if people's understandings were to be courted and knocked down with blows." The price of admission was a shilling. The following are samples of Henley's extraordinary advertisements:

"At the Oratory in Newport market, to-morrow, at half-an-hour after ten, the sermon will be on the Witch of Endor. At half-an-hour after five, the theological lecture will be on the conversion and original of the Scottish nation, and of the Picts and Caledonians; St Andrew's relics and panegyric, and the character and mission of the Apostles.

"On Wednesday, at six, or near the matter, take your chance, will be a medley oration on the history, merits, and praise of confusion, and of confounders in the road and out of the way.

"On Friday, will be that on Dr Faustus and Fortunatus and conjuration; after each, the Chimes

• 'Lounger's Common Place Book,' vol. ii, p. 127.

of the Wimes, No. 22 and 24. N.B. Whenever the prices of the seats are occasionally raised in the week days, notice will be given of it in the prints. An account of the performances of the Oratory from the first of August is published, with the Discourse on Nonsense; and if any bishop, clergyman, or other subject of his Majesty, or the subject of any foreign prince or state, can at any years, and in any circumstances and opportunities, without the least assistance or any patron in the world, parallel the study, choice, variety, and discharge, of the said performances of the Oratory by his own or any others, I will engage forthwith to quit the said Oratory.

"J. HENLEY."

In the bill of fare issued for Sunday, September 28, 1729, the most extraordinary theological speculations are followed by a list of the fashions in dress.

"At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's Inn fields, near Clare market, to-morrow, at half-an-hour after ten: 1, The postil will be on the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt; 2, The sermon will be on the necessary power and attractive force which religion gives the spirit of a man with God and good Spirits.

"II. At five: 1, The postil will be on this point, In what language our Saviour will speak the last sentence on mankind; 2, The lecture will be on Jesus Christ's sitting at the right hand of God; where that is; the honours and lustre of his inauguration; the learning, criticism, and piety of that glorious article.

"The Monday's orations will shortly be resumed. On Wednesday, the oration will be on the skirts of the fashions, or a live gallery of family pictures in all ages; ruffs, muffs, puffs manifold; shoes, wedding-shoes, two-shoes, slip-shoes, heels, clocks, pantofles, buskins, pantaloons, garters, shoulder-knots, periwigs, head-dresses, modesties, tuckers, farthingales, corkins, minikins, alammakins, ruffles, round-robins, tollets, fans, patches; dame, forsooth, madam, my lady, the wit and beauty of my grannum; Winifred, Joan, Bridget, compared with our Winny, Jenny, and Biddy; fine ladies, and pretty gentlewomen; being a general view of the *beau monde*, from before Noah's flood to the year 29. On Friday will be something better than last Tuesday. After each, a bob at the times."†

Henley must have lectured a long while; for one of his "hobs at the times" was occasioned by the dismissal of Dr Cobden, a chaplain to George II, in the year 1746, for preaching from the following text: "Take away the wicked from before the king and his throne shall be established in righteousness." The wicked, we believe, meant the king's mistresses. Next Saturday, Henley's advertisement appeared with an epigram on this text for a motto:—

"Away with the wicked before the king,
And away with the wicked behind him;
His throne it will bless
With righteousness,
And we shall know where to find him."

This must be what the reviewers call a "favourable specimen."

"Sometimes," says the 'Lounger's Common Place Book,' "one of his old Bloomsbury friends caught the speaker's eye; on these occasions, he could not resist the temptation to gratify his vanity and resentment; after a short pause he would address the unfortunate interloper in words to the following effect: 'You see, sir, all mankind are not exactly of your opinion; there are, you perceive, a few sensible people in the world, who consider me as not wholly unqualified for the office I have undertaken.

"His abashed and confounded adversaries, thus attacked, in a public company, a most awkward species of distress, were glad to retire precipitately, and sometimes were pushed out of the room by Henley's partizans.‡

It is probable that Henley's partizans were some-

• Malcolm, *ut seq.*, page 417.

† Malcolm's 'Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century,' vol. i. p. 421.

‡ 'Lounger's Common Place Book,' vol. ii. p. 139.

times necessary to secure him from the results of his imprudence, though his boldness appears to have been on a par with it. He once attracted an audience of shoe-makers by announcing that he could teach them a method of making shoes with wonderful celerity. The secret consisted in cutting off the tops of old boots. His motto to the advertisement (*omne majus continet in se minus*, the greater includes the less) had a pleasantry in it, which makes the disappointment of the poor shoe-makers doubly ludicrous.

Henley, on one occasion, was for several days in the custody of the King's messenger, having incurred the displeasure of the House of Lords. "Lord Chesterfield, at that time secretary of state," says the 'Lounger,' "amused himself and his associates in office by sporting with the hopes and fears of our restorer of ancient eloquence; during his examination before the privy council, he requested permission to sit, on account of a real, or, as it was supposed, a pretended rheumatism. Occasioning considerable merriment by his eccentric answers, and sometimes by the oddity of his questions, he was observed to join heartily and loudly in the laugh he had himself created.

"The Earl having expostulated with him on the impropriety of ridiculing the exertions of his native country, at the moment rebellion raged in the heart of the kingdom, Henley replied, 'I thought there was no harm, my Lord, in *cracking a joke on a red-herring*;' alluding to the worthy primate of that name, who proposed, and, I believe, had actually commenced, arming and arraying the clergy.

"Many disrespectful and unwarrantable expressions he had applied to persons high in office, being mentioned to him, he answered, without embarrassment, 'My Lords, I must live.'

"I see no kind of reason for that,' said Lord Chesterfield, 'but many against it.' The council were pleased, and laughed at the retort; the prisoner, somewhat irritated, observed, 'that is a good thing, but it has been said before.'

"A few days after, being reprimanded for his improper conduct, and cautioned against repeating it, he was dismissed, as an impudent, but entertaining fellow."

To complete the history of this man, he struck medals for his tickets, with a star rising to the meridian; over it the motto, *Ad summa* (to the height), and below, *Inveniam viam aut faciam* (I will find a way, or make one). As might be expected, he found no way at last, but that of falling into contempt. He appears to have been too imprudent to make money by his vagaries; and his manners, probably in consequence, became gross and ferocious. He died in 1756. His person makes a principal figure in two humorous plates, attributed to Hogarth.

Duke street and Little Wild street have had an inhabitant, as illustrious afterwards as he was then obscure, in the person of Benjamin Franklin, who, when he was first in England, worked in the printing-office of Mr Watts, in the latter street, and lodged in the former. When he came to England afterwards, as the agent of Massachusetts, he went into this office, "and going up," says his biography, "to a particular press (now in the possession of Messrs Cox and Baylis), thus addressed the two workmen: 'Come, my friends, we will drink together: it is now forty years since I worked like you, at this press, as a journeyman printer.' " The same publication gives an account of him during this period, which, besides containing more than one curious local particular, is highly worth the attention of those who confound stimulus with vigour.

• 'Lounger's Common Place Book,' vol. ii. p. 141.

"After the completion," says the writer, "of twelvemonths at Palmer's," (in Bartholomew close) "Franklin removed to the printing-office of Mr Watts, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he continued during the whole of his subsequent stay in the British metropolis. He found a contiguous lodging with a widow lady in Duke street, opposite the Catholic chapel, for which he paid at his old rate of three and sixpence weekly, and received no new impressions in favour of Christians from his occasional notices of the Romish superstitions in this family and neighbourhood. His landlady was a clergyman's daughter, who, marrying a Catholic, had adjoined Protestantism, and became acquainted with several distinguished families of that persuasion. She and Franklin found mutual pleasure in each other's society. He kept good hours; and she was too lame generally to leave her room; frugality was the habit of both; half an anchovy, a small slice of bread and butter each, with half a pint of ale between them, furnished commonly their supper. So well pleased was the widow with her inmate, that, when Franklin talked of removing to another house, where he could obtain the same accommodation as with her for two shillings per week, she became generous in his favour, and abated her charge for his room to that sum. He never paid her more during the rest of his stay with her, which was the whole time he continued in London. In the attic was a maiden Catholic lady, by choice and habit a nun. She had been sent early in life to the Continent to take the veil; but the climate disagreeing with her health, she returned home; devoted her small estate to charitable purposes, with the exception of about 12*l.* a-year; practised confession daily; and lived intirely on water-gruel. Her presence was thought a blessing to the house, and several of its tenants in succession had charged her no rent. Her room contained a mattress, table, crucifix, and stool, as its only furniture. She admitted the occasional visits of Franklin and her landlady; was cheerful, he says, and healthful: and while her superstition moved his compassion, he felt confirmed in his frugality by her example, and exhibits it in his journal as another proof of the possibility of supporting life, health, and cheerfulness on very small means.

"During the first weeks of his engagement with Mr Watts, he worked as a pressman, drinking only water, while his companions had their five pints of porter each per day; and his strength was superior to theirs. He ridiculed the verbal logic of strong beer being necessary for strong work; contending that the strength yielded by malt liquor could only be in proportion to the quantity of flour or actual grain dissolved in the liquor, and that a pennyworth of bread must have more of this than a pot of porter. The water-American, as he was called, had some converts to his system; his example, in this case, being clearly better than his philosophy."

"Franklin was born to be a revolutionist, in many

• "For," says the note, "while the mucilaginous qualities of porter may form one criterion of the nourishment it yields, it does not follow that mere nourishment is or ought to be the only consideration in a labouring man's use of malt liquor, or any other aliment. It is well known that flesh-meats yield chyle in greater abundance than any production of the vegetable kingdom; but Franklin would not have considered this any argument for living wholly upon meat. The fact is, that the stimulating quality of all fermented liquors (when moderately taken) is an essential part of the refreshment, and therefore of the strength they yield.

'We curse not wine—the vile excess we blame.'

To this Franklin might have answered, that the want of stimulus is generally produced by a previous abuse of it, and that the having recourse to fermented liquors is likely to continue the abuse, whatever may be said about moderation. The moderation is so difficult, that it is better to abstain than to hazard it. It is true (not to quote the words irreverently) "man does not live by bread alone," but by sociality and good humour; and that even a little excess occasionally is not to be narrowly considered; but for the purposes of labour, we may surely gather from the recorded experience of those who have laboured most, whether physically or mentally, first, that the more temperate our habits, the more we can perform; and, secondly, that an habitual abstinence from some kinds of refreshment is the only way to secure them."

good senses of the word. He now proposed and carried several alterations in the so-called *chapel-laws* of the printing-office; resisted what he thought the impositions, while he conciliated the respect of his fellow-workmen; and always had cash and credit in the neighbourhood at command, to which the sottish part of his brethren were occasionally, and sometimes largely, indebted. He thus depicts this part of his prosperous life:—"On my entrance, I worked at first as a pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at the press. I drank nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand, up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see by this and many other examples, that the *American aquatic*, as they used to call me, was stronger than those that drank porter. The beer-boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow-pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work. This custom appeared to me abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer, in order to acquire strength to work.

"I endeavoured to convince him, that the bodily strength furnished by the beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny-loaf, and that, consequently, if he ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer. This reasoning, however, did not prevent him from drinking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of four or five shillings a-week for this cursed beverage; an expense from which I was wholly exempt. Thus do these poor devils continue all their lives in a state of voluntary wretchedness and poverty.

"My example prevailed with several of them to renounce their abominable practice of bread and cheese with beer; and they procured, like me, from a neighbouring house, a good basin of warm gruel, in which was a small slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg. This was a much better breakfast, which did not cost more than a pint of beer, namely, three halfpence, and at the same time preserved the head clearer. Those who continued to gorge themselves with beer, often lost their credit with the publican, from neglecting to pay their score. They had then recourse to me to become security for them, *their light*, as they used to call it, *being out*. I attended at the table every Saturday evening to take up the little sums which I had made myself answerable for, and which sometimes amounted to near thirty shillings a-week.

"This circumstance, added to the reputation of my being a tolerable good *gabber*, or, in other words, skilful in the art of burlesque, kept up my importance in the chapel. I had, besides, recommended myself to the esteem of my master by my assiduous application to business, never observing Saint Monday. My extraordinary quickness in composing always procured me such work as was most urgent, and which is commonly best paid; and thus my time passed away in a very pleasant manner."

• 'Life of Benjamin Franklin,' 1836, p. 31.

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From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Pultney-street

THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS,

THEIR MEMORIES AND GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

DRURY LANE, AND THE TWO THEATRES IN DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

Contents:—Craven house.—Donne and his vision.—Lord Craven and the Queen of Bohemia.—Nell Gwynn.—Drury lane Theatre.—Its antiquity, different eras, and rebuildings.—The principal theatre of Dryden, Wycherley, Farquhar, Steele, Garrick, and Sheridan.—Old Drury in the time of Charles II.—A visit to it.—Pope's and his theatrical gossip, with notes.—Hart and Mohun.—Goodman.—Nell Gwynn.—Dramatic taste of that age.—Booth.—Artificial tragedy.—Wilks and Cibber.—Bullock and Penkethman.—A colonel enamoured of Cibber's wig.—Mrs Oldfield.—Her singular position in society.—Not the Flavia of the Teller.—Pope's account of her last words probably not true.—Declamatory acting.—Lively account of Garrick and Quin by Mr Cumberland.

DRURY LANE takes its name from "the habitation of the great family of the Druries," built, "I believe," says Pennant, "by Sir William Drury, knight of the garter, a most able commander in the Irish wars, who unfortunately fell in a duel with Sir John Boroughs, in a foolish quarrel about precedence. Sir Robert, his son, was a great patron of Dr Donne, and assigned to him apartments in his house. I cannot learn into whose hands it passed afterwards. During the time of the fatal discontents of the favourite, Essex, it was the place where his imprudent advisers resolved on such counsels as terminated in the destruction of him and his adherents."*

Drury House stood at the corner of Drury lane and Wych street, upon the ground now included in Craven buildings in the one thoroughfare, and the Olympic Pavilion in the other.

Pennant proceeds to say, that it was occupied in the next century by "the heroic William Lord Craven, afterwards Earl Craven," who rebuilt it in the form standing in his time. He describes it as "a large brick pile,"—a public house with the sign of the Queen of Bohemia,—a head which still mystifies people in some parts of the country. The remains were taken down in 1809, and the Olympic Pavilion built on part of the site. But the public house was only a portion of it.

Who would suppose, in going by the place now, that it was once the habitation of wit and elegance, of a lord and a queen, and of more than one "romance of real life?" Yet the passenger acquainted with the facts can never fail to be impressed by them, especially by the romantic history of Donne. This master of profound fancies (whom Dryden pronounced "the greatest wit, though not the best poet," of our nation), had in his youth led a gay imprudent life, which left him poor. He became secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, and fell in love with his lordship's niece, then residing in the house, daughter to a Sir George Moor or More, who, though Donne was of an ancient family, was very angry, and took the young lady away into the country. The step however was too late; for, the passion being mutual, a private marriage had taken place. The upshot was, that Sir George would have nothing to say to the young couple, and that they fell into great distress. After a time, Sir Robert Drury, a man of large fortune, who possessed the mansion above described, invited Donne and his wife to live with him, and this too in a spirit that enabled all parties to be the better for it. But for this, and the curious story connected with it, we

* P. 100.

shall have recourse to the pages of our angling friend, Walton, who was a good fellow enough when he was not "handling a worm as if he loved him."

"Sir Robert Drury," says Walton, "a gentleman of a very noble estate, and a more liberal mind, assigned him and his wife an useful apartment in his own large house in Drury lane, and not only rent free, but was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathised with him and his, in all their joy and sorrows.

"At this time of Mr Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King, Henry IV, and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to solicit Mr Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, 'her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence'; and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr Donne lay aside all thoughts of his journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him, and told his wife so; who did, therefore, with an unwilling-willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve, the Ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr Donne, left London; and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found Mr Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy and so altered in his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; inasmuch that he earnestly desired Mr Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr Donne was not able to make a present answer; but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me in this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert replied, 'Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' To which Mr Donne's reply was, 'I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure, that at her second appearing she stopped and looked me in the face, and vanished.' Rest and sleep had not altered Mr Donne's opinion the next day; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said, that desire and doubt have no rest; and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry House, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word, whether Mrs Donne were alive; and, if alive, in what condition she was in as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account,—That he found and left Mrs Donne very sad, and sick in her bed; and that after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

"This is a relation," continues Walton, "that will beget some wonder, and it well may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion, that visions and miracles are ceased. And, though it is most certain, that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one

played upon, the other that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will—like an echo to a trumpet—warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe that there is any such thing as the sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him to consider, that many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St Austin, and Monica his mother, had visions in order to his conversion. And though these, and many others—too many to name—have but the authority of human story, yet the incredible reader may find in the sacred story, that Samuel, &c."

We may here break off with the observation of Mr Chalmers, that "the whole may be safely left to the judgment of the reader."† Walton says he had not this story from Donne himself, but from a "Person of Honour," who "knew more of the secrets of his heart than any person then living," and who related it "with such circumstance and asseveration," that not to say anything of his hearer's belief, Walton did "verily believe," that the gentleman "himself believed it."

The biographer then presents us with some verses which "were given by Mr Donne to his wife at the time he then parted from her," and which he "begs leave to tell us" that he has heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say, that "none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal."

These lines are full of the wit that Dryden speaks of, horribly misused to obscure the most beautiful feelings. Some of them are among the passages quoted in Dr Johnson to illustrate the faults of the metaphysical school. Mr Chalmers and others have thought it probable, that it was upon this occasion Donne wrote a set of verses, which he addressed to his wife, on her proposing to accompany him abroad as a page; but as the writer speaks of going to Italy, which appears to have been out of the question in this two months' visit to Paris, they most probably belong to some other journey, or intended journey, the period of which is unknown. The numbers of these verses are sometimes rugged, but they are full of as much nature and real feeling, as sincerity ever put into a true passion. There is an awfulness in the commencing adjuration,—

"By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue;
By our long-striving hopes; by that remorse
Which my words' masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts which spies and rivals threaten me,
I calmly beg: but by thy father's wrath,
By all pains which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
I here unswear, and over swear them thus:
Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
Temper, O fair Love! love's impetuous rage;
Be my true mistress, not my feigned page.
I'll go; and by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back. O! if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar:
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness: thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair Orithea, whom he swore he loved.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have proved

* Lives of Dr John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Hooker, &c., by Isaac Walton, 1625, p. 22.

† Life of Donne, in Chalmers's 'British Poets.'

[From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Lieke's Palace-street.]

Dangers unurged: feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in th' other be;
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind; be not strange
To thyself only: all will spy in thy face
A bustling womanly discovering grace.

When I am gone dream me some happiness;
Nor let thy looks our long-hid love confess;
Nor praise nor dispraise me, nor bless nor curse
Openly love's foes; nor in bed fright thy nurse
With midnight's startings, crying out, Oh! oh!
Nurse! oh, my love is slain! I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
Assailed, taken, fight, stabbed, bleed, fall and die.
Augur me better chance; except dread Jove
Think it enough for me to have had thy love."

Drury House, when rebuilt by Lord Craven, took the name of Craven House. To this abode, at the instigation of Charles II, his lordship brought his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia, to whose interests he had devoted his fortunes, and to whom he is supposed to have been secretly wedded. She was daughter to James I, and with the reluctant consent of her parents (particularly of her mother, who used to twit her with the title of Goody Palegrave), was married to Frederick, the Elector Palatine, for whom the Protestant interest in Germany erected Bohemia into a kingdom, in the vain hope, with the assistance of his father-in-law, of competing with the Catholic Emperor. Frederick lost everything, and his widow became a dependent on the bounty of this Lord Craven, a nobleman of wealthy commercial stock, who had fought in her husband's cause, and helped to bring up her children. It is through her that the family of Brunswick succeeded to the throne of this kingdom, as the next Protestant heirs of James I. James's daughter, being a woman of lively manners, a queen, and a Protestant leader, excited great interest in her time, and received more than the usual portion of flattery from the romantic. Donne wrote an epithalamium on her marriage, in which are those preposterous lines beginning—

"Here lies a she sun, and a he moon there."

Sir Henry Wotton had permission to call her his "royal mistress," which he was as proud of as if he had been a knight of old. And when she lost her Bohemian kingdom, it was said that she retained a better one, for that she was still the "Queen of Hearts." Sir Henry wrote upon her his elegant verses beginning,—

"You meaner beauties of the night,"

in which he gives a new turn to the common places of stars and roses, and calls her—

"Th' eclipse and glory of her kind."

It is doubtful, nevertheless, whether she was ever handsome. None of the Stuarts appear to have been so, with the exception of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, who resembled, perhaps, her mother. Pepys, who saw the Queen of Bohemia at the Restoration, "thought her a very debonaire but plain lady." This, it is true, was near her death; but Pepys was given to admire, and royalty did not diminish the inclination. Had her charms ever been as great as reported, he would have discovered the remains of them. It has been beautifully said by Drayton,—

"Even in the aged'st face, where beauty once did dwell,
And nature, in the least, but seemed to excel,

Thine cannot make much waste, but something will appear
To show some little tract of delicacy these."

Pepys saw the queen afterwards two or three times at the play, and does not record any alteration of his opinion. Her Majesty did not survive the Restoration many months. She quitted Craven House for Leicester House (afterwards Norfolk House, in the Strand), seemingly for no other purpose than to die there; which she did in February 1681-2. Whether Lord Craven attended her at this period does not appear; but she left him her books, pictures, and papers. Sometimes he accompanied her to the plays. She and her husband, King Frederick, appear to have been lively, good-humoured persons, a little vain of the royalty which proved such a misfortune to them. The queen had the better sense, though it seems to have been almost as much over-rated as her beauty. But all the Stuarts were more or less clever, with the exception of James II.

The author of a 'History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven, in Yorkshire,' gives it as a tradition, that Lord Craven's father, a lord-mayor, was born of such poor parents that they sent him when a boy by a common carrier to London, where he became a mercer or draper. His son was a distinguished officer under Gustavus Adolphus, was ennobled, attached himself to the King and Queen of Bohemia, and is supposed, as we have seen, to have married the king's widow. He was her junior by twelve years. He long resided in Craven House, became colonel of the Coldstream regiment of foot-guards, and was famed for his bustling activity. He so constantly made his appearance at a fire, that his horse "is said to have smelt one as soon as it happened." Pepys, during a riot against houses of ill-fame (probably the houses in Whetstone's Park, as well as in Moor-fields, for he talks of going to Lincoln's Inn Fields to see the 'prentices), describes his lordship as riding up and down the fields, "like a madman," giving orders to the soldiery. It was probably in allusion to this military vivacity, that Lord Dorset says, in his ballad on a mistress,

"The people's hearts leap, wherever she comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord Craven's drums."

When there was a talk in his old age of giving his regiment to somebody else, Craven said, that "if they took away his regiment, they had as good take away his life, since he had nothing else to divert himself with." The next king, however, William III, gave it to General Talmash; yet the old lord is said to have gone on, busy to the last. He died in 1697, aged nearly 80 years. He was intimate with Evelyn, Ray, and other naturalists, and delighted in gardening. The garden of Craven House ran in the direction of the present Drury lane; so that where there is now a bustle of a very different sort, we may fancy the old soldier busying himself with his flower beds, and Mr Evelyn discoursing upon the blessings of peace and privacy.*

The only other personage of celebrity whom we know of as living in Drury Lane, is one of another sort; to wit, Nell Gwynn. The ubiquitous

* For complete particulars of the history of James's daughter and son-in-law, and their gallant adherent, see 'Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia,' by Miss Benger, and 'Collins's Peerage,' by Sir Egerton Brydges. vol. v. p. 446! Miss Benger is as romantic as if she had lived in the queen's time, but she is diligent and accurate. The facts can easily be separated from her colouring.

Pepys speaks of his seeing her there on a May-morning.

"May 1st, 1667. To Westminster, in the way meeting many milkmaids with garlands upon their palls, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings door in Drury lane in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one. She seemed a mighty pretty creature."

Lodgings in this quarter, though Nell lived there, must have been of more decent reputation than they became afterwards. It is curious that the old English word Drury, or Druerie, should be applicable to the fame we allude to. It has more or less deserved it for a long period; though we believe the purlious rather warrant it now, than the lane itself. Pope and Gay speak of it. Pope describes the lane also as a place of residence for poor authors—

"Keep your piece nine years."

"Nine years?" cries he, who high in Drury lane,
Lulled by soft myphra through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before termends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends."

The existence of a theatre in Drury lane is as old as the time of Shakspeare. It was then called the Phoenix; was "a private," or more select house, like that of Blackfriars; and had been a cock-pit, by which name it was also designated. Phoenix generally implies that a place has been destroyed by fire, a common fate with theatres; but the first occasion on which we hear of the present one, is the destruction of it by a Puritan mob. This took place in the year 1617, in the time of James; and was doubtless caused by the same motives that led to the demolition of certain other houses, which it was thought to resemble in fame. In Howe's continuation of Stowe, it was called a "new play-house;" so that it had lately been either built or rebuilt. This theatre stood opposite the Castle tavern. There is still in existence a passage, called Cockpit alley, into Great Wild street; and there is a Phoenix alley, leading from Long Acre into Hart street.

[The Phoenix was soon rebuilt; and the performances continued till 1648, when they were again stopped by the Puritans who then swayed England, and who put an end to play-houses for some time. In the interval, some of the most admired of our old dramas were produced there, such as Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' Heywood's 'Women killed with Kindness,' 'The Witch of Edmonton,' by Rowley, Decker, and Ford; Webster's 'White Devil, or Victoria Corombona,' Massinger's 'New Way to Pay Old Debts,' and indeed many others.* It does not appear that Shakspeare or his immediate friends had any pieces performed there. He was a performer in other theatres, and the pressure of court, as well as city, lay almost exclusively in their discretion, till the growth of the western part of the metropolis divided it. The Phoenix known in his time was probably nearly as select a house as the Blackfriars. The company had the title of Queen's Servants (James's Queen), and the servants of the Lady Elizabeth (Queen of Bohemia).

A few years before the restoration, Davenant, supported by some of the less scrupulous authorities, ventured to struggle back something like the old entertainments, under pretence of accompanying them with music; a trick understood in our times where a licence is to be encroached upon. In 1656, he removed with them from Aldersgate street

* See 'Baker's Biographia Dramatica' vol. ii.

to this house; and after the fluctuation of different companies hither and thither, the Cockpit finally resumed its rank as a royal theatre, under the direction of the famous Killigrew, whose set of players were called the King's company, as those under Sir William Davenant had the title of the Duke's. Killigrew, dissatisfied with the old theatre at the Cockpit, built a new one nearly on the site of the present, and opened it in 1603. This may be called the parent of Drury lane Theatre as it now stands. It was burnt in 1671-2, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, and opened in 1674 with a prologue from the pen of Dryden, from which time it stood till the year 1741. There had been some alterations in the structure of this theatre, which are said to have hurt the effect contemplated by Sir Christopher Wren, and perhaps assisted its destruction; for seventy years is no great age for a public building. Yet old Drury, as it was called, was said to have died of a "gradual decline." It was rebuilt and became old Drury the second; underwent the usual fate of theatres, in the year 1809; and was succeeded by the one now standing.

It is customary to divide the eras of theatres according to their management; but as managers become of little consequence to posterity, we shall confine ourselves, in this as in other respects, to names with which posterity is familiar. In Shakespeare's time, Drury lane appears to have been celebrated for the best productions of the second-rate order of dramatists, a set of men who would have been first in any other age. We have little to say of the particulars of Drury lane at this period, no memorandums having come down to us, as they did afterwards. All we can imagine is, that the Phoenix being much out of the way, with fields and country roads in the interval between court and city, and the performances taking place in the day time, the company probably consisted of the richer orders, the poorer being occupied in their labours. The court and the rich citizens went on horseback; the Duke of Buckingham in his newly-invented sedan. In the time of the Puritans we may fancy the visitors stealing in, as they would into a gambling house.

The era of the Restoration, or second era of the Stuarts, is that of the popularity of Ben Jonson's and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, compared with Shakespeare's, though Davenant tried hard to revive him; of the plays of Dryden, Lee, and Otway; and finally of the rise of comedy, strictly so called, in those of Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, and Vanbrugh. All these writers had to do with Drury lane theatre, some of them almost exclusively. Nineteen out of Dryden's twenty-seven plays were produced there; seven out of Lee's eleven; all the good ones of Wycherly (that is to say, all except the 'Gentleman Dancing-Master'); two of Congreve's (the 'Old Bachelor' and 'Double Dealer'), and all Farquhar's, except the 'Beaux's Stratagem.' Otway's best pieces came out at the Duke's theatre; and Vanbrugh's in the Haymarket.* This may be called the second era of Drury lane, or rather the second and third; the former, which is Dryden's and Lee's, having for its principal performers, Hart, Mohun, Lacy, Goodman, Nell Gwynn, and others; the latter, which was that of Congreve and Farquhar, presenting us with Cibber, Wilks, Booth, Mrs Barry, and Mrs Bracegirdle. The two, taken together, began with the Restoration, and ended with George II.

* See Baker, *passim*.

Sir Richard Steele and the sentimental comedy came in at the close of the third era, and may be said to constitute the fourth; which in his person did not last long. Steele, admirable as an essayist, and occasionally as humorous as any dramatist in a scene or two, was hampered in his plays by the new moral ambition now coming up, which induced him to show, not so much what people are, as his notions of what they ought to be. This has never been held a legitimate business of the stage, which, in fact, is nothing else than what its favourite metaphor declares it, a glass of men and manners, in which they are to see themselves as they actually exist. It is the essence of the wit and dialogue of society brought into a focus. Steele was manager of Drury lane theatre, and made as bad a one as improvidence and animal spirits could produce.

The sentimental comedy continued into the next or fifth Drury lane era, which was that of Garrick, famous for his great reputation as an actor, and for his triumphant revival of Shakespeare's plays, which have increased in popularity ever since. Not that he revived them in the strictest sense of the word; for the attempt was making when he came to town, but he hastened and exalted the success of it.

The last era before the present one was that of Sheridan, who, though he began with Covent garden, produced four out of his seven pieces at this theatre; where he showed himself a far better dramatist, and a still worse manager than Steele.

We shall now endeavour to possess our readers with such a sense of these different periods, as may enable them to "live o'er each scene" not indeed of the plays, but of the general epochs of old Drury; to go into the green-room with Hart and Nell Gwynn; to see Mrs Oldfield swim on the stage as Lady Betty Modish; to revive the electrical shock of Garrick's leap upon it, as the lively Lothario;—in short, to be his grandfather and great-grandfather before him, and make one of the successive generations of play-goers, now in his peruke *à la Charles II*, and now in his Ramillie wig, or the bobs of Hogarth. Did we introduce him to all this ourselves, we should speak with less confidence; but we have a succession of play-goers for his acquaintance, who shall make him doubt whether he really is or is not his own ancestor, so surely shall they place him beside them in the pit.

And first for the immortal and most play-going Pepys. To the society of this jolliest of government officers, we shall consign our reader and ourselves during the reign of Charles II, and if we are not all three equally intimate with old Drury at that time, there is no faith in good company. By old Drury, we understand both the theatres; the Cockpit or Phoenix, and the new one built by Killigrew, which took the title of "King's Theatre." There was a cockpit at Whitehall, or court theatre, to which Pepys occasionally alludes; but after trying in vain to draw a line between such of his memorandums as might be retained and omitted, we here give up the task as undecidable, the whole harmonizing in one mass of theatrical gossip, and making us acquainted collaterally, even with what he is not speaking of. We have met, indeed, retained everything, but we have almost.

We saw, therefore, pass Drury House, proceed up the lane by my Lord Cavendish's garden, and turn into Russell street amongst a throng of cavaliers in

flowing dolks, and ladies with curls *à la Folliage*. Some of them are in masks, but others have not put theirs on. We shall see them masquing as the house grows full. It is early in the afternoon. There press a crowd of gallants, who have already got enough wine. Here, as fast as the lumbering coaches of that period can do it, dashes up to the door my lord Duke of Buckingham, bringing with him Buckhurst and Sedley. There comes a greater, though at that time a humbler man, to wit, John Dryden, in a coat of plain druggat, which by and by his fame converted into black velvet. He is a somewhat short and stout man, with a roundish dimpled face and a sparkling eye; and, if scandal says true, by his side is "Madam" Reeves, a beautiful actress; for the ladies of the stage were so intitled at that time. Horses and coaches throng the place, with here and there a sedan; and by the pulling off of hats, we find that the king and his brother James are arrived. The former nods to his people as if he anticipated their mutual enjoyment of the play; the latter affects a graciousness to match, but does not do it very well. As soon as the king passes in, there is a squeeze and a scuffle; and some blood is drawn, and more oaths uttered, from which we hasten to escape. Another scuffle is silenced on the king's entrance, which also makes the gods quiet, otherwise at no period were they so loud. The house is not very large, nor very well appointed. Most of the ladies masque themselves in the pit and boxes, and all parties prepare for a play that shall render it proper for the remainder to do so. The king applauds a new French tune played by the musicians. Gallants, not very sober, are bowing on all sides of us to ladies not very nice; or talking to the orange girls, who are ranged in front of the pit with their backs to the stage. We hear criticisms on the last new piece, on the latest panegyric, libel, or new mode. Our friend Pepys listens and looks everywhere, tells all who is who, or asks it; and his neighbours think him a most agreeable fat little gentleman. The curtain rises: enter Mistress Marshall, a pretty woman, and speaks a prologue which makes all the ladies hurry on their masks, and convulses the house with laughter. Mr Pepys "do own" that he cannot help laughing too, and calls the actress "a merry jade;" "but, lord!" he says, "to see the difference of the times, and but two years gone." And then he utters something between a sigh and a chuckle, at the recollection of his Presbyterian breeding, compared with the jollity of his expectations.

But let us hear our friend's memorandums:—

"20th (September 1662). To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. [The gods certainly had not made Pepys poetical, except on the substantial side of things.]

"5th (January 1662-3). To the Cockpit, where we saw 'Cassiopeia,' a poor play, done by the King's house; but neither the king nor queen were there, but only the duke and duchesse.

"23rd (February, 1662-3). We took coach and to court, and there we saw 'The Wild Gallant,' performed by the King's house, but it was ill acted. The king did not seem pleased at all, the whole play, nor any body else. My Lady Castlemaine was all worth seeing to-night, and little Steward. [This is Miss, or as the designation then was, Mrs Stewart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. 'The Wild Gallant' was Dryden's first play, and was performed

by Lady Castlemaine, afterwards not less notorious as Duchess of Cleveland. Miss Stewart and she were rivals.]

"1st (February 1663-4). To the King's Theatre, and there saw the 'Indian Queen' acted (by Sir Robert Howard and Dryden); which indeed is a most pleasant show, and beyond my expectation the play good, but spoiled with the rhyme, which breaks the sense. But above my expectation most, the eldest Marshall did do her part most excellently well as I have heard a woman in my life; but her voice is not so sweet as Ianthé's: but, however, we come home mightily contented.

"1st (January 1664). To the King's house, and saw 'The Silent Woman' (Ben Jonson's); but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise, and all the house in a disorder.

"2nd (August 1664). To the King's play house, and there saw 'Bartholomew Fayre' (Ben Jonson's), which do still please me; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe. I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a nursery; that is, is going to build a house in Moorfields, wherein we will have common plays acted. But four operas it shall have in the year, to act six weeks at a time: where we shall have the best scenes and machines, the best musique, and every thing as magnificent as in Christendome, and to that end hath sent for voices and painters, and other persons from Italy.

"4th (August, 1664). To play at the King's house, 'The Rivall Ladies' (Dryden's), a very innocent and most pretty witty play. I was much pleased with it, and it being given me, I look upon it as no breach of my oath. [Pepys means that he had made a vow not to spend money on theatres, but that he was now treated to a play.] Here we hear that Clun, one of their best actors, was, the last night, going out of town after he had acted the Alchymist (wherein was one of his best parts that he acts), to his country house, set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow. It seems most cruelly butchered and bound. The house will have a great miss of him. [Clun's body was found at Kentish Town in a ditch. Pepys went to see the place].

"11th (October, 1664). Luellin tells me what an obscene loose play this 'Parson's Wedding' is, (by Tom Killigrew), that is acted by nothing but women at the King's house.

"14th (January, 1664-5). To the King's house, there to see Vulpone, a most excellent play (Ben Jonson's); the best I think, I ever saw, and well acted.

"19th (March, 1666). After dinner we walked to the King's play-house, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage, and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden leg, there a ruff, here a hobby horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself to see with laughing; and particularly Lacy's wardrobe and Shottrell's. But then again to think how fine they show on the stage by candle-light, and how poor things they are to look at too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty."

"7th (December 1666). To the King's play-house, where two acts were almost done when I come in; and there I sat with my cloak about my face, and saw the remainder of 'The Mayd's Tragedy'; a good play, and well acted, especially by the younger Marshall, who is become a pretty good actor; and is the first play I have seen in either of the houses, since before the great plague, they having noted now about fourteen days publicly. But I was in mighty pain, lest I should be seen by any-

body to be at play. [The plague seems to have made it an indecorum to resume visits to the theatre very speedily. Pepys had been educated among the Commonwealth-men, for whom he never seems to have got rid of a respect. The contrast aggravated his festivity.]

"8th (December 1666). To the King's play-house, and there did see a good part of 'The English Monsieur' (by James Howard), which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but above all, little Nelly. [Nell Gwynn, not long entered upon the stage].

"27th (December 1666). By coach to the King's play-house, and there saw 'The Scornful Lady' (Beaumont and Fletcher), well acted; Doll Common doing Abigail most excellently, and Knipp the widow very well (and will be an excellent actor, I think). In other parts the play not so well done as need be by the old actors.

"3rd (January 1666-7). Alone to the King's house, and there saw 'The Custome of the Country' (Beaumont and Fletcher's), the second time of its being acted, wherein Knipp does the widow well; but of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst, having neither plot, language, nor anything on the earth that is acceptable; only Knipp sings a song admirably. [Mistress Knipp was a particular acquaintance of our friend's.]

"23rd (January 1666-7). To the King's house, and there saw the 'Humourous Lieutenant' (Beaumont and Fletcher's), a silly play, I think; only the spirit in it that grows very tall, and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one, and then Knipp's singing did please us. Here in a box above we spied Mrs Pierce; and going out they called us, and so we staid for them; and Knipp took us all in and brought us to Nelly (Nell Gwynn), a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Celia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs Ball, which is my little Roman-nose black girl, that is mighty pretty; she is usually called Betty. Knipp made us stay in the box, and see the dancing preparatory to to-morrow for the 'Goblins,' a play of Suckling's, not acted these twenty years; which was pretty.

"5th (February 1666-7). To the King's house to see 'The Chances' (Beaumont and Fletcher's). A good play I find it, and the actors most good in it. And pretty to hear Knipp sing in the play very properly, 'All night I weep;' and sung it admirably. The whole play pleases me well: and most of all, the sight of many fine ladies; among others, my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs Middleton: the latter of the two hath also a very excellent face and body, I think. And so home in the dark over the ruins with a link. [The ruins are those of the city, occasioned by the fire. Mr Pepys lived in Creed lane, where the Navy Office then was, in which he had an appointment].

"18th (February 1666-7). To the King's house, to 'The Mayd's Tragedy' (Beaumont and Fletcher's); but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse, he being a stranger. And one of the ladies would and did sit with her mask on all the play, and being exceeding witty as ever I heard a woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him mighty inoffensively, that more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty. [This is the famous wit and man of pleasure. We have him before us, as if we were present, together with a curious specimen of the manners of these

times. The pit, though subject to violent scuffles, greatly occasioned by the wearing of swords, seems to have contained as good company as the opera pit does now].

"2nd (March 1666-7). After dinner with my wife to the King's house to see 'The Mayden Queene,' a new play of Dryden's, mighty commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit: and the truth is, there is a comical part, played by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallante; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

"25th (March 1666-7). To the King's play-house, and by and by comes Mr Lowther and his wife and mine, and into a box, forsooth, neither of them being dressed, which I was almost ashamed of. Sir W. Pen and I in the pit, and here saw the 'Mayden Queene' again; which, indeed, the more I see the more I like, and is an excellent play, and so done by Nell her merry part, as cannot be better done in nature.

"9th (April 1667). To the King's house, and there saw the 'Taming of the Shrew,' which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally is but a mean play; and the best part, 'Sawny,' done by Lacy; and hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me. [This was one of the *rifacimentos* of Shakspeare, by which he was to be rendered palatable.]

"15th (April 1667). To the King's house by chance, where a new play: so full as I never saw it; I forced to stand all the while close to the very door till I took cold, and many people went away for want of room. The King and Queene and Duke of York and Duchesse there, and all the court, and Sir W. Coventry. The play called 'The Change of Crownes;' a play of Ned Howard's, the best that I ever saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country gentlemen come up to court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about the selling of places, and doing everything for money. The play took very much.

"16th (April 1667). Knipp tells me the King was so angry at the liberty taken by Lacy's part to abuse him to his face, that he commanded they should act no more, till Moone (Mohun) went and got leave for them to act again, but not in this play. The King mighty angry; and it was bitter indeed, but very fine and witty. I never was more taken with a play than I am with this 'Silent Woman' (Ben Jonson's) as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. [Ned Howard, the author of 'The Change of Crownes,' was one of the sons of the Earl of Berkshire, and though of a family who helped to bring in the king, was probably connected with the Presbyterians, and disgusted, like many of the royalists on that side, by the disappointments they had experienced in church and state. Dryden, who married one of his sisters, was of a Presbyterian stock. Ned, however, who afterwards became the butt of the wits, was not very nice, and might have 'committed himself,' as the modern phrase is, in his mode of conducting his satire].

"20th (April 1667). Met Mr Rolt, who tells me the reason of no play to-day at the King's house, —that Lacy had been committed to the porter's lodge, for his acting his part in the late new play; and being thence released to come to the King's house, he there met with Ned Howard, the poet of the play, who congratulated his release; upon which Lacy cursed him, as that it was the fault of his nonsensical play that was the cause of his ill usage. Mr Howard did give him some reply, to which Lacy answered him that he was more a fool than a poet;

upon which Howard did give him a blow on the face with his glove; on which Lacy, having a cane in his hand, did give him a blow over the pate. Here Rolt and others, that discoursed of it in the pit, did wonder that Howard did not run him through, he being too mean a fellow to fight with. But Howard did not do anything but complain to the King; so the whole house is silenced: and the gentry seem to rejoice much at it, the house being become too insolent.

"1st (May 1667). Thence away to the King's playhouse, and saw 'Love in a Maze:' but a sorry play; only Lacy's clown's part, which he did most admirably indeed; and I am glad to find the rogue at liberty again. Here was but little, and that ordinary company. We sat at the upper bench, next the boxes; and I find it do pretty well, and have the advantage of seeing and hearing the great people, which may be pleasant when there is good store.

"15th (August 1667). And so we went to the King's house, and there saw 'The Merry Wives of Windsor;' which did not please me at all, in no part of it.

"17th (August 1667). To the King's playhouse, where the house extraordinary full; and there the King and Duke of York to see the new play, 'Queene Elizabeth's Troubles, and the History of Eighty-eight.' I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queene Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes; but the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever came upon stage, and, indeed, is merely a show, only shows the true garb of the Queene in those days, just as we see Queene Mary and Queene Elizabeth painted; but the play is merely a puppet play, acted by living puppets. Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things: only I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milkmaids, and to hear her sing a song to Queene Elizabeth, and to see her come out in her nightgown with no lockes on, but her bare face, and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage.

"22nd (August 1667). With my Lord Brouncker and his mistress to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Indian Emperour;' where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of; but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperour's daughter, which is a great and serious part, which she does most basely.

"14th (September 1667). To the King's playhouse, to see 'The Northerne Castle,' (quære *Lasse*, by Richard Brome?) which I think I never did see before. Knipp acted in it, and did her part very extraordinary well; but the play is but a mean, sorry play.

"—, my wife, and Mercer, and I, away to the King's playhouse, to see 'The Scornful Lady' (Beaumont and Fletcher's), but it being now three o'clock, there was not one soul in the pit; whereupon, for shame, we could not go in; but against our wills, went all to see 'Tu Quoque' again (by John Cooke), where there was pretty store of company. Here we saw Madame Morland, who is grown mighty fat, but is very comely. Thence to the King's house, upon a wager of mine with my wife, that there would be no acting there to-day, there being no company: so I went in and found a pretty good company there, and saw their dance at the end of the play. [There is a confusion in the memorandum under this date.]

"20th (September 1667). By coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Mad Couple' (by Richard Brome), my wife having been at the same play with Jane in the 18d. seat.

"25th (September 1667). I to the King's playhouse, my eyes being so bad since last night's straining of them, that I am hardly able to see, besides the pain that I have in them. The play was a new play; and infinitely full; the King and all the court almost there. It is 'The Storme,' a play of Fletcher's; which is but so-so, methinks; only there is a most admirable dance at the end, of the ladies,

in a military manner, which indeed did please me mightily.

"5th (October 1667). To the King's house; and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms; and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit; and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of 'Flora's Figarys,' which was acted to-day. But, lord! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loath them, and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk. And how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said now-a-days to have generally most company, as having better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

"19th (October 1667). Full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, 'The Black Prince,' the first time it is acted; where, though we came by two o'clock, yet there was no room in the pit, but were forced to go into one of the upper boxes at 4s. a-piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box came by and by, behind me, my Lord Berkeley and his lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat. And this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York there. The whole house was mightily pleased all along till the reading of a letter, which was so long and so unnecessary, that they frequently began to laugh, and to hiss twenty times, that had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage.

"23rd (October 1667). To the King's playhouse, and saw 'The Black Prince;' which is now mightily bettered by that long letter being printed, and so delivered to everybody at their going in, and some short reference made to it in the play. [This is in the style of what Buckingham called "insinuating the plot into the boxes."]

"1st (November 1667). To the King's playhouse, and there saw a silly play and an old one, 'The Taming of the Shrew.'

"2nd (November 1667). To the King's playhouse, and there saw 'Henry the Fourth;' and, contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaff's speech about 'What is honour?' The house full of parliament-men, it being holyday with them: and it was observable how a gentleman of good habit sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Moll did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again.

"26th (December 1667). With my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Surprizall' (by Sir Robert Howard, brother of Ned); which did not please me to-day, the actors not pleasing me; and especially Nell's acting of a serious part, which she spoils.

"28th (December 1667). To the King's house, and there saw 'The Mad Couple,' which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially her's, which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as, the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and, in a mad part, do beyond all imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought on the stage; the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child, and carried it away off of the stage from Hart. Many fine faces here to-day.

"7th (January 1667-8). To the Nursery [qy. in

Barbican, for children performers?] but the house did not act to-day; and so I to the other two playhouses, into the pit to gaze up and down, and there did, by this means, for nothing, see an act in 'The Schoole of Compliments' at the Duke of York's house, and 'Henry the Fourth' at the King's house; but not liking either of the plays, I took my coach again, and home. [It would here seem, that a man who did not choose to pay for a seat, might witness a play for nothing.]

"11th (January 1667-8). To the King's house, to see 'The Wilde-Goose Chase' (Beaumont and Fletcher's). In this play I met with nothing extraordinary at all, but very dull inventions and designs. Knipp came and sat by us, and her talk pleased me a little, she telling me how Miss Davies is for certain going away from the Duke's house, the King being in love with her; and a house is taken for her, and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already worth 600*l*: that the King did send several times for Nelly, and she was with him; and I am sorry for it, and can hope for no good to the state from having a prince so devoted to his pleasure. She told me also of a play shortly coming upon the stage, of Sir Charles Sedley's, which, she thinks, will be called 'The Wandering Ladys,' a comedy that she thinks will be most pleasant; and also another play called 'The Duke of Lorane;' besides 'Cataline,' which she thinks, for want of the clothes which the King promised them, will not be acted for a good while.

"20th (February 1667-8). Dined, and by one o'clock to the King's house: a new play, 'The Duke of Lerma,' of Sir Robert Howard's: where the King and court was; and Knipp and Nell spoke the prologue most excellently, especially Knipp, who spoke beyond any creature I ever heard. The play designed to reproach our King with his mistresses, that I was troubled for it, and expected it should be interrupted; but it ended all well; which salved me.

"27th (February 1667-8). With my wife to the King's house, to see 'The Virgin Martyr' (by Massinger) the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the world, was the wind-musique when the angel comes down; which is so sweet that it ravished me, and, indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musique hath that real command over the soul of a man, as this did upon me; and makes me resolve to practice wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like. [Pepys's use of the word "sick," and his resolution to make his wife practise the hautboy, are very ludicrous. His love of music, however, is genuine. He was an amateur composer. On the 23rd Feb. 1666, he has the following memorandum: "Comes Mrs Knipp to see my wife, and I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of 'Beauty retire,' which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be."]

"6th (March 1667-8). After dinner to the King's house, and there saw part of the 'Discontented Colonel' (Sir John Suckling's 'Brennora!').

"7th (April 1668). To the King's house, and there saw 'The English Monsieur,' (sitting for privacy sake in an upper box): the play hath much mirth in it, as to that particular humour. After the play done, I down to Knipp, and did stay her undressing herself: and there saw the several players men and women, go by; and pretty to see how strange they are all, one to another, after the play is done. Here I hear Sir W. Davenant is just now dead; and so, who will succeed him in the mastership of the house is not yet known. The eldest

Davenport, is, it seems, gone from this house to be kept by somebody; which I am glad of, she being a very bad actor. Mrs Knipp tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is mighty in love with Hart of their house, and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him and do give him many presents; and that the thing is most certain, and Beck Marshall only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together: which is a very odd thing; and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs Davies.

"28th (April 1668). To the King's house, and there did see 'Love in a Maze,' (the author is not mentioned in Baker); wherein very good mirth of Lacy the clown, and Wintershell, the country-knight, his master.

"May 1st (1668). To the King's playhouse, and there saw the 'Surprizall;' and a disorder in the pit by its raining in from the cupola at top.

"7th (May 1668). To the King's house; where going in for Knipp, the play being done, I did see Beck Marshall come dressed off of the stage, and look mighty fine, and pretty and noble; and also Nell in her boy's clothes mighty pretty. But, lord! their confidence, and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off the stage, and how confident they are in their talk. Here was also Haynes, the incomparable dancer of the King's house.

"16th (May 1668). To the King's playhouse, and there saw the best part of 'The Sea Voyage' (Beaumont and Fletcher), where Knipp did her part of sorrow very well.

"18th (May 1668). It being almost twelve o'clock, or little more, to the King's playhouse, where the doors were not then open; but presently they did open, and we in, and find many people already come in by private ways into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sedley's new play so long expected, 'The Mulberry Garden,' of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world do expect great matters. I having sat here a while and eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern (Will's, in Russell street), and there got half a breast of mutton off the spit, and dined all alone. And so to the playhouse again, where the King and Queen by and by come, and all the court, and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it come, though there was here and there a pretty saying, and that not very many neither, yet the whole of the play had nothing extraordinary in it at all, neither of language nor design; insomuch that the King I did not see laugh nor pleased from the beginning to the end, nor the company; insomuch that I have not been less pleased at a new play in my life, I think.

"30th (May 1668). To the King's playhouse, and there saw 'Philaster;' where it is pretty to see how I could remember almost all along, ever since I was a boy, Arathusa, the part which I was to have acted at Sir Robert Cooke's; and it was very pleasant to me, but more to think what a ridiculous thing it would have been for me to have acted a beautiful woman.

"22nd (June 1668). To the King's playhouse, and saw an act or two of the new play, 'Evening Love' again, (Dryden's) but like it not.

"11th (July 1668). To the King's playhouse, to see an old play of Shirley's, called 'Hyde Parke,' the first day acted; where horses are brought upon the stage: but it is but a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoken by Beck Marshall.

"31st (July 1668). To the King's house, to see the first day of Lacy's 'Monsieur Bagou,' now new acted. The King and court all there, and mighty merry, a farce.

"15th (September 1668). To the King's playhouse to see a new play, acted but yesterday, a translation out of French by Dryden, called 'The Ladies à la Mode,' [probably the 'Precieuses,' but not translated by Dryden]: so mean a thing as when they came to say it would be acted again tomorrow, both he that said it (Beeson) and the pit fell a-laughing.

"10th (September 1668). To the King's playhouse, and there saw the 'Silent Woman;' the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote: and sitting by Shadwell the poet, he was big with admiration of it. Here was my Lord Brouncker and W. Pen and their ladies in the box, being grown mighty kind of a sudden; but, God knows, it will last but a little while, I dare swear. Knipp did her part mighty well.

"28th (September 1668). To the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The City Match,' (by Jasper Maine) not acted these thirty years, and but a silly play: the King and court there; the house, for the women's sake, mighty full.

"14th (October 1668). To the King's playhouse and there saw 'The Faithful Shepherdess,' (Fletcher's) that I might hear the French eunuch sing; which I did to my great content; though I do admire his actions as much as his acting, being both beyond all I ever saw or heard.

"December 2nd (1668). So she (Mrs Pepys) and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Usurper;' a pretty good play in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. [The Usurper was by Ned Howard, who seems to have wished to show how impartial he could be.]

19th (December 1678). My wife and I by hackney to the King's playhouse, and there, the pit being full, sat in the box above, and saw 'Cataline's Conspiracy' (Ben Jonson's), yesterday being the first day: a play of much good sense and words to read, but that do appear the worst upon the stage, I mean the least diverting, that ever I saw any, though most fine in clothes; and a fine scene of the senate and of a fight as ever I saw in my life. We sat next to Betty Hall, that did belong to this house, and was Sir Philip Howard's mistress; a mighty pretty wench.

"7th (January 1668-9). My wife and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Island Princess' (Beaumont and Fletcher's), the first time I ever saw it; and it is a pretty good play, many good things being in it, and a good scene of a town on fire. We sat in an upper box, and the merry jade Nell came in and sat in the next box; a bold slut, who lay laughing there upon people, and with a comrade of her's, of the Duke's house, that came to see the play.

"11th (January 1668-9). Abroad with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Jovial Crew' (by Richard Brome), ill acted to what it was in Clun's time, and when Lacy could dance.

"19th (January 1668-9). To the King's house to see 'Horace' (translated from Corneille by Charles Cotton); this is the third day of its acting; a silly tragedy; but Lacy hath made a farce of several dances—between each act one: but his words are but silly, and invention not extraordinary as to the dances. [Pepys adds, with seeming approbation, an instance of satire on the Dutch, too gross to extract, and highly disgraceful to that age of "fine ladies and gentlemen."]

"2nd (February 1668-9). To dinner at noon, where I find Mr Sheres; and there made a short dinner, and carried him with me to the King's playhouse, where 'The Maypole,' notwithstanding Kynaston's being beaten, is acted: and they say the King is very angry with Sir Charles Sedley for his being beaten, but he do deny it. But his part is done by Beeson, who is fain to read it out of a book all the while, and thereby spoils the part, and almost the play, it being one of the best parts in it: and though the design is, in the first conception of it pretty good, yet it is but an indifferent play; wrote they say, by my Lord Newcastle. But it was pleasant to see Beeson come in with others, supposing it to be dark, and yet forced to send his part by the light of the candles; and this I observing to a gentleman, that sat by me, he was mightily pleased therewith and spread it up and down. But that that pleased me most in the play, is the first song that Knipp sings (she sings three or four); and

indeed it was very finely sung, so as to make the whole house clap her.

6th (February 1668-9). To the King's playhouse, and there in an upper box (where come in Colonel Paynton and Doll Stacey, who is very fine, and by her wedding-ring I suppose he hath married her at last), did see the 'Moor of Venice:' but ill acted in most parts, Moon (which did a little surprise me) not acting Iago's part by much so well as Clun used to do; nor another Hart's, which was Cassio's; nor indeed Burt doing the Moor's so well as I once thought he did.

9th (February, 1668-9). To the King's playhouse, and there saw the 'Island Princess,' which I like mighty well as an excellent play; and here we find Kynaston to be well enough to act again; which he do very well, after his beating by Sir Charles Sedley's appointment. [Kynaston is generally supposed to have been taken for Sedley, and beaten for some offence of the baronet's. He affected to be Sedley's double.]

20th (February 1668-9). To the King's playhouse, and saw the 'Faithful Shepherdess.' But, lord! what an empty house, these not being, as I could see the people, so many as to make up above 100, in the whole house! But I plainly discern the music is the better, by how much the house the emptier." [The same thing was said by the great Handel, to console himself once, when he found a sparse audience.]

Of the performers mentioned in this curious theatrical gossip, one of them, Hart, had been a captain in the civil wars; another, Mohun, a major; and there was a third a quarter-master; all on the royal side. Hart and Mohun were old actors, when Betterton was young; and they lived to see him reckoned superior to either. The two were accustomed to act together, Hart generally in the superior character, as Brutus to the other's Cassius; and both, like Betterton, acted in comedy as well as tragedy. They performed, for instance, Manly and Horner in 'The Country Wife,' and there appears to have been less distinction in their styles of acting than is customary. If Hart shone in the Dominant of Sir Bopling Flutter, Mohun was highly applauded in Beaumont's 'Valentine,' in 'Wit without Money.' Mohun, however, appears to have excelled in the more heroic parts of tragedy, as Catiline, and Hart in the mixture of gaiety with boldness, as in Hotspur and Alexander. His Alexander was particularly famous. Upon the whole, we shall conclude Mohun's to have the more artificial acting of the two, more like "the actor," in Partridge's sense of the word; but very fine nevertheless, otherwise Rochester would hardly have admired him, as he is said to have done; unless, indeed, it was out of spite to some other actor; for he was much influenced by feelings of that kind. Perhaps, however, it was out of some chance predilection. The Duke of Buckingham is said to have preferred Ben Jonson to Shakespeare, for no other reason than his having been introduced to him when a boy. The best compliment ever known to have been paid to Hart is an anecdote recorded of Betterton. Betterton acted Alexander after Hart's time; and "being at a loss," says Davies, "to recover a particular emphasis of that performance, which gave a force to some interesting situation of the part, he applied for information to the players who stood near him. At last, one of the lowest of the company repeated the line exactly in Hart's key. Betterton thanked him heartily, and put a piece of money into his hand, as a reward for so acceptable an

services." Hart had the reputation of being the first lover of Nell Gwynn, and one of the hundreds of the Dukes of Cleveland.

Goodman was another of the favoured many. He was one of the Alexanders of his time, but does not appear to have been a great actor. He was a dashing impudent fellow, who boasted of his having taken "an airing" on the road to recruit his purse. He was expelled from Cambridge for cutting and defacing the portrait of the Duke of Monmouth, chancellor of the University, but not loyal enough to his father to please Goodman. James II pardoned the loyal Highwayman, which Goodman (in Gibber's hearing) said "was doing him so particular an honour, that no man could wonder if his acknowledgment had carried him a little farther than ordinary into the interest of that prince. But as he had lately been out of luck in backing his old master, he had now no way to get home the life he was out, upon his account, but by being under the same obligations to King William."† The meaning of this is understood to be, that Goodman offered to assassinate William, in consequence of his having had a pardon from James; but the plot not succeeding, he turned king's evidence against James, in order to secure a pardon from William. This "pretty fellow" was latterly so easy in his circumstances, owing, it is supposed, to the delicate Cleveland, that he used to say he would never act Alexander the Great, but when he was certain that "his duchess" would be in the boxes to see him.

The stage in that day was certainly not behind-hand with the court; and as it had less conventional respectability in the eyes of the world, its private character was never so low. But we must do justice, and not confound even the disreputable. Poor Nell Gwynn, in a quarrel with one of the Marshalls, who reproached her with being the mistress of Lord Buckhurst, said she was mistress but of one man at a time, though she had been brought up in a bad house "to fill strong waters to the gentlemen;" whereas her rebuker, though a clergyman's daughter, was the mistress of three. This celebrated actress, who was as excellent in certain giddy parts of comedy as she was inferior in tragedy, was small of person, but very pretty, with a good-humoured face, and eyes that winked when she laughed. She is the ancestress of the ducal family of St Alban's, who are thought to have retained more of the look and complexion of Charles II, than any other of his descendants. Beauclerc, Johnson's friend, was like him; and the black complexion is still in vigour. The King recommended her to his brother with his last breath, begging him "not to let poor Nelly starve." Burnet says she was introduced to the King by Buckingham, to supplant the Duchess of Cleveland; but others tell us, he first noticed her in consequence of a hat of the circumference of a coach-wheel, in which Dryden made her deliver a prologue, as a set-off to an enormous hat of Pistol's at the other house, and which convulsed the spectators with laughter. If Nelly retained a habit of swearing, which was probably taught her when a child (and it is clear enough from Pepys that she did), the poets did not discourage her. One of her epilogues by Dryden began in the following start-

* 'Dramatic Miscellanies,' vol. III, chap. 24. Most of the above particulars respecting Hart and Nelson have been gathered from that work. There are accurately any records of them elsewhere.

† Gibber's 'Epitaph,' at supra, p. 206.

ling masses. It is intitled 'an Epitaph spoken by Mrs Ellen, when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers.'

"Hold, are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog?"

I am to rise and speak the epilogue."

The poet makes her say of herself, in the course of the lines, that she was "a harmless little devil," and that she was slatternly in her dress. Lely, painted her with a lamb under her arm. Mr Pegge discovered that Charles made her a lady of the chamber to his queen. Pennant seems to think this was only a title; but it is plain from Evelyn's Memoirs that she had apartments in Whitehall.* She died a few years after the King, at her house in Pall Mall. Nell was much libelled in her time, and among others by Sir George Etherege;† very likely out of some personal pique or rejection, for such revenges were quite compatible with the "loves" of that age.‡ But she was a general favourite, nevertheless, owing to a natural good-heartedness which no course of life could overcome. Burnet's character of her is well known. "Guin," says he, "the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court, continued, to the end of that king's life, in great favour, and was maintained at a vast expense. The Duke of Buckingham told me that when she was first brought to the King, she asked only five hundred pounds a-year; and the King refused it. But when he told me this, about four years after, he said, she had got of the King above sixty thousand pounds. She acted all persons in so lively a manner, and was such a constant diversion to the King, that even a new mistress could not drive her away. But after all he never treated her with the decencies of a mistress."§ Nell Gwynn is said to have suggested to her royal lover the building of Chelsea Hospital, and to have made him a present of the ground for it.

Upon the whole the dramatic taste during the greater part of Charles's reign was false and artificial, particularly in tragedy. Etherege produced one good comedy, the precursor of Wycherly and Congreve; but Dryden, the reigning favourite, was not as great in dramatic as he was in other writing; his heroic plays, and Lee's 'Alexander,' were admired, not so much for the beauties mixed with their absurdity, as for the improbable air they gave to a serious passion; and the favourite plays of deceased authors were those of the most equivocal writers of the time of James, not the pure and profound nature of Shakspeare and his fellows. Otway flourished, but was not thought so great as he is now; and even in Otway there is a hot bullying smack of the tavern, very different from the voluptuousness in Shakspeare. Towards the close of this reign comedy came to its height with Wycherly, who, almost as profligate in point of dialogue as any of

* "March 1st (1671). I thence walked with him through St James's Parke to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between . . . and Mrs Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and . . . standing on ye greene walke under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the King walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation." — Evelyn's 'Memoirs,' ut supra, vol. II, p. 226. It would be curious to know how Mr Evelyn conducted himself during this time.

† 'Miscellaneous Works of the Duke of Buckingham' and others, 1704, vol. I, p. 24.

‡ The verses are attributed to Etherege; but, from a Scotch rhyme in them of *trawl* and *will*, are, perhaps, not his.

§ 'History of His own Times,' Edin. 1753, vol. I, p. 387.

his contemporaries, nevertheless, hit the right vein of satire. Wycherly lived at the other end of Russell street, in Bow street, where we shall see him shortly.

We are now come to the time of Congreve, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and others; Betterton remaining. Of these, individually, we have spoken before; and therefore shall only observe that by the more serious examples of James II. and King William, the manners of the day were reforming, and those of the stage with them. We now find ourselves among audiences more composed, and witness plays less coarse, though with an abundance of double meaning and exuberantly witty. Coquetry and fashion are now the reigning stage goddesses, as mere wantonness was that of the age preceding.

Farquhar and Vanbrugh succeeded, together with Cibber, Wilkes, Booth, and latterly Steele and Mrs Oldfield. Vanbrugh does not belong to Drury lane, but Farquhar does, with the rest; and a lively place he made of it. He is Captain Farquhar, has a plume in his hat, and prodigious animal spirits, with invention at will, and great good nature. Captains abounded among the wits and adventurers of those days, down to Captains Macheath and Gibbet. Vanbrugh was a captain, Steele at one time was Captain Steele; and Mrs Oldfield's father, though the son of a vintner, became Captain Oldfield, and genteelly ran out an estate. This is still the age of genuine comedy, and the stage is worthy of it. The tragedy was proportionably bad. Booth, indeed, was a good tragic actor, but he suited the age in being declamatory. He was the hero of Addison's Cato, once the favourite tragedy of the critics, now of nobody.

Rowe was another artificial writer of tragedy, but not without a vein of feeling. It seems to have been thought in those times, as we may see by these authors, and by the tragedies of Banks and Lillo, that to be natural, an author was to be prosaic; while, if he had any pretensions to be poetical, it was his business to—

"—wake the soul by tender strokes of art."

The gradual approach, also, of this period to our own times, more critical in costume, and the pictures left to us of favourite performers in Hamlet and Hermione, dressed in wigs and hoop petticoats, render those outrages upon propriety still stranger to one's imagination. They set tragedy in a mock heroic light. Cato wore a long peruke; Alexander the Great a wig and jack-boots; and it was customary, down to Garrick's time, to dress Macbeth, and other tragic general-officers in a suit of brick-dust. "Booth enters," says Pope:—

"—Hark, the universal peal!

But has he spoken? Not a syllable.

What shook the stage and made the people stare?

Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lackered chair."

The stare was not that of ridicule, but of admiration. All this makes the comedy of that period shine out the more, as the only truth extant. Cherry, and Archer, and Sir Harry Wildair, and Sir John Brute, and my Lady Betty Medish, were like the age, and like the performers.

To return to these. Wilkes was the fine gentleman of that period. He was a friend of Farquhar's, who came to London with him from Dublin. Cibber, though he wrote a good comedy, would appear, by some accounts of him, to have been little more

on the stage than a mimic of past actors. Steele, however, has a criticism on him and Wilks, in which he speaks of them both as perfect actors in their kinds. "Wilks" he proceeds to say, "has a singular talent in representing the graces of nature; Cibber the deformity in the affectation of them. Were I a writer of plays, I should never employ either of them in parts which had not their bents this way. This is seen in the inimitable strain and run of good humour which is kept up in the character of Willdair, and in the nice and delicate abuse of understanding in that of Sir Novelty. Cibber in another light, hits exquisitely the flat civility of an affected gentleman usher, and Wilks the easy frankness of a gentleman. . . . To beseech gracefully, to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places wherein Wilks may be made to shine with the utmost beauty. To rally pleasantly, to scorn artfully, to flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what Cibber would perform with no less excellence."*

This criticism produced a letter to Steele from two inferior actors of that time, Bullock and Penkethman, who rather than not be noticed at all, were willing to be bantered. They knew it would be done good-naturedly. Accordingly the 'Tatler' says, "For the information of posterity I shall comply with this letter, and set these two great men in such a light as Sallust has his placed Cato and Cesar. Mr William Bullock and Mr William Penkethman are of the same age, profession, and sex. They both distinguish themselves in a very particular manner under the discipline of the crab-tree, with this only difference, that Mr Bullock has the more agreeable squall, and Mr Penkethman the more graceful shrug. Penkethman devours cold chick with great applause; Bullock's talent lies chiefly in asparagus. Penkethman is very dexterous at conveying himself under a table; Bullock is no less active at jumping over a stick. Mr Penkethman has a great deal of money; but Mr Bullock is the taller man."†

Off the stage, and behind the scenes, Cibber performed the part of a coxcomb of the first order. We shall not be properly acquainted with Drury lane at this period if we do not repeat his story of the wig.

This was a peruke of his, famous in the part of Sir Fopling Flutter. It was so much admired, that Cibber used to have it brought upon the stage in a sedan, and put it on publicly, to the great content of the beholders. A set of curls so applauded was the next thing to a toast; and accordingly Colonel, then Mr Brett, whom the toasts admired, could not rest till he had taken possession of it. "The first view," says Colley, "that fires the head of a young gentleman of this modish ambition, just broke loose from business, is to cut a figure (as they call it) in a side box at the play, from whence their next step is to the green-room behind the scenes, sometimes their *non ultra*. Hither, at last then, in this hopeful quest of his fortune, came this gentleman-errant, not doubting but the fickle dame, while he was thus qualified to receive her, might be tempted to fall into his lap. And though, possibly, the charms of our theatrical nymphs might have their share in drawing him thither; yet, in my observation, the most visible cause of his first coming was a more sincere passion he had conceived for a fair full-bottomed perriwig, which I then wore in my first play of the 'Fool in Fashion,' in the year 1695. For it is to be noted that the *beaux* of those days were of a quite different cast to the modern stamp, and had more of the stateliness of the peacock in their mien, than (which now seems to be their highest emulation) the pert of a lapwing. Now, whatever contempt philosophers may have for a fine perriwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world, but to

live in it, knew very well, that so material an article of dress, upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this perriwig, as your young fellows generally do for a lady of pleasure; first, by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it. But on his observing me a little surprised at the levity of his question about a fop's perriwig, he began to rally himself with so much wit and humour upon the folly of his fondness for it, that he struck me with an equal desire of granting anything, in my power, to oblige so facetious a customer. This singular beginning of our conversation, and the mutual laughs that ensued upon it, ended in an agreement to finish our bargain, that night, over a bottle."* Colonel Brett, being a man of "*bonnes fortunes*," married Savage's mother!

Mrs Oldfield made such an impression in her day, and has been noticed by so many writers, that she must have a passage to herself. She was the daughter of Captain Oldfield above-mentioned, and went to live with her aunt, who kept the Mitre tavern in St James's market. Here, we are told, Captain Farquhar, overhearing Miss Nancy read a play behind the bar, was so struck "with the proper emphasis and agreeable turn she gave to each character, that he swore the girl was cut out for the stage. As she had always expressed an inclination for that way of life, and a desire of trying her fortune in it, her mother, on this encouragement, the next time she saw Captain Vanbrugh (afterwards Sir John), who had a great respect for the family, acquainted him with Captain Farquhar's opinion, on which he desired to know whether her bent was most tragedy or comedy. Miss being called in, informed him, that her principal inclination was to the latter, having at that time gone through all Beaumont and Fletcher's comedies; and the play she was reading when Captain Farquhar dined there having been 'The Scornful Lady.' Captain Vanbrugh, shortly after, recommended her to Mr Christopher Rich, who took her into the house at the allowance of fifteen shillings per week. However, her agreeable figure and sweetness of voice soon gave her the preference, in the opinion of the whole town, to all the young actresses of that time, and the Duke of Bedford, in particular, being pleased to speak to Mr Rich in her favour, he instantly raised her to twenty shillings per week. After which her fame and salary gradually increased, till at length they both attained that height which her merit entitled her to."†

The new actress had a silver voice, a beautiful face and person, great good nature, sprightliness, and grace, and became the fine lady of the stage, in the most respectable sense of the word. She also acted heroines of the sentimental order, and had an original part in every play of Steele. But she was particularly famous in the part of Lady Betty Modish, in 'The Careless Husband.' The name explains the character. Cibber tells us, that he drew many of the strokes in it from her lively manner. "Had her birth," he says, "placed her in a higher rank of life,

she had certainly appeared, in reality, what in this play she only excellently acted, an agreeable gay woman of quality, a little too conscious of her natural attractions. I have often seen her in private societies, where women of the best rank might have borrowed some part of their behaviour, without the least diminution of their sense or dignity. And this very morning, where I am now writing, at the Bath November 11th, 1738, the same words were said of her by a lady of condition, whose better judgment of her personal merit, in that light, has emboldened me to repeat them. After her success in this character of higher life, all that nature had given her of the actress seemed to have risen to its full perfection: but the variety of her power could not be known till she was seen in a variety of characters; which, as fast as they fell to her, she equally excelled in. Authors had much more from her performance than they had reason to hope for, from what they had written for her; and none had less than another, but as their genius, in the parts they allotted her, was more or less elevated.

"In the wearing of her person she was particularly fortunate; her figure was always improving to her thirty-sixth year; but her excellence in acting was never at a stand; and the last new character she shone in (Lady Townly) was a proof that she was still able to do more, if more could have been done for her. She had one mark of good sense, rarely known in any actor of either sex but her herself. I have observed several, with promising dispositions, very desirous of instruction at their first setting out; but no sooner had they found their best account in it, than they were as desirous of being left to their own capacity, which they then thought would be disgraced by their seeming to want any farther assistance. But this was not Mrs Oldfield's way of thinking; for to the last year of her life she never undertook any part she liked, without being importunately desirous of having all the helps in it that another could possibly give her. By knowing so much herself, she found how much more there was of nature yet needful to be known.

"Yet it was a hard matter to give her any hint, that she was not able to take or improve. With all this merit, she was tractable, and less presuming in her station than several that had not half her pretensions to be troublesome. But she lost nothing by her easy conduct; she had everything she asked, which she took care should be always reasonable; because she hated as much to be grudging as deny'd a civility. Upon her extraordinary action in the 'Provoked Husband,' the managers made her a present of fifty guineas more than her agreement, which never was more than a verbal one: for they knew she was above deserting them, to engage upon any other stage; and she was conscious they would never think it their interest to give her cause of complaint. In the last two months of her illness, when she was no longer able to assist them, she declined receiving her salary, though by her agreement she was entitled to it. Upon the whole, she was, to the last scene she acted, the delight of her spectators."*

* 'Apology,' p. 256.

(To be Continued.)

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* 'Apology,' p. 303.

† Baker's 'Biographia Dramatica,' Art. Farquhar, vol. i, p. 135. 'Faithful Memoirs, &c. of Mrs Anne Oldfield,' by Egerton, p. 76.

* 'Tatler,' No. 162.

† Id. No. 166. See also No. 7.

THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS,

THEIR MEMORIES AND GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH—(Continued).

DRURY LANE, AND THE TWO THEATRES IN DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

Contents:—Mrs Oldfield.—Her singular position in society.—Not the Flavia of the Tatler.—Pope's account of her last words probably not true.—Declamatory acting.—Lively account of Garrick and Quin by Mr Cumberland.—Improvement of stage costume.—King.—Mrs Pritchard.—Mrs Clive.—Mrs Woffington.—Covent Garden.—Barry.—Contradictory characters of him by Davies and Churchill.—Macklin.—Woodward.—Pantomime.—English taste in music.—Cooke.—Rise of actors and actresses in social rank.—Improvement of the audience.—Dr Johnson at the theatre.—Churchill a great pit critic.—His Rosciad.—His picture of Mossop.—Mrs Jordan and Mr Swett.—Early recollections of a play-goer.

THIS charming actress (Mrs Oldfield) is said to have been the Flavia of 'The Tatler' (No. 212). The catch-penny writer of her memoirs equivocally speaks of it as her "vera effigies," and on his authority the assertion has been repeated. But as a Flavia mentioned in the same work (No. 239) turns out to be Miss Osborne, afterwards the wife of Bishop Atterbury (upon whom he wrote the lines on a fan, there inserted, beginning

"Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ")

and as the first Flavia is praised for her quality and the extreme simplicity of her manners (which, according to Cibber, was not exactly one of the charms of Mrs Oldfield), the supposition, we think, falls to the ground. We need have less hesitation in admitting, that Steele, who knew her well, alludes to her in another paper, under her favourite title of Lady Betty Modish. Speaking of the effects of love upon a generous temper, in refining the manners, he says, "There is Colonel Ranter, who never spoke without an oath until he saw the Lady Betty Modish; now, never gives his man an order, but it is, 'Pray, Tom, do it.' The drawers where he drinks live in perfect happiness. He asked Will at the George the other day, how he did? Where he used to say, 'Damn it, it is so;' he now 'believes there is some mistake; he must confess, he is of another opinion; but, however, he will not insist.'"* This Colonel Ranter is supposed by the commentators to have been Brigadier-General Churchill, one of the Marlborough family, who lived with Mrs Oldfield after the death of Mr Maynwaring. Steele elsewhere speaks of a 'General' (supposed to be the same) 'weeping' for her, in the character of Indiana in his 'Conscious Lovers;' upon which he said Mr Wilks observed (for he had made all the fine gentlemen tender) that the General "would fight ne'er the worse for that."

Mrs Oldfield's position in life was singular. With all her beauty and attraction, and the license of stage manners, she is understood to have attached herself but to two persons, successively, and on the footing of a wife. The first was Mr Maynwaring, a celebrated Whig writer, to whom one of the volumes of 'The Spectator' is dedicated, and by whom she had a son; and, after his death, she lived with General Churchill, by whom she had a son also. "She left," says 'The General Biography,' "the bulk of her substance to her son Maynwaring, from whose father she had received it; without neglecting, however, her other son Churchill, and her own relations."

* 'Tatler,' No. 10.

During the period of these two connexions, Mrs Oldfield appears to have been received into the first circles, where she is described as being a pattern of good behaviour; and yet the feeling of Mr Maynwaring's friends against the connexion was so strong, that she herself, though she is understood to have had a sincere affection for him, is said to have often remonstrated with him against it, as injurious to his interest. Marriage with an actress, though the example had been set by a Duke, appears in neither case to have been thought of. The feeling of society seems to have been this: "Here is a woman bred up to the stage, and passing her life upon it. It is therefore impossible she should marry a gentleman of family; and yet, as her behaviour would otherwise deserve it, and the examples of actresses are of no authority for anyone but themselves, some license may be allowed to a woman who diverts us so agreeably, who attracts the society of the wits, and is so capital a dresser. We will treat her profession with contempt, but herself with consideration." Upon these curious grounds Mrs Oldfield lived in every respect like a woman of fashion, and as she became rich (which was, perhaps, not the least of her recommendations), she was admitted into the best society, and went to court. The pretence among her visitors during both her connexions, probably was, that she was privately married; but she was too sincere to warrant the deception. The Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen of George II) asked her one day at a levee, if her marriage with General Churchill was true. "So it is said, may it please your highness, but we have not owned it yet."—"It may appear singular," says Mr Chalmers, who tells us this story, "to quote the late pious Sir James Stonhouse for anecdotes of Mrs Oldfield; yet in one of his letters we are informed, that she always went to the house in the same dress she had worn at dinner, in her visits to the houses of great people; for she was much caressed on account of her professional merit, and her connexion with Mr Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough's brother,—that she used to go to the playhouse in a chair, attended by two footmen; that she seldom spoke to any one of the actors; and was allowed a sum of money to buy her own clothes."* Mrs Oldfield's generosity was much admired in giving a pension to Savage, which he received regularly as long as she lived. This is what has given posterity a liking for her. When she died, she lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and her funeral in Westminster Abbey was attended by several noblemen, among others, as pallbearers. Mr Chalmers has repeated, with other biographers, that "at her own desire," she was elegantly dressed in her coffin; on which account, it is added, Pope introduced her in the character of Narcissa:

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke);
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead—
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

But it does not appear that there is any authority for this speech, except the poet's. A letter written to her first biographer by an attendant during her last illness, says, that "although she had no priest," she "prayed without ceasing," which does

* Letters from the Rev J. Orton and the Rev. Sir John Stonhouse, quoted in the 'General Biographical Dictionary,' vol. xxiii, p. 326.

not look like an attention to dress; but the biographer adds, that "as the nicety of dress was her delight when living, she was as nicely dressed after her decease; being, by Mrs Saunders' direction, thus laid in her coffin." The nicely here mentioned was, to be sure, "mortal fine."—"She had on," says the writer, "a very fine Brussels lace-head, a 'Holland' shift with tucker, and double ruffles of the same lace; a pair of new kid gloves, and her body wrapt up in a winding sheet."* Yet we are of Montaigne's opinion, and know not why death should be rendered more melancholy than it is. When a tomb was opened in Greece, supposed to be that of Aspasia, there was found in it a sprig of myrtle, in gold.

The next batch of players, with Garrick at their head, are Quin, Macklin, Barry, King, Woodward, Gentleman Smith, and others; with Mrs Clive, Pritchard, Cibber, and Woffington. Garrick's later contemporaries are Parsons, Dodd, Quick, the Palmers, Miss Pope, Mrs Abingdon, and others, who bring us down to Mrs Siddons, Miss Farren, &c. the commencers of our own time. Of Steele and the sentimental comedy we need say no more: Goldsmith belongs to Covent Garden; Foote to the Haymarket; and Cumberland, though an elegant writer, does not call for any particular mention in an abstract like this.

When Garrick first appeared, a declamatory grandeur prevailed in tragedy, which we conceive to have arisen in the time of Charles II. It was probably handed down by Booth; and imitated, with the usual deterioration, from Betterton, who, though a true genius and a universal one, may not have been uncorrupted by the taste of the times; not to mention that it is doubtful, till Garrick appeared, whether the art of acting was not identified with something too much of an art, and the delicacy of verses expected to partake more of recitation and musical accompaniment than we now look for. Our suspicion to this effect arises from the traditional habits of the stage, one generation handing down the manner of another, and Betterton himself having been educated in the school of those who were bred up in the recollection of Burbage and Condell. Shakespeare himself, from custom, or even from some subtlety of reason, might have approved of something of this kind; though, on the other hand, in the celebrated directions of Hamlet to the players, there appears to us a secret dissatisfaction with the most applauded actors of that time, as not being exactly what was desirable. If this notion is just, and the great poet of nature was as much advanced beyond his time in this as in other respects, he might indeed have hailed such an actor as Garrick, however hyperbolically they have been sometimes put together. The best performers whom Garrick found in possession of public applause, though some of them are described as excelling in all the varieties of passion, (as Mrs Cibber, for instance) appear to have been more or less of the old declamatory school. Quin in particular, then at the head of the profession, was an avowed declaimer, having the same notions of tragedy in the delivery, which his friend Thomson had in the composition. Posterity respects Quin, as the friend of Thomson, and laughs with him as an epicure and a sayer of bon-mots. Garrick and he ultimately became excellent friends. Of the first reception of the new style of acting introduced by Garrick, its electrical effect upon some, and the

* 'Memoirs,' p. 144.

natural hesitation of others to give up their old favourites, a lively picture has been left us by Mr Cumberland.

Speaking of himself, who was then at Westminster school, he says, "I was once or twice allowed to go, under proper convoy, to the play, where, for the first time in my life, I was treated with the sight of Garrick in the character of *Lothario*. Quin played *Horatio*; Ryan, *Altamont*; Mrs Cibber, *Calista*; and Mrs Pritchard condescended to the humble part of *Lavinia*. I enjoyed a good view of the stage from the front row of the gallery, and my attention was rivetted to the scene. I have the spectacle even now, as it were, before my eyes. Quin presented himself, upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed perriwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes; with very little variation of cadence, and in a deep, full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him. Mrs Cibber, in a key high-pitched, but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitatively, Rowe's harmonious strain, something in the manner of the improvisadores; it was so extremely wanting in contrast, that, though it did not wound the ear, it wearied it; when she had once recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one; it was like a long, old, legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, everyone of which is sung to the same tune, eternally chiming in the ear without variation or relief. Mrs Pritchard was an actress of a different cast, had more nature, and, of course, more change of tone, and variety both of action and expression: in my opinion the comparison was decidedly in her favour; but when, after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol *Altamont* and heavy-paced *Horatio*—heavens, what a transition!—it seemed as if a whole century had been swept over in the transition of a single scene; old things were done away and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation. This heaven-born actor was then struggling to emancipate his audience from the slavery they were resigned to; and though, at times, he succeeded in throwing in some gleams of new-born light upon them, yet, in general, they seemed to *love darkness better than light*, and, in the dialogue of altercation between *Horatio* and *Lothario*, bestowed far the greater *show of hands* upon the master of the old school than upon the founder of the new. I thank my stars, my feelings in those moments led me right; they were those of nature, and therefore could not err."

It is needless to add that Garrick excelled in comedy as well as tragedy, and in the lowest comedy too—in *Abel Drugger* as well as *Hamlet*. He was first at Goodman's fields; then appeared both at Covent garden and Drury lane; but in a short time settled for life at Drury lane, as actor, manager, and

* *Memoirs of Richard Cumberland, written by himself.* 4to. p. 50. Davies, in his *Life of Garrick*, vol. i. p. 136, gives us a different idea of the preference awarded by the audience. To be sure, upon his knowledge, he says only that Quin was defeated "in the opinion of the best judges;" but he adds, from report, an anecdote that looks as if the general feeling also was against him. "When *Lothario*," he says, "gave *Horatio* the challenge, Quin, instead of accepting it instantaneously, with the determined and unembarrassed brow of superior bravery, made a long pause, and dragged out the words

"I'll meet thee there!"

in such a manner as to make it appear absolutely ludicrous. He paused so long before he spoke, that somebody, it was said, called out from the gallery, 'Why don't you tell the gentleman whether you will meet him or not?'"

author. He was a sprightly dramatist, a man of wit and no doubt a generous man, though the endless matters of business in which he was concerned, and the refusals of all kinds which he must have been often forced into, got him, with many, a character for the reverse. Johnson, who did not spare him, pronounced him generous. Fine as his tragedy must have been, we suspect his comedy must have been finer; because his own nature was one of greater sprightliness than sentiment. We hear nothing serious of him throughout his life; and his face, with a great deal of acuteness, has nothing in it profound or romantic.

Garrick has the reputation of improving the stage costume: but it was Macklin that did it. The late Mr West, who was the first (in his picture of the '*Death of Wolfe*') to omit the old absurdity of putting a piece of armour instead of a waistcoat upon a general officer, told us, that he himself once asked Garrick why he did not reform the stage in that particular. Garrick said the spectators would not allow it; "they would throw a bottle at his head." Macklin, however, persevered, and the thing was done. The other, with all his nature, seems to have had a hankering after the old dresses. He had first triumphed in them, and they suited his propensity to the airy and popular. Garrick had a particular dislike to appearing in the Roman costume. Probably in this there was a consciousness of his small person. There are many engravings of him extant, in which his tragic characters are seen in coats and toupes. His appearance as *Hotspur*, in a laced frock and *Ramillie* wig, was objected to, not as being unsuitable to the time, but as "too insignificant for the character."

Of Barry, the most celebrated antagonist of Garrick, we shall speak at Covent garden. King, according to Churchill, by the force of natural impudence as well as genius, excelled in "*Brass*;" and Churchill's opinions are worth attending to, though he expresses them with vehemence and by wholesale. *Gentleman Smith* explains his character by his title. We should entertain a very high opinion of Mrs Pritchard, even had she left us nothing but the face in her portraits. She seems to have been a really great genius, equally capable of the highest and lowest parts. The fault objected to her was, that her figure was not genteel; and we can imagine this well enough in an actress who could pass from *Lady Macbeth* to *Doll Common*. She seems to have thrown herself into the arms of sincerity and passion, not, perhaps, the most refined, but as tragic and comic as need be. As Churchill says,

"Before such merits all objections fly,
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick six feet high."

Clive was an admirable comic actress, of the wilful and fantastic order, and a wit and virago in private life. She became the neighbour and intimate of Horace Walpole, and always seems to us to have been the man of the two. Mrs Woffington was an actress of all work, but of greater talents than the phrase generally implies. Davies says she was the handsomest woman that ever appeared on the stage, and that Garrick was at one time in doubt whether he should not marry her. She was famous for performing in male attire, and openly preferred the conversation of men to women,—the latter, she said, talking of "nothing but silks and scandal." She was the only woman admitted into one of the beef-steak

* *Davies's Miscellanies*, ut supra, vol. i, p. 125.

clubs, and is said to have been president of it. These humours, perhaps, though Davies praises her for feminine manners, as contrasted with her antagonist Mrs Clive, frightened Garrick out of his matrimony.

We now pass at once to Covent garden Theatre, which lies close by. Many old play-goers who are in the habit of associating the two theatres in their fancy, like twins, will be surprised to hear that the Covent garden establishment is very young, compared with her sister, being little more than a hundred years old. The old theatre was built by Rich, the harlequin, and opened in 1733, under the patent granted to the Duke's company. The Covent garden company may therefore be considered as the representatives of the old companies of Davenant and Betterton; while those at Drury lane are the successors of Killigrew, and more emphatically the King's actors. Indeed, they exclusively designate themselves as "his Majesty's servants;" and, we believe, claim some privileges on that account. Covent garden theatre was partly rebuilt in 1772, and wholly so in 1809, having undergone the usual death by conflagration. The new edifice is a structure in classical taste, by Mr Smirke, the portico being a copy from the Parthenon of Athens.

Actors have seldom been confined to any one house; and those whom we are about to mention performed at Drury lane as well as Covent garden; but as they were rivals or opponents of Garrick, and may be supposed to have made the greatest efforts when they acted on a different stage, we shall speak of them apart under the present head. The first of these is Barry, who, at one time, almost divided the favour of the town with Garrick, and in some characters is said to have excelled him, especially in love parts. How far this was owing to superiority of figure, and to a reputation for gallantry, it is impossible to say; and never were judgments more discordant than those which have been left us on the subject of Barry's merits. For instance, his character is thus summed up by Davies:

"Of all the tragic actors who have trod the English stage for these last fifty years, Mr Barry was unquestionably the most pleasing. Since Booth and Wilks, no actor had shown the public a just idea of the hero or the lover; Barry gave dignity to the one and passion to the other: in his person he was tall without awkwardness; in his countenance, handsome without effeminacy; in his uttering of passion, the language of nature alone was communicated to the feelings of an audience."

Davies proceeds to tell us, that Barry could not perform such characters as *Richard* and *Macbeth*, though he made a capital *Alexander*. "He charmed the ladies by the soft melody of his love-complaints, and the noble ardour of his courtship. There was no passion of the tender kind so truly pathetic and forcible in any actor as in Barry, except in Mrs Cibber, who, indeed, excelled in the expression of love, grief, tenderness, and jealous rage. All I ever knew. Happy it was for the frequenters of the theatre, when these two genuine children of nature united their efforts to charm an attentive audience. Mrs Cibber, indeed, might be styled the daughter or sister of Mr Garrick, but could be only the mistress or wife of Barry." Our author afterwards calls him the "*Mark Antony of the stage*," whether his amorous disposition was considered, or his love of expense. He delighted in giving magnificent

* Alluding to her performance of *Gordelia*, &c., with the one, and of *Juliet*, *Belvidera*, &c., with the other.

entertainments, and treated Mr Pelham, who once invited himself to sup with him, in a style so princely, that the minister rebuked him for it; which was not very civil. An actor has surely as much right to do absurd things as a politician.

Now, as a contrast to this romantic portrait by Davies, take the following from the severer but masterly hand of Churchill:

"In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes:
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,
Spectators, with imagined terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmur dies.
What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with every line?
Some dozen lines, before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim,—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and lo! a start.
When he appears comes most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own:
No flame from nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He raised his trophies on the base of art,
And connd his passions, as he connd his part."*

The probability, we fear, is, that Barry was one of the old artificial school, who made his way more by person than by genius. Davies, who was a better gossip than critic, though he affected literature, was an actor himself of the 'mouthing order, if we are to believe Churchill; and his criticisms show him enough inclined to lean favourably to that side.

We have spoken of Quin, who acted much at this house, in opposition to Garrick. It was here that he delivered the prologue to the memory of his friend Thomson; and affected the audience by shedding real tears.†

Macklin was celebrated in Shylock; and in some other sarcastic parts, particularly that of Sir Archy, in his comedy of 'Love à la Mode.' We take him to have been one of those actors whose performances are confined to the reflection of their own personal peculiarities. The merits of Shuter, Edwin, Quick, and others who succeeded one another as buffoons, were perhaps a good deal of this sort; but pleasant humours are rare and acceptable. Macklin was a clever satirist in his writing, and embroiled himself, not so cleverly, with a variety of his acquaintances. He foolishly attempted to run down Garrick; and once, in a sudden quarrel, poked out a man's eye with his stick, and killed him; for which he narrowly

* *The Rascal.*

† "He left behind him (Thomson) the tragedy of 'Cædianus,' which was, by the seal of his patron, Sir George Lyttleton, brought upon the stage for the benefit of his family, and recommended by a prologue, which Quin, who had long lived with Thomson in fond intimacy, spoke in such a manner as showed him 'to be,' on that occasion, 'no actor.' The commencement of this benevolence is very honourable to Quin; who is reported to have delivered Thomson, then known to him only for his genius, from an arrest, by a very considerable present; and its continuance is honourable to both; for friendship is not always the equal of obligation." *Life, by Dr Johnson, in Chalmers's Fests, p. 406.*

escaped hanging. However, he was sorry for it; and he is spoken of, by the stage historians, as kind in his private relations, and liberal of his purse. A curious specimen of his latter moments we reserve for our mention of the house where he died.

Woodward seems to have been a kind of caricature Lewis, and was a capital harlequin. But nobody in harlequins beat Rich, the manager of this theatre. His pantomimes and spectacles produced a re-action against Garrick, when nothing else could; and Covent garden ever since has been reckoned the superior house in that kind of merit—"the wit," as Mr Ludlow Holt called it, "of goods and chattels." However, a considerable degree of fancy and observation may be developed in pantomime: it is the triumph of animal spirits at Christmas, for the little children; and for the men there is occasionally some excellent satire on the times, reminding one, in its spirit, of what we read of the comic buffoonery of the ancients. Grimaldi, in his broad and fugitive sketches, often showed himself a shrewder observer than many a comic actor who can repeat only what is set down for him. Covent garden has, perhaps, been superior also in music, at least since the existence of the two houses together: for Purcell was before its time. Many of Arne's pieces came out here; and the famous Beard, a singer, as manly as his name, the delight both of public and private life, was one of the managers.

Among the Covent garden actors must not be forgotten Cooke, who came out there in Richard III. For some time he was the greatest performer of this and a few other characters. He was a new kind of Macklin, and, like him, excelled in Shylock and Sir Archy M'Saracum; a confined actor, and a wayward man, but highly impressive in what he could do. His artful villains have been found fault with for looking too artful and villainous; but men of that stamp are apt to look so. The art of hiding is a considerable one; but habit will betray it after all, and stand foremost in the countenance. They who think otherwise, are only too dull to see it. Besides, Cooke had generally to represent bald-faced, aspiring art; and to hug himself in its triumph. This he did with such a gloating countenance, as if villainy was pure luxury to him, and with such a soft inward retreating of his voice,—a wrapping up of himself, as it were, in velvet,—so different from his ordinary rough way, that sometimes one could almost have wished to abuse him.

Joha Kemble, who, like the whole respectable family of that name, contributed much to maintain the rising character of the profession, may be considered the last popular actor of the declamatory school. His sister was a far greater performer, a true theatrical genius, especially for the stately and dominant; and had a great effect in raising the character of the profession. The growth of liberal opinion is nowhere more visible than in the different estimation in which actors and actresses are now held, compared with what is was. Individuals, it is true, always made their way into society by dint of the interest they excited; but still they were upon sufferance. Anybody could insult an actor, could even beat him, without its being dreamt that he had a right to retaliate; and the most amiable and lady-like actresses were thought unfit for wives, as we have seen in the case of Mrs Oldfield. Things are now upon a different footing. Talent is allowed its just pretensions,

whether coming from author or performer; and actresses have taken such a step, in ascension, that nobility almost seems to look out for a wife among them, as in a school that will inevitably furnish it with some kind of grace and intellect. The famous Lord Peterborough, who seems to have been the first that married an actress, kept the union concealed as long as he could, and only owned it just before his death. The Duke of Bolton, who married Miss Fenton, the Polly of Gay's opera, had first had several children by her as his mistress; so that this is hardly a case in point; and the marriage of Beard, the singer, with a lady of the Waldegrave family, though he was one of the most excellent of men, was looked upon as such a degradation, that they have contrived to omit the circumstance in the peerage-books to this day! Martin Folkes's marriage with Mrs Bradshaw probably made the world consider the case a little more rationally, as he was a clever man; but Lord Derby's marriage with Miss Farren, who was eminently the gentlewoman, as well as of spotless character, seems to have been the first that rendered such unions compatible with public opinion. Lord Craven's with Miss Brunton followed, though at a considerable interval; and since that time, the town are so far from being surprised at the marriages of actresses with people of rank or fashion, that they seem to look for them. Lord Thurlow, not long afterwards, married Miss Bolton; another noble lord was lately the husband of an eminent singer; and several other favourites of the town, Miss Tree, Miss O'Neill, &c. have become the wives of men of fortune. We remember even a dancer, Miss Searle, (but she was of great elegance, and had an air of delicate self-possession) who married into a family of some rank.*

The whole entertainment of a theatre has been rising in point of accommodation and propriety for these last fifty years. The scenery is better, the music better,—we mean the orchestra,—and, last, not least, the audiences are better. They are better behaved. Garrick put an end to one great nuisance,—the occupation, by the audience, of part of the stage. Till his time, people often sat about a stage as at the sides of a room, and the actor had to make his way among them, sometimes with the chance of being insulted; and scuffles took place among themselves. Dr Johnson, at Lichfield, is said to have pushed a man into the orchestra who had taken possession of his chair. The pit, also, from about Garrick's time, seems to have left to the galleries the vulgarity attributed to it by Pope. There still remains, says he,—

—"to mortify a wit,

The many-headed monster of the pit,
A senseless, worthless, and unhonoured crowd,
Who, to disturb their better mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the fave, the bear, or the black-joke."

This would now be hardly a fair description of the galleries; and yet modern audiences are not reckoned to be of quite so high a cast as they used, in point of rank and wealth; so that this is another evidence of the general improvement of manners. Boswell, in an ebullition of vivacity, while sitting one night in the pit by his friend Dr Blair, gave an extempore imitation of a cow! The house applauded, and he ventured upon some attempts of the same

*The names of actresses may be named with observing that the names of all the stage ladies of quality terminate with an N;—Fenton, Farren, Brunton, and Nelson.

kind which did not succeed. Blair advised him in future "to stick to the cow." No gentleman now-a-days would think of a freak like this. There is one thing, however, in which the pit have much to amend. Their destitution of gallantry is extraordinary, especially for a body so ready to accept the "clap-traps" of the stage, in praise of their "manly hearts," and their guardianship of the fair. Nothing is more common than to see women standing at the sides of the pit benches, while no one thinks of offering them a seat. Room even is not made, though it often might be. Nay, we have heard women rebuked for coming without securing a seat, while the reprover complimented himself on his better wisdom, and the hearers laughed. On the other hand, a considerate gentleman one night, who went out to stretch his legs, told a lady in our hearing that she might occupy his seat "till he returned."

A friend of ours knew a lady who remembered Dr Johnson in the pit, taking snuff out of his waistcoat pocket. He used to go into the green-room to his friend Garrick, till he honestly confessed that the actresses excited too much of his admiration. Garrick did not much like to be seen by him, when playing any buffoonery. It is said that the actor once complained to his friend that he talked too loud in the stage box, and interrupted his feelings: upon which "the Doctor said, "Feelings! Punch has no feelings." It was Johnson's opinion (speaking of a common cant of critics), that an actor who really "took himself" for Richard III, deserved to be hanged; and it is easy enough to agree with him; except that an actor who did so would be out of his senses. Too great a sensibility seems almost as hurtful to acting as too little. It would soon wear out the performer. There must be a quickness of conception, sufficient to seize the truth of the character, with a coolness of judgment to take all advantages; but as the actor is to represent as well as conceive, and to be the character in his own person, he could not with impunity give way to his emotions in any degree equal to what the spectators suppose. At least, if he did, he would fall into fits, or run his head against the wall. As to the amount of talent requisite to make a great actor, we must not enter upon a discussion which would lead us too far from our main object; but we shall merely express our opinion, that there is a great deal more of it among the community than they are aware.

Goldsmith was a frequenter of the theatre; Fielding and Smollett, Sterne, but particularly Churchill. "His observatory," says Davies, "was generally the first row of the pit, next the orchestra." His 'Rosciad,' a criticism on the most known performers of the day, made a great sensation among a body of persons who, as they are in the habit of receiving applause to their faces, and in the most victorious manner, may be allowed a greater stock of self-love than most people;—a circumstance which renders an unexacting member of their profession doubly delightful. "The writer," says Davies, "very warmly, as well as justly, celebrated the various and peculiar excellences of, Mrs Pritchard, Mrs Cibber, and Clive; but no one has, except Garrick, escaped his satirical lash." Poor Davies is glad to say this, because of the well-known passage in which he himself is mentioned:—

"With him came mighty Davies! On my life
That Davies hath a very pretty wife."

We will make one more quotation from this poem,

because it describes a class of actors, who are now extinct, and who carried the artificial school to its height:—

"Mossop, attached to military plan,
Still kept his eye fixed on his right-hand man.
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right hand labours and the left lies still;
For he resolved on scripture grounds to go,
What the right hand doth, the left hand shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungraced, like lackeys, wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join,
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll;
Hx, shx, it, and wx, yz, they, fright the soul."

Mr Barrymore (of whom we have no unpleasing recollection) had something of this manner with him, but the extreme style is now quite gone out.

The only capital performers we remember, that are now dead and gone, with the exception of two or three already mentioned, were Mrs Jordan, a charming cordial actress on the homely side of the agreeable, with a delightful voice; and Suett, who was the very personification of weak whimsicality, with a laugh like a peal of giggles. Mathews gives him to the life.

We shall conclude this chapter with some delightful play-going recollections of the best theatrical critic now living*—the best, indeed, as far as we know, that this country ever saw. He is one who does not respect criticism a jot too much, nor any of the feelings connected with humanity, or the imitation of it, too little. We here have him giving us an account of the impression made upon him by the first sight of a play, and concluding with a good hint to those older children, who, because they have cut their drums open, think nothing remains in life to be pleased with. A child may like a theatre, because he is not thoroughly acquainted with it; but if he become a wise man, he will find reason to like it, because he is.

Life always flows with a certain freshness in these quarters; nor, with all their drawbacks, have we more agreeable impressions from any neighbourhood in London, than what we receive from the district containing the great theatres. It is one of the most social and the least sordid.

"At the north end of Cross court," says Mr Lamb, "there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing office. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see my first play. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation. I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it."

"In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!—with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door—not that which is left—but between that and an inner door, in shelter—O, when shall I be

* Alas! now dead.—This passage was written before the departure of our admirable friend.

such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable playhouse accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the Theatrical fruiterer was, 'chase some oranges, chase some nonpareils, chase a bill of the play: chase pro chase. But when we got in and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to 'Troilus and Cressida,' in Rowe's 'Shakspeare,'—the tent scene with Diomedes; and a sight of that plate can always bring back, in a measure, the feeling of that evening. The boxes at that time full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters, reaching down, were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy! The orchestra lights at length arose, those 'fair Auroras!' Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again—and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old—and the play was 'Artaxerxes'!

"I had dabbled a little in the 'Universal History'—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import—but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princes, passed before me—I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has ever since visited me but in dreams. Harlequin's invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldames seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St Denys.

"The next play to which I was taken, was the 'Lady of the Manor,' of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomime called 'Lun's Ghost'—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire) Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud—the father of a line of harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patch-work, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

"My third play followed in quick succession. It was 'The Way of the World.' I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysteric affections of good Lady Wishfoot affected me like some solemn tragic passion. 'Robinson Crusoe' followed, in which Crusoe, Man Friday, and the Parrot were as good and authentic as in the story. The clownery and pantaloony of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head. I believe I no more laughed at them, than at the same age, I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape, and grin, in stone, around the inside of the old round church (my church) of the Templars.

"I saw these plays in the season of 1781-2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven years (for at school all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old Artaxerxes evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen,

than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

‘Was nourished, I could not tell how.’

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reverence was gone! The green curtain was no longer a veil drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present a ‘royal ghost,’—but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellow men who were to come forward and pretend those parts. The lights—the orchestra lights—came up, a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's bell, which had been like the note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at, which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries—of six short twelve-months—had wrought in me. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance, to me, of Mrs Siddons in *Isabella*. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and the theatre became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.” *

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

COVENT GARDEN CONTINUED AND LEICESTER SQUARE.

Contents:—Bow street once the Bond street of London.—Fashions at that time.—Infamous frolic of Sir Charles Sedley and others.—Wycherly and the Countess of Drogheda.—Tonson the bookseller.—Fielding.—Russell street.—Dryden beaten by hired ruffians in Rose street.—His presidency at Will's coffee-house.—Character of that place.—Addison and Button's coffee-house.—Pope, Phillips, and Garth.—Armstrong.—Boswell's introduction to Johnson.

Bow street was once the Bond street of London. Mrs Bracegirdle began an epilogue of Dryden's with saying—

“I've had to-day a dozen billet-doux

From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow-street beaux;

Some from Whitehall, but from the Temple more: A Covent-garden porter brought me four.”

Sir Walter Scott says, in a note on the passage, “With a slight alteration in spelling, a modern poet would have written *Bond street beaux*. A billet-doux from Bow street would now be more alarming than flattering.” †

Mrs Bracegirdle spoke this epilogue at Drury lane. There was no Covent garden theatre then. People of fashion occupied the houses in Bow street, and mantuas floated up and down the pavement. This was towards the end of the Stuarts' reign, and the beginning of the next century,—the times of Dryden, Wycherly, and the Spectator. The beau of Charles's time is well known. He wore, when in full flower, a peruke to imitate the flowing locks of youth, a Spanish hat, clothes of slashed silk or velvet, the slashes tied with ribands,—a coat resembling a vest rather than the modern coat, and silk stockings, with roses in his shoes. The Spanish was afterwards changed for the cocked hat, the flowing peruke for one more compact; the coat

began to stiffen into the modern shape, and when in full dress, the beau wore his hat under his arm. His grimaces have been described by Dryden:—

“His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow;

His sword-knot this, his cravat that designed;
And this the yard-long snake that twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gained,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
Till he, with full decorum, brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake.” *

One of these perukes would sometimes cost forty or fifty pounds. The fair sex at this time waxed and waned through all the varieties of dishabilles, hoop-petticoats, and stomachers. We must not enter upon this boundless sphere, especially as we have to treat upon it from time to time. We shall content ourselves with describing a set of lady's clothes, advertised as stolen in the year 1709, and which would appear to have belonged to a belle resolved to strike even Bow street with astonishment. They consisted of “a black silk petticoat, with a red-and-white calico border; cherry-coloured stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-coloured damask gown, flowered with large trees; a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian; muslin head-cloths, with crowfoot edging; double ruffles with fine edging; a black silk furbelowed scarf, and a spotted hood.” † It is probable, however, the lady did not wear all these colours at once.

—A tavern in Bow street, the Cock, became notorious for a frolic of Sir Charles Sedley, Lord Buckhurst, and others, frequently mentioned in the biographies, but too disgusting to be told. There was an account of it in Pepys's manuscript, but it was obliged to be omitted in the printing. Anthony à Wood found it out, and first gave it to the public. It was not commonly dissolute, there was a filthiness in it which would have been incredible if told of any other period than that of the fine gentlemen of the court of Charles. What can be repeated, has been told by Johnson in his life of Sackville, Lord Dorset.

“Sackville who was then Lord Buckhurst, with Sir Charles Sedley, and Sir Thomas Ogle, got drunk at the Cock, in Bow street, by Covent garden, and going into the balcony, exposed themselves to the company in very indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language, that the public indignation was awakened; the crowd attempted to force the door, and being repulsed, drove in the performers with stones, and broke the windows of the house. For this misdemeanour they were indicted, and Sedley was fined five hundred pounds; what was the sentence of the others is not known. Sedley employed Killegrew and another to procure a remission of the King, but (mark the friendship of the dissolute!) they begged the fine for themselves, and exacted it to the last groat.”

Opposite this tavern lived Wycherly, with his wife, the Countess of Drogheda. Charles paid him a visit there, before Wycherly knew the lady; and showed him a kindness which his marriage is said to have interrupted. The story begins and ends with Bow street, and, as far as concerns the lady, is curious.

“Mr Wycherly,” says the biographer, “happened

* In the prologue to Etheredge's play of the ‘Man of Mode,’ Id. vol. x, p. 340.

† ‘Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century,’ vol. ii, p. 317.

to, be ill of a fever at his lodgings in Bow street, Covent garden: during his sickness, the King did him the honour of a visit; when, finding his fever indeed abated, but his body extremely weakened, and his spirits miserably shattered, he commanded him to take a journey to the south of France, believing that nothing could contribute more to the restoring his former state of health than the gentle air of Montpellier during the winter season: at the same time, the King assured him, that as soon as he was able to undertake that journey, he would order five hundred pounds to be paid him to defray the expenses of it.

“Mr Wycherly accordingly went to France, and returned to England the latter end of the spring following, with his health intirely restored. The King received him with the utmost marks of esteem, and shortly after told him, he had a son, who he resolved should be educated like the son of a king, and that he could make choice of no man so proper to be his governor as Mr Wycherly; and that, for this service, he should have fifteen hundred pounds a-year allotted to him; the King also added, that when the time came that his office should cease, he would take care to make such a provision for him as should set him above the malice of the world and fortune. These were golden prospects for Mr Wycherly, but they were soon by a cross accident dashed to pieces.

“Soon after this promise of his Majesty's, Mr Dennis tells us that Mr Wycherly went down to Tunbridge, to take either the benefit of the waters or the diversions of the place, when, walking one day upon the wells-walk with his friend, Mr Fairbread, of Gray's Inn, just as he came up to the bookseller's, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came up to the bookseller and inquired for the ‘Plain Dealer.’ ‘Madam,’ says Mr Fairbread, ‘since you are for the ‘Plain Dealer,’ there he is for you,’ pushing Mr Wycherly towards her. ‘Yes,’ says Mr Wycherly, ‘this lady can bear plain-dealing, for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be a compliment to others, when said to her would be plain dealing.’ ‘No, truly, sir,’ said the lady, ‘I am not without my faults more than the rest of my sex; and yet, notwithstanding all my faults, I love plain-dealing, and am never more fond of it than when it tells me of a fault.’ ‘Then, Madam,’ says Mr Fairbread, ‘you and the plain dealer seem designed by heaven for each other.’ In short, Mr Wycherly accompanied her upon the walks, waited upon her home, visited her daily at her lodgings whilst she stayed at Tunbridge; and after she went to London, at her lodgings in Hatton garden: where, in a little time, he obtained her consent to marry her. This he did, by his father's command, without acquainting the King; for it was reasonably supposed, that the lady's having a great independent estate, and noble and powerful relations, the acquainting the King with the intended match would be the likeliest way to prevent it. As soon as the news was known at court, it was looked upon as an affront to the King, and a contempt of his Majesty's orders; and Mr Wycherly's conduct after marrying made the resentment fall heavier upon him: for being conscious he had given offence, and seldom going near the court, his absence was construed into ingratitude.

“The Countess, though a splendid wife, was not formed to make a husband happy; she was in her nature extremely jealous; and indulged in it to such a degree, that she could not endure her husband should be one moment out of her sight. Their lodgings were in Bow street, Covent garden, over against the Cock tavern, whither, if Mr Wycherly at any time went, he was obliged to leave the windows open, that his lady might see there was no woman in the company.” *

The Countess, says another writer, “made him some amends, by dying in a reasonable time.” His title to her fortune, however, was disputed, and his circumstances, though he had property, were always

* Cibber's ‘Lives of the Poets,’ vol. iii, p. 223.

* ‘Ella,’ p. 221.

† Scott's ‘Dryden,’ vol. viii, p. 178.

constrained. It is well known that he married a young woman a few days before he died, to disappaint a troublesome heir; and that in his old age he became acquainted with Pope, then a youth, who vexed him by taking him at his word, when asked to correct his poetry. Wycherly showed a candid horror at growing old, natural enough to a man who had been one of the gayest of the gay, very handsome, and a "Captain." He was captain in the regiment of which Buckingham was colonel. We have mentioned the Duchess of Cleveland's visits to him when a student in the Temple. Wycherly is the greatest of all our comic dramatists for truth of detection in what is ill, as Congreve is the greatest painter of artificial life, and Farquhar and Hoadley the best discoverers of what is pleasant and good-humoured. When the profligacy of writers like Wycherly is spoken of, we should not forget that much of it is not only confined to certain characters, but that the detection of these characters leaves an impression on the mind highly favourable to genuine morals. A modern critic, as excellent in his remarks on the drama, as the one quoted at the conclusion of our last chapter, is upon the stage, says on this point, speaking of the comedy of the 'Plain Dealer,'—"The character of Manly is violent, repulsive, and uncouth, which is a fault, though one that seems to have been intended for the sake of contrast; for the portrait of consummate artful hypocrisy in Olivia, is, perhaps, rendered more striking by it." The indignation excited against this odious and pernicious quality by the masterly exposure to which it is here subjected, is 'a discipline of humanity.' No one can read this play attentively without being the better for it as long as he lives. It penetrates to the core; it shows the immorality and hateful effects of duplicity, by shewing it fixing its harpy fangs in the heart of an honest and worthy man. It is worth ten volumes of sermons. The scenes between Manly, after his return, Olivia, Plausible, and Norel, are instructive examples of unblushing impudence, of shallow pretensions to principle, and of the most mortifying reflections on his own situation, and bitter sense of female injustice and ingratitude, on the part of Manly. The devil of hypocrisy and hardened assurance seems worked up to the highest pitch of conceivable effrontery in Olivia, when, after confiding to her cousin the story of her infamy, she, in a moment, turns round upon her for some sudden purpose, and, affecting not to know the meaning of the other's allusions to what she has just told her, reproaches her with forging insinuations to the prejudice of her character, and in violation of their friendship. 'Go! you're a censorious woman.' This is more trying to the patience than anything in the Tartuffe."

Tonson, the great bookseller of his time, had a private house in Bow street. Rowe, in an amusing parody of Horace's dialogue with Lydia, has left an account of old Jacob's visitors here, and of his style of language.

Tonson got rich, but he was penurious; and his want of generosity towards Dryden (to say the least of it) has done him no honour with posterity. It may be said that he cared little for posterity or for anything else, provided he got his money; but a man who cares for money (unless he is a pure miser) only cares for power and consideration in another shape; and no man chooses to be disliked by his fellow creatures, living, or to come. In the corre-

spondence between Tonson and Dryden, we see the usual painful picture (when the bookseller is of this description) of the tradesman taking all the advantages, and the author made to suffer for being a gentleman and a man of delicacy. This is the common, and, perhaps, the natural order of things, till society see better throughout; though there have been, and still are, some handsome exceptions, as in the instances of Dodsley, the late Mr Johnson, and others. The bookseller generally behaves well, in proportion to his intelligence; nothing being so eager to catch all petty advantages, as the consciousness of having no other ground to go upon. It may be answered that Dryden's patience with Tonson sometimes got exhausted, and he became "capacious and irritable;" and it is always to be remembered that the bookseller need not pretend to be anything more than a tradesman seeking his allowed profits; but he should not on every occasion retreat into the strong-holds of trade, and yet claim the merit of acting otherwise; and Tonson, who undertook to be the familiar friend of Rowe and Congreve, ought not to have been able to insult the man whom they both respected, because he was not so well off as they. The following passage of mingled amusement and painfulness is out of Sir Walter Scott:—

"Dryden," says Sir Walter, in his life of the poet, "seems to have been particularly affronted at a presumptuous plan of that publisher (a keen Whig, and secretary to the Kit-cat club) to drive him into inscribing the translation of 'Virgil' to King William. With this view Tonson had an especial care to make the engraver aggravate the nose of Enneas in the plates into a sufficient resemblance of the hooked promontory of the Deliverer's countenance, and foreseeing Dryden's repugnance to his favourite plan, he had recourse, it would seem, to more unjustifiable means to further it; for the poet expresses himself as convinced that, through Tonson's means, his correspondence with his sons, then at Rome, was intercepted. I suppose Jacob, having fairly laid siege to his author's conscience, had no scruple to intercept all foreign supplies, which might have confirmed him in his pertinacity. But Dryden, although thus closely beleaguered, held fast his integrity; and no prospect of personal advantage, or importunity on the part of Tonson, could induce him to take a step inconsistent with his religious and political sentiments. It was probably during the course of these bickerings with his publisher, that Dryden, incensed at some refusal of accommodation on the part of Tonson, sent him three well-known coarse and forcible satirical lines, descriptive of his personal appearance:—

'With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
And frousy pores, that taint the ambient air.'

"'Tall the dog' said the poet to the messenger, 'that he who wrote these can write more.' But Tonson, perfectly satisfied with this single triplet, hesitated to comply with the author's request, without acquiring any further specimen of his poetical powers. It would seem, on the other hand, that when Dryden neglected his stipulated labour, Tonson possessed powers of animadversion, which, though exercised in plain prose, were not a little dreaded by the poet. Lord Bolingbroke, already a votary of the muses, and admitted to visit their high priest, was wont to relate, that one day he heard another person enter the house. 'This' said Dryden, 'is Tonson, you will take care not to depart before he goes away, for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him; and if you leave me unprotected, I shall suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue.'"

* Works of Dryden, vol. i, p. 387. Sir Walter thus notices a letter of Tonson's on the subject of Dryden's com-

Fielding lived some time in Bow street, probably during his magistracy.

We turn out of Bow street into Russell street, so called from the noble family of that name, who possess great property in this quarter. It is pleasant to think that the name is not hostile to the reputation of the place, for we are more than ever in the thick of wits and men of letters, especially of a race which was long peculiar to this country, literary politicians. At the north-east corner of the two streets was the famous Will's coffee-house, formerly the Rose, where Dryden presided over the literature of the town; and on the other side of the way, on a part of the site of the present Hummums, stood Button's coffee-house, no less celebrated as the resort of the wits and poets of the time of Queen Anne.

Dryden is identified with the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. He presided in the chair at Russell street; his plays came out in the theatre at the other end of it; he lived in Gerrard street, which is not far off; and, alas for the anti-climax! he was beaten by hired beavos in Rose street, now called Rose alley. Great men come down to posterity with their proper aspects of calmness and dignity; and we do not easily fancy that they received anything from their contemporaries but the grateful homage which is paid them by themselves. "But the life of a wit," says Steele, "is a warfare upon earth." Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the beautiful description given by Dryden of the attic nights he enjoyed with Sir Charles Sedley and others, observes, "He had not yet experienced the disadvantages attendant on such society, or learned how soon literary eminence becomes the object of detraction, of envy, of injury, even from those who can best feel its merit, if they are discouraged by dissipated habits from emulating its flight, or hardened by perverted feeling against loving its possessors."

The outrage perpetrated upon the sacred shoulders of the poet was the work of Lord Rochester, and originated in a mistake not creditable to that would-be great man and dastardly debauchee. The following is Sir Walter's account of the matter. "The 'Essay on Satire,' (by Lord Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire), though written, as appears from the title page of the last edition, in 1675, was not made public until 1679, with this observation:—"I have sent you herewith a libel, in which my own share is not the least. The King, having perused it, is no way dissatisfied with his. The author is apparently Mr Dr [yden], his patron Lord M [ulgrave], having a panegyric in the midst." From hence it is evident that Dryden obtained the reputation of being the author; in consequence of which, Rochester meditated the base and cowardly revenge which he afterwards executed; and he thus coolly expressed his intention in another of his

tributions to one of the volumes known under the title of his Miscellanies:—"The contribution, although ample, was not satisfactory to old Jacob Tonson, who wrote on the subject a most momentous expostulatory letter to Dryden, which is fortunately still preserved, as a curious specimen of the minutiae of a literary bargain in the seventeenth century. Tonson, with reference to Dryden having offered a strange bookseller six hundred lines for twenty guineas, enters into a question in the rate of three, by which he discovers and proves, that for fifty guineas he has only 1400 lines, which he seems to take more unkindly, as he had not counted the lines until he had paid the money; from all which Jacob infers, that Dryden ought, out of generosity, at least to throw him in something to the bargain, especially as he had used him more kindly in Juvenal, which, saith old Jacob, is not reckoned so easy to translate as Ovid."

Vol. i, p. 379.

* Id. p. 114.

letters:—"You write me word that I am out of favour with a certain poet, whom I have admired for the disproportion of him and his attributes. He is a rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a hog that could fiddle, or a singing owl. If he falls on me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him if you please, and leave the *repartee to black Will with a cudgel.*"

"In pursuance of this infamous resolution, upon the night of the 18th December 1870, Dryden was waylaid by hired ruffians, and severely beaten, as he passed through Rose street, Covent garden, returning from Will's coffee-house to his own house in Gerrard street. A reward of fifty pounds was in vain offered in the 'London Gazette' and other newspapers, for the discoverers of the perpetrators of this outrage. The town was, however, at no loss to pitch upon Rochester as the employer of the braves, with whom the public suspicion joined the Duchess of Portsmouth, equally concerned in the supposed affront thus avenged. In our time, were a nobleman to have recourse to hired braves to avenge his personal quarrels against anyone, more especially a person holding the rank of a gentleman, he might lay his account with being hunted out of society. But in the age of Charles, the ancient high and chivalrous sense of honour was esteemed Quixotic, and the civil war had left traces of ferocity in the manners and sentiments of the people. Encounters, where the assailants took all advantages of number and weapons, were as frequent, and held as honourable, as regular duels. Some of these approached closely to assassination; as in the famous case of Sir John Coventry, who was waylaid and had his nose slit by some young men of rank, for a reflection upon the King's theatrical amours. This occasioned the famous statute against maiming and wounding, called the Coventry Act, an act highly necessary, for so far did our ancestors' ideas of manly forbearance differ from ours, that Killegrew introduces the hero of one of his comedies, a cavalier, and the fine gentleman of the piece, lying in wait for, and slashing the face of a poor courtesan, who had cheated him.

"It will certainly be admitted, that a man, surprised in the dark, and beaten by ruffians, loses no honour by such a misfortune. But if Dryden had received the same discipline from Rochester's own hand, without resenting it, his drubbing could not have been more frequently made a matter of reproach to him: a sign, surely, of the penury of subjects for satire in his life and character, since an accident, which might have happened to the greatest hero that ever lived, was resorted to as an imputation on his honour. The Rose-alley ambuscade became almost proverbial; and even Mulgrave, the real author of the satire, and upon whose shoulders the blows ought in justice to have descended, mentions the circumstance in his 'Art of Poetry,' with a cold and self-sufficient sneer:—

'Though praised and punished for another's rhymes,
His own deserve as great applause sometimes.'

To which is added in a note, 'A libel for which he was both applauded and wounded, though intirely ignorant of the whole matter.' This flat and conceited couplet, and note, the noble author judged it proper to omit in the corrected edition of his poem. Otway alone, no longer the friend of Rochester, and, perhaps, no longer the enemy of Dryden, has spoken

of the author of this dastardly outrage with the contempt it deserved:—

'Poets in honour of the truth should write,
With the same spirit brave men for it fight;
And though against him causeless hatreds rise,
And daily where he goes of late, he spies
The scowls of sullen and revengeful eyes;
'Tis what he knows with much contempt to bear,
And serves a cause too good to let him fear:
He fears no poison from incensed drab,
No ruffian's five-foot sword, nor rascal's stab;
Nor any other snares of mischief laid,
Not a Rose-alley cudgel ambuscade;
From any private cause where malice reigns,
Or general pique all blockheads have to brains.'"

We dismiss this specimen of the times, that we may enjoy the look of Dryden as posterity sees it,—that is to say, as that of the first poet of his class, presiding over the tastes and aspirations of the town. Milton sat in his suburban bower, equally removed from outrage and compliment, and contemplating a still greater futurity. In the following passage from the 'Country and City Mouse,' by Prior and Montagu, Dryden, it is true, is spoken of with hostility, but his acknowledged predominance shines through it. Prior's instinct misgave him in writing against his natural master.

"Then on they jogg'd; and since an hour of talk
Might cut a banter on the tedious walk,
As I remember, said the sober mouse,
I've heard much talk of the Wit's Coffee-house;
Thither, says Brindle, thou shalt go and see
Priests supping coffee, sparks and poets tea;
Here rugged frieze, there quality well drest,
These baffling the Grand Senior, those the Test,
And there shrewd guesses made, and reasons given,
That human laws were never made in heaven.
But, above all, what shall oblige thy sight,
And fill thy eye-balls with a vast delight,
Is the poetic judge of sacred wit,
Who does i' th' darkness of his glory sit;
And as the moon who first receives the light,
With which she makes these nether regions bright,
So does he shine, reflecting from afar
The rays he borrowed from a better star:
For rules, which from Corneille and Rapin flow,
Admired by all the scribbling herd below,
From French tradition while he does dispense
Unerring truths, 'tis schism, a damned offence,
To question his, or trust your private sense.'"

Will's Coffee-house was at the western corner of Bow street, and is now a brazier's. It first had the title of the Red Cow, then of the Rose; and we believe is the same house alluded to in the pleasant story in the second number of the 'Tatler':—

"Supper and friends expect we at the Rose."

The Rose, however, was a common sign for houses of public entertainment. The company, of which our poet was the arbiter, sat up stairs in what was then called the dining, but now the drawing-room; and there was a balcony, to which his chair was removed in summer from its prescriptive corner by the fire-side in winter. "The appeal," says Malcolm, "was made to him upon every literary dispute. The company did not sit in boxes, as at present, but at various tables which were dispersed through the room. Smoking was permitted in the public room: it was then so much in vogue that it does not seem to have been considered a nuisance. Here, as in other similar places of meeting, the visitors divided themselves into parties; and we are told by Ward, that the young beaux and wits, who

seldom approached the principal table, thought it a great honour to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box."

A lively specimen of a scene with Dryden in this coffee-house has been afforded us by Dean Lockier. "I was about seventeen when I first came up to town," says the Dean, "an odd-looking boy, with short rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one always brings up at first out of the country with one. However, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance I used, now and then, to thrust myself in to Will's, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time, who then resorted thither. The second time that ever I was there, Mr Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. 'If any thing of mine is good,' says he, 'tis "Mac-Flecko;" and I value myself the more upon it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in heroics.' On hearing this I plucked up my spirit so far as to say, in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, 'that "Mac-Flecko" was a very fine poem, but that I had not imagined it to be the first that was ever writ that way.' On this, Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing; asked me how long I had been a dealer in poetry; and added, with a smile, 'Pray, sir, what is it that you did imagine to have been writ so before?—I named Boileau's 'Lutrin' and Tassoni's 'Secchia Rapita,' which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. 'Tis true,' said Dryden, 'I had forgot them.' A little after, Dryden went out, and in going, spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him the next day. I was highly delighted with the invitation; went to see him accordingly; and was well acquainted with him after, as long he lived."

Dryden's mixture of simplicity, good-nature, and good opinion of himself, is here seen in a very agreeable manner. It must not be omitted, that it was to this house Pope was taken, when a boy, by his own desire, on purpose to get a sight of the great man; which he did. According to Pope, he was plump, with a fresh colour and a down look, and not very conversible. It appears, however, that what he did say, was much to the purpose; and a contemporary mentions his conversation on that account, as one of the few things for which the town was desirable. He was a temperate man; though, for the last ten years of his life, Davies informs us that he drank with Addison a great deal more than he used to do, "probably so far as to hasten his end."

It is curious, considering his peculiar sort of reputation with posterity, that Addison's name should be found so connected in his own time with this species of irregularity. The same cause is supposed to have hastened his own end; and it is related by Pope, that he was obliged to avoid the Russell street Coffee-house, and the bad hours of Addison, otherwise they might have hastened his.

Will's coffee-house was the great emporium of libels and scandal. The channels that have since abounded for the dregs of literature had scarcely then begun to exist; and instead of purveying for periodical publications, the retailers of obloquy attended among the minor wits of this place, and distributed the last new lampoon in manuscript. There

* 'Dryden,' vol. i, p. 203.

† 'Poems on State Affairs,' vol. i, p. 29.

* Spence's 'Anecdotes,' p. 263.

† Id. p. 59.

was a drunken fellow of that time, named Julian, who acquired an infamous celebrity in this way. Sir Walter Scott, in his edition of Dryden, has given the following account of him and his vocation.

"The extremity of license in manners necessarily leads to equal license in personal satire, and there never was an age in which both were carried to such excess as in that of Charles II. These personal and scandalous libels acquired the name of lampoons, from the established burden formerly sung to them:—

'Lampone lampone, camarada lampone.'

"Dryden suffered under these violent and invisible assaults, as much as any of his age; to which his own words in several places of his writing, and also the existence of many of the pasquils themselves in the Luttrell Collection, bear ample witness. In many of his prologues and epilogues, he alludes to this rage for personal satire, and to the employment which it found for the half and three-quarter wits and courtiers of the time!

'Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes;
Ye abuse yourselves more dully than the times;
Scandal, the glory of the English nation,
Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion:
Such harmless thrusts, as if, like fencers wise,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith they may hang their harp upon the willows;
'Tis just like children when they box their pillows.'

"Upon the general practice of writing lampoons, and the necessity of finding some mode of dispersing them, which should diffuse the scandal widely while the authors remained concealed, was founded the self-erected office of Julian, secretary, as he calls himself, to the Muses. This person attended Will's, the Wit's Coffee-house, as it was called; and dispersed among the crowds who frequented that place of gay resort, copies of the lampoons which had been privately communicated to him by their authors. 'He is described,' says Mr Malone, 'as a very drunken fellow, and at one time was confined for a libel.' Several satires were written, in the form of addresses to him, as well as the following. There is one among the 'State Poems,' beginning—

'Julian, in verse, to ease thy wants I write,
Not moved by envy, malice, or by spite,
Or pleased with the empty names of wit and sense,
But merely to supply thy want of pence:
This did inspire my muse, when out at heel,
She saw her needy secretary reel;
Grieved that a man, so useful to the age,
Should foot it in so mean an equipage;
A crying scandal that the fees of sense
Should not be able to support the expense
Of a poor scribe, who never thought of wants,
When able to procure a cup of Nantz.'

"Another, called a 'Consoling Epistle to Julian,' is said to have been written by the Duke of Buckingham.

"From a passage in one of the letters from the 'Dead to the Living,' we learn, that after Julian's death, and the madness of his successor, called Summerton, lampoon felt a sensible decay; and there was no more that 'brisk spirit of verse, that used to watch the follies and vices of the men and women of figure, that they could not start new ones faster than lampoons exposed them.'"

These "brisk spirits" have still their descendants, and always will have till their betters cease to set the example of railing, or to encourage it. There is a difference, indeed, between the lampoons of such men and those of Dryden, or the literary personalities to which some ingenious minds will give way, before they well know what they are about, out of mere emulation, perhaps, of the names of Pope and Boileau. But it is not to be expected that the others will stop where they do, or

refine with the progress of their years and knowledge. The most generous sometimes find it difficult to leave off saying ill-natured things of one another, out of shame of yielding, or the habit of indulging their irritability. They endeavour to reconcile themselves to it by trying to think that the abuse has a utility; but when they come to this point, the doubt is a proof that they ought to forego it, and help to teach the world better. Honest contention, however, is one thing, and scandal is another. The dealer in the latter has always a petty mind and inferior understanding, most likely accompanied with conscious unworthiness; the great secret of the love of scandal lying in the wish to level others with the calumniators.

"Will's continued to be the resort of the wits at least till 1710," says Mr Malcolm. "Probably Addison established his servant [Button] in a new house about 1712, and his fame, after the production of 'Cato,' drew many of the Whigs thither."*

"Addison," says Pope, "passed each day alike; and much in the manner that Dryden did. Dryden employed his mornings in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's: only he came home earlier at nights."—And again: "Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's; dined there, and staid there five or six hours; and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and so I quitted it."†

Button had been a servant of the Countess of Warwick, whom Addison married. It is said that when the latter was dissatisfied with the Countess (we believe during the period of his courtship), he used to withdraw the company from her servant's coffee-house. Unfortunately it is as easy to believe a petty story of Addison as a careless one of Steele. Addison, intellectually a great man, was complexionally a little one. He was timid, bashful, and reserved, and instinctively sought success by individual channels and disingenuous measures.

Under the influence of these eminent persons, Button's became the head-quarters of the Whig literature, as Will's had been that of the Tory. Steele, however, dated his poetical papers in the 'Tatler' from Will's, as the old haunt of the town muse. Perhaps the Whiggery of Button's was one of the reasons why Pope left off going there, as he did not wish to identify himself with either party. Ambrose Philips is said to have hung up a rod at that coffee-house, as an intimation of what Pope should receive at his hands, in case the satirist chose to hazard it. A similar threat is related of Cibber. The behaviour of both has been cried out against as unhandsome, considering the little person and bodily infirmities of the illustrious offender: but as the threateners were so much his inferiors in wit, and he exercised his great powers at their expense, it might not be difficult to show that their conduct was as good as his. Why attack a man, if he is to be allowed no equality of retaliation? The truth is, that personal satire is itself an unhandsome thing, and a childish one, and there will be no end to childish retorts, till the more grown understandings reform. Pope accused Philips of pilfering his pastorals, and of "turning a Persian tale for half-a-crown;" the one an offence not very likely, unless, indeed, all common-places may be said to be stolen; the other no offence at all, though it might have been a misfortune. These littlenesses in great men are

* Spence, p. 463.

† Id. p. 236.

a part of the childhood of society. They show us how young it still is, and what a parcel of wrangling schoolboys (in that respect) a future period may consider us.

One of the most agreeable memories connected with Button's is that of Garth, a man whom, for the sprightliness and generosity of his nature, it is a pleasure to name. He was one of the most amiable and intelligent of a most amiable and intelligent class of men,—the physicians.

Armstrong, another poet and physician, and not unworthy of either class, for genius and goodness of heart, though he had the weakness of affecting a bluntness of manners, and of swearing, drew his last breath in this street. He is well known as the author of the most elegant didactic poem in the language,—the 'Art of Preserving Health.' The affections of men of genius are sometimes in direct contradiction to their best qualities, and assumed to avoid a show of pretending what they feel. Armstrong, who had bad health, and was afraid perhaps of being thought effeminate, affected the bully in his prose writings; and he was such a swearer, that the late Mr Fuseli's indulgence in that infirmity has been attributed to his keeping company with the Doctor when in youth. We never met with an habitual swearer in whom the habit could not be traced to some feeling of conscious weakness. Fuseli swore as he painted, in the hope of making up for the defects of his genius by the violence of his style.

At No. 8 Russell street, Boswell was introduced to his formidable friend of whom he became the biographer. The house then belonged to Davies the bookseller. The account given us of his first interview is highly characteristic of both parties. Boswell had a thorough specimen of his future acquaintance at once, and Johnson evidently saw completely through Boswell.

"Mr Thomas Davies, the actor," saith the particular Boswell, "who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell street, Covent garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

"Mr Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion: and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife (who had been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character, and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as any family which he used to visit. Mr Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

(To be continued.)

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THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS,

THEIR MEMORIES AND GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH. (Continued.)

COVENT GARDEN CONCLUDED, LONG ACRE, AND
LEICESTER SQUARE.

Boswell's first introduction to Johnson.—The Hummums.—Ghost-story there.—Covent garden.—The Church.—Car, Earl of Somerset.—Butler, Southern, Eastcourt Sir Robert Strange.—Macklin.—Curious dialogue with him when past a century.—Dr Walcot.—Covent garden market.—Story of Lord Sandwich, Hackman, and Miss Ray.—Henrietta street.—Mrs Clive.—James street.—Partridge, the almanack maker.—Mysterious lady.—King street.—Arne and his Father.—The four Indian Kings.—Southampton Row.—Maiden lane.—Voltaire.—Long Acre and its mug-houses.—Prior's resort there.—Newport street, St Martin's lane, and Leicester square.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Hogarth.—Sir Isaac Newton.

"At last," continues Mr Boswell, "on the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr Davies' back parlour, after having drank tea with him and Mrs Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop, and Mr Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach somewhat as an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my lord, it comes.' I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his 'Dictionary,' in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him; I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudices against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from,'—'From Scotland,' cried Davies, roguishly. 'Mr Johnson, said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression 'come from Scotland!' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, sir, I find, is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had set down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: 'What do you think of Garrick? he has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order will be worth three shillings.' Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, 'O, sir, I cannot think Mr Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.' Sir (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have talk to me on the subject.' Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an intire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field, not wholly discomfited." * * * "I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that,

though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, 'Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well.'"

The Hummums Hotel and Coffee-house which occupies the south-west corner of this street, and stretches round into Covent garden market, is so called from an eastern word signifying baths. It was one of the earliest houses set up in England of that kind, and thence called bagnio; and one of the few that retained their respectability. The generality were so much the reverse, that the word bagnio came to mean a brothel. It appears from a story we are about to relate, that people went to the Hummums not only to bathe, but to get themselves cupped. Bathing is too much neglected in this country; but the consequences of our sedentary habits have forced upon us a greater degree of attention to it, and the imitation of the Turkish system of cleanliness has been carried further in vapour baths and the startling luxury of shampooing, which makes people discover that they have in general two or three skins too many. Englishmen, in the pride of their greater freedom, often wonder how Eastern nations can endure their servitude. This is one of the secrets by which they endure it. A free man in a dirty skin is not in so fit a state to endure existence, as a slave with a clean one; because nature insists, that a due attention to the clay which our souls inhabit, should be the first requisite to the comfort of the inhabitant. Let us not get rid of our freedom; let us teach it rather to those that want it; but let such of us as have them, by all means get rid of our dirty skins. There is now a moral and intellectual commerce among mankind, as well as an interchange of inferior goods; we should send freedom to Turkey as well as clocks and watches, and import not only figs, but a fine state of the pores.

Of the Hummums there is a ghost-story in Boswell, a thing we should as little dream of in this centre of the metropolis, as look for a ghost at noon-day. The Reader will see how much credit is to be given it, by the style of the narrator, who, with all his good will towards superstition (and it is no less a person that speaks than Dr Johnson), had an inveterate love of truth, which led him to defeat his own object.

"Amongst the numerous prints," says Boswell, "pasted on the walls of the dining-room at Strat-ham, was 'Hogarth's Modern Midnight Conversation.' I asked him what he knew of Parson Ford, who makes a conspicuous figure in the riotous groupe. Johnson. 'Sir, he was my acquaintance and relation,—my mother's nephew. He had purchased a living in the country, but not simoniacally. I never saw him but in the country. I have been told that he was a man of great parts; very profligate, but I never heard he was impious.' Boswell. 'Was there not a story of his ghost having appeared?' Johnson. 'Sir, it was believed. A waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time, and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again he met him a second time. When he came up, he asked some people of the house what Ford could be doing there. They told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered he said he had a message to deliver to some women from Ford; but he was not to tell what, or to whom. He walked out; he was followed; but

somewhere about St Paul's they lost him. He came back, and said he had delivered the message, and the women exclaimed, Then we are all undone! Dr Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of this story, and he said, The evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums; (it is a place where people get themselves cupped). I believe she went with intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first they were unwilling to tell her; but after they had talked to her, she came away satisfied that it was true. To be sure the man had a fever; and this vision may have been the beginning of it. But if the message to the women, and their behaviour upon it, were true as related, there was something supernatural. That rests upon his word; and there it remains." *

At the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, Covent garden (or, as it would be more properly spelt, *Convent garden* †) extended from Drury lane to St Martin's lane, and was surrounded by a brick wall. It had lately belonged to the Abbots of Westminster, whom it supplied, doubtless, with fruit and vegetables, as it has since done the metropolis, and hence its appellation. The Reader will see it in the old print of London by Aggas. There was a break into it on the southwest, made by the garden of Bedford house, which stood facing the Strand between the present Bedford and Southampton streets. On the dissolution of the monasteries, Covent garden was given to the Duke of Somerset, and on his fall, to John, Earl of Bedford, whose family converted it into a pasture ground, including Long Acre, then part of the fields leading to St Giles's. His descendant Francis, "about seventy years afterwards, let the whole pasture on a building lease, and built the old church for the intended inhabitants. The architect was Inigo Jones. To the same hand we are indebted for the portico of the north-eastern quarter, which still remains. There was a continuation of it on the South-east, which was burnt down. It was to have been carried all round the square, and the absence of it might be regretted on the score of beauty; but porticos are not fit for this climate, unless where the object is to furnish a walk during the rain. Covered walks devoted to that purpose, and conveniently distributed, might be temptations to out-of-door exercise in bad weather. If they succeeded, they would effect a very desirable end. But covered walks, however beautiful, which are not used in that way, are rather to be deprecated in this cold and humid climate. In Italy, where the summer sun at noon day burns like a cauldron, nothing can be better; but the more sun we can get in England the better. Luckily, there is a convenience in this portico, as far as the theatre is concerned; otherwise the circuit there would be more agreeable without it, and the coffee-houses would be more light and cheerful.

Of the style of building observed in the church there is a well-known story. "The Earl is said to have told Inigo Jones he wished to have as plain and convenient a structure as possible, and but little better than a barn; to which the architect replied, he would build a barn, but that it should be the handsomest in England." ‡

Inigo Jones's church was burnt down in the year 1795, owing to the carelessness of some plumbers who were mending the roof. "When the flames

* Boswell, vol. iii, p. 378.

† It is still so called by many of the poorer orders, who are oftener in the right in their old English than is suspected. Some of them call it Common Garden, which is a better corruption than its present one.

‡ Londinium Redivivum, vol. iv, p. 213.

[From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Palace-street.]

* Boswell, vol. i, p. 373.

were at their height," says Malcolm, "the portico and massy pillars made a grand scene, projected before a back-ground of liquid fire, which raged with as much uncontrolled fury, that not a fragment of wood, in or near the walls, escaped destruction." * The barn-like taste, or in other words the Grecian (for usefulness and simplicity are the secrets of it, and the Temple of Theseus and a common barn have the same principles of structure), was copied in the new edifice. By a passage quoted in the 'Londinium Redivivum' from the 'Weekly Journal' of April 22, 1727, it appears that the portico of the old church had been altered by the inhabitants, and restored by the Earl of Burlington, "out of regard to the memory of the celebrated Inigo Jones, and to prevent our countrymen being exposed for their ignorance." The spirit of this portico has been retained, and the church of St Paul's, Covent garden, is one of the most pleasing structures in the metropolis.

A great many actors have been buried in this spot; among them, Estcourt, the famous mimic, Edwin, Macklin, and King. We shall speak of one or two of them presently, but it is desirable, especially in a work of this kind, to observe a chronological order. The mere observance itself conveys information. Among the variety of persons buried here may be mentioned, first:

Car, Earl of Somerset, in the old church. We shall speak of his infancy when we come to Whitehall and the court of James I. His burial in Covent garden was, doubtless, owing to his connexion with the family of Russell, his daughter having married William, afterwards Earl and Duke of Bedford, father of the famous patriot. It is said that his lady was bred up in such ignorance of the dishonour of her parents, that, having met by accident with a book giving an account of it, she fainted away, and was found in that condition by her domestics. Her lover's family were very averse to the match, but wisely allowed it upon due trial, and had no reason to repent their generosity. To read the history of the foolish and unprincipled Countess of Somerset, who would suppose that her daughter was to give birth to the conscientious martyr for liberty? But the blood which folly makes wicked, a good education can render noble.

Butler in the church-yard. The popular notion that he was starved is unfounded; but he was very ill-treated by a court whom his wit materially served. It is said that Charles, once and away, gave him a hundred pounds. This is possible; but it is at least as possible that he gave him nothing, though he would willingly have done it, perhaps, had his debaucheries left him the means. Charles, in his way, was as poor as Butler, though not as honourably so, for it does not appear that the poet was unwilling to labour for his subsistence. There is a mystery, however, in Butler's private affairs. He once appears to have had some office in the family of the Countess of Kent. Perhaps he was not a very good man of business, though the burning exhibited in 'Hudibras' showed how he could work on a favourite subject. When men succeed to this extent in what nature evidently designed them for, great allowance is to be made for their disinclination to other tasks; and Butler had no children to render the neglect of his fortune criminal. The Duke of Buckingham, who once undertook to "do something for him," and had a meeting for the purpose at a coffee-house, saw a

pander of his go by the window with a "brace of ladies," and going after him, we hear no more of his grace. Luckily, to prevent him from starvation, Butler found a friend in the excellent Mr Longueville, of the Temple, a scholar and a real gentleman, who did not confine his generosity to an admiration of him in books. The poet is understood to have been indebted to him for support during the latter part of his life; and it was he who buried him in this church-yard. It is to Mr Longueville that we are indebted for the publication of Butler's 'Remains,' which are quite worthy of the wit of 'Hudibras,' and deserve to be more generally known. Butler was the greatest wit that ever wrote in verse; perhaps the greatest that ever wrote at all, meaning by wit the union of remote ideas. He was undoubtedly the most learned. His political poem is out of date; and much of the humour that delighted the cavaliers must, of necessity, be lost to us; but passages of it will always be repeated; and it is difficult to hear his name mentioned, without quoting some of his rhymes. He was the first man that gave rhyme itself an air of wit. His couplets are not only witty themselves, but seem to add a new idea to their imagery in the very sounds at the end of them. His startling turns of thought are accompanied by as surprising a turn in the cadence, as if the echo itself could not help laughing. Thus his doctor's shop is

"— stored with deleterious medicines,
Which whosoever took is dead since:"

his sour religionists

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to:"

and again,

"Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport;
For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word:
Both are but several synagogues
Of carnal men, and bears, and dogs
Beth antichristian assemblies
To mischief bent, as far's in them lies."

His most quoted rhyme, when

"— Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick,

is, singularly enough, no rhyme at all; but the surprise of the echo, and the truth conveyed in it, affect us as if it were perfect. Here are one or two more of the wilful order, very ludicrous:—

"— The captive knight
And pensive squire, both bruised in body,
And conjured into safe custody.

— In all the fabrick
You could not see one stone or a brick.

Who deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells.

Those wholesale critics that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy."

Mrs Pilkington tells us that Swift took down a 'Hudibras' one day, and ordered her to examine him in the book, when, to her great surprise, she found he remembered "every line, from beginning to end of it." * Mrs Pilkington is a lady whose word is to be taken *cum capite gravis*; nor is it very likely she should ever have heard the Dean repeat a whole

* 'Memoirs of Mrs Letitia Pilkington.' Dublin, 1748, vol. i, p. 136.

volume through; but if Swift knew any author in tire, Butler is likely to have been the man. Butler had the same politics, the same love of learning, the same wit, the same apparent contempt of mankind, the same charity underneath it, and the same impatient wish to see them wiser. His style of writing is evidently the origin of Swift's. If the Reader is not yet acquainted with his 'Remains,' the following sample or two will give him a desire to be so:—

"The truest characters of ignorance,
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their nooses higher,
Than those who have their eyes and sight intire."

"There needs no other charm, nor conjuror,
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear;
That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
That's both a prisoner to itself, and jail;
Draws more fantastic shapes than in the grains
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they see, and build,
Are only in the insides of their skulls."

Sir Peter Lely, the painter of the meretricious beauties of the court of Charles II. Pope's couplet on him is well known:—

"Lely on animated canvass stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul."

The canvass is more sleepy than animated, and the ladies more like what they were in inclination than in features. However, there is great likeness on that very account. They are all of a sisterhood;—*qualem non decet esse sororum*. A master of pictorial criticism has said of the collection of them at Windsor Castle, that "they look just like what they were, a set of kept-mistresses, painted, tawdry, showing off their theatrical or meretricious airs and graces, without one trace of real elegance or refinement, or one spark of sentiment to touch the heart. Lady Grammont is the handsomest of them; and, though the most voluptuous in her attire and attitude, the most decent. The Duchess of Portsmouth (Cleveland), in her helmet and plumes, looks quite like a heroine of romance, or modern Amazon; but, for an air of easy assurance, inviting admiration, and alarmed at nothing but being thought coy, commend us to my Lady — above, in the sky-blue drapery, thrown carelessly over her shoulders! As paintings, these celebrated portraits cannot rank very high. They have an affected ease, but a real hardness of manner and execution; and they have that contortion of attitude and setness of features, which we afterwards find carried to so disgusting and insipid an excess in Kneller's portraits. Sir Peter Lely was, however, a better painter than Sir Godfrey Kneller—that is the highest praise that can be accorded to him. He had more spirit, more originality, and was the livelier coxcomb of the two! Both these painters possessed considerable mechanical dexterity, but it is not of a refined kind. Neither of them could be ranked among great painters, yet they were thought by their contemporaries and themselves superior to every one. At the distance of an hundred years we see the thing plainly enough." * Sir Peter was a Westphalian, of a family named Vander Vam. His father was an officer in the army, who, having been born in a perfumer's house which had a lily for its sign, got the name of Captain Du Lys, or Lely, and the cognomen was retained by his son. He aimed at magnificence in his style of living, probably in

* Kneller's 'Picture Galleries of England,' p. 66.

imitation of his predecessor at the English court, Vandyke; but there was a certain coarseness about him which showed the inferiority of his taste in that particular, as well as in the rest.

Wycherly in the church. See Bow street.

Southern, one of those dramatic writers who, without much genius, succeed in obtaining a considerable name, and justly, by dint of genuine feeling for common nature. He began in Dryden's time, who knew and respected his talents, was known and respected by Pope, and lived to enjoy a similar regard from Gray. "I remember," says Oldys, "this venerable old gentleman, when he lived in Covent garden, and used to frequent the evening prayers in the church there. He was always neat and decently dressed, commonly in black, with his silver sword, and silver locks." Gray, in a letter to Walpole, dated Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, 1797, says, "We have old Mr Southern at a gentleman's house, a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable an old man as can be; at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko." Southern died about nine years after this period, aged about eighty-five. With all the respect he obtained, probably a great deal more by the decency and civility of his habits, Southern, it appears, was not above making application to the nobility and others to buy tickets for his plays; a conduct which was of a piece with his moderate talents.

Joe Haines, the comedian. See Drury lane.

Estcourt, the comedian,—or mimic rather,—for, like most players who devote themselves to mimicry, which is a kind of caricature portrait-painting, his comedy or general humour was inferior to it. He was, however, a man of wit as well as a mimic; and in spite of a talent which seldom renders men favourites in private, was so much regarded, that, when the Beef-steak Club was set up, (which a late author says must not be confounded with the Beef-steak Club held in Covent garden theatre and the Lyceum,) Estcourt was appointed *providitore* or caterer, and presented as a badge of distinction with a small gridiron of gold, which he wore about his neck, fastened to a green ribbon. He is said at one time to have been a tavern-keeper, in which quality (unless it was in the other) Parnell speaks of him in the beginning of one of his poems:—

Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine
A noble meal bespoke us,
And for the guests that were to dine
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.*

* The best account we are acquainted with of the various Beef-steak Clubs, has been given us by the good-humoured author of 'Wine and Walnuts.' His work is an antiquarian fiction, but not entirely such; and the present account, among others, may be taken as fact. George Lambert, Rich's scene-painter at Covent garden, says he, "being a man of wit, and of repute as an artist, he was frequently visited by persons of note while at his work in the scene-room. In those days it was customary for men of fashion to visit the scene-room, and to lodge in a morning lounge behind the curtain of the theatre. Lambert, when preparing his designs for a pantomime or new spectacle, (for which exhibitions the manager, Rich, was much renowned) would often take his chop or steak cooked on the German stove, rather than quit his occupation for the superior accommodation of a neighbouring tavern. One of his visitors, men of taste, struck with the novelty of the thing, perhaps, or tempted by the savoury dish, took a knife and fork with Lambert, and enjoyed the treat. Hence the origin of the Beef-steak Club, whose social feasts were long held in the painting-room of this theatre, which, from its commencement, has enrolled among its members persons of

But his greatest honour is the following remarkable testimony borne to his merits, by Sir Richard Steele, whose own fineness of nature was never more beautifully evinced in any part of his writings:—

"Poor Eastcourt! the last time I saw him we were plotting to shew the town his great capacity for acting in his full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence and utter t'other passion. He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could shew you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees of Mr Eastcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company. Then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper and mortify an impertinently gay one, as he saw them bear kind or sharp language.

"It is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, it is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowliness upbraids their exaltation. It is to this humour only that it is to be ascribed, that a quick wit in conversation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive behaviour, could not raise this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diversion. But he was as easy under that condition as a man of so excellent talents was capable; and since they would have it that to divert was his business, he did it with all the seeming alacrity imaginable, though it stung him to the heart that it was his business. Men of sense, who could taste his excellencies, were well satisfied to let him lead the way in conversation, and play after his own manner; but fools, who provoked

the highest rank and fortune, and many eminent professional men and distinguished wits. The Club subsequently met in an apartment of the late theatre, then it moved to the Shakespeare Tavern; thence again to the theatre; until, being burnt out in 1812, the meetings adjourned to the Bedford. At present the celebrated convives assemble at an apartment at the English Opera House in the Strand.

"At the same time this social club flourished in England, and about the year 1749, a Beef-steak Club was established at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, of which the celebrated Mrs Margaret Woffington was president. It was begun by Mr Sheridan, but on a very different plan to that in London, no theatrical performer, save one female, being admitted; and though called a Club, the manager alone bore all the expenses. The plan was, by making a list of about fifty or sixty persons, chiefly noblemen and members of Parliament, who were invited. Usually about half that number attended, and dined in the manager's apartment in the theatre. There was no female admitted but this Peg Woffington, so denominated by all her contemporaries, who was seated in a great chair at the head of the table, and elected president for the season.

"It will readily be believed," says Mr Victor, who was joint proprietor of the house, "that a club where there were good accommodations, such a lovely president, full of wit and spirit, and nothing to pay, must soon grow remarkably fashionable." It did so—but we find it subsequently caused the theatre to be pulled to pieces about the manager's head.

"Mr Victor says of Mrs Margaret, 'she possessed captivating charms as a jovial, witty bottle companion, but few remaining as a mere female.' We have Dr Johnson's testimony, however, who had often gossiped with Mrs Margaret in the Green-room at old Drury, more in the lady's favour.

"This author (Victor) says, speaking of the Beef-steak Club, 'It was a club of ancient institution in every theatre; when the principal performers dined one day in the week together, (generally Saturday,) and authors and other geniuses were admitted members.'

"The club in Ivy lane, celebrated by Dr Johnson, was originally a Beef-steak."

him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expense who called for it, and he would shew the form of conceited heavy fellows as jests to the company at their own request, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion, to put on the character of a jester.

"What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion was, that in the accounts he gave of persons and sentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their gestures, but he would in his narration fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages wherein men of the best wit were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest degree pleasing, and I do not know any satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much as having got over an impatience of seeing myself in the air he could put me when I have displeased him. *It is indeed to his exquisite talent this way, more than my philosophy I could read on the subject, that my person is very little of my care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shape, my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. It is to poor Eastcourt I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to me, but what ARGUES A DEPRIVITY OF MY WILL.*

"I have been present with him among men of the most delicate taste a whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good humour with a countenance and in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to; I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory; that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on."

Closterman, in the church-yard. He was an indifferent, but once popular artist, whom we mention on account of his painful domestic end. He had a mistress whom he thought devoted to him. She robbed him of everything she could lay her hands on, money, plate, jewels, and moveables, and fled out of the kingdom. He pined away with an impaired understanding, and was soon brought to the grave. Closterman was once set in competition with Sir Godfrey Kneller. He painted the family of the Duke of Marlborough, and had so many disputes about the picture with the Duchess, that Marlborough said to him, "It has given me more trouble to reconcile my wife and you, than to fight a battle."

Arne, the celebrated musician, in the church-yard. See King street.

Sir Robert Strange, the greatest engraver, perhaps, this country has seen; that is to say, supposing the merits of an engraver to be in proportion to his relish for and imitation of his originals. Other men may have drawn a finer mechanical line, but none have surpassed Strange in giving the proper diversity of surfaces, or equalled him in transferring to hard copper the roundness and delicacy of flesh. His engravings from Titian almost convey something of the colours of that great painter. Like all true masters, Strange took pains with whatever he did, and bestowed attention on every part of it; so much indeed, that his love for his art appears to have been an en-

From a paper of Steele's in the 'Spectator,' No. 400.

haunting one, and he was anxious to keep the burin out of the hands of his children. He had seen a great deal of the world, and was a very amiable as well as intelligent man. When young, he was a great Jacobite, and fought sword-in-hand for the Pretender; though it is said that a main cause of his ardour was the hope of attaining the hand of a fair friend, equally devoted to the cause. It is pleasant to add, that he did attain it, and that she made him a good wife. Sir Robert was a Scotchman of a good family; but his knighthood came from George the Third, a few years before the artist's death.

Macklin, the comedian, in the church-yard, at the age of one hundred and seven, and upwards. We have spoken of him before in his stage character. His long age in the midst of cities and theatres is very remarkable. It seems to have been owing to the inheritance of a robust constitution,—the great cause of longevity next to temperance, perhaps the greatest, unless contradicted by the reverse. Most persons who have been long-lived, have had long-lived progenitors; but somebody must begin. The foundation is always temperance. Macklin must have been very lucky in his physical advantages, for he did not keep any very strict rein over his temper; nor does he appear to have followed any regimen, till latterly, and then he consulted the immediate cause of his stomach, and not the quality of what he took. However, his habits, whatever they were, were most likely regular. "It had been his constant rule," says his biographer, "for a period of thirty years and upwards, to visit a public-house called the Antelope, in White Hart yard, Covent garden, where his usual beverage was a pint of beer called *stout*, which was made hot and sweetened with moist sugar, almost to a syrup. This, he said, balmied his stomach, and kept him from having any inward pains." The same writer, in a report of a conversation he had with Mr Macklin, has left us an affecting but not unpleasant picture of the decay of faculties, remarkable to the very last for their shrewdness and vivacity. It is the liveliest picture of old mortality we ever met with.

Question. "Well, Mr Macklin, how do you do to-day?"

Answer. "Why, I hardly know, sir; I think I am a little better than I was in the morning."

Q. "Why, sir, did you feel any pain in the morning?"

A. "Yes, sir, a good deal."

Q. "In what part?"

A. "Why, I feel a sort of a—a—a—" (shaking his head), "I forget everything; I forget the word: I felt a kind of pain here," (putting his hand upon his left breast)—"but it is gone away, and I am better now."

Q. "How do you sleep, sir?"

A. "Not so well as I could wish, I am becoming more wakeful than usual; I awoke last night two or three times: I got up twice, walked about my room here, and then went to bed again."

Q. "Do you always get up when you awake, sir?"

A. "No, sir, not always; but I get up and walk about as soon as I feel myself—there, now, it is all gone," (putting his hand upon his forehead).

Q. "You get up, sir, I suppose, as soon as you feel yourself uneasy in bed?"

A. "Yes, sir, when I begin to be troublesome to myself?"

Q. "Do not you, sir, find it unpleasant to walk about here alone, and to have nobody to converse with?"

* *Memoirs of the Life of Charles Macklin, Esq., &c., by James Thomas Kirkman, vol. ii, p. 410.*

A. "Not at all, sir; I get up when I am tired abed, and I walk about till I am tired, and then I go to bed again; and so forth."

Q. "But does it not afford you great pleasure when any person comes to see you?"

A. "Why, not so much as one would expect, sir."

Q. "Are you not pleased when your friends come and converse with you?"

A. "I am always very happy to see my friends, and I should be very happy to hold a—a—a, see there now"

Q. "A conversation, you mean, sir?"

A. "Ay, a conversation. Alas! sir, you see the wretched state of my memory—see there now, I could not recollect that common word—but I cannot converse. I used to go to a house very near this where my friends assemble it was a—a—a—[a company] no, that's not the word, a—a—club, I mean. I was the father of it, but I could not hear all; and what I did hear, I did not—a—a—under understand; they were all very attentive to me, but I could not be one of them. I always feel an uneasiness, when I don't know what the people are talking about. Indeed, I found, sir, that I was not fit to keep company—so I stay away."

Q. "Have you been reading this morning, sir?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "What book?"

A. "I forgot:—here, look at it;"—handing the book.

Q. "I see, it is Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'"

[He then took the book out of my hand and said:—"I have only read this much," (about four pages) "these two days—but what I read yesterday, I have forgot to-day." He next read a few lines of the beginning inimitably well, and laying down the book, said] "I understand all that, but if I read any farther, I forget that passage which I understood before."

Q. "But I perceive with satisfaction, sir, that your sight is very good."

A. "Oh, sir, my sight, like everything else, begins to fail too; about two days ago I felt—a—a—there now I have lost it—a pain just above my left eye, and heard something give a crack, and ever since, this eye (pointing to the left) has been painful."

Q. "I think, sir, it would be advisable for you to refrain from reading a little time."

A. "I believe you are in the right, sir."

Q. "I think you appear at present free from pain?"

A. "Yes, sir, I am pretty comfortable now: but I find my—my—my strength is all gone. I feel myself going gradually."

Q. "But you are not afraid to die?"

A. "Not in the least, sir,—I never did any person any serious mischief in my life:—even when I gambled, I never cheated:—I know that a—a—a—see, now—death, I mean, must come, and I am ready to give it up," (meaning the ghost).

Q. "I understand you were at Drury lane theatre last night?"

A. "Yes, sir, I was there."

Q. "Yes, sir, the newspapers of this morning take notice of it."

A. "Do they!"

Q. "Yes, sir;—the paragraph runs thus:—"Among the numerous visitors at Drury lane theatre last night, we observed the Duke of Queensberry and the veteran Macklin, whose ages together amount to one hundred and ninety-six."

Mr Macklin—"The Duke of who?"

A. "The Duke of Queensberry, sir."

Mr Macklin—"I don't know that man. The Duke of Queensberry!—The Duke of Queensberry! Oh! ay, I remember him now very well:—The Duke of Queensberry old! Why, sir, I might be his father! ha! ha! ha!"

Q. "Well, sir, I understand that you went to the Haymarket theatre to see the 'Merchant of Venice'?"

A. "I did, sir."

Q. "What is your opinion of Mr Palmer's Shylock?"

[This question was answered by a shake of the head. Being desirous of hearing his opinion I asked him the second time.]

Mr Macklin—"Why, sir, my opinion is, that Mr Palmer played the character of Shylock in *one style*. In this scene there was a sameness, in that scene a sameness, and in every scene a sameness:—it was all same! same! same!—no variation. He did not look the character, nor laugh the character, nor speak the character of Shakspeare's Jew. In the trial scene, where he comes to cut the pound of flesh, he was no Jew. Indeed, sir, he did not *hit the part*, nor the part did not *hit him*."

This conversation took place in September 1796. In July 1797 he died.

Dr Walcot, better known by the name of Peter Pindar. He was a coarse and virulent satirist, and content to write so many common-places, that they will stifle his works with posterity, with the exception of a few pieces. His humour, however, was genuine of its kind. His caricatures are striking likenesses; and the innocent simplicity which he is fond of affecting, makes a ludicrous contrast with his impudence. Dr Walcot's largest poems are worth little, and his serious worth nothing: what we think are likely to last in the collections, are his 'Boozy and Plozi,' his 'Royal Visit to Whitbread's Brew-house,' one or two more of that stamp, some of his 'Odes to Academicians,' and the immortal 'Pilgrims and the Peas,' the hero of which is assuredly hobbling to this day, and will never arrive. Dr Walcot was a man of taste in the fine arts, and produced some landscapes, which we believe do credit to his pencil. We have never seen them. His critical good taste is not to be disputed; though the Academicians, at one time, would have given a great deal to find it wanting. He was latterly blind, but maintained his spirits to the last. He had a fine skull, which he was not displeased to be called upon to exhibit,—taking his wig off, and saying "There," with a lusty voice; which formed a singular contrast with the pathos attached to the look of blind eyes.

Covent Garden market has always been the most agreeable in the metropolis, because it is devoted exclusively to fruit, flowers, and vegetables. A few crockery-ware shops make no exceptions to this "bloodless" character. The seasons here regularly present themselves in their most gifted looks,—with evergreens in winter, the fresh verdure of spring, all the hues of summer, and whole loads of deserts in autumn. The country girls who bring the things to market at early dawn, are a sight themselves worthy of the apples and the roses; the good-natured Irish women who attend to carry baskets for purchasers are not to be despised, with the half-humorous, half-pathetic tone of their petitions to be employed; and the ladies who come to purchase, crown all. No walk in London, on a fine summer's day, is more agreeable than the passage through the flowers here at noon, when the roses and green leaves are newly watered, and blooming faces come to look at them in those cool and shady avenues, while the hot sun is basking in the streets. On these occasions we were very well satisfied with the market in its old state. The old sheds, and irregular avenues, when dry, assorted well with the presence of leaves and fruits. They had a careless picturesque look, as if a bit of an old suburban garden had survived from ancient times.

Nothing, however, but approbation can be be-

stowed on the convenient and elegant state into which the market has been got by the magnificence of the noble proprietor, whose arms we are glad to see on the side next James street. They are a real grace to the building and to the owner, for they are a stamp of liberality. In time we hope to see the roofs of the new market covered with shrubs and flowers, nodding over the balustrades, and fruits and red berries sparkling in the sun.* As an ornament, nothing is more beautiful in combination than the fluctuating grace of foliage and the stability of architecture. And, as an utility, the more air and sun the better. There is never too much sun in this country, and every occasion should be seized to take advantage of it.

The space between the church and the market is the scene of Hogarth's picture of the 'Frosty Morning.' Here in general take place the elections for Westminster. Sheridan has poured forth his good things in this spot, and Charles Fox won the hearts of multitudes. It would be an endless task to trace the recollections connected with the coffee-houses under the portico. Perhaps there is not a name of celebrity in the annals of wit or the stage, between the reigns of Charles II and the present King, which might not be found concerned in the clubs or other meetings which they have witnessed, particularly those of Garrick, Hogarth, and their contemporaries. *Sir Roger de Coverley* has been there, a person more real to us than nine-tenths of them. When in town, he lodged in Bowstreet.

Opposite the Bedford Coffee-house a tragical scene took place fifty years back, the particulars of which are interesting. The Earl of Sandwich, grandson of Charles the Second's Earl of Sandwich, and first lord of the Admiralty during the North administration, had for his mistress a Miss Ray, whom he had rendered as accomplished as she was handsome. Some say that she was the daughter of a labourer at Elstree, others of a staymaker in Covent garden. Her father is said to have had a shop in that way of business in Holywell street in the Strand. Miss Ray was apprenticed at an early age to a mantua-maker in Clerkenwell close, with whom she served her time out and obtained a character that did her honour. A year or two after the expiration of this period she was taken notice of by Lord Sandwich, who gave her a liberal education; rendered her a proficient in his favourite arts of music and singing; and made her his mistress. He was old enough to be her father.

Lord Sandwich was in the habit of having plays and music at his house, particularly the latter. At Christmas the musical performance was an oratorio, for, "to speak seriously," says Mr Cradock "no man was more careful than Lord Sandwich not to trespass on public decorum." This gentleman, in his *Memoirs*, lately published, has furnished us with accounts which will give a livelier idea of the situation of Miss Ray in his Lordship's house, than any formal abstract of them.

"Plays at Hinchinbrook had ceased before I had ever been in company with Lord Sandwich, and oratorios for a week at Christmas had been substituted. Miss Ray, who was the first attraction, was instructed in music both by Mr Bates and Signor Giardini. Norris and Champness regularly attended the meetings, and there were many excellent amateur performers; the Duke of Manchester's military

band assisted, and his Lordship himself took the kettle-drums to animate the whole. 'Non nobis Domine' was sung after dinner, and then catches and glees succeeded; all was well conducted, for whatever his Lordship undertook, he generally accomplished, and seemed to have adopted the emphatic advice of Longinus, 'always to excel.' Miss Ray, in her situation, was a pattern of discretion; for when a lady of rank, between one of the acts of the oratorio, advanced to converse with her, she expressed her embarrassment; and Lord Sandwich, turning privately to a friend, said, 'As you are well acquainted with that lady, I wish you would give her a hint, that there is a boundary line in my family. I do not wish to see exceeded; such a trespass might occasion the overthrow of all our music meetings.'

"From what I have collected, Miss Ray was born in Hertfordshire, in 1742, and that his lordship first saw her in a shop in Tavistock street, where he was purchasing some neckcloths. This was all that Mr Bates seemed to have ascertained, for both his lordship and the lady were equally cautious of communicating anything on the subject. From that time her education was particularly attended to, and she proved worthy of all the pains that were taken with her. Her voice was powerful and pleasing, and she has never been excelled in that fine air of Jephtha, 'Brighter scenes I seek above;' nor was she less admired when she executed an Italian bravura of the most difficult description."

Again.—"I did not know his lordship in early life, but this I can attest, and call any contemporary to ratify who might have been present, that we never heard an oath, or the least profligate conversation at his lordship's table in our lives. Miss Ray's behaviour was particularly circumspect. Dr Green, Bishop of Lincoln, always said, 'I never knew so cautious a man as Lord Sandwich.' The Bishop came too soon once to an oratorio; we went to receive him in the dining-room, but he said, 'No; the drawing-room is full of company, and I will go up and take tea there.' Lord Sandwich was embarrassed, as he had previously objected to Lady Blake speaking to Miss Ray between the acts; and as the Bishop would go up, a consequence ensued just as I expected. Some severe verses were sent, which Mr Bates intercepted."

"The elegant Mrs Hinchcliffe, Lady of the Bishop, attended one night with a party. She had never seen Miss Ray before, and she feelingly remarked afterwards, 'I was really hurt to sit directly opposite to her, and mark her discreet conduct, and yet to find it improper to notice her. She was so assiduous to please, was so very excellent, yet so unassuming, I was quite charmed with her; yet a seeming cruelty to her took off the pleasure of my evening.'"

While Miss Ray was thus situated, his lordship, through the medium of a neighbour, Major Reynolds, became acquainted with a brother officer of the Major's, a Captain Hackman, and invited him to his house. The Captain fell in love with Miss Ray, and Miss Ray is understood not to have been insensible to his passion. He was her junior by several years, though the disparity was nothing like the reverse one on the part of Lord Sandwich. Sir Herbert Croft, who wrote a history of their intimacy and correspondence, under the title of 'Love and Madness,' represents the attachment as mutual. According to his statement, Hackman urged her to marry him, and Miss Ray was desirous of doing so, but fearful of hurting the feelings of the man who had educated her, and who is represented as a sort of Old Robin Gray. In this sentiment, Hackman, with all his passion, is represented as partaking. Sir Herbert's book, though founded on fact, and probably containing more truth than can now be as-

certain, is considered apocryphal; and Mr Cradock, who is as cautious in his way as his noble acquaintance, doubts whether any man was really acquainted with the particulars. All that he could call to mind relative to either party was, that for three weeks after the Captain's introduction, till his military pursuits led him to Ireland, he was observed to bow to Miss Ray, whenever she went out; and that Miss Ray, during the latter part of her time at the Admiralty, did not continue to speak of her situation as before. "She complained," he says, "of being greatly alarmed by ballads that had been sung, or cries that had been made directly under the windows that looked into the park; and that such was the fury of the mob, that she did not think either herself or Lord Sandwich was safe, whenever they went out; and I must own that I heard some strange insults offered; and that I with some of the servants once suddenly rushed out, but the offenders instantly ran away and escaped. One evening afterwards, when sitting with Miss Ray in the great room above stairs, she appeared to be much agitated, and at last said, 'she had a particular favour to ask of me; that as her situation was very precarious, and no settlement had been made upon her, she wished I would hint something of the kind to Lord Sandwich.' I need not express my surprise, but I instantly assured her, 'that no one but herself could make such a proposal, as I knew Lord Sandwich never gave anyone an opportunity of interfering with him on so delicate a subject.' She urged that her wish was merely to relieve Lord Sandwich as to great expense about her; for as her voice was then at the best, and Italian music was particularly her forte, she was given to understand she might succeed at the Opera-house, and as Mr Giardini then led, and I was intimate with Mrs Brooke and Mrs Yates, she was certain of a most advantageous engagement. I then instantly conjectured who one of the advisers must have been; and afterwards found that three thousand pounds and a free benefit had been absolutely held out to her, though not by the two ladies who managed the stage department. Whether any proposals of marriage at that time or afterwards were made by Mr Hackman, I know not."* Be this as it may, Hackman's passion was undoubted. He was originally an apprentice to a merchant at Gosport; was impatient of serving at the counter, entered the army at nineteen, but during his acquaintance with Miss Ray, exchanged the army for the church, "as a readier road to independence," and was presented to the living of Wyverton in Norfolk.

Whatever was the nature of the intimacy between these unfortunate persons, a sudden stop appears to have been put to Hackman's final expectations, and he became desperate. By what we can gather from the accounts, Lord Sandwich, either to preserve her from her lover or herself, thought proper to put Miss Ray under the charge of a sort of duenna. Hackman grew jealous either of him or some other person; he was induced to believe that Miss Ray had no longer a regard for him, and he resolved to put himself to death. In this resolution, a sudden impulse of frenzy included the unfortunate object of his passion.

On the evening of the fatal day, Miss Ray went with her female attendant to Covent garden theatre to see 'Love in a Village.' Mr Cradock thinks

* 'Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs,' by J. Cradock, Esq. M. A. F. S. A., vol. i, p. 117.

† *Id.* vol. iv, p. 166.

* *Id.* vol. i, p. 148

* A few days after writing this passage, we saw the shrubs making their appearance.

He had declined to inform Hackman how she was engaged that evening. Hackman, who appears to have suspected her intentions, watched her, and saw the carriage pass by the Cannon-coffee-house (Cockspur street, Charing Cross), in which he had posted himself. Singularly enough, Mr Cradock happened to be in the same coffee-house, and says that he wondered to see the carriage go by without Lord Sandwich. This looks as if there was more in Hackman's suspicion than can now be shown. Hackman followed them.

"The ladies sat in a front box," says Mr Cradock; "and three gentlemen, all connected with the Admiralty, occasionally paid their compliments to them; Mr Hackman was sometimes in the lobby, sometimes in an upper side box, and more than once at the Bedford coffee-house to take brandy and water, but still seemed unable to gain any information; and I can add, as a slight circumstance, that in the afternoon I had myself been at the coffee-house (Cockspur street, Charing Cross), and, observing the carriage pass by, had remarked to my friend that I wondered at seeing the ladies on their way to the theatre without Lord Sandwich; that I meant to have dined at the Admiralty, but had been prevented; so that it appears now that most of the circumstances must have been accidental. The dreadful consummation, however, was, that at the door of the theatre, directly opposite the Bedford coffee-house, Mr Hackman suddenly rushed out, and as a gentleman was handing Miss Ray into the carriage, with a pistol he first destroyed this most unfortunate victim, and, though not at the time, fell a most dreadful sacrifice himself."*

"Miss Ray," says the Introduction to 'Love and Madness,' "was coming out of Covent garden theatre in order to take her coach, accompanied by two friends, a gentleman and a lady, between whom she walked in the piazza. Mr Hackman stepped up to her without the smallest previous menace or address, put a pistol to her head, and shot her instantly dead. He then fired another at himself, which, however, did not prove equally effectual. The ball grazed upon the upper part of the head, but did not penetrate sufficiently to produce any fatal effect; he fell, however, and so firmly was he bent on the intire completion of the destruction he had meditated, that he was found beating his head with the utmost violence with the butt-end of the pistol, by Mr Mahon, apothecary, of Covent garden, who wrenched the pistol from his hand. He was carried to the Shakspeare, where his wound was dressed. In his pocket were found two letters; the one a copy of a letter which he had written to Miss Ray, and the other to Frederic Booth, Esq. Craven street, Strand. When he had so far recovered his faculties as to be capable of speech, he inquired with great anxiety concerning Miss Ray; and being told she was dead, he desired her poor remains might not be exposed to the observation of the curious multitude. About five o'clock in the morning, Sir John Fielding came to the Shakspeare, and not finding his wounds of a dangerous nature, ordered him to Tothill Fields Bridewell.

"The body of the unhappy lady was carried into the Shakspeare tavern for the inspection of the Coroner."*

The whole of the circumstances connected with this catastrophe are painfully dramatic. "The next morning," says Mr Cradock, "I made several efforts before I had resolution enough to see anyone of the Admiralty; at last old James, the black, overwhelmed with grief, came down to me, and endeavoured to inform me, that when he had mentioned what had occurred, Lord Sandwich hastily replied, 'You know that I forbid you to plague me any more about those ballads: let them sing or

say whatever they please about me!' 'Indeed, my lord,' I said, 'I am not speaking of any ballads; it is all too true.' Others then came in, and all was a scene of the utmost horror and distress. His Lordship for a while stood, as it were, petrified; till suddenly seizing a candle he ran up stairs and threw himself in the bed; and in an agony exclaimed, 'Leave me for a while to myself—I could have borne anything but this!' The attendants remained for a considerable time at the top of the staircase, till his Lordship rang the bell and ordered that they should all go to bed. They assured me that at that time they believed fewer particulars were known at the Admiralty than over half the town besides; indeed all was confusion and astonishment; and even now I am doubtful whether Lord Sandwich was ever aware that there was any connexion between Mr Hackman and Miss Ray. His Lordship continued for a day or two at the Admiralty, till, at the earnest request of those about him, he at last retired for a short time to a friend's house in the neighbourhood of Richmond."*

Hackman was executed at Tyburn. He confessed at the bar that he had intended to kill himself, but protested that but for a momentary frenzy he should not have destroyed her, "who was more dear to him than life." It appears, however, that he was furnished with two pistols, which told against him on that point. "On Friday," says Boswell, "I had been present at the trial of the unfortunate Mr Hackman, who, in a fit of frantic jealous love, had shot Miss Ray, the favourite of a nobleman. Johnson, in whose company I dined to-day, with some other friends, was much interested by my account of what passed, and particularly with his prayer for mercy of heaven. He said in a solemn, fervid tone, 'I hope he shall find mercy.' In talking of Hackman, Johnson argued as Judge Blackstone had done, that his being furnished with two pistols was a proof that he meant to shoot two persons. Mr Beauclerk said, 'No; for that every wise man who intended to shoot himself, took two pistols, that he might be sure of doing it at once. Lord——'s cook shot himself with one pistol, and lived ten days in great agony. Mr——, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself, and then he ate three buttered muffins for breakfast before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion; he had two charged pistols; one was found lying charged upon the table by him, after he had shot himself with the other.' 'Well (said Johnson with an air of triumph), you see here one pistol was sufficient.' Beauclerk replied smartly, 'Because it happened to kill him.'†

It is impossible to settle this point. The general impression will be against Hackman; but, perhaps, the second pistol, though not designed for himself, might have been for Miss Ray. His victim was buried at Elstree, where she had been a lowly and happy child, running about with her blooming face, and little thinking what trouble it was to cost her.

In Mr Cradock's book we hear again of Lord Sandwich, on whom this story has thrown an interest. On his return from Richmond, Mr Cradock went to see him, and was admitted into the study

where the portrait of Miss Ray, an exact resemblance, still hung over the chimney-piece. "I fear," says Mr Cradock, "I rather started on seeing it, which Lord Sandwich perceiving, he instantly endeavoured to speak of some unconnected subject; but he looked so ill, and I felt so much embarrassed, that as soon as I possibly could, I most respectfully took my leave.

"His lordship rarely dined out anywhere; but after a great length of time he was persuaded by our open-hearted friend, Lord Walsingham, to meet a select party at his house. All passed off exceedingly well for a while, and his lordship appeared more cheerful than could have been expected; but after coffee, as Mr and Mrs Bates were present, something was mentioned about music, and one of the company requested that Mrs Bates would favour them with, 'Shepherds, I have lost my love.' This was unfortunately the very air that had been introduced by Miss Ray at Hinchinbrook, and had been always called for by Lord Sandwich. Mr Bates immediately endeavoured to prevent its being sung, and by his anxiety increased the distress, but it was too late to pause. Lord Sandwich for a while struggled to overcome his feelings, but they were so apparent that at last he went up to Mrs Walsingham, and in a very confused manner said, he hoped she would excuse his not staying longer at that time; but that he had just recollected some pressing business, which required his return to the Admiralty, and bowing to all the company, rather hastily left the room. Some other endeavours to amuse him afterwards, did not prove much more successful.* His lordship afterwards lived in retirement, and died in 1792.

It does not appear that Lord Sandwich's disinclination to be amused arose from excessive sensibility. Mr Cradock represents him in his political character as bearing "daily insults and misrepresentations as a stoic rather than an injured and feeling man," and he describes his calmness of mind in retirement, and his enjoyment of solitude. The same writer who calls him "a steady friend," speaks highly of his classical attainments, and his accomplishments as a modern linguist and an amateur, to which he added great caution (as the Bishop said), a love of "badgering," and an incompetency for the personal graces. When he played his part in the oratorios, it was on the kettle-drum. He related the following anecdote of himself. "When I was in Paris, I had a dancing-master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him, I offered him any service in London. 'Then,' said the man, bowing, 'I should take it as a particular favour, if your lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance.'"

"Hurd once said to me," adds Mr Cradock, "there is a line in the Heroic Epistle that I do not at all comprehend the meaning of; but you can, perhaps, acquaint me. It alludes to Lord Sandwich, I suppose; but one word, *shambles*, I cannot guess at,—

'See Jimmy Twitcher *shambles*—stop, stop, thief.'

'That, sir,' said I, 'alludes to his lordship's shambling gait.' Upon the whole we have no doubt that he was a cold and superficial person, and that Miss Ray would not have been sorry had Hackman succeeded in retaining her heart; for, as to Hackman, the great cause of his mischance, according to the passage in Boswell, appears to have been the violence of his temper,—the common secret of most of these outrageous love stories. He was not a bad-hearted man, merely selfish and passionate, as he would have meditated no mischief against himself.

"He that beats or knocks out brains,
The devil is in him, & he signs."

* Id. vol. i, p. 144.

* 'Love and Madness, a Story too True, in a Series of Letters,' &c. 1822, p. xi.

* Id. vol. iv, p. 160.

† Boswell, *ut supra*, vol. iii, p. 414.

* *Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 148.

† Id. vol. iv, p. 160.

says the poet. But he was weak, selfish, and, by his readiness to become a clergyman from a captain, perhaps not very principled. The truest love is the strongest benevolence; it acquires an insatiable out-let of the very excess of its suffering, and is constant to merge its egotism in the idea of the beloved object. He that does not know this, does not know what love is, whatever he may know of passion.

In Henrietta street Mrs Clive once resided. She was the favourite Nell of the stage in the 'Devil to Pay,' and similar characters; and, according to Garrick, there was something of the Devil to Pay in all her stage life. She might have been Macklin's sister for humour, judgment, and a sturdiness of purpose amounting to violence, not unmixed with generosity. The latter part of her life she spent in retirement at Strawberry hill, where she was a neighbour and friend to Horace Walpole, whose effeminacy she helped to keep on the alert. It always seems to us, as if she had been the man of the two, and he the woman.

Henrietta street was most probably named after the queen of Charles I., and James street after her father-in-law. In both these streets lived the egregious almanack-maker and quack doctor, the butt of the wits of his time. He died in Salisbury street, Strand, which is the scene of his posthumous behaviour,—his pretending to be alive, when Bickerstaff had declared him dead. Partridge had foretold the death of the French king. Swift, under the name of Bickerstaff, foretold Partridge's, and, when the time came, insisted he was dead. Partridge gravely insisted that he was alive. The wits, the friends of Swift, maintained the contrary, wondering at the dead man's impudence; and the whole affair was hawked about the streets, to the ludicrous distress of poor Partridge, who not only highly resented it, and repeatedly advertised his existence, but was fairly obliged to give up almanack making. "He persisted, indeed, sturdily in his refusal to be buried till 1715; but he actually died as an almanack-maker in 1709, his almanack for that year being the last, and the only one he wrote after this odd misfortune befell him."

The following are specimens of the way in which Partridge resisted his death and burial. In the almanack for 1709, he says, "You may remember there was a paper published predicting my death on the 29th of March, at night, 1708, and after that day was passed the same villain told the world I was dead, and how I died, and that he was with me at the time of my death. I thank God, by whose mercy I have my being, that I am still alive, and, excepting my age, as well as ever I was in my life, as I was on that 29th of March. And that paper was said to be done by one Bickerstaff, Esq., but that was a sham name, it was done by an impudent lying fellow. But his prediction did not prove true. What will he say to excuse that? for the fool had considered the star of my nativity, as he said. Why, the truth is, he will be hard put to it to find a salvo for his honour. It was a bold touch, and he did not know but it might prove true.

"Feb. 1709. Much lying news dispersed about this time, and also scandalous pamphlets; perhaps we may have some knowledge of Bickerstaff, a second Bickerstaff, or a rascal under that name for that villain, &c. It is a cheat, and he a knave that did it, &c.

"Whereas, it has been industriously given out by

* Account of John Partridge, in the Appendix to the *Postscript*, vol. iv. p. 612.

Bickerstaff, Esq., and others, to prevent the sale of this year's almanack: that John Partridge is dead; this may inform all his loving countrymen, that, blessed be God, he is still living in health, and they are knaves who reported otherwise." *Merlinus Liberatus*, with an almanack [printed by allowance for 1710]. By John Partridge, student in Physic and Astrology."

In James street, towards the beginning of the last century, lived a mysterious lady, who will remind the Reader of the Catholic lady in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' "In the month of March 1720," says Mr Malcolm, "an unknown lady died at her lodgings in James street, Covent Garden. She is represented to have been a middle sized person, with dark-brown hair, and very beautiful features, and mistress of every accomplishment peculiar to ladies of the first fashion and respectability. Her age appeared to be between thirty and forty. Her circumstances were affluent, and she possessed the richest trinkets of her sex, generally set with diamonds. A John Ward, Esq., of Hackney, published many particulars relating to her in the papers; and amongst others, that a servant had been directed by her to deliver him a letter after her death; but as no servant appeared, he felt himself required to notice those circumstances, in order to acquaint her relations of her decease, which occurred suddenly after a masquerade, where she declared she had conversed with the King, and it was remembered that she had been seen in the private apartments of Queen Anne; though after the Queen's demise she had lived in obscurity. This unknown arrived in London from Mansfield, in 1714, drawn by six horses. She frequently said that her father was a nobleman, but that, her elder brother dying unmarried, the title was extinct; adding, that she had an uncle then living, whose title was his least recommendation.

"It was conjectured that she might be the daughter of a Roman Catholic, who had consigned her to a convent, whence a brother had released her and supported her in privacy. She was buried at St Paul's, Covent garden." * Perhaps she had some connexion with Queen Anne's brother, the Pretender.

In King street lived the father of Arne and Mrs Cibber. He was an upholsterer, and is said to have been the original of the Quid-nunc in the 'Tatler,' and the hero of Murphy's farce of the 'Upholsterer, or What News?' His name is connected also with that of the four 'Indian Kings,' as they were called, who came into this country in Queen Anne's time, to ask her assistance against the French in Canada. "They were clothed and entertained," says a note in the 'Tatler,' "at the public expense, being lodged, while they continued in London, in an handsome apartment," perhaps in the house of Mr Arne, as may be inferred from 'Tatler,' 155, and note. Certainly their landlord was an upholsterer in Covent garden, in a new street, which seems at that time to have received the name of King street, which it retains to this day, in common with many other streets so called, in honour of Charles II. The figures of these four Indian kings or chiefs are still preserved in the British Museum. The names and titles of their majesties are recorded here and in the 'Annals of Queen Anne,' but with the following differences from the account of them in this paper: *The Five*

* * Anecdotes, Manners, and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century, vol. i, p. 497.

Neen Ee Ge From, and Sa Ga Yoon Qua Prak King, of the Maqua's;—Elew Oh Koon, and Oh Nee: Fook Jon No Prote, of the river Sachin, and the Ganajoh-hore Sachem. On the 18th of April 1710, according to Salmon, on the 19th according to Boyer, these four illustrious personages were conveyed in two of the Queen's coaches to St James's, by Sir Charles Cotterel, master of the ceremonies, and introduced to their public audience by the Duke of Shrewsbury, then Lord-Chamberlain. They made a speech by an interpreter, which Major Pidgeon, an officer who came over with them from America, read in English to her Majesty. "They had (they said) with one consent hung up the kettle and taken up the hatchet, in token of their friendship to their great queen and her children, and had been, on the other side of the great water, a strong wall of security to their great queen's children, even to the loss of their best men. For the truth of what they affirmed, and their written proposals, they referred to Colonel Scuyder and Colonel Nicholson, whom they called, in their language, Brother Queder, and Anadgargaux, and, speaking of Colonel Vetch, they named him Anadiasia. They said they always considered the French as men of falsehood, and rejoiced in the prospect of the reduction of Canada; after which they should have free hunting, and a great trade with their great queen's children; and as a token of the sincerity of the six nations, in the name of all, they presented their great queen with the belts of wampum. They concluded their speech with recommending their very hard case to their great queen's gracious consideration, expressing their hopes of her favour, and requesting the mission of more of her children to reinforce and to instruct, for they had got, as they said, since their alliance with her children, some knowledge of the Saviour of the world. The curious may see this speech at full length, in the 'Annals of Queen Anne,' year 9th, p. 191, *et seq.* 8vo. On the same day, according to Boyer, a royal messenger of the Emperor of Morocco, Elhadje Guzman, was likewise introduced by the Duke of Shrewsbury to a private audience, and delivered letters to the Queen from Mula Ishmael, his master; the same emperor, probably, who sent an ambassador to our court in 1706, mentioned in the 'Tatler,' No. 130, and note, vol. iii, p. 44. The Indian Kings continued about a fortnight longer in London, during which time they were hospitably entertained by some of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, by the Duke of Ormond, and several persons of distinction. They were carried to see Dr Flamstead's house and the mathematical instruments in Greenwich Park, and entertained with the sight of the principal curiosities in and about the metropolis; then conveyed to Portsmouth through Hampton Court and Windsor, and embarked with Colonel Francis Nicholson, commander-in-chief of the forces appointed to the American service, on board the Dragon, Captain Martin, Commodore, who, with about eighteen sail under his convoy, sailed from Spithead on the 18th of May, and landed their Majesties safe at Boston, in New England, July 18, 1710." * Their names are like a set of yaws and steezes.

Young Arne, who was born in King street, was a musician against his father's will, and practised in the garret, on a muffled spinnet, when the family had gone to bed. He was sent to Eton, which was

* 'Tatler,' *et supra*, vol. iii, p. 397.

probably of use to him in confirming his natural refinement, but nothing could hinder his devoting himself to the art. It is said the old man had no suspicion of his advancement in it, till, going to a concert one evening, he was astonished to see his son exalted, bow in hand, as the leader. Seeing the praises bestowed on him, he suffered him to become what nature designed him for. Arne was the most flowing, Italian-like musician of any we have had in England; not capable of the grandeur and profound style of Purcell, but more sustained, continuous, and seductive. His 'Water parted' is a stream of sweetness; his song, 'When daisies pied,' truly Shakspearian, full of archness and originality. Like many of his profession, who feel much more than they reflect, he became, in some measure, the victim of his sense of beauty, being excessively addicted to women. His sister, Mrs Cibber, whose charming performances on the stage we have before noticed, did not escape without the reputation of a like tendency; but she had a bad husband (the notorious Theophilus Cibber); and on the occasion that gave rise to it, is understood to have been the victim of his mercenary designs.

Southampton street we have noticed in speaking of the Strand. Godfrey's, the chemist's, in this street, is an establishment of old standing, as may be seen by the inscription over the door. A hundred years ago, Mr Ambrose Godfrey, who lived here, proposed to extinguish fires by a new method of "explosion and suffocation;" that is to say a mixture of water and gunpowder. Tavistock street (where Lord Sandwich first saw Miss Ray) was once the great emporium of millinery and mantua-making. Macklin died there. He lived many years in Wyld street. In Maiden lane, Voltaire lodged, when in England, at the sign of the White Peruke, probably the house of a fashionable French peruquier. In 'Swift's Works' (vol. xx, of the duodecimo edition, p. 294,) there is a letter to him, in English, by Voltaire, and dated from this house. The English seems a little too perfect. There is another following it which looks more authentic. But there is no doubt that Voltaire, while in England, made himself such a master of the language, as to be able to write in it with singular correctness for a foreigner. He was then young. He had been imprisoned in the Bastille for a libel; came over here, on his release procured many subscriptions for the 'Henriade'; published, in English 'An Essay on Epic Poetry,' and remained some years, during which he became acquainted with the principal men of letters, Pope, Congreve, and Young. He is said to have talked so indecently at Pope's table (probably no more than was thought decent by the belles in France), that the good old lady, the poet's mother, was obliged to retire. Objecting, at Lord Chesterfield's table, to the allegories of Milton, Young is said to have accosted him in the well known couplet:—

Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Though seem'st a Milton, with his Death and Sin."

But this story has been doubted. Young, though not so thin, was as witty and profligate in his way as Voltaire; for, even when affecting a hermit-like sense of religion, he was a servile flatterer and preferment-hunter. The secret of the gloomy tone in his 'Night-Thoughts' was his not having too much, and his missing a bishoprick. This is the reason why the 'Night-Thoughts' are over-done,

and have not stood their ground. Voltaire left England with such a mass of subscriptions for his 'Henriade,' as laid the foundation of his fortunes, and with great admiration of English talent and genius, particularly that of Newton and Locke, which, with all his insinuations about our poetry, he took warm pains to extend, and never gave up. He was fond to the last of showing he had not forgotten his English. Somebody telling him that Johnson had spoken well of his talents, he said, in English "He is a clever fellow;" but the gentleman observing that the doctor did not think well of his religion, he added, "a superstitious dog."

During his residence in Maiden lane, there is a story of Voltaire's having been beset, in one of his walks, by the people, who ridiculed him as a Frenchman. He got upon the steps of a door-way and harangued them in their own language in praise of English liberty and the nation; upon which, the story adds, they hailed him as a fine fellow, and carried him to his lodgings on their shoulders. The treatment of foreigners at this time in the streets of London (and every foreigner was a Frenchman), was very much the reverse of what the inhabitants took it for. Thanks to the progress of knowledge, nations have learnt to understand one another's common cause better, and to suspect that the most ridiculous thing they could do is to forget it.

Long Acre is a portion of the seven acres before mentioned. The great plague of London began there in some goods brought over from Holland; but as that calamity made its principal ravages in the city, we shall speak of it under another head. During the battles of the Whigs and Tories, Long Acre was famous for its Mug-houses, where beer-drinking clubs were held, and politics "sung or said." Cheapside was another place of celebrity for these meetings. There is a description of them in a Journey through England in 1724, quoted by Mr Malcolm in his 'Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century.' "Gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen," says the account, "used to meet in a great room, seldom under a hundred.

"They had a president, who sat in an arm chair some steps higher than the rest of the company, to keep the whole room in order. A harp played all the time at the lower end of the room, and every now and then one or other of the company rose and entertained the rest with a song, and (by the by) some were good masters. Here was nothing drank but ale, and every gentleman had his separate mug, which he chalked on the table where he sat as it was brought in; and every one retired when he pleased, as from a coffee-house.

"The rooms were always so diverted with songs, and drinking from one table to another one another's healths, that there was no room for anything that could sour conversation.

"One was obliged to be there by seven to get room, and after ten the company were for the most part gone.

"This was a winter's amusement agreeable enough to a stranger for once or twice, and he was well diverted with the different humours when the mugs overflow.

"On King George's accession to the throne, the Tories had so much the better of the friends to the Protestant succession, that they gained the mobs on all public days to their side. This induced this set of gentlemen to establish mug-houses in all the corners of this great city, for well affected tradesmen to meet and keep up the spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession, and to be ready upon all tumults to join their forces for the suppression of the Tory mobs. Many an encounter they had, and many were

the riots, till at last the parliament was obliged by law to put an end to this city strife, which had this good effect, that, on pulling down the mug-houses in Salisbury court, for which some boys were hanged on this act, the city has not been troubled with them since*."

One of the mistresses, whom Prior celebrates under the name of Chloe, and compares to Venus and Diana, lived in Long Acre, and was the wife, some say, of a common soldier, others of a cobbler, others of the keeper of an alehouse. Perhaps she was all these, or there were three mistresses whose alliances were confounded. Spence says that the ale-house keeper was the first husband, and the cobbler the second. "Everybody knows," says Pope, "what a wretch she was." And again:—"Prior was not a right good man. He used to bury himself, for whole days and nights together, with a poor mean creature, and often drank hard. He turned from a strong Whig (which he had been when most with Lord Halifax) to a violent Tory; and did not care to converse with any Whigs after, any more than Rowe did with Tories."† "I have been assured," says Pope's friend, Richardson, the painter, "that Prior, after having spent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, would go and smoke a pipe, and drink a bottle of ale, with a common soldier and his wife, in Long Acre, before he went to bed."‡ After the poet's death, Arbuthnot says something to the same effect; but forget what.

None of the wits of that time seem to have known much about love as a sentiment. There is no end of the misconceptions of what is called love. Prior would probably have retorted upon Pope, that his own taste was not very delicate; and upon Arbuthnot, that the doctor was a sensualist in his way, and of a lower order. § He would have quoted Propertius, Raphael, and others, for the impartiality of his taste; and the woman, though in low life, might have had wit and beauty. The secret of these inequalities has been explained by Fielding. ¶

Sir Joshua Reynolds lived successively in St Martin's lane, and on the north side of Great Newport street, before he settled finally in Leicester square. In Newport street was born the celebrated Horne Tooke, the son of a poulterer in the adjoining market; which made him say, that his father was a "Turkey merchant." He was, perhaps, the hardest headed man that ever figured in the union of literature and politics; meaning, by that epithet, the power to discuss, and impenetrability to objection. He died at his house at Wimbledon, and was buried at Ealing. His history trenches too closely on the politics of our own day, to allow us to expatiate upon it in a work expressly devoted to the past.

* 'Anecdotes, Manners,' &c. *cf supra* vol. iii, p. 239.

† Spence, *cf supra*, pp. 2 and 49.

‡ In Johnson's Life of Prior.

§ Arbuthnot was a lover of the table, and is understood to have embittered his end by it; a charge which has been brought against Pope. Perhaps there is not one that might be brought with more safety against almost any man out of a hundred.

¶ 'Journey to the next World.'

(To be continued.)

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